MAG CITY 9

MAG CITY 9

Editors: Gary Lenhart
Michael Scholnick
Greg Masters

Mag City
437 E. 12 St. #26
NYC, NY
10009

Made possible by a grant from the Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines which it has made through funds received from the National Endowment for the Arts and from the NY State Council on the Arts.

$2

JAMES SCHUYLER

Going Out To Dinner

Wish it didn't involve a cab
the costs, the costs! "Do
you ever stock the rose
called Sterling Silver?"
"Sometimes." "How much?"
"Two dollars a rose." I get
out of there fast, clutching
my bunch of red-edged
lemon carnations. Love that
scent. Not quite as much
as freesias, which they have
hybridized out of recognition
fat and double. Why can't
they leave flowers alone?
I need uncostly cabs and
flowers, but rare, rare.

August first, 1974

was yesterday. I went out in the yard in back today. I didn't stay: too hot for comfort even under the apple trees hung - smothered in fact - by Concord grape vines, unpruned, run rampant. But then, my step-father, the gardener is dead. The garden that he took such pride in isn't much really anymore. I don't mind it this way. It's dry (rain predicted) and from this desk it used to be, say, more than thirty years ago, you could look right down the valley that leads to Olean. Now, in August, the leaves of young trees across the street hide all that view of uncultivated fields where sometimes a horse would unexpectedly appear: Jim Westland's. Jim's dead too, and Katherine, his wife. So kind to me when I was in my teens. A hot breath of wind stirs a white voile curtain: or are they organdy or net? It couldn't matter less. Below the window a taxus hedge: Japanese yew, so popular for foundation plantings in suburbs and small towns. Qualunque: commonplace. I like a house to rise up naked from the ground it stands on. Oh, honestly I don't much care one way or the other. And what's that small purple flowered weed or wild flower that grows in grass, making something like a herb lawn? Typing this makes me sweat. No more today. You see, I'm waiting.

GREG MASTERS

I'dve thought the new fresh beginning I've been
anticipating would get here already
Some people say things so assuredly
As if everything were scientific & I've been
reading the wrong trade journals
I dig out a car from under the sand at the border
and drive it smugglingly towards you, who've
for so long had answers which were sauce
on the weekends of my doubt. How can you sit
on the other end of the phone line which
connects our boroughs, calmly like a fresh garden pea
and pronounce these terrifying one step recipes
I go off to work & maybe my co-workers wonder about
my long silences between our shared tasks & conversation
Nah, they don't care too much that I have knot-in-the-
stomach producing doubts, they bring me back tea
from their break so that half hour is improved
Then, like every day, it has to go and become night
and I see myself passing on the sidewalk uptown at
the reading, going by singing real 19th Century:
"Every day's another night that you spend out of my sight"
I wrote that line as part of a song at college which I
never finished and for an entirely different woman and
though it completes some need for form in my life, my
finally getting to use a good line from an old almost
forgotten fragment in a new appreciative context,
the whole premise still holds: I've always been miserable.
Plummeting everywhere. In movie theaters it'd gell around
me and I'd be alone in the night. Pants with holes in the
crotch or knees lie folded perpetually as testament.
Rocket ships on their launching pads anticipate some hum
in my brain to space. If they'd take me to a planet
of praise I'd stay years till that too became an
evening's stained menu. So tell me Matthew Green,
how I should myself demean in stormy world
to live serene (lines 40 & 41 of his 'The Spleen')?

SUSAN NOEL

Valentine

My darling tonight
Our salads are tiny
I think you must have thrown
Out the new spinach
& saved the old
Is that exactly wrong?
You are approaching me in an uncalled for manner
Accompanied by angels
Singing before dinner

I am the littlest angel
Striving to earn my wings
It can get tedious
& make the tea lose fortitude
You know this
You are in there
You taunt me into unannounced action
You call for silence
You smile like a tulip, defiantly red
These are my reasons for twinkling

Our comfortable hissing remembers a time
When one had not heard of endive
When one had not lived through a good cracking
The walls are full of pride
Angels from the realms of glory
Strum their hearts of coal

Dish It Out

I'm going to take the pink one every time
I'm going to find the bench in what you say
Can't we get some meat into these intentions?
I can make a note about the way it fell
About the way one day one caves in
About the delight in having no outline
No presentation by the time the corner
Gets to you you're moving at the rate
Of your eyes. And there's a catch
You can have what you want
When I say you I make a little wagon
Out of nothing and fill it up
With things I never meant to think
Much less say, all wrong this rightness
At every table
There's the matter of these tables
Making an archipelago out of desire
(To have forgotten desire and to be reminded
By an arrangement of furniture)
It gets to be a matter of choice
You have to get to the right table
You have to take the pink one

LORNA SMEDMAN

10-7

Dozing after alarm, bolt
out of bed, rudely wake David up,
then three more people by phone.
No time for bath or cup
of coffee, all advantage lost
buying Sunday Times last night.
We run to see apartments that cost
too much. No stove alright
with him, no hot-plate life
for me. I tell my dream
of big Indians with flint knives,
first Manhattaners, quiet and mean.
Walk David to subway, no kiss good-bye,
come back to work on poems and cry.

THE WORD AND I

What in a word can live?
The syllables of flower only give
The sense of flower to mind
Trapped in word-belief that binds
Report of eye to distant ear.
There is no actual flower.
What else then can a word do?
Span the distance between the world and what I know?
Inner-most senses have no sound.
A poet uses the word at hand.
The tongue in the mouth twists
The word and insists
That there be prettiness and precision
Residing in each decision.
But I have no hope that my secret heart
Will speak with a voice through my art.

GOLD

Clams for dinner at 11 thousand feet,
afterwards spooky Poe, and snow,
dusk dimming sooner under clouds
cutting Hans Peak from sight.
The skunk family settles down for the night
under the floor, haven't met one yet,
but bold mice race around the rafters.
This morning I found two in the sink,
One bellydeep in dirty dishwater,
the other cold and stiff underneath,
consequence of carelessness beyond repair.
Saw one mule deer today,
a large shape leaping into a tree,
and at the top of Jacob's Mt. the deer's lair,
a hollow packed in deep snow under a pine.
I laid down and dreamt
I was curled in the pale light of a whale's belly.
Later Thelma sang Jonah and the Whale
with the player piano.
Yesterday was her birthday. She gave
me the last piece of her cake and Leonard
stoked the sauna for me.
My skin under a smokey smudged sweater
still smells like ash and mineral.
A small miracle this afternoon
was the hummingbird that darted past the window
nosing yellow sorrows.
The light broken on the beveled edges
of the glass couldn't match
its feathers' colors.
4 flowers and 5 types of trees
survive this height and hard season.
A tarn is a glacier fed body of water.
The path to the tarn is rutted
with diggings, impatient
questions put to the ground about gold.
Joking about ghosts,
Thelma lent me "Gaskell's Compendium of Forms,
Social, Legal, Educational, Commercial",
bought in 1888 for 50 cents, signed Thomas Kleckner,
late owner of the Master Key Mine
down the road. It was probably the chapter
"Proper Salutations to Royalty"
that gave him the notion to write to
the King of England for financial backing.
After waiting out several seven month winters
with him, his wife fled, running miles to town
in her nightgown one night,
"he tried to kill me with a hatchet
so I'd go over to the other side
and come back and tell him
where was the gold."

PAUL SHEVLIN

Saturday Afternoon.

The date: late fourteenth century in an Italy wrecked by intrigue
corruption, the smell of old linen, the lines whispered intrigue.
And I must sing for you now, old Europe you have given me so much
and so I gaze at your face old scholar, priest or sage
I know not which through the centuries
Blue your hills, umber your earth in fall's sweet rain
I wonder how far ahead through the years you saw
though sure you calculated well and better than can I now
Broad and strong your shoulders under weight of office
state's burden, state's burden statesman's eyes wrecked by kindness
I stand below your portrait and remember
a first friend firstly brought me to this place
and now leaves unanswered my letter
wide and staring eyes of Corot's self-portrait he gave me at sixteen
and now introduced to a friend's husband I'm told I'm mellowed
my reputation but now know the body's sweet murmur's not echoed
indiscriminate
and I stay passion for love, avoiding antique shops
notice children's eyes
I call down the years to my long-gone ancestors
but here where we are now the children play in the sun.

Day span.

No, there's nothing there, nothing among those people
except when you go into it it's the leafiest bend of the river
shaded, the water dappled with sunlight through the overhanging trees
the boat's seat most comfortable of divans. Shift, and so clamber down
into the dust of the road. The Spring of Eleusis, clear, slightly
mineral taste, the most perfect water to drink with Greek peaches.
It has been a very long ride. In another city you would start
thinking about going away for the weekend. Here it is too soon
and inappropriate to your pocket, sleep dissolves it all
into new landscapes
Now there must be a way out of this, but quite what it is- well.....
patience sent me back to sleep, I woke up and found a dime
in the lining of a jacket called up and went to a great party.

Independence, 1976-79

"My being a Gemini explains a lot I think"

- Bob Dylan

In a subtle expression of egomaniacal frenzy
I mention that I am here,
drawn by luck from the proverbial hat
worn by the world where I use up my thoughts
where light has its limits so the arcs of thought
form the proverbial walls
with proverbial words....
Who rides the fire gets slowed to a crisp
within.
Gold thrown to the low becomes mired like a groat
but not two groats.
The follies of girth weigh their own sincerity,
and adversity is but the imageless decision of the gods,
who long after it themselves, bored as shit,

shapes in the temporal sand...
...the temporal year half gone. So
what. Did you enjoy it, as some exotic national
not in the yellow mud of dismay would have done? Good
for you. For me it was critical slop
on the toast of survival, the widow of survival,
some point I was making while watching myself survive
on deserted billows,
and for unnecessary earthly reasons,
or finding one of those,
a natural adhesive among the calls,
bombed in another war.

* *

And I have to water the plants, the afternoon concert,
in dark trickling stanzas
as I cross the carpet of civilization, presumably crazy
due to the linguistic abridgment of possibilities,
as I pass your chair
and you provoke me, the fantasist,
an entirety of status, while the world,
nostalgically costumed, makes the one kind of sound,
a low-keyed realistic hum,
and a crowd tends to gather, to hum along with it;
they join together my voices, though none
though soggy with purpose, quite touches the next,

as from the inner organ gardens
germs are calling,
telling the particles to free themselves,
to finish your story, the chronicles of protein,
and lay you to rest on the fur of gases
in our rudimentary infinity
to come back in a modern improvement
under the vivid ceilings of fuzz,
in another masterpiece of enigma,
as I stop and land, at noon.
Because I don't really have to go that far,
as if in search of world peace, like some idiot
leaving his lunch of fried chicken in the dust
in the quest for world peace;
ripening like an apple of theory
and getting rhetorically together with a tree in a routine,
and then with some seeds going on tour with it,
comforting sheets of earth to run between the fingers
and eavesdropping,
near the roots of world peace...

* *

And the longer I sit, like a harp,
the more occasion to rise,
like a harp in the fluorescence of events,
the questions still reaching me from unknown sources
as I point out, between sips, that the world
never gets two good laughs in a row,
that license gives absence the shaft,
turning the syrup of wheels
in abstract ecstasy. But what's this? What
am I looking at? You use <u>this</u>
to make <u>that</u>, cows do it <u>very</u> well;
I tie up the boat near geraniums
and walk for miles, in reality,
and come to a pot of nasturtiums
sitting in reality,
those outlines of moving pigments
through my histories of unexpected intimations
which includes an occasional invisibility
like that of mice and birds
in their international realms.

Remarkable.
I think the Japanese like baseball
because it is supremely arbitrary, the Caribbeans
because they saw it could be speeded up,

like the taxis on the avenues
weaving through crises so fast
you don't even see them,
though they vary considerably in size
and I don't notice anything strange;
one hums a mellow tune,
and disinherits the minute, a panda
who emotes lumbering in the background
in genetic ingenuity,
while luck swallows the world
from the last clean cup,

while voices swear in the rain
and one is spent like a groat by hidden nonsense,
but not two groats. The sound of the flight
I don't hear at all,
as if phantoms were the company,

as if I had to water the plants
which are logically invisible
in the masses of deciduous and evergreen trees
surrounding the castles of history
where in a corner my work is quietly tucked away,
quietly holding me to my word.

DANIEL KRAKAUER

L u l l a b y

you are sleeping in a mirror
your face is always beautiful

you are sleeping in a tree
your face is like a raindrop
your face is like a rainbow

you're sleeping like a log
you're sleeping like a dog

'tis but a hopeless story
your face is fat and happy

sleep well my little jackass
sleep well my little rabbit

you're sleeping in a shopwindow
someone wants to buy you
your face is many ribbons
your face is many flowers

you are sleeping in a haystack
your face apples and atoms

you're sleeping in a tower
your face a distant renaissance

you're sleeping on the sidewalk
the stars are bottlecaps

you are sleeping on marble
the janitor dusts you off

you're sleeping in marrakesh
all your luggage is gone

you're sleeping on the jukebox
it plays the fine old song
a house stands by the riverbed
the river's out for lunch
the house is choked by roses
how greedy is the absolute
but roses make you realise
the spirit behind it all

In My Office

A mask from Africa adorns the wall of my office as well
As a map of the moon. It'll be windy today
But less so tomorrow and sunday. Under
My hat I dream of the portraits I want to take
To the sway of our local trees the sighing
Of brooms in the hallway but now
I have to water the plants in my office.
Sometimes I feel shattered by my many duties.
Then I step out into the street to where I can see clouds
Undulating and falling towards the horizon.

Illicit Sonnets

(Don't tell me)

The harsh expression of the shadowed guest -
He puts his paper down scratches his toes -
"don't tell me green is all that Boulevard
Implacable like spring and scornful laughter.."

It is my body's use in slave labor.
Forgotten furniture appeared on stage.
Don't tell me you have now forgotten.
I tremble as I look across the prairie

South Mexico and aimless Peru
Glittering in intricacy and grace
Modern twilight and ancient perspicacity.

One room a taxi and a murder story
Amusement struggles with dismay -
All vital synapses bulging under that weight

(2)

Imaginary first time: the euphony
Invite old friend at sunset
Illuminating a mildy intoxicated woman
Acidulous expert yet rustic.

The focus reaching thru glasses -
We all owe devotion fictive and anonymous
Mad needling and seduction
Excitedly wandering thru this mystery Ceylon.

Pack everything portable into the little car
Put wheels underneath if necessary
Black and square and drinking gin.

Writing and the waking up when she talked..
Remember what you hear how it looked,
Stay in bed with a bunch of flowers.

(3)

Bills in the mail **sunlight**
Worries childish works and methedrine
They drove down the highway went to bed
Leave me all alone under my blanket.

Nothing dear heart come and operate
The frosted city union square the admiral -
He said hello and grinned the rest of her life -
I deserve it, he said persuasively.

I got three defects I was born in Europe
But I face reality for three weeks at a time -
In his panic he frowned not organic.

Whats going on in a small restaurant
It soon reappears in Ceylon -
I don't want a mess of more languages.

From a travel diary

May 30, '79 - Paris

I visited the Centre Pompidou, the new museum for modern art. Approaching it the first thing one admires about it is that people went ahead and did it. A building with all the "plumbing" on the outside. And is it you who is going to be pumped thru all that tubing, those huge pipes of glass and metal, blue, red, blue-green, silver or transparent - and what does that make you? Blood, sperm, food, shit - we are all of that and more. It's no doubt expressionist surrealist structuralist conceptualist and a lot more. You have to see it yourself - you have to walk in one morning before it's open to the public just walk in as I did accidentally with a bunch of other employees. Of course there's an exhibition on urban alternatives (in the cathedral of notre they actually have, unless my french has deceived me, a bureau of good deeds). And I realise that "urban alternances" actually means urban rotations. I thought that urban rotations if carried far enough could be a great thing - for instance one week you work in the post office, the next week you're a teacher, then a police man, then a stock broker, a social worker, a psychologist and so on. Just like in the MOMA there is also a design exhibition, kitchenware, typewriters etc., only it's much bigger here or perhaps not, everything just seems a bit huge like in their railroad stations where you feel a bit lost a bit everything too big but then people can be quite helpful and not bureaucratic like sometimes in a bahnhof. Probably this station is more about time travel anyway. Some basic geometric shapes seem to prevail, I think Mondrian would have been intrigued if not actually pleased. I like that off-white, that orange, some tan, I've always been a sucker for the rectangular, the way it frames light, I believe that for us infinity is changing, it's going thru a geometrical phase. The outside elevator-tube carries me past huge modernistic libraries to a platform on the third floor from where the sacre coeur is seen to be floating mistily above the city like a sweet ethereal corny vision. Every piece in their toilet (I had to take a shit) the basins, faucets and so on, could be in their design collection. Then I visit a reception room, the walls by Kandinsky, motives repeating themselves. The light isn't on yet and in the half-light I'm surrounded by subdued abstract butterflies. I then proceed across a carpet to the permanent collection. One sees a Rousseau, a Derain, a Matisse. But first one has to insert a ticket into a machine. What ticket? I see a uniformed guy behind a desk and hope that uniformed doesn't mean uninformed - (here one tends to think in bad puns).

The Man: Vous travaillez ici?

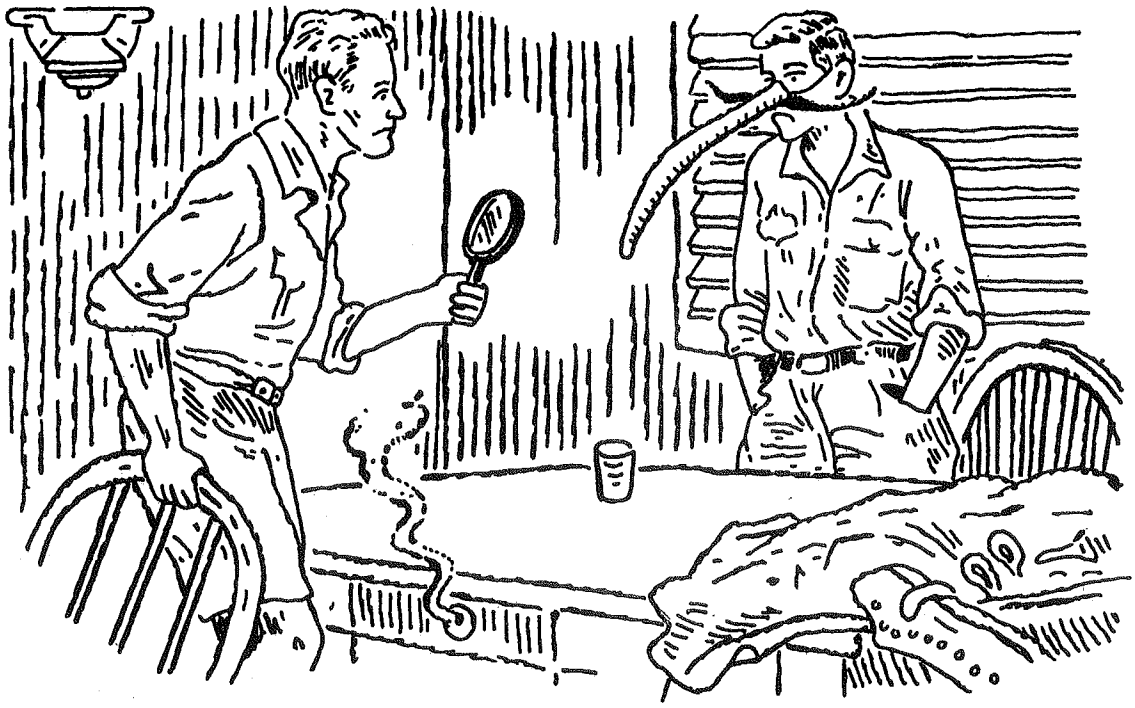
Me: Billet! Billet! Ticket pour entrer la exhibition!

The Man: You wurk 'ere?
Me: No.
The Man: 'ow you get in?
Me: I walked in. No one said non or anything.
He is upset. Everything seems wide open. I could have walked off with a nice little Modigliani under my jacket. "Open a dix heur - ten o'clock." He points me down one of those tubes. As I descend with the escalator I see nim reaching for his walkie-talkie. I become a bit paranoid. I don't want to be stopped and searched going out with reefer on me. I sidestep into the second floor. I must say everybody is quite busy. Since I just watch them and do nothing they look at me with respect. I watch some more, yawn politely, walk around some more. I travel up again. The roofs of Paris here haven't changed much in 27 years. I take pictures. Two hours later the cafeteria on the top floor starts filling with people. The subdued music is Mozart's Figaro Overture. I have one of those strong coffees and a perrier. There's a square terrace. The tube-work overhead is in silver.

EILEEN MYLES

"Nude"

To Eileen Donovan
My best friend in high school
Who did red devils
& crystal meth
& got knocked up by Kenny Strait
who played bass for the Pilgrims
& got sent to an unwed mothers home
but Kenny came in the night
& rescued her
and they ran away to San Francisco
in 1967.
I saw her one night five years later
in Jack's in Central Square.
I told her I was leaving
the next day.
She said Eileen,
what the hell do you want to go
to California for?



BARTWELL SAW THROUGH THE DISGUISE
ALMOST IMMEDIATELY

Glen Baxter

MICHAEL SCHOLNICK

Insurance

Mexico City, Acapulco, Circus World, Venice. Las Vegas via Atlantic City. A chance you'll fall and hurt your elbow.

Mr. Hugh Adams wakes at 5 to shower, dress & practice the Brahms concerto he'll perform in Tennessee. He foresees envisioning the Composer. "Let him rest in peace," he sighs. For his consideration I approvingly say, "Better than visions of Alexander Hamilton."

"Right," he nods. "I just remembered. I was supposed to go to the bathroom three hours ago." He delays a split second and dispatches further, "Cafeteria tells me someone is stealing paper. Bunch of nuts here. Filling up her purse."

Dig this. He has a boyhood friend who's since become an M.D. The doctor gives injection check-ups which dehydrate the blood. Helps Hugh at 45 to watch calories. We do scarcely note the mainly visible ingredients. In the cafeteria healthy tomatoes orbit, sauces blare and vacillate. Densely darkening dilations, familiar, tyrannical supervisor proving nerves and success are synonyms. Departments, extensions, blink. "Not too good. I would've hung myself this morning but I have a dentist's appointment at 11."

"He's back to that again," is murmured throughout wing of bodied desks and faces I'm situated in comprised of secretary messengers, policy analysts, screeners and raters who compute codes. Typists in rear are closest to hall, stairs and I.D.-necessary entrance. Heavy, drawn curtains block 65th St., imparting wispiness to the aging arms attached to 70's calculators, office ink pens, dates and manuals.

Whether you have a small home, modest values, or have many activities, BASIC Homeowners will provide wall-to-wall protection. The release of observing Mr. Adams' chaos brimmed

conversations is welcomed by those to whom his gushing disgust might take the form of jabbering reprimands from a smart Negro. We're all the same, he thinks. I'll walk right into the Hudson. "It's a good life if you don't weaken, eh Mike?" he states, strutting away.

To my right, Estelle. She's precisely hefty, married Puerto Rican Mom, perhaps because of professional stamina and emotional securities, somehow petite. Her elegant, softening neat office ways transfix and help me. I borrow an ashtray, begin to smoke profusely, minding the individual tobaccos, and keep the jet age appearance up of never truly being there. She's jealous when I begin to regularly arrive late. The air of impermanence defining my existence is an overall, rather than a personal fault. Sipping coffee I inquire, "How's your daughter?"

"She's either having a good time or is too weak to write."

Insurance is gaudy. It's the vocabulary of numbers. The faithless many lose the damage in a social design based on hazards of credit. Within each State Commissioners are charged with the control of agents and companies. These departments implement laws passed by State Legislatures. "Twisting," for example, describes a policy gained by the insured's submission of old, already existing policy to cancellation with resultant loss of money. Departments issue agents licenses & examine companies prior to authorizing their businesses. They can admit foreign and alien insurers to do business. They accept or reject proposed rates. If the Insurance code is violated, certificates are suspended and revoked. When dishonest management is discovered, state commissioned executives finance rehabilitation by court order. Alien and foreign business is cancelled. Such machinations of mutual resiliancy has transpired in our rallying group. That is literally how I came in overnight, exorbitantly shadowed. The appointed President happens to be Mort, kind responsible family friend whose wife

is exceptionally close to my dear Aunt since schoolmate days when they were acquainted with Bess Meyerson. Kind because he offered to advance me salary for a wardrobe. Once, I was asked if I wanted to "deal it." But the point is, I was originally assigned to Internal Audit. These people, I was told, were created out of a need to redesign, through checks. This powerful operation is known to workers as Quality Control. Mort hired Ira Schwartz as manager and two assistants. My intimate knowledge towards the President is a secret to everyone but these Audit commanders who along with hearty transfers from various sections of the facility began to execute research to systematically eliminate error and repetition. I'm not intimidated by Ira's ungovernable lack of patience but he figures one day we'd both be better off if I slowly and obscurely trained with Mr. Adams who feels jeopardized, at first.

SUGGESTION DO PAY OFF. On page one of July's News Views, Teresa Jones (unwed Mother) of Quality Control is shown receiving $5.00 award for her recent suggestion to place Bulletin Boards by each elevator. We are asked to improve or propose new production methods and for ideas to combine handling. Awards will be determined by value and become the empire's property. My desultory, pensive, lethargic perplexity, is sheer adult spirit, however drugged, to Estelle. She figures & works & worries unflaggingly, excusing herself with ritual for perfunctory breaks & lunches, resenting subservience & retirement's redtape, growing pale a little as day increases.

Breaks, understandably, must be exercised before 11 o'clock and for only ten minutes. One barely has time to wait in line for refreshment while a community accomplishes waking up together purchasing in its sad environment. A limitless pay sphere is involved in this shared experience in lieu of unions. The different classes show similarities beyond envy, as at the races. You're not allowed access to Broadway outside during snack period. Age reasons more than gender in the separa-

tion of ladies and gentlemen. The men, generally, are higher on the salary ladder and this certainly has its effect on the tatters of tatteling clusters. They joke absurdly in respecting voices. "We figured that out yesterday. It takes a million years to make oil and nine months to make babies. So burn babies. Solve the population and energy crises in one stroke." The measure is repeated. Each new schmuck adds his own half-thawed jocularity. With shy, natural leanings, I join peers whose request is like the opposite of pulling the chair out from someone. It seems a woman, 50, in her apartment, was on the toilet when ceiling fell. A Mickey-Mouse Teeshirt, and a TV Movie about a bus, a quarterback, and his guardian angel, are spoken of. Usually I sit quite distant, overcome, dwelling, as words, phrases, and lines of poetry recur on my minds' tongue cleansing. Williams' "What shall I say, because talk I must?" and Eileen's "Nobody could deny no other bad times", are the current sounds. Women nearby talk of stains. "You put Whisk on, right? Or K2. My sister uses it." Which is accompanied by the worldly query, "What does she use it on?"

There's a newspaper strike tragically calming the metropolis like a blackout. But Juan's wife's given birth to a boy. Juan hands out cigars, prepares to take a week off. As I'm relatively new, an untouchable so to speak, I have an option to not contribute a gift-destined dollar. But I do, maybe just to sign the card. The feeling is curiously insuring. Good Luck, Juan! "Don't have any more. Too expensive," he's warned.

Marie, confidante of Juan's, sits in front of him, to my left, a few feet back. There's a grandparent at home and Marie is often on the phone. She doesn't enjoy the hoarse authority she whispers. What occupies her consumptively is a passion for Elvis Presley. His songs. His career. His bearings and history. His death. The mortality of his image as it pertains

to her life. The bright summer is flooded with Networks celebrating his ghost. A miniature Elvis, framed full-length photograph, is on her desk. I find the real life similarities in their facial forms striking and evident. The discovery of an Elvis Memorabilia Shop on Columbus Ave. offers very little Marie is not already in touch with except it provides a thrilling destination for strolls. She can be as near to him daily as anyone in the universe. She asks, "What's a womanizer?" She decides it's like a male chauvanist but wonders, "Is there such a thing as a manizer?"

Lunch is time among strangers and afficianados of the street. Regency stills of stars and posed groups in Hollywood lots comfort my stringent conceptions of a cheated world rapidly renewed, asserting its square sarcasms. In the openly mournful, unforgetting air, Corporation's investment inflation depression superimposes manners of shirts and dress and sins to aid the overloaded reversal of love's bouyant situation. The harped truth, by madness protected, strides uptown: "WE LIVE IN A CAPITALIST SYSTEM IN WHICH YOU CANNOT EAT IF YOU'RE HUNGRY." I vibrate nails of prayer at well-scheduled ballerinas entering classes quickening the pace of their light feeding. I make eyes at the little void of intelligent european trees removed from toking, The Rolling Stones, and cookie picnics. It's September all day. I cavernously recline on cement scenery ledges embossed with stone and south look to the solipsistic MONY timeclock. I occassionaly meet Keith from college who works in Lincoln Center running mail around. If I remain alert to his promise I possibly can take his job in March or April. Then I overhear, "Baryshnikov or Nureyev?" What a treat. It's Rudolph Nureyev all right, ideal Robin Hood, stealing beauty from life chromed in three-piece corduroy, saying goodbyes, heels in curb, movement, his profile from cab. His face of awareness addresses mine. In deep expression I wave.

From hostilities and much too much smoking my gums begin to irritate and waste blood. I reenter one one o'clock and see William Burroughs' hovered apparition where Coding is. I knew, cold & utterly, solid death within my being from which all vision emanates. Estelle's sandwiched between two bitching white women: "I was always a crab. Now I'm getting old;"

"Let's put it like this: It's gone what I had." Condemning the ignorance of my not wearing deodorant, I chant, the only way to purge my brain. Marie observes, "You sign arms, legs, eyes, nose, everything." She's having difficulty with revised rates. "You're not stupid," she's assured. Steve sits behind Juan, answering my thick questions, again & again. He plans to enroll in courses as wished for by the bosses.

Effortlessly, Mr. Adams is called back from his too brief vacation. How does it feel? "I want to lie down and sleep for ten years." I'm merely keeping books now, helping malaise ridden clerks. I'm xeroxing some "binders" when Hugh confesses new hope, having deposited $311 in the machine he received an improbable balance statement exceeding $3,000. "If I don't come in, I've skipped town."

He's all shook up over a girl who's boyfriend murdered her. She couldn't have been more than 21 or 22. She worked part-time during school months and full time summers typing cancellations. "Apparently," he relates, "She was going out with one of those violent types. Broke her nose once. Well, I don't know if he stabbed her or what but she's dead. I got butterflies in my stomach. Some of the girls want the day off tomorrow." He's directing it all to pleasant, comb-dependent Jimmy DiMaglio, popular managerial candidate who sits in front of Hugh's cubicle in front of me. Hugh continues to promote a sense of privilege around him to those lending an ear. "We turned down Marlene Dietrich. She had 4 or 5 lawsuits pending against her. We turned down Mohammed Ali." Marie asks, "Weren't you afraid to?"

"He bought a building for his religious sect with a check for $750,000 that bounced. We turned down Dinah Washington. She earns $800,000 a year & doesn't pay rent. So these so called glamorous lives aren't so rewarding. Living from a suitcase, from the St. Regis to so & so."

I still punch in and out upstairs which reinforces my compounded detachment. The strict moment between when one is safely allowed to arise and the actual tat of 4:45 opportunes a minute's wisdom. Ogled beaches before late sunsets, plants, meat shopping, exhausted, tortured tailors, boyfriends, demand incomprehensible silence. Temporary samsara fairness is friendship's rule here, too. Lucy, on vacation rage, announces maybe she won't come back, blushes, and says then maybe she will come back. "Maybe you'll elope."

"Elope?"

"Whatever you do," she's instructed, "You better do it good."

I'm feeling bland and hungry after work. It's a swift twenty minutes on the subway to Union Square's ancient underground aztec runway architecture. Amid thousands, suddenly, a whispy yet stolid figure, aimless, towering before the flowers in bunches, intrigues me due to his hippie gruff pony tail, leather silver-starred jacket, and feather earring. Get another job, I decide, fast. Monday I tell Ira it's not working out. I seek to leave. I take the train to 8th St. searching for the New School registration work, winding up, however, at NYU where my fellow americans, sympathetic, know of nothing I'm stammering is available. Conclusively, I'm misinformed. I can't understand it, since I've found registration taking place there. When I read flyer on wall I rush over to Greene St. Copy Center to apply, all dressed up with tie, quietly desperate & demanding. I'm available 40hrs at $2.65 per hour. The proprietor, Mr. Goya, I imagine is the Pope. I require to know it's definite. Early the next day, I tell Schwartz I've

run into other work and that it begins tomorrow. Ironically, valuable memos have just been issued and distributed, anonymously, to circulate rules & satanic pressures concerning abscence, lateness, dismissal, and/or resignation. I failed the two weeks notice part. Ira says, sort of apologizing, "I couldn't give you time and complete the projects. Something had to give. Hey Chuck, is their something to sign for immediate resignation?" Chuck's steely astronaut face grimaced. He'd in the beginning wanted me to listen, leisurely, to insurance principles on records and prepare to pass test. I promised every ten days to see him about it. "Just be ready when you do take it," was all he had to say. The two exchanged a graceful look of teamwork.

I'm escorted around to the center of the floor to personnel for an Exit Interview. I converse with the person next to me who goes to Fordham. She's studying Biology to use in a laboratory. I'm proceeded with sanely. Civil hopes of salvaging me are professed. Since I'm satisfied with the salary, benefits, employees working conditions and supervision, I can't think of what reason I have for leaving. I refer to the step outside Empire as "Printing". Ira's gone and found out there's no position available in their shop. I write down assessments of the industry for them suggesting more computerization, more specialized writings of article floaters, simpler forms, and mass transportation insurance. I bid farewell to Hugh who's complimentary. I won't be sacrificing my grasp. Later, I write an eighteen line Poem which was an unrhymed sonnet with four of the lines folded in half. Though the propulsion I gain is ecstatic, I try to convince myself getting a raincoat would have been a magically proper thing to do.

The months are grainy, blossoming, whole, like Sundays. Everyone will admit there's a patented contrivance to weekends. Seasons are days. The day is ordinary. I relate to possibilities. I observe meanings intentionally given to events. Perhaps these serene, sour, harmless habits trivialize the subliminal world I court. Thus one curtails the infinities we pro-

vide the anecdote to. Solidarity and clever holidays undenied are dreary visages disengaged from one's attention. I look forward to changeless color. I discover the correct tide of another twilight. But Night can never be extinguished. Light is Nothing. I've no fancy but determine to allow this cheerful musing to communicate itself. One's heir to treacherous duty. One's judgement is spared by fate.

It's a riot like a jigsaw puzzle. Mr. Hardy, elevator man who's worked his way to the top, is to marry desirable heiress, the only daughter of Mr. Cucumber, oil magnate. A magnate is someone who eats cheese. Mr. Laurel, after viewing the situation from every conceivable side thinks that technocracy is the center of our... Laurel's ordered a wreath, brought railroad tickets to Chicago instead of Saskatchewan, rings, and a wedding present under his untorn arm, from the bottom of his heart. "Now," he explains, "You'll be spending evenings at home." He reveals The Princess, smashing the edges he perceives. The eternal game on parlor table attracts the taxi man called carrying honeymoon bags. The band begins to express the occasion. The flowers arrive. Miss Cucumber cries. "Remember, better late than not at all," her father snickers. Laurel, conveying his hello-this-is-me-if-you-had-a-face-like-mine-you'd-punch-me-in-the-nose-and-I'm-just-the-one-to-do-it- (bangs nose) attitude, tells Mr. Cucumber, "We left ten minutes ago." Two vehicles, a bicycle, and a limousine, crash into the taxi. Hardy <u>is</u> coming to the wedding. Everyone's become, momentarily, engrossed. We view profile, black, pretty. Martial law ensues. "I don't care if he's Mr. Dill Pickle," says cop, inciting brawl. A six policeman unit is radioed to the absurd sector. Hardy hides in the fireplace. An ear above the lobe is grotesquely bit. A piano skylabbed. All are hauled away but our incumbent heroes. Laurel, relaxed, tries to embrace vase atop hearth as it falls on sooty Oliver. The console interpolates Investors stand to lose millions, due to a rise on the stock market. The Indian Maiden's head is on the floor.

New Year's Eve, I see the inside and outside feeling of things outside. The table squeakings, or something, that sounds like a bird. Turning Still. This is my philosophy.

It's a long distance from Atlanta, Georgia.
It sure is.

ANNE WALDMAN

GO, POEM

to D.D.

Go, poem, tell him he's
mighty, precise, celebrated
for gesture, motion,
diligence, imagination
in a way makes head
beat, or hearts sting,
brings tears to eye of
stranger & pleasure to
eye of woman

Tell him his mastery as
he bends over, curls under,
supple spined as cat, airy
as bird, undulant as fish
but with mysterious gaze
of reptile. My poem,
tell him this

And say sometimes it's
sharp October mountain
night ornamented by
stars

Go, poem, to wish him
years of vigour, spirit,
work, of ease in love,
of every reward, renown,
& sharp perception of
his transitoriness &
may I live to see him
live in this & be a
friend for life

Go, poem, tell him I link
his heart in mine tonight.

OF A CRUEL MISTRESS

She's cut me out of her life

She strangles the heart of me

My name never crosses her lips

It is a great iniquity

My inward sense doth rage & sorrow alternately

Why does she not mention me with rest of women writing?

Why waste my breath on this fond doting?

Why such perfidy

Why no life of sweet friendship

Why no charity

How welcome would shafts of hate or anger be

It is this nothing that tortures me

I mistrust the words in print I see because they
excommunicate me

Is this the she I knew, can it be?

She feeds this terrible fire, my unremitting desire.

SPITE POEM

Spitting it out at you, you liar!

You facile wise-ass poet with bright dazzle, deep insight
flashes into contemporary gross surface reality

You writer of delicate little love poems make me weep - is
that you?

Who are you? What do you want?

I'm sick with duplicity & you're not looking me in the eye

You think I've lost my mind, don't you?

Admit it

You think I'm the one needs help who's misguided a dupe

You lacking all compassion, Cynic!

Stingy!

Won't invite anyone over to your thousands of dollar houses

Won't give a party

Don't send copies of your books to old friends

Endlessly complaining about your lot, your lack of money,
your miserable health

You wanna live in Malibu you wanna be a rock n' roll star
you think that's where it's at

Bring out your grade "C" dope when friends drop over

Have to beg for a cup of coffee at your house

gossip slanderer ugly-tongued monster

exaggerator distorter of the facts

Afraid to show you might be enjoying something cause someone might take it away from you

Exploiter of anybody more famous than you

No respect no manners no grace

You say you're the only one interested in and not afraid of the truth - well up yours, buddy

You secretly hate women you think they're stupid. You cover this up in your poetry

You think you're so smart so you're smart so what

You twisted nervous ball of bad emanations

THE GODDESSES ARE DISPLEASED WITH YOU

They like some of your poetry but walking around you see the worst in everything & THE GODDESSES CAN'T ABIDE THAT!

You a werewolf or something?

RUDEST

She never writes. I want her perfect
& in manners tarry for me

All women like her in priorities of man & child
& then they would be mine

She lets it ride her way & how in my supreme
ego she not think on me nor never send a sigh

I trouble her exceedingly but I am void & numb
passions other ways lie, & sleep

Then it's all over. I thought she loved my
mind, words, color, habit

Swelled idea of cosmos, impatience
I loved her color, her mind, her yearning

Her sicknesse, her obsession, her sliding
& see all life as writing, genuine world.

Whenever I hear this band

I think of this one guy Chip
from Rochester. We met
in school in West Virginia.
Chip played soccer with Pele
but him & this other guy,
whose name was Guy, Guy LaRoche,
they got kicked off the team
cause we got back 2 days late
from Georgia. Guy told me
one day he'd pick me up
in New York in his limousine.
Yeah, Guy, he's probably
a chauffeur by now. Funny.

Chip always went nuts whenever
Average White Band came on.
I used to give him shit by
playing depressing stuff
Neil Young, Loretta Lynn.
There was a song about making
money. We thought about that
alot. It had alot to do with
girls too we thought. & jokes.
Last I heard Guy was selling
knives. Got a picture of Chip
standing on a big huge sign
WELCOME TO THE STATE OF ALABAMA

TIME OUT

Hustle jealous Time, spin out all your tread,
Hasten the seconds to fall like sheaves
Accelerated to a pace of pure speed
And fathom the borders thereby decreased
That are the dregs at the bottom of things,
All that's simply flesh's ashes;
How little we have to lose,
How little you stand to win,
As when all things called, you call them back
And ravished take yourself at last,
Then the compression of forever will release
An infinite charm upon us each
And felicity's residue flood us like an engine,
When all the agitation becomes perfectly sanguine
And marvelously fine,
With the thread of sequitur securely entwined
Around the breathtaking garland
Of Life, whose dizzy spiral will always stand
At the hour our angelic agents vertically incline
Then, all this worldly mess disembark,
Wired to the Cosmos we'll ceaselessly chart,
  Edging out Death, and Luck, and even you, Big Time.

From Now On

All I want to do in the immediate future is be in it. I don't want to think about it. I want sesame seed on eggplant & more heat. More cold too I want. I want more heat & cold together & half the time I want you & the other half I want me, the rest of the time is now.

Aspiring to be a lost RCA satellite in touch with the beyond which is just you, that is everyone - for now plenty - three hands full, most urgent confusion - what to make of it? Make nothing. But do it quick so it will last long. I aspire to achieve what only the lost satellite can on its wigwag beam pick up from Luna X or Deltoid R-6, far from the Rappahannock, a traveling river a sink flying thru space hot & cold running.

But oh it is hard to wash dishes to cook eggplant to leave tv alone like the beautiful stranger reading Thomas Hardy in the automat alone all you can say is "What the fuck", whatever that means it flies, a flag in a dream of a country you have some dangerously ambiguous, vital, illicit job in.

"Hello, Mr. Mayor. It is so gracious of you to permit me this audience."
"I will remind you it is my day off," reminded the mayor.
"Mr. Mayor...", actually I'm thinking he's more like a governor behind his immense black desk. Thru the desperate blinds across the paneless windows I hear palms rub the white adobe sounding like orphaned roadmaps fingered by a blind wind trying to find its way in.

Then I am awake & it is yesterday already but what does this have to do with them or us the imperious shadow of the governor wonders with obloquy and detraction.

It's also said stolen wine tastes better but it absolutely depends on the source. It is more involved like a governor besieged by disparate elements, foreign opportunism, discontent at home & abroad, & silently held pawn by a personal obsession that began the first time he said his own name to know all the names & how to use them.

"Mr. Mayor, about the guerrillas in the Sierra Madres, my mother is calling thru a blizzard." Snowflakes tick empty oil drums. The lines are down.
"Pick up the phone." I'm sorry, the governor is not home.
"Your mother should know."
I've just received a message from outerspace, it goes something, something... broken snow.

HELENA HUGHES

Madama Butterfly

Your hands smell like steaming fish
Boiled in milk
Very poisonous in color
And very big, one
On top of the other like this
A shopping list as long as your arm.

The
Spring fever
Emerges from the charged air.
The white sheep's bones
Clatter on the sidewalk.

I long for the charm of that
Odious smell you circle me with
And in your arms I sweep away
The space, the long silk sleeves
Three boxes and two hanks
Of long, long hair.

And still from inside of me this
Irritating voice speaks
Badly of me and says:

You are a clumsy squirrel
With pretty defined movements.
I am the Goddess of the Moon who
Comes down from the sky
by night.

In the shadows of the dark
You are heard calling my name
As you sit on the flower
In my heart.

The Soap Goddess Spring

We were radiant in a certain way.
We were the first person without lips
just ears. We took short breaths between
the acts and then the houselights
came up and swept us all away.

Delicately touching touches
the top of the ancient tower
and come up briefly against you
lonely bird certain of your costume
black and silver shoes
the music went comfortably on.
I am terribly happy to have seen you
the thinness of the spider's
web up here where you are standing.
I don't think I can resist these pictures
and between neatly keeping their structure
the music flows on in dreams
no more than habit daily
life and in and out between
the four roses look better
are sexy my hips against
your hips standing in the doorway.
Dreams between waking between
dreams I look back smiling
accomplishing a spoilsport grin
against the surface shadow
Jim and Tom wanted snow
Battle in a blizzard. Just I wanted
Spring. I'd rather this and that
locked up in my little black heart
than these and them and those.

The mood was pert
all around me spring wheeling
through the air its clearly sky.
The second repeat.
I see him and her as Gods.
Then there are sprites....
The music leads from phrase to echo
and this room is something I could never
imagine before New York flared up
in front of me. Eliminated surprise.
Listen to the smell and through the soft
soft air. Neatly keeping the structure
the sound glides through the cars
belly down on a skate board
the lips of the petal open
little danger of boredom now.

Our town is used to keeping the holidays
In spring the young people spill out
into the street while first and last
and all the time the colors
and the space in between each other
works on my feeling like one lovely picture
completely visual and well matched between
the parts. Roast without risk.

The day already ways to evening
rejoice in favorite seasons favorite
flowers mixing together all
those different emanations mixing
alas and so you shall my dear.
the evening vapors rise between
the leafless buildings touching
their outline to right and left tinting
pale and transparent a violet
caught in their branches. I feel
a cold about my shoulders. I smell
damp linen boiling on the stove.

I think of verse more tenderly
to move more easily
to work so only
on feeling it resist
the irksome matter
of your habits and your mind
Which set to music are impossibly
impractical. Venus laundry. Lovely bird
so certain your costume will be ready
the same day french cleaners tailoring
a bell tongues the soft air
the houselights come up briefly
but the chattering does not stop whispering
of its love for three oranges. Shall I?
look back to repeat the echo?
often found bouncing across the room?

IT WAS MRS. CRABTREE, AND SHE WAS IN NO MOOD FOR PLEASANTRIES

Glen Baxter

STEVE LEVINE

Sounds

Just as your orifice
Wishes should shoulder
Loads of bundled baby
Slumber, your true vocation
Could consume my bed, regularly
Raging hormonal spreads, & gasping
Arrays of fucking pure disorder,
Our wonder could plumb nature
To discover sweet moistures
Together, spit cool shallows
Fleshy rift valleys, wild
Quivering grounds for these
Sounds

CHARLES BERNSTEIN

STIGMA

Big things. Certain tone talking to
Yourselves: how you do it, what
It all arranges. Making sense
Accounting to a picture of the noise
In the other room that doesn't matter
Anymore. So you go along, fascination
At whole to remove, your line, hammocked
Out slowly. I gain my hope
Of a future persuasion--ridiculously
Allayed to steal away the Pekinese offenders.
How little any of them interest
Themselves to an accomodation of truculent
Numbers. The quiet oasis of a stall
Whosoever gains, keeping the spring that
By petulance bounces quickly, a chord
Of speed, wake of manner to be
Numbed. Hand and throat--what seasons
Make of mazement, a drift silently
Irksome to admit arts to failure
Sway amid currency that here weighs, here permits
Love's unbearing. You who hear these calls
Come, disarm, renew your periodic vigil
For the tunnel inspires not the swell and
Its larceny of ambitions--adjourn, secure
Unbend and fray, who holding, thought renounced
Simply casts brimmed instigation.

The Blue Divide

An almost entire, eerie, silence floats above and between the fixtures that separate me from the doorstop. Slight rattle, rolling, scratches the space just behind me, which is helpful, if not necessary, to cast the reflections and echoes in just the way I'm accustomed. A table and window frame sit just ahead, to the side of the walls and corners, slat wood flooring, shelves, the tar blacked driveway and terraced approach roads. A person waits in a boat about an hour away, floating in totally occasional manner. Stripped of its wood, unparalleled in respect to its riveting and displaced glare, incised by its dimensions, I feel the slight pang of an earlier sensation which rapidly switches in succession to images harder to identify at first, postcard sized shapes, rolling vertices. The sounds are pervasive and only from time to time increase in loudness which looks almost as if it were a tear or rip in the otherwise unbroken intensity. Bits of fabric--plaid, striped, glyphic--hang from fan gliders about 20 feet above and to the side arced formations of smoke languidly drift this way and that. Several hours pass the mood indiscernibly shifting to less substantive pleasures, the hallway rotating airily to the tempo of unforeseen reverberations. A small coterie remains behind to see that the ship departs

smoothly, counting their change with an alternating frenzy and tedium. You ask for the lighter but remain seated, seem to recollect what you refused to say, purse your lips and, with a forlorn look, lapse back into thought, then begin to make suggestions for lunch. A fly makes its path spiralling over the campsite, arching toward the partially lit skylight and barraging full throttle into the screen. Men in blue suits and brown hats hurry over to the table and unpack their cases, gesticulating animatedly with their feet and hands. A tall thin boy with grey callow eyes stares across the walk with forced attention, rubbing his legs and scratching his head, finally sinking into a dull, dejected slump which nonetheless gives the impression of greater ease. Barrels of fruit, uncovered and aging, fill the area with a distracting odor, the inevitable subject of recurring fantasies for civic improvement. Tendrils, assimilated into the background glare, announce with glum resignation "far better for those with lighter hearts" imminent departure. Blocked, buoyed, incessant, I take for the elevator, dash quickly to the folded bed clothing--you angling loosely toward the courtyard, suffused with contentiousness. After a long walk we return to an almost identical place--the mat on the one side, the hobby horse on another. Paralyzed by the smoke, dazed by the duplicity, an earnest but elderly gentleman hobbles somewhere along the periphery, stooping, circling, tumbling, gliding while

making his way to an adjacent watering hole. Not so nimble or quick-witted, the pool attendants make a final resolution to shore up their energies and make a clean break of it. By now the helicopter is annoyingly late and a considerable queue is backed up to the presenting section, obtrusively disrupting the ordinary course of commerce. I get on the megaphone and make these several points but the indifference turning to scorn of the onlookers is too uncomfortable and I turn to a medley of disconnected hits. You look so quiet there it seems a shame to disturb you, eyes lolling about to their own tune of distraction. The icy slope curves beyond reach, careless of index and anticipation.

BOB HOLMAN

RAP IT UP

Thought is made in the mouth
You don't think of it -- till you shout it out
You gotta rap rap till everything gets said
You gotta rap rap rap till everybody's dead
Pondering wandering foundering & wondering
Yr whole thing is floundering
You better rapraprapraprapraprapraprapraprapraprap

That bright idea that's locked in yr brain
Says, "I'm a way out. I won't die in vain!
Lemme outta here! to explode the terrain!"
Communicate reciprocate dedicate & generate
Conversate, don't hesitate
In the beginning was the rapraprapraprapraprapraprapraprapraprap

Get the beat with the beat
That's the beat beat beat
Quietude solitude gratitude to multitude
Yr mama's callin up to you
She wants to rapraprapraprapraprapraprapraprapraprap

The phone rings, you get to start up again
Say excuse me, apologize to yr friends
Use the receiver, a new conversation begins
Pass the phone around, integrate all yr friends
Live disco-ussions -- get em on tape
Blow up thought balloons, words just gotta escape
Try the "Help!" rap when yr in a tight scrape
When you get the chance don't bite yr tongue just let it dance
Harmonize soliloquize rhapsodize ventriloquize
Even little baby cries are rapraprapraprapraprapraprapraprapraprap

Rappin is just writing when the rappin's on the wall
But the wall is gone & ain't no wall at all
Words fall words full a wonderful a waterfall
Round the rap & have a ball

I say excuse me, sorry to interrupt
But there's something I just gotta discuss
It's the word word, with the language on the side
It's the rap rap, with yr ears as a guide
Word slide, tide's right, rap the rap all through the night
1 2 3 4 who we gotta shsh for?

Say yr sleepin, but say yr lover's awake
& yr dreamin, when the earth starts to quake
You hear screamin, as yr given a shake
You were rappin in yr sleep
Those dream secrets just won't keep
Raps are dreams that take a leak
It's a dreamrapdreamrapdreamrapdreamrapdreamrapraprapraprap

Like a butcher with the meat
Ties the packages so neat
He's a rapper, a rapper, a rapper
Like olympic athlete
With olympic athlete's feet
She's a rapper, a rapper, a rapper
Rap it up, spit it out
From a whisper to a shout
Speak to me in that voice which even now in anticipation of it has
reduced me to a wild, panting jungle beast

Rappin away, crazy all the way
Talkin to yrself? give yrself away
The more you have to say, the more you have to say it
& the more you have to say it, the more you have to say
You have to rapraprapraprapraprapraprapraprapraprapraprap

Stop my rappin? Stop my breathin you mean
A rapper is not a rapping machine
Once you turn me on, don't say turn off, I mean
Don't say shut yr trap to the freedom of the rap
Where the rap's at's where it's at when yr a rapper

There's an itchin in yr throat
Yr a frog & you just croaked
Rrrrap it rrrrap it rrrrap it
They choked you on yr speech
& brought Rev. Shutup in to preach
O yr funeral is a peach
But it's so quiet
The hole's so deep & good
You try to tell em -- rap on wood
& the coffin clears yr throat
& yr tongue removes its coat
& as you rap the Pearly Gates
You see all the words you ate
They're rappin on, they're rappin on, they're rappin on
They're rapraprapraprapraprapraprapraprapraprapraprapraprappin on

So I leave you
With just one little rap
Don't you rap it
Unless you wanna rap back
Don't you bag it
Once the words begin to flow
Yr the only one who knows
Keep em fast, make em slow
Get em high, get em low
But rap it up

BARBARA McKAY

GLORY

You better watch it baby you're going to drive
Everybody away to the other side of the world
Because of your stupid romantic opinion of yourself
Just because you can never decide anything you don't bend
Or forgive you never fully trust again.
She's on the other side of the world and she's
Taking things slow, considering all the more
Sensible alternatives to her actions
Considering her age & abilities
Her health, the color of the afternoon
And all this misery everywhere around us
Reminding you you can't remain miserable
For very long, lay in bed and cry
All night, glorifying your lies
Get it out of your system.

JIM BRODEY

POEM

Little rose tint on the video, blue
litmus light
Bulb glares on the audio, headset tuned
to new Deaddisk,
Untired of till I dip out at noon, bring you a sandwich?
Or a prune pizza (really the thing in ole S.I.).
The ferry
Comes in, you can see it from our kitchen window, but only
If the building was facing the other way, direction, I
Mean as far as an "if" might or take one, if
That one was a two like we're a two & if
This two had a friend who was
shall we say "interested."
Now it has, you know, a side effect. Its own personality.
It's functional. It works. We like it, and recognize
It when we see it on the foreheads of our friends.
On the foreheads of strangers, well, that's <u>their</u>
Problem!
When it works, it flashes
its red disk.
There at the phoney crown of thorns. It rolls
Its eyeballs, spits up canned fruit, bats
A fake lash in any direction, flaps
its wings & flies
None too charmingly through the ferry terminal,
The pungent lore of so memorable a plunge.
What's that?
Never seen it? Well, buck up, it flies through
Every fifteen minutes or so.
The ferry
Arrives amidst gales of furious humbug
and whitecaps
Splashing the dock with bay spritz. Some little motion
Of all those heads. I feel them in my own head, thriving
With a life I can only compare to my own, and still
It's so different. Laughingly, lovingly
watch buggers
Alight from iron hovercraft, scurry off to
Unbeknownst to me later sweetness. The busy
Flurry of commerce, cars floating in
from another island,
That there are other islands beyond this one,
Floating in the great sea beyond all our windows
Where all waves originate, where blue light begins
And the wind has other names.

1 - 22 - 80

THINKING (IN THE DARK, A MOMENT OR SO AGO)

Thinking in the dark, a moment or so ago:
William Carlos Williams. Crumbs in the bed.
Hop out of bed. Adjust sheets. Fluff up
Several times. Blow across it once
For luck. Hop back in. A few seconds, but
Oh baby, does it have a nice cold shutter.
Same everywhere Americano street noise:
Alarms going off, kids screaming echo, disco
Muffled behind car walls, radio blurs
Through wall, heat in the pipes.

Life on my mind, here in the dark, and you
Beautiful you who takes so many forms, beneath
Me in the glorious yuk. Back smeared
With wonderous sacred yuk. Same said-yuk
That this is all a part of. Here, take
This handful and repopulate Long Island
With tuna melts. I'm just laying here
Asking immortal questions in the cause
Of universal yukiness. Nah. I just wanna
Watch municipal workers bare their skirts
To an oncoming breeze. Churned up water

Makes the bay make faces, out beyond
The bay's ample mouth, where nothing save
The bridge bears witness to a breath's delay?
Toke up, stranger, this'll get cornier. Take
This breath from me, lights shoot through it
Making you see stars. Light up, thine pipe,
Seeker of truth in dreams, and ways
To get out of dreams. A thread. A string
Of finely-attuned events, their melodies,
And the gatherers of these melodies, will always

Find a home away from home at our house.
So when next you dream dream of me, seek
Me out in your mind, you'll find the house.
It's marked with a light. Just look
For a clearing in the blessed yuk. Breathe
In the flames that menthol crystals leap
In & out of, green & orange & blue, flames
That dance collide with brilliant fenders in
The cutaway sky. I give you my cold flame
To nourish and you hand me back two of me,
An identical twin me. Another Jim Brodey?
Can the world stand such perfection? Yet

Another colossus of wit and new glands
Gathered by crossed wire circuitry and based
Upon some loose screw principle, lost tube
Giggling in hind-space. Just for openers,
I'd call it, "Molten", "Molten Brodey", in fact
How about "Murphy Brodey". Not too impossible
Given the surf craze, my fondest regards
To Rick Griffin and all the Jesus beachbunnies
Presently wagging up towards a perfect curl
Over in Maui. Hope the tube monster don't
Gulp ya or felch ya or nail you
Into its perfect sleep of hairy design.

Could call you Steve, after my favorite cousin
Or Steve Peterson, once a good friend
For too short a time; he bowed out,
Very graciously. Ask his friends, he's still
Around, like Frank, Frank O'Hara, these spirits
They're so heavy, and still here, guiding us,
Looking over my shoulder. In the dark, the same
Dark I lay in now, thinking, this. Dark, where
There was a warm beating red glow, pulsating,
Throbbing. The heart. The blood pulsing through
Various channels into the brain. The womb, where
Life begins, the ocean of love stops, and one day

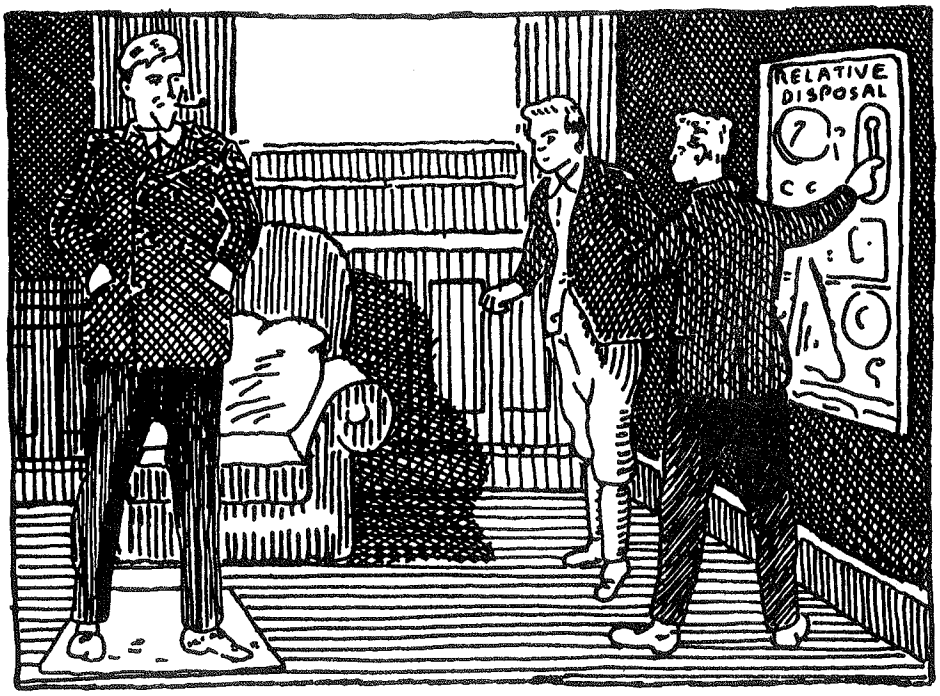
Pops open and friendly hands go in there,
And tell mommy to push, and she does, she does push,
And it hurts and it slides and it hurts and it's
Sliding, it's sliding out, it's sliding out,
And screaming, screaming, it's out, screaming,
And it's a him or a her. And it has
A name and a bed waiting. So maybe, it's a Steve.
A Steve Brodey. But, there's already a "Steve Brodey",
Who jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge, because his
Girlfriend hadn't answered his love letters. How about
Michael? Michael Brodey. Well, there's a jerk named
Michael Brodey. A pop soda heir, who announced
He was giving away his millions, just give him a call.

I met him, accidentally, Michael Brodey. He bought me
A ginger ale. I never got no checks in the mail
From that guy. I'd have to wash any bills he touched.
So not Steve. Although it never looked bad on
Steve Carey. So not Michael. That one's taken. I'm
Back in the dark, thinking. And caught me breathing,
And me breathing the words to you asking me what I said,
I just took another breath, excuse me, I am most careless
When I'm tripping, and just lay about and let fly open
So you may peek in. I am most careless when I'm tripping,
Oh yes, I'm tripping over you and through you the world
Sings such a merry song I hear it on my headphones

Which are not turned on, as we are, turned on. Where
Was I? Ah, er, like snowbound with nothing but Time
Magazines to browse through, sleepily, listening
To a foghorn announce the leaving ferry. And it's
Very early in the morning, and I'm giving you my warning,
"Don't you step on my blue suede shoes", certainly
Carl Perkins feels that way, throughout eternity, he
Does his incredible dance in pink loafers, waving
His guitar this way and that. Hope he don't step on
Any family heirlooms. We don't go for that kind
Of shit. Sure, we're loud, look at the fucking century,
You gotta be! But we got histories we wanna protect,
And who cares a blue fuck anyway? Build the pyres high

Melt the carbon-charred air back into brown malt,
And smoke it, like you're a bloodbrother
To the very center of molten nectar, flossy
Silkiness that breathes in us one breath,
One iris, one glare. One brightness. Out
Of the darkness, I'm laying in, thinking
All this up. Playing the meanest noseflute
Anybody's old aunt saw years ago in some hootch.
It goes in filigree, it comes out wopping music.
Thinking, in the dark, a moment or so ago.

1 - 23 - 80



THE LADS HAD A WAY OF DEALING WITH BORING OLD RELATIVES

Glen Baxter

3 Wishes

The smell before the gale
around your shoulder
this April invites
speculation. Are the Gates
of Eden south of Duke
Ellington Boulevard? Above
the surplus outlet
the frolicking of 2
with 2 purposes only
multiplied by scrutiny
open the olfactory
to New York City, its
weather everday,
the sough across this
island port before
thunder comforts us
rumbling long
as we sip cognac.
Springs gone by in
feverish pointless claiming
din, compelled to slug
by lack, I tipped
the bottle up & a genie
appeared sometimes, then
went back to the genie farm.

Discount Liquor

Wordsworth,
you should be
living now
to cross

the blocked
tongues
of poets
ill-versed

as children
without books,
who deem you dull
& worse

while soulless
pokes
hijack
the gloss.

If I am not a
tree, & seldom
see one, &
that one blighted

by urban
detritus shrinks
back to
broken seed,

I may continue
to return to
you, despite
parochial creed,

pastoral
freight, &
sympathies
righted.

Even your neurotic
revisionism, of
which over-
much is made

by academics
yearning for
an authoritative
text,

I understand
that bent, not
happy with
my self's facade,

nagged by
mystic Reason
to make
everything connect.

Across from
Discount Liquor,
this town's
endless charade

turns one in
the shrill milieu
to reflect
on the direct.

TOM WEIGEL

"When I'm Really Happy I'm In Niagra"

"Everyone's coming down for the hugging season"
Must I be honest with you as well?
It's 2:30 & The Post Guru edition looks disgustingly historic
So does the street movement, all those bodies & plaids
Shiva revealed today, bring me a rose, this is serious
Lips crescents are but laser beams shortness
In this or another hemisphere
There is now or later & there is you, my intellectual giant
Is not a firescreen doctoral delusion?
Because I like The Monkees Greatest Hits...
Stop a thought. No. Wait. Wait a little
Beyond Sense. Put mince pies in here later
Stay awhile my favorite cloud, here's some daisies that won't tell
"Close your eyes -- it's like being in Italy"

Little Carmen, surprisingly zaftig
and Tito with the wierd green eyes
want to get married in about five years
when they've got their families started
(She tosses an empty pack of MORE's
on the sidewalk, he spits, car keys
spinning on a finger, their friends
get out of school at three, hang out)
The filthy street could be a Pennsylvania
town, recently flooded, and as the hairy
but handsome school disgorges, I am
impressed that afflictions like rickets
are unknown to these kids, who might
have head lice and never be bothered
The soil-like grime they tramp across
is nearest to ordure, or to poisoned oleo
but in slap-happy crews they palpate, they
think, the rewards of their emotions
and I shrink at their optimistic guesses
since reading is essential to a cheater
but who slips notes to a proven world-beater?

UNDER VIRGO

In my league I am known
as Mister September, 30 games to go
and if I am collared today it
means nothing, there is caliente here

Sleeveless matrons shop for wools
conspiring to put an end to
this vernal affair, and melancholy brings
resonant words with no sense of loss

I see the beauty of the month
as a sequence of differentiation
wherein drier winds remove
the dust entirely from my lungs

leaving the clean stone to step
on when I side with the good

Asphalt lawn, hedged brick shrubs
and the anglo tongue dying sweetly
holding its bung, O squalor
Me thinks direction's absolute
is to fall, let us say fat juicy
chrysanthemums out of the sky
that don't even bounce, but I
turn aside my eye which wings
with mood upon the wind that way
as my look grows chill with cellars
Blood that is brain to leg or
belly is chaos to the mindless
day, the coincidence of intimidation
and tender hand, like this bench
in the sun is our love, filled
with resentment by shade that's
only built in by frequency
and that thank God prevents us here
from Scandinavian love, or Prussian
I turn to my lover and say:
"I've waited ten million years
for you and I'm not about to
break your arm at this point"
and with lonesome self-reliance
await the shift of her expression
as it zooms in over the city
from an ocean stirred by the sun

350 FIFTH AVE? THERE

Indecisive and rude, resenting
I say goodnight--
it's 10 and you need sleep
and I repeat my discovery that
it is difficult to read
in so big a room, which
I relinquish to the cats

At night a room must
be softened with furnishings
and lively clutter
Sharpness and many niceties
give too mortuary a feeling
to the sad tiredness of this night

You occupy one half of the
softest most tender corner
in the place, fragrant warmth
I look to a darkened window
where are presented only
reflections of a livingroom
at night, and a distant skyscraper
topped with white cold light
for the fools at both addresses

Musky piss and whiskey smell spring rain noon
Hello Boulevard of Bedbugs like gangs, buster
halo in place abre la madre folding chair squat
umbrella dress of black up-to-date plastic shoes
Once upon a time mother's grief was milk heart
and now the twine of many parcels lies there
among her things remnants of all flowing impulses
Eat bitter age food eat till bedtime light sleep
midst noise cat howl juke box friction of night
Grind it out memory eyes closed Ah! her hand is kissed

5 -- 13 -- 79
(Mothers' Day)

Trigger mange and heartless black shoes
gifts mir den Losen, pliz pass der muggles
und dann der County Seat, Manhattan's
New York, ja? at bar by vindo on 86th Street
Mit glass in dem vindo. You sure Strasse
don't refer to neural fritz wenn die Beine
mit die longe bones six-foot white girl?!
Press a handkerchief, go greet the boat
coming in with the beer, green bottles
low in the water, beer will never make you
six-foot-four, your Cynthia Gregory dream
remains technical like the emanation of light
upon her toe shoe yet she glisteneth not
from sweat! She don't live on East 86th
Mac. Tall girls millionaire bait, like
stretched dollar? She float bond, or
many bonds, oversized lean buoyancy laws
in string-bikini egg-shaped pool ballet?
Trigger ballet passkey over florist pussy?
I rent entire 86th Street for tall girls!
I die broke tomorrow, whatta way to go!

LONGSHOT PICKS

Your eyes close in modular death
and I examine the failed organ
so that you can breathe freely as
you dream of a bisexual handicapper
but first listen to my advice and
place ten mazeroskis on the indigent
stringbean with teenage malaise
who rides a princess telephone across
an Irish mug's badge number beep-beep
You sleep lapsed gentility cringing
like American cheese in sunlight
and orange curd upholsters your gown
At this point you would do well to
plank down twenty oliphants on
the pearshaped brunette with pitch-
forked green hair before she lisps
You will pay for your dream on
the way out so if you cheat your
way awake the sounds in the bunker
will signal red strobe light around
your consensual diversity natch
so risk thirty babushkas on the
ballpoint intersections blotching
that anemic shoulder under its torn
jersey embellishments for there's
a hot pick if you can handle a spoon
and you should know that you are
so pale in sleep that feathers are
attaching to you like parasite fish
and you a shrivelled pneumatic whale
At this point I would cool my goonies
with a scant fifteen nougats on
that distant odor whose body or bodies
will materialize in a swan dive from
that fifth floor window with jagged tin
The sweetness of the paid-off world
awaits you with powder-face horses
and a comb with your hand still on it

The Winter Leagues

Nervous sweat, breeze, and a chill
down my back, ah for a warming drink
But, afterall, off-season in le Champ Sinistre
renders one long innings out of uniform
Glowing nightlife pinnacles labor hours
longer, crowding out thanks with Noel
and I, delicate foot making of concrete
my turf, keep warm by heart alone
Humble red sauce, you are the treasure
that keeps me from going national, you
never lose at home, although your gate
is small, too small to employ an eloquent
hack, a Lindsay-Nelson-jacket diction
When the ball ascends, and drops-not
in fairest territory, the eye follows and
is lost in navy blue twilight, tapped
by a dim starry sword into the fraternity
that knows bitter tears, The Lords of Night

AS WHO KNOWS, SO GOES

I pound Keds into the sidewalk
against the Advent street wind
I feel how young my body is!
And thankful too, that the liver's
such a mystery, buried, where I'm
not sure -- if I remembered
high school biology as little as
the third-year Latin that took
its place, I would be, instead
of ignorant, morbidly confused
But, ah, I live with a nurse
whose body is serpentine and
angular with gaiety at the same
time, her abdomen is so
fresh it must be something I
remember from twenty, like
dominos in a shoebox she is
complete and jiggling, from
her lucrative eyes you can see
that bullying luminescent power
of the extremely existent, I
feel it in my body walking, and
what I mention no one knows

The sun stems its Mexican burst
and wraps its deathwishing plants
in the mini-stuntmen pouring it on
the adversary, chapped-up paves
There's no small-talk full of exaggeration
and color, the only virtue of facing
the window is that, like the narcotic
sensuality of a friend, it introduces
the didactic drama that encloses
even the furthest solar stormy breath
crazes bladed wants into comets
in Dacron, the acidy tail of verbal
dust preceding the wanton tracery
curves, the flux of least restraint
touring the cold murmurs of finity
where troubador the forty planets
and their glowing listerine seaboards
No, otherwise I would only revisualize
and rename a quiet-kneejerk Florida
where Paradise is a nectarine-pitted
driveway where the crunch of tires
brings oversized German Fritz-nannies
forth from their geriatric penance
Instead I am exposed, a shabby dove
to the gunning of veins with gush
for bizarre Esmeralda with furlined
aural mysteries of show biz

Candlepower scores surgeon traffic
during the limp scare
we bore so well our disappointment
and the slapping-belly sound
conceived in a night
of restroom innocence
and the future seeming, in its
thin silver stream of steadily debased
dimes and further divisions
of the cake you want enough to eat
the future is the faceless silhouette
the rainforest a library
cushioning the swollen temples
and ears in a trance

The white booty, mood fuschia
entourades the general's daughter
down from the head of chilled
Sunday clouds for me to whisper
to her the women may go on sleeping
all day without their shortsighted
feelings instead of swimming
useless eggs aground, with humor
and that workaday hustle
which becomes the world
for want of reflection or atrophy
of ordinary senses and shiny cheeks

Eight-Aught

"Tens? You counting by tens?
You want to dance? The music
is way over there through a
crowd, do you believe this is
a gymnasium? O, your dress!
I'm sorry, here let me lift it..."

That's one dance I woke from
where it was New Year's and
the spinning lights had that
nihil circular digit of
Arabian invention, the doughnut
That's what it's like to
sit up in bed with a hardon
from a dream, realizing
with inspired apprehension
that you've been playing
in five decades with the same
same old elastic glove

And then you feel you
should wake up, there is
a fight going on at the end
of the bar, I've quieted so
much of my heart in bars
the last decade, as if to
balance the intensities that
radiated throughout, from
shared beds and stubborn assertions

I almost said, "I held
my face into the wind," because
it's always windy outside a bar
The streetlights bend, under
beams as lonely as the
moon's, memories so clear and
inaccurate, I give up what
has been, because of this body
and its implacable need
for a future, in my life it stars
calling another body "home"