

BEYOND BAROQUE 731

Beyond Baroque 731

Poetry Reading Edition

Volume 3, Number 2 / 1973

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

Thomas Sinclair

UNE SAISON EN ENFER

because what in hell could have been more hellish than eighteen seasons in hell with
Roger Holland,
King of Lattingtown, Long Island, New York, six seasons in hell with Lawton Turner,
fellow fair
Prince of Princeton University, six final seasons in hell with Diana Colburn Holland,
wife, mother of

And Roger Holland's thirty seasons in hell
not indifferently,

Roger Holland, Junior, Queen of Wellesley.
Morning coffees, afternoon teas,
servanted Addis.

Because what in hell could have been more
hellish than those seasons in hell,
forced him to Roger Holland's
ineluctability by hell
four years of sweltering joy/hell in Kuwait
returning from Assab on that point
to run oil to Caletheo
Information to California-Ethiopian Oil Company.
Information on dip and fault, anticlines and shale,
substrata electrical conductivities and
gravimetric readings and
hydrocarbon soil chemistries and

ting by
edited into bi-columnar prose by GEORGE DRURY SMITH

Forced petroleum geologist Holland to cross
hell in Ethiopia returning from Assab
once a month
to run Roger Holland
on Addis' cool, eucalyptus leaf
Terror.
Terror.

And Roger Holland's seasons in hell
not casually

bridgeparties and endlessly
could have forced him to work/joy
life hell
forced petroleum geologist Holland
to cross brassy yellow seasons
two years of sweltering joy/hell in Ethiopia
between the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden
once a month.
Information. Information on prospects.
log samples and test wells,
microscopic petrological analyses, and
refraction-seismograph readings,

and and and and and and and and

Two years of sweltering joy,
on that point between the Red Sea and
the gulf of Aden
to Diana Colburn Holland
fragrant plateau?
Terror. Terror. Terror.
The escarpement.
Holland grinned, cupped an ear against
Caletheo's helicopter's drum shattering rotors.
patchjade plateau soaring
shouted
The escarpement."
Holland lifted his head in laughter,
"Mebrahtu, if it weren't for you...
"... I'd never've seen it.
Mebrahtu roared,
leveled the shivering copter,
Oil. Oil, Roger.
"Oil, Mebrahtu."
Mebrahtu touched his cheek.

Mebrahtu lifted his head,
raised his eyes to the great forests of
now to the wattle huts beyond,
smiled,
"Yes, dear light." Holland grinned.
Mebrahtu.

Holland searched in his friend
in his friend's eyes.
And was stricken.
And had not.
Had not earned Christ's mercy.
seasons of Christ's mercilessness.
Terror.
And the digging was life
And Jesus the sweet finds
joy - of the sweet finds
The pleasure of his body sweating
disremembering
west of him.

But the finds in the digging
The mollusk impression in the sandstone.
And that was memorable pleasure.

And the escape to Princeton after that last
summer. The hell out of Lattingtown.
Getting the hell out and away.
Until the summers became total hell away.
And that time came.

Mebrahtu banked the copter sharply, roared,
gestured to Addis Ababa's sheer-cliffed,
revenging the desert

"The escarpement
looked into his eyes.
raised a hand.
Holland shook with laughter.
Absolutely never've seen it."
smiled,
"Oil.
Oil, eh?"
"And life, dear friend?"
"Look."
"Look."
zegba, ted, juniper
Addis' teff-squared, grain-tiered fields,
glanced at him.
Mebrahtu roared at the translation of his name.
Light. "Of Christ, Roger."
the intensest seriousness.
"Yes."
And had not
And hadn't
Had fled terrifiedly down
And Terror.
Terror?
Life. The sweet finds he made
not the greatest of all
in the work - the joy. The sweet finds
ten miles west, disremembering, dismemorizing
everything west
west of him disremembering.
The sweet finds, the great three hundred
million year old fossil impressions
remained memorable always.
The total final escape. The hell out.
The hell away from Hollands.
And the summers that remained at least half
hell away. At least that.
When that time came.
And he buried himself in the work,
immersed himself in it,
and couldn't bear the penetrating glances
from the men in New Jersey with him
who had only to look at Holland to know
him. And he would have cracked his teeth
to pry from the Jerseymen, to pry from their
eyes the true view they had of Roger
Holland. And sought, searched,
prowled, scandalled his mind,
scoured his body to undemonize
for where was the demon buried.
Where in his bones,
for the demon had to have been fossilized,
Left that three, five, eight, infinite

hundreds of millions' years
demon imprint of Roger Holland
that wore him to silence.

And Lawton, Lawton, knew.
The Coloradoan-become-Jerseyman knew.

He had to immerse himself in the work
and fly the terror
and dove into the work at Princeton.
The gravest surmises of silent Holland at work
only to look at him.
He would have sharded his teeth to pry his lips
silence from silence
to pry them from that view to that other view
that Roger Holland, prayed to Christ that Christ
would allow Roger Holland to present. And
sought, scoured his body and mind to undemonize.
Where was the demon ensconced.
In the center of his bones.
fossilized in his bones.
Left that four, six, seven, infinite
years imprint of demon that had become
Roger Holland

Lawton, only Lawton knew.
Knew terror.
And the massive black-haired man
But power beyond Thomas Holland's.
Power of understanding, knower of terror.
Knower of Love. And Turner.
Endlessly pursued it.
And loved Holland.
And they were in love.
Turning Turner.
How. How the fierce, somber eyes.
Turned. And turned at last,
And redundant years
the end of them, and telephone calls.
From room to room.
And from Turner,
"Yes?"
"Not now."
"Yeah."
And the phone was down.

And the meetings averted on campus.
Averted at Language. Averted.
Turner-averted. A glance? A nod?
A glance, a nod from Turner, and Lawton
passing on, away, damned near hastening
Holland having buried himself
terror and hell?

And Lawton would call. Two weeks,
"Rog"
And his breath would halt,

his teeth have to be pried
shatter occluded, lips
and barely, barely:
"Lawton?" And Turner'd roar
And busy, not busy, "Working."
And Turner'd laugh warmly,
"If you aren't busy..."
"Half an hour?"
"See ya, Rog."

the man his father's strength and size and power.
Power of love. Power of love.
Knower of Denver hell. Lawton and Love.
Lawton Turner knew love.
Endlessly knew it.
And Holland loved Turner.
And yet Turner open to all.
For how
Lawton's black, fierce, tender, somber eyes
turned. And finally,
and to Turner's door,
endlessly repeated to the end of them,
And from Holland,
"Lawton?"
"Can we talk?"
"Will you call me back?"
"When?" i
Always down.

Averted at Mercer. Averted at Palmer.
Averted at Southey. Averted.
A glance, a nod from Turner?
And Lawton moving away from Holland
in hell. Holland never out of hell
Buried further in hell?
Holland having!

a week and a half. A month. Whatever.
and Lawton would call.
His lips would have to be pried
teeth that he wanted to shard closed,
he wanted to compress, wanted to jar open
Barely could answer:
"What the hell is it with you?"
busy, not busy,
decently, and
"T'll be in:"
"Fine."
And the phone was down
And in bed together
And afterward
irresistibly. Beyond his control
The absolute peace and joy
in his mind
and the ease with Lawton then,
and after the years stark-eyed pleading

"Where are you going?"
"Why would you want to?"
"Why so long?"
"Do you know what you do to me
And he believed all. Had always.
Had only to hear him to invincibly believe
what he disbelieved.
Lawton in Holland's room at Holland's desk.
His coat on.
"Why don't you get your jacket off?"
And from Lawton fierce eyes, easy smile,
and "I will." It's comfortable this way."
feet propped up, on Holland's desk,
the weeks that separated their meeting.
And Holland knew he was owned.
Would dearly. Have, some path from Turner.
Some path. Christ? Anything to race.
And Holland knew the race would end
in terror. Into terror. Into hell.
Into peacelessness.
And at the end of it all.
The hours of joy.
The hours of relaxation
when he owned.
After he'd owned Lawton.
And those last foolish words
"Peace, or piece, Lawton?"
and nodded.
In bed together
afterward
Beyond his controlling it. The peace.
and pleasure and rest in his body and
and in his soul
and after the years
and the questioning:
"Why?"
"You would come more often."
"Do you think it's fair?"
when I can't see you?"
Believed everything Lawton said.
Had only to see him at his desk.
At Holland's desk.
His jacket on.
And from Lawton:
His coat on.
calm eyes, and "I will."
And from Lawton chair tilted back,
the words of the month,
Wholly owned. Detested chattelship.
Dearly. Have searched some path,
some pill. anything. Christ!

And refused to race from some peace, some
joy, some ease, some pleasure into pain.

At the end of it all.
What ended it all.
The hours of pleasure.
When he owned Lawton's need.
Surrendered. No longer owned.
to Turner laughingly,
And Lawton searched his eyes,
And he would fight his way out of hell.
Worked and explored. Privately.
Solely. Wholly alone.
His graduate work only. Nothing more.
No return to Lattingtown at all
after Caroline Holland's death. None.
For Thomas Holland had long known.
Never spoken.
No more than cursory speech until his wife
died and the speech ended.

And Holland probed hell. Knew terror.
Solely in work. Only slept between work
Seven days a week.
Three hundred and sixty-five.
Work
and met Diana visiting brother

And Christ.
Christ blessed an answer?
And the sleeping fair hair.
Sandy fair hair and limpidity.
Crystalline blue.
And ease
And knowing.

And family. Hollands.

And Diana knew family
And to hell out.
And from Diana, buttocks
cleft between her thighs,
sweet fragrance of Diana
fragrance of her hair, scent.
And from Diana at twenty-two, "Kuwait?"
"Yes," he'd grinned, clasped his hands
around her waist.
"Yes?" And Diana'd laughed.
And he'd laughed. "Haven't ever been there."
And he'd shaken with laughter, and kissed,
kissed.
"I mean..."
"... Nothing at all here?"
"Your father?"

And worked at Princeton two years after
Lawton had left, gone on to California

totally alone. His work only.
Nothing else.
No letters received.
None written from New Jersey.
Had long known. And never written.
Cursory speech.
Cursory speech ended.
And letters ended. And that was over.

Probed Terror. Buried it in work.
Pursued it endless hours days and nights.
Thirty days a month.
Years.
and slept
David in Princeton.

Christ.
Endowed an answer? Donored an answer?
Sandy fair hair.
Limpidity of blue eyes.
Crystalline sapphire, lapis eyes.
And strength.
Knowing Roger Holland.

Family Colburns.

And they were married under Thomas Holland's
cursory riddance. To hell out.
and from Diana's slender body, breasts
cleft between her buttocks,
fragrance of clefts.
Her scent.

Kissed her eyes, her cheeks, her lips, gently,
"Roger?"
What the hell for?"
And from Diana, "Or Christ knows where else."
kissed, was kissed back, and kissed,
"Geologist's work, Honey."
And she'd waved her hand to the apartment
windows. And she'd searched his eyes.
And he'd searched her eyes.
Searched no further. Didn't dare.
Drained of strength. Drained in terror.
Quit the search. Grinned.
And,
Looked at his wife,
Grinned.
What the hell else to do but grin.
And from Diana, "The empire?"
And he'd roared,
what the hell else to do but roar. And
"Rocks there too..."
"I... I mean oil there too?"

And he'd put her on.
Damned well put her on.

Damned seriously.
And she'd shaken her head.
Shaken her head, sat on the couch in
Caletheo's bungalow in Kuwait.
Turned from him.
Altogether turnered from him.
And tremblingly, chokingly, tears
and lower her eyes
and looking at him
"What?"
"What?"
"I don't know."
Yes?"
"Something."
He sat beside her.
Trembled. "Someone asking you?"
"Drunk. Someone drunk."
"The language. The words. What he said."
She drew away from him.
And she'd slept with Collins.
Poured the goddamned confession. For Christ.
Who in Christ's name wanted that
goddamned confession.
Collins. Collins.
Searched, saw.
Worthlessly, hideously, drainfully.
Drenched in terror didn't dare search.
Quit it. Laughed.
"On my own..."
"... On our own."
Had to grin
"...And extending."
Had to roar.
"Maybe even extra-terrestrially."
And she'd shaken her head, laughed
Put her on.
And had answered
"Possibly."
Shaken her head.
Shaken her head and trembled.
Couldn't bear to look into his eyes.
Turnered from him
And from him it had been, "Who was that?";
Chokingly, tears wrecking her voice
and raising her eyes to his
uncontrollably riveted to his eyes.
"The phone?" he'd laughed.
"Who was that on the phone?"
"Di?"

What is it?"

Drew him to her. "Honey, what is it?"
And she trembled under his hand.
He looked at the phone.
Asking what?"
"Di?"

Poured it out.
For Christ. Who.
And she'd slept with Collins.
Bridge partner's husband.
Christ, Collins.
And Diana confessed
And was absolved.
"I had to tell you."
"It was driving me..."
Roger...?"

And he was in hell.
And would get the hell out of hell out
When?
And was out of Kuwait.

And Diana was absolved. Beautifully
bewilderingly absolved. Never having
been in hell
was absolved from it.

And Roger Holland worked like hell
worked like hell
and was Imperator for Caltheo.
The empire was coming.
Where was Christ.
Where was the deliverance.
For he believed.
For he believed that if he lived
with honor. He did not;
And the beating rotors warned him.
And what were his acts.
Yes, the act of work.
The act of silence!
Leaping, pirouetting Holland.
premier danseur.
And Holland to Turner to Colburn.
Coup. Coup.
Coocoo.
Insanity.
Out altogether.

And terror
Terror really it.
To have nothing.
Really, hell was better than nothing.

And wept.
Wholly absolved
"Yes."

She'd looked into his eyes.
"Yes."

And got the hell out of hell
of hell out of hell out of when?
When dear Roger Holland
to Addis after another season.

Purely, innocently, dearly absolved.
Never having experienced it for that length
of time, to be inured to nothing more than
its, hell's existence.

Worked like hell
worked like hell.
at thirty was becoming Emperor.
The empire was coming.
Where was the second coming.
Where in his bloody acts did he find deliverance.
For he believed.
and he did not.
He did not!
and the shivering copter warned him.
The act of work.
but the act of Terror.
The act of hell soleness.
the act of private Holland.
Holland, premier danseur.
Triple play. Triple play for Holland.
Coup.
Coocoo. Cuckoo.
Out altogether.

Terror really it.
Terror of nothing.
For hell was better than nothing.
What litter...
Holland roared. Litter.
For what little.
For what little there was,
was better than terror or soleness.
To know that she was there.
Lived how?
When he wasn't there.
past need for absolution.

Unabsolved by Holland.

"Roger?"
"Are you all right Roger?"
He nodded, and maintained,
no longer cried to Christ,
Would begin that.
And damn found some curious change.
Nothing he dared find for its minutes
with a spade.
Felt. And winked.

Litter, Litter of Holland.
Not litter
For better once a month from Assab on that
point between the Red sea and the Gulf of Aden to
Addis. To know that she remained with him.
With whom?
Had grown at twenty-eight years of age
For who in Christ had to be absolved
from the unabsolved Holland.
Not unabsolved by Christ.
Unabsolved by Holland.

Holland stared at Mehbrahtu blankly
And the pilot asked.
demanded, cried to Holland
would no longer cry beyond Holland.
And laughed.
Nothing he could put his pick on.
call a spade a shovel.
But felt.
"Oil, Mehbrahtu."
And Mehbrahtu roared, looked at him
"We're descending..."
Mehbrahtu shook his head
Tenderness.
"... You're going to enrich us, Roger,
truly enrich us..."
"... And down."

Mehbrahtu scanned the attache case in his
hand. Laughed. "Ah, you have it."
at Mehbrahtu, laughed with his friend
"And now..." Mehbrahtu grinned.
"... To hurry home to wife and children."

And Mehbrahtu had his arm around
his shoulders
He grinned.
The pilot clasped his hand. "Monday."
"Six." The pilot shook his head.
And Mehbrahtu inquired
"Not six?"
Mehbrahtu roared. "I knew as well."
"Yes, dear friend?"
His friend.
Regretted the damned word.

"The Holland residence."
"Yes?" The lilting voice,
The lifted voice of laughter.
"Oh how are you Mr. Holland?"
"You want to speak to Mrs. Holland."
"Can you wait, Mr. Holland?" Kassa paused.
"Mrs. Holland is at the bridge party, and
I have the telephone number where
you can call her."

The servant said nothing.
nodded to Addis airport
Looked into his eyes.
with tenderness,
Absolute tenderness. And laughed
Mebrahtu settled the copter to earth gently,
cut his rotors. Looked at him,
Smiled.

And they were out of the copter.
He looked at the case,
raised the case,. "Our enrichment?"
And Holland searched. And Holland searched.
And Holland searched.

his arm around and guided him across the
airstrip, guided him silently, his shoulders.
"Mebrahtu."
"Yes."
And he roared. "No."
in true consternation
"Six."
"Mebrahtu. ...,"
"Where are the damned..." He looked at his pilot.
His good man
"Where's the nearest phone?"

"Kassa?"
the lifted voice
The lifted voice of laughter.
Holland laughed. "Fine."
Holland laughed. "Yes."
"Of course."
"No, Kassa, thank you.
It isn't necessary.
You might give her a message.
I'll call when she returns."

Phil Williams

BHANGI

I had not discussed that image he said, noting the cobwebs hanging from the edge of
the gun rack.

Were it germane to the rest of my argument, I might have seen fit to delineate it in an
orderly
manner, inclusive of the religious symbolism and the manifestations of the earlier
Indo-Aryan
cultures.

The sun had turned black and thick printer's ink as charred bone melted in ovens
human he said

but that did not deter the lecturer who had I presumed continued in the umbra. Paul,
on the other

hand, had gone dusty down the road to St. Louis, with various numbers in his pockets,
seeing the

dead as they cried by ditches. He was obviously unmoved.

I had not known death had undone so

many he aped in his sly intellectual way I had not known that refracted light could have
such

properties that it made a man hang head down full of symbolism a martyr.

The message recorded

earlier in the day at the nerve center was clear.

He had discussed that image with the principals in

the case and was known as a shrewd bargainer when his frailty was ignored. A burglar
had broken

into the vault earlier his mind crumbled like hard dough and taken Maud Hat's will and
testimony

concerning menopause. It was classified. He was in trouble.

Thomas Kretz

INVIERNO. INVERTED

July peaked
like whipcream and mountains
snowballed down to wake the lodge.
Antillanca like a wallowing polar bear
in and out of water, meter-long
rabbit tracks hop up the slope
and snakes in love come sliding down;
fat pumas sniffing out meaty wind in
the ragged hair of Andes; cold sun
a thorny somber erizo; iodine
stronger than two cables, but up
electrified llamas like hungry fleas
on the back, out of paw. Not a Chilean
in the pack. They rise with the smoke
of Hilton cigarettes and strawberry
down on their skin. Winter in July
is a cholga clamping the long
red nose of an American tourist.

DRAWING BY BRUCE COOK

Peter Klappert

CONVERS(AT)IONS: FIVE POETS TALKING

Five Poets Talking

She wants to hear the

meet

me

look, I had her without her

crack

at 5:30

having me. And she had

Oh, her heart's in the right

in the poet's voice

MENS ROOM

me?

I never had her

place:now

if she could only find

the patience

so we'd both had enough of

her mind

of a lizard

catches flies

like a bull-whip

what we hadn't had

in mid-air

Peter Klappert

Seventeen Poets Talking

He gets
Well, a man with
40,000 on
an uncontrollable
venom in his
urge to
the complete expression of
What'ya call this a
mouth
a set of images
conversation?
weed the
the incomplete mind
the ultimate
weeds
must speak like a
nihilist
snake
out of the flowers
and has them

What con
obstruct
words
and the
recopped
flowers
do? anyway
Henry doesn't know
out of the
munitions factory ordinance
paper on the
sex
works
works
they are
anti-
doing it
personnel
right there in the
BOMB
LIBRARY
what to write
he doesn't have any more
weeds
again
he's
you can give
more inspiration
a bag of

blood
convenient ideas
right there
Look at him
on stage-Shubert
Blinder than
serious emotional
Milton
deaf than
Alley
problems
safe as
Bob Hope
Life
Beethoven
shows you
and committed himself
how.

Hugh Fox

GUATEMALAN HIGHLANDS

Riding the interchangeability of wild boars and us (and dust)
placating the wind-rice gods (you)

balancing my accounts with
Input Mother

Don't (you)
die but merely shift into another
(transparent) year,
while i die.
then,
now (66--6--195 E)
now (slow, tail gate ahead)
now (sweat the "meaning" out Franz Kline)

Madison Morrison

10 FINGERS

"The Tenth Finger" returns the reader to the first section of the poem, where he begins with the first line of section 1, goes on (reading "across") to the first line of "The Tenth Finger," continues with the second line of section 1, the second line of "The Tenth Finger," and so on, until he finishes

"The Tenth Finger" comments on the first, indicates the method of the poem, and gives the reader

madison

morrison

the first section and "The Tenth Finger" (reading "down").
what he needs to grasp it.

white diagonal lines
ravel without gathering
a shingled roof
flat grey cloud

fine funicular
sides
saturated red
basin below

dawn
herringbone suit
mended jacket
back to the sleeper

an ax
hacking branches
out of the free crotch
wine without cheese

for Bill St. Clair

2

"I know you'll make the decision"
nothing imperative
l'embourgeoisement de la poesie
= y

a row of bricks
at the back fence
keyboard
alternating red and white

the "natural" world
child in his mother's bed
a car passes up the hill
bedroom dormered

acceptance

baby carriage
infant in it
face and hand a unit
3

the road bent
pines above
branches touching
across the road

integrity
a gloved hand
maps of countries
in the sand

light
across the subject
light yellow an
occasional rose

light is bent by gravity
brains work in a similar way
experience
displaced into new forms

a golden
slug dot dot
the fish on fire
antennae retract

the compass
opens
black and white triangles
collapse into white spheres

the plane
shifting
carries cargo
through a Pacific mist

an early '30s touring car
turns inward
waves of universal matter
beat against a shelf
"T" the capital of "the"
a sentence
the last letters visible
the middle repressed

yellow moon
its blue body
slumps along the crescent
other features red

thou in the meadow
tis full of ant odors
a gentleman goes walking with his dog
fat lady steps from coupe
these are birds in bushes

nothing weird about that
monkey in the tree drops
T. V. set

the blond bond
glasses lie apart-
like legs on a
nineteenth-century pirate ship

draft resister to stand trial
dog hit in hind quarters
child starves to death
close relative dies

editor writes "typewriter"
sends back the poetry
you poet
can't afford erasers

when his friend
betrays him
forced to admit a life
he had hidden from his wife
7

panty-waisted shepherds
big bloomer clouds

madness
in the light of sadness
beating pots
into swords

trash
nickies
long hair
attention/rallentir

air-condition moonlight
crackles the geraniums
a whitepie
in your eye

want a passage
get a Chinaman's back
a bright sash-
ochre cheese instead

vanity
golden
tit for tat

too much tea
concentrate
I'm horrified
by these tissues in his arm
operation free
the body disappears
quick doctor
smile

sea sprays
the reef
the map shows
shelf-bread

"Chester has a lot of gall"
I see what you mean
lumps of ... sugar
in salt water!?!

roofless
doll house
no you can't live
in white wings

The Tenth Finger

aria da cape: across and down

not straight but not crooked
the cloth is not binding
the rain is not inside
non-smoker puff

poetry
plays
the hands are on the table
the one missing

poetry
the mackerel sky
a stitch in time
eyes in the back of the head

doesn't mend
one is missing
thumb the deck
the rubber's up to you

Frederick Owen Wegela

EYE

for David

Why does man create? When we prick the eye it runs in many rivers, clear formaldehyde rivers running all the way back to the blood redness of the brain. The brain may be understood as the red dome punctuated with an occasional muscle that twists or rolls like a shadow over an open field. Again I ask what the relation between one subconscious thought and another, or is association like cause and effect? Are the universities right? There are white rooms which I call smooth cream, bland and at their creamy borders new chrome sparkles like teeth in hungry saliva, or perhaps pickled in mirth. We are of course visiting the biology lab, and vivisection is a matter of blood and muscle glistening on the curb. Listen. The rubber wheels that carry examples of cause and effect and long hours of tedium spent sweating on the assembly lines beneath restless island lights, humming in the arc of a greased globe. Listen. The sound of blood over movable parts, endless but not infinite, little wonder the tedium.

Well, I can only say that I've been reading Gandhi. That the dust is far from crushing me. That my eye rolls over the dust, despising it. That I read a poem about mother's mother to mother and she cried and I felt a certain unworthiness, a doubt concerned the quality of the poem, my eye having concluded with negativity. Mother cried. I spoke of the religious impulse in my family, in myself, therefore like wine in the blood, respecting that impulse. As I said I've been reading Gandhi and thou shalt honour thy father and thy mother. I thought once that the younger generation must bear the burden of forgiveness, that youth must forgive age for its transgressions. This in spite of the gap, but I'm at a loss, you see, playing marbles in the schoolyard, potsies, gambling to win them all. The marbles are glistening eyes, rolling over the dirt. The pupils then white. The pupils then white. They stare with a certain malicious delight. This endlessness. Their waters flowing like formaldehyde. Sharp pebbles puncture them. They go flat like tubeless name brand tires. Something humble in this. That requires attention. Emergencies must be met. Must transform the passive into the active. Gandhi was humble.

Bruce Andrews

RADIUS SAGGING 4

owls or bobcats
ordinary size half breeds
just scorch it
miss energy
miss skew
sojourners
cripple knife poor
rags country belief
the pipeline camp
a river had fallen
* *

fogbound thick frogs
gun boat, snow wives derail
shanty in mourning
black eye orphan
rural mail carrier
add
few worms to rite

bit
fired
hot

wire we up
* *

an architect flying his
homemade airplane the
balsa and plywood killed
aircraft nose first into a pasture
and disintegrate
* *

bogdwellers all
let the out air
us, when they recapture, huh
clay tight

Guy R. Beining

A SHATTERED QUARTET

1)

pink head
pink knee
light falling
inbetween,

2)

spring looters
of the rain
gathering the wishbone
remains
of suburbanites
in cone hives

3)

her repose
her century seat
made bleaters bleat,
carrying the mountains
with her she died

pneumonia in a hospital bed
red head: red knee,
light falling and failing inbetween.

Guy R. Beining

TEN SQUARE

all
SO
in
of
of
of

Lois Steinberg

NOTEBOOK

May 17

These hills
and low water like the sea
towhaired children popping up milkweed
and their dogs
cows in dumb ballet
I rope in my mind
study say what do you mean
being lovers on a road at low tide
wrangling with violas
far and too lovely lavender

April 13

3 lines of aquamarine
3 mine states
and the 4th
setting them down
not to forget to germinate (5)
and root 3 separate plants
growing me my (6) summer garden

April 14

Small weeds sprouting. Dig them out.
Prune the strays.
Straight growth a long blooming
The keen-eyed professional. Rough hand.
"Ready the ground. Dig up rock and make fine thin furrows."
May 162 pm

Here's the page
"to get one posy I would give"
1. Water-reroute stars through seas
canalled space. No. 2. Here. Shoes for the mud and dirt.
Yes. Now. "You can't not prepare for the job"/Just toss seed
when the sun comes up. 3. But. Sunstreak. Between the weeds,
heaps of, fleets of, plants!-aha! you queer little hybrid!

May 164 pm

These hills
and low water like the sea
towhaired children popping up dogs
in milkweed and dumb cows
in ballet Rope in my mind study
say what you do mean
being lovers on a road at low tide wrangling
with the lovely lavender
violas far and too

May 18

These hills

and low water like the sea
towhaired children popping up dogs
in milkweed and cows
in dumb ballet
I rope my mind in what you do say
being a mean study of lovers
wrangling on a road at low tide
with the violas
too and far lavender. Lovely.

Mike Finley

WHAT DO YOU ASK OF A SPANIEL MACHINE?

You did say everyone's frontyards cocker
dandies and cats differ from green
and don't encumber someone's backyards
snowed-on and white like the winter?

And did you say someone's snowed-on
backyards fingering the windowbin
differ from the spring and lions on the lawn
like no one's yellow sidewalked libraries?

And didn't you say no one's hopscotch
bookbin often differ and often rumble dark
but never quarrel like crabgrass and grass
and grassbags and lonely elmtree machines?
don't forget our blue Asian clucking
That wiggled and clucked its cilia laughing

And I save a blue feathered Asian wheel
Rounded from a wheel and just waking up

And I save so much of the morning Asian glee
just waking in a happy paddy of rice plants
So I save a morning of pretty smiles

And I save a feather cut from the happy wood
I save a bucket of daisies and tolled feathers

I save a feather made of wood with teeth
I save a daisy sawed from red spaniels
And I save forgottens and buttons and tweeds

Where are they?
Aren't they boning fish in the cellar?
Aren't they expecting little green things?
Don't they send keys in the cave
Wherever the revolution is hiding?
Wili you whine for subtle peasants?
And answer where are they
Where are the peasants?
When were you captured?
So safe a pliable dog that wakes up
to unsubtle happiness.
Are you a phantom?
(Are you a phantom?)
Are the clean saws fixing the rice in the playground?
Are you in line for the feather
Are you in time for the daisy wood
Are you in time for the cleanly saws?
What do you want of a spaniel machine?

Gary Michael Newell

SNAKE CHRIST

To many of your kind, all snake stories
 leap from wood,
whenever a silent riot
 slides
among grass expected to remember^{how}
a three foot log bends then winds
 along the pavement's spine,
to a baby clutching twigs
 that turn
an impulse
 into painful ecstasy:
but for your men with their visions and shovels--
while baling hay, farmers find themselves
 surrounded
and forced to shed their skin.

To be the construction site
 Snake Christ
means to be rewoven with the fear of a snake
as it balances one final coil, before
 falling forever
into a crushed stretch of legend.

I sprung back to uncoil
and tell you all, how
a rustle moves the waiting fields.
towards my own and your chance of resurrection.
Too often your shape tries to squeeze a seldom kind act
thru the needle's eye

I once knew how
gasoline rattles like venom.
Whenever rain steps
a rainbow leaves your feet,
and seems to arise
underground, beneath the golden yawn
of vast, metal kingdoms.

Let me tell you how rocks gather
like an eye gone bad, and stare
at Dick Morris pluck
a blind brother,
fingers grope from the bucket of his gradall.
then suddenly stiffen
around a foreman's madness.

i strain from my other life
to tell you all, I am chosen or condemned
to go now, to catch my skin
against limp wood
and pull thru myself as often as necessary.

Phil Smith

THE EFFECT OF DECAPITATION ON A MAN'S WILL TO STICK HIS NECK OUT FOR WHAT HE BELIEVES

"In monstrosities and dermoid cysts, for example, we seem to catch forbidden sight of the secret word-room of Nature, and drag out into the light the evidences of her clumsiness, and proofs of her lapses of skill, - evidences and proofs, moreover, that tell as much of the methods and means used by the vital artisan of Life, - the loom and even the silent weaver at work upon the mysterious garment of corporeality."

Dr. George M. Gould & Dr. Walter L. Pyle, "Prefatory & Introductory," *Anomalies & Curiosities of Medicine*, 1896, page 1.

HYPOTHESIS

half of what i say is meaningless
half of what i say is meaning more

THE METHOD

THE ART OF BEING ARTFUL & ARTHUR EACH ARTICULATING

go to a completely enclosed
back alley black with silence
the moon must be directly overhead

place him on the first floor fire escape
of the building on your right as you're facing
the mirror hung before the are of your long face
then instruct friend to take
the iron ladder & firmly
thrust it downward while
you gaze into your soft green eyes

a dome of tides

(can you feel the xtasy
of iron rippling through
your neck & all those demons
dancing in your blood)

OBSERVATIONS:

FREAK

freak
to dance
from frisian

a ballet of aberration pirouette
the dull click of awkward stumps
swamp lake lunging rust &
fish with red lungs

gray lions roar hot blue fire
gulls flap their legs
pick their beaks with the sharp
scales of their wings

Floods gush
from the freak with no head

POW! RIGHT IN THE EARTH

& the source of all water
said into arthur:

gather all who are not gathered
make links of freaks &
surround the funhouse crust
swallow all that is not ugly
place it in your empty neck

arthur cocked his elbow to the lake
& shook his right leg vigorously

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SHOW**The First Day:**

the circle was open
until Giddio arrived
with parting lips
& goggle eyes

his ship came in
CONSTELLATION
flattened
seaman's vertex split
masthead to hatchway cost 60 fluid ounces of blood
oozing in a few hours
mingled with small fragments of brain tissue

the report read:
COPIOUS BLEEDING

The Second Day

the space began to circumcise
prepuce/streamline
the discharge became watery
& small pieces of brain substance
floated out like north stars

Thirty Seventh Day:

the seaman's gut in tact
returns to duty
his skull chuckles
his head is over cast

NEXT**CONCLUSIONS:**

1. the cure for ALL is ALL ELSE
2. one by one ALL enters the KNOWER
3. one by one the KNOWERS enter the ARC
4. there is no knowledge
but the knowledge
of KNOW NO LEDGE
5. SUN NET
CHANCE blew the pants right out of his chest

a wad of gum topped with green-yellow mucous
crouches in the corner of the eye
at the tip of the visionary arc
then
the other leaf of phlegm
he can see its veins

now
probiotic guerillas snuff his nose out
know-nots wrap around a 50 calibre podium
growing like a wild tissue on his tongue
unravelling sinewy rhetoric like snow
on the tips of eye teeth so
the giant tracks marked by five webbed feet
speak from the insole of its shadow

the black cosmic echo names the universe
the blood soaked drunk calls for his bottle
the black cosmic echo names the universe

REFERENCE:

Joke

did you hear the one
about face

save the
unreasonable fact simile

smile
pink mol
spill your lips
asses
congenital spot
protuberance dark pier
breaks water in the burrowing ears

unbalanced
the harbor
bites its stone teeth
on the uterine sea
the punch line is a hook left
floundering jowl