

BEYOND BAROQUE 712

Beyond Baroque 712

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

Tom Smith

TRAFFIC

Drawing by David Stewart
"Traffic" is the controlling title for a planned series of 25 anagrams, Including 5 complaints, 5 blessings, 5 speculations, 5 alphabets, and 5 fables. The first five segments make up the basic field, after which 6 constitutes five transpositions of the letters in 1, 7 same for 2; 8 for 3; etc.

traffic

complaints i

1. Everyone's going to pieces.

Why should they have all the fun
and I do all the work?

2. Once I wanted to be useful.

Now my life is shaped
to the convenience of friends and strangers.
Nothing is left for me.

3. They don't care what I have to give.

They take what they want.
I am neither dumb nor ignorant.

4.

Still I cannot find a way
around the casket bearers.

5. No help is in the law,

no help is in the church,
no help is on the couch.
There is no help.

The valid hot funny-house hawker
thawed Dolly Hall.
Goon eyes pivot green ices.
Where "sylence lyke a hooded egg at noon
loops fyre,"
vivid whatthahullies hunt.
Willy E. Nilly haunts the city.
Dead and gone.
"OK, we have goof-hope. " Hustlers hover.
Eve, pitying geese, croons,
"O lullay: the hush and hanker.
The wild wave: O thy flood. "
The sea-heave hove holy pudding.
I fuck Lily Loly.
Now the dragon's teeth are sown.

7. The map or the traffic:

Do moon-feeding angels, once fish,
defend infinity?
Willow Street crosses Sunbonnet Avenue.
The metaphor is traffic.
O nonny din-don-ding!
O bees, O flowers, vines, etc,
set to green wheels and music,
flee faint fun.
Traffic!
Wow, mom,
I see your left-handed singers:
Elsie Deep Nun, I. F. Craft, E. No One,
and Nothing Is Left,
the convent boss.
Traffic: traffic.
Potters wheel. Feet bleed. Shores hinge.
Nonentities announce my dove.
I fund odes.
Now salmon sing.
Body traffic fans some in.
Goon fruit hangs over the wolf flow.
Nine criminal innocents deede
the steep sun steed.

8. Why chant at thy wavy-toed hen?

I weave at the tight oak tree.
O then the earth, that heavy widow,
gave tawny Kate the city.
A vagrant wit chatted, "Twit twat."
He took heaven.
"Yeh-yeh-yeh!"
"Have they heavy titty?"
The goon-whacker ate what it wanted.
Ave! Vary the note!
Thaw, thaw the night!.
A key to the city!
Awed!

9. I'm wan Luna Aladin.

Bark at my cat.
Fences make good bandits.
Either/or is neither/nor.
Both/and.
"No, no, no, insist enigmatical bananas.
"Fruiterer, lay that wicked murderer. "
Honorinfincanbinstinkous
martyr," declaimed Great Shottail Bard.
"Tune a new era!"
Betelgeuse rims Andromeda
in a scientific tantra that I know.
La! Broad in horny run!
Laurel drank the dirty rain.
Webfoot cosmos.
I can't sing in tune the brand-name aria.

10. I. e., Help.

I hitch the catch-holler.
Hoops hunch hollow stone.
Nine pennies hire puns.
Her Holiness the Pinchess H. H. Clapcrotch
will toot no eunuch pipe:
"He noll hen-hen!"
Holi-holi pinch hen!
The lions crouch.
Their whelps sleep in the noon'steep haunch.
Ecce Hoopoo! Phil will ail.
Echo Nepenthe.
Silent ships hunch in the northern hush.
"Hie thee-hie thee."
So the whisper rush in conch enchants Loinchop.
Philo, lop in lull!

traffic**fables i****1. How to describe our condition?****2. I am Adam wandering alone in Eden**

Eve has not been created.

3. You are Eve wandering alone in Eden.

Adam has not been created.

4. We wander alone in Eden.

Neither Adam nor Eve.

5. Nothing has been created.**7. Ramdance and idea tie a banshee moon,**

rending a lewd event.
An eel garden,

6. O Heron!

random as Cain on a bee,
Idiot doubt crowns ice.
invited the ewe and me.
Cod-robin outcries woo the ion.
I. e., Me-a wren in heaven.
The rococo rib edition wounds.
An annotated breed.
N. B.-
A licensed dogma.
Coocoo erudition drew this.
Nothing is an amen never ate.
Or crocus towhit.
A dream clown deeded a bean.
No one bid,
Deed is not meaner than meaning.
"Die."
Weave a daedal beer on ice.

8. Once a wee divedeed unearthed a meany.

No one grabs in lean art.
"Why not?" leered Rose Madder.
"I've a teen-age nude banana
in a cone."
Sunweed rode in an abracadaver.
"Noon," lied the age-eaten enemy.
Green Nanander danced the universe.
An oboe eye awaited loam.
Ah, Runner, an edge:
An oriole received me.
A day-bent swan atoned.

9. Head Nono,

Adman 'n Evil
rent weewee
reedrain.
Wine 'n ale awed either/or 'nd'ever.
Amen, Dan Eon.
Anti-ram on an owl rendered heaven.
I need ewe.
I enter a dandelion dream:
*Weaver, one new hen."
Eternal maw
'n dad dine raw.
Her eenie neo oven-

10. Eros in the bag:

"Enchanted!"
"Nod, Ancient Earth,"
he begs.
The ancient herbs and ego.
Bees rant and echo the gin.
Gnats hand the beer
-O nice.

Richard Kostelanetz

NO

NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO
NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO
NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO
NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO
NO NO NO NO NO NO NO

NO
NO NO NO
NO NO NO NO NO
NO NO NO NO NO NO NO
NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO
NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO
NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO

Jack Hirschman

KAMEA

kamea for Lynn
in deerwood
brambles:

let the lines go
in a fire canter
the chanter be
hoofbeats as she did
love what was froth
and nostrils so
Nept to Nothing
but the child
foaled in the
meadow
and what was done
dun yet
the finish was spurred
furlongingly on

For I am a horse
when I remember
the sweet christian
cube in her hand

And I am a bloody
black martyr
floating in the stream
of her tears

Jack Hirschman

LMPHK

the knife records
in the tree
what only the poem
has hands
to hear:

her boned
endurance
definitive to
the stature
of Minnesota

Jack Hirschman

Я

Be still the pure
arch and rainbow
of the hora fourrier
gauche

pure belle of
the brim of
the Invisibles'
philadelphia

pure braid against hemp
'the drop of Nothing the Ocean
lacks'
the Crayola writing William
Blake
in gigantic letters on the Thames
gentling the Venice death
in every child

Jack Hirschman

The Law

This wet in which the alouette plunges is
when by the gender switch and the crow
lusting dawn given me these pelvises
rolling without sound like the sea drown-
ing the sleep and the castle and my thighs
battled in long pauses and unsure of
where my head last left this skull for
ashes of their cigarettes laughing with the
finches of the damned tickets to movies
raining like tears I swear the two
of them have tied a knot around the
the world feels this lonesome in the blood
in the throat while birds fly out of the
jaw open soles of shoes too large but every
man is dandy in these dumps eating
the bananas of the mad last trauma
that continued when eternity winked
and showed a gun in the mouth of the
whole revolution and shot the big boy
dead so that girls might feed the ghosts
of kings and be devoured by the prince
unbuttoning five acts to play the age-old
organ from right to left like the Hebrew
language dipped in the well of the vaginal
wall of Sappho and the infinite islands be
come girls just beyond the reach of justice
and the law and yet the law with its
arm around

them is the sea
of the night
that is burying
America under
stars

- Jack Hirschman

Sandi Herschel

CURRENT EVENTS

Reflections of blue water in blue
water. In blue in blue.
Cross. You have the light.
With red.
Signs blast tomorrow's sale.
One for ten for more
for your money. A child cries
in the sun. Dogs whimper by trees.
You have the light.
You have something.

Kilian Anderson

THREE SPANS

Above

linelinelinelinelinelinelinelinelinelinelinelinelinelinelineline linelinelinelinelinelinelinelinelinelinelinelinelineline

Below

Stuart Friebert

PAINTING THE BRIDGE

my
love
sails
above the river
PAINTING THE BRIDGE
above the river
sails
love
my

love
sails
above the river
PAINTING THE BRIDGE
above the river
sails
love
my

WET WET WET WET

THE BRIDGE PAINTING the bridge painting the bridge painting the bridge painting
THE BRIDGE PAINTING the bridge painting the bridge painting the bridge painting

S. M. Nechetsky

SYLVIA REDDING

passed night sweating,
feeling sticky on the
hot steps of the tene-
ment baking; thought
of
Puerto
Ricans
spreading, and some
kid drills holes into
her apartment walls
to see them lie next
to each other, without
moving the solid mass
of brick between them,
and makes them bigger
planting a thousand fire-
crackers to hear if they
go off but doesn't light
them only his friends
do - outside - then puts
from a black-and-white photo by Roger Camp
his ear to the hole and listens, but white plaster
keeps coming out cause walls want to come too,
and he thinks his father will figure it out if he
really cares, but probably doesn't believe if it
will matter much, so he rattles screwdriver and
hammer - cause his father's afraid only of dying
and he's died already a thousand times through
all the ages and poor guy he's bored, and she
thinks the kid's a cow, really, because he's
been reading books which have the word PERIL-
OUS in them, and asks her on the street what it
means but she's shocked and says he's got a
mother doesn't he? and that though she thinks it
might be better if he looked it up in the diction-
ery for himself as she does not know what it
means as she said and that she does not want to
mislead him, and that she's not sure but thinks
It might be good if the kid tries to understand
what he doesn't and that it would be better for
himself, and that she doesn't know what the
word means really, but especially the way it's
written and its exact usage as such - And
what's he hanging around for? and that isn't he a
strange boy picking books with words like that
printed on the cover, and isn't it weird that the
library would let kids, and if her daughter ever
did it, walk out with books like that... so she
said sitting around talking to her friends then;
in heat

And

Now ten years later, divorces as she is, her fat daughter monkey child is found wandering trying to get fucked and does and the guy resembles a bullcock and dies like a mighty midget - quickly - and her other little daughter who the cartoon character tried to fuck when he was a kid growing, he played doctor, also husband returning from war, though some say they go though they never really go, children disbelieve them too; all of them he was anyway; away from school because he had a cold and he liked the rain to go home in and he was sick also, and ten and she was four later she told her mother - he denied it - but they knew and knowing as she grew he felt guilty and didn't touch again cause they wken that he lied and didn't say anything though he became honest again as he was at first so they punished him worse than if he had

opened his mouth and they were unjust then and he learned to hate - though again though his father made him respect his mother even if he hated here though even though then for him he didn't hate him.

Though again though he dich' appreciate siring, but only then wanting to run and now uncomfortable about it, before a womanly tribunal - might have felt better if they were men, but they were not men, if, might 've if they were men; maybe his father would have hit him, and he would have tried to hit back, at least he thought it would have been done out of respect, he wasn't really his father thought the kid had wished he was but it wasn't able to come true cause of the support given by the real father so they didn't adopt the kit but his mother was a fuck up and he thought that if she hadn't been on the floor with his father he wouldn't be stuck in their hovel, and maybe she had once been banned and beautiful, she teased him... .. a kid:

only really though only could her daughter under.
.. so like it
stand her.. so she said so..
was that way in that family. like it was... in
the air.. and now it's killing everything

Don Menn

POEM

fall snow/ (slash) slick streets!!!
parenthesis quote infinite nouns
water symbols reflecting me (e[t] u]
in fan(tasti)cal odd orders reversed
rera-versed or der
indefinite (pro)
(con)
menn like
me
the poet:
I got good rhythm
if I want good rhythm
and I can rhyme
any l'le ol'e space)
himpresive bury (menn)
n.
e.g. vb.
fall snow
[request]
snow
fall
[command]
fallsnow
[autumnal]
fall
snow
ripped cattle...
both concrete bracket best [sic] bracket
and as [Best]os water words
(us) unquote parenthesis
it
ordure
or ders re
versed
die
das endless
nouns or
hummmm question mark
miss
tear
end the and
bones
any

fucking war in vie
nam
fuck us
focus on specific nouns
in reasonable order
without melting baby's eyeballs
all over the wor
ld.

Martha Zweig

GREGOR SAMSA

thought too what
they all thought
and came true

prayed to the body
not to obey
him not to express him

begged shape they make me
wear for company
hold

but felt it start
tried to trick it tried
to change his mind

felt it still happen
his life going
on the same one

going to say it all one
way or another and the truth
is everyone will manage

watch

Martha Zweig

Dogs in a circle with men know

It will be music
Trumpets, whistles, tambourines, the strangest music
To bring them to their feet, but
The first sound is like the clatter of lamb hoofs

The second sound
(as though a wind were
rising in the hangar)
Clank of wings

Stuart Friebert

HOW LONG?

The fish in the poplar, damage
slopes up from holes in the mud,
the woman of the nearest house
knows where to buy nursery rhymes,
boils fresh lean meat in kettles.
studies in the west and marries
instead, blood gathers at a wound
because of struggle, and sometimes

the wind meets a breast of water,
spring fills the flooded beaches,
and hard work in re-stocking lakes
is done, sweet potato starch, glass
bottles from the south, how long
will a body move til it stops?

The moon was once near the earth,
the land has gone back to the hill,
poplars make foxes as magic becomes
a certain set of things: three
ferryboats will do, hang up a lamp.

Stuart Friebert

THROUGH THE FENCE

My father demands land, there's an acre,
he says. Neighbors stare through the fence,
bring wood and stone, talk and talk, pull
his jacket off, start on his left arm,
get your sight back, sew my wounds, he yells.

Snow comes and cakes them all for a moment,
there's a huge flake on top of the blood.
No, don't kiss me now, my father says, if
you do I'll be helpless, so I give him
a little bow, spell everything with an

E on the end, it opens, a little door
with a stair going up, railings in good
condition, lighted at the head and foot,
a hallway that would otherwise be dark,
precautions when there's a son at home.

Nicole

RELATIONSHIP

real:
to
shine
to
to
is
in
on
in
is
in
to
no
relationship.

Nicole

SEPARATE

start

as

part:

pare,

tear

apart ...

test:

see

traps,

straps,

see ..

rare

a

set:

rare

as

rapt

stars

are

see

separate...

step

a

part

rest.

James Hoggard

couplingcouplingcoupling
tongue&brain&bodiedmind
litigioushand on loopinglap
shootingprobe

drawn + by when

Aristophanes puked on Socrates

& X because of ? of heaven

society spraddled doomed

by way of !

(glyph of thrust with sexual drip)

The eyes (I's?), said the article, are
the only exposed parts of the brain

e & are temptresses reclining & standing

-touched by air more quickly than the lungs-
dome/doom

sea/see

sky/lung

eyes touched by air's hair.

Thus, said the geometer, heaven enters us
not through ideas but through matter if Heaven is

Om Om hairy Hare drip of puss

"ily a etwas donde vivimos

i ad Tartarum

or

Finnegan's cielung

& & & until hair becomes intelligent

as + Xing +&-song

James Hoggard

DILATIONS OF FELINITY

at last the clawed brain draining
fasting for/on itself
with eyes full flamingwicks
felinity present
ready with outgnarledclaws
to lithelylimp spring

eyes
& then dilation
transformed to breasts:

breath finished before
memory of it occurs
which is partly why
all knowledge is past
& present never lives dies, who cares?
the brain, parabolizing, never tangent to
the line bisecting the immediate thing
Thing?
the draining shock despairlaugh
(always past where we were)
not knowing that until we're past, who?

There is, tho, play slows the emptying
keeping it me behind collapse
for instance
and, parabolizing
understanding that
noses are magic sevens upside down: L L
Dilation: gaming with what I used to be.
Cats, they say, protected pyramids:
prisms whose mummies shamans maneuvered
into the centroid where they did not,
as I was about to do, collapse.

Rheinhold Johannes Kaebitzsch

surrealists talking*

silver
balloon escaped
white
sparrow
ate
our
dessert served

Rheinhold Johannes Kaebitzsch

one month before the civil war.

sleeping catholic potatoes, I came
in browns and greens, hills
swoops deep past the bedspread
This metal thunderbird

Flying into Shannon

her
throat
dry,

asked
for
music
US
with
poetry

(*rectangular poem)
(each cornerword serves two sentences)

Robert Brixius

PARLER ET LISE

by Clyde Freedom

Hir' Mister Maschist, your sandwich is there, in wich case it was a dark day when it all happend, when he had. Don't laugh this is not mine, I'm carring it is for a friend, besides Jesus was Hitlers best friend, besides it doesn't work any way because Donald Duck and Duffy Duck, put the eggplant in the washing maching, and got it all wet, because it wanted to be obsouleat is the highest for them on the turnpike. The mories of this story is that it does not have any, because it got sick eating the wet eggplants, it got very ill will.

Are there any cluses? Will we ever know who did it? yes there is one clue the..... HELLO Dear friends is this your fun loving eggplant on the sound track.....

"Merguyley do you think hill pull through"? I don't know the odds are agent him. Who knows some pull through, some don't know if my coffee is cool yet. Prelude to life and death..... (clue) the eggplant was in the washing mshine (soap). That must be it, no, no soap, distinguished is not—let's rip that piece of lead out of him, remember. It time for... "time for what, he's dead, how the hea, he was alive two seconds ago."

"There is no timehere." "By the way who are you anyway."

EGGPLANT: PART ONE

No its not a dream, parents do you know where your children are? Father "Yes, killing a policeman, hitting up dope, smell and look like pigs." Father settling back in his easy chair, "Oh well; boys will be boys!"

(Mother) "We have girls."

(Father) "Maybe there dykes."

(Mother) "Could be."

Should be a full moon... "Dear dear your changing."

"Yes,Martha, it's happening, those eggplants."

Will we ever hear the truth about.... eggplant?"

Father, now quiet in sain, goes around indiscrimately killing people... But as we all know Daddy will be DADDY.

(RIADIO) The mass murder of millions is being done by only one person Dandy. See him stalk through like a mad man, killing.. killing everything in it's path. Is it real? See him be tormented by his own mucous membranes.

Will he live? will he die.

RATED G

COLOR BY TECHNICOLLOUR.

E. Lagomarsino

COMPOSITION ELEVEN

HAVE YOU LISTENED TO ARGUMENTS ABOUT THE FAILURE OF DISSIDENTS
TO REASON EFFECT-
IVELY ? IF RATIONALISTS HAD WORKED AT RATIONALITY THEY WOULD HAVE
BECOME RADI-
CALS. AN UPSTART KING IS AT LEAST NOT A KING. A WORD TRAP IS NO TRAP
A

ENVIRONMENT IS PART OF MEDIA. ANY THINGS, MEANS, AGENCIES
THROUGH OR BY WHICH ANYTHING ELSE ACTS OR IS PRODUCED OR IS
SURROUNDED
OR PERVADED BY OR EXISTS OR MOVES IN ARE MEDIA. WRITING CAN BE
DESCRIBED

B
AS WORD, SURFACE AND INSTRUMENT THAT IS WHAT MULTI-MEDIA IS
ABOUT THE
CONSTITUENTS OF PAINTING ARE PAINT, INSTRUMENT AND SURFACE. NOTE:
SUR
FACE AND INSTRUMENT

it doesn't help to
give synonyms. a way of speaking about a way of seeing a way of hearing a way of
listening. a way of smelling a way of tasting a way of thinking a way of touching a
way of watching what you're doing while you're doing it. touch air, see edges : resist-
ance. self consciousness is the ability to accept and refuse limitations it is a chem-
ical or psychic trip without a ticket.

give, in, know one's,
out of , put in one's, take place. there must be for every action: in medicine, an
action. resisting another action: a response to a stimulus: do not over.
ambience surrounds.
in artifacts ambience refers to conventions, themes and shapes of secondary
importance
that illuminate a focus.

ARTIST IS A WORD THAT DOESN'T APPLY. ARTISTS MAKE AND BREAK THINGS.
ARTISTS ARE NECESSARILY FIRST-BORN SOME, MAYBE ARTISTS, HAVE
TROUBLE DISTIN-
GUISHING THE GINGERBREAD MAN FROM THE BAKER.

radio talks out. knowing our past record, it's amazing that radio is used for vocalizing .
our confusion about modes and media is such that we might have encouraged mimes
on the air.

DID YOU KNOW THAT WE
WERE GOING? WHERE? AWAY. NO, I DIDN'T. I THOUGHT I'D TOLD YOU. PER-
HAPS YOU TOLD SOMEONE ELSE. I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU. YOU WERE MIS-
TAKEN. WELL, NOW YOU KNOW. YES.

WOULD YOU SAY NIGHTWOOD IS UNDERGROUND BECAUSE IT CONSIDERS
SEXUAL DEVIATION
OR BECAUSE IT WAS WRITTEN BY A WOMAN ? I KNOW FROM HAVING TALKED
ABOUT HER WORK
IN ACADEMIC CIRCLES THAT SUSAN SONTAG IS PRETTY.

TIME IS MEMORY. IF YOU TRAVEL DURING BASKETBALL, YOU LOSE THE BALL
WITHOUT WHICH, HOWEVER,
YOU CAN TRAVEL AS MUCH AS YOU LIKE.

war bonnet war cry war dance warfare war game war head war horse warlike war lord
warmonger war nose war paint war path warplane warrior warship wartime war whoop

if dance is rhythmical movement, walking is dance. since i know
what it's about i'm going to enjoy it more often.

CONVENTION: AN ACCEPTED. EXPECTED PERFORMANCE; SUBSTITUTION, SYMBOL OR VARIATION
OF EXPECTED
PERFORMANCE.

the following sixty words are on the subject of war. convict documentation famed
improvise
mar nicobar islands plate pseudo-aquatic reverberate scorpion shire sokoto harlan
fiske stone
surprint therapeutic tsar volti ves zooidal waterproof verb twister tax-exempt leopold
antoni
stanislaw stokowski slogan shakedown research pacific mural mars james macpherson
letter box
intromittent infralapsarian hupa guillotine genic flourish epistaxis domiciliary cymric
con-
comitance.

as everyone knows a
car is a vehicle on wheels, an elevator carriage, my collegiate Webster's even says " the
part of a
balloon for carrying crew and equipment. " a car is a movable container, cars go and
cars park. the
increased use of the car as an abode should confirm enthusiasm over the car as a
necking area, visionaries
are announcing the realities.

sex is a condition
and a method. it's silly to blame women for men. the proving ground for women in
some
is some variety of the sewing circle, bridge club, appearances, surfaces, these are
only more ridiculous than business, politics and war by constant reinforcement .

SMOKING MARIJUANA IS AGAINST THE LAW; SMOKING CAMELS
ISN'T. I USED TO SMOKE MORE CAMELS THAN GRASS, BUT EVENTUALLY I
GAVE
THEM BOTH UP.

MODE 15 A MANNER, CUSTOM OR FORM.

I MET JOHN AT THE EIGHTH STREET BOOKSTORE. HE ASKED ME IF I
PLAYED CHESS. " NO, " I REPLIED, " BUT I WISH I DID. " " WHY, " HE ASKED.
"BECAUSE THEN WE COULD TALK. "

webster's new world dictionary defines space age as, " the period characterized by
the launching of artificial satellites and manned space vehicles: regarded as beginning
with the launching

of the first sputnik on October 4, 1957. outer space will probably refresh our memory
about atmosphere.

space is the medium as medium. it is also interval, area, blankness, distance extending,
accommodation
availability, expanse extending

I'M NOT ALWAYS DRESSED WHEN I WORK AT MY DESK,
BUT I DO ALWAYS WEAR BEIGE COTTON GLOVES.

AS HEDVIG IS DESCRIBED IN MILITARY TERMS, REVERSES ROLE
EXPECTATIONS

OF WOMEN AND SOLDIERS; AS THE PROMINENT MALE IS SHORT AND LOQUA-
CIOUS, THE PROMINENT FEMALE, TALL AND RETICENT, REVERSES PHYSICAL
AND SOCIAL CONVENTIONS; AS O'CONNOR AND ROBIN ARE HOMOSEXUAL-
THE DYNAMIC ONLY EXISTS AS A WHOLE, WITH THE INSIDE IN AND THE
INSIDE

OUT. O'CONNOR AND ROBIN ARE JOINED IN A FIGURATIVE, SEPARATED EM-
BRACE THAT CONSTITUTES THEIR DOWNWARD TRANSCENDENCE.

tear a piece of this
page; drop it to the floor (ground). that's music.

A SCULPTOR ORGANIZES SPACE IN OBJECT UNITS

IF YOU CAN SEE A FACE THROUGH AN APERTURE IN A LARGE DAVID SMITH
CONSTRUCT-

ION IS THAT HEAD PART OF THE SCULPTURE? THE HEAD ONCE SEEN, IS THE
SCULP.

TURE LESS WITHOUT IT? ANSWERS: YES AND NO. THE SCULPTURE IS TAKING
PLACE

SOMETIME WITH THE HEAD, SOMETIME WITHOUT IT.

direction is a quest-

ion of momentum. geniality fearfully devises grooms with parcels. currency continues
the inadvertence of churning people scrutinize the horsefly in drink.

Lee Byron Jennings

MAO TSE-TUNG

O TENT MAGUS
MUTTON SAGE
MAGNET TO US
GO NUTS AT ME

SUN GOT MATE
MAN GETS OUT
GUM TEAT SON
MUSTANG TOE
GNU AS TOTEM

STONE GAMUT
TEA NOT SMUG
TASTE NO MUG
NUTMEATS GO
GUM AT STONE
EAT NOT SMUG
GUSTO MEANT
GAUNT TOMES
SUNG A MOTET
SUNG TO TAME

US TONG TEAM
SET ATOM GUN
SAM TOTE GUN
OMEN AT GUTS
GO AMUSE TN T
SMOTE AT GUN
GUAM NO TEST
A MOTE STUNG
ANUS GOT MET
TS MET GUANO
AMEN TO GUTS

MUTES TANGO
GOT UN TEAMS
UN MET GOATS
AM NOT GUEST
US GNAT TO ME
MET US TO NAG

MOUNT STAGE
TAUT GNOMES
MUTANT EGOS
STEAM ON TUG

AmEN TO GUTUS

R. X. Massa

Mr. Smith

CUNTTRIMMER WHISKERS

bent/stylus

TOPS SPIN

PALE YAWNING

on these

PAINT

and face in the same way

typefaces

MOUTH

Proust calls the heart

ecstasy:

broken necklace of teak

kissed her sleeve

QUIVERING TAIXLETAEGLE

bluish torque peals

arabesquing my being

IN A DOORWAY

DRONE OF THE BEE

on dog externalization

a clustered couch

chamber wheels of change French

SURVEY

removes hand and slides across

moody wild

on my ragged cuspids

crumpled her

I'd seen;

for life at the

Waldorf

QUIETLY

mounting actions

TOWARD THESE GAMES

forgone

where they are sitting

bathroom:

MOVES HER ARMS

the tent village

and moon shivers

R. X. Massa

EVOL U

a terminal sea
tightened and;
shivered
eluding me
WE QUIVERED
on long wet stems
into the gravest oblivion
stretched thin
like skin
drifting seaward
OUR FACES FOREIGN
sailing
TO THE WHITESUN
hiroshima
mild
metal gray bodies
stretched on us
evol

Lynn Shoemaker

UNDERGROUND

The road thins at its edges.
Breaks off.

This poem is called UNDERGROUND. It tells of a walk
I took late on the night of May 25th, 1971.

I follow the cracks in the land.
The faults in the earth's
surface.
Narrow tunnels left at night by
birds crickets
cicadas.

You always said your brother would join the Army. He left
today, struggling with his gear. Zigzagging up to a Grey-
hound bus.

The earth surrounds my steps.
Comes up to meet me.
The trees lift
themselves
straight out of their roots.

He wanted to learn how to be a mechanic. A skill for after
he got out. How to fix and maintain any kind of engine.
How to dig roads in the jungle...

I gather together like a drop of water
drawn into the root endings
openings
into the fibers and sap.
I let myself go.
Breath
in a wooden flute.

I read they come back with "tracks" on the bottom of their
feet. Points where the jungle enters the mainstream..

Lights. Two white snarls
snake between flesh
step
earth.

The sound of the engine.
The silence of the driver.
The road returns.

This poem is called UNDER...

Lynn Shoemaker

SENDING YOUR TONGUE TO ANOTHER COUNTRY

A sacrifice. The operation will not be easy. Where to cut. How many roots to take. Even with the sharpest of knives, there will be blood. You must decide whether to dry it or send it directly. Most prefer to send it. It will be submerged in alcohol or formaldehyde. The jar cushioned between beds of shredded paper. Accidents are rare. The carriers know how to move rapidly, gently. When it arrives, they will place it on display. In a cabinet. Or on a grey wooden pedestal. Usual brass tag for identification. A great many will come to look. The children will try to rub their cheeks against it or to touch it with their forefingers. The adults will be more wary. They will circle it with smiles. An old wise one will turn to his colleague and say, "I can feel it beginning to make sounds. I can understand its tones perfectly." It will stare back at them like a Siamese fetus from behind a mirror. After a while they will become uncomfortable and walk away. On one of the busiest days, an old woman will approach the pedestal. Dressed in a black coat. Carrying a cane. She will not speak. Today's messengers, are often mute. No one will know how she passed the visitors and guards without being noticed. Left behind, her cane will rattle to the floor like a petrified legbone. The belljar will be empty.

Lynn Shoemaker

TRANSPLANTING A TRUE CLOWN'S NOSE

It is not a false nose. It may seem to be a strawberry. Or a plum. Or even a popped balloon.

But it is real. It will sprout petunias and pain. Warts, battleflags, and blood. Use a hammer and saw.

Use the dullest blade you can find.

Carry it in a casket. A derby hat is too big. If it should die along the way, plant it in the center

ring. Under the elephant's hooves. Call Augusto the white clown. Have him play the cornet. Have Pepe,

with his flopper shoes and longjohns, with real tears in his voice, call out Fru-Fru, Fru-Fru, Fru- Fru,

over and over again.

It will come back to life. Sniff. Snort. It may even start a fire and put the flames out with a

cannon. Put the fires out with a black umbrella. Put them out with an egg.

If the egg does not break-for this is the ultimate test-throw the nose into prison.

Prepare a

trial and an execution. It is a fake. An imposter. A pretender to the clown.

James Krusoe

THIS IS POEM FOR...

in a department store
This is a poem for 500 canaries singing
The rain, | in spring, | in Wheeling, West Virginia
where they hang in cages overhead like bells,
jangles over the cash register bells,
streets
and outside
two
in the
wear
children
of Wheeling
Catholic schoolgirls
by twos
their hair
in bows.
There
is also an island
plaid ribbons.
In Wheeling
I the river rises
Ohio
hills border
where green
sound
meet the
Ten
canaries
each spring,
teet,
yellow
canary
down in Wheeling.
downtown
air or water.
yellow as

James Krusoe

TO THE OLD LADY DYING IN SHANAHAN'S MARKET, VENICE, CALIF.

My picture of you, old heart jamming
cart horse sideways, head

in your throat. My queen of clocks winding backward.
Down, stuck in mud, slipping, sinking

You lying on your hands. We can see
slowly to your your face

where you patched Your
is scratched. underpants show

stockings are run. Dinner is late
change runs into cracks. What's to be done?

waiting. sweetheart, stay still, you'll
Don't worry stay I posed, smile, don't

be eating with me.
move, say cheese.

Greg Druit

RHYMES

mister nun
seems a last
casuistic try
charted you lards through
that visible phantom veiled
lovable lechery
you all said
was mist

unmissed a
synapse snaps
casual chemistry
sorts the shards into
this viable fantasy
at livable levels
but what have
we missed?

Read as two stanzas, either consecutively
or simultaneously:
or horizontally,
or vertically by color.