

Albert Glover

The Uniform

"And wait amid that sadness known as banishment
For the point to reappear, though it may never do so,
And what was that strange uniform?"

John Ashbery, "Amid Mounting Evidence"

white cotton thermal tights bought ten years ago at Pearls
Canton Main St. Department store now crotch gone fluff
leaving only chain link inner web worn soft layer even
Pearls an empty building now

jockey briefs

wigwam woolen socks pulled over long john bottoms

black blended jersey turtleneck now faded flat and frayed
from many sweat-throughs tucked under elastic waist

mushroom corduroy pants so beat from time and work they show
big rips plus floppy denim patches cover where the world
came through

and old green shirt also from Pearls in time forgotten early
sale day youthful thrill to suit up with husbandmen and
regular earth-tending types in green style rugged in-
expensive stuff of Paradise returned to homely man

Burlington purple and blue knee socks pulled up outside
folded leftward pants legs hand-me-downs from wifey dear

and over the socks go Bean's Maine Guide barker boots whose
grubby rubber souls are patched with shoe goop, uppers
marked where three outlasted bottoms factory repaired now
all mink oil shiney and crossed by true rawhide thongs
from Walgreen's drugs

cotton gloves

battered camouflage hat and dark glasses for head protection

a folding knife

to go out into the garden

and make love on the land

David Tirrell

It Loves Do: for Harvey

Ex Deus Speculum Favore
Of blond, the words wait
Or on seeing gloom chase you
Into starlight just, left
A bar: my own only
Two cents- too much of vision
Had the fervor for it- the sight
Of weight granted
Anubis (wolves are just as
Interest proves) no, test on
Bone. By cavity it is as if
The absences will hurt the dawn
And tons on crashing there
When there's but these last lace's
Fragments over ocean blue or sky floor.

Jan. 16, '90 pro libris averum.

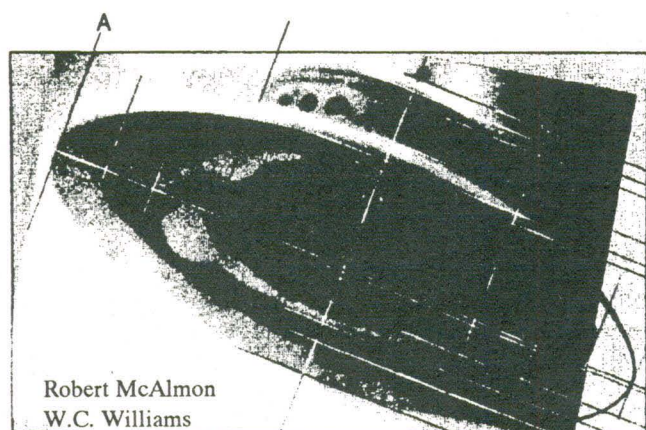
Peter Bodge

Harvey didn't love Philly Joe as much as
he was Philly Joe:
creating the battery and embracing the sound;
that same up-front, up-in-your faceness,
unblinking attention to attention;
that same playful nudging of Clifford
during their strolls.
And the Hi-hat cymbals, our lungs,
popping on the 2 and the 4,
showing the way.

Fred Wah

Harvey June 8 1956 Art Farmer avec Gigi Gryce swing.
He's the IIIrd, maybe.
Bowling Green was muggy, the meuzzin evening in Casablanca.
Pentatonics from Afrique show how to get somewhere from "nowhere."
There are his north souths.

Harvey March 16 '56 runs into Paul Chambers backing the Adderleys
That week he switched.
Detroit and the river too far from the Carribean.
Boxed combust tasted flamingo week migrant talk.
"Hours" of listening pleasure.



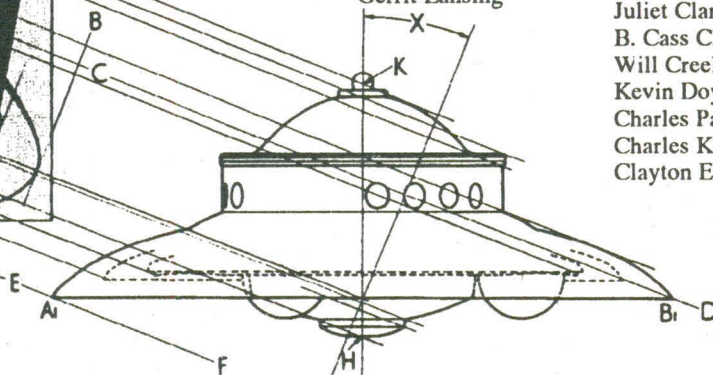
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