

OPEN LETTER

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Poetry of the 1960s



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Lullaby And Sea

Fred Wah

1

Frame hailed into witness.
Memory is never that hasty.
Or She sets (can't set) range.
Heaving to the sacred, still scarred.
Speck here, whose new earth among the distant lights.
On this side taste altered.
"Waving [and] drowning."
That small hint of light in the dream is the place that looks back.
Cast another rock, water over stone.
What ails and what has been taken.
The tree is its own mark.
Silhouette of its own absence.
For joy.
She hooked.
All that was necessary to arrive back.
All eyes, lives, "v' h."

2

Fiction is the kiss of the book.
Lying in the new world, fabulous.
Fathers faking.

"Just to say ... they were ... so sweet and so cold."
The title of the scene is histology.
The cell's photo.

These are the flowers that penetrate.
Geo-fur.

Baking It: Poetics and Hybridity.
Sugar becoming bannock and tea.

Journal journey tilts tight-fisted between the frames of the map.
The crest of modern testament is the wave behind.
Breathing whose name with your sigh?
Heaven is more than a game of apples and eyes.
The *seme* thing all over.

3

Layer after layer of peeling.
Ventriloquising the cogito into the fold.
The tracery of thought tries in vain to snap a line.
Honed to show history.
The recurrence of solitude is low on the horizon.
The recurrence of solitude is low on the horizon.
Voilà! Or are you just standing in?
East by south-south east, the melanic clouds.
Puff! a juridico-political screen that offers a visual alibi.
Hitch.
The triangles of turning empty the driver of code.
Even the rain gets to represent an X.
How does the archive of the witness add up?
North is just as short of distance, but long on fiction.
Another new West, pay by the hole.

4

Roving in the new genealogy the *terra*.

When a stone says "pick me up," don't listen.

Up-to-the-minute mise-en-scène, dig?

The green remains unsolved.

Just a silent boy and his slow bovine, walking, still.

The free zone of the imagination sings like a wallet of foreign currency.

Raise the roof, literally.

Summers we could go home and always walk facing the traffic.

Culture will inevitably textbook the traffic in oats.

Stumbled on that disgraceful ensoulment Mao called swimming.

http://www.humboldt.edu/~awm3/photography/blasted_pine.html.

How should the circle be unbroken?

East is East.

And West is West.

Meeting about "me" half way.

5

The Kokanee aren't the only ones to forget their way home.

Trying to remember a battle, anagogically.

How deep is your peat, how thick the smoke around your
neck?

Sheep make good paradigmatic thought suffixes.

Not enough time for a haiku to weep.

She is beside herself.

Theory sought thiourea through imitation.

Outside of an empty landscape and its anonymous, nonexis-
tent people.

Bundled in linen or bundled in silk?

As wild and wooly as a salmon.

Clap = 1 lb. potatoes 1 tbsp chopped chives or 4 shallots.

Shot = 1 lb. swedes 1 heated tbsp butter or dripping.

Keeping lakes as a reminder.

Of Asia.

Ho!

Set.

6.

On the *Dea spora* drifting, hook a tangle, fixed and tall.
Fighting for the site of meaning.
Hiding place for sacred bones.
Whose dreams displaced behind the wall?
Double-skinned now tourist leaning.
Nothing but a mound of stones.
That kiss that flows into the ground.
Try to scrape away the practiced frame.
Even wires with all their birds.
Binder twine and global bound.
The roofs of slate are still the same.
Hybrid slipstreams into thirds.
The fourth is North.
The West's been guessed.
Out of the South.
The nest undressed.

Contributors

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Star Black, unidentified, Keith Tuma, Kristin Prevallet

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