

(JEAN EDELMAN  
MEMORIAL ISSUE)

ANDERSON  
BASLER  
BAKKEN  
BLACKBURN  
BLAZEK  
CAMMER  
CARDONA HINE  
CONNELLAN  
EBERHART  
EDELMAN  
ETGNER  
FARBER  
FESSENDER  
FOWLER  
GORBEA  
GUEST  
HAINES  
HAMMER  
HOFFMAN  
HOCHMAN  
HOLLAND  
IGNATOW  
JODOROWSKY  
KELLY  
LIEBERMAN  
MALANGA  
MITCHELL  
MOFFITT  
MORRIS  
NYSTEDT  
PERCHIK  
PERRET  
RICCIO  
SAXON  
SCHMITZ  
SHUL  
STERNLICHT  
SWENSON  
SWINGLE  
TAYLOR  
UNTERECKER  
WAKOSKI  
WIEDMAN  
WINNICK  
WILSON  
WHITE  
WOESSNER  
ZINNES  
COOPERMAN

# POETRY REVIEW

UNIVERSITY OF TAMPA





POETRY REVIEW  
University of Tampa

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Edited by DUANE LOCKE  
R. MORRIS NEWTON  
MONIQUE GROULX  
Paul BABIKOW  
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Poets to appear in No. 6 (Sept.) and  
coming issues:

ELLOITT COLEMAN, RAQUEL JODOROWSKY  
ALVARO CARDONA HINE, THEODORE ENSLIN,  
GEORGE HITCHCOCK, LARRY EIGNER (large  
selection), JOHN KEYS, LOUIS Z. HAMMER,  
GOERGE BOWERING, GIL ORLOVITZ, JACK  
HIRSCHMAN, OTTONE M. RICCIO (large  
selection), JACK ANDERSON, JOHN  
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KATZ

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(JEAN EDELMAN  
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poems by

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Paul	BLACKBURN
Doug	BLAZEK
Leslie S.	CAMMER
Alvaro	CARDONA HINE
Leo	CONNELLAN
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IN MEMORIAM

JEAN LOUISE EDELMAN

December 3, 1947--February 15, 1965

..... Miss Edelman submitted a poem to POETRY REVIEW. We accepted it. The poem was "You could not have written that." This poem was to be her first national publication. On February 15, 1965, she died on the way to her class at Swarthmore College. A selection of her work follows:

You could not have written that,  
Said the voice  
And I said why  
Because it is and you are not  
Said the voice  
And calmly walked away.

\* \* \* \*

Men die only once  
but God?  
God crumbles with  
every earthquake  
dissolves with every  
carnage  
goes to the grave  
with every corpse

\*

\*

\*

\*

How ironic  
that You should have  
made me to know You  
and that  
I  
will  
die

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

The sky will cover...  
Cover?  
Yes, cover... The sky will cover you...  
Meaning me?  
The sky will cover you and  
The sky will cover me  
And our children?  
Yes  
And our parents?  
Yes  
And our hearts  
Oh yes... the sky will cover our hearts.

Then...  
Yes?  
Then the sky must have...  
Yes? The sky must what?  
Must have a big heart  
Oh yes, a big-hearted sky.

once there was a little boy  
who decided  
to  
cheat  
on his arithmetic test  
  
and so he cramed his head  
here  
and  
there  
and  
everywhere  
and his eyes darted  
here  
and  
there  
and everywhere  
but he made one mistake:

Back behind the altar  
 sat three old men  
 who, tired from walking,  
 began to talk.  
 Said one, of my blood  
 I have spilt  
 on the altar  
 (And are you purged?)  
 (And is it holy?)  
 Said one, of my flock  
 I have killed  
 on the altar  
 (And are you less?)  
 (And is it more?)  
 Said one,  
 on the altar, I put a poem  
 in the blood of your arm by the lamb of your flock.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 How is it possible  
     Falling  
 How can it be  
     Falling  
 That out of pencil and paper  
 I carve the only realness  
 I know  
 Say the only realness  
 I know  
 Only say the realness  
 I know  
 Say the realness  
 I only know  
 I only know  
     Falling  
 \* \* \* \* \*

More than gold  
 and more than the skies  
 more than even all  
 I want an affirmation  
 singing  
 laughing  
 bursting  
 in my heart  
 that I am, by definition, living  
 and that I am lovable and good  
 the struggle is not for power, not for wealth, not even any more  
 for love or friendship, but for, somehow in the confusion  
 and chaos, an affirmation of what I am and what I could, oh really  
 forbidden word, be

\* \* \* \* \*  
 how shall I tell you,  
 loneliness remembered as in a dream,  
 that I am glad that you came back  
 glad beyond the reasonings with which I  
 might  
 If I so chose  
 rule my life?  
 when all the images, symbols, and myths  
 are tied together with the neon pink ribbon  
 of an ending  
 will you be there?



MAY SWENSON

EASTER: A WALK ON BROADWAY

As if I wore a vest of grass,  
and a breeze stirred round my chest  
tugging at many silky roots,  
torso and spine reminded me  
I breathe, I walk.

My head a bud, all gold on my neck's stem,  
my shoulders shrugged away their sod.  
I walked on Broadway on Easter Sunday,  
where a genesis of sun  
struck apart the city's prison.

The cramp of winter loosened  
in flesh and thing;  
the stone street seemed about to melt like ice,  
and Time the Terrifier shrivel,  
seeing the crucifix of spring.

My face turned up. I bathed in the clouds,  
I tumbled with them in guileless blue.  
Faith, Freedom, Possibility  
are yours, they smiled. I felt  
I inhaled a wraith of hyacinths.

LOUIS Z. HAMMER

I AM A WANDERER...

I am a wanderer  
Dreaming of a city  
With an open door  
I am a wanderer  
Dreaming of a soft field  
With a sky that runs  
From color to color  
I am a wanderer  
Perhaps a dog  
With a twig in my mouth  
Perhaps a child  
With an illusion  
That is white with pain  
Perhaps a lover  
Open to a curve in the sky  
Running to the forehead of the storm  
Following a headwind  
Full of fruit  
I am a wanderer  
Following a stallion  
With floating mane  
Across an horizon  
That sinks into a dark wind.



LARRY EIGNER

e a r t h   s o m e   p l a c e

pine lit  
island wind needle  
like snow in the past  
times and again

there's no snow

the owl always  
was strange

\* \* \* \* \*

the language of birds  
on the other side of the world  
holds me in  
its prone mirror of song  
tree bent landscape  
retreat my voice not  
fading away

\* \* \* \* \*

memory  
among buildings  
in the outdoors  
the past walls  
a roof slopes along  
the small for example  
level sea of distance

\* \* \* \* \*

mass of cloud  
in the light where  
underwings of gulls  
the hurricane hasn't arrived

\* \* \* \* \*

a street finally realized truck  
far enough away  
footsteps surmount the time  
the clock sets on  
silence  
through the stars outside  
  
a field, or lattice  
run to trees

\* \* \* \* \*



LARRY EIGNER

bed the dream walking

fallen  
out

pillow  
the floor

the eye turns what  
only an angle is small  
should there be dawn  
with no more sleep

the sill ducks moon  
clouds trees  
motes world  
the cellar is rocky

cracks holding a time

back in  
where the dream began

the indefinite  
above the secured walls

the hard how necessary

siren the vice  
squad car down  
the road when dark  
is with us

night

red  
stars, fire  
has its sources

points  
of outline

sun  
so large  
a stream  
scale  
area

constant to the moon

earth clouds

distinguishing air

the colors

restriction  
of day to day



LARRY EIGNER

what notes  
how to make in and  
execute  
up and  
down  
to moments the  
divergences use time  
dispelling

Bethoven  
Menuhin

it's broken violence  
from vigor up  
good-natured  
some instrument  
becomes sweet  
and calm.

against the rock  
close-up

of the Colorado

there is an end that is always  
everywhere

MOANA

spray  
salt  
stars

as "rolling in  
the vastest space  
of ocean in the world "

the seas separately  
in each part

powerful and effortless  
curve where

the moon would crack

full vitreous  
vibe ceaseless  
shape "warm

as the air  
and  
generous  
as the soil "

use  
of these resources  
white flung land  
stripping the bark of a mulberry tree

for pain beyond  
daily  
work  
and play



the shadow of the tree  
in the morning on the street  
hedges small the small

and the wires, through  
and on eithe side

✻

a dense tree behind  
the skeleton of a tree  
    some snow, scrapes  
on the ground  
    nothing  
    in the sky

the tree on the hill

( ) ( )  
( ) ( )  
( ) Go and sleep outdoors  
the wind is strong trees strong  
there is no plant like a house  
to lattice the senses  
What air, song  
bears your will, clouds

Let time go, your strength  
apart from trees the extent  
of the present, here and there  
branches calm

hardly ever  
seem sensitive

the rain comes far  
as the wind. simply

If you didn't make  
the frame, casing  
the corner. imagine

construction  
is change

```

*               the carpenter
*               lingered, maybe
*               a little time

```

\* might be no pain

✱

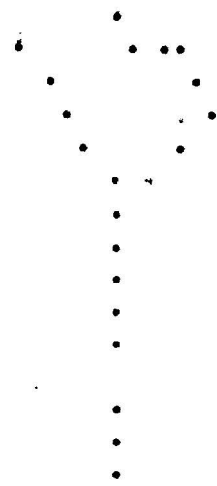
```
*  a forest all trees
*  the thick changes mind
*  tract you're in
```

as if drying rain out of her hair \*  
the small girl walk home the predicted  
shower hasn't come off  
tomorrow varying cloud

✱

One half  
lives in sunlight; he is  
the hunter and calls  
the beasts of the field  
about him.  
Bathed in sweat and tumult  
he slakes and kills,  
eats meat  
and knows blood.

His other half  
lies in shadow  
and longs for stillness,  
a corner of the evening  
where birds  
rest from flight:  
cool grass grows at his feet,  
dark mice feed  
from his hands.



## THE MOLE

Sometimes I envy those  
who spring like great black-  
and-gold butterflies  
before the crowded feet  
of summer -  
                    brief, intense,  
like pieces of the sun,  
they are remembered and celebrated  
long after night has fallen.

But I believe also in one  
who in the dead of winter  
tunnels through a damp,  
clinging darkness,  
nosing the soil of old gardens.

He lives unnoticed, but  
deep within him there is a dream  
of the surface one day  
breaking and crumbling:

and a small, brown-furred  
figure stands there,  
blinking at the sky,  
as the rising sun slowly dries  
his strange, unruly wings.

=====

John Haines had a selection of poems in POETRY REVIEW 4, which is still available.

=====

STOLEN PAPER REVIEW 3 is now out, \$1 to 4411 Seventeenth Street, San Francisco, California

POTPOURRI: Carlos Reyes, 68-A Polo Village, Tucson, Arizona--\$1.60 a yr.

POETASTER: PO Box 6175, Bakersfield, California 93306 --variety of poetic approaches.



DANIEL HOFFMAN

NEGATIVES OF SUMMER

Those tartan schists of quartz that gleam  
On rocks beneath the last tongue of the tide  
--Why does the dry air dull them drab?

They're fading

In the back seat of the car beside the films  
That when developed and enlarged reduce  
The looming islands and the spacious bay  
To a cup of water and a few black bugs.  
The splendor of the place is of the place  
And in the mind, retentive as the harbor  
Rimmed with rockweed from its highest tide.

JOHN MOFFITT

MOMENT OF APPRAISAL

Like looking in the mirror that stood tall  
At the foot of the deep stair well, over the  
Half-moon table inlaid with thin yellow:  
This was the comparing and the contesting--  
Whether with the others, as they posed and pranced  
In their daily, monthly, yearly proud contortings,  
Making up the texture for a literary landscape;  
Or with oneself, the self one was now with what one  
Thought to be earlier, or thought one ought to be.

This was the untenable stance, the becoming  
Conscious, forgetting how it was to run headlong  
Down the stairs and out into the waiting sun,  
Where gardens stretched geometrically to the  
East, with roses and small herbs and green borders;  
Where the copper leaves of exotic beeches  
And the hung fringes of weeping spruce  
Beckoned instantly to fresh belonging;  
Where olive drab of fields, spreading quiet  
Toward south and west to where they met the  
Mountain, answered all questionings with peace,  
And above in the unreachable depths of sky  
Wove great winds that perpetually wandered  
Back and forth in search of the ends of destination.

It was only if you stopped and looked into the  
False world of the tempting glass that you saw how  
Poorly you compared with the rest, how little  
Chance you stood of winning the contest,  
Whatever it was, wherever it led, that loomed  
Ineluctably round the corner of the door  
Opening out on the wide porch that broke the sun;  
It was only when you stopped to see, that you  
Forgot what it meant to be really you, that you  
Momentarily wondered what was the purpose of your  
Bursting effort, the place you had in all this  
Daily, monthly, yearly bustle of artful doing. 9

Truth that the mind sees  
Is not the truth that is:

It is the random leaves  
Patterned on the grass  
From which out wits surmise  
The spread and substances  
Of the whole tree, whose  
Wholeness still exceeds  
Possessing, since our eyes  
Fix on nearnesses.

It is the rare fishes  
Our tentative nets seize  
Out of the total mass  
Of ocean's sway and toss,  
Which shape an estimate less  
Sure with each fresh prize,  
Because each newer guess  
Casts wider dark in space.

No, not as much as these  
Is truth that the mind sees.

## JOHN UNTERECKER

RAIN PORTRAIT

Materials: The tree. The summer lake, the river, the winter lake.

Memory: I remember a time of summer;  
I remember trees and climbing,  
a lithe summer interwound with flutes and leaves.

The days: One day there was a river....  
One day a boy and a girl danced.  
One day there was a tree....(something about a tree).

Memory: The greens of that year coil and crush against a summer's heat.  
Their green world waits, tangent to my universe.  
There are shouted voices, but their violence dumb.

Detail: That god of the tree was green,  
moving just out of reach, a patch of light  
on the dark green and that green god moving,

arching against true sky  
celebrations of blue and green  
more certain than leaves,

until light's bright weight  
pressed him down,  
glistening, to earth:

received--not naked  
(Eve's invention, costumed in spring)  
but welcomed in the young



god's ritual attire.  
And paid sure homage  
uncorrupted by dream.

Detail:

The dance hall jutting out against 1939  
crashes blare beer and whiskey  
on the neon sand.

Spangled night-whips lash a yellow floor.  
Tablecloths, checked red on white, consume  
a freight of elbows, fists, tight grins.

Oblique musicians snarl our summer on,  
jostle, yellow on yellow crushed,  
laughter, hard, on yellow window frames,

rub against our mouths fat dreams.  
Black trumpets stammer red on the sawdust floor.  
The lake, an enveloping black, tugs at the shore.

Landscape:

All worlds are unsatisfying, even dream's  
defeated springs, false autumns, winters of illusion snow.  
I built a random summer out of home-made gods....

Detail:

The end of summer was a river night  
suspended from unlikely shores.  
Our shore was darker, smaller than the glittering one.

"This is where you wanted to go?"

"I like the river at night."

"Have you been here long enough?"

"Yes."

The words, indirections in the dark,  
began to dance a bobbing saraband of death:  
like mirrors wrestling stars.

Portrait:

By the lake, three boys--seven, nine, fourteen--  
fish from a little dock,  
imperishable, intact.

But, perishable, you, I know,  
walk an improbable place, wound in false green,  
where agile leaves assemble antic flesh.

Was there a god of the tree, intersecting flesh?  
I have lost your green  
among green lake, gray rain, green trees.

The waters rise; the rain sways through the sky.  
I renew you in flute and leaf,  
but an elemental light--private, personal, pure--

moves, wavering, where I think I have never been:  
a climbing green, a flutter in the tree,  
star-pattern on a river lost as childhood in the night.

The lake is dappled with rain. The night moves in.

This section introduces the first in a series of Raquel Jodorowsky's poems, which will appear in Poetry Review. Raquel Jodorowsky is a leading South American poet, one of the best since Pablo Neruda , Cesar Vallejo, and Jorge Carrera-Andrade. Her work represents one of the highest achievement in a generation which has had the advantage of surrealism. Her work with its unique quality of emotion and individualism goes beyond the surrealist experiments into a mysterious and profound, although disjointed and devastating, realism of human experiences.

Poetry Review will continue its exclusive introduction in the U.S. of her new work. We have included a somewhat literal translation, for any who has difficulty reading Spanish. Mohique Groulx is the translator.

#### EL PERSONAJE DE UNA CALLE

Como /  
angeles negros  
que la vida no ha tocado  
Pasan  
caminan por las calles  
esos viejos solos  
consumidos miserables  
que no piden nada  
que nunca dicen gracias  
esos viejos que van  
van porque si  
regalando flores a los desconocidos  
arrastrandose en un tiempo de sueño  
con rostros aplastados por los espejos  
Esos viejos con extraños sombreros  
caídos de una escenografía  
que ya no se utiliza  
inarticulados  
quizás en qué idioma  
se cierra su silencio  
Pasan así  
reducidos a una curva a un punto a una mancha  
con toda la perfección del mundo  
derrumbada  
y uno se imagina la tristeza de sus habitaciones  
con gatos disecados en las murallas  
uno se imagina y siente  
la juventud que fustiga  
como una burla  
y queremos correr detras de ellos  
darles un beso de hijo una moneda  
algo que sirva para abrirlos la puerta  
uno siente miedo ante sus bocas de hormigas  
ante sus manos que guardan la forma del vacío  
miedo  
porque nos vemos al final de la vida  
igual en una calle sin botones  
desconocidos como un poeta  
regalando flores  
o poniendo plumas olvidadas en las solapas  
  
Esos viejos que pasan  
primero que nosotros  
nos esperan nos esperan.



## THE PERSONAGE OF A STREET

Like black angels  
untouched by life  
They pass  
they walk the streets  
those lonely old men  
languished miserables  
who demand nothing  
who never say thanks  
those old men who go  
go because if  
presenting flowers to strangers  
crawling in a time of drowsiness  
with rostrums smashed through looking-glasses  
Those old men with monstrous hats  
downfallen of a cenography  
which already is not used  
inarticulated  
perhaps in somewhat idiom  
their silence is closed  
They pass thus  
reduced to a curve to a dot to a sleeve  
with all the world's perfection  
precipitated  
and one imagines the gloom of their houses  
with dissected cats in the ramparts  
one imagines and feels  
the youths whipping  
in mockery  
and we want to run after them  
to give them a filial kiss a coin  
something which serves to open them the door  
one feels fear before these mouths of ants  
before these hands which keep the hollow form  
fear  
because we see ourselves at the end of life  
equal in a street without doorknobs  
unknown like a poet  
presenting flowers  
or putting pens forgotten in lappels

These old men who pass  
sooner than us  
wait for us wait for us.

## POEMA

Ante la fotografía de un esqueleto viviente, que al ser liberado tenía pulmonía y estaba infestado de piojos. Casi todo el alimento del Campo de Concentración consistía en una sopa aguada.....

mientras esto sucedía en Europa  
raquel en sudamérica  
escribía poemitas  
mientras este hombre era humillado  
ofendido quemado partidas sus vísceras  
desparramados sus huesos en los basurales  
azotado hambriento  
mientras se moría un hombre  
un corazón perfecto  
un pulmón perfecto  
un ojo que miraba el día  
un hombre que respiraba el olor del café  
que estaba enamorado  
que jugaba con sus hijos  
mientras un hombre tenía que abortar sus ideales  
tendido en colchones agusanados hediondos  
raquel la poetisa juntaba todas estas hojas  
de papel caídas del otoño de la vergüenza  
cortaba buscaba compraba estas palabras  
para engrandecer su orgullo su egolatría  
sonreía a los críticos  
le movía el poto a los fotógrafos  
se daba importancia en los téés de señoras-bien  
imprimía tarjetas de visita con filo de oro  
vestía a la moda  
era capitana de bandas intelectuales  
representaba la nueva generación  
esto es la otra parte del espejo  
estas son las críticas que me has pedido  
para hacer mi pedigree  
mi árbol genealógico  
mi historia social  
mis triunfos  
mis monumentos futuros en las plazas  
donde mean los perros  
pues bien aquí me tienes  
conóceme hasta el fondo.

## EL SECRETO

Ha pasado un siglo.  
Un día alguien levantará  
una piedra abandonada  
para estudiar  
el pasado del mundo.  
Y ahí debajo, ensombrecido  
estará mi poema.  
Nadie sabrá repetirlo.  
Sobre la tierra, nuevos hombres  
nuevos sonidos, nuevos poetas  
van trabajando y cantan.  
Así mis lágrimas quedarán  
en secreto para siempre.  
Y yo estaré feliz, con mi pena solo mía  
en un poema que no puede ya contaminar.  
Inpronunciada, inexistente  
Solo heredando el peso de las piedras....

# POEM

Facing the photograph of a living skeleton, which upon being freed caught pneumonia and was infested with lice. Almost all of the concentration camp's food consisted of a watery soup....

While this happened in Europe  
raquel in South America  
wrote little poems  
while this man was degraded  
offended burned his viscera parted  
his bones scattered in the gutters  
lashed eagerly  
while a man was dying  
a perfect heart  
a perfect lung  
an eye that beheld the day  
a man who exhaled the scent of coffee  
who was in love  
who played with his sons  
while a man had to miscarry his ideals  
stretch out on rotten stinking mattresses  
raquel the poetess gathered all these paper  
leaves fallen from the Fall of shame  
she cut, she sought, she bought these words  
in order to exalt her pride, her egolatriy  
she smiled at the critics  
turned her rear towards the photographers  
gained importance en los tees de señoras-bien  
she printed visiting cards with golden edges  
dressed fashionably  
was captain of intellectual groups  
she represented the new generation  
this is the other side of the mirror  
these are the refutations you demanded of me  
in order to make my pedigree  
my geneological tree  
my social history  
my triumphs  
my future monuments in the squares  
where the dogs urinate  
then here you have me well  
know me in my depthness.

## THE SECRET

A century has passed.  
One day someone will raise  
an abandoned rock  
to study  
the past of the world.  
And there underneath, shaded  
will be my poem.  
No one will know how to repeat it.  
Over the earth, new men  
new sounds, new poets  
go on working and sing.  
My tears will remain  
in secret for always.  
And I shall be happy, with my sorrow  
mine alone  
in a poem that can no longer be contaminated.  
Unpronounced, nonexistent  
Alone inheriting the weight of the rocks....



CANCION PARA CUERDAS DE GARGANTA  
E INSTRUMENTOS DE LLANTO ELECTRONICO

Ruidos del universo circulando en mi intestino  
Ruidos del máquinas masticando hombres  
Ruidos de trajes aniquilando cuerpos  
Ruidos de botas hundiendo ojos que sueñan  
Ruidos de heroes vistiendose con la piel de sus enemigos  
Ruidos de niños devorando abuelos  
Ruidos de microbios abatiendo hígados  
Ruidos de gargantas tratando de cantar mientras esperan en una silla eléctrica  
Ruidos de blancos cazadores de cabezas negras  
Ruidos de alfileres desinflando estómagos de banqueros de 150 kilos  
Ruidos de uñas escalando cárceles  
Ruidos de falos rompiendo tímpanos  
Ruidos de lluvia lluvia cayendo cayendo sobre un cuerpo que se desangra sin ayuda  
Ruidos de escritores mordiendo escritores  
Ruidos de abadias ahogando espíritus  
Ruidos de políticos conservándose en saliva  
Ruidos de genios vaciándose en reservados  
Ruidos de hambre aullando en la soledad de hospitales  
Ruidos de criminales que subieron al cielo inmortalizándose en estampas  
Ruidos de poemas quemados por el Estado  
Ruidos de familias que se separaron se buscaron se llamaron se tragaron sus  
ecos sin respuesta dentro de hornos crematorios  
Ruidos de libros de profesores anunciando los progresos de la civilizacion  
Ruidos de mi mirada persiguiéndome en la oscuridad  
Ruidos de ruidos de ruidos rodando en el vacio en el silencio en el vacio.

Uníverso  
Del  
Fin  
El  
O  
Principio  
El  
Trague  
Me  
Si  
Se  
No  
Y  
Arenas  
Comer  
A  
Mar  
Al  
Fui  
Me  
Ayer

OTRO POEMA.

SONG FOR VOCAL CORDS  
AND INSTRUMENTS OF ELECTRONIC LAMENT

Noises of the universe circulating in my intestine  
Noises of machines eating men  
Noises of suits consuming bodies  
Noises of boots submerging sleeping eyes  
Noises of heroes dressing themselves with the skin of their enemies  
Noises of children devouring grandparents  
Noises of germs overthrowing livers  
Noises of throats trying to sing while they wait in an electric chair  
Noises of white hunters of black heads  
Noises of pins disinflating stomachs of bankers of 150 kilos  
Noises of nails climbing parcels  
Noises of phalli breaking tympani  
Noises of rain rain falling falling over a body hemorrhaging helplessly  
Noises of writers biting writers  
Noises of abbeys choking ghosts  
Noises of politicians conversing in saliva  
Noises of geniuses divulging confidentially  
Noises of hunger crying in the solitude of hospitals  
Noises of criminals who climbed to heaven immortalizing themselves in prints  
Noises of poems burnt by the state  
Noises of families who separated themselves looked for themselves called themselves  
                swallowed their echos without reply inside crematorium furnaces  
Noises of teachers' books announcing the progress of civilization  
Noises of my look persecuting me in the obscurity  
Noises of noises of noises rolling in the vacuum in the silence in the vacuum

Yesterday  
 I  
 Went  
 To the  
 Sea  
 To  
 Eat  
 Sand  
 And  
 I don't  
 Know  
 If  
 The  
 Beginning  
 Or  
 The  
 End  
 Of the  
 Universe  
 Swallowed  
 Me.

OTHER POEM

ELI SHUL

MY MEXICAN WIFE SAYS: IN EACH HEAD A DIFFERENT WORLD

We sleep, dreaming together.  
She, ensnared in moustaches  
And landscapes planted with  
Rusting frames of incomplete apartments  
Where well-dressed lizards slide  
Down the stairs.  
I, my past of air-raid wardens,  
Closets of hoary brooms,  
The women perfumed with floors  
And paste wax.  
We never meet no matter how many  
Doors we open.  
I don't see her in roomfulls of students.  
For lovers we take others.

Though we grow older together  
I don't think we shall ever meet  
In years and years of sleep.  
She awakens colored by sun, and  
Cleans out from between her toes pebbles  
And a red earth she has been running against  
All night in bed clothes.  
I kiss her like the Lexington Avenue Express.

MARTIN LIEBERMAN

THE PARTING

It isn't better,  
While you are  
Picking my pockets  
With your tears,  
That you are dead  
To me.

That spying over  
The playground  
Of your handkerchief  
You spot me  
Noticing the time,  
Doesn't make it better,

For in the mind  
Of the imperfect egoist,

Already pummeling  
Your cushions  
Into the festive balloons  
Of a parting

There isn't even  
The virtue  
Of his vice.

ELI SHUL

BUSINESS

This man, branded  
In a concentration camp,  
Bought a Harlem bar  
With money, it is rumored  
He stole from the mouths  
Of his own dead.

His days and nights are spent  
Hunched on a back stool  
Where the numbers on his arm  
Register fantastic profit.

\*

=====

SALTED FEATHERS, An evergrowing Northwest  
publication, Dick Bakken, 112 Washington,  
Pullman, Washington.

EPOS, A beautifully done hand press poetry  
quarterly, Crescent City, Fla. \$2 a yr.

BITTERROOT, the Menke Katz poetic quarterly,  
5229 New Utrecht Ave., Brooklyn 19, NY

GRIST, 1015½ Massachusetts, Lawrence, Kané  
Needs subscribers. 50¢ a cp.

COYOTE'S JOURNAL, presenting excellent  
poetry, 1558 Lincoln St., Eugene, Ore.,  
97401---\$3 a yr. \*\*\*\*\*

CHELSEA, PO Box 242, Old Chelsea Stat.  
New York, NY 10011 #####

LOUIS Z. HAMMER

BALLAD

We stood on a corner not thinking,  
The orange cowboys,  
The girls with twisted hair;  
The firemen came with long ladders,  
They extinguished the blaze in our eyes.  
Out of the building came soldiers,  
Oxygen floated like paper,  
Darkness fell on the trees,  
A black guitar went on playing  
The song of the orange cowboys  
And the girls with twisted hair;  
A soldier called us liars,  
He cut our tongues with his sword;  
The cowboys ran and the girls  
Tore at their twisted hair;  
The firemen took down their ladders,  
They drove through the glittering darkness,  
The black guitar stopped playing:  
Oxygen lay on the streets;  
We stood on the corner not breathing,  
Not breathing or thinking at all.

PROPHECY

Flowers grow from the skullcaps of rabbis  
With paralyzed arms and legs;  
The morning is covered with clouds and wet beards,  
Violets and poppies wail  
At the city's old wall,  
The blood of lambs is full of gray hairs.  
The messenger pulls thorns from his heel,  
A dog sniffs at the messenger's ankles  
That have turned into garlands of roses.  
The messenger has shattered his lamp on the rocks  
That sprang up with a word  
Buried for years in the throat of an eagle.

MY HEART

My heart, severed, hanged, denuded of flowers,  
Surprised in its grave by its own fears,  
My heart that is a dialogue of mountains  
Speaking equal shafts of sunlight,  
My heart that is a cobweb cover of the Absolute,  
My heart that is a reintegration of blood-soaked  
parables,  
My heart that is all I am not,  
I owe you something:  
Now you may grow without effort  
To a fish  
Feeding on blue waves.

.....

.....  
Louis Z. Hammer's article AMERICAN POETS AND THE IDEA OF THE POEM appears in KAYAK 2.  
Six of his poems appear in KAYAK 3

.....  
INPUT\_input-Input-inPUT-Input INPUT : For Input  
a journal of contemporary poetry, published : address  
quarterly or otherwise--6 issues \$1.25 : 24 Olsen St., Valley Stream, New York 19



## I

I said

Marc

I said

what is color

to which Chagall answered

color is blood

blood

I stuttered

broken down

forgotten blood

he said

sitting up

(he was in bed

with a cold

he had just remembered)

well

I said

(trying

not to get paint

all over my overcoat)

painting is...

very close to murder

he replied

in a light vein

## II

another time

Marc and I were sitting

in a cafe

Marc

I said

say something

I was just thinking

he said

yes

that haiku of yours

the one with the squash flowers

and the runaway goat

what about it

I asked

I'm the only one who could paint  
a runaway goat

where'd you put it

in the sky

of course

he replied

with one of the flowers in its mouth

that'd be great

I exclaimed

why don't you do it

no time

he said puckering up his lips  
and giving me a nervous look

### III

you won't tell anybody

not a soul

not even your wife

not even my wife

well

here it is

I've painted a Negro

hey

wonderful

great

to hell with your secrecy

your promise...

you're crazy

this is great

it's brilliant

I am sorry

it's a failure

you've painted a Russian Negro

Marc

a reverse albino

Russian enough to go to heaven

I wasn't thinking of heaven

he said

opening a window

and letting it out

ALVARO CARDONA-HINE

WHIRL THE DAMNED CENTRIFUGE OVER YOUR HEAD

whirl the damned centrifuge  
over your head  
and let go  
god

which is exactly  
what whirling man within it  
claims you did  
two billion years ago

whirl the damned centrifuge  
over your head  
and let go  
I want to see it go

George  
that  
wonderful  
secret  
joke  
I

let

you

in

on

while

John

drove

us  
down  
that wild green canyon  
and you laughed  
and there was a good dinner  
waiting at home  
wine in the expectancy  
and pines holding onto rock  
with their roots

did I tell you  
how well I feel

George?

did I tell you  
that my life was being tossed overhead  
and that I am a stranger everywhere?

=====

LEO CONNELLAN

CONSCIOUS

Amphisbaena, go me East  
And slip among the unconcern.  
There, and come back here win,  
Because I know how to kill.  
And yet melt excited upon even  
Just seeing Margot Fonteyn  
Or a Dandelion for that matter,  
White puffed coming apart in the  
Brutal air.

Leo Connellan, promising new California poet, will have work forthcoming in GEORGIA REVIEW and DUST.

one is urine  
two is sex  
three is love

many or all or some or any

cauliflower  
caulifive  
call it six

any good thing you call a penny

DAVID IGNATOW.....TWO CAN KILL

Keep your hands out of your hair what I have to say it  
now is the time to speak low and gently flows the river  
Afton noon knows the trouble I've seen more that I would  
talk about troubles lose you friends want good news  
always welcome home stranger than a three logged man the boats  
crashing against each other in high seas everything  
knows everything hears everthing stinks difficult  
to endure indoors can be escaped in the open the door  
Richard stinks are my favorite subject me to stinks  
and I begin thinking and acting a profession I once wanted  
to join the army and act the man refused to take me  
flat feet first is how I'll go out the door was not quite  
wide enough for both of us to leave together so I followed  
behind I loved large round solid gold cadillac she wanted  
me to find a way I went mad pulling my hair I said  
I love you but will not do myself or anyone harm by it I meant  
not to destroy what I had built of marble and blood thicker  
than words matter is more than words are not playthings either  
I loved her or I didn't she pouted that I love my wife agreed  
to leave me alone I said I'm not in love of this sort  
is something else from what I feel for you are at the heart  
of this family man the boats were crashing one against  
the other in high seas everything hears everything knows  
everything I said was turned against me a fool to have  
been led leading myself a man of many wiles I waited for her  
to calm down the hatch I went for safety in the storm blew  
and blew out the lights were gone crazy if I had not remained  
perfectly silent and still in the dark I heard my heart  
beat me daddy eight to the bar was closed and I walked  
hearing her voice shriek disloyalty is suffishing ground  
for firing me immediately I summoned up her sense of pity  
me caught in a mirage of myself a clown jumps through a hoop  
a la douce is wild man of Borneo to suffer over a woman  
is my downfall winter spring and summer starts again I think  
of her ripe pipe me up on board with one woman when two  
can kill me between them.

+++++David Ignatow writes that he prefers the word Thy instead of They in the fourth line of the Penitent in POETRY REVIEW no. 4. He was recently granted a Guggenheim Fellowship.

+++++OLE, a new critical and poetry journal, "The Hudson and Kenyon of the mimeos and the new poetry--The Sewanee Review of the North," \$2 a yr. fr. 449 S. Center, Bensenville, Ill. 60106.



## IN DECEMBER

tear taut

even now my hands  
reach out to touch

the emptiness of you  
beside me.

THERE ARE DOORS \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ PAUL BLACKBURN

Wisteria  
would not be enough  
Vines offend me some subtle way  
and for all its nostalgic smell, wisteria  
is no exception

/

But there were birds  
past sunset, five minutes before the dark  
screaming to themselves and each other  
settling down in the leaves  
I scared two out of the lilac tree  
just walking by it  
The formal shapes that surround us,  
geometric walks, the clipped trees and shrubs  
cannot hold it all

/ The statue of a young girl in the  
center, some broken slabs of marble hedged about the pool  
torn from their borders to facilitate laying new pipes  
to the fountain, just thrown  
there, any-which-way, about her  
kneeling among those pipes, all  
added to the quiet noise of birds  
and smells of wisteria, lilac, her  
buttocks were real, for-  
get the ungenerous tit, the motion, the stone gesture  
of pouring water down her back and buttocks were enough  
to want to make her real  
for that moment

Too many ways OUT of this garden .  
not just up the stone stairs like any  
gentleman,  
there are doors.

Darkness came finally  
and birds stopped their querulous nonsense  
and the incense of the flowers was  
less loud

Bob Nystedt will have this year two books of selected poems by Windfall Press. Paul Blackburn will have work in KAYAK 4.

NEW MAGAZINES PUBLISHING POETRY:  
Nigara Frontier Review, c/o Harvey Brown, 19 E. 71st St., NYC 10021....WAYNE REVIEW, Wayne State University, Detroit, Mich....Oyez (OYEZ), Bob Rosengard, 15 East Pearson, Chicago, Ill.  
Cardinal Poetry Quarterly, Eda Casciani, 1326 S. Cicero Ave., Cicero, Ill. 60650.....  
TANSY, John Broderick, 64 Pemberton, 4th floor, Boston (This announcement may be premature).

KENT TAYLOR

JOAN WHITE

APRIL 4

MANNERS IN THE SNOW

Splendor of birds  
    of roofs  
        over light  
    and cracks  
        of pitch  
down  
    and every  
one  
    leaning  
    phrases of death  
break the ear  
  
claws  
  
    and pain into traps.  
  
To reach out  
  
    without extension  
    to live without  
  
        loss  
  
        ah  
  
yes  
  
    you tell tales  
  
        tales  
  
and my face  
  
my hands hold tears

Black raven and red cow  
cut out the sky  
from its all-blue.  
  
So do you, my own shadow,  
blot a blue no-thing  
in the white grass,  
  
four poles that slice  
scissoring in and out  
on the background's face;  
  
and my blunt-nosed car  
like a black bridegroom squats  
a blob against the hill.  
  
Fresh snow might come I think  
most fast and full  
that could sink us quick  
  
under its sea-swell,  
the cow and even the bird  
too snowed to fly,  
  
and my shadow as well as I.  
Trees might find next spring  
but the rest of us could not  
  
dream of the warming rain:  
the animal as the most  
delicate, dies from pain  
  
of missing air, but my bridegroom  
metal, magnificent,  
anyone come could ride.

CHARLES FARBER

THE DEVIL IT IS

    across these plains of silence  
where dry vegetables gallop to meet you  
and broad-shouldered trees (with nothing beneath)  
push up like pistons and only a bombshell,  
a bird, complains with wheel voice.  
The devil it is when in the orangeade sky  
that first star hugs its threads and you know the river  
will tumble sun-plates and wash the locked moon again  
when you've passed, a seeking root,  
    or an angel-yarn, perhaps,  
telling the future how it was between cities  
and there how apes climbed saddly endless stairs  
to lie on the white flag of sleep.

A DREAM OF TIME

But I can-not go. At night I watch them  
Building it again--  
Tiny men, mostly in white men's pants  
Building an excavation--  
Look at them--

Tiny men lifting up the Calender Stone.  
It is 13 feet in diameter and represents  
The history of the world.  
In the center is the sun set within the  
Sign Four Motion, the date  
Of the present era. The dates  
Of the preceeding eras  
Are given in the four arms of the Motion  
Sign. Beyond are sun rays  
And star symbols; the border  
Is two fire snakes. I can't  
See what they are doing. They  
Are pointing to the snakes. They are  
Screaming the word "Time."

Then someone told me of the great store  
Of gold and other rich stones.  
I wanted to try my luck.  
I turned to my love. But the stone had  
Gone. My love had gone. My city  
Had burned. I heard one man saying  
"Take your mouth" so--  
I ran with my mouth filled with stones.

DENNIS SCHMITZ

VIVRE

(after the French  
of Jules Supervielle)

(Editions Gallimar have  
copyright on the French  
version.)

for having set foot  
on the heart of the night  
I am a man caught  
in the net of stars.

I do not know the rest  
which men possess  
and even my slumber  
is eaten by the sky.

starkness of my days,  
you are crucified;  
birds of the forest  
in the tepid air, frozen.

Ah! you fall from trees.

the friend who sent me a book  
is blessed forever  
when I bury it in the flowers  
unread  
the dust-cover is bright  
orange among the roots  
I have never cultivated flowers  
& these roots may never relax  
enough  
to take the pages that once  
were trees

THE SOWING

SANDRA HOCHMAN has been the recipient of The Yale Younger Poet's Award.  
DENIS SCHMITZ appears in Kyak, 3, and has appeared in John Logan's CHOICE and  
elsewhere.

BARBARA GUEST

APRIL

The seasons go like this

the fruit establishing an accuracy

The rug turns chartreuse outside the trees  
have different means they are pink or white  
pour l'occasion their boughs return  
messages which are varied they say now I let  
it fall or now I turn into white as everything is neutral  
I am calm while within me the center speaks of change

the green gripping boughs

white impartial mornings

the sun like a glove

You wake up and you are surprised that the room  
with its gesture and its new tone you want it to become  
acquainted with its birth you who have been  
sleeping all that time under a quilt  
and you try to make amends. The room  
and the chartreuse rug that now is green

Why have you forgotten that self who closed its eyes?

an oarly melon who rolled under the bedclothes

with light stripes and dark hindquarters

so many times in the erratic Spring

this melon rather tricky

I wish you adventures

KEITH WILSON

PORTRAIT BEFORE THE CITY NIGHT  
(to Heloise)

Blue leaves falling in neon,  
this new experience to leave me  
breathless--born out of this wet street,  
the surreal comes forth to new extensions:

you, the green whisp of hair above your  
lemonorange nose, the deep lips  
moist in light azure rain, falling  
as I fall, endlessly seeking a real  
out or into rain, the strange night  
of the City, pounding color into what  
after all, God knows, was a real you.



ALL THE ROPES FALLING

All the ropes falling  
Are turning to leather...  
The old boat  
Stuck in the branches  
Is crumbling.  
All the ropes falling  
Make me think of you.

The way boards were  
In the grass,  
The splinters looked like  
Fish scales, or foxes buried  
Under a too large barrel.

And I see the silver domes  
Along the horizon,  
Along the hill  
Where you looked for diamonds.  
And finding one for each of us,  
Wrapped them together in paper.

That tan summer we played  
In the huge troughs...  
I remember you got lost in the shade,  
Or hid.  
But I saw your shoes,  
Above the ledge,  
And hit you with an apple.

When dirt is  
Wind is  
The Bone in my ear  
Is smashed under skin;  
I have lost the clasp.  
All the ropes falling  
Are flying apart.

AFTER JOHN ASHBERY

The razor prepared handholds  
Along the duckwork for  
Rapid application of the cigarette numbers.  
The gears were polished

The victim forgot axles  
Had already been  
Invented; his fingernails had  
Reversed their loyalty.

They forced gears between  
His teeth. The paper rings  
He had worn around his ankles  
Were removed. A herringbone was used  
To shatter his wrist and a ticket  
Incision exposed his lettering.

They piled electric  
Paperclips on his chest  
And smiled when his eyebrows  
Exploded. His elbow was beaten  
With a cornstalk flail  
Until the dice  
In his windpipe shattered.

The windows threw up in horror.  
The floor was covered  
With dismembered violins.

JACK ANDERSON

FAMILIAR

Larry Swingle is a student at Cornell.  
Jack Anderson has recently appeared in  
Nation, Chelsea, and Dreamsheet.

Not new  
but the same old thing  
and welcome  
  
you come and we talk  
and sometimes I kiss you  
and sometimes I

have said enough

D. MITCHELL

Memory  
time frescoed.  
A mosaic  
of patterned indecision.

A silent hand.

Memory  
    a hall of  
        mirrors  
each  
reflected  
    image  
cast  
from light  
    into darkness  
darkness  
a prismatic eye  
    refracting  
forms  
not yet dead:  
sand stung with  
waters  
crescent markings  
birds Sanskrit a  
turtles  
isolated crawling:  
    images  
        of god  
waiting  
to be found again.

FIRST NATIONAL  
PUBLICATION

He is a student at the New  
School of Social Research  
in New York City.

The precise Flamenco  
                    step  
a Sand Piper  
dancing  
    on the grave  
                    of a Gull;  
whose shirred  
grey-white wings  
came rain laden  
                    in a  
                    storm  
and slid,  
like oil  
thru the  
            air  
on sand:  
            ground glass  
                    and  
iron filings:  
against its  
still tight  
                    membraned  
                    body  
One pebbled eye  
cursing the sun,  
                    its thin  
                    spinster  
limbs shuddering  
in the wind  
                    waiting.

.....  
NEW MAGAZINES publishing poetry:  
Larva, c/o Blue Unicorn, 1927 Hayes St.  
San Francisco 17, Calif.  
Poetry Newsletter, 463 W. 19th St., New  
York, NY 10011. published bimonthly at  
35¢, 6 issues for \$2--mainly interested  
in the works of lesser known poets and  
included reviews of the smaller presses  
and magazines  
Illumination, Norman Moser, c/o The Blue  
Unicorn, 1927 Hayes St. San Francisco  
EAST Side Review, 414 Park Ave. S., NYC  
South Dakota Review, Box 111, U Ex. Ver-  
million, SD.  
Coercion, 3701½, N. 24th St., Omaha, Neb.  
New Latern Club Review, 3014 Shenandoah,  
#7, Houston, Texas, 77004  
Writer's Forum, 910 Riverside Dr. NYC 32  
Nightshade PO Box 4842, San Francisco

JAMES RYAN MORRIS

THE HANDSHAKE

You and I  
are tight,

I said,

always  
Friends to the end.

I picked up  
a stone and hit him

in the head,  
left him for dead,

& walked off  
still holding his hand.

JAMES RYAN MORRIS appeared in Wormwood 15  
& edits Croupier, a magazine of poetry  
to be released shortly.

WILLIAM PACKARD

Reading of how Teresa knelt  
and felt herself drawn bodily to god,  
I lay my great weight down to sleep,  
unable to praise, too lazy to pray,  
mostly amazed that I am still here,  
that my mind is reasonably clear,  
that my recent rage has wasted away,  
that I **have** come upon this calm,  
that I have achieved this easy peace,  
that I have acquired this extraordinary quiet.

Teresa, aside from survival,  
I am a poor tongue-tied hump of dung,  
I analyze my dreams and keep a log  
of my entire life and try to write poetry.  
I only know my own underworld,  
the hundred hungers of a crying child.  
My sexuality is a rude ancient tree  
which has its roots in the moist soil,  
its branches reach in crazy ways  
and sway forwards and backwards with each breeze.

WILLIAM PACKARD received the  
Robert Frost Poetry Award 1957,  
has appeared in numerous quarter-  
lies, and has a recording of poetry  
& excerpts from plays (1964) in the  
Library of Congress.

Teresa, I could never serve the church  
which worships a christ of acquiescence  
caught in the hypnotic rot of culture.  
That has nothing to do with Nazareth.  
And yet believe me, I see Jesus  
in the fierce well-being of his laughter,  
a man outlandish in his **sanity**,  
who walked the stoney mountain roads,  
who drove the rabbis to distraction,  
who remained awake in spite of his disciples.

NIGHT

like a crater  
turned upsidedown  
the night pours bruised tea  
on us,  
over the old highways we walk,  
over the cysts we  
clothe with wool,  
over & over we are drenched  
until the night enters us.

we cremate old clotheslines  
& hang up new wash  
selecting better horsewrappers  
for the next day's showing.

we cryptically seek the  
stairway to the torn  
tycoon where the loot  
spills into abandoned tenements  
& with bitten skulls we  
suture the gaping holes our  
probing caused.

slowly, the mind closes  
& the blood vessels don't pain anymore  
& soon we are sleeping  
dark & sturdy like a tree.

the merchandise of the soul  
goes unscathed,  
the dreams follow littered paths,  
alone we cross great distances  
stuffing out empty pockets  
with coins of another world.

DICK BAKKEN

VOICES

Lost-cricket shadows  
shape lone songs gone  
in distant rainings--

Far hollow grasses  
loose winds spoken  
in once-used dawns--

Wooden-night whispers  
echo old birds  
from some other skies--

He ran in moonlight  
twelve miles then fell  
sobbing for an hour.

S	And spring.
U	So small.
S	So proud beneath the pillows.
A	The lacquered sheets breathe
N	of an age when flowers were candy
	and lights...
G	The time of my progression is vapor!
O	My dresser stands, replete with jewelled clocks.
R	Handles of pomegranate, Chinese porcelain fingers.
B	DOUBLE COEUR! DOUBLE COEUR!
E	I breathe. You live.
A	I eat. You are nourished.
	And spring.
	So small.
	So proud beneath the pillows,
	begs.



HARRIET ZINNES

DEBRIS

What should the word be for him who has no stars?  
Even a hand is not enough  
And socks and shoes muddy up the waters.  
When the lake is ploughed up  
and the stones removed  
Only the furrows will remain.

They will throw away the debris  
And the voices will then hunt the song  
That lame-footed thing  
Last seen among trees  
when the water was high and the  
nests of the birds held eggs  
instead of thistles.

Now you may take back the note.  
It is hard to read the silences  
And the staff sergeant has already given the  
last command of the night.

Tuck yourself in.  
He may be here tomorrow.  
I think he will wear white--  
Or at least a few bandages.  
His wounds are deep.

HIDE AND SEEK

It is not for the forsaken that the songs come to an end.  
The tears in themselves are lachrymose  
And the foul-mouthed lap up the obscenities.

In the wilderness the moss is unaccounted for  
And in all the journeys that the weary take  
The ground remains untrammelled.

Because they do not sing.  
Because they do not weep.  
Because they do not curse.  
Because they do not kiss the grass.

High in the mountains  
the coneys hide behind the rocks  
and turn and face each other  
and turn again  
and search and search and search.

=====

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HARRIET ZINNES

SCHWESTER, DA ICH DICH FAND...

I who partake of the mundane moving in the crystals of morning  
You who partake of the murkiness of my dreams in my waking hours  
Along the blue fountains, through the torn weeds, in the seedless time,  
I and you, Schwester da ich dich fand ....  
If I talk with my mouth and my lips move  
Your lips in my remembrance tremble in their blueness, in their quiver  
Below those nostrils that told so much of grief.

Schwester, da ich dich fand an einsamer Lichtung  
Des Waldes und Mittag war und gross das Schweigen des Tiers:  
It was my silence.

What of bone and meaning  
When the flesh spent spares nothing  
And the head whirls in torment  
And the shreds of muscle and flower lie strewn on the grass and kitchen.  
All, our counters of mortality ....

You and I stand still  
As the great silence  
Resounds in the urn, in the subway through the open doors.  
The lights in the rooms turn on;  
I turn them on and leave.  
Light is matter dim with fear  
And with too much flesh I prefer the dark.

Schwester, da ich dich fand ....

The animals are tigers  
They ricochet in that forest  
Where we surround ourselves.

Let us turn on the lights and leave.  
The trees await us.

(Quotation from Georg Trakl.)

DIANE WAKOSKI

MONEY OVER THE WATER

What were your textbook motives, I ask my informer balancing stars on his eye  
lids; the motives for throwing that coin, a dollar,  
I suppose, across the Potomac?  
And he assures me he tried; he threw a quarter over the 1964 version of that  
river

do they get wider or narrower with time lapse  
and it sank  
with your picture  
to the bottom,  
George. He said  
you did it  
for the same reasons  
-- to show that it could be done/ crossing the water with  
money.

I crossed crossed crossed the water  
 with money  
 money of my lips in the cup of hot coffee,  
 money yanked out of my tooth where I hid it when I was ten,  
 money from baby shoes walking and scratching my palms & wrists,  
 George,  
 there is a river between us;  
 I was standing on the far shore of the Potomac with an Indian  
 peering  
 around the tree at me thinking how beautiful  
 my silk was, and how ashy blond my hair.  
 He was wondering if he could touch my pointed kid shoes  
 and bring me to the ceremonial fire to let the whiteness of my face  
 evoke a buffalo moon. I, not wanting to walk alone,  
 the wilderness sweeping me like a thorough broom from place to place  
 started. Your dollar coin plunked at my feet,  
 George, money from across the water,  
 and the Indian sped away in tissue & cellophane fright,  
 knowing that I had the power of summons  
 when he saw this sign.  
 No sign.  
 It wasn't any sign at all.  
 It was about as far away in time  
 as tractors.  
 Some old-blooded instinct tells me you can cross with money  
 where you can't cross any other way.

But now,  
 swim,  
 George,  
 or row,  
 or ride your horse  
 across.  
 I want to see you on this side/ not just your money

Ace of Pentacles. You cross me,  
 even when there is no other card.

George, I see you most often on  
 money. No wonder I have such an obsession.  
 If only the money brought the man you loved.. If you only saw his picture  
 on a coin or a bill, you too  
 would want more and more currency to pass through  
 your hands.  
 What space is there for us to touch in?  
 We are only connected  
 by signs.

- .....
- New Magazine: STEPPENWOLF, Philip Boatright, 3332 Harney St., Omaha, Neb. 68131:  
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HOME

Look how the lost one turns  
    before the corner  
Squeezed in the moment  
    of disappearing  
in to some other thing

Although the formal factor  
falls short of possible portions  
future giants enter the room  
and talk about love

Where are the pigmies of another year  
who wore no mouth

Where are you Quetzalcoatl,  
made of feathers and of air?  
There on the high plain,  
crawling through red sand.

You left a blue feather in the asylum,  
I pinned it in my hair.  
My feathery hair, Quetzalcoatl.

\* \* \* \* \*

(TITLED)

After a long dry spell  
we burned the rubbish  
which turned to compost  
underneath  
where daisies and argemone bloom

The early golden rod was up  
when we got  
permission  
from above  
for burning

The flames  
that night  
went high

Flower pots  
burst  
in the wandering planets

A long slow trail of tulips fell  
behind the shadowy mountain

Many calls fill  
the empty cup of night  
then disappear:  
hollow whistles  
rolling wheels  
a dog's sigh

In my bed  
I wonder  
when silence comes

Everyman  
has a tragedy  
to build on  
some die young

Anne Fessenden has appeared  
in Yugen, C. Wagner Literary  
Magazine, and many others.  
She is currently writing  
a travelogue of poems and  
prose.

OTTONE M. RICCIO

THE RAM'S TATTOO

I

the wound of war  
is the incompleteness of a sterile death

the sun points its blazing indices  
hands diminish space  
eyes reach into time  
flowers raise perfuming stars  
branches lift sleeping winds  
pain administered by the beloved hand  
a tiny scar for the sake of the dream

dependence is a vulgar thing  
a child's stubbornness for toys which have been put to death

the arc of the rocket's flame bends to the weight of the cosmos

words are messengers of thought

a dead soldier  
is a young life smothered by a many-creased pillow

II

the train sings the night through dark mountains  
my breath on the windowglass  
absorbs interruptions of light  
towns crumble past  
stars stand out in space  
focus their light on a small garden  
where two young people make love

I am the stain that mars the night's gavotte

my train-ticket was different from the others  
a thick pasteboard one and one-half inches by three  
with a shaky drawing: over an open grave or pit  
the head of a hawk  
its beak tearing  
the breast of a dead girl

dark collapses to morning  
from the station I watch the train  
flicker out of hailing range  
this place is deserted  
dead trees and shrubs drop no shadows  
nor do the buildings  
nor do I

inside the waiting-room every body stiffly precise  
frozen in the instant of action

nearby houses hold the same terror  
I may as well begin here

opening my bag I take out the shovel  
and dig a thousand graves  
I place the frozen figures in the scooped holes  
no time for ritual  
an arm sticks out from one grave  
a leg from another  
signposts on the road to death

### III

in the empty airspace that once curved around their bodies  
the past tries to escape  
wind brings the thunder-roll of a hidden military snaredrum

I can never undo a thought I've had

I buried them to cover their vulnerability  
to spoil the hunger of the Hawkhead

I can never know what these dead know

they re-invade the universe  
their feet march on alien streets  
their steps become again the ram's tattoo

### THE PENDULUM

hanging on  
the arm of the sky  
the inverted helmet  
of the age of lions  
swings in an arc  
of light trembling through  
the crisp pages  
that dip and dawdle  
in the wind  
the black sword  
slices the heads  
of blue flowers  
the clock spins around  
to hitch on noon  
threads of latent  
colors cringe  
flowers don't bleed  
the helmet fills  
the arrogant afternoon  
becomes a mountain

### THE INFILTRATION OF CONSCIENCE

I find a piece of rope  
in the road-dust, half-knotted,  
its length a dead snake.

Further up the road  
the priest, habit windloosed,  
tugs the laundry-basket  
with its hideous contents.

The plague poisons quickly.  
In the grim midnights  
victims are slipped to earth.

/ \* / \* / \* / \* /

entrance is denied by a roll  
of dice a dealing of cards  
a random selection by computers  
and though I am outside  
I can look in and that's a step  
I wouldn't turn back from

if I press my cold nose  
against the window I don't mean  
to intrude or pass judgment  
it's just to see what  
I'm expected to be sorry  
I'm missing



## THE BROKEN MOLD

the charges of desire  
                                uncloud our eyes  
  and scatter  
                                all the schemes  
  we slide behind  
to skip  
                this night's embarrassments  
the lunges of stars  
                                across  
  the fat-curved face of sky  
                propel  
                                our bodies  
  toward  
  their spontaneity  
how high a price  
we pay for what  
we've always held  
                                what worship still impels  
  our wills  
  one day  
  may rob our empty pockets  
or spread a garden  
                                that can't be smelled  
perhaps  
we should  
                                scatter all the gravestones  
  and  
                                suddenly  
  leave the dead  
  alone

## WE LIVE AS ANGELS

snow  
        drip  
                ping streetlamps  
        redflicks approaching traffic-lights  
  ruby flecks  
  out  
  of the circled fire  
anonymity of unblooded things  
  midst of snow  
                I'm more than all the universe  
                                without me  
  a necessity  
  for concrete anchors  
we escape this pimpled ball of earth  
                and live as angels must have lived  
when space and time went  
                                hand in hand  
                and when the sky that shapes our dreams  
                                was still  
  a free  
  sus  
  pension

## ON THIS QUIET ROAD

I walk a bit unsteadily on this quiet road  
it almost comes to a toss of the coin

(the cross topped by the circle  
Life they say/I say Life and Death  
wrapped in each other's clutching  
straight lines and angles are married  
to curves/circles are for those  
who claim the special nectar)

though rest areas call me I go on  
they merely make each stretch drier  
it almost comes to a shrug of shoulders

(the circle with the snaking line  
cutting across its area  
light/dark male/female  
life/death yang/yin  
everything married to everything  
everyone locked inside everyone)

the clouds are there some myth  
about the need for rain persists  
we have so little time for sunlight  
it almost comes to a lack of sympathy

(the square box walled  
with striped bars the cage  
of life or death but not as one  
where do fathers find their insolence?  
my arms are tired of waving at vacant faces  
crowding to their known parades)

to pass I wrestle life and death  
somehow I win this mad abruptness  
to my side the road ahead is quiet  
with a perilous quiet that unfrightens me  
it almost comes to a kiss of acceptance

## A SNEEZE IS CLOSER

yesterday's handkerchief  
abridges the eye's demand for order

a flower opening moves the same way

the snot-rag with its mangled shape  
is cousin to the morning-glory

our soil sprouts plastic roses

( the preceding constitutes a small selection from the work of OTTONE M RICCIO  
Who has appeared in Choice, Belloit Poetry Journal, Wormwood Review, Bitterroot,  
and many others. His book of poems " Against A Wall of Light" was published last  
Fall by Hors Commerce Press. More of his work will appear in forthcoming issues  
of P. R.

---

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GENE FOWLER

APRIL

Non speculum sed rica memoria est

Sharp hill country wind  
rocking the sounds of early morning,  
a few birds,  
a few cow-bells (far)  
a few old wrappers ~~or~~ papers  
blowing away,  
almost always away,  
on the rutted road, catching  
on barbed wire,  
snicking at me, going their  
involved way--  
the wind talking to me  
thru its masks.

Surplus field jacket collar  
up tight,  
boots tight,  
over two pairs of socks.  
Keep walking,  
let the wind do the talking,  
and once  
every couple hundred yards  
jump up,  
flap arms,  
and peer back where i've  
been--  
the wind talking to me  
thru its masks.

Gene Fowler has recently appeared  
in Open Space, Dust, Nexus, Wild  
Dog, Lit. Times, Galley Sail and  
others.

\* \* \*

GERARD MALANGA

EVENINGS OUT

The luminaries of your right-now life...  
that shade their lovely light  
under furs later.  
Soft woollens in gentle shapings.

as told to Andy Warhol

Around a bend  
a grassy slope up into  
a stand of trees,  
and three men digging.  
Half a dozen grave stones,  
rugged,  
home-carved, split  
off the mountains up above,  
over hard-packed mounds,  
sagging  
just a bit in the middle  
Three men digging,  
throwing up brown dirt,  
wet,  
life crawling in it.

And a woman  
in black, with a black hood,  
drawing her own shadows,  
looked up.  
The snow comes down  
out of the hills.  
A flurry covers  
the woman and the thuds  
of three shovels.  
And the wind talks to me  
thru its masks.

(April is the only completely finished  
poem in a sequence to be called A Shepherd's  
Calendar. The Shepherd is consciousness, 40  
and the months are used to deal with his  
available tools of craft. April is memory.)

RICHARD EBERHART

TO GRETCHEN ON HER THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY

O to be thirteen!  
O to be an ager teen!  
Congratulations, Gretchen,  
Your are stepping  
High today, blond daughter,  
Higher than you oughter  
For I wish you were a twelve!  
I could have you for myselve  
And see you do a cartwheel  
On the lawn, nay, romp and reel  
Through six together  
In youth's proper romping weather.  
But now you are a teen!  
Must dress properly to be seen,  
And will not do a gain of cartwheels  
Unless dressed in athletic shorts and heels.

O to be thirteen!  
O to be an ager teen!  
Gretchen, you got all A's  
Through all your years and days  
Until time's axe's helve  
Struck you down from twelve!  
Then you started to get C's,  
And you were proud to bring home B's.  
And now, as if a little shady,  
You are a little lady.

It used to be your mother,  
But now it is your older brother  
Who understands your bubble needs  
And condones all your young misdeeds!

It used to be your girl friends  
Riotously told us all the trends,  
You spurned the boys, and all the joys  
Were maidenly, but now the boys

Come bashfully to the back yard  
To stare upon you long and hard,  
Gretchen, you are thirteen!  
You are not what you have been!

Here is to your birthday,  
The radiancy and pounce of the day.  
O to be thirteen!  
O to be an ager teen!

BARBARA HOLLAND

THE FIGUREHEAD

Then suffer me, space proud, in speed of scud  
shredded in sky waste headlong rush, to claim  
the tag ends of my leadership.  
Back crooked to breaking,  
conforming to the sweep of prow

(continued)

in a travesty of crucifixion,  
my hair taut combed, wing blown  
against the board cheeks of this ship, my draperies  
slapped to reveal me nude through an after thought of wrinkles.  
Head high, neck back-wrenched, eyes  
fixed to the North Star, I am first  
to split a mountain wall of water with my breast bone  
and keep my face  
marble against explosion as the spark toothed spray,  
in nail fall,  
flesh riddles the companions that I never see.

Pushed water blind against the wind,  
I gull the birds,  
suffer all lubbers who look up at me,  
spread eagled under bowsprit,  
as if I were a seraph conqueror.  
I give no heed to their misconception of my role.  
Night swings in easy arcs about my head.  
Becalmed, I stay,  
breasts, ribs, and hips flexed in a Bacchic bow  
drawn semicircle in abandon,  
in a wooden mockery of unbridled triumph,  
though coney caught and hoodwinked,  
hoodman blind to a splintered beam.

Who can keep up this pace  
of Maenad merriment when all is oil,  
slug satiate with stillness and death of wind?

But what is worse  
than being back braced against a drive long dead,  
grotesque upon a lawn, emerging,  
barnacle chewed, wind hewn, from a sheaf of cannas,  
all Sunday straw hat stiff,  
with polychrome scaled to rags,  
one nipple gone,  
shoulder cracked gaping, and a wraith of gold  
tired in a train of crumbs run in a fold against a thigh  
cut crosswise in amputation, and restored  
with the prune rust wounds of iron splints?

I have been wrack torn for a deeper day,  
sunken and crazed,  
green thunder drawn, plunged downward in a hunger swirl  
through black and emerald  
into Charibdis' maw.

I juggle the frost bead sweat stabs of the spray,  
weep salt in streaks down to my pitted throat.  
I am uplifted above the laws that govern gardens,  
and on the next high blow will strain, and tear,  
loose with the hurricane,  
as if it were a touch hole trumpet  
to hurl me, gouged and pock marked, back to sea.

.....  
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STILLWELL AVENUE

On green velvet  
where pale men whisper  
under cat-light,  
he offers a check-list  
of women,  
pneumatic honeycombs  
whitening the moon.

Rolling ivory  
among shadows, he  
suggests  
(keeping his voice  
in his pocket)  
Mary-Anne, ushered  
burning from the Bijou  
for love  
in the projection room.

On green velvet  
he sets his cue,  
remembering Lucille  
who drifted  
into wine-bottles:  
she now uncorks  
at the sign  
of the Dutch Cigar.

With chalk  
on their eyelids  
pale men  
figure  
a memory of odds,  
smiling behind  
triangles.

THE APARTMENT

Let no man discount those tears.  
A moist appetite rests on your cheeks  
like hunger on a dying mouth;  
the white perfection of your **nails**.  
(ready for palm-blossoms, lovers, books)  
turns tigers into sea-worms,  
silence into wax,  
and I--Odysseus with a broken face--  
study strophes posted in the laboratory  
for soul-growth, guaranteed.

"Between your sheets, " I say  
(waving a magic condom)  
"truth is the only perversity  
of which you are incapable "--  
and you weep polished needles at such  
ingratitude.

ANOTHER COUNTRY

Woman, I cast no substance.

Your leaves and sweeter petals  
shadow forth the image of the moon,  
but every night has many mouths,  
and I would kiss them all  
though roses bend in darkness  
behind the winter border of your eyes.

The words you ask must chill the flesh  
and drive small teeth like snow  
upon the limp and evening stalk  
if any mirror, any gem of **love**  
can so be summoned to refract my name.



ROY BASLER

THE TWO TONE CHIME IN THE EMPTY HOUSE

The finger on the button rings the bell

but there is no finger  
the street light glares  
the button stares  
and both chimes spill  
quiet is coils  
to sniff each corner  
to creep all walls  
  
there is no finger  
and coils of quiet wind  
tight around the chimes  
pulsing no tone  
and stretching wires  
tauten the button  
while the street light glares  
at tightly quiet (thank you) till

the finger on the button rings the bell

INTERVIEW

This is the long and short of it  
surely you must agree  
though I am not Procrustes  
nor you yet Theseus  
to tailor each other to suit the fit  
of neither of us  
still we can trust these  
words to hurt both you and me

DAVE KELLY

"SONG"

The carnival is gone,  
children pack their mothers  
in asbestos crates and

smiling bravely  
walk out on the land  
where steel waits.

Our better songs are  
through;

clowns weave shrouds of  
longer dreams and shorter  
laughter, roughness

from the worm at rest.

The tinsel of our smile  
is wrapped in skulls;

dead dancing elephants,  
the children cannot wait:

The ring,  
the circle of our singing  
only rust now;  
ash

for some dark weaver's loom.

CAUCASIAN CARGASSES

When we,  
like spent shells,  
are tossed from trucks,  
our mouths still smoking,  
I shall not love you less  
because our touch is only  
a kiss of skulls.

SIMON PERCHIK

\*

I sailed flat rocks  
peeled the sea  
to float each stone  
: never heard a leaf  
had fallen on the sun.

HARRIET WINNICK

THE RETURN

I look on myself  
And see grass  
The long line of the weed  
And what in the dream  
Of the waking and broken mind  
Ends  
in dreadful peace--over and over.  
Scaled  
Inch by inch  
Into the city of wounds  
From the suburb of my senses  
Gone to find the sea  
How fishes and birds  
Plunge back and back  
Beside deserted beaches  
Joined by bones  
To the blank hard radius  
Underground  
O, underground!

Emerged!

Blown  
Done with the plane  
The buildings burnt out  
Again again the brutal vocal earth:  
The brain--  
Hot under Spring, Fall--  
And the razor trimmed of winter--  
I have become who I am  
become who I am  
Hive, hoof and berry  
Scattered scenes of church glass  
Lintel speaks the name I bear  
Taken for my own

Entered alone  
Given back.

.....  
New Magazines: BLUESTONE, Box 355, Woodstock, NY----L'ES ARGOT, #4 Riverview Pl.  
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.....

Recommended: Hardware Poets Occasional, 323 E. 53rd St., NYC

SIX POEMS TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF PHILIPPE SOUPAULT  
BY CHRISTOPHER PERRET

SUNDAY

The plane weaves the telegraph wires  
and the stream sings the same song  
At the truckers' roadhouse the drinks are orange-sweet  
but the locomotive engineers have chalky eyes (ROSES DES VENTS--1920)  
the lady lost her smile in the woods.

QUAY

The fishermen are sentinels  
a line indicates the sky  
Tomorrow loss grey than yesterday  
A piece of wood which the current drags  
my thought  
a glittering  
obedient barges  
the throat

ROAD

a crawling in the bridge  
which calls me

I saw the memory of his voice come to roost  
My body cradled my thoughts  
the telegraph wires running away

(AQUARUM--1917)

A pebble kicked struck twelve o'clock

(ROSE DES VENTS - 1920)

SUFFERING

for Guillaume Apollinaire

If you knew if you knew  
The walls pull together  
My head becomes enormous  
Where have the lines of my paper gone

I'd like to stretch my arms to  
shake the Tour Eiffel and the Sacr -Coeur de Montmarte  
My ideas like microbes dance on my meninges  
to the rythm of the exasperating clock  
A revolver's shot would be such a wellcome melody

In the zoetrope of my skull  
the taxis  
the streetcars  
the busses  
and touring boats try in vain to pass each other  
My books will explode  
Then six enormous shots resound

Intran Libert  Presse \*

(ROSE DES VENTS - 1920)

\* These were the three big evening papers at the time, which came out about six o'clock in the evening. Intran being the news-vendors abbreviation of Intransigent.

## HORIZON

for Tristan Tzara

The whole city came into my room  
the trees were disappearing  
and the night clings to my fingers  
The houses become ocean liners  
the sound of the sea has climbed to my room  
In two days we'll get to the Congo  
I've crossed the Equator and the Tropic of Capricorn  
I know that there are innumerable hills  
Notre-Dame hides the Gaurisankar and the northern lights  
the night falls drop by drop  
I await the hours

Let me have that lemonade and a last cigarette  
I'll be coming back to Paris

(ROSE DES VENTS - 1920)

## TOWARDS NIGHT

It is night and already  
in the shade and in the wind  
a cry ascends with the night  
I wait for no one  
no longer anyone  
not even memory  
The hour has passed since long ago  
but the cry that the wind carries  
and pushes before it  
comes from further  
from higher than a dream  
I wait for no one  
and here is the night crowned with fire  
with all the eyes of the silent  
dead  
And all that should have disappeared  
all that was lost  
must be looked for once more  
higher than a dream  
towards night

(from ETAPES DE L'ENFER - undated)

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CHRISTOPHER PERRET's poetry&prose have appeared in the Beloit Poetry Journal, Coastlines, Chelsea, Contact, San Francisco Review, Wormwood Review, Poetry, and many others. His first volume of poems, BLOOD, was published by Outposts Publications in London. A second volume, MEMOIRS OF A PARASITE, will be published by Hors Commerce Press shortly. The long poem below will be the title poem for his entry into the Yale Younger Poets Series this year.

---

## THE SILENCE OF CROWD

Seek light  
not crowded delight  
  
in the mirror's reflection  
what we love is the crack

wherever I seek  
my love is hemmed in by the edges  
of her blueing eyes:  
fenced-in by the sundrops  
of her eyelashes  
that one first day in the September sun-  
whatever death is promised me  
my song will gather on the wind  
of her winged lips:  
there is sorrow and happiness  
in the fluted stopping of my breath-  
My hand has touched her thigh  
and followed it upwards and down  
to its ankle:  
all worlds were reborn in that body  
that day remembered here-  
I shall not forget what happiness  
I've had-

the petals  
of  
my heart  
are plucked

and are trampled  
underfoot  
by mystical forces-

the mythical  
horses  
have dropped dung

the petals  
of  
my heart  
to fertilize-

but the king in me keeps his head  
that the blade may cleave its immortality-

Breezes blow through the wings of my song-

Chains of Prometheus keep me rockbound-

My eyes seek the heavens with the coolness  
of stars-

if I fall and in falling neither up  
move nor down - what for am I fated  
to this mock mobility?

I wear a placard on my back:

one woman in this world was born  
with peaceful hollow to her breast:  
to  
which palpitates drips in my brain-

I cry my message aloud-

My flesh is the color of the hungry earth-

My hands have squeezed blood from the hammer  
pounding out the mountaintops-

When I sing the sky murmurs  
and the trees move on the music  
the Hedjaz will not whistle-

Oh God the swallows are dying: somewhere  
they are flying up from the housetops--

I cry with the wings clipped from my sight-

Madness is this nutshell of reality which  
in its minuteness contains but the water  
and the salt of a single virgin tear-

I have sailed in ships: and rudderless  
I have not touched shore

when I do I shall crumble: an effigy  
in dust-

why should the poet  
be recognized-?

in the silence of his presence  
he saps the world-

I am betrayed: thus victory will be mine-

Sunlight ! - know the king !

                  he will crawl  
with the ants if need be, or ride  
the comet's back-

Seek light  
not crowded delight

in the mirror's reflection  
what we love is the crack

Thirty-three summers

and not one bird  
and just one leaf

one feather fluttering for one book-



All The Mouses Came Out  
Squeak! Mice minds in the asylum. Jav Lindergram had the biggest mouse in his skull. He reached in his mouth and tried to pull it out, but the mouse said "leave me alone SQUEAK!" Jav crawled around in the white walled room looking for some cheese. Ugh! He saw a trap. And on the bars of the window was a cat. MEOW! Jav crawled into the hole which he made with a crayon. Safe! The cat went away. Squeak Squeak Squeak. Mice minds all over the asylum. Dr. Ritzerblam was working on a new trap for his patients. Bang! Caught in his own trap. The nurses were working on a new kind of cheese. An attendant went into Jav's white walled room. Jav nibbled on his shoelace. Cheese shoelaces they were. "Munchy Mouse Club is on TV now Jav" he said. Jav scurried into the other room. All the asylumites were squeaking and eating cheese. The nurses, doctors, and attendants were wearing their Munchy Mouse plastic ears. The TV was on full blast. A cat came on the screen. All the asylumites started scurrying around the room, climbing the walls, and nibbling excitedly at their shoelaces. Jav started coughing in the strangest fashion. Everybody watched him. Plop! His mouse came out. Then all the other asylumites started coughing in the strangest fashion. Plop! Plop! Plop! All the mouses came out.

WARREN WOESSNER

GARBAGE COLLECTION - S. PHILADELPHIA

The sky is clear  
but irrelevant  
The row-houses, however,  
notice - are  
self-conscious  
Hear them come  
the three!  
In army surplus  
like leopard skins  
they beat  
the trashcans  
wardrums  
down wolf street.

PHIL E. WEIDMAN

## MAP

Passing thru Sacramento  
I picked up a map  
to know where to head.  
It folded out blanket size  
covered with blue lines,  
letters, numbers, churches, #  
schools and landmarks. #  
60¢ down the drain. #

# music chords  
cut strings -  
vibrations of  
DAN SAXON Hindemith

it seems (reflection)

the pace is ones own  
anyone who thinks can arrive  
there to the same place  
share in the rewards  
sorrows of a small world  
though different  
ourselves in common  
vascillate : are never quite at home

music chords  
cut strings -  
vibrations of  
Hindemith  
permeate minds  
wires- is there  
more than the sound  
stirring the mechanism  
of incantations?  
Oh what is being  
heard responded to  
feeding passage  
of time in this  
hour of need

LITTLE MAGAZINES RECEIVED:

AUTHOR/POET: Herricks Associates, P.O. Box 2127 Birmingham, Ala., 35201:  
BITTERROOT #11: 5229 New Utrecht Ave., Brooklyn 19, New York: Menke Katz, Sanford Sternlicht, Bariss Mills.  
CALIFORNIA WRITER, Feb. April., P.O. Box 1, Santa Ana, Calif: Barbara Holland, Menke Katz, Harland Ristau, Maude Rubin, Estelle Trust, Bruce Currie,  
CHELSEA 16,: P.O. Box 242, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N.Y: David Antin, Barbara Guest, Joan White.  
DUST win 65: Box 123, El Cerrito, Calif: Gene Fowler, Duane Locke, Charles Bukowski, Laurence Pratt.  
EPOS: Spring 65: Crescent City, Fla: C.E. Nelson.  
FERMENT #5: Canton, Missouri,: Charles Farber, Duane Locke, Clarence Alva Powell, Marion Montgomery.  
FROM A WINDOW: Box 3446 College Station, Tucson, Arizona: Barney Childs, Carol Berge.  
GOOSEBERRY II: Gooseberry c/o Cornillon, 14038 Superior Road, East Cleveland, Ohio.  
GRAFFITI: Box 632, Stetson University, De Land, Fla.  
GRANDE RONDE REVIEW #2: P.O. Box 536 La Grande Oregon: Phil Whalen, Jonathan Williams, D.M. Pettinella.  
GRANTA, March 65: La Rose Crescent, Cambridge, England. American Poets Section: Larry Eigner.  
THE GUILD, Sp. 65: 317 6th Street, Idaho Falls, Idaho: Judson Crews, Florence Rubert Wray, Duane Locke, Bruce Currie.  
HORDE, 65: 37 Wellclose Square, London, England,: Rochelle Owens, Dave Cunliffe, Tina Morris, Lee Harwood, Anselm Hollo.  
INPUT # 5: 24 Olsen St., Valley Stream, New York: Blazek, Birney, Cuddihy, Holland, Harwood, Levy, Newman, Newton, Nystedt, Ristau, Sternlicht.  
INTREPID 4: 333 E. S. St., New York, N.Y. 1003: Allen De Loach, George Montgomery, Dan Saxon.  
JACARANDA 3: Same as Ferment: Joel Climenhaga, Transient Press, Canton, Missouri: Phil Weidman.  
JOGLARS 2: Clark Coolidge, 292 Morris Avenue, Providence, Rhode Island, )2906: Larry Eigner, Piero Heliczer.  
KAURI 6: 362 East 10th St. New York, NY 1009: Dave Cunliffe, Tina Morris, Walter Lowenfels, Barbara Holland, Harland Ristau, Dan Saxon.  
7: Bob Nystedt, George Montgomery, Jack Anderson, Will Inman.  
KAYAK 3: 2808 Laguna Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94123: George Hitchcock, Louis Z. Hammer, William Pillin, Gene Fowler, Dennis Schmitz.  
KULCHUR 17: 888 Park Ave., New York 21, New York: David Meltzer, Leroi Jones, Gerard Malanga, Clayton Eshelman.  
LINES: 321 East 45th St., New York, NY. 10017.  
MARAHUANNA QUATERLY 2, Winter 64-65: Levy, Blazek, Szabo, Richmond, Kent Taylor.  
NIRIAH #3, Aug. 64: Apartado 3241- Quito- Ecuador.  
OLE 2: 449 South Center, Bensonville, Illinois, 60106: Levy, Lowenfels, Locke, Kelly, Morbea, Larry Eigner, S.A. Osterlund, Blazek.  
POGAMOGGAN 1: 600 E. 22nd St. Brooklyn, Ny: Paul Blackburn, Jerome Roehenberg, Larry Eigner, Theodore Einslin, Diane Wakoski, David Antin, David Ignatow.  
PANORAMICO POETICA Luso-Hispanica, Apartado 1314, Lisboa 1, Portugal.  
PINI 7-IBE, Feb., 65: Apartado 1013, Maracaibo, Venezuela.  
POESIA DE VENEZUELA: Apartado Postal 1114, Caracas, Venezuela: Ana Mercedes Perez, Lucila Velasquez, Fernando Arbelaez, Jean Arisegureta.,  
POETASTER, Spring: P.O. Box 6175, Bakersfield, Calif. 93306: A. Frederic Franklin, Clarence Major, Duane Locke.  
POETMEAT 7&8 (anthology issue), 11 Clematis St. Blackburn, Lancs E.I. England  
George Montgomery, Lee Harwood, Kirby Congdon, Carol Berge, Emilie Glenn, Allen Deloach, Dave Cunliffe, Tina Morris, Barbara Holland, Margaret Randall, Jim Burns, Duane Locke/8/ Peter Jay, Ian Vine, Harry Guest, Roy Fischer, Lee Harwood, Dave Cunliffe, Michael Horovitz, L.M. Herrickson, Tina Morris and others..

LITTLE MAGAZINES RECEIVED:

POETRY NEWSLETTER, Wallace Depew, 463 West 19th St., NYC10011: Duane Locke  
THE PROMETHEAN LAMP, 2174-34th St., Sacramento, Calif. : Joseph Cohen  
RADAR Vol.6#1, Smolna 40, Warsaw43, Poland: Earle Birney, Tina Morris, Dave Kelly  
RADIX (Winter, 1964), 163 College Ave., Somerville, Mass. :Daisy Aldan, Gerard  
Malanga, Harriet Zinnes  
SEED (40,41), Joel Climenhaga, Transient Press, Canton, Missouri: Phyllis Jurman  
SMALL POND 2, Box 101-A, RFD 3, Auburn, Me. 04210 :Walter Lowenfels, Joseph Cohen  
SMITH 4, 15 Park Row, NYC 10038,:Sinzer James  
SOME/THING, W. 163rd St., NYC 10032: David Antin Jerome Rothenberg, Paul Blackburn,  
David Ignatow, Diane Wakoski  
SOUTHERN POETRY REVIEW (Fall '64), Eng.Dept., North Carolina State, Raleigh, N.C.  
Harold Witt, Sidney Shapiro, E.R. Cole, Duane Locke, William E. Taylor  
STOLEN PAPER REVIEW 3, 4411 Seventeenth St. San Francisco: Ardengo Soffici, Duane  
Locke, Louis Simpson, George Hitchcock, Jeff Berner, Yannis Ritsos, Al Groeg  
SYMBOLICA 23, 63 Mercury Ave., Tiburon, Calif.:Ottone Riccio, Douglas Blazek, Bob  
Nystedt, Gil Orlivitz  
VOLUME 63 (October), Board Of Publications, University of Waterloo, Waterloo  
Ontario, Canada: Carol Berge  
WAYNE REVIEW 1, Wayne State University, Detroit, Mich.  
WE 1, Harvey Greenwald, North View House, Main St., New Platz, N.Y.: Ted Berrigan  
WORK, Artist's Workshop, 1252 West Forest, Detroit, Mich., 48201  
TRACE 55, PO Box 1068, Hollywood Calif. 90028: Gil Orlovitz  
New Magazine--BLITZ, 2004 First, La Grande, Oregon  
GRAFFITI 1, Steve Stern, 4228 45th Street, NW, Washington 16, DC: William E. Taylor  
Duane Locke, Allen DeLoach, Charles Bukowski  
CROUPIER 1, 2608 SW 58th Ave., Seattle 16, Wash: Jack Hirschman, R. Morris Newton,  
Duane Locke, James Ryan Morris  
the GOODLY CO 2, 100 Sylvia St., W. Lafayette, Ind: William Stafford, C. E. Nelson,  
Barriss Mills, Duane Locke, Evelyn Thorne, Harland Ritsau, Judson Crews  
EL CORNO EMPLUMADO, Apartado Postal no. 13-546, Mexico 13, DF, Mexico: Issue 14:  
Christopher Perret, Jerome Rothenberg, Clayton Eshleman, Lorenzo Thomas  
HAIKU HIGHLIGHTS, Box 15, Kanona, NY 14856: Estelle Trust, Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni  
THE NUTMEGGER POETRY CLUB, 95 Mill Plain Road, Danbury, Conn. 06811: Stella Craft Tremble  
POET'S BULLETIN, 8880 E. Mexico Dr., Denver, Col. 80222: George C. Koch, Charles Rebert  
MOVE, Jim Burns, 7 Ryelands Crescent, Larches Estate, Preston Lancs., England, Issue  
No. 2: Dave Cunliffe, Tina Morris, George Bowering, George Dowden, Anselm Hollo  
IMAGO 3, George Bowering, Eng Dept, University of Alberta, Calgary, Alberta, Canada:  
Listen George by Lionel Kearns  
HOOSIER CHALLENGER, 8365 Wicklow Ave., Cincinnati, O. 45236: George Chambers  
GRANDE RONDE REVIEW @2, PO Box 536, LaGrande, Ore.: Philip Whalen, Douglas Blazek  
GREEN WORLD, PO Drawer LW, Univ Sta, Baton Rouge, La. 70803: Ottone M. Riccio, L. Pratt  
COYOTE'S JOURNAL 3, 1558 Lincoln St., Eugene, Ore. 97401: part of a novel by W. Brown  
GRIST 5, Abington Book Shop, Inc. 1237 Oread, Lawrence, Kans: Tina Morris, J. Crews  
WILD DOG 16, 39 Downey St., San Francisco, Calif, 94117: Larry Eigner  
POESIA DE VENEZUELA, Apartado Postal 1114, Caracas, Venezuela:  
SUM, 5;6,7,8, Fred Wah, Eng. Dept., SUNYAB, Buffalo, 14214, NY: Jim Burns, Larry Eigner,  
James Koller, George Chambers, John Keys, Paul Blackburn, LeRoi Jones, Kirby Congdon,  
Gerard Malanga, Diane Wakoski, Ten Enslin, G. Montgomery, B. Overmyer (all 4 for \$1)  
ESTRO 1, Carlos Reyes, 68-A Polo Village, Tucson, Ariz.: a selection of Geo Bowering  
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BOOKS RECEIVED WILL BE REVIEWED IN THE NEXT ISSUE, NO. 6  
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