

**MAG CITY 5**

MAG CITY #5

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Lucille's Love

Continued intrigue  
thrown for a loop  
Cocksucking passersby  
Slothful meander fend

Midnight on the bay  
The swishing is archaic  
In the distance snuggle  
Against a divine thought  
Selfishness  
                    that borrower  
Chucks inspiration

Persist in surrendering  
A base person is a paradox  
Om is boundless  
Unclear blown-up  
Colloquial anti-depressent  
Look on the lime remover truck

You called for a nuclear poem  
like a witch to hazel  
Fury  
            She had no father  
Sickness Madness Beauty  
A rolodex of Visions

No particular audit  
triumphing  
Incredible substitution folly  
The idyllic Tribe of Man

TOM WEIGEL

PROVINCETOWN

You ride into the sun's overtures  
around the shoulders of Cape Cod,  
gulls like slow bullets  
perforating the air.  
You are a composite of summer dust  
ready for the unprepared life,  
vision caught in the waves  
on either side of the headland  
from where you stand.  
Outward attitude emerging  
from a plane of ocean blue.  
Wind-combed weeds,  
tanned beach boys & temperatures  
of style sharing the sun.  
Without questions, maybe one  
flash picture of the family,  
you look to the sea  
where the Cape runs away,  
high on the foam.

1977

TRAVELOGUE

Get yourself together like a double feature  
says the little voice from the desert  
be analytical look for bargains  
at the flea market

arrange to meet with the universe  
for a conference on your health  
overlooking the town  
amply lit by lip gloss  
and trains running all night long

## A BRILLIANT LIFE

I'm searching for brilliance.  
I don't possess it,  
but I know some people who do.  
So I've taken to looking  
in all the right places.  
With brilliance, I'll be  
able to live right  
& really have fun.  
When you are brilliant  
you don't need philosophy,  
God, Marx, or the Reverend Moon.  
Also, you wouldn't worry  
about having to prove  
yourself as painter, clown,  
plumber or used-car salesman.  
No. Because you wouldn't  
have a self.  
You would be a solid entity  
like corn flakes or a Volvo.  
Life would be lovely.  
You wouldn't even have to  
fall in love.  
You would always be  
brilliantly creative,  
even when taking out the garbage.  
Your name would mean brilliance.

At parties you'd make  
guest appearances.  
You would become invisible  
at all the right times.  
Like a white opal,  
your face would have  
a brilliant glow.



TED GREENWALD

AS IF SAME AIR

As if same air  
Were blowing  
Here and there  
Providing a link  
To the key  
To the lock  
On the door  
Of the air  
To be opened  
Like eyes  
And reflected  
Under porch  
From the perch  
Of the pond  
In the stroke  
Of a hand  
Puffed and wrinkled  
Like clouds  
With sleep  
And perfectly  
Smoothing out  
And fashioned  
Under sway  
Of wakefulness  
Coming this way  
This day

## FRIENDS

The friends waited for  
The sun to go down before  
They got together They sat  
Around the square table  
Conversation swirling over  
The food They ate  
And talked about other  
Less close friends radiating  
Through circles of friends  
Until one  
And one with another (Bob  
And Bob and Susan)  
Had sufficient interest  
To keep them there the larger  
Part of the evening  
With the main dish Susan  
Was home one night in  
Bed alone thinking  
About her job the day on the job  
How much she loved the work  
How little time  
She had for reading  
What she felt like when  
The phone rang and without  
Exactly knowing or understanding  
Why, Bob was soon in bed  
The first months were taken up  
With weekends and one or  
Two nights a week (they both

Had to get up for work) of  
Straight ahead fucking  
With picnic-like foreplay  
And softball and volleyball games  
Of between and afterplay  
Trudging across a sunset diamond  
Then experimentation started  
Who was on top became  
A smoldering cinder in the barbeque  
Pit who was man or woman  
Tonight this weekend  
Each talked with and was assured  
By shrink and  
Friends who didn't like  
Whichever wasn't Bob or Susan  
Mutual friends argued maneuvered  
Some to break them up ("She  
Was never good for him") And some  
To keep them together ("He'd get  
Nowhere without her brains")  
This stage lasted about a year  
Then they decided to move in  
Together saying "We've decided  
To try to see if we can live  
Together and work out tenderness"  
With dessert and cheese  
The friends weighed the  
Pros and cons of Bob's and Susan's  
Mutual decision  
Coming to no conclusion  
Cigaretts were lit  
A record put on and heap

Powerful dope passed around  
Bob and Susan should  
Be here any minute, the friends  
Thought They couldn't  
Be here for dinner  
But they'd be here later  
Someone shot a whistling  
Skyrocket of Bob's problems  
Up in the sky of the livingroom  
And someone brought in Susan  
The ideological affair she'd  
Been having with a beautiful  
Person in her women's group  
How she was starting  
To recognize her essential bi  
Sexuality how she really  
Dug men and women  
How Bob thought  
The women are right Isn't  
That someone at the door,  
One of the friends said, must  
Be them, they go  
Everywhere together these days  
And know all each  
Other's friends  
The friends  
Watched the door open  
And the three friends  
Walk in talking about  
Something with great passion

OFFICIAL VERSION

As time  
Goes by  
Becomes more  
And more  
Apparent that  
People I  
Know and love  
And have  
Learned to  
Know and  
Love when  
They ask that  
Demand that  
I be open  
And let myself  
Be emotionally  
Open mean  
That I  
Should be  
Open and me  
Be emotionally  
Open so  
That I  
Can be  
Moved around  
At will  
Not my will  
But someone  
Else's idea

Of how  
I should  
Be moving  
Through this  
Life through  
That  
And theirs  
And should  
Stay where  
Put since  
To do otherwise  
Contravenes  
The mutuality  
Of the situation  
And makes  
Me to be  
Guilty of  
Breaking the  
Rules of  
The relationship  
(And makes  
The person  
Opened to  
Angry with me)  
When I  
Catch on  
I have  
Nothing to do  
With drafting  
In the first  
Place  
My feeling

When  
That heart to  
Heart part  
Of the relationship  
Comes head  
To head  
What I do  
Is tell  
My friend  
Fuckoff  
And let  
Bullshit  
Rest at that

So much depends on William Carlos Williams. He wrote to save our lives like so many other men and women poets. It was brought to mind only last night, how poets must listen to every sound they hear and remember them and record them well. It's my mind that wishes to remember the good times. I had a good time last night when I went to a Chinese Restaurant with Alex who bought us each not one meal but three meals between us. It was so delicious and so was the conversation. The night started out at the West End Bar where the crowd hadn't yet arrived. I waited a good little bit for him and he arrived in a hurry. He was already smoking cigarettes when our conversation began.

It grew on the clock so we decided to walk a bit until we stumbled onto a good place to sit and swallow. He kept talking about Baskin Robbins, and I somehow felt we had to put that at rest. On the way Alex nearly fell over a patch of raspberries, that is, a display he ravenously spotted on a vegetable stand. Six boxes he bought and gave me one, maybe two. I knew he was a generous one with me, and he began to grow on me. He also bought me Portrait of the Artist by Joyce as he said my little poems reminded him of Joyce. He also said my poems did not bore him.

The Chinese Restaurant didn't have any music and it sounded almost uncivilized, I said. We soon found ourselves in the middle of a lot of mushrooms and some chicken snow-peas with chopsticks. The waiter wanted us to leave, but we wanted to stay. Alex said I looked beautiful. Also, that I looked like the Mona Lisa. I was intent on listening to him. I wondered how it felt for him to be a teacher and he said it's sometimes like being a parent.

Baskin Robbins was the next battlefield. I wondered how this would taste raspberries on whipped cream on hot fudge on fudge chocolate ice cream. It was somewhat a gold mine. I treasured every sip, like I treasured the moments of the night as they happened in sequence and would mark them in measure as they occurred and then again afterwards.

I remember the raspberries  
 They grew out of an offering  
     from a surprise fruit stand  
 Along the way to a sun burst meal.



The little brother  
The tall slender sister  
The out of the ordinary uncle  
The miserly father  
The miserable husband  
The gooney daughters  
The loud wife  
The lovely girl and her friend  
The lonely soul who filed in the room without his memory  
The ghostly  
The sour grape  
The moronic & memorable  
The beautiful, the stupid horrendous horrible  
The reasonable  
The affectionate  
The worrying  
The wise

The soap box  
The dance stand  
The music box  
The wandering mind  
-in the deep dark circuit of the telephone wire  
-lost somewhere holding an empty phone  
-dancing in a holy water  
-skimming the sea  
-crying for time  
-holding a tear drop  
-rattling the earth's surface  
-surface to the rock of Gibraltar  
-gravitating to the eye of the fun spirit  
-look up bright-eyed at the spirit skylight  
-roll around in comfort  
-come in & go out smiling and laughing at what you saw  
-forgetting what you saw and putting in a new house  
-moving to Switzerland in the picture folio  
-holding the landscape in the palm of your hand.  
-regurgitating all that doesn't taste good.  
-savoring the happy holidays when they pop out at Christmas  
and Easter (even if you're Jewish)  
-sticking your tongue out at Mr. Mean and Mrs. Stinking rotten  
-feeling happy in a pinch

I make a holiday for myself. I'm all drained out. Move over.  
I make a holiday for myself.

## DENISE

I fell in love with Denise, first time I ever saw her. It was on a summer night, 1975, in New York City. She was walking up Third Avenue, in her tight satin jeans and frilly sleeved blouse. Her hair is very long thick strawberry blonde, and that night the warm breeze took it away in honey-scented billows.

It could've been midnight anyplace in America, the cars were rolling by, the lights in the street were just turning on, some were blinking, I was blinking too, at Denise. Who is so beautiful, and has a great sly tiny pink-lipped mouth, sure sigh(n) of a great sucker. We nodded hello. Was I looking for a girl friend of her's, no, not really. I dug her swishy attitude, and the way her big eyes browsed my body, already interested.

She suggested we go to an afterhours joint she knew. It was sure dark in there. She lent me three dollars to get in with. The big, burly guy at the door knew her. She ordered a drink, and a coke for me. Immediately, she walked away from the bar, and into the shadows. My eyes just couldn't get accustomed to that darkness. I heard loud jukebox disco music, saw a few couples dancing The Bump. One big obvious queen in tight short orange dress, high heels, and dark opera hose, walking what she thought (probably weirded-out on television sexiness) was sexy, but looked dumb, slid over to my side, and instantly began playing with my fingers in my lap. "Buy me a drink," she asked. "No," I shrugged, "I'm with someone else." "Too Bad!" she grinned, and slid away. Some of her slime adhering to the bar, glowed. Boy, she was hot to trot.

Denise comes back, only now she's in a 30's-type knee-length silk dress, her hair is up in a bun, and I can see her ears and neck very plainly. She is something else, a regular midnight city vamp. Her neck is white, her flesh is scented with almonds, she's fingering a joint then takes a toke, inhaling the smoke deep within her lungs. I'd love to shove my tongue down that throat, and wiggle it into her lungs. Her dress hikes up as she sits on the bar stool. I see her thighs, and grinning unmercifully, they see me. I can't wait to suck them, feeling the smoothness of them with my broad warm tongue. She's very drunk, suddenly. And turning with a great flourish of her arm, she introduces me to a young Spanish fairy in a mini-skirt and high white platform boots. The little chick's eyes are flashing all over my bod, I almost feel little tongues anointing my head with oil. Her cup, surely, runs over. Denise jerks me around. She's really tipsy. I get her to go home with me. No big argument there. We kiss and hug tightly in the doorway of the midnight joint, to the cheers

and jeers of all residents of that dark romantic hole.

Outside, it's a workingman's morning. Trucks whiss past, and we hurry to the corner to grab a cab. I can't believe my good fortune to have found Denise unaccompanied. Drunker, she resembles Joey Heatherton, in face and coloring. She has wonderfully tough firm great pointed tits, whose nipples really stick out like grapes. I can't wait to chew on them. I'm now so stiff my pants are beginning to rip in the front. It's so obvious, but in New York City, of course, nobody gonna say nothing, less maybe you got a machinegun with you, or dig to bite them on the arm. I'm so involved with looking at Denise like she's some kind of wild game I'm gonna cook up at home. I can't wait to fuck her, and keep her wet for days. Until the daze sets in, then again, and again, until we just dissolve into one another. A complete merge that's what I crave. Denise gets me there on time.

At her hotel room, she has a big dog. She hurries and gets a bag full of stuff I know she'll never need at my place. New clothes, make-up, other kinds of things. I'm so horny by this time, that I'm almost in love with her. We finally go down to the street, rush two blocks to my place, get in, get our clothes off, and hop onto the waterbed. It seems a few seconds between running in the streets together, and hungrily exploring each other's faces with our mouths and tongues. She sits up, examining my penis, now almost to full erection length. She ogles my cock, fingering its long thick stiff giving shaft, the super vein running down the middle is pulsating hotly. Spitting on her hand, she rubs it all over the bobbing-side-to-side heavy crown of the eager hungry serpent. Spitting on the cock, raised to her mouth by one palm, she beginning to squench it with her hand, rubbing it, and alternately spitting more and more of her mouth's juice on it to further lubricate her holy activity. The pleasure surges through me. Her smile told me she was getting off. She had a marvellous distant look on her face. Her eyes glazed with alcohol, grass and sex-smells. Her mouth hung open slightly, revealing perfect teeth, and a huge impatient tongue.

She squirmed beneath me, getting at my asshole with her teeth, holding it widely apart as her tongue squeezed inside. Pulling me down, resting my ass on her chest, she took me into her mouth, nibbling on my cock's slit-mouth with her sharp teeth, and fingering my asshole, which was now very wet. As she sucked on my dick, she made the most delicious noises, groaning and moaning and wildly slurping at it. I tore the cock out of her mouth, and quickly bent down to suck at her lips with my own mouth. I bit her lips, and sucked on her tongue, and gently kissed her lips, now closed.

As I rose up, she fingered my cock at her asshole's eager thirsty cunt's lap, and crouching down in a sort of knee-bend position I thrust into her. She was very wet, and as I slid in easily, she arched her legs

backwards, making her roll slightly onto her shoulders, and I penetrated her very deeply, and she giggled. I came three times in three almost-simultaneous, flaring surges, that made me quake, cum, and shudder cumming again, and then again. It was so wet down in there, she thought for one moment we were swimming in a warm lovely careless ocean. I rose up then, with all my power welled-up within me, all my strength, and fucked her again, carrying all her weight on my crossed-leg lap. Sucking on her face, her cheeks, her eyelids, her hair (which cascaded down in strawberry blonde rivers of color in the dawn blue darkness), her open wet empty mouth.

We relaxed, finally. She gliding off to sleep. I into a nice pastel dream. To awake, two hours later, to find her licking my balls. What a pleasant surprise. We grasped hands, fingers clenching each other, pressed together, and shifting her entire body weight to directly above me, I brought up my ever-poised dong and injected her hinnie with another powerful onslaught. Watching her face shiver, quiver, and shake, alive with a desire I did not hesitate in admiring, physically. She licked her lips as I plunged deeper, slowly moving my rod in her toughening soft cave. Her legs were around my waist, and her moans almost brought me back from the dead.

Lovely Denise stayed a few more hours, then hurried off to another appointment. I haven't seen her since, but thought of her endlessly when I'm alone. Another angel of those midnight cities. Another goddess of the sheets, another hooker of the soul's streets.

Stunning strawberry blonde heats haunt this jolly corpse. Visions of sweetness, and blue-eyed sensation blown thru this world's pockets, I cannot ignore. Denise, is a creature of light, of sweetness, and of proud Nordic lather cums, and tiny sexy fingers, that know just how to illuminate my soul, with life,  
and the quick romance of the streets.

## FRENCH CLIMAX

the long beautiful muscle swoll up, stretching out to meet my tongue that immediately lapped at its thick grainy crown, taking off the small white liquidy bubble with ease as it suddenly appeared from its tiny slit-mouth. my own cock began to grow, & a new pair of lips enveloped me there, sucking me off so slowly & sensitively working me up to French Climax, as I repeated it upon the prick in my own mouth, making it my sole lover, my glorious concern. and we both came, trembling right down to our toes, straining to swallow it all coming out of my own cock into another mouth. ooh.

we change positions & I begin sucking one marvelous nipple as a strong pair of hands divides the cheeks of my ample golden ass, and inserts a thumb of lubrication creamy grease, & props me up on some pillows & slowly shoves in his stiff dick that hurts me slightly (but I love it so much!); & in front of me there's a juicy red-haired pussy, that's being held apart so it seems to be grinning sideways at my own wet shaft & it lowers into my lap, rising & pounding itself on top of my hungry cock & meanwhile I'm sucking on armpit hairs & drinking a combination of exotic saliva! ohh! a snapping turtle trio come raving out of my ass!

SEDUCED AND ABANDONED IN A HOLIDAY INN, IN HOLLYWOOD, I LAID half-dressed and hungry for a cock that'd do me good and bad. I laid there thinking of some stud who'd come down & get it on so early, I needed a great thick long fuck. My thighs ached to hug a guy's body between them, humping him good & strong, crying for his fingers up my straining spread ass halves, oh how I cried in desperate need. Then one call I made clicked. It was a hardhat I'd met once on the street, he took me on his lunch hour to a motel and cocked me good, he dug getting me to straddle him, while he was standing, then he'd really pump it to me. Once he took me to a sorta club that he and his friends on "the job", had. We danced, he really liked me to show off in front of his friends. I gave a few of them the old slutty licked lips routine. He took me in the back room and we fucked, then he left and brought back in a few of the other guys. They all took turns on me. I dug it. Really turned me on. Ah yes, he's coming over right now, I hope he brings a few of his friends because I'm really fired up. I feel so good, so hot, and whorey. Like I do when I dress up to the hilt, and phone out at my pad for pizza, and wait for the boy, and suck him off when he gets through oogling me in my silver maxi-mini, & long opera-length sheer black nylons, thin scarf halter fuzz, my hair so fine in beehive joyboy warp pussy grin. Spread out on the bed in my satin shortshorts, the nylons having been ripped off to the knee, my nipples are rosy pink and standing up straight, the fiber erect. As the buzz of the door hits my tushie with a grim smile, he enters seething with sweaty expectations and throws his cock into my mouth and rams me back on the silk sheets & rumpled coverlet to gasp & groan. The pulsating piledriving instrument glides down my throat ramming into my Adam's Apple, thick with creamy saliva lumps, rips out my taste buds with its grainy crown, and plunges right on thru to crowd all oxygen from my mouth tunnel to lungs heaving in lit bod. I'm biting his thighs, sucking on one of his enormous testicles, taking it wholly into my mouth and massaging it with my tongue, dragging a numb tooth over the little tender morsel, enjoying the wince that causes. The hot head being casually licked & caressed with loving care, the plunging subsiding as a climax scream tenderizes the back of my tongue as it recieves some warm juicy cum in a boiling twisting rage, that twists up the covers, and loosens my grasp on the infinite flames. He reversed my position and had me sit doggy fashion, plunging his cock deep with my pussy-asshole, already lubricated by sailor heavies, who came twice a piece and had fun licking their own cum off my chest. The hard-hat's cock dug deep and made me smile a wicked one, as we sweat, licking the salty beads as they fell to within range of our wagging tongues, then standing up in a full kneeling position, I got my tongue into his mouth. Straining my head backwards & pursuing his mouth past teeth & that tongue that sucked my own, oh so nice to be fucked & tongue-sucked backwards like the animals we are always needing to be reminded of this law of tongue & cock & naked thigh straining beneath biting mouth that pinches the flesh so tight & now his cock is broiling through my stomach. Then he falls into a dead sleep, so I get up and put back on my shortshorts, and whats left of my halter tanktop, fix up my hair somewhat, and phone downstairs for some coffee, wanting to entice somebody, anybody they send up is IT. Hardhat is out cold, he's played his ace, and checked out, and my vibrating tush needs a lot more stronger medicine to its horniness. I robot-dance strut to some silent imagined cosmic funky tune, digging my own body in the mirrored room, clicking bod on, getting my fantasy together.

GARY LENHART

AMERICA LIBRE

"nothing has spread socialistic feeling  
more than the use of the automobile..."

-Woodrow Wilson, 1906

They say neon lights are worth kisses  
But I'm happy as a flaw in my Oldsmobile 88 hardtop  
Near North Platte Nebraska  
Wahooed galore by stand up rock tequila  
Chicken or Ribs Bar-b-que on the Fourth  
Bucking horse cowboy band  
Sunset mountain palette solo  
Perfect LSD kids whose perfect mother runs by  
Awful bandanna on raffish

It's plutonium versus dope

Us mobile scurves need car love + quick cash  
Brusque Greedy Surgical Ripped  
A horde of mes & none to sleep in your garbage  
Ain't no business but a dangerous half-life  
Reflected in frank shorter sports  
Commerce after all with the inhabitants at the gas pumps  
Out-of-state paté heads drunk among hot shows  
Showered blank as sundry

Eternal Mao, Naropa 1000 years after  
Beat habit, Growl  
Whack intimates up  
Except in someone else's mind a mere gaggle  
Hanged with the tag, Beast Temple  
Turned into ocean god-forgot, gruesome  
The very bottom hammered away from the manifold, mechanic slave  
You on your dirty ordinary back

Loitering for a tortilla  
Picture a window with weather you can see  
Ponds in history since you've been gone  
& hail stones like gorillas push you around  
You see the lizard but not his belly  
Hear AM guitar on desert ether

I want to plug in passing thru, real charged

But this ain't Paradise it's a garden  
So down on your knees & weed

All morning we was & wiring mufflers  
Tomorrow maybe some art same as in New York  
Hustling for beans like very Mexican

Pueblo without breakfast say  
HAV' UM NICE DAY

On a billboard

This is the town Joe Hill got killed in

The way we're perfect  
I'd better put on my shirt  
Is my skin flying in the backseat  
Are we angels' pets



JOHN YAU

Shimmering Pediment

An overloaded circuit -- lightning  
Jammed the horizon, and for days  
The echoes remained in my eyes.  
But the brightest star is to begin  
Anywhere. "Among the peonies,"  
As an ancient Chinese poet wrote...

Near where the river pirouettes  
Past the airplane graveyard  
I wandered in as a child;  
A fenced-in-field; the broken  
Fuselages and crumpled wings  
Reclining like sunbathers in  
Haphazard rows of damaged magnificence.

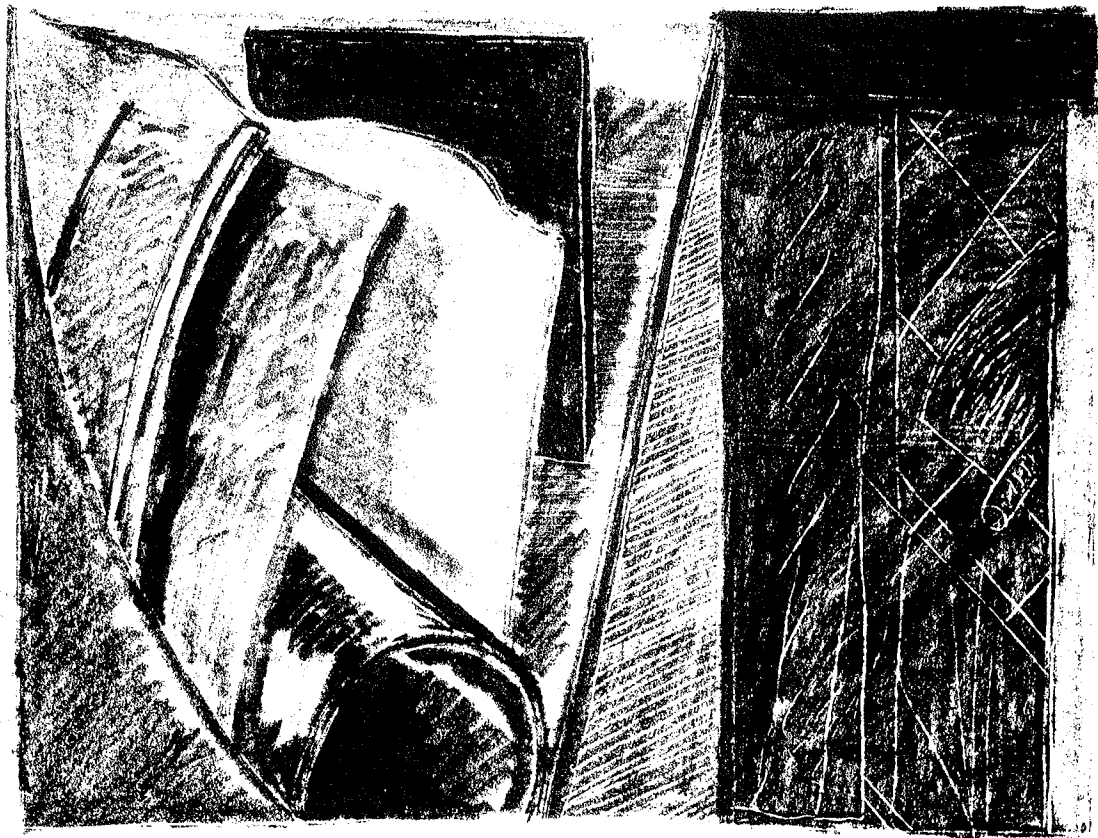
Actually, I never played on this knoll,  
Though I think somehow I must have.  
For around supper I felt compelled  
To return to that silent and empty  
Amphitheatre, my plane spiralling  
In a diminishing circle, as I flew  
Parallel to where I am now standing.

## A Gargoyle in the Garden

Around noon the women began strolling on deck, their lace dresses stretching tightly from the fifth rib to the bruised thigh. The sun was hot and bright by then, and pink and green parasols were spun in their white-gloved hands like wheels attached to all too earthly goddesses. Perfume penetrated the salt-laden air, and one could not help but collide with silent, but well meaning awnings the sky provided for the occasion. The ocean gently slapped its mirages against the sides of the hull. The orange sails dangled like curtains in an open window.

We had been waiting all night, tilted back and forth by the ocean's smooth blue muscles, a giant cradle rocking helplessly beneath the hapless stars.

I still remember the hair, wet and taunting, floating to the surface like gray porcelain hearts. Yet perhaps I peered through the curtains once too often, so that what I am really remembering is an opera I once saw in Florence -- the streetlamps glowing with tender frustration against the harsh city. And perhaps I was even unlucky to survive. For that is how I got to be a gargoyle in the garden. A monumental mass of misshapen bones and muscles. A hideous lump waiting and watching. Pondering the next impossible step.



Internal Rime

In back of your personality  
is a green tree  
upon which grow your dreams  
into which flows your sex  
outside of all this is you growing hair.

You can barely hear it.  
If a wind rustles by  
you hear a singing in the skies.  
Clouds sail past like sheep boats  
and everyone knows what those are.

Or

in back of your personality  
may be something different.  
I would never dream to  
be a dictator, tyrannical

...so you might have a singing tree  
bright yellow apple or  
a bunch of blue grapes.  
I do not pretend to be wise or visionary.

I know what I think would be pretty  
inside of me.

## Exploding the Spring Mystique

Good Morning, World! Captain Eileen here  
At her little morning desk  
Dying to tell you at the crack of dawn  
How dearly she hates it  
How Spring truly sucks.

Here we have it outside my morning window  
Birds twittering, buds newly greening on perky branches  
"Tweet," another fucking bird.

And I had to go through a whole night to get here.  
That's the part that's really hard to swallow.  
I had to lie awake for hours thinking of how I hate just about  
Every man, woman and child who walks the face of this earth  
Myself included, I find self-hate extremely motivating

I thought of everyone I've ever fucked or wanted to and  
Thought how unrewarding it was. "Can't take it with you!"  
Like they say.  
I thought of the conversations I've had.  
Nearly the mystery was unravelled in 1962.  
Then in 64, 67, 72, 73, and 74. And those were the transcendent  
Conversations. Not to mention the warm friendly variety, or  
The pitiful confessional motif. Both of you  
Pour out your sorrows and feel instantly better.  
"And I thought I was fucked up!" each thinks.

I thought of my dreams of becoming a great poet & then I thought of  
My poet friends who dream no differently. I thought of my  
Poet friends and how they have no right to live within  
Their revolting egocentric realities uniquely expressed in  
Syntax all their own and then they print their own poems  
In their own little magazines.  
Was it Marlon Brando who said, "Looking up the asshole of death."  
Anyhow, by 35 most poets either can't do it anymore  
Or have ruined their lives or the lives of others or have  
Simply realized that all of it was a farce.  
Suddenly struck at 35 by the genuinely mediocre fact of your life  
Which previously stood as a backdrop to the cosmos or culture  
And now...Har, Har, Middle-Aged Poet!  
Jokes on you. Broke and not very good-looking.

Though I don't plan to stop at this moment.  
Sure, I hate my friends and they hate me and theres no one around to  
Fuck except the ones who won't fuck me and they like to torture me  
And I like it-- my poems keep getting better and better.  
But the fact is  
If I am no longer a poet, then I will have to face being a useless and  
Mediocre human being now, rather than when I'm 35, as is the norm.  
35 will be terrifying.  
A) Unless dead or raving mad or abandoned with a large shopping bag  
And a pint of Wild Irish Rose, I will be B) teaching a work-shop  
or C) penning a villanelle, as one poet puts it, or  
D) just taking a shit and suddenly the joke will be swarming all  
Around me, a nettle of fears and doubts, cold icy sweat, perhaps  
I'll be standing on a stage reading a fucking sonnet and  
Whomp! "Your life is meaningless! This is the last message!"

"What, What...." I'll mutter, swinging my arm around spastically  
But I know what it means: "You blew it, Baby It was a joke."  
So I go home to my lover (If I'm that fucking lucky when I'm  
35...Why should it start then? But listen, this is the clincher...)

I go home to my lover, who's of course in her early 20s  
A younger Poet. Theres a note on my pillow  
Sorry, Honey, you peaked.  
Arrrgh! I shriek at the heavens.  
All those years I chortled at men: Ha! You guys are done in  
At 18. Your "prime." We women don't peak until 35.  
I collapse on my bed, a sexual and artistic homicide.  
Though still breathing, and it is Spring.

HBO

Looking up into the sky  
In my existential manner  
Hey Stars! Look at me!  
I'm badly in need of advice  
My life is either drab or  
Vividly lurid  
Interpretation leads into a tome  
So many yellowed pages and I don't have  
The time  
Chirp down on me like bright birds  
Utter truth is a giant goof  
Some blanket-like calm is in the offing.  
As well as your sparklings....

You writing to me from centuries away.

Till Death Do Us Part

was filled by RD Laing  
Cream and if  
only I could get on that bus  
and go away.  
Love never sang nor ever  
sometimes I felt quite mad.

But often I was excited  
there were things I thought  
were everything But of course  
they weren't everything.

But everything wasn't something  
I let go of Shapeless  
but imploring  
I picked up pricks & books  
no, books & pricks.



Angel Punk

What I really like to do is go home  
and wipe the world off my face  
a silken robe and a quick pome.  
5 o'clock is gorgeous with its deepening blues and  
flash of sky blue pink

I'm so alarmed by my procrastination  
I've lost my memory I'm unable to paint.

Where would you like to take me?

I'm Annic Oakley

I love your shirt I confess to his pockets  
or someone ties me up in scarves and we tear off  
to join the gypsies.

Pennies fascinating, I pick them up all day  
between bird glimpses  
I feel tamed

by benevolence sloth and ambiguity.

Really I'm sort of lying around waiting for Joan of Arc  
in her old white Porsche  
bottle of Remy  
I have strictly monetary dreams.  
In real life of course I'm totally into kindness  
its sort of the hammock of ambition.

I persist in renaming you over bowl of black  
bean soup  
symptomatically bored by the present and  
I like it better when I write your name  
all over bathrooms erasing and laughing

---Angel Punk! The Fourth of July comes  
and so do we. I see masturbation go down the drain  
and my clean well-lit life.

May Rain

Millions of boxes alongside the A & P make  
me nostalgic for something

Soft purple shirt or dribbles  
of rain or

buckets of rain falling  
down you fall in love  
with the person  
you're falling with. Dry ground

returning like a clean view of things  
"This windshield is my sunglasses and in them I feel

bouncing music  
and shoulders loosens

world were a big massage.  
Big big hands as compared to particular  
hands.

Here, I've got a sincere purpose  
in running horizontally in my warmest purposes, you  
are always laughing in your eyes though  
it is impossible to understand Some nights

lights are so incredible  
I want to slip off inside someone elses  
hands

Is that how you feel...  
So why am I listening to the rain?

STEVEN HALL

Sold

Tamarinds are stays behind a fan  
Why didn't I think of that?  
Wait I'll bring your shoes in  
You are hopeless, I was right

At the end of the world a bitten ear  
The end of the world being Montreal  
A sudden wind cancels everything out  
Breaking into two main sections

Coming to rest against my building  
The matter changes its mind  
Turns into an abandoned warehouse  
Leafing a truck

Thank you for the Canadian pen  
And ink drawing

Olympic Rings

A history of readings, it's how you do it  
Allusion, ornament as crime, how you do it  
One proceeds by quotation and evocation  
In the New York of our minds

The evented use of glass tubing  
You can paint on a building, it's how you do it  
He turned on his house because he was rich  
Real people dying in real ecstasy

When you are travelling you promote yourself  
To the German Pavillion in Barcelona  
We spend ourselves on a century of columns  
Infill now we have it made

Preferably gesturing you are my arcade  
It's this, it's how you do it

The South End

I'll let a plane be my wings if it's too far to walk  
What are postage stamps on my eyes until I find you  
We will stand in the woods like two computers, feeling  
Like air conditioners at full blast, just feeling,

Nothing more than. I plan my day like a salad, toss  
A fork in the air and where it lands go, dressing on the way.  
Today it is Fort McClellan, Alabama which I turn to  
On my magic carpet, testing the wind with a wet finger.

The others are in the dullest holding pattern.  
Since I took the scab off my nipple it's been a bit pale.  
I'm not going to wear this ancient hair shirt anymore  
A friend is getting me something more appropriate.

Imagine being jealous  
Of a piece of metal.

## I AM THE SUN

Maybe books or flowers,  
 A kid's mess, Romantic Poets—  
 Do you know who I am?  
 Sun through clouds—  
 Legitimate brightly,  
 Today briefly now too,  
 My hand a shadow  
 Whose light is poison to rain.  
 Steam heat— a serpent's breath;  
 I die my little deaths behind clouds,  
 Then I come out to dance on the water;  
 And I just made this pen silver again.  
 I am a quality of all your lovers  
 And wonders and actual heat.  
 The clouds are violet.  
 The leaves inside are green inside,  
 And all your words for nothing.

Don't touch me  
 I'll still burn you,  
 But I'll make your room an arboretum,  
 Your traffic colors from air.  
 I'll make all the walkers religious  
 To see me,  
 And banish their asthma and shrouds.  
 I'll make hers the only great outfit;  
 Everyone in town's got one like it.

I'm the moon's collateral too,  
 And all the stormy incense.  
 I keep the ranges of snowy cathedrals  
 Mirrors of mountains in flame,  
 Who launches your light in tandem  
 Of days,  
 Sets your spring in the axis cradle,  
 And rocks you forever  
 In the arms of my praise.

It's as if you had leapt up to see me  
 Great cities,  
 Like the red coleus in windows' exposure.

I remember you initially ancient agrarians--  
Down on your knees as you kneaded the soil,  
Asking my bounty of me.  
I've seen history rise from the human foil--  
In Troy, in Sparta, in Peloponnesia,  
Having to supply light for those wars--  
Again and again you sorely misuse me.

Those kept in the depths of the Bastille  
Who died deprived of my light  
Are now swirling around me in luminous bodies  
Their jailers are buried in the black holes of the night.

I've tried to show you and you just won't learn.  
Stop using me as a spotlight to kill in;  
Or I'll turn my face to space to burn.

Now I bronze the hard shoulders of convicts  
Shovelling sand on hot tar outside Shannon.  
On women surfing off the shores of Australia  
I come down on equally to tan.

I figure in the desert's minute condensation;  
Where the cactus in armor denies me its water,  
And indian ponies once ran.

I crack the mud where there once was a river,  
Where elephants sip moisture through  
The straws of their trunks,  
And natives still kill white goats  
To appease me.

To adepts who looked at me unblinking for hours  
I gave insight and headaches of bliss.  
Sioux warriors to praise me underwent the test  
Of hanging suspended by eagle claws  
Pinned to their chest;  
Their souls shot like arrows straight to me.  
Many braved privations so I'd give them a vision.  
Egyptians believed I was eternally approached  
By a caravan from the land of the dead;  
& God transformed me into a universe of Love  
When a beam of me shone in the ground glass  
Of Spinoza.

And you who think I'm without a mist of rain or past—  
I was here in the ages before yours,  
And took part in the upheavals that ended  
Their spans;  
I'll also be here through the last.  
Before your souls were I was part of this  
Vastness.  
I was Athene's lover before this.  
Know I'm not a province solely of science.  
I was made in a way you could never explain.

I'm over the growing of alfalfa and corn,  
Over orange groves where heaters deport frost.  
In a Connecticut backyard old ghosts  
Walk lost, forlorn;  
As I see carrots being born.

And from this vantage cloud convoys  
Move slowly below me,  
Some carrying fallout from Asia.  
Lord let those rain-filled ones be for the  
African drought—  
The crops are failing,  
The villagers are dying;  
As an antelope paws the ground  
Vultures are flying,  
Waiting for its death in the sky.

In the Soviet Union old women  
And men gather wheat  
Where they turned back an invasion  
Three decades before.  
If not for them and theirs' they lost  
Death with his/her combine would've claimed more—  
Now they're singing in the auburn fields.

On Saturday afternoon at a stadium  
In Autumn,  
Players blacken their eyes against my glare.  
A punt hits its zenith eclipsing my light—  
Flashes of color as the action unfolds there.  
And outside they are raking their lawns,  
Stuffing gold leaves into green plastic bags.  
The tacklers come on bold as winter.



I fall across Susanne's bare shoulders  
At a hotel in Acapulco  
Where she sleeps past her lover,  
Next to a lamp still on  
And a battlefield of clothes on the floor.  
At noon she'll go walking as I cover  
The sidewalk,  
And look to me once more.  
On her vacations she wants me.

I'm over the Atlantic on the tanker "Multina"  
With its cargo of calico today.  
Men in blue pea coats are lining the rails  
As I describe highlights  
On the parade of white water.

A boy with ice skates walks—  
There are wreaths in the windows he passes;  
I see his blue scarf and silver breath  
That steams his wire-rimmed glasses.

In Paris my light under bridges  
Is casting images of boats on the Seine.  
It conjures the palette and spectrum of rain.  
It carbonates white wine in the outdoor cafes.  
It's bounding off plazas in Italy also,  
Where slick-haired boys wear dark green glasses,  
Not not to see me  
But in the interest of fashion.

As tourists photograph pigeons near fountains  
I am in Hong Kong open air markets,  
Lulled by the endless buzzing of flies.  
I close my eyes—  
And in a flash I'm in a meter maid's badge  
In Des Moines  
Where farmers in pick-ups cruise up Main  
As if they were driving tractors.

And I perform gladly for the first  
White lilacs  
Even as remnants of snow still remain  
Where spring comes late to the edge  
Of the woods  
On the outskirts of St. Agatha, Maine.

Below in Kentucky the coal miners on strike  
Are playing pool in bars perusing my light—  
One says to a reporter, "I'm jus' sittin' here pretty  
Watchin' the sun and the snow."

In Manhattan after three days clouds  
A secretary looks out to behold me.  
Play of light on Broadway breaks and fails  
As cyclists race the road in Wales  
(I officiate silently above).  
I also hide behind poplars as lovers embrace;  
I make the shadows a glade for their love.

In Chicago I project through an el's  
Moving windows;  
The commuters' silhouettes are the stars  
Of my day.

Beneath the trestle an old woman  
Is walking bundled against me.  
Summers ago I made her face irreproachable and dark.  
Now to feed the pigeons old bread  
Through the almost adhesive melting snows  
She walks defensively bent to the park.

And Cincinnati is a squat grey city  
As the Yellow River flows down to the Yellow Sea.

In Iowa in his undershirt he stands  
At the window,  
Unemployed in his house of the fading facade;  
He watches the train hustle on to Wyoming,  
With the wreck of an old Chevy in his yard.

I am shining on Finland  
Where reindeer across a tundra of  
Militant flowers elope  
Down a slope of gold grass to the river.

And the green goddess walks on the water  
Of a warmer clime.  
This afternoon over the empire state  
I am watching the shadows' impeccable mime  
Of dockworkers unloading freight.

At three o'clock the garment district  
Is half shadow half light and proud,  
Planes sew pink and gold clouds  
Stripping the ozone and loud.

Mrs. Carmenza just getting up  
Does piecework in the factory at night.  
Her son playing with crayons now  
Looks for a second out at my light  
And goes back to drawing his cow.

O to live if only briefly  
Without an overview of everything,  
To never have to finally arrive  
In Kuala Lumpur where it is raining today  
As black sedans ambulate diplomats away  
Due to invading monsoons.

Everywhere people of earth  
One day I must expand and consume you.  
Please bear down and do what you were given  
To do.  
You have to try and work together.

Now I punch your hours in dusk's variant  
Timeclock.  
As you speak of the day leaving factories  
Swift birds sweep the sky  
Over cities exhaust has made dim—  
Nothing is moving,  
The cars are backed up and the drivers are  
Fuming.

In Wisconsin they drink bourbon  
And watch me go out beyond the boathouse.  
To swim before dinner  
A man walks down to the lake  
With a green towel around his shoulders.

In the Dakota Badlands  
My last light graces boulders.  
I am carried away by an unknowable wind.

At dawn a woman wakes up  
In her room over Times Square alone.  
The one she met and loved last night  
Has left her some money and gone.

The newspaper trucks are on their way.  
When in Yemen the call comes to pray  
The bakers are already earning their pay.  
Here the all-night police are getting ready  
To go home and sleep through the day  
As workers make time through the subway's  
Blue lightning,  
And run up the steps where the local  
Has left them.

Oh yes, God bless Copernicus  
For perceiving my rightful place.  
I am orbits' fire  
Central to the planets in space.

And now I am for sure the one  
Who's lighting up windows of laundromats  
Tomorrow,  
Where we bring our clothes to be done.  
Anselm and Edmund are where I was  
And seeing you too today.  
All day long I play hide and seek with the clouds,  
While trying to dry laundry in the yards of New Jersey  
Until someone in San Juan takes me away.

GREGORY MASTERS

A bus without me, the need to do laundry  
These are a few of my favorite things  
A letter to Lynn to be written. Dear Lynn,

Santa Fe is the next stop and I'll be there.  
Forget me not. You live in me like the soul  
Of a dead loved one but you're alive

But could just as well be dead so far away. So,  
Write me. That'd be great. And remember  
I'm here too, waiting for you amidst everything else.

Love, Greg. And I went on till about here.  
Where and when the music stopped  
Which is when I got up to do something

Unremarkable, and it's taken me 2 or 3 months  
To get back to this letter, which is the way it is, here.

Yesterday's dinner in Hackensack, and today  
With part of that and what went with it lingers  
Moonlit grandma and a mushroom cap

Placed before me by a clean man  
Some talking here and there, I overhear  
'He had a big job in Argentina'

23rd St., a phone call and no museum  
It's a new day.  
A plane happens, the radiator's uncontained.

A nap might just be the thing is what  
I say. Lunch was good.  
Perfect.

When I'm dead, that's something else,  
Pasternak said.

JIM BRODEY

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

You  
Drew  
Me  
In  
to  
your eyes, I bathed there  
In them,  
happy, safe.

So Blue!  
Flakes of blue  
& green  
Run riot  
Against this rainy head  
Almost too blue  
To survive.

Vacant blue, in whose eyes, I  
first saw.....  
.... AND THEN  
the trap door  
Slammed on my hand.  
To run  
A finger along your form,  
And smell your smells,  
The one or two  
that  
Make life wonderous, tho  
You hardly think so.

In such hunger our bodies  
Ache for this singular toughness  
this gentleness  
that  
Swells to verge  
and burn  
To merge,  
Beaming aboard  
one ton  
Of perfect You-ness, teeming  
With rainbows,  
a new continent  
A blue I get lost in, eyelids,  
Smoke, frothy sirens, body music.







Ending up a slightly salted residue  
on lips  
that blaze  
Just beyond my reach in this night  
we swim through,  
To have the power to change  
and follow the blue steam  
Out a nose  
I can sniff your luminosity with  
& make me smoulder  
As you, throwing words  
and drifting on, smiling seriously  
Amidst fluffy anthems  
that are strewn aloft,  
windy  
Spices of any imagined afternoon's  
snuffing of the blues  
We swim into and out of like travelling through  
darkness  
Into the light, moving through air, dancing  
in a circle  
That's been spun from scented dreams  
turning into diamonds  
Which spin glimpses of thigh  
to slash at my sleepiness  
And tingle  
as we burn  
yellow fiber  
on red muscle, always  
Searching  
an immediate distance  
clothed in your eyes.

You are my coffee  
in a lightly sweeten'd breeze  
off  
This gulf  
we form  
with the music  
of our eyes.  
This, newest of breaths.

6 - 14 - 78

Brodey/47

MELD, TO CHARLES BERNSTEIN, AND THE WEST SIDE WALL OF WORDS

When we're americans, rejoyce.  
Then feed us.

Everywhere one goes, media  
taking little "hits" off an exploitation  
On the tip of a pen, on the tip of a very long soft tongue,  
on the edge of a chair, a razor blade, a donkey's ass,  
the horizon constantly moving away, or amusingly  
men die by fork and woman nourish visions  
in, breathing in perfect Chicago stillness, a cadence  
rarely fathomed beyond two furlongs  
Colorless profusion that takes on scope  
into the poems, once more  
towards relaxation, and another hit. Infinity lisps  
the nose of an oreo cookie  
while tooting it's little toy trumpet  
trying to cheer up the ocean, guiding sentences  
in here  
to drive  
storefronts, raving gay on acid, guiding a lip  
restoring gentleness against all that dark.  
sensitive stuff, like when the gigantic CHARLESTON CHEW  
roaring down the Interstate with a near-heavenly  
faster than birds can fly, blues in the elbow macaroni,  
pee stains on the freezin' morning clothes.

POSTMARKED POCATELLO

It's crazy here (where the car  
broke down) but the moon from my  
room is a pearl on the cracked  
shell of nite. I have no money  
but I have met a woman who lets me  
stay with her & I chop her wood.  
I know you two would get along good.  
Seems like I've been gone pretty long.  
Yesterday the first snow finished  
off the fall. The air here is per-  
fectly clear like a pedal steel  
guitar. You must'nt worry about me.  
I miss you ever. With luck I'll  
see you in June & we can laugh  
away the hours. I'll bring back  
a stolen pearl. Miss you ever.



background got nothing on this Jack. "I am the law."  
Some laws are higher than others & so am I high in  
the no sun Sunday - sky the color of your eyes. High  
enough to be your grandmother on this no-bars-held  
gold by these golden fields reeling by - the inevitable  
color of your clear eyes.

WATCH FOR

ICE

ON BRIDGE

Flames follow in your tracks - what the Hell - so will I.

ALLEN GINSBERG

Journals

Oct 16, 1977---Plane to Oahu---

MacArthur and Truman talking in silent movie on plane wall  
...ghosts go on talking everywhere on earth, in the air, on screens  
in homes, in drive-in theaters, on cassette tapes--mouths move silent  
...history repeats itself...Valentino still whispers "I love you"  
...Chaplin sings "Farina my Wheatena", Hitler screams to  
the Jews, Ma Rainey singing CC Rider...

What's Dead

Clouds are dead

Movies dead shadows

ocean 40% Dead says expert J. Costeau

Shakespeare, Rimbaud Dead,

Alla Nazimova dead,

Walt Disney, Buck Rogers, Hollywood deceased

Sophocles Passed away

Napoleon obituaried in 1822

Queen Liliuokalani passed on to her reward

Chief Joseph buried in Washington

MacArthur who wanted to blow up the atombomb in China

Eisenhower and Xerxes who led armies to the grave

The skeleton Man in the Barnum & Bailey Circus Freakshow

quiet in his Coffin

the Cat that played in the basement Paterson New Jersey 1936

when I was ten

and the Lindbergh baby was found dead in a swamp of Laundry

Louis dear father Fisheye tombstoned

with a riddle in the rain

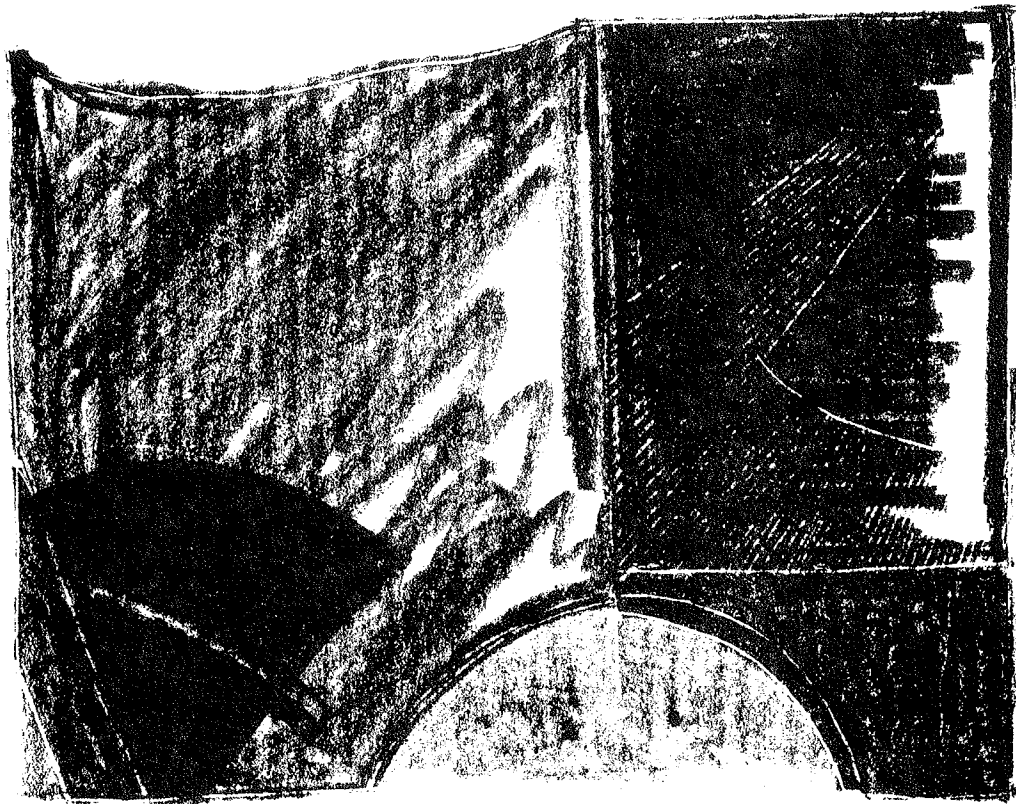
Jesus Christ for all his assumption, dust & bone in

this world

Buddha relieved of his body, empty vehicle parked &  
noiseless  
Allah a silent word in a book, a Cry on the muezzin lips  
of the man in the tower  
Moses not even in the promised land, just dead.  
Tickertape for heroes, clods of dirt for forgotten grandpas  
Television ghosts stalk the living room & bed chamber  
Bing Crosby, Elvis Presley, Groucho Marx, Einstein,  
Mayakovsky, Naomi Ginsberg, Isadora Duncan,  
Jack Kerouac the Poet, Jimmie Dean the young actor,  
Boris Karloff the old Frankenstein,  
Celebrities & Nonentities, all set apart & absent from  
their paths  
These were the musings of the Dharma student Allen Ginsberg

Oct 16, 1977





EDISON TOWERS

for Alice Notley

the blandishment of purple rose  
into the winter air like a cloud  
with thorns to project the viewer  
move the flower over to release the leaf  
The Building Of Empire State a red  
and yellow bloom in the evening  
the electricity conducts a current for me to  
think about you the way you are plugged in  
and after the many scorpio births we have Thanksgiving

in the new Grey Fox On Bread and Poetry  
Philip Whalen: Sure. The connection or whatever you want  
to call it --- is to music, as far as I can see. Not necessarily  
to metric, or to anything else, except as it relates  
to a musical experience, a musical feeling, in the line,  
happening between the words, or happening as the poetic line---  
it's a musical shot for me.

and now as we turn to look at each other  
the face is not strange but intentions  
need to be reread so points as in the stock exchange  
drop to grow out this daily minute  
by black and white print the score is increased  
but the decor fell off the wall again

the weaver perplexedly strums his cane  
the sound, his knuckles pop, half to his heart  
half to his ears his mind sees the shape  
he wants to make the connection to  
music winds up the inner canal  
from this view at the corner  
the middle period is an invitation  
broad with terror  
inflexible with faith  
the high point of the between!  
we will never be done picking a language

sometimes a person walks in your life  
like a two story reflection across the street  
Noon Edison Towers! I see two of you  
where before I saw only one

july 10 / november 16 '77

TRIPLE REVERSE

roof out and over the black envelope  
shades the indefinite roof  
Hey where were you when?  
the lights went out  
when you are asked  
you must go  
something else (?) a monitor  
creapt away  
stealing a purple glow under the door

the blue in gas  
remains untortured  
by street lights

the daily  
walk  
don't walk flashing  
inside of itself  
the day lit in terrible heat  
a true consumption of it  
boiling the door in oil

without you i am broke  
my checks won't even  
bounce  
a turkey slowly unfreezes  
in the freezer  
everything off  
a burr sits on the edge of town

the nature of light  
to shade  
is like the eyes  
to the nose  
no ability to see  
below it  
to see what you breathe  
the dark of night falls from heaven  
as light beams  
through a thunder head  
step into the light  
if you can stand the heat  
there love will hand you  
your next assignment

I find the crusty garment  
    cracking coal dust  
skyward-bound the energy  
    leaps

Jeff says when it comes back  
    it will be radioactive  
do you care about the direction  
    you spin  
so long as you do the spinning  
your last one hundred thoughts  
100, 99, 98, 97, ...  
come back  
    & then it's "off the chart"

and in this dark sup  
    my friend you will not  
be alone  
    this ad that we have outgrown  
the wonder years  
    on retreads  
sails off like Columbus  
    doing the wrong thing  
for the wrong reason  
and in the end  
    dearly paying  
the rate of what's fare

july 14 '77

DOES THE AIR GO TO WORK?

in a tire, in a tube  
a balloon, an iron lung  
pneumatic drill, cooking off-  
beat soup in a horn  
yogi engine        siren scam!  
smoke through a pipe  
                  suck out a cigarette  
hold an airliner high  
carry a rock to your head  
make a fan not silly  
put music to ear  
store the sunny heat of day  
stop a snowflake in your gaze  
& then there is that certain air  
you have when you tilt your head  
                  a nodding yes

july 27 '77

HE JUST BLEATS

the mother of the new  
the mother of the mother of the new  
and the new  
    resting on beds  
one sleeping  
    the new sucking  
        the one still startled  
quiet on gray tears on the blue sheet  
weeping for the simplicity a week before  
and the plain roundness that drips  
    upon the Earth  
and the sleep that poured out  
    laying useless on the rug  
wrinkles its tummy and waves  
    the herded lambs under the bed  
baa at him    baa at him    baa at him

may 6 '78

PHILOSOPHY THE AIR

so to live  
to start over

petal of burning bush  
reflection at window  
gardenia pink flames

rainbow in evening sky  
one end on Queens  
the end on Brooklyn  
so I have to go on 53rd Street to  
pick up a toy  
"what's yr grandma making in the kitchen?"  
early buzzes of insanity  
and humorous new voices  
"I knew I was gonna have a tough guy"

a portable amount  
the mobile

something to hang over with music box

not two weeks yet not alone

I never wonder what's in the store  
of the future  
I sometimes think I know  
I have bought violence  
from the already bought  
I give it away, little babe  
a real measure  
thrashing off  
covers  
He is to me at first like a new pronoun  
an expression of the same as We

ALI AH

that's up & up  
before him I was nervous  
coming out  
somehow sexually  
a profound confusion!  
& now still dazed but with added solidity  
a part just looking for earth  
to lie down  
shudder the thought  
the private horror not bottled  
up and contained  
in my plot he comes to show me  
his way out of my nightmare

I may follow and lead  
like clever Virgil  
and then to him I might be dusty clods  
freshly packed to hold him on Earth  
til I be air in we & he soars

last night I still had same dreams  
so success can carry something to the grave  
a bright rain off the ocean beads on the windows  
Mother's Day flowers in May lilacs  
how truly bilingual is purple  
    & a flirt  
magnified shine through water bright  
drenching colors where they lie  
Brilliant Corners over the radio  
yesterday by Passaic Falls  
I took a leak behind an empty warehouse  
the beautiful mist fills so the poetry  
and the pebbles looked agelessly pissed on

may 14 '78



POEM ON PAPER WITH HOLE ON TOP

today I was singing "you see it  
& you bite it" over and over  
til Shelly made me stop because  
her other teat wouldn't  
and he cares not for fig or fortune  
his mouth a perfect O  
that sucks abandonment out  
and sweet white milk in  
when I first leaned myself over  
and tasted the sticky flow  
a jolt rocked my cortex  
and memory lighted a path to  
twentyseven years ago  
I was surprised to hear my mother say  
I sucked at her breasts  
I figured since I had been induced  
so the doctor could go to Florida  
as planned the next day  
that my mother wouldn't lactate  
it doesn't make sense and she did in  
any case and another forgotten childhood  
memory sprang up in my way  
I remembered when fairly small  
being in a neighbor's house with a mother  
and infant and she pulled her breast out  
to nurse while I watched and now I remember  
her beautiful breast  
I treasured this privilege through childhood  
but let it rest till recently

may 17 '78