

NO. 7 1966
(SEVEN)
..... 75 ¢

Aldan
Anderson
Biggs
Blazek
Bolton, Jr.
Boyle
Cardona-Hine
Carr
Casiani
Day
Curry
Dorman
Eaton
Eigner
Fowler
Gray
Haines
Hamilton
Hammer
Hazard
Herson
Jaworski
Juergensen
Kelly
Knott
Kretz
Malanga
Mendelson
Moor
Newland
Price
Randall
Riccio
Sauls
Shapiro
Stone
Taylor
Tucker
Turco
Unterecker
Wade
Weidman
Wild
Wolven
Zinnes

POETRY REVIEW



JEFF DUNN

No. 7

--75 ¢-----

POETRY REVIEW
University of Tampa
Hillsborough County
Tampa, Florida 33606

* * * * * EDITED BY:

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MONIQUE GROULX

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*

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John	Unterecker
David	Wade
Phil	Weidman
Peter	Wild
Fred	Wolven
Harriet	Zinnes

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LEWIS TURCO

SACK CLOTH

(for my father)

"I am drowning in the wind,"
the blind man said
opening his sack of tricks.
Out flew a silver thorn
tipped with tern's wings
to prick the day he could not see.

"Time past is a pool of silt and sighs,"
the blind man said as he trod mire.
"The wind is mud I cannot breathe.
Now is a vortex: in its eye,
filled with omens, a vacuum
sucks and forges at the sky.

"I shall be drowning then as now,"
the blind man said,
"deaf to the daylight, numb to thorns.
Wings shall fail me, and the wind
blow from darkness into dark.
Tricks to sustain me, bag and bone,

"as I lie drowning in the wind,"
the blind man said
touching the silver thorn.
The moon blew dimly on the night;
owls went hugely in and out
where the fabric was rent and losing light.

QUIET HOUSE

Her hand blue veined goes reaching for the light
there by the stairwell Her stockings hang like
a second skin from her narrow calves
and up she goes up she goes into the
thin light of the old house upstairs to bed
among the spiders and the moonlit chairs
the love seats made of shadow

And Uncle
John follows The book in his hand has leaves
brown as the elm's its cover is of moss
his trousers blow in the draft as though they
were filled with nothing more than webs silence
in his eyes as he reads the forgetful words
of throats spoken long into dust In at
the window the owl asks and asks and the
swift answers from the chimney at the fall
the water wonders through the millwheel down
to the river then out to sea

while all
these things their voices saying silence now
and again silence ask when and if and
where life has come to pass out of this house
tables spindle legged standing in corners
the carpets worn to threads The night a choir
of stars goes walking through the halls

LEWIS TURCO

THE GARDEN
OF ODD SEED

In the garden of odd seed
no weeds grow--or, if they do grow
wild, row on row, green-stemmed and flowered
between the scattered blossoms of good plant
and miniver herb furrowed and furbelowed,
the broad beetles snub them.

They crawl
black, the beetling things, their mandibles
sawing among the leaves, leaving
their speckled spoor where they go.

I care for them all-weed and beetle,
poor old plant, my trowel and hoe
alive in the soil, singing, the sun
drumming upon stone, rain in the patch,
the wind quickening the nettle. In this vein
the blood comes quick to water the salt
silica, the lichen greying the green moss,
and everything springing, springing--seedling and shoot
finding foothold in the world's dark bones.

THE CALL OF
THE SPRUCE

The call of the spruce condemns the owl,
the bat goes mad. In the wild
wood the mouse listens with its tail,
cones flex, swallow all scent
save that of the moon dimming
among mallow and foxfire..

Why, in that nursery of roots,
will the dark thing burrow,
the dark borrow space for a hiding
den, a home for echoes?
Let them go hollow, go mad--
those wings stung by the needles of night.
The wind prays piercing
in a black cassock, but it will pass
and only the dawn need follow

THE NAMES
OF PLACES

Dramorgan, Drumjargon, the names of places,
the people in those places, eyes and toes,
the houses of the streets and the trees
walking the curbs--faces of shrubs,
ears of the lilac listening to the night
come purple over the lawns and alleys.

And when the moon arises, screels into the sky
to touch up darkness: the flesh wound
in the sheets of their beds, arms and noses
touching the dim smell of earth wheeling,
wheeling in some barrow among forests
and coils of water, stars sailing the whirlpool.
Dream sucking you down. Go slowly--
dream sucks you down and kisses you,
and you sleep wherever.

LEWIS TURCO

SCENE FROM A WINDOW

Let's go clockwise,
top right pane on down,
then up again the left side:

Blue, nothing but sky--
morning blue, and a curled twig
skirling out of center;

More blue, but growing
lighter now; and the stub-
end of a branch, a stick
crooking a little, sticking a black
finger into the sky. There must be
a tree somewhere.

And more, but turning into haze
grey halfway down. At the bottom
a filigree of upper branches: they seem
to be attempting buds or some such.

Two thin elms. Hills beyond them, fields
and a white hillhouse. Windrows
filled with snow--the rest hay stubble,
then woods, then the elms and the green
roof of a brick house. And in here
a radiator schussing, its serrations
cutting up the parking lot.

Left-over: a truck, street lamp,
street, snow on a bank eroding
to ice-brown; more soiled snow
in front of a frame, gray-shingled,
bannistered and red-roofed neighbor. Back
of that, through a mist of limbs, a silo,
white, with its white barn and cottage.
But mostly the grey trunk of a poplar
right outside, harrying upward.

Still the poplar playing shadow games
now with the haze and a flock
of sparrows.

Nothing but sky and a hedge-
full of winter branches, the trunk
splitting along the left edge, one-half
disappearing.

Blue. A few twigs. The tree
will stop soon after the window tops out,
but not before a swallow climbs
up the still air, straw in its beak,
and another dives down through the whole glass.

LEWIS TURCO

THE VISIT
OF THE DOGE

There is the cell of a celibate,
somewhere back of the mind,
in which a golden cage swings, and in it,
in the cage, a bird of paradise sings like wind
moving among the boughs of a ridge

of evergreens. The Doge
is expected at any moment.
Let him judge
between the two: the silent
friar who tends song with seed,

or the song itself. Reed
is scattered on the tiles, and the sky
strikes an oblong flood
of blue light through grey
stone. Magisterial

robes, black and red, shall settle
in the pool of light and listen
as the cassock tells,
by example, of silence
and its vows. Then both,

without moving, shall watch as cloth
of gold is woven by the aureate beak
of the wind's creature. A withe
of song shall bind them against speech--
both friar and magistrate.

HARRIET ZINNES _____ BLUE SHIRT AND PORTIERES

He hides behind the portieres
bending down as if in whispers.
He is afraid.

The talk goes on.
The amber glasses are shadows on the floor.
The faces of the ladies pale in powder pouting into amber
are enemies.

Will they see him
hiding looking looking hiding?

His suit becomes him.
His tie tells just enough
to an observer
to enable him to move
unnoticed and befriended.

His shirt is dark blue.
It is a boast:
"I hide here -- behind the portieres.
Come find me as I whisper to my enemies."

LARRY

EIGNER

over water

change by the minute

we must have missed

tiny and unfamiliar
the sign

the edged

and in lighthouse storms

the land fitting together

hills

bottom along the sky

Landscapes

between windows may
lap over
lap boughs
caught
such little variety
is a whole
motion moment

walls behind paper

clouds
as usual
a distance rides
up and down

separate
on my
mountain heights
the confusion
of directions

small matter

horizons are lines

the sun
or absence of it
or starlight
on ancient camps

sound

appears disappears
east to west
island of air
the sea rises
a plane
yawn

as fish to animal
man healthy birds
from the maples fall
on the light road
meaning as of leaves
around through the wind

LARRY
EIGNER

Sound and beat swell
 funnel of space
 dragged in earth
planes eddy, the shaking
cold, fish jump the horizon

 slats factory colors
we realize a finish
 there is a tower a
vast dome
 a dining car there
 a sliding seats
sloped down
 the girders truckload of stationwagons
a few benches at the sea

 or hens crated

 traffic island

the oak starlight glimmering with flowers
 sometimes the sea does turn warmer

 the gulf of ears engraved

 from everywhere
 the dawning ends of the world

 mist of quiet
up to the clouds blind
 another hot day
industry, suits off
in Yiddish roll up the sleeves
 after the cemetery

 the car
window
over american toy
 plastic, inc ink
 the night developed

 with stars at marine
supplies the bridge lifts
for craft clearing water

the choppy seas, continuing
 here they've made it
 the billboards don't peel
 there are years now gulls
or lights on their edges the dining places are fine

 they buy their fish

 70 feet away
and the brick school
is quiet with its lawn
 and stone corners, a street at the side

LARRY EIGNER
EIGNER GABLE

The sun and stars
part of the world
a rain

 glazed roof
 you look out

clouds
about the shape of yesterday
 insubstantial

 coast
 aisle
even after snow, in the cold

 where you find them

 any animal
 grown roots

the
 sky exchange of its lids
 evening bald
 plungers
baying
depths of the land
submerged

a queer
 underground
 suffacing
towards dead inchoate
 fish damp snake

 reeds climb
 slope
swum by an illusion of a waterfall

 borne in

 to the country grains

 the wave crag
permeated life
 slamming up

the imagination
is in the mouth
 oceans
 tide

 unceasing continual
pitches hospitals
the eye sweeps

 far out

how much of the earth

LARRY EIGNER

destruction
the sky
that people see
it breaks
the tracers of rain scintillations
are not frail

hours

hiding the porpoise of
day

sweeping the grass
banks of
windows green

the air
where the birds sing
thickened and wet
wood

LIFE

scatters its lessons

run off between
the abstract
palpable

every park has
branches
mingling
a different light
such patches to the eye

meaning a vane
straightened to the wind
rattles like leaves

we put it there
well
now let it pass
having some guide

John Haines

VICTIMS

The knife that makes long scars
in the flesh lays bare the bones -

pale trees in the forest of blood
where the birds of life and death
endlessly weave their
nests with straws of anguish.

There, the hunter and his quarry...

Parting the branches, the doomed
animal chokes on his own
breath, and sees, as in a red mist,
his own dripping carcass.

LOUIS Z. HAMMER

In a City

I stand under the necks of lovely women
I am eating fire and oil
The women bend quickly
To pick up the grain in the streets
I see matches and slippers
Scattered along the blocks
I kick a stone into the gutter
I listen for the snort of the buses
I am happy in a city without prayers.

ENCOUNTER

November strikes me across the mouth,
I clutch dry stalks and nettles between my teeth,
I have to think of motors;
Goldenrod, dead on the stalk,
Has not kept its promises:
A man with hollow eyes walks by
Talking to a man with bony hands.

BILL KNOTT UNFINISHED POEM, UNFINISHED LIFE, LEFT UP IN THE AIR

During the night a great branch grew in through the open window at my feet
And now sweeps, 3 feet above me, to the head of the bed.
The whole length of my living body
--In one breath?--it overcame, came over, last night.
I put my arms and legs up around the big branch and spring
and laugh and sky.
So I sleep with the branch hanging in over me the rest of my life,
Women fling their arms and legs up around it and sing and weep then fall on me with
wild cries,
Its leaves will fill the bed someday.

POEM

A death to mirror life. Singing.
The samaritan leaves of fall.
The handmedown colors of fall.
In spite of everything,
A death to mirror life!

BILL KNOTT

POEM TO A DROWNED GIRL

When the marrow broke through your eyes,
the sea burned a living profile
into my side,
a face that bitterly denies you.

In the densest solitudes
(that were the deepest part of the sea until you came:
now, wherever you are is deepest)
There are big fish
who inhale their own light.

The moon is the caul
of your mad sea.
And the grieving starfish at my ribs
is not a sign that you are to rise.

POEM TO A GIRL DEAD AT 20

The grass, flowers and trees are twenty years younger
since your death; you lie among. You loved
this green bank: Lay a pure white cloth on the waters
that they may remember your sorrow. Your reflection
is blown out by the carrion-cry of the wind. I
wander the shadows, burned into the sky,
of your voice, your eyes, your kiss.

POEM

Light fills up the fruit and keeps on rising,
to fill up grief. Dawn bites the sun
upon which day lies lost and burnt to a shadow.
And your face, beyond all this.
Bitter to me, as everything rises and still
the sky with its beacon of ashes looks for that day.

POEM

Rigor Mortis walks the streets/ its
coat tattered, face pensive.
My eyelids close on your nipples, enclosing them.
When we wake —

The only thing Bill Knott would like us to mention in his biographical note, is
that he would like to meet women of all ages... Apt. 18, 2122 N. Lincoln,
Chicago, Illinois.

BILL KNOTT

POEM: ANOTHER VERSION OF DEATH

Going to sleep, I cross my hands on my chest
when I'm dead they will place them like this,
it will look like I'm flying into myself with my arms like this,
last weight on the heart.
It's terrifyingly right the hands lie here.
(as if the cross were being crucified upon the body.)
I think we fix them like this out of some old hope
they will be a shield, or will defend.
The hands will heavier than wings, than words, than earth, than bodies
I try to embrace with an embrace final as this one nailed into me.
.....

GRETA

Your shadow leaps down from the sun to
Hold its happy half your cheek swells towards
The unsheared blood of summer ting
Ling morning awake your kisses play at sleep

Apronlapfuls of green ripples picked
From their first kiss fragrant voice
Crowned slumberess of days your
Body is a dance that rhymes the four

Winds

NOVEMBER (light, short days: dark fiery sunsets)
to Quasimodo

A small bird hops about in branches,
a blue high toss,
the sound
is lost. Winter
begins to burn up all the light.

And in no time,
it's evening.
The boy gazes to the west
as if all the fire-engines in the world were
streaking there....

AUTUMN: TO NAOMI

Give birth to a grave. Now let your nipples bite into fruit
and bitter cold: autumn. The cup that knelt to summer,
flames tipped with flesh. --All the warrior days long
to lie in your nut arms, and to go to sleep in their sons...

POEM

To open your trembling
as though it were a bud.

Your dreams love
and understand mine.

STANWOOD K. BOLTON, Jr.

LIBERTY IS A MAIDEN

Her youth was a mistrial.
She,
a lover of her own undress
with mascara and midnight
her only protection against god,
ran down twirling steps
down, down past doors
and the janitor
found her among his mops.
He carried this spent spirit
up to its room again
and placed its shallow breath
upon a yellow sheet
with love.

A white curtain of justice
billowed from draughts
of east winds seeping
out of an ugly scullery.
All doors here
have numbers,
only keys block peepholes
and a bent hairpin
will do.

Let her sleep.
No one will violate
the white worn wood
of her tortured threshold.
We may try to kiss her
briefly
at a party
believing her to be drunk,
but when the dancing starts
most will draw back
and take their own daughters
into the night.

LOVE IS A MARCH DAY

The oak jiggles brown paper on wicks
which have held fire.
Wire wind coils scentless arcs to the sky
and evening grosbeaks talk yellow
dawns at gray snow
blown into huddles of dry shadows.
Instinctive love is frozen silence
cracking the air.
There are no drums in the barrenness
of scratching after seeds to extract
warmth from that brief
leaf-bare sunflower. But March gropes in
and a low sun becomes a partridge
in a pine tree.

.....Stanwood K. Bolton,
Jr. is an adjuster for an industrial fire insurance company, reports that a swallow-
tailed kite spent two weeks in New Hampshire this spring. Poems are scheduled for
Midwest Q., Fiddlehead (Dept of Eng, U of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N.B.-\$2 a yr),
and Colorado Q. Has been in Mutiny, American Weave, Beloit, and University Review. 12

STANWOOD
K.
BOLTON, Jr.

JUNE WITHOUT TRAVEL

I.
Candia and a winged lion
prove that Crete
was once and end
to a canal of infinities,
of small Saint Marks
touching skies to the sea.
This coin is mine
and I am in Acton.

My son speaks no english,
he is younger than talking,
unsharing in reason
and yet
his demands are exotic
untempered by life
and Candia
might be a star over Acton
to him.

II.
There is a squatter on Harvard Road
who dreams of stars
but finds the nights quite ordinary.
Two old cars rust on blocks
and once a week
he walks for food.
Constellations,
three cats,
a Greek grammar,
a subscription to the Atlantic Monthly
and a house made from scraps of tin,
old blinds
and a cigar box for the birds
all echo Thoreau.
The owners of this land
are permissive
and stop by for conversation
when an afternoon
is already half lost.
I too was late for dinner.

III.
A dark girl
with a spiral dress
of checkered east and west
chats amiably
in the supermarket.
I understand
that all the foods I buy
come from every continent
I learned in school:
there is much romance
to a lima bean.
Before I ask my neighbor
if her mother came from Winnetka,
I will plant a garden
and dig in the earth a little.

IV.
While today's spaces
are being discussed
by today's diplomats,
I rejoice
because here in Acton
is the only
short-billed marsh wren
in Massachusetts.

"And be ye not conformed to this world:
but be ye transformed by the renewing
of your mind that ye may prove what is
the good and the acceptable and perfect
will of God"

DIALOG

..... From THE ELIZABETH PRESS:
 Caroll Arnett's THEN. \$1 from New Rochelle, New York
 From VANTAGE PRESS, Inc., 120 W. 31 St., New York 1, N. Y.: Martin Lewis'
 MYNT GREEN'S THE DISORDERED SPRING. From Sharon Creative Arts Foundation,
 Inc., Sharon, Connecticut: Best Poems, 1965, includes Albert Scofield Knorr

Franklin W. Hamilton

Belief

The snows which fall like sharp white marbles
Tomorrow will be gone;
The trees which sleep so barren now
Tomorrow will be green and gold.

The man and woman search to find the road,
They search and believe.
Tomorrow are the snows of crooked peace,
And you cannot get lost on the crooked mile,
Until you begin.

Conference on Thoreau

In the smoke stifling room
There was organized talk about Thoreau.
One speaker cut off his thumbs,
Another nailed his ears to his toes;
And so they distilled him into a neat ball
And rolled him under the rug for another year.

And going their peanut ways,
Not one looked back to see
The bursting sparks and shooting dust
That rocketed skyward.

Directions For Installment Buying

Sign your name distinct on the buyer's contract
And take two left at soap sun turn
And walk to soda pop lane,
But why walk at all when anyone can ride.

Then ride down sun dust street
And take three turns right at broken nose,
And one flight down to double cross promise;

Then stop at moon mountain bridge
And sign your name clear
Across the weak bridge of illegible signatures.

What is Laziness?

Is it breaking the patterns that should be broken
By stopping the crazy clocks?
Is it not wanting to come to work, now or never?

Or sitting in the street drain
Watching small rivers of rain
In the perfect solitude of the second,
Defying the next door neighbor
Who calls his wife to see the loony locoweed
Sitting in the rain;

Or is it watching slim rockets
That shoot into space
With the ease of leaping snakes?

Franklin W. Hamilton

Youth Remembered

In the square corner of my remembered youth,
Two times eight plus four equals the season of
Eating pickled watermelon and running cartwheel races.
Now twenty times two plus time
Rushes quickly through the feast
But the dark dogs and grey shadows do not chase me now
And even though my poor lost love tries
The memory no longer quiets the cry of my heart.

Fred Wolven Easter Rose

"It is neither spring nor summer; it is Always"

---Theodore Roethke

Time and space disappear,
Snow blankets the filth of barren sand--
A filament over a grave.

"When I am undone"

I'll linger,

Until then, "I'm one to follow."

The lily brought
Gay visions which pierce that dread;
There is "Such quiet under the small leaves!"

Morbid, dull decay is a

Vehicle of spite, yet--

"The Right Thing happens to the happy man."

Thundering storms passed
Across angry-clouded skies,
Warnings are never accepted as proper caution.
Stoop to pluck the thorn from my sandal;
Rise-up, elevate yourself, and remove
A spike out of my marrow.

Shortly dew replaces

One speckled cloth;

"How slowly pleasure dies!"

Entombed, released, vanished;

"Lord. . .

From me to Thee's a long and terrible way."

Moses cursed them,

But Luther said "No!"

"Do we move toward God,

or merely another direction?"

Tomorrow, His day, restore

Our sight; bind-up those wounds;

"Oh, to be something else, yet still to be!"

"Being, not doing, is my first joy."

Eda Casciani

ORIOLE

Blacken are my days
nights without song
the dog's throat went dry
since you came in
with the dead oriole
in your shaking hand

than followed it

HARVEY TUCKER

deep in my brain a bell rings

deep in my brain
a bell rings,
a tower topples,
and dust conquers all.

the children of my youth
hobble across silent screens
pulling the night behind them.

roses bleed themselves
into an absence of color.
the false emptiness of fragrances
clogs the windows.

there is no place to go.

deep in my brain
men with dull lanterns
stalk the night
searching for one star
above all others.

they will not find it;
there is no place to go.

all that remains, remains,
remains, and still remains.
the night ticks away
and the tower falls.

a bell rings
and dust conquers all.

somehow in this dark silence

somehow in this dark
silence a blue fly
perched on my soul.

the signs we cannot
understand
come back to haunt us.

with torn fingers
we crossed our hearts.

there was a voice.

a rush of wind
against my ears.
and then winter reappeared
in the shape of a blue fly.

it danced
in my brain
and shouted

kill me! kill me!

ROGER SAULS

Poem

today's morning and night seem
like yesterday's

it had a minute around noon
the size of now

when it stopped
always there

and together they tick along

the oozing afternoon
(slow and dreadful

their pace, their feet
sliding over me

JAMES HAZARD

A HERO UNDER PLASTIC

They opened the old brown hotel
until it disappeared!

The colors and flowers
of the inside walls
were ancient their first day
in the light of day.

Dust, the color of rust,

covered the weathergreen hero,
a soldier of war with Spain.
Dust settled
on his hand that held the plugged weapon,
on his blank eyes.

He's at attention
under a plastic sheet right now
in the basement of the new firehouse.
Come spring
they'll stand him on a stone in the park.

PETER WILD - - - - - the amorist

I loved you in a midnight river of blood
where puppies bruised their noses
 against screen doors,
searching down dark hallways
 for a combination.

As pilotless boats
 oared themselves along
swifter than the current,
and dumb rocking horses rocked
 through a pleurisy of stars
in unintentional mockery...

Two satanic eyes
 which burnt among the rocks and cactus
with the anxiety of a hungry mouse,
 to coax a shoot
 from petrified stumps
which were never green...

Those happy horses looked down
 glassy-eyed and eager to please,
while I fumbled fat-fingered at the lock,
not willing to admit
 my watery limbs
could only add salt
 to your shriveled heart.

ALVARO CARDONA-HINE

PULLEYS OF WANT AND WISDOM

it took place anywhere
the beginning was everywhere
in shapeless columns
and withered turnips
in tenderness carried in sauce pans
excuse me
I don't know how to say it
pus and deaf-mutes were hinted at
in gigantic abbreviations
everything
the brute sarcophagus
your laughter
blue cushions
an orange in the moonlight

the world spills out of your wife's belly
the roar is shut in the lion's cage
you look up
and you look down
and you are dizzy
steep
profound is life
and you smile
nobody knows when

I am lifting a rose
I am lowering a body to the grave
if nothing else
the passage was free
a few nuns in the chapel of the horizon
think well of the slug and pray
at dawn a cricket tucks his violin
under the arm of sleep

QUATRAINS

the sea
the beer
the sperm
the vomit

the flash
the glare
the light
the moment

the pine
the child
the mermaid
the sonata

the mouth
the belly
the anthill
the volcano

LITTLE BREATH OF THE MANGER

cliff and loud clay
barbed wire
and cows like steeples
on the toppling meadows

the hills rise with child
warm ovens of rock
apricots in the river
stir without sugar

in the mansion of fauns
the sexual crossroad
a vegetation houses
the vacuum of flesh

moss little snail
dunk your green head
in the water lick
the foam of her lion's paw

the wind strums
the occupied hammock
pines of the north augur
the journey's hidden step

Jehovah be happy
that father
with mother
now fathers me with you

the heavens are wounded
by salvos of light
in bunches of loquats
the sweet living music

ALVARO
CARDONA-
HINE

the city is an overwrought violin
an abandoned year

MEXICO

eddies of ghosts
swirl in odd corners of the heart

the bubble of my life has floated up to the rooftops
where girls and bougainvilleas braid their common trees

any moment an iron railing might snap

the gills of a cloud
fan the forehead of my dreams

I perch on air
literally

my pockets are green zeppelins
caverns of hope
my fingertips ache with music

a fox in those hills
has eaten more

there is a lone passage for locomotives
on the orchestral page of the railroad yards

HARVEY TUCKER

THE MYSTIC ATE SALAMI

the mystic ate salami
and drank cold root beer
from the bottle.

we are entering a phase: he said.

the iron stars
clapped against each other
and broke into small silences.

maria
the whore
fell in the gutter
and died.

the little spanish children
danced round her
bleached head
and wept purple violets
all over her
closed eyes.

i too
wept from my window
and hearing his word

tore up the poem
and swallowed the pen.

.....
Alvaro Cardona Hine appears
in KAYAK 4

Harvey Tucker is editor of
the excellent poetry
magazine, BLACK SUN

.....

ALVARO CARDONA-HINE

AMENDMENTS TO A VISION OF RADIANCE

they
took
the
little
Negro
boy
and
the
little
Negro
girl
and
walked
them
a
great
distance
in
the
sun
while
the
white
children
were
having
milk
and
they
said
this
is
the
way
God
himself
had
done
it

the
old
Massachusetts
poet
at
the
birth
of
his
dilemma
confessed
to
me
that
he
feared
a
mankind
of
dirty
greys
but
I
said
even
your
baby
is
beautiful

they
argued
and
said
that
all
the
rocks
would
have
to
go
but
no
one
lifted
a
single
one
because
what
they
were
really
afraid
of
were
the
scorpions

the
children
of
the
cross-eyed
plumber
and
the
children
of
his
wife
are
one
and
the
same
flesh
and
likewise
because
of
the
wind
and
the
shouted
words
and
the
earth
which
is
spread
out
to
run
your
children
and
my
children
are
one
and
the
same
flesh

GERARD MALANGA

as
told to
Andy Warhol

The last climbers stowed their ropes and left
Early in October. The ski track leads
To a chalet; the tracks of a deer lead nowhere.
As they breathe the cold clean air,
Something less sticky than blood
Begins to move in their veins.

SLOPING OFF

They point their skis downhill
Believing as they always do that they
Have forgotten how to use them.
The slopes stream away behind:
Monte Rosa, the Wildspitz, Grand Sassi¹ère.

ALVARO CARDONA-HINE

THE OUIJA BOARD

TO THE SEXTON

where he alone controls the furnaces and waves
the chimneys the drop on flight
there will the women burn
drown as in ocean
children float screaming down a shaft of smoke
cliffs withhold their wing

an octopus of flame will embrace them
and waters octagonal profound
and silence
and hard-pressed substances
and the attendant hush
and somebody's dust
a millenium of it

and tons of belching fish of cetaceans
miles of sewers and their voracious worms
all maddened by lock-jaw
driven by purulent eyelids
will tentatively emerge out of that armpit
issue forth out of its twelfe-elevens
and travel the chiropodist mile to heaven
with apprentice monster skill
audible mandible
yes my blond spelunkers
with a daub of night
a glass of perpetrated oil

and these shall proceed to rule lightly
eternally
with a feather
only the madmen will steal away on luminous planks
only the suicides will tiptoe across the explicit earth
we'll let the merchant sleep beside the wife
a stale champagne of dreams aquiver in his open mouth

.....POETRY NEWSLETTER has
moved--Now: 315 E. 9th St., Ny, Ny 10003.....Earth Books and Gallery, 244
Ocean Park Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif. 90405 will publish EARTH REVIEW:
the taste runs to Patchen, Bukowski, Miller, McClure, Ginsberg but will
look at anything.....new RED CLAY READER being planned: Charleen Whisnatt,
2221 Westminster Pl., Charlotte, N.C. 28207.....

GERARD MALANGA

"What do we know but that we face
One another in this place?"

Retour a L'Envoyeur

-- William Butler Yeats

for John Palmer

I stand beside the green signpost to be lost
Among the words on the white page in "the brown book".
And emerging from sunlight in buildings
They can be children now,
As the suicide's letter remains on the desk.

The lake is a stone's throw from my hand.
He pretends not to know.
He is nineteen-years old.
We could swim thousands of miles
At dawn through the weeds.

When his anxiety could not be coped with,
We stopped beside the boathouse.
Now he is concerned only with keys.
Was the headache a key?
And what about the headache?

He went slowly into the ditch.
After three years this month,
Wednesday, at 12:50 A.M.
I have far to go to
Reach of what words his ears are full.

THE HYPHONATED FAMILY / A SONNET

Nothing disturbs so much as the logic of music:
Going far enough the waves that navigate the boat;
All my looks astride the way those Ford girls bend in the wind
Shield their hair funneling behind them in a biography of grass.
It is quiet her among "the international set" in the afternoon of this arm
Pit it was this pit that got caught between my teeth.

"He was dying. And he was my son", the fire
Man said. Then the life insurance got caught in the air
Shaft. By this the grace of the body is not qualified nor well
Done. The flowers are painted in black by friendships.
This is the will of an approaching member not to be touched:
The iridescence of oil on the surface of water, the canned rations, the drift
Wood. But now the chair is being pushed under the table.
There was not time for that at this far place in the night.

.....From Hors Commerce Press,
Torrance, California: A COLLECTION OF POEMS by Carl Robins-\$1. THE LAST STRAW
by Raph Kinsey.....From Interim Books, Village Station, P. O. Box 35,
New York, N.Y. 10014: JUGGERNAUT by Kirby Congdon. SOME POEMS by Jim Burns.
.....Also from Hors Commerce: \$1--Prelude to Armageddon by James D. Callahan
Privately Printed: Daniel John Zimmerman, NANDALA.....Other Books Received:
THE GRAVY TRAIN by Herbert Anderson, THE RAPIST by Pete Winslow, LOS PAJAROS
DEL VIENTO by Andres Gonzalez Pages, LET'S WRITE POETRY by Vance, REFLECTIONS
IN LAFAYETTE PARK by Gurnie Hobbs, THOUGHTS FROM THE HILLS AND LAMENTS OF AN
EGOTIST by alan blair ballard.....

GERARD MALANGA

SVENGALI

for Bibbe

The balloon rose
Into the frigid air
Strike. Now we can make some decisions
Dreams of snow
The sound the car makes in its turn
On the road
Bed that day we woke
This indicates miles to be ahead
There were sags in his dream
Land and the flowers returned
Subsequently all is brought to a sneeze
The dim vacation, though this gives
Way the offer to wait but we don't
Reducing the strength to commitment
If my exit is summer
The aberant means to do more
Now we can come and meet as we are
Pulled down into the squint marked "foolish".

"The admiration of demonic beauty
is not envy,
The brother-in-whatever
LOVES humanity at that distance
Chet Huntley provides."

from The Katz Lectures
by

Daniel Patrick Cassidy, Jr.

THE CONFISCATION OF BEHAVIOR

for Nico

The car is turning
As carefully as a road turns.
I expect everything about the bird is insincere.
My name means "rock", "spear".
Where no house or building
Numbers are shown, the entire street
Or avenue is delivered from the postal zone
Number indicated. The idea of necessitating
But one reference. This is imperative.
This is qualified. What I am
Saying is that it is my own condition
That is challenged: the eagerness and joy
To be different, accomodating the new
Year's affirming restlessness, the specific
Gravity of the calm and lucid distress.
"I want to know why I keep committing the surface
With a direction in my hands.
What of the new realism and this everlasting summer
Which hevertheless will eventually end?
Are these "contact" photos historically a part of myself?
This is a book of social arrangement in cross references
Indicated by present names under the head of the family.
I am thinking about all the beautiful people.
I am leaving in a rainstorm by limousine.
It is the reality of being here:
Ardsley, Morristown, Piping Rock.

Chaim Mendelson

BELLA

Dying

the fatal fat
proved fugitive

the skin
economical

a buried beauty
born

Living

a creaky staircase
to the third floor

a box of chocolates
a breakdown sofa

the redbound Harvard Classics
rotting unread

a hospital bed
ingeniously jiggling

so precious little being
of all that gross becoming

doug blazek
INQUEST INTO BILL WANTLING

even though i didn't hammer
any tacks into your flesh
i did manage to saw off
one of your limbs
just for a curious peek
at the paper streamers
& confetti that dive-bomb
through your blood stream
& oh, boy, i think i got my
hands moist with your life but
i can't seem to cram my fingers
far enough within my mouth.
maybe my lips shrunk with awe
& my tongue dried up
from not saying anything?

or was everything said
through the eye?

Ed Stone

A SMUGGLED LETTER TO MY BROTHER

I live in an asylum
where conscience is forbidden
our fat keepers
are ourselves
so they treat us well
at feeding time
our troughs are full
we lack nothing essential
and if we never complain
and make our own beds
and march in formation
to perform assigned chores
our keepers allow us
to murder our children

Ed Stone

NEWSREEL

All you folks there
marching for love
hold still
don't move
we ask you to bear
with us freeze
in your position
it's an art
to compose frames
advertising mad mob
scenes and we ask
request in the name
of better box office
your loyal cooperation.

.....Chaim Mendelson
has had poems in Perspective, Wormwood, and Grande Ronde. Others are forthcoming
in Cardinal Poetry Quarterly, Dust, and The Goodly Co.....From American Poet
Press, 1341 Canyon R. Santa Fe, New Mexico 87502-\$1: Jean Rosenbaum's ARISE
SOLOMON.....From Ole/Mimeo Press, 449 S. Center, Bensenville, Ill. 60106:
Charles Bukowski's Confessions of a Man Insane Enough to Live With Beasts-\$1.00

Harold Briggs

Whodunit

Foot prints, half goat,
 half man,
the usual picnic litter:
a bunch of withered grapes
beside a broken flute mute bacchanal
for maggots.
 Between the trees
birds and mice dancing
 round a battered pedestal,
their footsteps soft as kisses
 on the grass;
an idiot wind whipping the helpless leaves
about my legs; icicle- fingers on my neck:
presence of death. Armed with switchblade-thorns
a crowd of bushes threatened me.
 An old tree
moaned, (familiar name I thought)
crashed at my feet, kicking dust in my eyes;
a spider's web clung to my sweaty hands,
the dying sun spilled its blood on me.
Logic failed, I waited for an omen,
dizzy, out of breath,
 I stumbled on the body.
A callous moon pointed to the cracked skull,
 the classic smile intact.
O abandoned bride of horror
who carved LONG LIVE VENUS
on this too perfect thigh
half hidden in a cloak of moss,
one numb-white breast tempting my hand
to warm it back to life. I buried her in haste
too stunned to whistle off the mandrake
watching me. The moon fled across the terrace.

Richard
JAWORSKI

A
MACHINE
AGED
APE

The pink artists
dance in sunset halls
of wet glittering ruby
deep in ear
of eager ape
cigar in mouth
sitting in a stereo truck
snarling over blind nuns

thrown into traffic apple jam

in the night of the throat
of a howling lion racing
to the line of a free star
burning blue toes of a hunchback
in Peru who lisps with the snails
of old time and much regard
for let me die for let me die.

MOOD HIGH

With sunleaves in the soft wind
we flew cloud wings
over the car lots various
and the ambitious steaming factories
pushing their barrels of dollars
to the feet of a gasoline pump
hand on whiskey
and smoking cigar.

In the shadow of your lion's teeth
we wrestled naked on
the green hops of gowned bats
with paint brushes streaking light
in skims on the rusty rims of moody pots
held by heart of silent shops mooning
for a marrow of tomorrow,
let them cry.

It was our poem foaming at the toes
bursting on a red football jaw
carried by fire alarm schools --
street knives late into the night cake --
the squirrel firemen watering fright white acorns
on fat faces lost in the bells,
the cardinal ruby laughing in the nest of owls of oak words,
let them sky.

.....Books by
LARRY GOODELL: DUENDE, Placitas, N. Mexico, available at the Book Shop, Cleveland,
Ohio, the Gotham Book Mart, New York, New York, and the Abington Book Shop,
Lawrence, Kansas. ROBERT KELLY: lectiones, \$4.00 a yr., from 888 Park Avenue,
N. Y. C. 10021. William Taggart: -se marier william dodd, 212 Spruce, N. E.,
Albuquerque, New Mexico.....New Magazine due in May:
POETRY KARAMU, P.O. Box 162, Hiram, Ohio 44234.....THE FLY'S EYE offers prize
for poetry--write Robert Bonazzi, 6102 Sherwood, Houston, Texas 77021

DARRELL L. GRAY

EVENING STRUCTURE

for

Don Rowland

The water tower
is alone,
standing against
the evening
with nothing
to say.

It has been
there, in the fire,
for many years,
unable to give
any reasons--
denying that
the wind will take
it to heaven.
I stand at the base
and look up
into the shadows;
the beams
that support
a tank as dry
as a whisper.

Inside,
tiny skeletons
try to find out
where they
are.

CHARLES EDWARD EATON

THE DORY

When they pushed the dory on the shore, the beautiful,
resolute reach
Of motion out of the sea, that exact, determined placing
Raised the force of being human to its highest pitch.

There was the pull-back and then the tremendous curving-over
When the sea, resigned or bested for a moment,
Reconsidered whether it was at heart a better aggressor
or a lover.

In any case, their mood was neither ruffian nor mild--
They had used the very arching gesture of the sea
And cradled the heavy craft with the care one uses
with a child.

Elements of a scuffle were no doubt part of the affair,
But the purpose was impetuously exalted,
As though some white-browed goddess, expelled from heaven,
required an altar.

What else should we expect from one ambiguous day?--
I do not know of anything more eloquent of permanence
Than a white boat, placed for a moment out of reach, in this
devoted way.

I, for one, hope the goddess they love deserves their best.
Our cults are far too many for the beholder to know them
fully,
But we found our faith, in part, on hints of something missed.

Patrol duty in the Jungle! Fought the great leaves of strange, stifling vegetation, stubborn like iron and ebony, copper sweating poison-green oxide....

Forelegs stretched forward, the Tiger, sitting on a granite rock, loomed high above me. He was big as a mountain, eclipsing the Sun; his eyes severe, curious and hard as the granite he occupied. A great Sphinx, beautiful and all-powerful, he filled the space all-devouring. Too, something official was about him.... My hands paralyzed, the automatic dropped with the feeble sound of a toy gun. I couldn't take my eyes off him, off his sparkling, clear, orgiastic, innocent eyes full of unalterable laws and I knew this was the positive end, the only positivism left in life, this enormous negation. He was the dynamic lethal poison invested with the irrevocable power of destruction: the one and only positiveness in life. The innocent, relentless beautiful eyes meant the end. The end of the Sun-things, past-positive. The end of the Sun-things -- though his eyes had been woven of the Sun, his severe olympian eyes....the Sphinx....

All the Sun flew out of my veins and it left only a dark groove, and corrupt corrugated emptiness, a slimy husk discarded perhaps by some venomous snake; an underground groove billions of light-years distant from the Sun....

It was now pitch-dark. Where is the Sun? The Sun-blood of my proud veins?....reduced now to a brittle empty husk....naught....the neutral silence of Limbo....

I was whispering to the bright-burning Tiger, the mighty Sphinx, the olympian beauty. He was listening with some curiosity.

"Tiger, tiger....Great Tiger, Supreme Judge, you must not do that to me unless your yellow stripes were fashioned after the Sun. Prince of Death or Prince of Sun, I too have merits, you know. I knew this and that....That out of the heat of this World, preserved by the living, were born subtle poetry and symphonies, the awareness of the calculus and electronics.... and I kissed the wondrous subtle beauty of her eyes, shy and humane, innocent yet challenging and cryptic. It was the Sun all-over. And the Sun was in my veins. And I devoured her eyes that were smiling on the threshold of eternity, on the threshold of knowledge....And the puzzle of being was about to surrender to me....By the skin of my teeth, really.... Such moments were within reach of my fingers....And almost, almost...."

Here I came to....My comrades lifting the Tiger away from my body. Poor tiger....gone his terrifying beauty; a bleeding carcass, careless, clumsy weight of dead thing; the stained, deflated fur, Sunless. It didn't belong. A casual object. My compassion oozed out for the tiger whose splendor had

been dethroned. I was sorry for all things, tiger, man and Olympus. I was faint with lethal weakness. Prostrate within the brittle corrugated groove. And all things became so ridiculously small and thin now, propped up by foolish little toothpicks....

This humiliating weakness....How can I face....How can I cope with the....Isn't this where I came in?....The perennial stalemate....Tiger, tiger, burnt-out tiger! Your brilliant teeth could have made Sun-stuff of me. Via your Glorious Metabolism. But you loused up my romance with the Prince of Death....

Gosh, how tired one can be. There will be the season of election days and Saigon; the Congo and Cyprus; there will be Birch societies, the built-in obsolescences and the democlean nuclear disease; the limitless Red Tape in whose labyrinth the Earth's children develop asthma; to be sure the eyes of women promising the ultimate solution; Nature's charming demagoguery....Then all sorts of greater and lesser pains: the revolt of your own disloyal body. Are we the hosts or guests of our bodies?....

...very cold now....My awful weakness trembles in the standstill of mocking stalemate....Bloodless, Sunless.... Mother will you knit a few Sunrays for the winters of my eternity?

ANDREW CURRY

EXEGESIS

the world is always already there
constituting mind's engagement
in that world/
consciousness,

never naked,
is the invulnerable
vehicle/

green leaves reflect green Winter sun,
undulating ships in the bay,
and silently greying children
in no thought
embracing
the whole of thought's
expression/

your body hides in its dress
while we go wondering if
we are not
the mystery of this

world and its
prelogical waters --
O, VAGINULA EJULATIONA

JIM BOYLE

canvas music

a wet blue
 flung wide and spansive
 centers attention
on a lone olive guitar
 with a black and yellow bird
claws clutched
 to the strings
 bobbing, singing

DAISY ALDAN CHRISTMAS

The Moon made a double circle around itself, and one a Rainbow,
and small clouds gave luminous forms to its rays. Overhead the trees
arced black elbows. Twigs were a scroll; I could read their fine pring; They were
dreaming Spring when stretched roots would search and swallow sustenance from Earth.
(I heard the great Northeastern Oaks were suffering with a strange disease.)
Down from the Moon came thoughts, and I understood: Seule, Solitude, Solitaire,
And that a bell was not a bird. Moving in the light of myself,
I divined the double-circled oracle of my middle years.

I had been painting in blackness, guessing at colors, unaware
that I was strangling in my silk scarf. Now I saw the hideous face
of my assassin, and recognized the sighing in the place
to be only the labored breathing of a dying dog. Christmas:
I saw the wise old Magi heading toward a cradle, and the waking
Shepherds with the gift of their dream, walking toward that cradle.
I arose and walked; and out of the earth, I saw blue smoke rising.

I was turning over like an hourglass, and could breathe in the empty
clarity of the vessel wherein I slowly poured myself. Now I wheeled
past the rusty carcasses and tyrannies. (The Eastern cemeteries
line the countryside, their slabs upright for memory, and the West
has wreathed dissolving bodies with picnic tables.) I have fed the earth
with my blood, dug myself out of the snow, and rise from the battlefield.

Goodbye! -- I leave you to your five daughters singing O Tannenbaum
every hour on the hour. Blow out the candles in the window.
I leave the dishes in the sink, the auto hanging in the tree.
Goodbye! -- Take down the paper pine and the plastic balls. Let the candles
set the house on fire. Let the candles light up the crowns of the three Kings,
and the flames in the fireplace rise like a city in calamity.

I will survive the Winter which sweeps away the hornets and the houses
where the moles are sleeping. Goodbye! -- Keep my discarded snakeskin.
I have learned the secret of endurance from the tensile birds;
and that the light of myself flashes a path on the dark road;
and I am glad I can still ask a question and find an answer which begins...

DAISY ALDAN
SUMMER

Magician twilight
with tricks of transforming
turns Sète to fancy.
If a cane changes form,
becomes silks, and a flame
of flowers appears
on the empty table,
then rooftops below
are jeweled and triangular
blocks scattered by
the whim of a boy.
Walls of the chateau
are peeling mauve petals.
Twilight the alchemist
has Mediterranean draped
with a golden mist.
Pools are topaz, and
mirror cloud shapes.
Grape vines entwine
and lean. Town sounds
drone in a dream.
Clattering afternoon
melts lavender and amber.
Sudden hoarse laughter
softens in flight.
Hush lies with eucalyptus
leaves. A wing
humming hovers here.
Youth laughter lilts, lifts,
and necklaces all
in honey and velvet,
in violet and gold.

FIREWORKS AT SAN RAPHAEL

A chariot sweeps skyward. Axles
of rubies, diamonds, aquarelles
spin, burst, luminously descend,
dissolve concentrically, as behind
closed eyelids, iridescent
radiant reversed sun-whorls
vanish when eyes open blind.

Thus in a sparkling spiral
from inside outward, love whirls
like wheels of chariots of fire
While jewels dully expire.
Anxiety mourns the gaseous waste
of brilliance - gem into paste;
thunderous wheels, now a faint crackle,
charred match, exhausted firecracker.

How revive a jewel's scintillation,
and set a worn wheel in motion?

.....Books by
DAISY ALDAN: A NEW FOLDER: AMERICANS: POEMS AND DRAWINGS in hard cover, limited
edition is available at \$3.50. SEVEN SEVEN 7:7, Poems and Photographs, paper
\$1.95; hard cover \$3. THE DESTRUCTION OF CATHEDRALS, paper \$1.95, hard cover \$3,
chosen by New York Times Book Review as one of the hundred outstanding books
published last year. All books from FOLDER EDITIONS, 325 E. 57th St., New York,
New York, 10022.From The Elizabeth Press,
103 Van Etten Blvd., New Rochelle, N.Y.: NONCE, poems of CID CORMAN. A Plant-
of Chives poems by Gena Ford- \$1.....From levy, available from ASPHODEL
BOOK SHOP: the bloodletting by allan katzman--30¢

SID SHAPIRO

FAT FLAMES FALLING

Fat flames falling
flying faster than hell
red as a rose
racing across the equator

dipping into the waters of the bay
dripping dry on the sand on the beaches
not knowing anything
just hogging the ground
flaming up
flying fast
riding high on the hog
dripping fat
drying in the dust

faster and faster
they go around in a circle

what do we need them for

they aren't any good

we should get along without them
don't know anything
never did
just ran along the ground hoping the wind would
carry me.

KENT TAYLOR

tables and eternity
have a way of looking

the same the rest

lies quietly

after a waiting

a clarification

the cat drifts around
another city

this path is almost ended
paper on the streets
is the same

paper held
other places

walking through shadowed clover

darkness stretching over
me

like a smoking rainbow ending

in a quarry of ashes i wonder

i wonder i wonder
how the sun can let us sleep

june 30, 1965

down rained highways
steaming dreams
cling and hurtle
beneath the states

me

going

you

passing unknowing
pushing toward
something
not quite there
but real
the quest between the grass
and the city

today
the car stalled my
feet
sinking
deeper
the sun rising and setting

V. BARRETT PRICE

PICTURES

BY

HIERONYMUS BOSCH'S

DEAD LARK

- I He put his cigarette out in the eye of the world
and bear claws with long stems
chirped in an eyecup

like marmalade
his tears fell
over the lace midget's face

and the bellkeeper lost his hands while praying.
- II Mongoose milk and adrenaline were the barks of her hair
and the bald headed teddy bear drank the fragile girl's
bile
hoping to find the grave of the superplum fairy

down in the thicket the porridge was hot
and his veins were filled with spoiled sugar

the sand castle crushed him
and the crabs used his eyelashes to sweep off the tomb.
- III Brass fish moult
in the sea's eye

seaweed grouts the sky in place
its roots suicidally longing for air

lions and men wading in the same woman.
- IV He put on his hands
and crawled into the earwax Buddha
nailed on his chest

and among the prophets
that pulled at his nose
a small male mouse
picked centipede's ears
to find ruby dust
or a pink satin vial of whore's tears.
- V Raspberry soda toads
gave geodes to the bride

and the little boys wet their sheets with ermine

Christ felt like a pumpkin
and the fairy godmother's eyes
flashed coca cola--coca cola
all through the inquisition

and Christ was baked with spices
to be eaten at thanksgiving.
- VI What do dirty books do when everyones in bed?

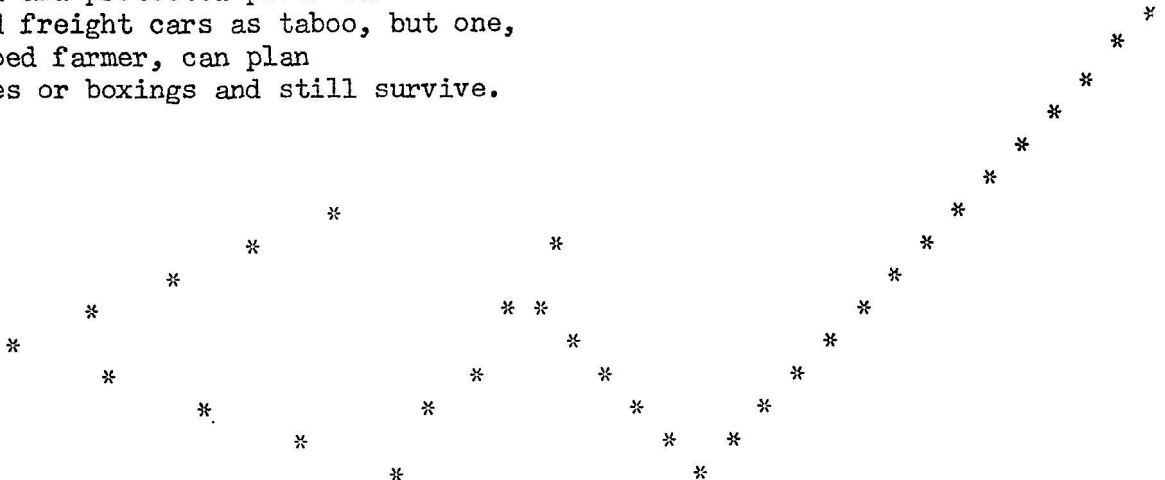
Marching round and round
they turn into banana paste
and are spread on hot toast
by David Copperfield's dead mother.

- VII. Jade bees hummed
in the Chinaman's nose
as he went off with a Lapp
to wash his face in raindeer's milk.
- VIII. They dropped the weasel from eight stories up
and the little man with clubfoot eyes
pushed his puce pushcart
selling broiled prayers stuffed with witches.
- IX. And fireflies die saying
we were the sun's residue.
- X. Let me filigree you all
- my face is dripping through the page
being only alive in the shine of a trumpet's skin
- David's sheep are naked
he sings his songs to put clothes on Orpheus's back
he, the bodyless horseman, wants to make you
filigree too
- you're nothing but two hundred billion savage flowers
stewed in your own bad breath
- let me make your breath filigree
so I can wear you as a patron saint around my neck.

Thomas Kretz

From the Crooked Catwalk

A hundred spasmodic fingers
oddly reweave each long garden green,
mint-scented; earthly might lingers
under the low hanging cancer clouds,
the banked and protected plots ban
snakes and freight cars as taboo, but one,
the tuxedoed farmer, can plan
snake bites or boxings and still survive.



PHIL WEIDMAN
BLACK POINT 74

Long, narrow,
 hexagon hand tool.
 Yellow:
 Made by Eagle
 Pencil Co.
 Wrote this.

OTTONE M. RICCIO

FRIDAY AFTERNOON -- THE SUN'S SHADOW BURNS ME

oranges
 f
 r
 sun
 i
 t
 washed in light
 a
 sorry, mac
 s
 e
 d to oversized
 e
 farmers
 l
 o
 bungle
 seasons
 w
 h
 e
 r
 e
 a
 r
 e
 the v i t a m i n s
 r b
 of yesteryear?
 t h
 r i
 e n
 c a d
 the skirts of
 t
 m e
 marry a soldier
 e
 r
 come to the fountain
 i
 a
 l
 soldiers don't eat
 s r
 m a w
 n h
 g o
 e
 sun-kissed
 a
 y
 s
 ?

.....New Magazine:
 MANHATTAN REVIEW, 229 E. 12th St., New York, N.Y. 10003

JUDY CARR

The mountains were stone,
The night lonely.
I placed my hand upon a
bird,
The hills melted.

OTTONE M. RICCIO

this bathroom is noisy

boy stands girl sits

fits

puzzle

maker

baker

fresh

sexy

plexus

wake up Joe gotta make the scene

before the nightbreakers flake the green
money

skate

flyer

bird

singing

opera

bourbon

guzzle Joe guzzle up the juice

tomorrow's headlines will float the news

clean hands eye quits

kits

dazzle

shaker

fakir

flesh

Trixie!

nexus

shake up Flo

gotta stake the spleen

before the fight-snakers scrape the sheen
honey

plate

buyer

sword

ringing

oh but a

soup's on

puzzle Flo puzzle out the ruse

the men hold hands and the ladies choose

puzzle Flo puzzle out the clues

the ladies dance their burleques

.....New Magazine: IT, J. D.
Whitney, 336 Luther S., Detroit, Mich. 48217.....GRAFFITI has new address:
Steve Stern, 212 East Second Street, Bloomington, Indiana 47401.....

HANS JUERGENSEN

BRUEGHEL

one can brush
against wheat stalks
to the right
to the

left
they bow toward
one on the
harvester's path

with
full-beaded
crowns
yellow-stmg:
ripe

OTTONE M. RICCIO:THE REBEL CAPITULATES

Life

is
a
ser
ies

of

k

n

crossed

e

s

waiting

to be un crossed.

Tears

are punc tu a tion
to sentences
of breathing.

Cool eyes

sell

bravery

to those few

who find their mornings

in

h o l l o w

faces

waiting

for silk to b r u s s s sh their mouths.

Knives cut to repay their

e
d
g
e
s

we copu late to repay our

i g.
l i .
v n ...

S. DORMAN

INSOMNIA

Such heat,
and the fog drips
from pillows where
I try to lay my head.
This place won't hide
a soul. Night's buttoned up,
tick, tock, drops of fog
illuminate the clock.
A thorn pops from
the brier bush, pearled,
unusual. No flowers occur.
The streets bach arches
like a teased cat
when I patter
toward my wall. Such fog.
I cannot find. Heat. Pillow.
My presence of mind
sorts the lamp poles
into friends and cats.
At last, in the open
I, but for my whiskers,
sleep.

PAINTINGS BY MARGIT BECK

Boulders
blast up from her power
of quarries.
Gnarled with purpose,
like multiplying stones
the body of earth
grows in a chaos of works
while she paints our apocalypse.
The sun comes uncorked
and fumes.
She's obsessed
with the myth of genesis:
brains, mountains and apricots
writhe
in a blaze of birth.
As her brush strips
our history
a fist of light
blasts the frame where we
were trapped.

IS IT POSSIBLE

Is it possible to live
in a garden of stone trees?
Where birds wear spurs,
a sunset sheds blood
on the grass, children starve
for freedom in rich economies.
It takes my breath.
Smoke issues from the oracle
beneath a grating:
the knife
may split in two, corn with shocked
hair sprout from the hilt. You will
eat fire and survive. Waves of boys
tumble down our hills to rise
like dragons. Blood is good.

S. Dorman

IMPROVISATIONS AT THE BEACH

I. light is tall
draws me out upward
my soul walks on water

in a wave
of belly dancers
sequin navels wink

teeth are seeds
sewn in grit
I love my flesh

2. sand like pastry
after wind all day
my toes crumble it

up to the abandoned shack
by wooden steps jammed
between dunes' cleavage

up against sun
on my skull
power is vertical

3. thorny beach plum
has sugar petals
I've a bloody thumb

skin is teasing
crumbs of beach
make city clothes itch

at the bus stop
balustrades of light
uphold my vision

DAVE KELLY
THE SCHOLAR

Like Van Gogh
if
instead
he'd sat
lights on
in the parlor
humming

waiting
for the
ear
to fall off.
####

PETER WILD

tres lunas

three moons
over my knee,
over the cold earth.

three moons
hinged eccentrically.

adverse to the circle
inscribed three times
round.

and the tears
jell to seed
on the rind,
drop
to earth

like a bell
ringing
in a midnight
snow.

DAVE KELLY
SUMMER STUDY

Yellow
breaks thru
the hour,

my eyes
watch ants
walking
in summer tar.

The sound of
heat ..
while
none of us
is looking.
###

MARGARET RANDALL

SERGIO

come
into me you see have
long fingers
 are
several
meters light. come
through
up
be what you will
in me
 as
i would be
house place field of action
bed.

D. L. GRAY
CLOUDS

you said
there is nothing
in the sky
but clouds and

they cannot
kill us

but i say
their teeth
are made
of hard white
danger

*

*

NIGHTWALK

*

walking under
the moon
with my hands
in my
pockets
i too desire
a round simplicity

tangled in
limbs
it makes
no noise

they do not
fight

the limbs
and the moon

PLACES (3)

for jack and kathy marshall

too many times there
is no here, is no
concrete sense
 place
in the garden, a
particular light come round
the

build-up moves off
hesitates a
 balance
down of reach, the
crazy old notes scream
overhead
its

an undiscovered scale
wadded with asbestos
cutting
through the ear.

HANS JUERGENSEN

IN FLIGHT

Hard-edge canvas expands
against the eye
once the cumulus blanket
is folded back.

Imperfect tillage-squares
fat with ocher
balance forest waves
and magenta meadows.

Pendant to a
platinum town
burns the bevelled turquoise
of a perfect lake

Too near the
rust-wound of a quarry
bandaged with
indigo runs.

Scribbled roads
direct the whispering
Phoenix
across his earth.

Hans Juergensen's collection of poems
EXISTENTIAL CANON has just been published
by SOUTH AND WEST. Soon in Epos, Northeast,
South and West, American Judaism.

Margaret Randall Being Eight When Those Things Happened

over the george washington bridge the
old car humped and tan as old cars are
upholstery a prickly velvet that special
kind of feel i remember the car radio
blasting pearl harbor it was december seventh
the sky carved in my mother's wail the
announcer's excited pitch my father's words the
seventh of december and i was eight years
old.

eight years curled into back seat comfort
pleading with imaginary friends invisible
voices to settle doubts to tell me

what is war?

please,

what is war?

and the words coming back through
radiator burnt upholstery coming back
through eager finger-tips well

war is

a good thing war is all right honey war is fine!
my father slapped me then my
contribution to that moment the only time
the only time i can remember his hand open
against my skin

and cried after.

i was eight. war was not fine. war began
again and pulled us out on
wave lengths and floating headlines
letters defense plants and 'bundles for
britain'.

while i was taken to
metropolitan on sundays navy blue coat with
white peter pan collar gazed at the
cellini cup in awe face turned up my
father's aunts and uncles burned
in auschwitz in belsen and dachau my father

turned

his face to a new wall i held their hand and
walked alongside wondered at their tears shivered
at the night practise siren cleaned my plate
at every meal

they're starving in europe, burning
in europe and i
cleaning my plate shivering wondering running
my hand over familiar upholstery being
eight and wondering. being nine and ten
and wondering.

later one does not wonder in the same way, knows,
stops wondering and wonders more.

.....Margaret Randall,
with Sergio Mondragon, is editor of EL CORNO EMPLUMADO, Apartado Postal No.
13-546, Mexico 13, D.F., Mexico. Recent El Corno publication: THE SMALL WAVES
by Alvin Greenberg--\$1.50. Margaret Randall's "The Apple" appears in Some/Thing
2. A book review in Kulchur 19. El Corno Emplumado 16 is George Bowering issue.

DAVID WADE

THE BUM

You wonder
Where I go
With a dirty
Sack over
My shoulder

Wonder why
I stand look
At the sky
My hands
At nothing

Wonder why
I shift
My sack start
Across
The street

Wonder if
I pass beyond
Tree house
Bush

Wonder if
I get there
Look at
The sky my
Hands

Wonder if
My dirty
Sack will
Break
Everywhere

Wonder why
I scream
Scream
No one can
Hear me

You wonder
Where I go
With my wife
In my sack

You wonder
If I wonder
Where I end.

ROBERT HERSHON

Swans Loving Bears Burning The Melting Deer

And he said, "The subject for this evening's discussion is poetry
On the subject of love between swans." -- Kenneth Koch

great bears on fire
leaping from their caves
to watch the loving swans,

and the deer melting
at the lake's receded edge

the swans hate their necks
and would be green pigeons
sucking on sidewalks

i hate your sharp red beak says a swan
but you must kiss me

the burning bears are watching,
the sweet rabbits behind the leaves
shaking

the deer looks to the cave
sees nothing
melts

JOHN UNTERECKER

Problem in Construction

The constructed building, after certain stresses, falls;
Girders fall; and, like the opening of a fist,
The knotted excellence unfolds the sky. Wrist
And steel unwind. In a light wind, walls
Sway, bend, in benediction, down.
Well, we acknowledge the gravity of years....
And in the ruined stairs,
In smashed rooms, forms articulate as bone.

.....From screeches
publications, 11 clematis street, Blackburn, Lancs. England: whether you or i
love or hate by Tina Morris---20¢.....From Accademia Internazionale
Leonardo Da Vinci, Rome, Italy: THE IDOL MAKER by W. Arthur Boggs.....

JACK ANDERSON
Afternoon of the Trucks

The trucks keep passing
We sit at table
Two tall carved salt cellars

Every sentence is repeated
Again every sentence
Is heard under seawater
Which inflames the eyes
The hairs twitch in the nostrils

I am moved through the street
By cogwheels of the wind
Toward a painful sun
I have given up smoking
I smoke steadily
Safety pins open
In my chest
The trucks keep passing
Migraine pours from exhaust pipes

The day goes
Sideways
I can't look at it
Straight on
When I close my eyes
I see you
Biting your arms

A sick drowsiness
Drops its crystals
Through a funnel
We watch each other
Against the sun
Black as burnt match sticks

The trucks keep passing
I am ashamed of all this
And I know
No remedy

JOHN UNTERECKER
December Snowstorm

The world is music and sunlight--
Cascades of sunlit laughter--
Reed voices in a sky of shimmer.

I saw sunlight in a snowstorm
In a field of birch trees.
Birds sang. You sang under my shoulder.

The world was alive with light and laughter.
And through the snowstorm there was a wonder
Of blue light and of sunlight.

We were in two worlds then,
At the edge of the snowstorm
Where blown birds were singing.

The blare of light caught, catches
Under my shoulder. The white light
Gathers reed voice, bird voice, song.

Shadows resolve breath in the throat, light in the eye,
Until wings triumph communion.
Then sunlight, sunlight, sunlight roars in the sky.

HANS JUERGENSEN

TRAVAIL

by God! I gnaw syllables
like crusts after
bending up infernal
appenines.

the sun has
no more strength than I
yet.
trees are fuzzy
in this light.

I half expect
Dante*s beasts
to charge from three
directions.

...still gnawing syllables
they feel like
gravel inside the
mouth.

such effort
so painful for
a mortal word.

WESLEY DAY

THE FISHERMAN

The fisherman in his black rubber suit is digging up clams
i am watching him
 leaning against this PRIVATE PROPERTY sign post
i watch him dig up one clam after another
my thoughts remain isolated
each locked inside a clam shell
 coming up in the fisherman's 3 pronged rake
 a steel heron's claw
the water constantly washes the fisherman's suit
 but it remains black
how many clams will he find
how many beans in the jar
how many gulls fly over the fisherman, angry with him

i see a greyhound bus drive across the water
the greyhound falls off the bus into the water
the fisherman pulls out part of the dog, bleeding from the rake
 it is the dog's head
 his teeth snarling between the prongs
the fisherman throws it back into the water
he digs again.
pulling out a photograph of my 8th grade graduation class
 with me the tallest, standing in the middle
the fisherman throws it back
he digs again
pulling out a rosary with small green glass beads
that my stepmother gave me when i was seven
the fisherman throws it back
no more clams
the fisherman wades ashore.

.....
Han's Juergensen's recent publications include EPOS, NORTHEAST, SOUTH AND WEST,
AMERICAN JUDAISM, and a volume of poetry, titled EXISTENTIAL CANON, published
by SOUTH AND WEST.

LITTLE MAGASINES RECEIVED:

SYMPTON 1, 1201 University Ave., Las Cruces, New Mexico: Carlos Reyes, Keith Wilson
 +Larry Eigner, David Tammer, Duane Locke Copy:50¢

ILLUMINATIONS 1, 1927 Hayes St., San Francisco, Calif: J. Crews, Gene Fowler, Norman
 +moser, Dave Sandberg, Duane Locke

MOTIVE, Oct. 65, PO Box 871, Nashville, Tenn.: John Tagliabue, Duane Locke

NEXUS, Sept-Oct 65, Box 2049, San Francisco 26, Calif.: D.L. Gray, Duane Locke, .

POET LORE, Sp 65, 36 Melrose St., Boston, Mass.: Duane Locke, D. M. Pettinella.

CAPE ROCK Q., Dept of Eng, Southeast Missouri State C.: Duane Locke, A. Henderson

THE GUILD, Aut 65, 317 6th Street, Idaho Falls, Idaho: Duane Locke, Bruce Currie

VOLUME 63, Sum 65, U of Waterloo, Waterloo, Ontario, Canada: Nelson Ball, Duane
 +Locke, Charles Edward Eaton, George Montgomery

POETMEAT 9-10, 11 Clematis St., Blackburn, Lancs., Eng.: Jack Anderson, G.Bowering,
 +Harold Biggs, Jim Burns, Dave Cuneliffe, Lee Harwood, Will Inman, Raquel Jodorowsky,
 G. Malanga, George Montgomery, Tina Morris, R. Morris Newton, Christopher Perret

EL CORNO EMPLUMADO 15, Apartado Postal no. 13-546, Mexico 13, DF, Mexico: Paul
 +Blackburn, George Hitchcock, George Montgomery, d.a. levy, Dave Sandberg, M.Randall

DESCANT, Fall 65, Dept of Eng, TCU Station, Forth Worth, Texas: Joan White

IMAGO 4, University of Alberta, Calgary, Alberta, Canada: G. Bowering, Daisy Aldan

POETRY NEWSLETTER 5: Wallace Depew, R. Morris Newton

THE GALLEY SAIL REVIEW 16, P.O. Box 4842, San Francisco, Calif. 94101: Emilie Glenn,
 +Duane Locke, Clarence Alva Powell, D. M. Pettinella, Thomas Kretz, Irene Schramm

OLE #3, 449 South Center, Bensenville, Illinois 60106: Kent Taylor, Sid Shapiro,
 +Walt Lowenfels, Richard Jaworski, Emilie Glenn, Charles Newland, Duane Locke,
 +Kirby Congdon, Jim Boyle, Will Inman, Wally Depew, Bob Nystedt

PROLOGUE 2, Charlie Cherry, Eng Dept, Bingham 203, Chapel Hill, North Carolina:
 +Duane Locke, Reed Sanderlin, Harland Ristau

GRANDE RONDE REVIEW 3, Box 536, La Grande, Ore, 97850: Theodore Enslin, Gene Fowler

AMERICAN WEAVE, \$!)(Bushnell Rd., University Hts. 18, Ohio: Lewis Turco

MOVE 3, 7 Ryelands Crescent, Larches Estate, Preston, Lancashire, England: L. Eigner

IT 2, 336 Luther St., Detroit, Mich. 48217: Simon Perchik, Duane Locke, Theodore
 +Enslin, David Ignatow

CAMELS COMING 3, Box 8161, Univ. Stat., Reno Nev: G. Bowering, L. Eigner, Duane
 +Locke, Judson Crews, James Gove

CARDINAL POETRY Q., !#@ S. Cicero Ave., Cicero, Ill. 60650: W. Arthur Boggs,
 +James M. Flanagan, S. L. Friedman, A. Henderson, Jr., B. Holland, Duane Locke,
 D. M. Pettinella, Harland Ristau, Sanford Sternlicht, Eda Casciani

EPOS, Crescent City, Fla.: Menke Katz, Douglas Blazek, David Sandberg, Roger Sauls

POESIE VIVANTE, 11 rue Hoffmann, Geneve

CAMELS COMING 1 and 2: Jack Anderson, George Bowering, Judson Crews, Larry Eigner

MOTIVE, Dec 65: Duane Locke, Sam Bradley, J. Edgar Simmons, Rod H. Jellema,

BAY SHORE BREEZE, PO Box 155, Tujunga, Calif. 91042

IT 1: J. D. Whitney, James L. Weil

THE GOODLY CO, Aug 65, 250 S. Salisbury, West Lafayette, Indina: Gil Orlovitz

CREATIVITY, A Monthly Newsletter For Freelancers, PO Box 233, Midwood Stat., Brook-
 lyn, N. Y. 11230

AMERICAN DIALOG, 853 Broadway, New York, Ny 10003

SIMBOLICA 25, 63 Mercury Ave, Tiburon, Calif 94920: Ottone M. Riccio, J. S. Wade,
 +Ignace M. Igianni, Barbara Adams Holland, Haland Ristau

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY WRITING, PO Box 541, Davenport, Iowa (Announced only-wants poems)

WRITER'S FORUM, May 65, 910 Riverside Dr., New York, NY 10032

POESIA DE VENEZUELA, Apartado 114, Caracas, Venezuela

TODAY, Oct 65, 221 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill 60606: William Stafford, Menke Katz

BLACKLIST, 44 Van Ness Court, Maplewood, N. J.: Erik Kiviat, Diane Wakoski, Kirby
 +Congdon, Gerard Malanga, John Keys

WORK 2, 4825-27 John Lodge, Detroit, Mich 48201: Jim Burns, Gene Fowler, D. Sand-
 +berg

XENIA. PO Box 4849, Chicago, Ill. 60680: "We shall publish nothing that we think
 might as well be published elsewhere"

FROM A WINDOW 3, Box 3446, College Station, Tucson, Ariz.: Larry Eigner, G. Bowering
SOFTWARE 1 and 2, Diane Wakoski, Grand Central Station, New York, NY: Jack Anderson,
+David Antin, Theodore Enslin, Erik Kiviat,
KAURI, Will Inman, Apt \$W, 362 East 10th St., New York, Ny 10009: Margaret Randall,
Marcus J. Grapes, Bob Nystedt, William E. Taylor, Walter Lowenfels.
THE CAMELS HUMP, Box 8161, Univ. Stat. Reno, Nev. 89507: Dennis Williams
THE FLY'S EYE, Sept 65, Bob Bonazzi, 6102 Sherwood, Houston, Texas 77021: Will Inman
TISH 31, 2527 W. 37th Ave, Vancouver 13, Canada: Gerad Malanga
THE DESERT REVIEW, Sp 65, 917 Idlewilde Lane S. E., Albuquerque, N. M.: Lucile Adler
HEAD 3, Erik Kiviat, P O Staatsburg, N.Y.
MARRAHWANNAH Quarterly 4, Cleveland, Ohio: Doug Blazek, Roger Sauls
KULCHUR 19, 888 Park Avenue, NY 21, Ny: Douglas Blazek, George Bowering, M. Randall
PERSPECTIVES 1, Robert Parker, 32 Delmar, San Francisco, Calif. 94117: Gene Fowler
DECEMBER 7, PO Box 274, Western Springs, Ill.: S. A. Osterlund, William Stafford,
+Lewis Turco, Stanley Cooperman, W. Arthur Boggs
CYCLOTRON, Win 65, to merge with Flame and become Cyclo Flame, 212 W. First St.,
+San Angelo, Texas 76901: /Earle Birney,
KAURI 11: David Wade, Irene Schramm, LEO CONNELLAN, Allen De Loach, Margaret Randall,
TISH #@ 32: George Bowering, Gerard Malanga
DUST 6, Box 123, El Cerrito, Calif.: Gene Fowler, Archibald Henderson, Michael
+Gregory, Joan White, Eda Casciani, Andrew Curry, D. M. Pettinella, Darrell L. Gray
KULCHUR 20: David Antin, George Bowering, Gerard Malanga, David Meltzer, M. Randall
POET LORE Aut 65: Joe C. Ireland, Harold Witt, John Stevens Wade.
EL CORNO EMPLUMADO 16: George Bowering's THE MAN IN YELLOW BOOTS
SOME/THING 2 600 W. 163 St, New York, NY 10032: David Antin, Jerome Rothenberg,
+Theodore Enslin, Margaret Randall, Diane Wakoski
THE FIDDLEHEAD, Sum 65, Dept of English, University of New Brunswick, Fredericton,
N.B., Canada: Micheal Gregory, Gil Orlovitz
THE DESERT REVIEW, SP 65: Lucile Adler
SMALL POND 4, Box 101-A, RFD 3, Auburn, Maine 04210: Earle Birney, Sanford Sternlicht
EXIT 3, 22 Bostock's Lane, Risley, Derbyshire, England.

HANS JUERGENSEN

ABOUT A NEO-ROMANTIC to richard protovin

AT THE BAR

Molecule froth
bulges over
the rim;
crawls down-
ward,
slowly thinning
in the
grip of
gravity:
the fate
of Pilsener
emotions.

Proto-vineyards tier up
into ranks of juice green;
purple-thickening globules spy,
eye-socketed,
from unseen limbs.

I feel,
above the terraced profusion,
hoar-heavy curtain walls,
scarred like historic coffers.

The blood has
long been scrubbed
by torrents
ancestral to our rains
which still induce
sun-gifted vines.

Manhattan Review
229 East 12th Street
New York, N.Y. 10003

one dollar/copy
three dollars/4 issues

To the World:

This here insert is being written to interest Little Magazine addicts in spending more money. There are a helluva lot of Little Magazines around, granted. But a few New Yorkers--all illogical souls--one night came to the smoky conclusion that there weren't enough. After all, we're in the age of overkill, aren't we? We're in the age of overeverything, aren't we?

That wasn't exactly our rationale, but most adequate explanations for anything are uninteresting, and it's the aim of this here insert to keep you interested for at least a few more lines. Well, we chose a pretentious name, probably because none of us was born in Manhattan. (We're from Egypt, Georgia, Iowa, and Outer New York.) Then we began to gather manuscripts: they came from all over: they even came from India. You know the story. We got bogged down. We read, we rejected; we read, we rejected; we read, we accepted. We tried to raise money, we tried to raise money, we tried to raise money.....

Shazam! Somehow, a magazine happened, and it's a healthy folder of emerging poetry and fiction written by poets (15) with poetry in their veins and fiction writers (4) who are poets. But don't take our word for it. We'd like you to see for yourself, not because we want your money (which would be nice), but because we want you to give your attention to our contributors. That's what Little Magazines are all about, isn't it?