

BEYOND BAROQUE 721

Beyond Baroque 721

Poetry Reading Edition

Volume 3, Number 1 / 1972

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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

SUPERMARKET

I. The Sandbox Tree

My name is Greentree.

Hard and dry.

The gods give this and that.

The head on my shoulders hangs inches from the white
porcelain of the coffee cup. The woman and the children
are sleeping. The dew. My body and the house. I am the
house. My hair is a small garden attached to the house.
This morning is a ram caught in my hair. My lips thought
hell a fable - flowers are like that - but the morning
has changed their mind. My nostrils are an attic stairs.
The windows overlook a rock garden and wait for the
withering sun. In my sandstone ears the dragons guard
ancient manuscripts that crumble at a touch. A dead fish
blooms in my mouth. My throat is a hole in the ground.
Behind my eyes, fat aged carps, my brain is the surface
of the moon. A serpent -
That day the tree fell. Friday morning -

September. Bright and dark. White metal blinds -
splinter. Yet, yet a moment we attend the stillborn
dawn. The sun is sick. An owl. The village is six miles
to the west. A town is twelve miles to the east.
The directions are approximate with no symbolic value.
Now, while I hang on the porcelain brink, trucks sprawl
eastward, westward, and deliver -

Listen - a child. We laid the wood in order.
The mountain waited. "Let him go!"
A bird's flutter.
I heard a child singing.
A clod. A bird. A wolf. A bee. A rainbow.
The child sang, "There's the border."
The guards sang, "Halt-" Their rifles rang out. No.
The sun continued I remember.
Let it be now.
A flower. Forever.
I heard a child singing.

Two urs. The gods roar scalded from the tub.
The toilet clanks and closes. Beelzebub
in armor shudders in the floor. Me - stripped
to scale. The arrow shivers, points: a crypt,
a font, a throne, the dew, a bower. Toes
expand and shrivel, eyes and fingers close,
pores open. Here 1 am. Cosmetic oils
of rose and olive glitter, soda boils,
erupts. An awful rainbow. I appoint
these lights to wash the body and anoint.
The body soaks while gilded clouds decay.

The girl who saw the morning sun
has felt the silent current run
beneath her. On the bank a thunder
rings the infant's crown. That's done.
She stripped the orchard bare - gone under.
These ripples riddle time and pun.

Ransack the surf. Deliver yesterday.
To reach this goal I needed neither ships
nor act of will. I stutter at the lips
of springs and horns. Dull catalogs. The rounds
of soap and sun. The ancient foe has drowned
and leaps into the fisher's thankless hands.
What flowers mean - the stunned flesh understands.

From the east the trucks pound westward toward the village.
From the west the trucks burst eastward toward the town.
They are instant with loud voices in the house.
They resolve me of all ambiguities. The dew.
The arrow. The target.
Dimly certain shapes suggest a motion. Flight.
Certain motions tend to shape and fascinate
my head and dullest occupation.
Arrow, flight, and target make the day.

1 fill the instant cup, Hot water
mingles blessings, ills, and buds,
creating, uncreating,
darkness. There she stands. She runs
into the net and she is given.
My head clears. What is left? The porcelain.
The pool reflects
my face, a whiskered bludgeon like a catfish,
hanging and mean as a meaning in the catalog
of common things. Where is the lamb?
The goat I promised. Where is the white goat?
A cup of coffee.
What can I do?
Stay hard to get and dry.

1 weigh five pounds less than I weighed last week.
I weigh ten pounds more than I weighed last year.
I love the ideal constancy of documents -
my driver's license.

The gods dream I am real.
They pluck at my garment
and whisper from the east
and from the west the trucks
deliver -

He comes. He comes. He comes. The neighbors weep
gnats, I whisper to the sandstorm, but the doctors
can find no cause of death in him. 1 am my own
contestant. Pikes themselves betray. The dew covers
the mountains, flayed September, and the wolf. That day
the tree fell. Friday morning -

War and the blood of men surrounds the mountains.
We dwell with the mountains and the mountains cover us.
The dust and silence of crones and prophets joins
my body to the house where faces throb like insect
pulses. Faces float and bob in haunted surfaces. Bloodless
fingers cross their lips. Blood-dark fingers crawl upon
their throats. They drown. The house is a sandbox tree
of mouths. And we are sandflea motes. We hover and buzz.
on inconvenient wings that hold us slanting to the windows,
conspiratorial, askance. The highway brings the thunder.
The highway takes the thunder away. It seems we have
made the journey. We have arrived safely. My hand lets
the curtain fall. The gods at length give the unhappy
race the honors of a grave and we are ignorant with
mountains.
Well then - let it be.

The aspirin dissolves on my tongue. I sweat before
the mirrored tabernacle. My stung hand holds the throbbing
hive aloft. I stretch my tribute gills and cheeks beneath
revolting bees. The ram is shorn and free. In the kitchen
the woman shapes her morning service, damning the toaster
and the loaf. Atonements, resurrections. The children
are awake and crying. Now -

II. The Aspergill

Teaching is the oldest profession. It was Eve's.
And I am early. The classroom floor seesaws,
I balance desks and windows. The skeleton
and I confer. He floats on a stainless gibbet,
ochre-boned, one-armed, articulated
stainlessly with nuts and bolts, I wait,
Professor Greentree with Professor Fool,
my colleague and conspirator, and feel
the fruit swell, ripe and wet, behind my eyes.

My forehead labors. My empty stomach yawns
and student names and faces brown my tongue,
a cud of rosters, rooms. There have been rooms.
The crumble. The drift. The plaster atmosphere.
That closet of stifled birds. The skylit loft.
The stairwell - an echoing screw. My caterpillar
days and nights revolved. I ate the moon
and sapped the root of strangers. Then I was dry!
The caves. The cafeterias. The caskets.

Here I am early. The walls are cinderblock.
The greenboard and the yellow chalk are April
in the grass. The stupid hornets beat the ceiling
with chalkdust knees. The room is a walled garden.

Outside - September smokes in boughs and barrows.
We need a golden anchor and some earth.

And even now the students rise from beds
or breakfasts. We are ready. Professor Fool
titters. "Chaste beauty, stretch out loving hands."

Snakes and dandruff spoil my brown shoulders.
 The apple glitters on my fingertips.
 Our stomachs, growling, lisp at Adam. "Pluck it!"

The fisher is wading in ashes.
 If I spit in his path, will the flashing
 of lightning being thundering
 rain? If I blunder,
 will the fisher still wade in the ashes?

In the rhyme of Jack and Jill, a pastoral allegory,
 we find that surprising synthesis of opposites which -
 together with economy - characterizes the highest literary
 art. Here is a gathering of the purest archetypes beneath
 a shading of colloquial innuendo: chiaroscuro, discordia
 concors. Jack and Jill - their names are clearly emblematic
 of the universal male and female: daughter of Adam, son
 of Eve. For hill read Paradise and Zion. See Psalms and
 Dante. Note the ambiguity of crown. The action is simply
 to ascend and fall. The wheel. - Still the sun climbs.
 Bring me a pail of water. - Etiology is suppressed. We
 are faced with blank chronology, coordination. The fall
 is inevitable and Jill's dependence absolute. Female with
 male, subject with king, nature with man, passion with
 reason, man with God - all tumble down: allegory, trope,
 and anagoge. Fused to this rather frigid vision, we are
 happy to discover, is the motive of the quest, poignant
 by contrast. Do they climb toward a well - deceptive pit -
 ot spring of spiritual regeneration? These silences
 say more than words. See Lycidas. And pail is just too
 nervous to discuss. Imagine it.
 Swinging between the couple.
 Catching the light.
 Reflections -

Dandelions choke the greenboard.
 Meanwhile
 I squeeze among limbs and sprawling
 faces, stumbling over bursting denim
 bags and vinyl scrub,
 returning papers. I bark at random,
 "Where should we go?" Sharks dive.
 The surface gathers. I step on several toes.
 Fringed faces follow the sun. "Where are we?"
 My numb elbows collide with certain skulls.
 "Where have we been?!"
 The axe edge of corrasable bond descends.
 The woolen sleeve darkens with hair oil.
 "How can we turn? We are spinning."
 Blossoms.
 Blossoms.

Wildflowers burn. Chalkdust excites the clock.
 I dip the aspergill. The pelvis echoes.
 Professor Fool looks back. The pigeons smack
 the windows. Then the students rise and walk.
 Ill. The Sack

Meridian stands baffled at the fall
and my front door. A bird call,
neither sung nor swallowed, catches all
my centuries - the swift stall
lifted to the knotted finial.

Still time gets into everything.
The breath, blood, sap, rot, spring,
and song inherit. And seeds with wings.
And flesh and flowers pending.
Still the minute fixes - as bees sting.

"Stand still and let me touch
your scalp," whispers the minute. In my crotch
the oriole hangs its nest. Women filch
the high sun stitch by stitch.
Eternity is too brief and asks too much.
Noon is the minute - sun's apostrophe
and stiffest aspect, the key
my hand addresses to the lock: &i, Greentree
Noon is the minute - sun's apostrophe
and stiffest aspect, the key
my hand addresses to the lock: Hi, Greentree!
Face to face and fact and fee,
my shade and day meet me.

We are not monotheists. We have felt
all absolutes. The flocks dispute our arms
and backs and chatter, feathered mums and masks
of sea foam in the crashing wheel of sense.

The stomach, stone, and scythe. The mounted sibling.
Severed head and sack. The prodigal.
The holy family. All the gods inhabit
the minute and the children of the minutes -

Still the minute burns and burns returning -
Beyond the battlefield and town, foes find
the ground is common. Son and father mourn.
"Where is the lamb?" The father, "Here I am."
The bachelor vows a white goat and a feast.
Matchless births are lighted and the thief
is crucified. The rhetor flees his hair,
his fingers, and his knees. "Take it and read."

The fish pay tribute to the dwelling host.
The woman sheds the serpent. Night attacks
the formal garden. "Ah, Mephistophilis!"
The minutes turn like words, burn and return -
O sun
swing clod, bird, wolf, bee, rainbow - swap
mass, sap, and spectrum - spin your sack.

Wash, bind, and clot this spilling bag
of time and be, vast tourniquet,
our knot and bob. Impress the spectrum
in your fist, seeds in the squinting clod,
and wring us, dazzled, homeward. Grab

us home - to lunch. Transcendence spun
the universe and hung the feedbag
on your nose. Be bird of prey and wolf
the world and raven, blazing maw.
Dark sponge, draw and assume the spectrum -

stew and alphabet - the gamut.
Stand, mystic of matter and motion, swap
inside the gate and mete, bold foot,
our reeling buskins and this sock,
our sagging history. Our bees

have underscored you, bumblebees,
our bards of hearths and hierarchies,
creation, fall and wall, and sack
of cities. Be our body. Sound
and chart our voyages, old eye.

First fob, outlast. Witness to clod
and clock, spin - spin us, tick and wheel.
Take stock.

Childhood returns an empty sunshine. Toes,
solemn and stiff against a stoop edge, hinge.
The child hangs like a pocketknife folding
into itself & memory of light.

Home is a flat. The child studies his knees,
carves secret promises in sunburn scabs
with nails; and dreams of actresses and angels.
He straddles silent rails and spits in rivers.

The neighbor is a drab. The child has nuns
enhance the world with darkness and the host
adorn his greed. He crosses his eyes at mass
to make the candles dance before his need.

The backyard fence has rot. Often he digs
into the planks beneath the earth, seeking
the awful odor. Deeply he inhales
and finds a nausea which, perhaps, is me.
The child is me and I am not the child.
He reaches out. They all want to be free.
I gather in, like oaks, inhabited,
rooted in ancient sprawls of herbs and weeds.

This brass knob flashing bags the day.
Time was - I burned to flay
the planets. O hyperbole!
O suicide! The sun hauls me and our stray
bag of being through dumb space. O stay -
The respiration of each minute facets time
and springs our rhetoric. The rhyme
and ram are shorn. O crime!
O symbol! The sublime
submits to treatise. The gods dream.

Stay hard to get and dry. Sharks dive.
Still the sun climbs. O stricken hive!

The child and fisher sieve
for blossoms. I have
a pail of water. Bring me staves.

We need a virtuoso for these keys -
the play of our precise and myriad identity.
My hand will turn the day.
The door swings open. We
are real. Hi, Greentree!

IV. The Zodiac

The children wrestle seatbelts. The woman wears
the palpitating engine like her rollers -
hood, hub, and rattle. She battles gas and gears,
taking the wheel to bury the spurned archer.

A black bull shoots the sunwhite highway.
Cumulo-nimbus.
Small insects pock the windshield.
Oaks, elms, and willows gaze,
turn giddy, rave, and die upon the hood.
The horned god brings the family to market.
The woman swells
against pressing trucks and slowpokes, pops
the uncreating word and gives her finger.
Her face is busy Lazarus behind stained glasses
where momentary fires
- fragments of crop, horse, barn,
and porch with rocker - flash and drop.
Her sunhat flaps and ultimate mountains hover.
Mountains hover, godless as the hanging
afternoon.
At the temple - Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea
Company - doors open. Doors stroke the almost silent
air that sways to the arrivals and departures of respectable
pilgrims. The woman swings her purse, I press my palm
against my breast and checkbook: tacit passports to the
garden. Soaps cachinate and cheer - et luxe - delight.
And roasting hens rotate. The cathedral smokes and smells.
Registers ring and whirr. They reel and drawers explode
against the stomachs of calculating girls. Squealing
baskets rollerskate the aisles with toddlers pickaback.
Blood-tight cellophane smothers steaks and chops.
What pharaohs dream beneath the pyramided cans of corned
beef hash? The secret life that dwells behind the labels.
I drift among reaching hands - excellent hands and insect
mystery of fingers - and, driven by the tumult in my heart,
seek refuge between the jolly giant's pasteboard thighs.
Chinese cabbage gleams: the first high tide of the
creation. The celery salutes me. Me - hagiographer of
grape and eggplant - hanging belly, flapping cheek,
triumphant fig and dragon too of trick and treat. The pears
are sitting pretty. O, oranges! I hear one singing voice
of many children. The worm of comedy gnaws outward from
the center of the cornucopiae of joy - a hundred thousand

packed brown bags.

The maidens shake dew from their aprons.
The sky tumbles into their laps,
and trees drop their blessings.
The sun haunts the press.
I sing of impossible apples -

Pisces. On ice, a gold and green ellipsoid,
my poetic form, the fish stares out at dead
eternity. The flat round eye is payment
and policy: the longer view that missed
the net. What will become now of his wife
and spawn? Lo - still the mouth is dumb, simple,
hungry nature. A man's most ancient instinct
is sucking. Habit attaches habitat.
The ocean tosses, dreaming, on wet sheets.

My brain, a rolling prism in slow orbit,
tosses, born of woman. I have survived
mumps, measles, chickenpox, the public schools,
won scholarships, degrees, a police record,
earn a living, easy compromise,
small sins, a woman, two small boys, a cat,
a house, an expensive lawn - inland. Inland -
Civilized man no longer holds on
to the sea. Somewhere the copepods are coping:
A fish louse scales a fish like Everest.
Poor fish. I have arrived: a child who turned
fantastic lies on bitten fingertips,
waiting for Pentecost, a burning pupil,
shoplifter, sleepless hustler, couch-patient,
inmate, graduate, and mate. Poor louse.

Failure, defeat, loss, exile, death, despair,
the toys we toss to rattling infants,
am hauling Pisces on ice, discovering
at heart the funny man, and good for nothing
but to ask for help. Outstare and pout.
The children are amused. Where is the woman?

V. The Host

The woman and the guests attack a dip of shrimps
and cheese. I balance ice cubes on my nose. "Herr
Greentree - mein host." We have been to the movies
and seen that motion is a matter of fixed shots. We
hang behaviors on the air like talk. Chips off the old
potato. "Why, what evil hath he done?" September -

Friday evening. Wit's end. With bourbon on the
rocks I crown the day. A record drops. The room turns
through smoke, crooning to the diamond. Small lamps
illumine floor and ceiling. We are dim between. Our
postures loom behind our drinks and cigarettes.
Fingers flicker against the grandeur of dark mouths.
Rings burn. Knees glitter beneath wool and shadow.
My feet, my black socks on the carpet, make a firm

and - perfect end toward which all bodies move: "from walking up and down." The Scarabaeid. My drink floats on my palm - slow whorl of darkness spiked with tiny lights and clinking lightnings. But the glass - the walls, the lawn, the highway, and the mountains. "Fall on us."

Herr Greentree - old herring. And the voices of the mob prevailed. The voices of the priests - We have prevailed. Grand mouths gape. Mouths weep. Cheeks quake. My feet. My feet. I feel I am in trouble with the mountains. And my feet. "Whence comest thou?"

Headlights, gliding between treetrunks, swing to the road. Goodnight. The guests depart. I wave a winking fifth. Behind me - open window, running water, clatter in the sink. I sit beside the bottle on the lawn and watch the stars. Drink up. All heaven and my head - old haunted house. Me - auctioneer, hawking the garden's breath. What am I up to?

Where is Aries? Where are Gemini and Virgo, Taurus, Capricorn? The woman is Aquarius. Where is the enemy? The night is cold. I do not love the moon. Drink up. Do I not love the moon? My daughter we will keep these lights awake all night. These ancient lights. The golden fleece. Incomprehensible antiquity gives me a twinkling. My eyes, quick sailors, subtler than minds or moons, invaded by stars and older than all time and mind, know time: instantly bursting, instantly forming tide. All heaven. Why then do I lie here breathing lamentations for the drowned? Stars swing the silent surface. I aim the moonlit bottom of the bottle and drink up.

Body and mind. The gods, who fill the cup, have made us for themselves. The gods drink up. The earth leaps up beneath my feet. I am the garden. My body and the earth. Old ram. The children learn to walk. Thought rests behind the fist that lands the prophet. I can find no enemy among these constellations. I wage no argument with earth if nations rise or fall. I gladly call my neighbor civil. He sends his sons to war and labor. "I share the banquet and consent to live."

I share the banquet and consent to live. The private citizen. The woman and the children, who are living by my hand,

must live with me. We have a little time.
I am the enemy. They are my crime.
Old father, do you sleep? Declare my debt.
I give the enemy his gate and get
his goat. The mountains do not give a damn.
Myself am home. And home is where I am.

Lock up the house. The bow is drawn toward heaven.
"Lay not thine hand upon the lad."
Forget. Forgiven.
Our houses stand
all night.
The bowl, the lard, the leaven and the board.
Dawn waits upon the shriving
of the beggar lord. Regard the sleeping head.
Nothing is whole, Nothing is riven.
Seek your bed.
Bright eels are weaving.
The old song. Our houses stand.

Woman, woman, stretch out loving arms to welcome
and embrace me. Words - that are not stone or wood or
straw - are sound. The branch is cut. The bough
is burned.

Words are wind. The wind supports a burden.
Our words are worn and adapted to possession. Woman,
woman, stretch out loving arms. We share the song.
Sing. Listen. Spin and dream. We roll the cosmos and
the house in our warm mouths. The branch is cut.
Terminat hora diem. Day will begin the dream. The trees
accept the wind. The shadows. Woman, woman -

The children sleep in wooden cribs. They sleep
with animals. You will find them crying in the morning.
The bough is burned. Terminat hora diem. There is
always some silent fire keeping our bodies. There is
always dew. Woman, woman, let me rest in you. Terminat
hora diem. Terminat -

Eleanor B. Zimmerman

CIVILIZED COUNTRIES DO NOT CONTINUOUSLY MAKE MUSIC

Gertrude Stein said this in PARIS FRANCE
Gertrude Stein said
"it is not civilized to be intimate"
in 1940 in PARIS FRANCE Gertrude Stein
said these things
a waitress said "baked potato, honey?"
in 1955 in California
a waitress said it to my mother
& we held our breath
because my mother is civilized in the tradition
of Gertrude Stein, expatriate
& no one calls her HONEY
except perhaps if she is intimate
with someone I don't know
waitresses are often intimate
waitresses who call people HONEY
are speaking to the loneliness
even when she is lonely
my mother does not respond to being called HONEY
I don't remember if there was music
that night
that is because there is always music
you are not supposed to remember
it is music for the loneliness
there was always music in Schraft's
where my grandmother took us
it came out of the ceiling
while we drank tea
every summer my grandmother wanted to go
to California
but no one ever took her
in 1940 in Connecticut
she sat on her porch humming
in a blue rocker while we played dominoes
we would never call her HONEY
Gertrude Stein did not call anyone HONEY
in PARIS FRANCE
where she went in order to avoid
the intimate music of America

Richard Snyder

COUNTESS TESSIE TAKES OFF

Chinese dirigibles
are slowly suffocating
for want of exercise. I've counted
all told among their flock
and soon there will be less.
Ho much longer
will this useless mockery
stand on its head
when we need every man in the air
who can fly.

Uncork the balcony seats.
Here is tableau
beneath a foreign sky
and rivers
worth a fortune.

The cost of construction
will be borne as usual
by the dwarf and his three sons.
He has consented once again
to raise an edifice on the grounds
of human decay. Even as I speak
he prepares the envelopes of departure
from this sordid world to the next.
He has timed his investment
to correspond with certain mechanical dreams
utilizing the pulse of a single jelly.

Richard Snyder

GRAVITY EXPERIMENT

In down, in putting it down, face up
we see it dial, its dial another number
Tears itself bodily from sleep
from sleeping arrangements too cool
about to freeze Instead of latching
locking up the exits Instead of closing
all the windows We here we now unbroken
tie the message in numerical order
to the tail sticking out of the third eye
A message unopened whose whereabouts
unknown A warning in simple mathematical
terms warning us that whosoever tries
gets up will hover on the verge
of blinking its will long gone turn red
with early morning anger Instead
tries to find locate for emergency use only
what can't be seen or used too often
The best or next to best which turns
until delivered

Richard Snyder

IN THE CASE OF X vs. Y

The premier is reading a paper
the paper backwards
that much is clear
between the paper
the adding machine
and the crossword puzzle
are three syllables of dynamite.
The premier inks in the first word
and smiles. No matter.
It was bound to happen.
The rest of you
take three paces forward.

The way is clear for a total eclipse.
Perhaps the mindreaders
will destroy our illusions.
Uncle Ben is motioning for silence.
Citizens, your request has been granted.
In the future there will be
a stretch of unrelieved silence.
No questions asked. Gather
your belongings and go. Disappear.
Til we creep up
on what has elapsed.

Lee Mallory

reflections / ensenada '68

top
lets you
sit and
sip bright
drinks that
tend to se-
parate sensitivity
from sorrow
from the
sources of
either, or /

that
glass is
(is this uncomfortable?)
the . . . mirror your . . . hand of mind
This is your reflection / but this lucy 21

Lee Mallory

MONTPARNASSE HANDYMAN

'I have seen the photograph
of the grave,
you are being smoked Charles
dans la terre'

The handyman has a blue eye
one green and collects
colored insects
has a beetle that glows
in the dark.
sits drunk at his table

he boasts wisdom
to unite living and dead.
planting good ones
with needles
rolling his strange eyes

keeps dung in his attic
he knows the royalties
of rats, at night
whole constellations of eyes
how many times he wakes
to rafters ringing in his head.

tenth night brings a woman
bearing transcripts
of the trial, he has gone
everywhere, they say
and try him in absentia
(exhibit colored insects

'Jeanne, you're half colored
let perversity rejoice;
you have gained entry bringing news
and vile soup, he asks
Where was the scene--my crime?
In your mind Charles, in your mind.'

Arlene Stone

LUV SING

dream crutch
hobble yob
ble bent brid
ge my live
is to hol
d you frm
fall
in
keep you syn
chro simon
ize
why

bone poor
shod well
chewed n
ca
rin
bubble br
eak where
luv ope thin
thin lid
ball pink
eye/why you
sta
rin

Arlene Stone

LUV SING

chaw thet
fr a
dream
in
feel thet
fr
yr woe
mn
tur
n on
boo gie
isl how
tht hu
min 's/seem
in

wow ma
n you
some sin
g sea p
n luv
in
go' t
hol
y' n
sli din
cum luv
see lu
v it ope
nin

way go
thet
thin
mem ber
lu' we
wuz
win
nin nw
swee
why you
scar
rin

David Everett Overstreet

REVERSIONS IN THE CAR

We settle to the place, be in
buzzes, in the orchard, l-they consume
eats in the blossom of her, place
of her trow, the eats garden.
We assume to show comfort;
we assume to her comfort and bridge the exegesis
of the want, in the place, of her blossom.
We assumed, of course, to comfort.

Edward F. Sabotka

RENEWAL

When you shit you shit April rain violets.
Bouquets bloom out your brown wren hole.

When April shits bouquets of violets, rains of
bloom. You wren out of your brown hole.

When April wrens blooms of violet out of
brown shit, you rain bouquets

When you sh, it violets bluem Avril rains
bouquet

When blueloom quets lit ly ril you rain a
pearl

When u bluem Avrillets li lee loom

When Aprils of rain pearl en
rils rils rils rils
of of of of

vio l let li lel li ly let

STANZA II

When Ap pearl rain ing out of earth you
Dumplings of daisies
rise light
imitations of sun
see d light
womb wound round
suns hot honey
stick y days
e buns of
bouquet
oven in
the sweilbellyjelly
earth.

Aprils of aprils april april april
appear pearls pearls pearls
applaud! laud Lord laud days
loudly aprils applause of
violet april april april
drips drops drips drops pearl
aprils of aprils aprils aprils yes
aprils aprils aprils.

STANZA III

Even
ASPHRI! TL blooms

Aprileap liling r
d

i pud puds puddles

even frozen rozen earth roses rise
even ice yes icyes yes blueyes yes yes
lil leaps lips yes
even lips rose, eyes violet
eve eyes n vilet, yes eviolets en
blue m bluequetly
and roses rain
n roses rai
n roses rai
n roserai
n rosarys
of roses
rise n bouquet

STANZA IV

Take shit, April, violet, bouquet,
bloom, suns rain, you, brown wrens
Take violet, bloom, April, shit, sun
wren, you
Take violet, bouquet, bloom, April, sun
rain you violet bouquet April bloom
sunbloomaprilbloombouquetsofyou.
Take these words in any way
Just shit
Even wipe yourself with this noisy,
crumple paper and throw it to the ground.
See the violets. Hear them.
It's April! Even shit sings.

Edward F. Sabotka

MODULO 7

1

Ash is how the spider sounds
sting
the blistering brain
weaving conclusions
of ash

2

Sorrow lurks in cellars
heavy stones for names
waiting
patient as death

3

The coiling flesh eats lies
weaving ghost webs
it catches ghosts

4

Anger is a flying thing
beating vainly against
the weave of death's nothing

5

Pain is but a remembering
best forgot
the sting
the body sucked dry
the soft dark touch

6

The ash in our throats
is the rub against which
The music sings

7

Life is the taste of death
fear its bite
if you cry cry a song

George Amabile

THE ADVENTURES OF BIRDMAN

This is an animated Cartoon
in which Birdman becomes an outlaw

The Nazis have come back from the trenches
as mudmen
They lock Avenger his eagle sidekick
in a canary cage
so that Birdman will steal the military plans
and present them as ransom
which he does but of course they betray him
and force the daring duet into the nose
of a rocket-bomb from which they escape just in the nick
of luck

They fly hand-in-wing to the sun-king for instructions
He tells them

"Next to Country-love
Bird-love is the highest affection
But it must not blind us
Believe in the Chiefs of Staff
Ward off infection
A blithe spirit often lies
behind the enemies' dirt disguise"

They return enlightened
and put the bad guys in a good zoo

Jack Hirschman

THE VENICE TESTAMENT

What youre going to remember I forget in the flash of these ten/
in the act of
the mind going down on the knuckles of keyboard
black to the incendiary street take this cocktail/ know iam
yours forever street where the shaped
cries of the mother of the lands deepest insistence of wine
alchemichael the greek shift the falasha of amber
the dog stern of bone kissed back up against the wall is shoved
into uniforms loyal to contempt and the kept down anger roiling
bespewed red river to free men
in gut

My moment this friendship scuttled for the word to bring surface
change and charge of our light brigade of the confed-
to depth
erates
of darkness through centennial gash
and abyss of the kiss that walks double and would have
threed and tied
to the one boy stake

Christ when I ron
Christ when they came Christ when she screamed
Christ when we bled when the glass of the eyes
ters
when the buildings flamed blue and the yassas grew fists
good to eat when the books that we died for piled high in the
rain
when they came and said You when they blamed
it Christ how they sang in the rivers the sisters
of sunshine the sisters of the roof of the tongues
the sisters
of the diaphragms of the pure
geese of immersion O law O lawd how they crooned

Remember who held up old cabins
snow that woke up your dead father and mother with the long
soft shoe of brown leather laying between the whole of the
making the cats
fear long
the litter of
young guns in the price of dayold butter

These are the resurrections
clouds who
come riding the eyelids of wonder
in their hands and the hearts that they shape of
their teeth
the chords

These the children of Adam my son never to be but the son of
a King in the Capitold Kay

with one pluck of his threestringed guitar

Who hums to the earth that she rise
to the dark buds latent in her belly
pages of the streets of the seasons
shitkicking brown kickapoo pride

song schooled by the
and rabid

through the gap
us all

filled the gut-

us for
of the orbits
swallows and tall

who died into cotton you called/

purr the animals soon to be born
these the children on the
no other
with the grit of

that wipes off the triple kay smear
every moment
who sings
who bounds through the
in full blond/

Original spatial composition; searchable transcript embedded

take that trip

Bad weekend

Monday
October 4
'71 1971

Never

monday mother monday mother my mother calls at just 8

:00

just past 8

:00 am a.m. just past 8:00 a.m.

a.m. would I would I would I

tingaling of lost content of lost of the damned not

here never here at 8:00 a.m. alive and catapulted into the

realm into the realm into the classroom of which I am the

lord (cold

worsened had just phoned myself into the school into

97Q of which I am the part

that

7:30 be it or 8:00 or 9:00 or 9:00)I

won't I won't I won't I won't be there Wonder often

Wonder

If I If I If I

If I did not make that phonecall

made no phonecall make no phonecall

Simple

simple simple simply

didn't show Would the board Would the

city

would the state would the sun moon

earth collide if I didn't show and tingaling

ring ring ring

No show and did not phone? Here there here at 8:00

a.m. to hear the

my mother called my mother called

my mother called at just past 8:00 a.m. Would

I come would I come right up? Yes yes yes yes yes

Subway subway up there up there to

The Bronx takes 35 min. to the Bronx wonder

why wondered why wonder why why I never take this

do not

take this trip

never took this trip that trip

Before

II

She left her house as she left her house as she
was taken from her house from her home she held back she
cried she spilled tea she made some tea she took the tea
to calm her to calm the waiting to calm the parting
as we waited as we waited as we waited and it was the
time it was the time for the ambulance for the driver the
driver he came up he came up and her neighbor came to
the door and it was time it was the time it was the time
for her to go through the door to go out of the door
to close the door to close the door to shut the door But
it was a world it is a world it is her world and it is
defined and it is set by the china and the china closet

Drawing: Dianne Powell

bb721/57

Continuation from the following source page

and the heavy ornate and swirl of the legs of that set
of the set that was in her home that awaited her as the
bride brought there and chosen
my father's name is jacob
my mother name is bess
we come from bulgaria
and we sell coats
a my name is h my name is helen
and my husband's name is vic
we come from poland
we sell sticks
They know about my leg
Tell them
Not a stroke
Not
Hurry and the bother was that an emergency call had
The emergency call came
Walked straight on my arm and crumpled
Inside
Inside the cage
Inside the moving cage
Just my luck
A child a girl I said hit hurt dreading all the while
steeling myself dreading
Spilled intestines sight of mangled
arm head mind gut the spilled spumen
the bloodgore the mess messing up
Just my luck my mother wailed
it is not your luck it is not your luck
bumpbumping on the springless
Seat holding tight so the bouncing bundle
Will not tumble
Humpty Dumpty
sat on a wall
sat on a board
sat on a hard thin bumpety
board Sat
Humperty Dumperty never sat he
never never never

Sat
A lovely lovely
twelve year old with a slit leg of her dungarees (EMERGENCY)
just a scrape just a scrape

Rolls the truck no one stops it no
Rolling Rolling
one guides it no one guides me wherever | run there rolls the
truck rolling rolling
London bridges rolling down
rolling down
Rolling down
Wherever Wherever dodge dodge
Truck the truck with the impact of
the hill behind it an open brake no hand to guide it no hand
to guide it yet it yet it yet it follows me it
Wherever
My leg
runs over the boy
He is picked up cradled caressed hugged
they
do not know that
in the leg hit me
Scared me so bad Daddy
Scared me so bad so deep
So bad Daddy it hurts that it hurts that it never
That it never
Never did that
Stop hurting Daddy.

h.e. m.d. consented to respond to the emergency call
for a fee for a fee the flat fee for response by
doctors to emergency calls if placed through the telephone operator
to whom
you have said faceless
EMERGENCY
Doctors
just do not make
housecalls
we live in the house
these days
The house is our skin
We are in the house
(we house
We are wed to the house
Doctors
wives) are
do not come
They
(having my
will not come They
self tried since 9:00 a.m.)
Daughters
come
Oh! Daughters do

come
so then did the Doctor for
c fee
3800 a
Independence Ave
The Bronx
4:00 p.m.
Doubt it not
Mother and Daughter
104
N.Y.
New York
the bronx
63

Not a babe but the girl
on the line
like Irene had much wisdom knowledge beauty and age and the ambulance
driver was aware of it if not the mother who cried.

Crumpled
Beside me crumpled and small and in pain
and fear
Beside me
Beside myself
Talk to the doctor talk to dr. cooper all
tests o.k. she is hardy she is healthy (ex
cept for the slight befuddlement and the
slight laceration and the slight
sway and the discordance and the
heaving and the need and the need the need
We don't do anything for anyone who has a daughter
Talked to dr. cooper the young
resident
doctor talked to dr. cooper talked to uncle stanley Uncle
Stanley the doctor Uncled Stanley called said yes said yes said
yes he would help with a higher rent for my mother for my mother if
it would be in a place right close to mine but help, steady help
is out of the question
GET RING BINDER FOR TIME SHADOWS SCRIPT
Binders
Black
: K by the Sea 1, 2
Blue
: The Affair
Brown
: The Player Piano
Green
: Station Sc
Yellow
: The Play Within
Left screws? store hamper
stationery
Looseleaf binder at Chuck and Carol's
THE MUSHROOM 9th ave bet 21st and 22nd st.

West side of the street
Wednesday
Go th the Pest Office
check
Go to Mom's house
check
Go to visit in the hospital
check
Get signatures on checks
check
Get numbers check
Thursday, Oct. 7, 1971
Didn't leave the house except to go to the
didn't leave the house except to go to the
didn leave
the house except to go to the mailbox
tho dressed and
had full intentions to do so
Began to get together poems
Harry O.
: reject reject reject
beautiful writing but
Not Theatrical
Not
WIDMHIV
Y UWM
Becker
: same
: will take with him chapters to
Europe
: all stories out
Michael Hogan comes to clean
ilse williams
: 596 - 5340
: asst to chancellor
: board of education
: 596 - 5030
: ilse ilse i love to teach
: open corridor
mr strand
: teacher personnel
: 596 - 8038
1:30 pick up cleaning
a & p
2:30 cubiculo
dr. gahr (chest dizziness more pills) copyquik
8:00 get ladder Lucas (?) never showed
9:00 omni theatre club (?) never made it
Street Scene
bring
The Play Within
The Affair
Player (never made it)

Friday, Oct. 8, 1971
Michael h mah mah mh came to clean
Went out
driven
by demons compulsions
But that play
has been written
(THE KINGDOM BY THE SEA) need
a change
of scenario

ALWAYS AL
Great poets then have large audiences
WAYS
they are simple and they come across.
Where am I going oh
where am I going oh
where am

10/1
Jennie Kornhauser
8201 16th St.
Silver Spring, Md.
20910
M. Dubois
WA 7 - 8352
4 South Pinehurst Ave.
10033
New York, N.Y.
Apt. 1 D

A. Lieberman Co
The Alco Line
35 cross out 40
162 North State Street
35 cross out 40
Chicago, III
35 cross out 40
60601
Dearborn 2 - 4092

50
from Stanley S. lamm md
_205.00

alex

10/11

wrote to Jenny
Never a reply

Got to Mom's house at 3:30; to the hospital at 5:00
Stayed till about 7:00 - She was eating with difficulty -
complained of being not well treated

yellow orange modern white of the squared painted and
newly formed wing

strung out and bleeding and the needlepoints pricks in

O. D. o. d.

Blood streams where she removed the pipe

o. d. o. d.

Stanley was to see her she said told her not to tell pearl her
sister nor rose her sister of her illness my mother was not to
tell her sisters nor was i to inform them that i wrote to alex
that i wrote to jennie what with never an answer angered
stanley quietly angered him tho he said yes tho he said yes i
got the message i got the message tho it was not said that i was
not to do that again
told her then told the next to the eldest now remaining do not
tell pearl do not tell rose they are not to know the quiet and the
communication of what passes for her and for her in her
family that family that family the messages that go the
communication that exists of what passes for her for her family
don't tell don't tell the sisters mute behind their diseases the men
strong and forceful and wealthy and communicating at least as they
do so will it

Went to a party last night with Ruth and Lucas Lucas came to put
up drapery rods but his drill was broken did not go out all
day didn't she say "Whoever told allen planz he was a
poet? to me in woodstock? there she is bending over his
ear and not recognizing me not recognizing me who am
where am i and i am.

Rose

Pearl

Anna

Sylvia

Jenny

Alex

Debby

Michael *

Dorothy

Saturday, Oct. 9 1971

babble of and the glare
the babble of the caw the babble and the caw

Girl

not yet twenty

What are you looking at

Why are you looking

Let me out

Needle

Pricks

IV

Sunday, Oct. 10, 1971

DUBERSTEINS

LIEBERMANS

DEAD

Stanley

"Howard"

Abe
Florence
Nat
(the
Rob
lost born are the
weakest)
COUSINS
Monday, Oct. 11, 1971

Lucas came Lucas put up drapery rods got application
off to NYSC but I delayed till 5:20 when office closes at
5:30 did not get to cubiculo nor to pick up flyers etc.
In fact accomplished little physically dizzy wandering on
34th street reminded me of days when i worked in macy's
what has been accomplished since then?

decided i would not return to school i would not teach

Tuesday, Oct. 12, 1971
went to school the birthday of my mother the birthday
of my mother went of school children glad of my return
children seem glad of my return we spent the whole morning
working on the book(OUR VACATION BOOK) the class worked
noisily but happily all day all day

Underwear
Anna Manska
M.D. m.d.
(Jackie)
10 Downing St.
mouthwash
Dinah

275-2525
went to the hospital to see my mother it is her birthday
to bring her underwear She is much stronger they say and I
can see she does not like me to be tired she does not
like to see me tired she describes the daughter of a
fellow patient who is 85 yrs old not the daughter the
daughter who comes everyday to visit the old lady is well
dressed and smiles smiles all the time would take off
would take home the old lady would want to take her
home but the old lady that old lady is bad tempered
oh what a life her own daughter leads oh what a life
tired and disheveled and unkempt and tired after a day
after a day in the life after a day with the children and
having come in to manhattan from her job in queens no longer living
there Shit girl no longer living there out there in queens but
in the slums of manhattan making now her home in the slums
of manhattan which is precisely the place out of which they
the jews had moved in their ignorance and in their poverty there they
lived in the dirt and in the smog and in the compressed and the
crowded conditions but out of which came the culture came the ties
came the communication which is subliminal undoubtedly subliminal
by which and about which there is a total exclusion of the
other of the outsider of the other who is not part and parcel of

the family that makes it the husbands that makes it the children
 my cousins and i comprehend nothing of it nor of each other
 in our need in our isolation in our homes spaced throughout the
 american continent and once even in oxford, england making sure
 it looks good and that it looks the same and that it exists by
 token of having been bred out of the loins out of the needs of the
 sisters who lived in the slums in the ghettos in the cacophony
 in the panic who do not live there but in the suburbs in the nice
 places in the rooms out of which the voices come that speak the
 voices along the wire from the nice room connecting understanding
 keeping silence knowing communicating making needs known in a way
 that is exclusion and excludes the other and is dependent on the
 tradition the tradition that is no place for no one in america.

That lady that old lady that old lady is bad tempered. oh! the
 life what a life her own daughter leads oh! what a life tired and
 disheveled and unkempt and tired after a day with the children and
 having come in to manhattan from queens and into manhattan and up
 to the bronx to visit to visit to visit and bring to her the things
 that she wants she tells me i am tired i look tired and she
 does not want to see me look tired she does not want to
 see me look tired after the day and after the trip

went to paul blackburn's memorial carol berge came to
 speak to allan planz who sat next to me but showed no
 recognition of me will delete her name from poem

katherine stimson
 woman's center
 barnard college

woman's center

6:00 playwrights

woman's

Womans Interart Center Woman's Interart

Slept from 5:00 on The Dizziness was terrible

Sol & Maggie came with Hanna. Art Show downstairs
 HOMEMAKER (thursday)

(1.) Harris Agency AU 6-0800 called Thursday 1:00:1:25

(2.) University Hospital OR 9-3300 (wrong number

(3.) Self Help 533-7100 ext. 5 (Mrs. Coleman)

(4.) Germanica 522-3402 (100.00 5 hrs)

2.00 an hour 2.00 and hours

100.00 / wk

one day off

2 days every other week

dr. stanley s. lamm

stanley

stanley

stan

NE 8-9304 (office)

834-1097 (home)

(2.) wrong number

(3.) arrows and slashes and nervousness and tics arrows and

slashes and nervousness and ties 2 das. 6 das.
2.50 an hour sleep - in 80.00 - 85.00 week

Wednesday

10027

woman's center

W. 20 st.

Woman's

16 17

Thursday

Friday

ext 336

2.60-3.00

4 hrs minimum

\$2.50 times 4 \$10.00

\$60.-

Sun. Neomi Tucker 914-576-1892

\$20.00

Lamm League 498-2500 League school does more to frustrate
and keep in place the quiet of that school the quiet and
the order the quiet of my uncle as he says yes as he says yes that
is all right the quiet and the order and the classrooms that simulate
the classroom of the public school of twenty years ago

My Uncle's influence then

Where do the children graduate to? the State Hospital
and the institutions the institutions and one, yes one made it went
on to college

michael hogn mo 3-2777 c/o alfred davis

gahr muscular spasm chest will all over over well all over 533-5770
out of medicine dr. miles prescribed change medication for
muscular relaxer? uptown 115-7785

is there another orthopedist beside

hasn't moved bowels yet

hot bath

workman's circle Wigotsky did he check through the
records

Who

Annually

reinstated

April, May, June one payment one Jackie Jacq

arrows again, slashes, circles and squares

15.00 BU 8-6867 Frederick Schleidt

Alfred Kagan

NE 8 - 9793 5.00 Apt. 3G

circles squares diamonds and rectangles

Blue Shield

Medicaid

Nov. 1971

Bureau of

Medical Assistance Office scratched
594- scratched 3050
DR. Gahr LE 5-7785
Uptown
Mrs/ anderson Rosa C. Mann
Harris Agency 545 W. 141 Street
N.Y.C.
368-8874
\$100.00
cheese
milk
eggs
12 lb butter
Fleischmann's unsalted
oleo
orange juice
lettuce
apples
Wo
Womon
grapefruit
chicken
Woman
meats (bracket bracket bracket
cross cross cross
crossout

 $150 + 70.00 = 260.00$
magnifying mirror
green wool dress green and white blouse
coat
slip
check check big green check check all done all done all done
Dubois
12.00
1.10
Monday Oct. 25 keys, chain, food
1.50
cab
1.55
Tuesday Oct. 26
cash
6.00
(shopping)
125.00
Stanley
Rose? 50.00

15.00
cleaning
Rosa C. Mann
125.00
cash
10.
Cleaning

Jackie's coat
no, no not jackie's coat that is my expense that is
my obligation that is my own intent lord and taylor's
we aren't there anymore aren't there that is not the
speed but sitting and being served and going through
the racks even of the sales rack

November 1

Paid out

Received

Rosa

100.00

6.00

Mom (cash

cross out j.'s coat

cleaning

15.00

Miss Twitty

960 3601

02

03

04

Kingsbridge

248 E. 161 Street

NYC

15.00

Nov. 7 clean

deposit

Nov. 11 Social Security

Pearl

Jenny (?)

Paid out

Nov. 18

Nov. 25 Received

Nov. 30 Received

Rose

paid out

Dubois

Jan 1 (Morton)

Jan 18 Dubois

paid out paid out paid out