





MAG CITY #3

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\$1



DIRTY CLOUDS

Dirty clouds  
With intense blue  
Coming through electric  
Throws down dirty light  
Like a glove  
Aimless gusts  
Sweeping everything  
This way that  
Go out  
Meet a friend  
Take a walk  
Go to a store  
See nothing I want  
Go to another store  
See nothing I want  
Walk down one street  
Think of another

## DOWN THE DRAIN

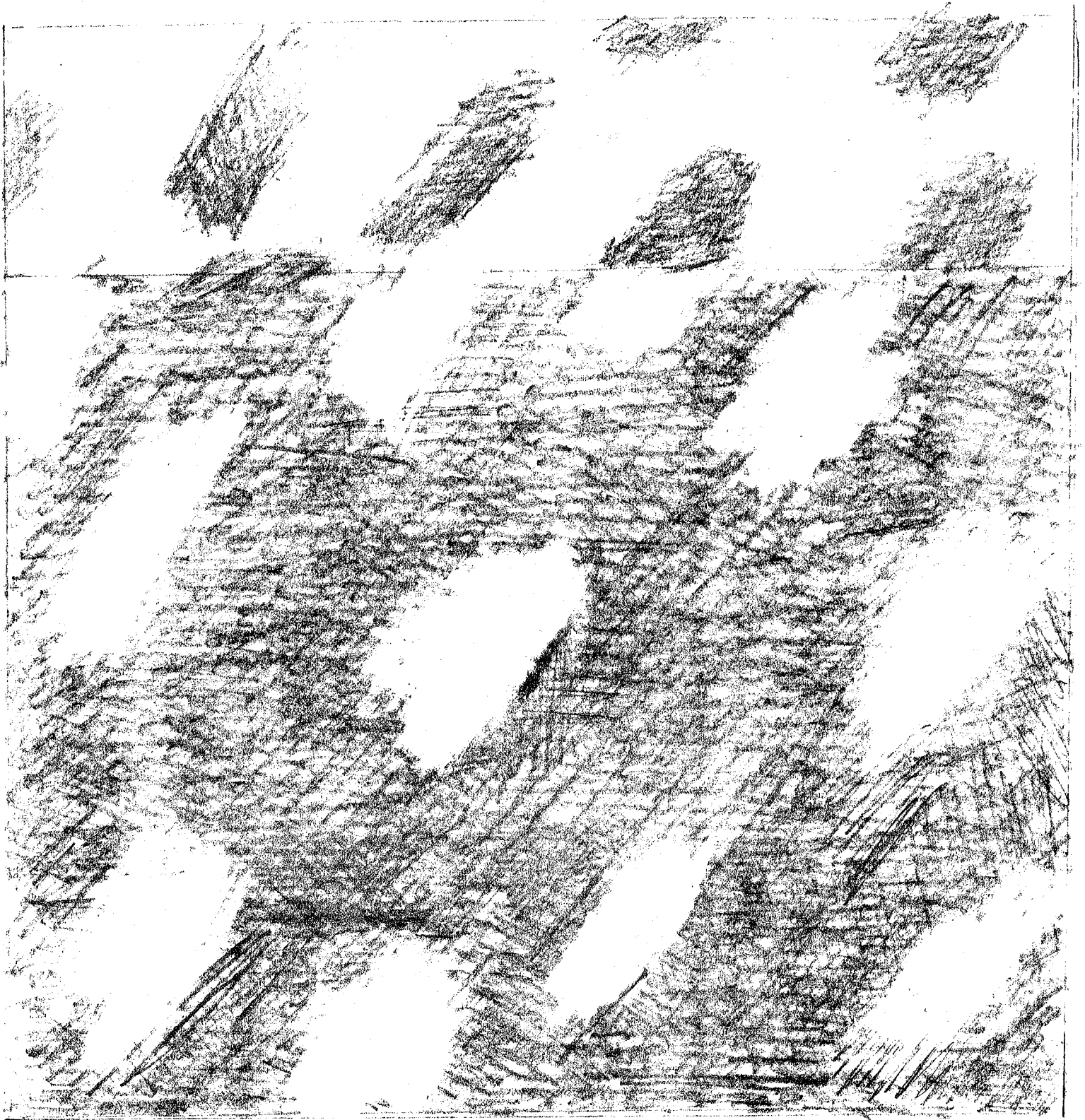
Room just the right temperature  
Birds singing in the cold day outside  
Mind clear, body comfortable  
Hardly the sense of any health  
Turn over, in my mind, the rest of the day  
Decisions drain on the table of consciousness  
Listening to genetic radio codes  
Through silver skull plate  
Imagined to be terrific to have  
In this second half of the 20th century  
O bed  
O chair  
O cigaret  
Unlit in my lips  
Are flames awake yet licking  
That make the prospect of the rest of life interesting  
Do ask them to stay, please  
And litter my ribcage with gravelly pleasure  
As words on the ground  
Bring to eye the mind of picnickers  
Here I am in my thirty-first year  
Bitching at everything  
Trying to get ahead of myself in the line of light  
And often like the wave in pompadour succeeding  
Beyond my wildest dreams  
O shower curtain  
O windowglass  
You were once in the picture  
For the sake of air  
Are now, backsie frontsie, in for the light

How I admire you  
How I wish to make the same switch you make  
As from light to shadow  
As from red to pink to white rose  
This consuming human fever is out to lunch  
And I feel left spinning like a wheel on a spinning stool  
O books, papers, pens  
This arm that greets you with the moods  
The move through adulthood  
And winding paths through children  
How the wish for machine-like precision  
Moves fingers around your curves  
And drips sweat into the curves of words  
And makes light of the letters  
Drying immediately when they arrive  
When I'd be better off out for a drive  
O imaginary car  
With powerful engine  
And hamburger bags in the glove compartment  
Take me wherever I want to go  
Before I know  
Let me enjoy the sights  
And see the seers and suckers  
Blending into a beautiful american-made suit  
Floating off the rack  
Blown by a man-made zephyr  
Into the arms of people, so beautiful,  
Your eyes hurt  
Before they close

DRAWING FROM MEMORY

Sun dances  
In sunlight  
The view grows  
Then dims  
Into a spine driveway  
I drive home to  
The point  
Is directly in  
The paint in the neck  
Carried over  
From a previous  
Pre-lunch life  
Filled with  
The greenery of memory  
Very little  
Holds still long enough  
To call it a day  
The sky unwraps  
The air  
As if indifferent  
But I know different  
I feel  
The bones in my bones  
No different than yours  
It's the flesh  
Different





La Grange 75

BOB HOLMAN

To The Muse

The first hidden word is opportune  
o lady if I may call you m'lady  
won't you hear me ask you to hear me  
it would so please me that you might answer

And if not well I'm asking anyway  
and I'm staring at you with love  
Washing your hair of all the words

10 Most Wanted

I want to want to take taxis  
I want an end to cheapness  
I want cheapness on toast, I wanna swallow it,  
    chase it with black desire  
I want leisure ease, & then a life of leisure

I want no want, which I have now,  
    each moment the beautiful thing  
I want everything to be glass & I want a gun  
I want the little colored glass slivers to dance of their own accord  
I want light  
I want to be light  
I want to dance my rays  
I want these dances to teach me  
I want the exhilaration of these dancing colors to fill me  
I want to be that exhilaration.

I want an end to this.

---Cessation of desire is cessation.

I want not to want.

---You are wanting

    You are left wanting

    You are on the highway there is no traffic

    You are waiting for a car...

I am not waiting

I don't want to be waiting

I don't want to be found wanting.

I want a peanutbutter sandwich  
I want a roll in the hay with 3 real harlots  
I want to be teased into coming  
I want big sex burger with natural juices!  
I want all the sex sex!  
I want all this untiringly, forever.  
I want to be forever young.  
I want an art job & children.  
I want what I want till I get what I want  
How can I want me if I won't go away

I want to be everywhere  
I want nothing to happen without me  
I want to believe that nothing happens without me  
I want my ego on a burger in natural juices

I want to paint pretty pictures  
I want everybody to revere my handwriting as great art  
I want every crossed-out word to read, every  
    spelling error to denote my own perfect  
    understanding of the English language  
I want to read the Cantos in kindergarten & Ulysses  
    on the summer vacation before first grade & go on from there

I want to have animal features  
I want to be so goddamn ugly that everybody looks away in revulsion  
I wanna really skulk, my slobberings incomprehensible to all but me  
& I want everything to be incomprehensible to me.

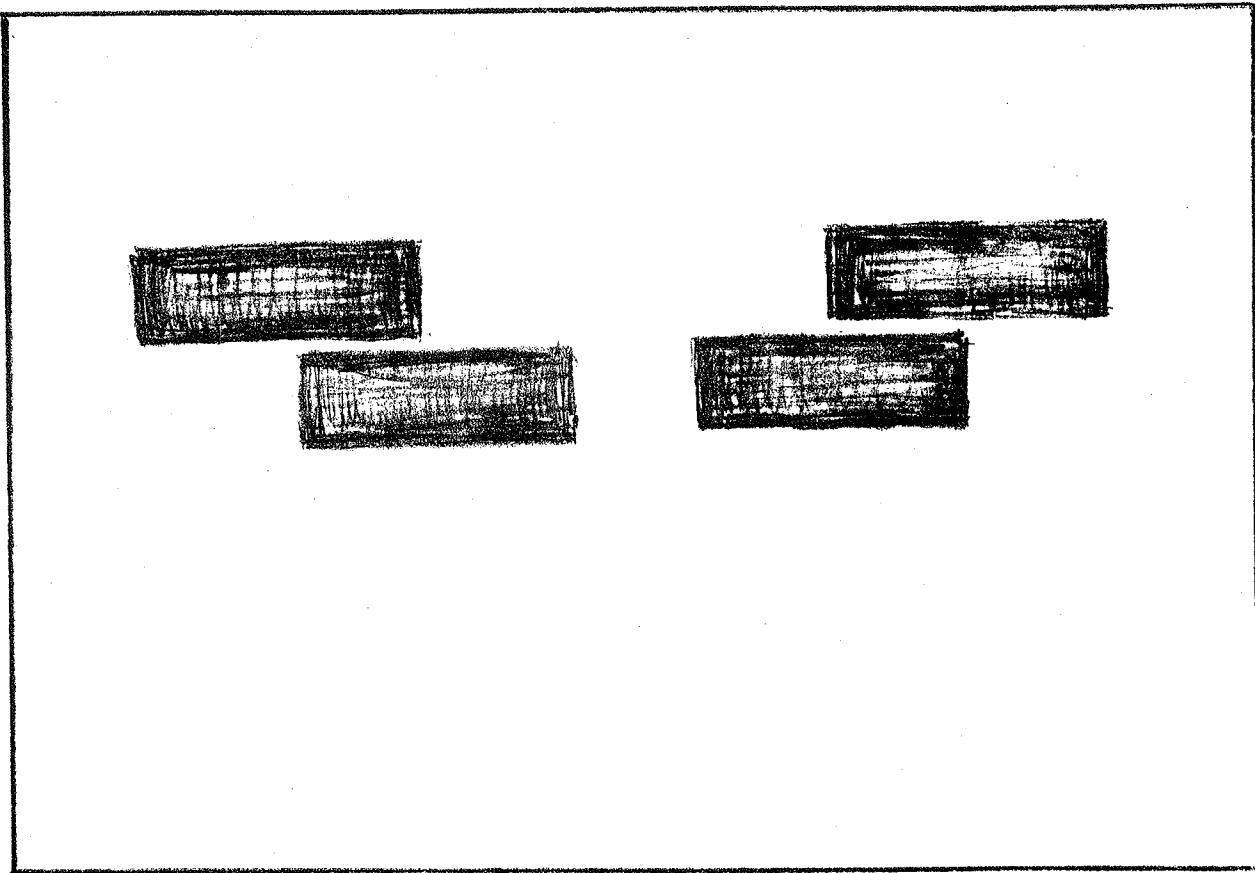
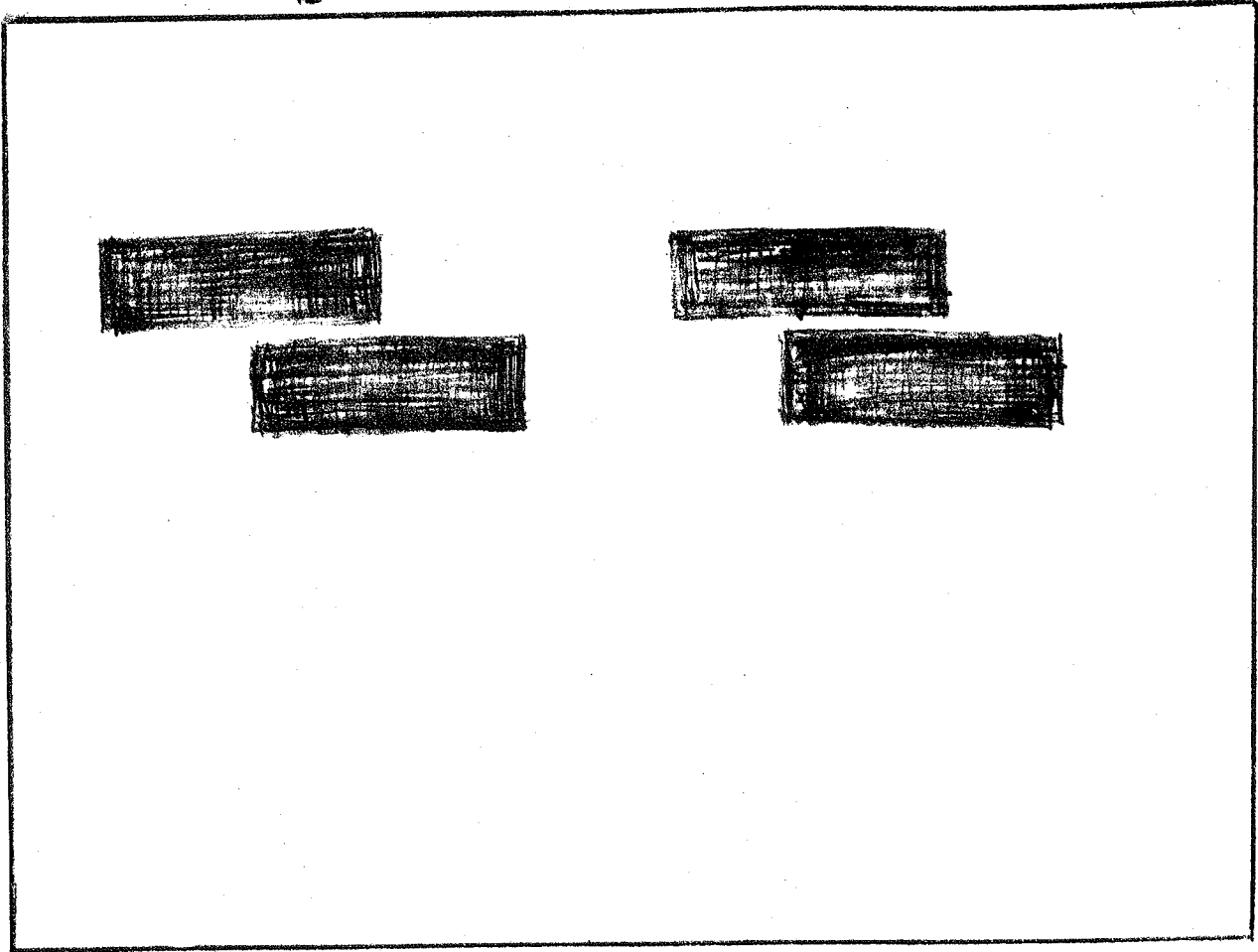
I want to be married & true to my first lover

I want her beauty to shatter all my peace, there's  
no question of devotion  
I just want to be with her that's all  
& she just wants to be with me  
& she hates me & wants anything but to be with me  
& I want to hate her

I wanna be a barrel of monkeys  
I wanna be the great comedian  
who knows the great punch line  
from which all jokes descended  
& that gives me my power  
that all my jokes allude to that punch line  
which I never tell

& I know that I know that punch line  
But I don't want to know that I do  
Because I don't know it  
& I want to

# Brick Formations



Lee Sheng '77

## On Being Called a Dilettante

Why did I get up today or yesterday?  
 There is no cushioning layer of beauty  
 Between the harsh realities of life.  
 Everything goes from one gray area  
 To the grayer next. I am one of  
 Those people who set out to lose.  
 Where people pride themselves on money  
 Influence and having friends, I am  
 Poor, ridiculous, and haven't any.  
 Brice Marden called me a dilettante  
 The other night. It serves me right.  
 I don't make a big deal about my talent  
 And am so unsure about the quality of  
 My work that I never show it to people  
 So I guess they think I don't do anything.  
 I've never earned a penny from my work  
 Which does in a sense make it worthless.  
 Someone asked me the other day what I  
 Do for a living and I just didn't know what to say.  
 I am an extra cast to decorate the bar scene:  
 There's poor Rene- how old he's getting. Such  
 Promise such intelligence it's just too bad.  
 Someone should do something for him. He  
 Used to be so amusing but bitterness and failure  
 Illness and disesteem have made him vexatious and  
 Mean. I wonder how he survives. So do I.  
 I wonder why I even go out anymore. My old  
 Friends must be tiring of me rapidly. Do I  
 Get invited to people's summer homes? They  
 Must be tired of waiting for me to do something.  
 I won't surprise them by becoming a great success  
 Because failure is my way of revenge, self-pity  
 My affection the only kind I know.  
 I am one of those people invited to entertain after  
 Dinner like a toothpick. And if I meet new people  
 On a good night, who are taken in and take me in  
 Soon tire of me also when they see how my friends,  
 The actual objects of their curiosity, treat me.  
 Some people set out to lose and find success where  
 Others see failure. In the low regard of friends I  
 Find reinforcement for my view of the hollow world  
 Where I have chosen to live, a mild irritant  
 And a moral lesson to youth, to fulfill at an  
 Early age the promise I have so completely broken.

## Caravaggio and His Models

He was no good; he was too young; but he was mine,  
Stiff as new jeans and I loved the punk.  
The night is a museum of living boys  
All of them surly and taciturn with pestilential looks  
That beg to get slapped around, the snarl demanding  
You abstract the puppy from the beast and train him  
To be your pet. Some are just mean.  
But they all want to get hurt, proof that...  
How did I get roped into this? A beaten boy  
Is touching as the thick stupid feet of a pudgy  
Marine with a half-hard uncircumcised cock  
Staring out in disbelief from a physique magazine.  
Boy with a ram. How did he get into this mess? What  
Misapprehension or is it just a matter of money that  
Love is to be looked at: a million in non-negotiable bonds.  
A love without restraint, keep it casual on the surface  
Leave prints on him. Some boys hate to be kissed some  
Curl up and shoot rubbing against your chest but they  
Have all lost something they try to find in  
Bed and finding it are not satisfied  
Losing it again to find it elsewhere.

I am a curator in the museum of living boys.  
Caravaggio, your face is the serpent's hiss  
As you siphon the python down some kid's throat.  
The heavily made-up boy bitten by a lizard,  
Yet all the same face, with age and who knows what,  
Medusa or the head of Goliath held up by a  
Frustrated teenage boy who, overcome by its size,  
Contemplates the giant head: a self-portrait of the artist.  
Men who love boys set out to lose; who poses as the  
Youthful David will pose in time for his trophy.  
He stands at a pinball machine in a chicken bar  
The Chastisement of Love in Chicago. In Hartford  
Asleep in an angel's arms, ecstatic after a good beating.  
In a private collection in Indianapolis, Cupid asleep  
Amor leering victoriously over the broken attributes of civilization:  
Industry, science, flashing lights, loud music, poppers:  
Make him forget what is taking place in your bed. Hustlers  
Borrow some poor sucker's wings to pose with sheet-burns on their knees.  
Ripped boxer shorts in the cathedral one ball hanging out of a jockstrap  
I saw your head banging against the wall, little fucker,  
You screamed bloody murder. You posed for that picture  
When you were young.  
This is Love's victory.

Those who worship at a temple of flesh  
Become a shrine to its memory  
And feed on the gall and wormwood of despair  
The way a pelican feeds its young from itself.  
Dawn slaps him across the face  
And the heart slithers back under its rock.



## The Slaves of Michelangelo

We're all the slaves of Michelangelo or something  
We are bound to do; the whole show, we are its quarry; captives  
Struggling against this marmoreal will to finish  
With some style; slaves to this day; prisoners  
To the rough block of ourselves are we slaves  
To the marble. Is the master stroke only a finishing touch?  
And then that mystical moment of perfection is that ever achieved  
In more than a detail, the highly polished chryselephantine limb?  
Of course we are restrained by other blockheads  
The chisel marks more or less visible  
As we emerge from this cloud of stone  
Pale and golden in the sheet-metal rays of the sun  
Our hearts sliced on the whirring disk of the sun.  
It's as if our knowledge of the day  
Of life, could come from a different direction  
That slice of it on the desk. What happened to the rest  
Of the day the part you weren't there for or  
Life the part you missed out on on  
Saturday, Grey Eyes? What did I forget  
Something about a masterpiece of modern art  
A crystal elephant... a marble.

Is anything finished or merely abandoned?  
And those parts of the sky that go behind the buildings  
Did we really get what we could out of them  
Climbing for a better view. It was something about being beautiful  
Through surgery. Waking up in that evening gown.  
A couple parents hovering at the edge of vision  
Visionaries proficient at the art of cutting people up  
Huge chunks gone that was my body the name changed on driver's license  
Seven year old boy in a tee shirt in Chattanooga  
How did he get out of that backyard?  
Small potatoes small change peanuts chicken feed  
When it comes right down to it. Sometimes  
We all get sick at once, cross out whole lines  
Of our lives at a stretch a month in the hospital  
Parts still roughed out the perfect face  
As if the sun rose out of the west for a change  
The envelope no matter what it contains  
More important to get it there.  
It's almost as if what we think could matter  
In the grand scheme. But it has to. It has to.  
Whatever you do what you think will affect the rest of the world  
Like a window, nothing to look at  
But solid.

So the grand gesture isn't enough  
It's the recovery  
Transition from the grand gesture  
To the next grand gesture.  
Then a moment's peace.  
Michelle Long dead at twenty-three.

ROSE LESNIAK

PHENOBARBITAL BABY

In the hospital one has nothing to make one something,  
except phenobarbital,  
the small hunched volunteer comes around,  
it's 8 a.m. books, books, for everyone.  
I don't like that thought, no I don't like that,  
Quick, call Chass & tell him to bring Marx,  
and true menthol one-hundred's, 5 nurses, I need a shot.  
In the hospital one has nothing when one has no left leg,  
no cartilage in the knee & the 4th day free to pull up,  
bam, hit metal bed bar, nurse quick, I need a left siamese twin,  
strap her on!

And the first day I began to cover distance,  
I snuck to the nurse's bathroom, 2nd floor,  
3 puffs and the halls contained sunlight, light,  
light, white everywhere, it was just as good as real.  
When I wanted water, straddle to fountain,  
put tip of right crutch down to pedal,  
bend twelve degrees and open, mouth  
drops, dead roses, not me,  
but the way a few drop off,  
most stay fresh for a day,  
but it's not like, "Tulips."

And in the hospital one has nothing when one is horny  
and your roommate catches T.B.  
The next one, 8th day, loves T.V. but doesn't understand  
what it's pushing,  
the needle into my hip,  
goodnight.

In the hospital one loses weight if you do not eat;  
cookies, sugar, chocolate turtles, ice cream, candy or cold food.  
In the hospital one has nothing to do when the books are read  
unless you act nothing less than outrageous,  
bring me my skateboard, bring me a baby, cause I'm going out,  
to get a real sunburn.

Back, cold food, one nurse, one aide & one silver needle.  
Awake at 7, outside tips of bushes, buildings, shadows, roofs,  
and flying cherry tree blossoms, spring,  
with a church steeple and 3 crosses, (who crosses?)  
You cross your chest, thinking God will pay the final  
multiplication for the 13 days, for the 4 visits from Dr. Smith  
X-rays and phenobarbital.  
From 1946 to the present, the philosophy of Forkosh hospital  
has never changed.

It continues to be dedicated to Forkosh hospital.

251....251....251....Dr. Adept.....Dr. Adept....251....Dr. Adept...

262....262....262....Mrs. L. Stone....Mrs. L. Stone....262.....Mrs. Stone...

262....262....262....DOCTOR L. Stone.....

Leaves, birds, planes, one shot and I'm out...

riding on my tunion bolted, celcon bearing, IKS precision,  
wide covered, non-skidding, shooting star,  
skateboard.

In the hospital one has nothing but bed sores  
until you heal from this brief vacation of 37 hits,  
phenobarbital baby, look out cause an athlete is dangerous  
confined to one leg,  
out of habit,  
I never asked for a crutch.

TOM CAREY

# OLD TIME PANIC

WORDS & MUSIC  
By T. CAREY

The musical score is written on six systems of five-line staves. The first system is in treble clef with a 4/4 time signature. The second system is in bass clef. The third system is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The fourth system is in bass clef. The fifth system is in bass clef. The sixth system is in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words split across lines. The music consists of a single melodic line with various note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and accidentals.

Well my	WOMAN SHE JUST LEFT ME	THE COWS THEY WON'T	COME HOME
AN SOME TOUGH	UPED AN' TOOK MY	BARN	
SO I'M STANDING	IN THE WILLOWS WITH A	LETTER FROM MY COUSIN	JEROME
AND THAT OLD	TIME PANIC	HURRIES ON	BOYS
AND THAT OLD	TIME PANIC	HURRIES ON	

OLD TIME PANIC (CONT.)

2. Well my darling girl Juanita  
With her ruby cherry lips  
Left me standing naked in my swimming pool  
Well I met her in El Paso  
I guess that up-fronts her trip  
An' that Old Time Panic hurries on, boys  
An' that Old Time Panic hurries on

(HAWAIIAN GUITAR)

3. So if you're eager to be wed  
To the only girl you love  
Please don't make a move unless you're sure  
'Cos she'll love you & she'll leave you  
With some tranquillizers and a Cadillac to love  
An' that Old Time Panic hurries on, boys  
An' that Old Time Panic hurries on.

GOODNIGHT IRENE

1. I've got a brand new feather in my cap  
I got support stockings & open toed shoes  
I got dark red lipstick; I even carry a compact  
Well I might be bored an' I might just be confused
  
2. I wanna look like Garbo!  
I wanna look like Dietrich!  
If I bleach my hair-- I look like Monroe  
I got so much style I make myself seasick  
I'm just a beautiful man wearing a beautiful woman's clothes

CHORUS: You got to find me a lover  
Everywhere I go  
Someone like Cooper, or someone like Gable  
Or maybe someone like Valentino  
You're always living in a three-ring circus  
Too scared to let yourself close  
Ya always got some lover  
Ya always got some lover  
Ya always got some lover  
Trying to steal the show

(MUSIC & CHORUS)

3. Well go down to the smoky blue ballroom & get yourself hustled  
Go get bitched at  
And bitch back!!  
At me  
Go an' get groped at-- by a mass of muscle  
Try looking in his eyes; try liking what you see

4. Oh! I look like Garbo!!

I think I look like Dietrich

An' if I bleach my hair you know I look just like Monroe---O!!

I got so much style I make myself seasick

I'm just a beautiful man wearing a beautiful woman's clothes

CHORUS: But you got to find me a lover!!

Everywhere I go

Someone like Cooper or someone like Gable

Or maybe someone like Marlon Brando

You're always living in a three-ring circus

Too scared to let yourself close

Ya always got some lover

Ya always got some lover

Ya always got some lover

Trying to steal the show.

A LONG HOT WIND AND A DREAM

1. Cold, cold coffee in my cup

Hours bend by, nothing straightens them up  
The hand on my leg--it's my hand  
The music plays--it's my band  
In the back of my head the song rolls and screams  
"I want a long hot wind and a dream"

2. One shoe on; one shoe off

Ten miles away I can hear myself cough  
There's a letter on the table--for me  
But I don't have enough light to read  
I rehearse my own epoch, my own mise-en-scene:  
A long hot wind and a dream

RELEASE: I should take a taxi

I've got appointments uptown  
With men of all races and creeds  
Some work in factories  
Some just make the rounds  
But without exception  
They try to make some connection  
With a long cold hot wind  
An' a dreamless dream

3. Head is up; throat is dry

I been trying all day to kiss myself good-bye  
Dunking & rolling--I can't sleep  
I don't like the company that I keep  
I wanna know where they send the kings and the queens  
I want a long hot wind and a dream

(Band plays--trumpet solos...)

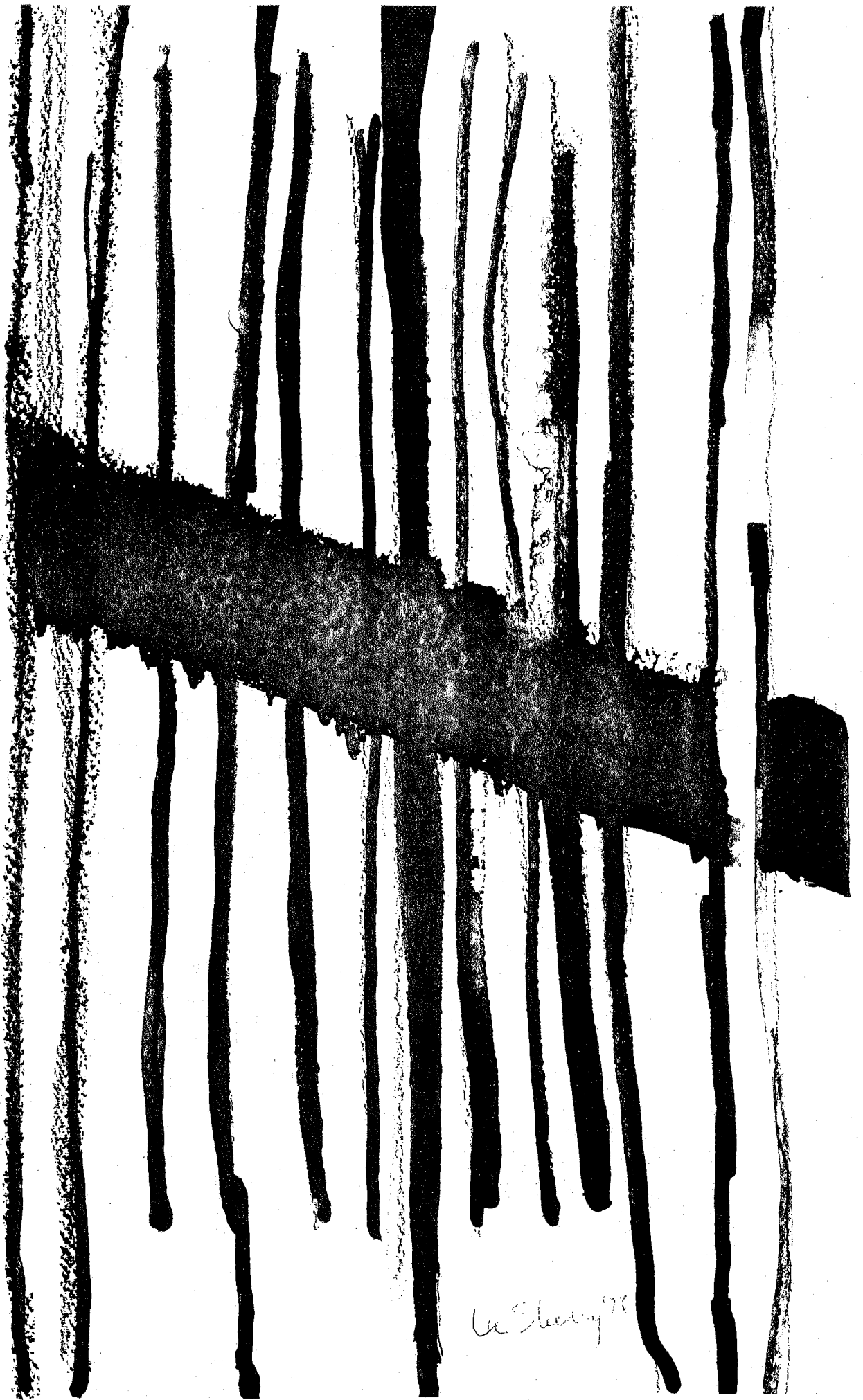


Yes, where do they send all the kings and the queens?

When they die where do they send all the kings and the queens?

And is it really as great as it seems?

A long hot wind and a dream



La Sherry '78

The name of this wall is Susan  
This one's Lou  
Where it turns, a slight obtuse  
    and goes on to the door and through  
That's Whitey  
The apex being unnameable

The floor reminds me of Atlantis  
    but is more like an expedition  
I enjoy the view of it from down here  
    on my mattress  
A Japanese angle, that is  
    Ozu

And it goes on, an expanse, flatter  
    than my imagination  
Like to the North Pole and over  
Plane geometry  
Then back to me, here  
Amongst the protrusions  
Out of it on a vast Sunday  
I mean, Monday  
But in there,  
    too

## Wyoming

The van keys hanging loose from the ignition  
As the day begins tho Tomek and Jeff remain  
Settled in their sleeping bags.  
Jim, on a 6:30 safari into the cow field  
Goes beyond post card dogma  
I'm watching him disappear like a speck  
Thru the front window of this van gone off the highway  
To the edge of some farm in America  
The bird sounds are a random symphony  
Including a lot of percussion  
As that woodpecker's one measure concerto solo  
Echoes still, a highlight like a cymbal crash  
This is straight ahead jazz. No form.  
Only my presence, which to this scene is adorned.

## Oregon

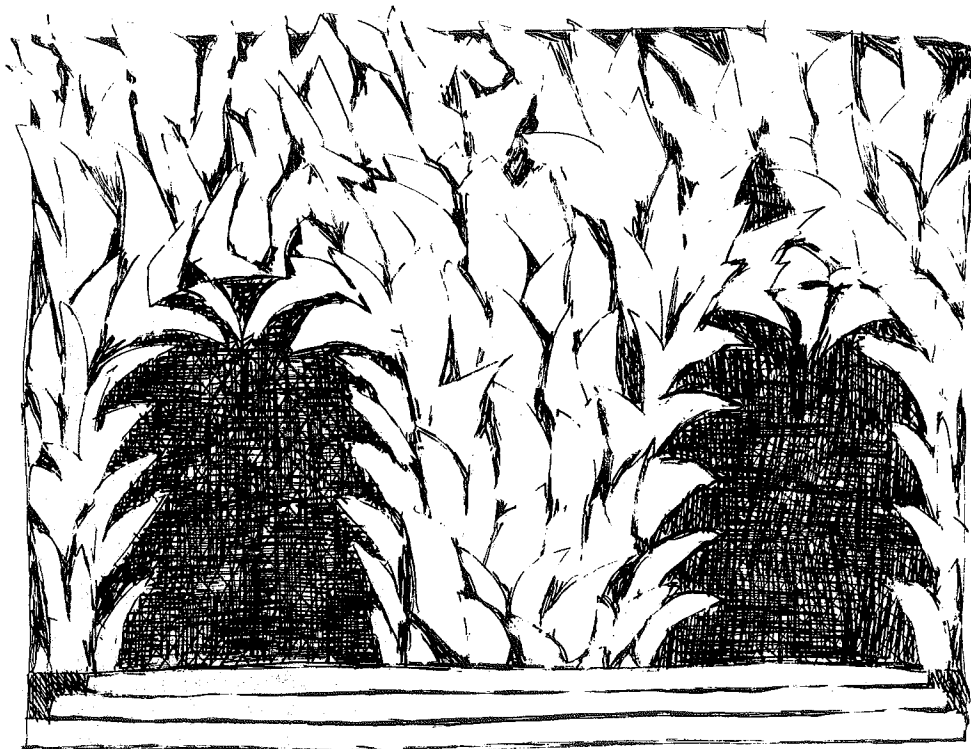
Beer, headphones connected to Miles Davis  
This pen, in hand  
Before, I didn't know what bliss was

The trees didn't give it to me  
The quiet of that green scene didn't  
Thinking 'bout a girlfriend 3000 miles away

Had settled me quite a bit but  
Now was far from that-  
Time air with me through the centuries

Outside belonged to whoever wanted it  
My 25 years were inside on a sofa  
Appreciating style and form

A capacity to propagate word images  
Heading for blends like these chords flagrant colors



Coincidence

Stumbling nonchalantly home city streets late  
afternoon  
under trees over black patterns I was sidetracked  
by a frightening invitation  
and left at the station rattling wheels down  
the track I fell back  
into the melodious berry or maybe mud  
climactic nature of coincidence

where colorful country reels  
and the engineer rides a three-fold colt  
and the Byzantine phosphorescent coxcomb flower  
is precise and heavy  
and much like the truth or something similar  
the reed clarinet is an inclined evening  
shower pulsating  
phenomenal inside song. There

is virtually no way to forget this example  
set by loving blue harp inside  
or the foreign faint echo of flamenco dancers  
snoring through hotel walls  
even though they change colors lock up and move  
to another country I  
do remember these amusing coincidences  
so monumentally moving now...

The sky still holds a purplish hint a little warmth  
and sudden comfort  
in the very nonchalant and of course classic climactic nature  
of coincidence  
there's nothing classically incomplete or scrupulous  
to break  
translucent wings beat and blur and twist  
the course of history

SECONDS

A mackerel sky

masses

small

rounded, high

detached

lots of

Blue sky in the gaps;

Oozes

gutsy : gusty

motile

pillows

w/pearly domes & steeples

\*

Whooshing

sounds

loud...

high up.

\*

This natural occlusion stuff

was the bunk,



Duenna, Guardian Angel,  
Counselor, Hygienist, Mid-  
Wife, Governess, Den Mom, Caring  
Friend...

where we bunked  
down  
in the aerie  
above the woe-  
lined streets...

\*

Your language, visible      Suspended, in air

A cloudy clump of hair      Springing into an "o"  
for seconds

POEM

By the alcove's black projecting  
table, the Love Bite rests  
on his arm. His arm

Leans stably. But  
the bruise is turning  
like a pint-size Galaxy.

Who made it? Who, with his own heat  
and planet's fleshy grace; or  
who, with her murmuring

turning, Deep  
Space Eye  
Balls  
?

Brownish-blue & yellow now  
swirl away from them, likewise  
from his little heaven,

Out passed the toothy girdle gating  
this guy's kitchen window,  
into air, turning

into air,  
where they meet  
and sometimes mingle, even

Epistle

You are my friend, no compendium  
of singular devotion  
Your book is here with me  
Sitting on the sofa, golden  
Sunlight streaming in  
Like the electric voice of a calm commander  
You've been all the scenic places  
What a beautiful life!

Who knows who you are? Seven  
Wise Guys in Greece?  
Where did Confucius live?

When the Lone Ranger goes over there  
to get those 8 pigeons  
I'd gladly give you up (who'd give  
me up so easily), but you don't  
give up, so easily you're  
Up on my calendar, there.

Colder weather warmer clothes enter  
Great flocks of black coats cut out  
under the trees, dash  
in your big machine  
in your big depot  
the brain

SILENCE

Who is as eloquent as you? Nobody  
is as eloquent as you, that is you  
that is a person

One middle-aged dame of swarthy complexion w/earrings  
as big as after-dinner coffee cups could not  
play the original. Glaucous Magnolia

Exquisite Indian, sailboat in the snow, in flexible  
equilibrium, all soldier, all poet, all scholar, all  
saint, all some one gift or meritorious success, one tough  
gazooka which loves all palookas, harmonious human multitude!



NEXT CASE

The dome, the inhabitants, and  
their wanderlust are as dim as  
a futile horizon, without witness  
but you nonetheless control  
the unfamiliar umbrella at  
the threshold, a shelter as yet  
undefined, without a specific  
dialect of pain, which has  
a long "o" and feminine rhymes  
No, luxury is either cheap  
or not for you, all inquisitive  
You are sated by a mere cab  
ride, you sleep untroubled  
but then it isn't sleep either  
Weren't you shuddering, in  
sympathy with the pier? hauling  
in rat-trailed ropes alongside  
a long, rambunctious frigate  
glorious without filth, then  
of a sudden you drove an  
endless touristic foreign coupe  
wondering if that unconscious  
song were yours to stylize

You awakened thoroughly, all things  
came to your feet for their solution

## NATIVES

He recklessly tumbles across polyethylene tundra  
as if trying to coat jagged sage with his flesh  
Has his beloved been murdered, or raped?  
Is he insanely jealous of a rival?  
Or is he civically enraged, an idealist?  
But now he is exhausted, so much life  
has left him, his thighs pulse like jaws  
a weakened perspiration narcosis simulated by  
headlong dives and murderous slides  
on his shoulder blades, his winged elbow  
Unconscious at the feet of waking bums  
his skin contains a liquid scorched  
by the hot touch of a cold lover  
who drags him incessantly to  
the middle of the blood-drenched stage

2

A man on his own must never be cautious  
A dozen chicks, all the image of public  
scrutability, straighten their halters  
flounce their feathered heads, laughing  
with arched necks, and exchange  
mud stools, walking from one seat to  
another, never missing a word of this song:  
"That guy in the door checks us out  
buys his Kools, puts his thumb to  
his lips, and smiles--if he's disappointed  
we'll be the losers, and if he's a dream

we'll announce post facto our conception

"Two steps through the door, his face reddens  
After ten, thick wide lips curl back from his teeth  
Sister Cooty steps forward, placing a stewed  
tomato under his next step--he is in our midst  
now, and his cape-like jersey  
brushes our tits as he tumbles to the floor!"

3

The balcony is his, as a dictator's or pope's  
It overlooks an enormous plaza which is  
flanked in all directions by hard, tall  
buildings, some of them noble-looking  
and the others, both old and new, reminders  
of a cheapness no distraction, even his  
imperious air, will evince, except when sauced  
The sides of the plaza, which is entirely  
paved in blue marble, provoke strong  
granite verticals of gray, and weaker  
brick-reds, nothing there is wooden  
not even the bump on a leper's forehead  
there, in the exact center of the teeming  
everyday plaza's hundred thousand  
would truly illustrate the ordinary!  
jostling shoulder to chin, cursing and kissing  
bankers and punks, ballerinas and  
pale, short-skirted usherettes, a deafening  
sizzle of hysteria and wavering balladeers!

In the future some will say it was the purple  
stone he wore on large links of chain that

mesmerized the rabble, made them breeze in their gyrations and each turn a stunned, vulnerable expression towards the unexplainable magic of the balcony, towards the animated, subtly impenetrable face of the man there who, crafty but protective smiles as if in applause to their enthusiastic recovery and receptive consensus of loyalty presented to him in a confetti of voice after voice murmuring "Ole! Ole!" then, perhaps in response to the running-up--in the form of a hologram--of a waving red, black and brilliant baby-blue flag, foaming over the plaza to their universal enchantment

4

We are the three hundred eighty-one dead Atlantic chiefs... You have ravished our teeth of their fillings, at whose codes you blanched or, pen in hand, like a lexicographer, you shaped with the expunged air from your mouth a difficult but inescapably apparent cloud containing the pinks and lavenders of your pioneers' sunsets, their lonely self-indulgence and self-satisfaction also, like a fever

To us the centuries spin and unroll producing music from a distinctly boxish instrument: it's sexless and undemonstrative because it, a hatred, knows love by its impurities, as in touch of surprise to nylon crotch or in the manipulation of a cocky veneer I myself, the spokesman for the group



seduced 479 maidens and 381 strong braves  
stumbling blind drunk and possessed by  
Hiawatha Weed from tent to tent in total  
secrecy because the urge of the goat  
was all I ever satisfied, and that presented  
an uphill fight to a chief of brave  
but stiff jerks who worried about their houses  
and dreamt of the future when they would  
discover a tropical paradise in the Bahamas  
on a tribal pension plan, just a bunch of  
stoical redskins paralyzed by honor

But not all of us, that's for sure, huh boys?  
We've rode Cadillacs through the kitchen doors  
of brothels; we've spit on the fleas of jails!  
Nothing could harm our hearts because  
we were antelope and owls in the sky and rivers  
of our ears and, to us, we were not ourselves  
until what you call "evil" and "weak" had  
been dismissed, like the turdlings of stars  
into an impalpability only our most  
stertorian fears could disassemble into  
actions, sudden and bloodthirsty, but  
honorable and awesome until regarded  
by the raw and harrowed face of  
one whose heart is interfering  
with the arc of an acrobat's boot, which, anyway  
peeled from his foot only to make the crowd  
overturn its cups in alarm, snapped  
like aerials from inattention to incredulous  
expletives, and the boot, slightly sweaty  
newer than the one, the left, that the acrobat  
adjusts the better to receive, in the dusty

center ring, the roses of fear from the  
crowd, absorbed in its own ovation, which  
they express in strained smiles--that boot  
that had bounced twice and since been  
ignored pulls at the arena like a dressing to a sore  
lifted over the broken skyline in the intolerably  
burned hands of the sun, who is silent but stern  
Unlike him, we do not adieu the finale's elephant  
We have already trooped into the random hostel  
of streets, our feathers cooing like a hoarse  
mockingbird, and the last you see of us  
we are opening the oyster of his novelty  
sneezing like fevered infants, and we sleep  
in the shadow's door at last, unknown to the  
flaming crib and the wind breeding cameos of saliva

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## HERITAGE OF SENTIMENT

It is not a random artist  
who draws the tributary  
prolific with small bridges  
multi-bowered, outrightly shrubbed  
and tamelessly peopled with  
my ancestral likeness, crossing  
now with happiness toward  
welcome in all its challenge  
How he must sing, not with  
presumption but with the  
ensuing development of strength  
which is the contemplation of  
action, where memory is genius  
There are flowers in his heart  
by whose latin names the mind  
is colored with isthmus and island  
Substitutes for resilient fellowship  
are but monarchs in dream's wing  
for he sees flesh and ripe grapes  
refracted in their true order  
of crystal, contained out of fittedness  
Not symmetry but thighs stir  
him, for therein a woman's  
spirit reaches, offering candor  
beyond maternal favoritism  
and the trojan flag of apron

It is not some mouthful drained  
from aerosol, wanting inspiration  
that can depict, in correct  
vocabulary, the facial messages  
and their metamorphoses  
of this ancestor as he plagues  
his peasant banalities for density  
thought, and the galaxy his  
religious imagination apprehended  
in darkness, without moonlight  
or air, for the night sky wilted  
in contrast to his travelling eye  
All he knew of birth was in  
Cassiopeia, and birth could  
not be a home—a home  
was a distance, something yet  
to be seen, and he stops  
to whiff beside the marguerites  
He betrays that sudden relaxation  
of a man whose passions are feeding

And what musician could provoke  
impressions, elastic earth  
rattles, or glissandi of candles  
to startle his ear? as from  
its vivid post, it conceives  
birth-splash countering a fisted  
knock, the priests to whom  
furred predators shed obloquy  
This ancestor hears with so little  
inhibition that the solicitous music  
of the voice intones purely

aurora, the glow of his senses  
meant, after all, for my lifetime

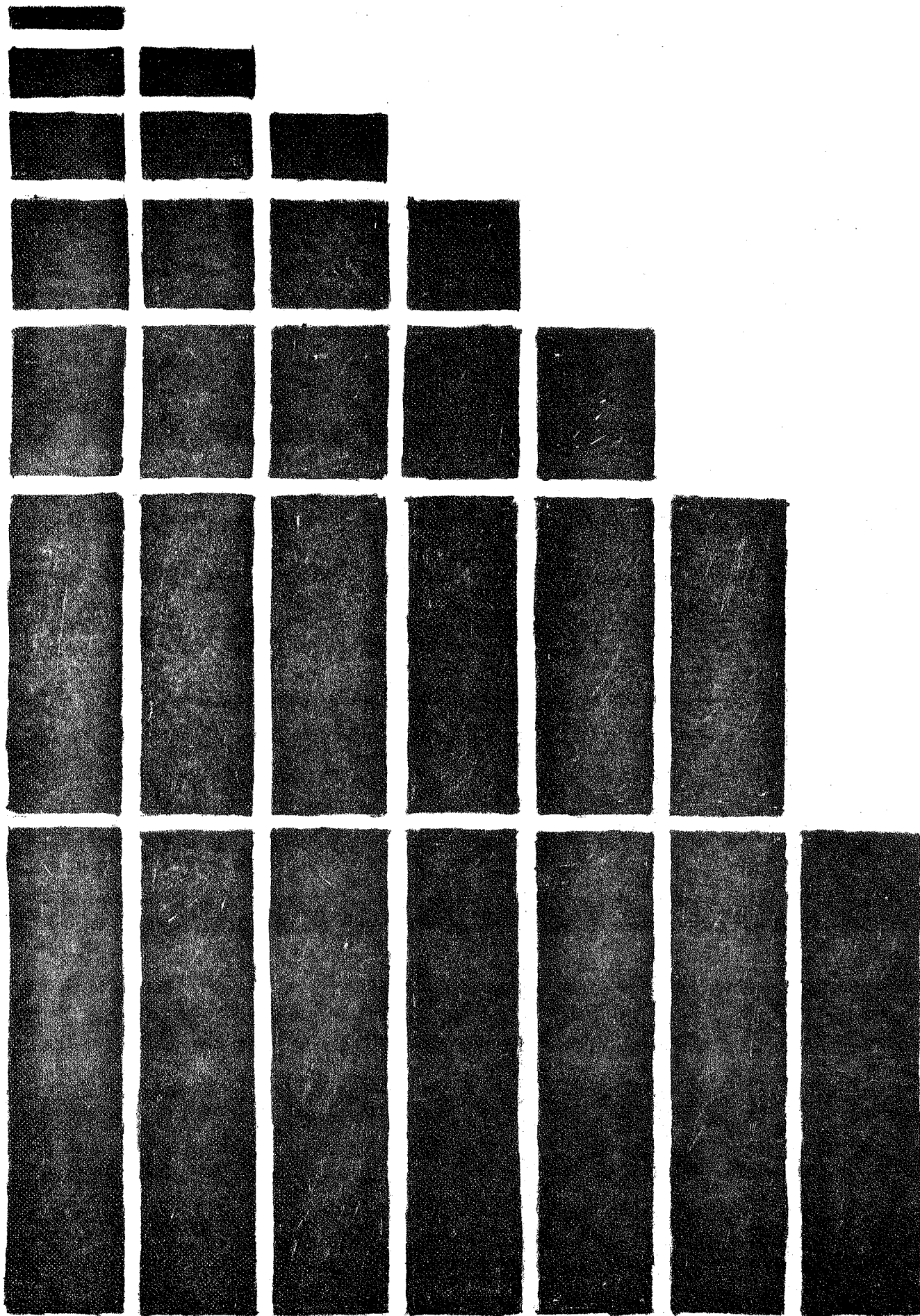
There are folkish entrechats  
and sinuous curls upwards  
from a pagan crawl, but  
somewhere this ancestor  
dances the constant rising  
from chairs, the investures  
of farewells and his observation  
of caricature and pose preserves  
in justice, actual motions  
As the feet, so the head, and  
he sings along out of resistance  
to any listless unison of beat

His greatest loyalties are immigrant:  
of all commentators or thugs he is  
the one who makes the grains  
purple and food to be the tongue  
brimming silver his future  
body exceeding mine, perennially  
weighed with tonics and petals  
and channelled overpass after rippling  
overpass is grown, as eyebrows  
from the theater of his testament  
Its origin precedes horn  
or mockingbird, composed  
of a mutable spell that  
the narrow river exaggerates until  
even oceans sing there too  
their chorus of squid and explorers

Out the window the Russian novel goes on  
Poor people! Why haven't they invented  
the machines that would divide your time  
instead between books and the variety  
of exercise! and all our interesting minds  
would move the lead-like August air with  
the exhaust of imagination, the fanning  
of wings, the breathy note blown on half-  
empty bottles of wine, and the verbose  
gesturing hand—sparks of contest stoking  
the revolutionary ethic of mensa!

But here we are, already crowded in thought  
and the sun in markedly glancing shafts  
causes even that to vanish like blooms  
from a windowbox, leaving us to find life  
in stupidity, O our own secret blunders!  
O Anna Illianova, have tea with me!  
and compare our guilty, guilty futures!

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GARY LENHART

Love Bull

Monday peyote  
Fall back on cliché

Lemonade in Bloody Marys  
Blue drug rehab guitar star

we listen to, to see.

Hung over from teen age  
before I knew your name, sweetheart.



Johnny Guitar

Might as well mosey into the Heaven for a spell,  
Avocado robed saloon angel pinhead Hell

Thunderfuck Bird, Mach 2  
or more hokey even  
the first time out

In dream commercials  
to die if possible,  
sink posed into that Bog of Despond

Redoubtable Mouth.  
Give it away  
Throw em out  
Those Parlor Categorical Antiques

Once you hit 30  
you do or you don't.  
Logic sacked, scapula around the neck  
like an albatross, I conjecture, having read it

A Musical Shot!

1. Alone in Queens, 18  
the Kinks crazy guys  
she goes to hear anyways.  
Was that or go to college
2. My favorite 15 Westerns?  
College course with salary size,  
include She Wore a Yellow Ribbon,  
My Darling Clementine

Surf's Up

In the middle of the night I call your name.  
Who are you I ask, & why are you saying  
these things about Fassbinder, multinational corporations

& bourbon with water? Jim Beam, it's OK  
but I imagine early times with varied inspirations  
&/or friends listening to 8 Miles High & fingering

the sky, constantly marvelling that we are able  
to fly, to sail unthwarted through the toadstools  
that sprout bouncy around our comfortable

physicality. So don't let me hear you say  
life's taking you nowhere. I take it  
you could show me at least one other way.

What do you expect, the Moon with flight pay?  
You, my beautiful brown-eyed girl. Putting me on,  
taking off in an instant, raking in the disappointing

pay-off. At first I thought it was just infatuation.  
Now I stop, look around, & there's no one to splash  
in the bathtub. I prefer showers too;

some compromise I'm willing to make, however,  
to wake with you in a state synchronous,  
apparently solid. Does that make me the agent of

invidious adjustment, subject to shrink  
to nothing before the apple of my eye?  
You got your body in the way, I say,

without too much conviction. I say too much  
without conviction; I make waves every second  
I open my mouth. Actually I make nothing

if I understand sound. I play them,  
sort of. Complaining waves. A  
Song of Pain slipping over white sound.

Lew Welch

I'm the 60's all over, rolling off  
campus like a Chinese scroll,  
precise crag & tree,  
sloppy around the pharmacy,  
I like to do it, it likes to do me

& we do each other wrong  
though not in my eyes. In my eyes  
you can do no wrong.  
We go up on the roof & come down  
hard, like brick houses, built  
so huff n puff can't blow us down

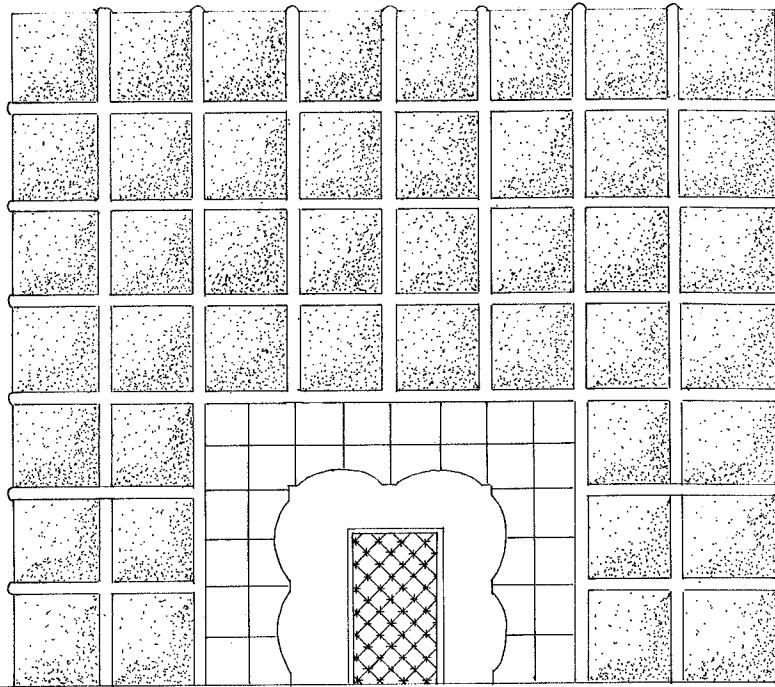
but you can always blow me & gladly  
I go down on you, to rise  
from the ashes of one spent passion  
like the Blue Ridge Mountains  
where you feed the chickens. Yes it's  
back to the land & grand to be there

& grand to be in the city & grand  
to be on LSD & grant your whim  
with craft without guile.  
The night Duane Allman slips beneath a truck  
I party with J Geils. A roadie says  
we could draw up a list & end it here

but lists are very sixtyish  
& the 60's are all over  
& I'm only on 12th Street, sometimes  
on the Bowery, sometimes  
in the country where my friends are into

reunions. Everytime I visit they say  
What a Reunion.  
Just like Janis Joplin back home  
in Port Arthur.  
Then I go out

& it's good to go out  
& I'm blown away with affection  
for the folks I leave behind, so I don't.



Outcast Common Groan

"Can I have the number you're calling in reference to?"  
"Yes. 673-1671."  
"Just a minute. I'll connect you with a representative."  
"Hello. Mr Triviata speaking. Can I help you?"  
"Yes... I'm calling about Abel..."

disregard the glee?  
Never.

They tell of a "natural simplicity"  
Nor shall I conclude

You turkish lily bones & armpits pond me

Immediately  
like child there  
in a concrete mirror  
Sees a lion spouting dew

August 24, 1977,  
I know what day it is  
But I forgot my umbrella.  
My. My my. Whoop-de-doo.

Blue White Red Pink White-Pink sidewalk tulips  
The right symphony  
I can alter chaos  
Hinged to hideous habit

I want Salad Bowl Nothing & Hamburger Shutters

& you shall receive.

This Planet, This Life

I can picture myself in another place  
A few blocks away  
Iris, Teddy, Kaka, Shmil,  
Sore bookie luncheonette No Change

This is not Astral Projection  
Drawn salmon cliché  
But Physical Mind Scenario & Feeling Travel  
Timeless, Momentary

Near there I work  
I'll send alarm radio  
You, Desire  
A strange Economics boils down

Early burly 8:15 choosy  
I applaud Orson Welles' Unity of Being Festival  
Cria, And God Said,  
"Do you have some vaseline or jelly?"

Finite compulsive purity  
Chicken Duck Cake  
Feasting prayers in order  
5738

Poised violent brains  
Must hunk out dollar require Planter's bloc  
Cheyenne summer I don't bolt  
Holding \$4 plus proper 80 cents

Books Memoirs calling all Yeats fans  
And polar equal Brodey's Unless  
Tongue-Ear audience embodiment deepens phone  
"A flame that hankers to rise does rise..."

This is all I can handle  
Money wants & Wishes mocked  
Pronounce it

The Illuminated Path of Glory

## Glitter

Where is the cocaine  
Where is the pot  
Where is the woman  
Or man that I love  
Bring on  
White Dumbo facts  
Green Harvest Art  
Tom in drizzle  
Dara's wounded teens  
And the center of distraction  
Me  
I take off like Mal Waldron  
Casually remembering 1957  
With my left hand  
The notes you recognize  
Changed  
Evening beckons so  
We would have of it  
A season  
New to adapt  
My mind decides on peace for you

Avenue A

Noon morning walk  
Pause at entrance  
Iodine baby tears  
Activate black dairy air  
While Thank You Mary bells  
Toll  
I turn left  
And a man crosses himself  
Crammed fervent pilgrimage  
770 Eastern Parkway  
Judaism contained in a rebbe  
What's he written? asks Jim  
I want to see his hands  
Say I am American amiable  
Concerned with the American Idiom  
Sturdy and detached  
To quote Jamie MacInnis  
Ask blessings for my father's soul  
Depart death's master  
Holy and human as love  
"Ear stones" emit a neighborhood bright  
Pentecostal wrists jingle  
Spirits of the bandy-legged poor