



Will be appearing very often!!

in Buffalo!!!

here, for you

EX - - - -

your work

ALL submit

NUE

next deadline in 20 / oct

LAMENT FOR THE MAKARIS  
quhen he was seik

I that in heill wes and glaidnes,  
Am trublit now with gret seiknes,  
And feblit with infirmitie;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Our plesance heir is all vane glory,  
This fals warld is bot transitory,  
The flesche is brukle, the Fend is sle;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

The stait of man dois change et vary,  
Now sound, now seik, now blyth, now sary,  
Now dansand mirry, now like to dee;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

No stait in erd heir standis sickir;  
As with the wynd wavis the wickir,  
So wavis this warldis vanite;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Onto the ded gois all Estatus,  
Princis, Prelotis, and Potestatis,  
Baith riche et pur of all degre;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He takis the knyghtis in to feild,  
Anarmit under helme et scheild;  
Wictour he is at all melle;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

That strang unmercifull tyrand  
Tak on the moderis breist sowkand  
The bab, full of benignite;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He takis the campion in the stour,  
The capitane closit in the tour,  
The lady in bour full of bewte;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He spairis no lord for his piscence,  
Na clerk for his intelligence;  
His awfull strak may no man fle;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Art, magicianis, and astrologgis,  
Rethoris, logicianis, et theologgis,  
Thame helpis no conclusionis sle;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

In medicyne the most practicianis,  
Lechis, surrigianis, et phisicianis,  
Thame self fra ded may not supple;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

I see that makaris amang the laif  
Playis heir ther pageant, syne gois to graif;  
Sparit is nocht ther faculte;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes done petuously devour,  
The noble Chaucer, of makaris the flouir,  
The Monk of Bery, and Gower, all thre;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

The gude Syr Hew of Eglintoun,  
Et eik, Heryot, et Wyntoun,  
He hes tane out of this cuntre;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

That scorioun fell hes done infek  
Maister Iohne Clerk, and James Afflek,  
Fra balat making et trigide;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He has Blind Hary, et Sandy Traill  
Slaine with his schour of mortall haill,  
Quhilk Patrik Iohnestoun mught nought fle;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes tane Roull of Aberdene,  
And gentil Roull of Corstorphin;  
Two bettir fallowis did no man se;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

In Dumfermelyne he has done rounne  
With Maister Robert Henrisoun;  
Schir Iohne the Rose enbrast hes he;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Sen he has all my brother tane,  
He will naught lat me life alane,  
On forse I man his nyxt pray be;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Sen for the deid remeid is non,  
Best is that we for ded dispone.  
Eftir our deid that lif may we;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Quod William Dunbar quhen he wes seik

BERKELEY

16/7/65

for Merry

That I can sing in the wake of his voice  
call on the old goddess he called a bird  
whose wings are within me

Mother of All Song  
hear me  
as you heard the first cries  
of Hesiod  
clammering for vision

It is what we see  
when you are with us  
others hear  
& Homer says  
even the leaders  
may be moved to counsel  
even the gods  
may bend to lend an ear

Let my voice be full  
for she is in sorrow  
whose heart has been lost in hiding

Tender, it is  
life in her light blood  
takes color out of evening  
reddens her eyes of  
in mourning

Hearken, it is late.  
Already the moon has lost her western side  
rising over California  
night after night  
in memory of her fulness

What we have lost  
we will gain on the other side  
looking to the left  
letting the moon  
as huntress  
or as dancer  
come

Come red & flowing, moon  
for you have bent this lady's head  
down to her breast  
and she is weeping

You have shown us our loss  
and left the night air  
dark, and unattended

Huntress  
you have shot too soon

Hippolytus has gone asunder  
the horse of night  
stampeded  
the hoofs that crush his skull  
are upon my brain

a carcass  
of a myth  
remembered

The blood flows freely now.  
The fog does not permit your red  
the intellect, the dead  
whiteness that surrounds your face  
reflector of that laughing gas  
the sun, the sun  
that makes this coastline  
shine as though day  
were of its own magnificence

Old bitch of a moon  
hold your cold laughter in  
hold it at one remove from the sun

For there is one that doth need thy grace:  
Hold thy face open  
that she may shine in thee

\*\* Bob Hogg

## SEVEN

All our acts are  
measured against  
the possible  
use of ourselves  
as the trick might be  
to fashion the  
breast-plate of Aaron  
not so it might seem  
to be so  
elaborately constructed  
but just so we might know  
how we're doing  
before disturbing  
the content of ourselves  
beyond repair.

I realize that your present misfortunes  
are difficult to bear, but just so you don't  
fall into the trap of believing  
that any one of us ever does anything  
on his own, I remind you that  
when the Wintu hunter loses his luck  
he does not say: 'I can't kill deer anymore  
but 'Deer don't want to die for me' --  
which is a quite proper attitude  
for a man-of-action as yourself

First sex  
then speed  
I'm told  
is the order  
of desire,  
which is not  
to manipulate  
or even humanly  
handle that energy  
as though it were  
an accomplishment  
like the chariot  
or now that  
even sillier  
rocket ship to Mars  
but just to be there  
when it occurs

The originary that is  
the first is always  
the most advanced  
as even the daisy  
was once the day's eye  
and my daughter  
thought her first  
hail storm--  
a thousand dancing  
grasshoppers was it?

It took me  
just six  
million years  
to get here  
with enough  
oxygen  
to breathe  
the sun  
and now you  
want me  
to give it up  
and go back  
to that  
starry night

A book of flashes  
we could all use  
I mean are stuck on  
symbolic texts  
which offer no  
apparent method  
like ta'wil is  
a kind of  
spiritual hermeneutics  
to take you back  
to origins  
without getting involved  
in all that . . .

Where's your gold?  
Don't talk to me  
without your gold.  
If you haven't got  
your gold I won't  
talk to you.  
Just a minute  
I'll go get it.  
Don't go away,  
I'll be right back.  
Now that I know  
you're serious  
we can talk.

\*\* Jack Clarke

from Don Cherry

Sound slender, as if ringing  
clear sweet song  
Cymbals ring slender sounds  
clear sweet songs.

\*\*\*

"can I forget the kindness of thy nature"

cld I forget the kindness of  
your nature, your smiles  
and unsure whispers  
share a warmth with me  
by me begun / now spread  
beyond all bounds of  
anticipated feeling or comfort  
you bloom and bloom, grow  
lovely in your sleep  
you pull me to you  
with your arm  
as I lean over the bed.

that I nor can  
nor would forget

\*\*\*

open speech blows  
currents thru the words  
up from sound defies  
the dead hands  
that grasp the throat  
and drives direct gaze  
to the open dust at their feet  
open speech does not  
reach the middle age  
body comfortable  
in newly aquired flesh that whitens  
and behaves as an embarrassing presence  
testimony to vegetable bondage of the blood  
open speech is wasted on falling branches  
there is no return / you must speak  
to those who hear.

\*\* Harvey Brown

## Poem for Virgins

move, and the day moves  
and the tree, there, lifting itself up  
into the bright air also moves

not like music, no not the dance movement

almost imperceptible  
a shifting, say, of feet over thousands of years  
as the land comes, or goes away  
as the sand moves, under the water

slowly, but very fast - how does one say

you shift, and the day moves  
the flower in your hair goes  
sideways, tangled in your hair

quick like the fly's wings blur  
or the eye blinks  
and you are changed completely

For her mother had told her  
"go down to the clear water & walk in the pure stream  
bathe in the clear water & wet your hair in the pure stream"

Curious she steps naked from the reeds at the stream's edge  
white as the water lillies  
Afraid, she slips naked from the flowers near the pure stream  
a flashing silver trout  
covered in clear water gown

as it hangs in air, the vision clings to the air  
it movement unlike the dance

she walks there, as if under water, white in the water  
flashing silver  
spark of sun on the black water

His voice comes to her as the wind from a mountain speaking  
of fucking. She is not willing  
The bright-eyed-one's voice on the wind, talking to her  
of love but she is not willing. And says

"my cunt is too small, it does not know what to do  
my lips are too small to embrace"

it is a trembling in the air, a vibration  
as now outside you move away and the sun goes  
the wind a voice of many shapes

1

A monster under the feet. Beware the monster under the feet.  
 Green, the green of pond slime in August  
 Red ocher, dull, a dried red  
 Beware him. He is there, under the feet.

And sounds that sound in the head. Beware the sounds in the head.  
 A whirr as of wings beating the air  
 Breathing, heavy, breath of the dead  
 Beware them. They are the sounds of the head.

Tormented air  
twisted body  
skin cut away from the bone  
like apple parings it trails in air  
  
as bone, blood, skin fall  
dismembered  
it writhes alive  
somehow sentient, tumbling

Below the open jaw  
MAW  
white teeth multifoliate  
terrific mouth  
furious flower

Torn, gulped inward  
the tight gullet squeezes  
the pieces down

There is darkness for twelve hours. Beware the 12 hour darkness.  
He, waiting, under the feet  
The brain explodes with the sound of wings  
Beware. Twelve hours for darkness to shape the air!

## DEVIL'S DEN

Devil's Den lies about 5/8 mile behind High Rock

There is a path through the woods

Coming over the crest of a small hill which lies under the path

between the rock and the cave, and turning to the left

the whole thing is laid out

It is always a surprise to see it there even though you know

just the moment at which to be prepared (like the other game

seeing who would be first to spot the bridges spanning the

Cape Cod Canal each year as we went and came back from P town

It is possible to enter at the bottom, which begins as a slit

among the general tumble of rock

The main section is not big, little more than the size of an upright man

But high up an opening breaks through to the sky, and standing

with your back pressed against the right wall you can catch

the glint of sun on the granite

The passage up we called the chimney

The trick was, as we were kids then playing almost everyday

at that spot, coming down through the woods after climbing High Rock

like goats

The feat was to get up the chimney

For the first ten feet you had to brace yourself, back and feet

lying horizontally across the opening, and inch up

And then almost at the top it narrows and you had to

twist yourself around, holding onto the rock, and squeeze through

But once on top you had complete control of anyone else trying to

come up behind. Which power we exercised as children

7.45 pm / aug 19 / buffalo

for an instant  
looking out through the big window  
the clouds moved up off the land  
coincident with the sun gone down  
broke into pattern

revealed light  
purple caught by atmosphere  
held as reflection in the air

not in any way that usual brilliance, or worse  
that glossy postcard glaring with Pacific evening  
orange around the glowing red ball half down  
the bellies of mackerel clouds silver  
fishy, unreal sunset  
kodochrome departure

holding hands  
lingering endlessly  
until you wish why the hell don't it fuck off

this one instantly shows itself  
and the best part  
disappears quickly

\*\* Albert Glover

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( & if this doesn't work  
go to the Circus)

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(& card index in the POETRY ROOM)

### III PLEISTOCENE MYTHOLOGY

#### A BIBLIOGRAPHIC BEGINNING

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& then some suggestions, the procedure being always: the use of text as working exclusion (so that you don't get stuck, that is, on anything but ---  
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(all for the purpose of:

Poetry

history / process ----- discourse

Mythology

as THE SUBJECTIVE AS OBJECTIVE REQUIRES CORRECT PROCESSING

fall - spring - fall, J. Clarke

## INCIDENT IN JOHNSON'S FIELD

1

Earth is not silent,  
is in fact groan,  
the breath of hot grass;  
the heave up  
whale hump of  
What was not there before

an island  
in the stew,  
the bubble of  
chine

Earth  
is more than you know  
a womb,  
a kettle over the leap -  
fires of hell

The river upstream is a mouthful of ice,  
and one black tooth stands out where the mountain  
comes through .

The contrast is great,  
for down here, over here, on our left,  
the field is loosely afire -  
taking with it, down upon itself,  
down, first one beam, next time it's the wall,  
suddenly the roof, the barn.  
The whole field blooms into flame  
to take the barn - from all sides  
reaching slowly, the gray barn,  
now in agony, in mute appeal,  
now watching its shell peeled away,  
comes apart. The whole field  
hot for the barn, bends inward.  
The weight of the barn, Johnson, nobody,  
there was no way of knowing how poised or  
heavy the relation was, what revenge,  
there was no way of knowing  
what earth felt for the barn, why  
no love

Or to have the ground give way  
at your feet  
and you gaping, your toes gaping, gripping  
the very fine edge of  
fine edge of

Virgin Wood

Carved a  
canoe  
out of  
her legs  
stiff to-  
gether,  
and in  
smoothing  
struck the  
bowsprit.  
She gave  
a moan  
and  
sailed.

Offering Poem

I am fruit for you.  
I am globular and delicious.  
I am angular, the palpable  
lady said, flexing her jaws,  
and tart.

## CEMETERY POEM

I would plant honeysuckle  
so her soul would breathe out at me

1

souls everywhere souls,  
and the concentration of  
the intolerant angel  
of death

2

They played hooky that day and were coming  
up the hill in the cemetery. They smelled  
smoke, and holding their noses, ran. They  
saw a man burning leaves on the other side.

3

She led us up the slope  
and past the crematorium.  
Trees stirred over my  
head, souls swayed.

It was only after I smelled  
strong smoke that  
I was afraid  
that I was breathing in  
more than

I would ever  
let out

I told her to stop picking flowers.

(And the roots sunk in stink  
and the sourness of the soil.

But she was too much alive, too much about it.  
She said, herself floating, cemeteries are  
for picking flowers.

With that innocence.  
And the flowers  
heavier than air in her hands.

They do too  
smell, they  
smell of the  
fields...

(That's not  
the fields you smell  
kiddo.

Or my brother in his turn,  
asking, knowing full well  
the burden of such a proposition, if  
you can picnic here?

(with that which I feared,  
like ants, in the crust  
of the bread? But he  
was too much for me -  
just think, he said,  
you'd be several souls stronger!)

Oh my  
prophetic  
brother.

One of the graves read  
Go-Non-Da-Gie or,  
Destroy-Town

and later in the grass  
the black ant crawling on me  
like no other  
living thing

the sound of its feet

(each foot)

crawling, as my skin  
does, as the souls  
in the cells  
of my lungs

\* \* \*

9 . 25 . 65

The god of the  
mountain stepped off  
the mountain one  
step and he became  
rain and fell  
upon his mother.

\*\* George Butterick

## I Make Out Henry Moore

It is a plant, it is a coke plant, it is  
a mulberry bush growing by the road  
to the showers. The stream is black but  
it flows, and a man said cows  
used to eat here.

On a beautiful new clothesline so  
one hardly knows how to untie it, how  
they ever get it tied like that, are three red  
lightbulbs, strung in the night, to keep  
people from falling in the trench.

Some of the ones who dug  
were brought up by the company from  
the South, thirty years ago -- housed in those  
grimy developments on the edge of the plant that  
social progress since has torn down.  
They've been here ever since. "Before I got this job  
I was a slave." Now you are free.  
The thing is you know you are free. Your son  
will maybe be a dentist, the other one, you don't  
know what's wrong with him, all he wants  
to do is chase ass -- I ask about him  
but you don't want to talk about him, you  
tell me about your son who's going  
to become a dentist, and once, back in fifty one, or  
when was it, when you were a truckdriver, you  
jackknifed on the Pennsylvania turnpike and six people  
were killed in the pileup. It was real bad weather, snowing.  
So you took this job  
because you didn't want to do that anymore.

In the winter everyone wants to be on top the ovens.  
In the summer, no one. So I get put here  
and the air is shimmering through  
which I make  
Henry Moore out,  
driving the truck around the yard.

### The Commotion

To every woman he sees he  
says Where will you be  
in six months and they're  
always there, atop  
pyramids, in the  
jungle, by the Eiffel  
Tower, sitting  
on a mountain, they are  
everywhere.

I was bound for that  
high place, it was  
the nearest thing to heaven, you  
were there, I was  
running across the street.

7. 25. 65

\*\* Stephen Rodefer

JAZZ CLARKE POEM

o ye sleek nymphs of water, epicenes and sweets  
indugers driving strongly inward  
hear the pieces rule  
in the passage of Numa  
and Egeria beside the pool  
here is the tune  
to force the sense  
the coin current  
or no longer flowing  
the scent of mint  
in the nymphs' menses  
closer to love  
to have drunk of it  
that fount and spring  
numismatic their twists  
and turns all but sing  
mozart in the mouth of no teeth  
o cunt of the nematodes  
ye play so well  
entirely we emerge  
but cut it cut  
it cutit  
nymphic dithyramps  
noise  
what is this noise?  
this chorus of dance?  
violence that moves me  
against the pittering circle  
of the drunken dancers?  
mine mine the god  
the song the celebration  
singing of the feats of the god  
who runs the hill-ridges  
rapt by the nymphs and naiads  
like a swan of bright wing  
forever the color  
to blast with the throat  
held tight like salmon  
up the stream  
the mellow song called queen  
of Pieris, fount of the muses  
and let dance the flute  
servant of revels, fit for the files  
of soldiers marching  
beat the man with the voice of the toad  
burn the man with the drilled body, the spittle-wasting pipe  
heavy wordy the slow discordant dance  
see see  
here I fling my right hand  
there I fling my left

Thyriamb three steps Dithyramb four  
king of the ivy prince of the world  
list to my Dorian dance  
how stuff answer to stroph  
no less/greater, one  
to begin when another  
ends , dies , stops  
cling kiss  
sting thyse  
break the man  
break him down  
that is the way  
the pieces rule  
that is god  
without end  
that is the scene  
make it  
make  
the scene, stay  
up a step  
scene ahead  
make it the  
scene stay  
a step  
and glow,  
dust,  
and burn  
that the city be safe  
and burn, that she be  
while and sing the choruses  
voice of pleasure  
instruction's own  
own, edite Musa  
you are the object  
and the end  
you are the music  
while it lasts  
music that calls me  
back to you but briefly  
prince, princesses of this world  
toads  
hematodes  
ti ti ltinx  
corak the congress  
passion of the gelid nymph  
mate of Numa, conjunct  
beside the pool  
camp of Jewry  
fix romana  
is that why the devil  
speaks all tongues ?

o music has her spells  
but I have found the words  
lucy meles well  
melts she an and on  
the muscles on the bone  
nearly well on nerves  
spelling melos  
fasching dingthing  
on & on  
laying the zeus of plains  
upon himself  
and that no complexity  
unhand that god  
surrender re-cant  
campester cease  
day iskatabaites  
shit eater though thou be  
moses is the myth of destruction  
what is chosen will be discarded  
prolific as you are, unending ever  
release, let go, him, that god, is

the foot that beats  
listens to itself  
&sings in the tunetime  
as inventive of sound  
as the body of speech  
here farts here farts  
they are of the muse as well  
carrots and asparagus  
gas and frig us  
the law is melody  
collate of custom  
folkright portion of men  
but the dollar is ours  
green as nature's turf  
but so o thinner drier  
I will live in the law  
and sing it, it is mine  
self law I calls it  
anarchy in books  
o mythomouths of Sin ai  
polysems of Pli mouth

the klansman's hat  
sheathes him in black  
as he makes his last camp  
in Deadwood dead wood town  
makes his play and dies  
but, nymphs, receive his soul  
into the water of Menses

and drink in his blood and joints  
o sweet scarved epicenes  
sequestered brides  
that love the villain god  
who is not dead  
in Egeria's pond, womb of nomomatter  
wash his body as though  
he were the cowland's poet  
dead long ago  
in your springs build high his grave  
sprinkle on the goats' milk  
mix with honey and white milk  
that is the message of the muses nin  
for the man who tasted of libadown  
and did not go mad, remains in the deed  
true it is in kind and number  
as loving well the kind of man  
kinder of liebe, font of nymphy  
flowing double through the triple number  
whose flowing moon brings to boil, froth  
& lo! sea  
pussy in her  
laps the cream

\*\* Charles Doria

youve lost that lovin' feeling

- - - the Righteous Brothers

white, white, the colour calls  
the tune -- we both know  
    (symbol of decay, a  
    death's head drives us  
    to lie roasting in the sun  
    deny blank admonitions,  
    fingers slapped dont,  
    dirty, dirty - - -

do it baby ! shake  
that thing, right here, and  
I'll go any way  
you want

so dumb flesh  
screams, shouts, mumbles, moaning  
stumbles into song --  
    some power fills us,  
hour of the night  
    (no questions)  
hour of the last chance, lets grab hold of  
    anything we can -- sun, moon  
    the rhythms of the sea  
    we both  
    half stand in

(music of a people  
half submerged  
in pasty fragments  
of our dying own.

tv program concerning the amazon basin

the commentator says  
"of course these indians are hopelessly  
addicted", just the slightest  
envy in his voice before the obvious

grace; their ritual  
impassive, pounding powder  
in a sack-with-long-tube made  
for such a purpose

round the circle  
pouring each one's  
portion is

a dance  
(oh flutes and drums !

we twitch,  
his words; squirm by  
(attended - - - -

slip back into  
semi-darkness; dreams walk  
ghosts among the dancers.

\*\* Dave Cull

from MOUNTAIN

fucking brown the fall airs O

the late August rain turns snow

dirt is hard around the rocks the leaves are warm

around those rocks the snow is warm the dirt is cold

---

BENT BENT

the beat my self my heart's

BENT BENT

Bear system Fur quivering at the tree's base

not even a growl

the gut flowing in cloud

the vaporous red dream the horse's cock

by the field the river mud

erect to mount the mare

beating

FUR FUR

in the valleys the hot afternoon

the animals screwing

all their mountains

Fur Fur

\*\* Fred Wah

## Lost in the Stars

Whirl down through the caverns of space,  
let heavenly music play in your ears,  
the evening sun shine.

Light up the moon.  
Let no interference from static cone  
    rumble in your belly  
        the dreams you inhabit.

Make myths out of the past, now  
    where the pain is,  
forget the past blows  
    and be one of them; gods  
that travel through space.  
Beget gods in your heart.

    Keep covenant with faith  
and hold true to the things  
        of the past,  
    where the pain is, also.

2. ?

Keep truth with gods of the past,  
    Keep clear of them,  
continue on your way, the present  
    and make way, be one  
        of them  
gods of the present, as darkness falls.  
    Vibes play on the harpsicords  
of the time, present thoughts.

3 ?

Play, be one of them  
    and forget the hunger in your soul, stomach  
    if you can, in the hollow spaces  
of your skin. There resides the feast  
you nourish on, fed by blood  
    you have no knowledge of,  
Aaiee! this hunger beats so well  
    like a fountain of blood  
that has no food to feed upon,  
    it falls, and flows to them  
where they wait, patient in the firmament.

Forget the poverty of the times.  
Forget the noise, and clatter,  
the loss of love, and friendship ---  
continues

Where you wait on, alone.

Empty of platter,  
waiting for the waiter,  
walk on to the grove where the gods dance,

munching on laurel,  
and mad with desire

to fill your spheres and limbs

with music.

Oh, gods!  
Can this be? that I feed on music  
and know no other want.

Fill me with music, so my limbs be loose

ἡυσωμενος

and I drink with ease

the spring where Phryne dwells.

An original image, given me by men

who are gods and heroes,

τιν' ἀνδρῶν, the poets

who know these things,  
and speak them out  
in their godhead and want.

Oh, god! give me them.

Make me one of them  
Make me a god

and deliver one of them to my door,

so that I may dwell with them

and be alone,

in my god.

April 21, 1965

To The Rain

Put your hat on, Mary  
And your little brown scarf.

Brother

on The Ace of Pentacles

I don't think that book's good enough.

When you lie in a pit at the bottom of the sea,  
you sacrifice anything for dry land.

And that's what I did.

"Never explain, never deny, say nothing and  
become a legend"  
Jeanne Eigel says  
in her legend that has become a life.

But I knew better  
who floated in that realm of currents  
to wash up, as driftwood  
on any vacant shore.

Yes, I have been there, and would go there again  
if it were not for you,  
my lover, who resides in that book of poems,  
Ace of Pentacles, pente

for woe.

\*\* John Wieners

Placemats

A little bit of spit  
comes in handy  
but I wish he'd get off it  
for awhile --  
it's enough to freeze anybody.

Conservation lost  
when dogs of the present  
won't even throw anything back  
(he sings) --

Love is something  
when you give it away  
give it away...

At Samothrace were found  
fragments of a cold shoulder  
along-side remains of  
an open-mouthed vessel  
which once had held the  
tears of youth in its  
bright orange clay.

They came in shining crafts  
to spin us into gold  
but could not budge  
our fondness for  
hard metal pressed close  
to the bone

I am honest  
and tough.

I know things about you  
that you don't know.  
How do you know?  
Radar, radar!

They found the mammoth meat  
under the cold Siberian ground  
hard and red and said it had  
the 'taste of eternity.'

What planet are you from?  
Earth. Yes, the children of Adam,  
but do you know the reborn?  
Who are they? People from  
other planets. Oh, I know one.

I don't work the end of the world  
like that woman in Kentucky  
(who left her daughter  
before her clothes were dry).

So that what  
we thought we might  
become  
we most feared  
we had  
become.

It's about time to bridge  
the perils of delivery;  
if it's a voice that's wanting  
it's not because the deep truth is  
imageless, but because there ain't any.

We all knew his son  
Lewis was a bitch -- he pitched  
a ball that never fell  
and longed for grass  
eternally.

Don't go to Valley Forge,  
stay here with us  
and forge ahead on your own.

Mr. G.N.A. (Newman)  
wanted to be a Gnostic  
but he got caught  
in a pool of mud  
and moved the earth instead.

One side order of Lobster  
for a growing woman.

Self-induced hop-heads  
is what we need ---  
would you support that?

He'll never make an editor  
because he doesn't know  
that the next mail may  
bring in a masterpiece.

To hear all that shoutin'  
and singin' is enough to  
bring down any house  
or head of state up tight.

I was a knitting tree  
who ate apples  
and spread the red  
about me.

Private Carol thought she  
belonged to the ranks of men,  
so she lost her womanhood  
and became a cry-baby instead.  
Now you couldn't scratch  
a bitch out of her.

\*\* Jack Clarke

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