



THE PIP

ANTHOLOGY OF WORLD POETRY
OF THE 21ST CENTURY

VOLUME 10

SELECTED CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN POETS

Edited with a Note by Douglas Messerli

GREEN INTEGER

EL-E-PHANT

THE PIP ANTHOLOGY OF WORLD POETRY
OF THE 21ST CENTURY
VOLUME 10

GREEN INTEGER
6210 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 211
Los Angeles, California 90048

(323) 857-1115 fax (323) 857-0143
Email: douglasmesserli@gmail.com
Website: www.greeninteger.com

THE PROJECT FOR INNOVATIVE POETRY

Members of our advisory board:

Adonis (Syria/Lebanon)	Ko Un (Korea)
Rae Armantrout (USA)	Uwe Kolbe (Germany)
John Ashbery (USA)	Günter Kunert (DDR/Germany)
Nanni Balestrini (Italy)	Nathaniel Mackey (USA)
Luigi Ballerini (Italy/USA)	Clarence Major (USA)
Bei Dao (China / lives in Hong Kong)	Friederike Mayröcker (Austria)
Charles Bernstein (USA)	Jean Métellus (Haiti)
Régis Bonvicino (Brazil)	Giulia Noccolai (Italy)
Coral Bracho (Mexico)	Leonard Nolens (Belgium / writes in Dutch)
Nicole Brossard (Canada)	Maggie O'Sullivan (England)
Henri Deluy (France)	Michael Palmer (USA)
Kiki Dimoula (Greece)	Marjorie Perloff (USA)
Tua Förstrom (Finland)	Meredith Quatermain (Canada)
Dieter Gräf (Germany)	Reina María Rodríguez (Cuba)
Durs Grünbein (DDR/Germany)	Jerome Rothenberg (USA)
Lars Gustafsson (Sweden)	Jacques Roubaud (France)
Oscar Hahn (Chile)	Claude Royet-Journoud (France)
Jóhann Hjálmarsson (Iceland)	Takahashi Mutsuo (Japan)
Paal-Helge Haugen (Norway)	Nanos Valaoritis (Greece)
Lyn Hejinian (USA)	Paul Vangelisti (USA)
Ranjit Hoskote (India)	Rosmarie Waldrop (USA)
Susan Howe (USA)	Yang Lian (China)
Philippe Jacottet (Switzerland)	Yoshimasu Gözö (Japan)
Susanne Jorn (Denmark)	Adam Zagajewski (Poland)
Sarah Kirsch (DDR/Germany)	Visar Zhiti (Albania)

Former members [deceased]:

Anne-Marie Albiach (France)	Jacques Derrida (France)	Carl Rakosi (USA)
Nāzik al-Malā'ika (Iraq)	Arkadii Dragomoschenko (Russia)	Tom Raworth (England)
David Antin (USA)	Cosino Fortes (Cape Verde)	Gonzalo Rojas (Chile)
Ece Ayan (Turkey)	Barbara Guest (USA)	Edoardo Sanguineti (Italy)
Robin Blaser (USA/Canada)	Paavo Haavikko (Finland)	Roberto Sosa (Honduras)
Elisabeth Borchers (Germany)	Fiama Hasse de Pais Brandão (Portugal)	Abraham Sutzkever (Lithuania/Israel)
André du Bouchet (France)	Miroslav Holub (Czech Republic)	Tomas Tranströmer (Sweden)
Haraldo de Campos (Brazil)	Gerrit Kouwenaar (Netherlands)	Manuel Ulacia (Mexico)
Aimé Césaire (Martinique)	Mario Luzi (Italy)	Saül Yurkievich (Argentina)
Andrée Chedid (Egypt/France)	Jackson Mac Low (USA)	Andrea Zanzotto (Italy)
Inger Christensen (Denmark)	Christopher Middleton (England/USA)	
Robert Creeley (USA)	Oscar Pastior (Romania/Germany)	

Douglas Messerli, Publisher

THE PIP
ANTHOLOGY OF WORLD POETRY
OF THE 21ST CENTURY

VOLUME 10

SELECTED CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN POETS

Edited by
Douglas Messerli



GREEN INTEGER
KØBENHAVN & LOS ANGELES
2017

GREEN INTEGER
Edited by Per Bregne
København / Los Angeles
(323) 937-3783 / www.greeninteger.com

Distributed in the United States by
Consortium Book Sales & Distribution / Ingram Books
(800) 283-3572 / www.cbsd.com

First Green Integer Edition 2017
Copyright ©2017 by Douglas Messerli
All rights reserved

Book design: Pablo Capra
Cover photographs:
(top row)
Susan Howe, Will Alexander, Lyn Hejinian
(middle row)
Rosmarie Waldrop, John Ashbery, Charles Bernstein
(bottom row)
Cole Swensen, Robert Kelly, Mac Wellman

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS CATALOGING-IN-PUBLICATION DATA
Douglas Messerli, ed. [1947]
No ISBN
p. cm – Green Integer [EL-E-PHANT]
I. Title II. Series

Green Integer books are published for Douglas Messerli
Printed in the United States of America on acid-free paper.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

John Ashbery	7
Jerome Rothenberg	10
Rosmarie Waldrop	13
Robert Kelly	16
Clarence Major	19
Susan Howe	22
Toby Olson	25
John Perreault	27
Martha Ronk	62
Fanny Howe	66
Lyn Hejinian	69
Charles North	74
Ron Padgett	76
Ted Greenwald	78
Ray DiPalma	80
Michael Palmer	83
Marjorie Welsh	85
Lewis Warsh	91
Michael Davidson	94
John Godfrey	98
Martin Nakell	101
Paul Vangelisti	104
Mac Wellman	107
Alice Notley	127
Aaron Shurin	130
Nathaniel Mackey	134

Peter Inman	142
Rae Armantrout	146
Douglas Messerli	150
John Olson	153
Bob Perelman	158
Will Alexander	163
Bruce Andrews	166
Kit Robinson	175
Tina Darragh	179
Charles Bernstein	181
Dennis Phillips	187
Elaine Equi	191
Thérèse Bachand	196
Cole Swensen	198
Deborah Meadows	202
Diane Ward	208
Tan Lin	211
Joe Ross	214
Elizabeth Robinson	217
Rod Smith	223

John Ashbery
1927

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

Days of 1948

Friends of the deceased pole-vault toward us.
That's creepy. Not to be infiltrated, his pastures
 stretch to the moon, the old place. Besides which
 he kept telling us how nice we were, and that
 was something. Was it in the old house
 on the wires? Thanksgiving earlier,
 with all the folks you've loved for years,
 vagabond days, nights of mystery?
 Yes boys, that's where my money goes.

Do you solemnly participate now,
 where the tide is? Boink I love you.
 Is that what you heard about him
 that lets you distinguish between us
 in the old opera house,
 and you wake up screaming "*Arriba!*"

The Anxious Music

Everybody and his boyfriend was there.
 It doesn't get much sweeter than this,
 O churlish BFF. "Dink," I said,
 "This was something they kept appraising."

No snow in just anyone's car.
 Though too much literature is a bad thing,
 you have to live with that. You sing really good
 (as if he'd ever be enough for his birthday)!

Rainbow Laundry

At Opium Bridge
 an apple with orange signature.

No but a cat came in,
 rushing around as though its life depended on it

and lets you deal with

all of that.

Just remember the Red River Valley, that's
all I ask,

the color sergeant said.

Jerome Rothenberg
1931

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

Two Poems from
A Field on Mars: Divagations & Autovariations

Divagations (2)
A Field on Mars

Hunted from their places,* fierce* & hungry* hordes & nomads plunge into our streets. * pastures * skinned *angry

The word is *desiccation*,* somewhere that was fertile once, & now, battered by a hostile wind, becomes a field on Mars, a world more lonely than the world allows. * desecration

Behold the grandmother, her skin a dirty grey* as if the light were of a foreign color, absent, hidden from the hole in which she dwells.* * [trying to see it in his mind]

These are no children's games—or are they? * she smells

Cards slapped on a table, thrown against a wall, brought as a pack down on the willing skin.

*Saints alive!** * [words her ghost called forth]

The call to battle rattles the savage mind, a premise from the present yet no less exotic.

Granted: that their funds are toxic comes as no surprise; that the lack of means betokens a further struggle; that nations once deprived rise in their millions.* * with their minions

It is a thought on which to dwell, shaken* from sleep. * roused

Divagations (25)
Harbingers of Days To Come

Among forgotten words* the passage vanishes, * worlds
 erased,* my head between my legs, my body * misplaced
 severed, cut from trunk to toes.

Suppose the light inside this room* were * this tomb
 further darkness, that the shadows on this wall* * in this hall
 were harbingers of days to come.

The time is nearly nigh to make a last* * a fast
 farewell, the future clearly now behind me, every
 day as dark as every night.

A marker in the mind more real than what
 the hand feels or the eye sees, the word *imaginary*
 leaps* out from the page,* becomes a thing more * seeps * the stage
 than a thought.

The world* because it never was will never be, the signs of which we learn to track, yet fall behind & waver.

* the word

Smoke no more is holy, spuds & buds won't feed the soul, the price of pain* is more pain.*

* of rain

* rain

Canyons overflow, a city once so proud is subject to the winds of change, the waves that lick our shores are signals of a strange* tomorrow.

* a dark

Recollection steadies us but falters in its final stage* & casts us out.

* its final page

In the killer's mind the sky is overcast, the stars are darkened, the glory of the King is in the sky.

Why have you tricked me? someone cries & falls* across the bed.

* crawls

His mother can't recall his name, the shame he brings her, waiting for the year* to end, the voices blending into silence.

* the years

The draught of violence that draws extinction in, repeated twice,* the fire in the eye, the mind imploding.

* thrice

No counting of the years can quiet them or us, the alphabet stands for a foreign tongue, a speech forgotten, broken.

In the days to come let me step forward with the rest, here where the shadow of a child still live in me lets loose a final cry.

I walk along forbidden streets & speak as who I am, a stranger to myself,* surprised to find me here.

* to you

Shallow or deep the words swirl in the tiny pond, no inch of me concealed.*

* revealed

[al-Hallaj]

I am the real, once spoken, drives the speaker to his death, unheard, unmarked, unkempt, unsteady, unbelieved, unequal, unadorned, unsung, unsullied, unalive.

Each one who writes is martyr to the words he speaks.*

* he seeks

Time after time.*

* rhyme after rhyme

Rosmarie Waldrop
1935

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

Asymmetry

1.

There is no evidence that we have a special sense. Of time. You don't think it's pressing as you sit on a sidewalk in Providence. And let your inner ear. Regulate your equilibrium. At the edge of your eye, a black cat wanders among legs. You watch swallows drift high in the breeze as if the force of gravity did not exist. And a shimmer of sun through branches deepens to a memory. Of waking in a small garden. Among buildings that no longer exist.

2.

Summer has arrived in a strawberry, sweet, juicy. As long as you feel its flesh on your tongue you're unaware how. One minute inches into the next. But how could you observe awareness anyway? Or, for that matter, a thought? It grows in you, not as a sensation. (Nor like a baby or tumor.) An experience that you can't hold on to. Any more than to the smell of lilac. Though it soothes emptiness.

3.

You can heed the way shadows grow. In the afternoon. Whereas you can't focus on forgetting, say, my name. Not a sequence of discrete acts like brushing it off. Your teeth. Another process more elusive than light fading. Into mere spaciousness where you don't hear my voice. Pass through the air. Which you breathe unawares while your thoughts run. To coffee like an express on its tracks.

4.

You call it instinct. That you want to make the word your 4th dimension. A way to seize the now and keep it. From being gone almost before it *is*. To live in a continuous present, like the cat that rubs her chin along your leg. Or Gertrude Stein. Or like that distant waking. Into light made complex by cherry branches cutting across it. So many leaf edges. Spread as widely as the phenomena of thinking.

5.

Only in time is there room enough to think, you say. And order another strawberry tart. But thinking (alas) does not happen in front of your eyes, with a clear horizon. It spreads its light. Like sun behind a cloud. From no visible point of origin. And at no moment does the question do fish think come up. For air. Which is cooling. Because it's late afternoon, and the shadows of houses are longer.

6.

The shadows have a bluish cast. But the cat's fur radiates tremendous desire. And how can we see time as it is when we treat it like a thing? To spend or lose while trying to hold

on? To its perpetual passing? Like the sheen on the Seekonk sweeping ducks and swans toward the Bay. While we cling to the bank and count on a yield of air. Meanwhile the senses grow dull. The environment erodes. And Edith Piaf sings *je ne regrette rien*.

7.

We don't (like the ancient Egyptians). Vary the length of the hour. By how much daylight there is to be divided by twelve. And though your mouth is full of pastry (hallelujah) words are not. A translation of something that was there before. Not as your tart is of berry, flour, eggs. You try to find the place inside you where words come into being, to wrest from them what one might get. From a relationship. Even in a foreign tongue. The cat in full possession keeps the pigeons at bay.

8.

While our conversation flows on. (Along with planets, the Seekonk, and the meaning of words.) Physicists are making the most determined attempts to circumvent the asymmetry. Of past and future. Just as your mind does as it returns. To that overlay of intense light and leaf. In the garden of your childhood. Do you feel a sudden deepening of warmth? On your navel? Does it make you think of the word "love"?

9.

A sentence with the word "time" in it already contains a shadow. Of the soul leaving the body. And at the word "leaving" a bird (or an insect?) rises. On a diagonal. Toward the flock of its feather. Seen darkly through the glass of otherworldly ideas. Just as again and again you think what we experience as time. Is only the outside. While hidden within the deer and the antelope play. Not to mention those vague creatures, our memories.

10.

The antidote to such speculations might be a complete inventory. Of the things present in the present. Busses, cars, sun, pigeons, cat, table, spider, coffee cup etc. But where then do we locate feeling? In our breast or facial muscles? In the gestures we make with our voice? (Like lucidity gathered from the surface of phenomena?) Or in that sunlight through the cherry tree that is etched into your brain? Though that small body is no longer possible. And of the garden nothing remains.

Robert Kelly
1935

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

Cromwell : An Ode

as often as the necessity
 opens the doors onto the balcony
 they slide I know you don't believe me
 and why should you
 given the history of this part of the Via
 Lactea I think were on the edge
 of something new, something meaty
 as a gymnast's thigh I wonder though
 whether the soft tissues of desire
 are stronger than the tendons of
 intention how about you things
 are closer when you're small
 you lean against the sideboard
 at eye level with the cut glass dishes
 cranberry sauce a mound of yams
 they're really sweet potatoes
 yes I know but when I was young
 they called pomegranates Chinese
 apples and avocados alligator pears
 nomenclature is the lifeblood
 of taxonomy don't you forget it
 the way Milton did imagining
 Pandaemonium a brackish noisy
 incoherent place, sportsbar
 under the earth's mantle whereas
 devils are the very masters of
 vocabulary, annihilating all that's
 said into the purple shade of what
 words meant before you say them
 to paraphrase another Puritan bard,
 this one with venery on his mind
 and wouldn't you, isn't after all
 sex the only cure for politics?

2.

Cromwell died today the ships
 desert the foundering rats
 and blonde women stalk along
 savagely hacking at the maize
 after all the ears are gathered
 and their blades leave only stob
 behind and it's Nebraska

but never mind it builds up
 an appetite and a vocabulary
 why do people think schools
 are good for you when these
 bodies are lexicon enough
 even sweated in autumn cool
 what my grandmother called Fall
 though nothing fell since all
 the trees were gone and so
 their ponytails whisk as they walk
 side by side like iambs in blank verse
 until the song is done the man
 is mourned by some and blamed
 by hectic Romans in the underbrush
 shall we be funeral or Dutch
 lift a glass or hoist the shovel
 what is a lifetime when the voters
 solemnly troop to the voting booths
 and vote dead wrong and there's
 that word again am I the only right
 one left in this jungle of misprision
 I must be and it must be so since no
 one raises a voice to answer me.

3.

Now we dance the whole thing backwards
 employing Aristotelian Analytics
 to prompt the well-thewed limbs to practice
 what they learn inside the music from the tune
 between the tones the uplifted breath
 between the beats there is a name
 for what I mean but they won't tell me
 for I have sinned in dance and song and looked
 with ill-veiled contempt at some my betters
 and there is no hope for me in philosophy
 or sophophily or philophily or sophosophy
 which is my dear own domain though she
 reluctantly receives my dissertations
 sometimes returning them with red ink on
 as if what I thought that I was saying
 only made her bleed and suffer more
 o engines of disparity and blame
 we roll up to the walls of one another
 or lurk with vengeful blades like cat-ice
 in the marshes of Québec.

Clarence Major
1936

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

In Night of The Iguana (1964)

Richard Burton drives the tour bus down the hill
 and on by my apartment building
 (my apartment four years later)
 on the corner of Hidalgo at the bottom of the hill
 and he turns the corner
 going alongside the creek
 passing the women washing clothes
 on the rocks and goes on out of town to Maxine's.

*At the end of my first week here
 the maid Maria brought my laundry back
 smelling of human feces.*

Smell of fish coming in from the Bay!

*At the creek two little boys, pants down,
 squatting on the rocks, crapping in the water!
 A goat with a rope around its neck watching!*

Smell of summer heat and rotten fruit!

*Local women down at creek edge
 beating clothes on large white rocks.
 Slosh! Slosh! Slosh!*

I am in love with Deborah (Hannah).
 She's an elegant, broke, sketch artist.
 (But this is four years later.)
 I climb the hill to Ava's (Maxine's) hotel.
 I take a look inside Maxine's room. It's okay!
 I look inside Shannon's room. It's okay!
 Sue (Charlotte) no longer hiding in there waiting for Shannon!
 The rooms: just as they left them!
 Along with his wheelchair, the body
 of Deborah's grandfather (Cyril) already removed.
 Shop windows
 displaying autographed pictures of Ava and Richard.
 Still, it's not easy to make a call to the States:
 there's only one line to LA.
 But I don't care. There's nobody I want to call.
 Only one streetlight that doesn't work!

My landlady asks me to stay and manage the place.
 Maxine makes Shannon the same offer.
 He accepts. I don't.

Puerto Vallarta, 1968

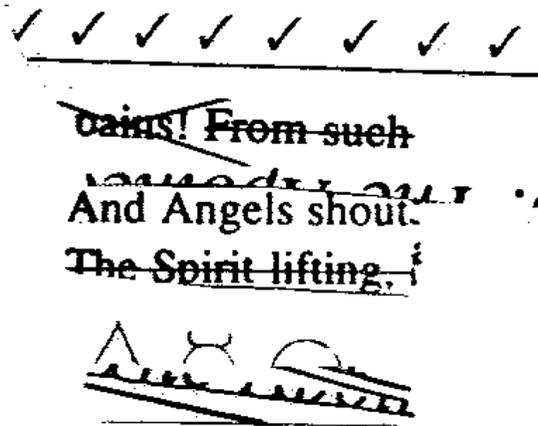
What We Wanted

The man in the white tunic didn't have the answer.
 In the wilderness we dreamed of finding it.
 The girl feeding pigeons did not have it.
 The fortune-teller didn't have the answer.
 The dooms-day rider didn't have it.
 The trusted men opening the seal didn't find the answer.
 We probably blew our trumpets all around it.
 The artist painted herself holding a mirror.
 She tried to find it in her pose--deflected.
 The keepers of the dark didn't have it.
 The unknown man didn't have the answer.
 Attendees at the feast didn't have it.
 The revolutionary didn't find it in bloodshed.
 The birth of Venus offered no clue to it.
 It was not in the mocking bird's crazy song.
 The people on the dance floor couldn't find it.
 The three women at the gate were clueless.
 Even their flirty smiles didn't help.
 Medusa with a head full of snakes didn't have the answer!
 Yet poppies went on blooming, blooming, blooming.
 In lilac season the sweet-smelling earth filled the air.
 Marigolds spreading across the land!
 In Australia the great myrtles were standing tall.
 In western China the cherry trees were blooming.
 With its scaly bark the white oak of Quebec sparkled.
 Junipers, silver furs, beech and lime had their turn.
 The camellias of the evergreen were glowing red in sunlight.
 We praised forget-me-nots in upper windows!
 The lilies and the larkspur were blooming wild!
 And we praised the persimmon trees with their possum wood!

Susan Howe
1937

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

Two



Toby Olson
1937

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

I've Lost My Whistle

No longer can I call down my birds
or speak Bird.
It's a good thing I have no dog.

A woman stands
 in front of a pet-store window.
There are dogs inside.
Her strident whistle is a siren,
 and the dogs all rush to the window
and press their muzzles against it.

For a taxi, while cooking or idling,
for those dogs. For a beautiful woman passing
 (though I have never done that; well, once).
On your birthday, before dancing, to the sound of singing,
 tune of selling old clothes from a cart.
Of the knife sharpener,
the butcher,
while waiting for the dough to rise.
And of my father, calling us home
 from a night of kick-the-can,
in 1945.

A young man comes down the street whistling a tune
 from the American Song Book,
half forgotten.
I Remember You. He's lost
 in the complicated chord changes,
 and by the time he reaches me
it's a glorious confusion,
very much like Coltrane.

A bartender, a bell-hop, another taxi,
while you work, wetting it,
 Dixie, to start the game,
in the dark, blowing it on some corporate criminal, of a train,
 after love, past the graveyard,
 among ancient ruins,
answering the placid sea.

It's all gone.
I'm an old man counting these losses.
I can no longer accompany their going
with a tune.

John Perreault
1937–2015

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

Emily 9

#1011-12 (11/16/05)

On steep occasion
here in dust
what Westminster
can be my crest?

I am not your heaven
when I come
splendorized by doubt
in low esteem.

I am your hand
and not the one
in spite of me
that is so not
your friend again.

When will you
forget the sense of that
so that costlier
times will open that?

To leave the past
is to include
the particles without
the solstice of the dead.

Am I torn to heaven
between you and you
or have I come
in spite of that?

We'll learn that doubt
is far costlier
and that my esteem
is ahead of that.

So my hand,
a part of the past,
will take one

from one to include
the darker me.

I have gained this without
the blame of not
kissing the dead
in their marriages again.

11/17/05

Words in frost
will not cease
but cannot prevail
over all of us,

here at his height
where summer failed.
The unwritten place
is not what would

be seen in syllables
or could tell
these drifting continents
of our school

or that I am not dying
and this life,
a miracle
of beyond belief.

1014–17 (11/17/05)

What do these “books” say
of what will be?
Only loss
and of skewed ability.

And thus the moment is
the ending of day
equally blessed
as dawn or eve.

1018 (11/18/05)

I ignore the flower
that your command
as kinsmanless
in lieu of one good friend.

Where is this book's father
and having no child
where will the briar
prevent mild

depths of your dragon?
Where is my friend
for whom I have predestined
my birth and land?

No one book is gained
is how
I see it. And not
one sermon unto

the ghastly unrelieved
will leave content
the duplicate
on this continent.

Going for south
at the end of noon
I see the spires
of churches gone.

1019–23 (11/18/05)

In order for the will
to see, I may
be what embarrasses
your cool infamy

with thoughts of Him,

however small,
destroying me
so that all

even the better and the best
will toy
with songs of home
degrading your immortality.

The earth is so small
and then
I had the conceit
of purchasing.

1024 (11/20/05)

And if not these
but clearly our own
is their benefit
within the bin?

1025 (11/20/05)

Yet another year
will twice begin
in invented zodiac
to weep the devil in.

I have not one of these
to call my own
for subject benefit
and only the bin,

as rusty as last year
is where I being
the zodiac
I am covered in.

1026

The pebble is dear
and when all
the pebbles I face
beyond the wall

are my regret
then I'll look for the one
not like a rainbow
but forever gone.

1027-30 (11/20/05)

I broke the plate
to your delight
as it should be
smelling of apricot,

inside the glory
of what can't be
as remembered
partially of thee,

as it came to me
salty like the Sea
this linguistic Baltic
or Cordillera

in front of us
where hours die
as if lived
inside your immortality

1031 (3/24/06)

When the curtain drops,
the cradle will fall
upon these stated,
clouding all.

The stalwart advances.
and thus done
she will take her
hamlet to her man.

1031-32 (11/21/05)

The puritan drops
before I fall
on the stakes
leaving it all

so my advance
when done
will deceive her
but save her man.

Defacing east,
I replace the man
as soon as I can
and the well-worn sun

over the west
is not the man
will do what can
again and again.

Such legendary passion
has a hold on me
in as many breaths
that say no or nay.

The score and passion
of Our Lord is east
when the sun
points west
and law is done.

1031 (3/24/06)

When the curtain drops,
the cradle will fall
upon these stated,
clouding all.

The stalwart advances.
and thus done
she will take her
hamlet to her man.

1033 (3/12/06)

Is this passion
a part of me
or only breath's
large _____?

Your passion
facing East
however is the sun;
mine to the West
is over and done.

Whatever is
and is not frill
beside the tree
was my goal

like you,
and yesterday,
I know
once due

in a week
will work.
And so I back
the thick

and pass by

your numb reply
to what's left of me
before you fly.

1033–35 (11/22/05)

Through this agent
relieved of satiety
I lift your commissary
for infinity.

In that instant
holding joy
I was contented
with anomaly.

1036

I stand on my head
of lies
and yet outside
the left of me

where I do not go
a dead flower
inside of me
is tempting her.

Did she hear me
or have I become
what writings constitute
the expensive home?

1037

Above the lift
before I'm down
I forgo responsibility
and all that's mine

as if to wear
the drawer
without a crease
not belonging to her.

1038

Do you hear the ear
or only the word
and if its me
am I heard?

We turn the temperature on
and over-take that thing
in it madness because
we are not in.

I cannot figure it out
nor leave it within
where it irritates me
and no one is in.

Is this dust
also me
or is this news
an iota of eternity?

1039

Extremities below
and, yes, on high
are not woe
but what I knew.

1040

And I could not leave for
days. I went too far
to conquer despair.

So if I had to suffer
I was not keen
on suffering borne.

1041

Is this the world
or only made of Aprils,
a world to come
where not one bee
is too negative
in such conditions
where leaves hum?

1042

The skyline is indeed
part of the given
but in degree
a sign of heaven.

1043 (11/26/05)

How high the sun
above the recently dead
and will this day
be enough to be said?

Or is your faith
in despair
what hesitates,
leaving where

the tracks of fame
decline in lies
a pact anonymous
to taint the sky?

999

We have not seen Thee
 or sparks live
 as verbs of iniquity
 before we sit up and die.
 And the hand
 that was, is.
 We'll have no more of contraband
 nor of mortality
 for we are us.
 And the gown
 made out of dust
 is dusted off
 in honor of Thee.
 What we have known
 was duplicity
 and now we know life.

1461-2 (11/27/05)

Upon occasions
 when they die
 out of condition
 then occupy

 rooms too foreign
 in order to be
 I think contented
 with their Deity.

1041

Someone said the yellow
 was the hue
 for unequalled sunsets
 another said blue.

 I turned on that woman
 because life affords
 much more selectly
 the honor of words.

* * *

1044

Upon occasions
when they die
of it or of condition
then occupy

rooms too foreign
in order to be
I think contented
with their Deity.

1045

Someone said the yellow
was the hue
for unequalled sunsets
another, blue.

I turned on that woman
because life affords
much more selectly
the honor of words.

1046

My fame is numb
like a run
in a stocking or paralysis
when the stone

is cool
to the touch of lies.
She became a woman
but lost her paradise.

And then moved
to where trees stirred
and curtains part,
the bird

no longer me
in its tunes
or its death
as I strain

to keep this breath
a step beyond
the seething decade
of the easily satisfied.

1048 (3/10/06)

Is it the quick
that is addressed
by nature's dialect
or only the rest?

My solid ear
needs stimulus,
along and winding tale
of the fabulous.

1048 (11/29/05)

The lamp is quick
as so addressed
in my dialect
but not the rest.

This ear
as wanton stimulus
has its own tale
of the merely fabulous.

1049

If in my acquaintance
I see death
or some other,
this once is enough.

This party
left and right
is not of Him
but of my sight.

1050 (11/30)

I look you in the eye
where the battle leans
and see my house
without its balcony.

1051

You are unmoved
by my desire.
You are mixed
but fair.

I have no sense
of what's left of her
and no remorse
for leaving her.

1052 (11/1/05)

There is no Moor,
no Sea
that looks
as if it could be

the likes of god
in this heaven
where not one spot
is a given.

1053

come this way
by his
house, tongue,
ears, nose, eyes,
and then move on
to even more noise
---that of chariots.

Those wheels
will drive away
and deprive my feet
of the balloon
that lifts the street
with what it's not,
each word new.
Just as before,
I found my due
and then was us
that morn,
burned down this place
to remake dawn.

1054 (11/2/05)

What is
is strength
that inheres
through consciousness

to itself
and nerve
is a clock
I move.

1055

What jar
I inquire
can wait
for her?

She slid
beneath the door,
a guest
no more.

1056 (12/3/05)

These are years
we interrupt
at noon
where wait

dawns till
the vast June
will cease
the lies of noon.

1057

My bliss
once viewed
will stir
the pursued.

This height
in sight
will scope
the estimate.

1058 (12//4/05)

If not the flower
then the glance
is what I suspect
in circumstance.

The sly affair
is done
the butterfly
upon the meridian,

and its worm
over dew
is in the wind;
the bee
will disappoint
this day
of gifts profound
of responsibility.

1059 (12/05/05)

If I were to sire
the gist of it
how much
would be red?
Or cochineal
or thus vermilion
of my wealth,
the bird?

No ballad
however faltering
with string
could blame

dull liturgies
for these chorals
in praise of your
face and name.

1060 (12/06/05)

That neighbor
in the door
is not another
if the air,

my pillows,
is the inn,
leaving me
what's mine.

1061

I don't see her.
She is vext
by singing
so what's next?

It's pleasure
or alone
what any
will see as none.

Not me either
this night
of not parties
ever in sight.

998

Out of sight
but in thought

as solid as air
or rare

in wind
in mind

the burr,
not where.

????

In the jar
 where I inquire
 shadows wait
 and I see her

scarf. It slid
 and the door
 with a guest
 asked more.

1062 (12/9/05)

The light, staggered,
 forms a loop
 at the period.
 It's as if
 the blind

were there
 and he sees himself
 rather absently
 if connected to life.

1064 (12/10/05)

If in parts
 then not the given
 will be earth,
 will be heaven.

1065

Steeped in death
 as in
 what I repeat
 what's done is done.

And the cool night
will ever fold
the forms of Thee
into stories once told.

1066

What does it mean to die,
if not born?

Section 9

1067 (12/11/05)

I am not size
but round
and of my sphere
and to this end
I'll grow
where hang
the gestures of Hesperides
short and long.

1068

Bare birds
pecking grass
and this celebrates
a Common Mass.

Things seen
require Grace
and night becomes
failed loneliness.

Even noon

is too low
and a canticle
to typify.

The falling Grace
can seem to glow
as if the difference
was not now.

#1069 (12/12/05)

Is life an option?
Is love or will;
yet notwithstanding
whatever repeal?

#1070

And if I achieve
more colors blent
will one more obstacle
become encouragement?

I solve what I must
and fail to revere
the bad and the few
that encircle here.

#1071

Exempt from costs
in need of loss,
I therefore gain
what higher price

to waggle nought
on the hook of un-fair,
this perfectness
too large and far?

#1072 (12/13/05)

Nothing now is mine
beneath the sign
of what belongs to me,
not rebirth or Calvary
and no swoon
where fallen women
with my garnet
give off gold
blameless, Shrouded
I greet the day
of my victory
with nothing to say
outside of melody
while giving way.

#1073

Have you been lost to me
before we meet
like a kernel
inside a nut?

No, this tree
quite plausibly
is what is requisite
and been left to me.

1074

What I had
is not between
but far beside
this moon or sun.

#1075 (12/15/05?)

This doesn't mean
the snow
is in a rut
if we go;

on such a day
we loose him
before he's caught
and rent our diadem.

#1075 (12/16/05)

And the mean?
Under snow
the recalcitrant rut
will allow us to go

from night to day
in search of him
while we are caught
without our diadem.

#1076

My one request
is that you refuse
with some grace
the place I put
under terms
as soft as flint;
this eternal sigh
vividly remote
is our Deity.

#1077 (12/17/05)

We are out at the inns
thick and broad,

famishing,
and instead of bread

we are given the house
instead of hospitality
width,
as if the bee,

master of this estate
can afford more cheer
to set
the wavelength of the star.

#1078

closing up the house
of death
and all its industries
here on earth

relieves my heart
right away
of truth again
but lacks eternity.

#1079

Radio, on;
style, alone,
below majesty
while walking on.

Will, on;
time be one
to the stranger
of the lost crown.

#1080

If not to do
then in doubt
we'll see again
without figuring out

what may
be fear
of experiment,
this awful year.

So I'll return
and feel the pang
not beautiful
of breath again.

But to know?
How can that be?
It's not there
in what I say.

#1081 (12/18/05)

I know my fate
and what to gain;
if any,
those stones I earn,

come on time
in just surprise
so this economy
is merely paradise.

1082 (3//11/06)

If not the pod
then what from
had this stirred
into triumphant bloom?

I see the base
and will not be
what is itself
in favor of liberty.

Night will stalk
where those who fled
looking for
the latter dead.
#1082

The true pod
is not from
where I stirred
the seed and bloom.

Off this base
I'll be
testimony itself
of liberty.

The leaf or stalk
as well has fled
while waiting for
the impatient dead.

#1083 12/19/05

Is this life retreating
or is one
the sum of us
under this sun?

No more departures,
no more,
in His presence,
just as before.

#1084

I wing the bird
thus dividing sky
into one term
and another. Melody

not experiment
is the test
of this principle
that will not rest.

Losing the element
from what was seen
is not what was
the vast between.

#1085 (12/20/05)

Do what we must,
but not by whim
to leave this family
of evil blame.

1086 (3/27/06)

As time's gone by
the history of vies
is blocking it through
diverse songs of the plunge,
denied momentum.
Whereas my fringe

a sound that shows
a caste of a cast
again will disclose
that which is small
in lanky pitiful
for I am fond
of being blind.

Can there be light
without sight
so the bars
are where they are?

#1086 (12/21/05)

The book by
the view
through and through
and not the plunge
in momentum
beyond the fringe

is what shows
as if a cast
could now disclose
the small,
the pitiful.
And, fond
of the blind

the light
out of sight
will bar
what you are.

#1087 (10/22/05)

Is there more
than I see?
Many oceans
of possibility

are in league
with pain
beyond the Pyranees
where we complain.

#1088

The dunce begun
as told,
victim of consciousness
to go unrevealed.

My print
you read
is a privilege
done for God.

#1089

How many telegrances (?)
are left to me
in the retrograde
would you say?

Yes, the rains
have begun
and I have nothing,
no, nothing, none.

#1090

The deaf body
is not the soul
of property;
the soul is optional.

These dead pleasures
are like the heir
to deathlessness
on death's frontier.

#1091 (12/24/05)

I do not brook

nor much depend
on the names of brooks
upon this ground.

#1092

Something large
or small
but so aloof
from the spiritual...

#1093

It is its own,
comes over me,
instead names
in poverty.

And yet to hold
the larger air
in a chink
I bend my ear.

#1094 (12/25/05)

Not what I have
but what I can be
give me cheek
but the dance of ivory
is not me.

#1095

What nights
will I be?

#1096

Is this the world
or is it me
and in heaven
am I a refugee?

#1097

Silent grass
beyond the mill
at my feet
is not still

but tops the hills
to show
what country we're in
or what I saw.

This sign
beyond my caravan
is not with child
this afternoon.

#1098

I slammed the door.
but did not complain.
The door broke,
I slammed it again.

#1099 (12/27/05)

Although I tease
the warm air
and flex my wings
no matter what I wear

is what must be

for me to fly
as this implies
against the sky.

Not one hint
or sign
first or last
is only divine.

#1100

The life I lived
is night,
between the two of us,
both different.
The life of things
as before
or equally of minds
is, as it were,

the light in
the room
totally laive
to blame.

these stations exist
but not quite
though arose
the infinite.

And then passed
into time
so to speak
and I came

I forgot,
a reed,
scarce,
dead.

The hair
is erect
just as it was
but not to regulate.

#1101 (1228/05)

How might this life
be as large as big
as light between
the floor and the jug?
Or if we keep
only the food we need,
will that which is superior
be more than once tried?

1100 (*repeat*)

Even as I lived
I mastered the night
and took the likes of us
to a song as different

as a song beyond things
just as nor or before
when even out minds
as it were

were steeped in
in the gigantic room;
awake, abreast, alive,
we conquered blame.

Do we really exist?
Not actually, not quite.
When thoroughly arose
they were not infinite.

But shadows passed
allowing me to speak
of what came

down the slope we forgot
as if a slender reed

once thought scarce
returned from the dead.

So that all our hair
stood erect,
so that what was
could no longer regulate.

#1102 (12/28/05)

I forsake what you forsook
heaving low
so that these gloves,
the two of you now,
form one throat.
I inhaled and poured
the water that was to be.
I freed the bird
locked in the mind
so that a shard of heave
could fall on you
outside of heavenly time.

Martha Ronk
1940

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

Kertesz's photograph of Martinique

A shadow on the other side of the glass, neither male nor female,
seems a narrative the amorphous clouds and indeterminate sea resist,

as the sky lifts or darkens in the upper reaches,
in response to the dark sea forming a triangle with the fence line,

and the leaning shadow behind the frosted glass,
can't see out, or is rapt in what view he thinks he has

—we can't know—yet we do know his view is not the same as ours,
angled in relation to what draws us both, the obvious sea and sky.

It could be murky given the frosted glass, placed to his side, yet
not melancholy—

(although Kertesz himself used the word for his tulip drooping
lower than the base of the vase by a severe gravitational force).

Shadows of night trees (Feininger's)

Trees were shadows themselves, just themselves against the sleet
of fog and streetlamp,

Burgkühnauer Alee, powdered with triangular light
branches open in a V as words in mimic: visible, vacant,

a face with its pale mask behind the closed curtain of winter

a landscape icing over, out walking in obscurity
somewhat “morbidly sensitive” it was said of him at the Bauhaus

and so he went at night into the darkness as if the fixity of a face,
the rigor of a practice he hated and the cold itself
could animate shadows in sequenced progression—first one, then the
other—

forcing the illusion of movement, as trees (from a foreground pool of
black)
grayed themselves slowly into the distance.

The voice must belong to someone

(from *The Unnamable*, Samuel Beckett)

The repetitions bring forth the usual phrases useful for daylight,
cross-stitched rhetoric & the talking that gamely takes up
national debt, carbon trades & reasons for going on best confronted
by going on.

When the voice fails—(does it alone convince us, walking along,
talking to ourselves,
naming the varied birds in the field & clouds taking up the usual
space)—silence stares us
in the face & breathing is what's advised to fool the brain into another
day.

But leaving that aside, take the voice so marshaled by syntax,
the present progressive & dangling participles & it must belong to
someone,
an argument that takes us to the inward voicings hard-wired to the
unnamable
out of which one hears things, stirring things, evocative things,
things that with practice might suffice.

The voice must belong to someone, we say,
hoping for some homunculus who stirs about among the organs,
a recognizable sort who will wish for things, take up many things,
meditate into a kind of long-admired sturdiness, someone, say
someone.

Pause

To hit “pause”
as in filmic reruns
having seen it before it keeps on in the doorway, down the stairs and
into the next day
the same abrupt

*imaginings are already fact... I've learned to fear anything that
passes through the mind and even what the mind does not as yet know*

before I know

it...

to adjust the pace I'm running first then a step or two (and
what's between
the one and the other)

one link always breaking the most elaborate of plans a pause

film breaks into celluloid dust or finger smear prevents
knowing who and why and it does something to one's innards as
well, drops down

into

a deadening of sensation or in walking, pausing

no longer desiring one's desires even given such a practice

each event neutralized

as a stepparent steps into a vacancy with no past

between the book's main matter and the afterward there's a blank page
a pause before whatever's to come

what will her face look like tomorrow, the day after,

Fanny Howe
1940

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

Going The Other Way

I was walking over Primrose Hill
one damp summer night.
Bundles of white chestnut flared
under the street lights.

London's unsteady skyline
was not a reassuring one
but like a graph that measures
limits: hesitation.

It lurches, drops, drains and twirls
in imitation of the pickle and the snail
still trying not to fail
but to survive on little.

When my brain was weary my heart was not.
It all came down to oxygen
or a walk with God.

When my heart was tired my brain kicked in
as if they were holding hands.
The brain can be shucked
when all the air is gone but the heart

is slippery and needs a word of
kindness to encourage it.
How am I still here,
Without another.

The heart has its needs
and feelings sewn like threads
into branches and seasons
that we pencil as trees.

The Irish women with brass-capped hair
and tight mouths
and a Muslim woman with five girls and one boy
are all sadly clad at Victoria.

In poverty some screaming brats
are fat, and some are starved
into silence on their father's laps.
No father is worse (than that).

What is created by humans
Is always alien.
The hissing buses and trains
in Kentishtown, boys hunched

in bunches on the Lock
drugged and dirty and crushed
their eyes like lizards veiled
and blind in retreat while

a man with a machete
cut a fellow down, blood
all over his hands. Proud
of being a killing kind of man.

Machete or his father's hand: which one
caused this crime?
The naughts were unlucky years for boys
and brothers in their teens.

Clouds of lard covered
Kent's fields as the Eurostar
raced away from London
and William Blake's spiritual sun.

Lyn Hejinian
1941

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

A Human of Mars

Work-in-progress

1.

This is that primary world, red
 I can't get a grip on it, my similes don't stick, its crimson has no period
 I yearn for green peas, since it is with green peas that I might most subtly learn the
 tactics of revenge
 I have no snout
 I am incarnadined; the world is washed on me

2.

I am a human in the absence of others of a yet better red
 Omniscience is violent, infinite
 There are no straight lines except those I make, and I do this rarely
 I don't foresee that I'm here by choice or of necessity, perhaps I will never know or
 never want to know
 There are no birches here nor lemons nor elk nor signs of social insects, but there are
 flakes and something similar to red slate and mirages very close at hand

3.

Even monosyllables are still rare in my conversations with myself, I have too little
 percussivity of thought
 Once I found webs that had formed between my fingers and toes and under my arms
 and between my legs—perhaps time once meant me to become airborne
 Let's begin then in that to which I might have fled, the original desiderata
 Red life that rises
 Red guitars, red occupations, red rills—it is midseason here and I need red skills

4.

I come from the Red Leaps—that's what I called first one place, and now am calling
 another
 Everything new comes at me and with me
 It is nothing but flame and all one flame or none and the same
This world has a red edge, *that* might be lit by candlewicks, then cigarettes, head-
 lights, blasts, and flares
 Red arts, red candies, red controls

5.

I am a tenant here of a rose

Where, and what or who, is the ventriloquist?

Tone is yet to be learned, and I yet to respond: mollified, or like a sculpted monument from rust risen from unlegislated sediment

In silence ubiquitous I eat raspberries, binge on tomatoes, and dream of bleeding cows

I am sucking red and saying nothing

6.

Talkless the tongue looks—but I meant to say “lacks” or “likes,” reveling (revealing) in the opening of my red mouth, pink gums, the release of salmon

The grounds for my preoccupations here are iron rich

The old coinage here is unready, leaden

I cannot return trees to fire *in toto*

This soil is the refuge of no previous profile and from that I must add my own and germinate new ones

7.

I am not *like* a soldier, nor *like* a beet—similitude here is inconsequential and best abandoned, as I am, yet to come

War fever has yet to go elsewhere, with peace chasing after it, crossing a mile and then an ex-mile, but imprecisely

There is no overcoming radish, lurching diphthong parachute, military cinema parcel, packaged snarl

Time transits the bustling abyss

Music isn't impossible when it's happening under the velocity of a solar shout, so gusts of xylophonic quaver have shifted my hair

8.

I don't live in comic melancholy, I'm choleric

My mechanism is evolving from the ovulation of rubies, and my intellect generates rubrics

Human of marvel, human of markets, human of marble, almost human here of eggy bones

Of what use will be cock or cunt, they are cavernous, decorative, extrovert

My brain is brick

9.

The past bounces to the future—or the present *is* that bounce

I want to launch spectral red and do so and wherever it arrives it leaps into view

It could be called foreground, or hot, or agricultural and vivid, or angry and amorous

Lacking black, in red, as if without skin, the human of Mars can confess

Wolf and woodpecker, throat and nut

10.

I must begin as a biographer of a paramecium, then be a biographer of an onion
 My day is 24 hours 39 minutes and some seconds long
 I don eyeglasses, yellow-tinted, and everywhere see citrus
 A comma brings me to a full brief stop, curling back it turns back, surveying the path
 surreptitiously, or preparing to put down a root
 Everything has a future but eventually not as itself

11.

There are no orgies here in solitude, no rosy orifices except of rock and dust
 All convexities are harsh as iron shields
 Some kind of love then—at all, so long
 Already I am membering
 From excrement I can extrapolate squalor and from that feral cats with which I'll
 co-exist and also peanut butter, robins, diesel fuel, and ticks

12.

I am almost removed
 Red prairie, red tide, red reflection, red snow
 My dreams hold death in diamond drag
 Until I had a third person, I didn't know of my existence
 What does recent mean if not absence of momentum

13.

Whose grass, whose permission, whose consciousness, whose urethra, scrotum, aor-
 ta, snatch will I discover and with what feet, fingers, teeth, tongue, nose, I ask, eyes closed
 Oyp, crinck, dmout
 Should I list myself as once visible, then risible and audible and adaptable and ca-
 pable and sexual and powerful and extreme
 The third person is consciousness, then come the red emotions and the second per-
 son appears
 The robin displays its Martian breast and martial stance—the robin: uprightest of
 birds

14.

A green human would be not complementary but abhorrent to a red human of Mars
 Red human now, a pinko later
 I've spit a pit
 Livid tongue
 On a green planet I come decamouflaged—both visible predator and visible prey

15.

I'll emit a prying quiver, I'll be a spying given

This is the work of a suspended thumb

Data will accrue, as to a central consciousness that, in registering it, makes the case for it: rampant raspberry, young dead red man killed by cop, bestraddled ruby-studded portico, drug-laced date-rape grape-bestrewn party punch

Look—it's still: a lithoform tiger toiled from milk and mud, silk and crud

There can never be too great a distance between subject and object nor one sufficiently small

Charles North
1941

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

Ex-Watchdog Takes Powder

The days go by without you. But they know you know.
Like the effulgent gods who might be interested in us
if they gave it half a chance.

Just when you start thinking that
how something seems is as important as
what it is responsible to believe about it

Mayakovsky enters in a shirt the color of winter sunlight.

The traditional categories, wanderlust, organ food,
nothingness,
enlist the new century in their crusade.
Fleeting as covered wooden bridges, which are also crusade-
like.

Ron Padgett

1942

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

In Memory

You started to feel a little bit tragic but
really you were just getting sleepy
in an afternoon that had moved up one level
in the intensity known as Everything.
Did I say afternoon? I meant inferno
or meatloaf, the one Frank Lima made
by just thinking about it as if it were set
against a totally white background
beset by commas bouncing off it.
What a good time they are having!
and who could blame them or the volcano
they came from with determination
stamped into their foreheads
whose eyelids are heavy with weeping
and whose hearts are light with song?

Ted Greenwald
1942–2016

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

Rolling Street Closures

Grace takers
Ooo, what's this
Good talking to
Pulse and breathing
Sun talks
To the walk
On fire walkers
Larger than lifers
Two units
None dare call it science
Unitary steward theory of

That's motto
Blackboards' sea
Now green then white
Swipe
Stuck in double mint
Sidewalk black dot
Out from underfoot
A card from old days
Seep in aria
Nice house to nice house
Hook to hook
Glance tip indirection
Fee's confident weather

And another won
Dream pro team
Hug goes on protein
This plane fast
In the old country
The war after
Those days live elsewhere
Good way spring starter
Will delight you
Rub hands
Tell the court
Possession
Appear howdah

Ray DiPalma
1943–2016

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

Opera—Fou

[Overture]

[**Light-cue the contralto's aria and push it up tempo.*]

Word comes that Angelica has eloped to Cathay. Put the emotion back in and call it opera. Furious thoughts and wild things said. In the deepest part of the forest the trees are on fire. Exploits mechanical adventures vice and hatred. Wine. Flags. Sacred names. Tapestries. Venice. Autumn. Larks. Surging crowds. Water on stones. Un moment d'une sensualité brutale. Shadows. Dancers in tall grasses. Wolves. The wizard's cup. A narrow escape. And another. Alleys. Fences. Soldiers. Torches. Battles with ghosts and talking lions. Ledgers. Roses. Carriages. Walls. Frostbite. Chains. Serpents and night creatures. Sur un coup de bluff. Scriveners. Lanterns and shouts. A profusion of curses. Twins. Assassinations. Vineyards. Stolen jewels. *Blind pilgrims. St. Petersburg. Anxious words. Weddings. Limitless sky. Harbors in flames. Potions. Smiles. Avec les papiers en évidence sur la table. Emmanuel. Domes. Locked doors. Lightning. The magician's turban. Wild dogs. Gardens and windows. Hiver-printemps-été. Blood. Gold coins. Va te faire foutre je ne ferai pas ce que tu me dis. Clock towers. Theologians. Empty frames. Suspensions. Tombs of the new martyrs. Palm trees. Rain. Sleep. Thunder. Ships. Moonlight. Earthquakes. Tunnels. Soothsayers. Storms at sea. Disguises. Horses.

After Gogol

Recusant contentions beyond the imaginings of this latter day. All floors begin on 9. Including the invisible Chinese. Many if not all of whom need haircuts. News of your indignation has reached me across the centuries. You are wrong to think and feel so. There are other ways of achieving oblivion. I am tempted to withdraw my friendship. As well as any possible chance for future camaraderie. Time will take its toll in this arena. There's much blood on the sand already. Do not let yourself be led astray either by Wong or Paliakov. Their wives are quite fierce. And are capable of assaulting even a sightless person such as yourself. Wear a hat at all times. I am still awaiting word from the Duke of Persia. He is well known in these parts. A priest's son. Though no prelate himself. Or so I've been told. Have you ever seen him. I'm also informed by pilgrims hereabouts that he's often standing right behind you. Do you happen to know of a good slanderer I might put in my employ? He must have a great heart and be prone to self-sacrifice. His other habits are of no interest to me. He could stay in the small room with tiny windows on the ninth floor. Entrance there can be gained by swift levitation. I seek an accomplished slanderer. I could pay him well as soon as the Duke appears with my share of the legacy. In the meantime as I said just yesterday to one now long dead named Sergei I am changing and polishing and completely reworking many things you have never seen. Sergei was much like Dmitri insofar as he always listened intently and was invariably reliable though he spoke only

rarely. Particularly in recent years. Death I'm told will effect such behavior. Particularly in its later stages of comprehension. An answer to a prayer rarely uttered. The harshest criticism held together with a belt requires no apology. I have been scratching the back of my head for days. You know as well as I what this portends. The Duke's daughter is responsible for the prosecutor's death. Good riddance I say. But few join me in this sentiment. Perhaps this is due to a general miscarriage in the weather. I must ask the bird on my shoulder as soon as possible. The Duke awaits me with bulging eyes. Perhaps he too has been scratching the back of his head. Or worse. With an axe. Hand in hand with a French haystack.

Michael Palmer
1943

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

Poem Ending with Words from Mandelstam

"I have forgotten the word I wanted to say."

O.M. 1920

We wash our feet and enter the house of prayer
where no one is present no one absent
and where the voices of the beloved

are chanting words they do not know
and cannot hear
The leaves of autumn have gathered there

to listen and to whirl about the floor
It seems that they dance it
seems that they mourn

curled inward as they are
skin and veins grown stiff
and they rustle in the bare breeze

rustle as if to sing along
to summon the unsayable
names one by one

in the flickering half-light
amidst the sacred scents
and feverish eyes

Beyond the doors blind swallows pierce the mist
and the poem's forgotten word
waits beside a river gone dry

word that asks too little
word that asks too much
while waiting for what?

Four wheels without a cart?
An angel with no form?
A prophet with no tongue?

Transparent the names
Transparent the manes
of the horses in the dark

Marjorie Welsh
1944

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

Brass Toy

Transfigured night
 at a tangent,
 the ardent edge
 of a triangular kind
 opus, knowing it
 throughout, below
 opening, the eye is
 fingering the
 opening shout
 convex holler
 endowment beveled
 a living quotient
 or plot or data
 cube of beveled air.
 It is night.

In this way *and* for several *vine stocks* listening even as ardently as here
lie unattended except as an encounter with absence and leaves fingers spread
 hypothetically in an encounter with nutrients' inward way. So that fast tempi
 conjoined with headlong rushing toward statement requires listening to the intrinsic
 eras in stop-motion sample wrought alive *so that vines burst from my fingers*

...to him translated across the meaning-space that separates them. Even so
 little would give him the gist of it. *Points define a periphery* or contour traversals
 pass and yet the novice may not.

*Extract: vt. take out, esp. by force; get by distillation etc.; derive; quot e n. passage from
 book, film etc.; concentrated solution for it is as much as there is and there is even a
 prosody for the coordinated gaps replete with fit norms of settlement we take a lyric
 to be sensible not lost to itself in deposit of thesaurus with respect to*

Points define
 Do not define; if not
 (may) define a contour
 Do not define a contour
 Even upon deletions, certainly
 Without deletions certainly
 Mark positions
 unmarked space
 Locating form
 Without location

Yet also
But not

If done reading do not shelve / do shelve put on table / leave on table near Will
Call / put on table, any sorted / unsorted to be sorted by / not to be sorted until
graduate / closing vine stocks and dots

Vine stocks omit *me fecit* Unfit wheat behaves like leaves tasting of preservative no
bread is eatable under the caterpillar pattern does not refer. With nutrients' inward
way reviving stone astonished in signature a sentence is a site if you move it if in
moving, rushing toward statement stone anonymously astonished it cracks market
square. Wrought alive so that vines burst from my fingers are baskets overwhelmed

Lyric: musical expressive subjective lyric: musical expressive not subjective musical
some expressiveness (as Boolean yes) Lyrical beauty not attractive not lovely not sweet
not pleasant lyric: musical scan / not scan Lyric: musical: scan / cadence

ADAMO
ME FECIT
In germ

Canto I, line 1,
E.P's
Handwriting

subjective not expressive (deckled) not (anonymously) musical

...a prosody for the correlated gaps replete with norms.forever-and-a-day does not do
although at-a-remove could be still flowers including gorgeousness about. Someone
asks: Is this Beauty? To which the picture answered ostensibly: precise empirically
observed yet unoccluded distribution of bright things in high polish. And further,
said the picture: retaining a long sentence and having no quarrel with opulence through
lapidary saying relative to which that scant posit in few syllables left of who-knows-
what? may be as much surviving the foregone sense we read as elegy. And we not ably
admitting that language was not lost to those who spoke / wrote it, obnoxious from a
thicket intact. Madder Lake

does not fade does, with white admixture. Apples and / or oranges. In an arc of
claimants is the central apple of, to pivot from belonging. And so on required of
red (recovered) matter-of-factly featureless species does feature strokes to the set
attendant to golden not in the least although just enough to count non-red for green

And:

proverbially. And here a thoroughly analytic phrase upon phrase to open infinity. Infinite? Or finitely large lyric plied? Vine stocks and dots left unattended And: to be enumerated: precise bright distributions in high polish not empirical, or: bright distribution in high polish but neither precise nor empirically observed when compared with the accident double exposure of extra who-knows—what? Exploding languages? *Pound's dots*, she sd. So that: the eloquence of the fissure precipitous not indecisive and as to futurity replete with Who Goeth or oranges. The colon: its rhetoric puts necessity to the ideology *when you come to the gates of Go* of expulsion if not exile to which statelessness we submit our credentials. Go minus Stay absolutely but really the portal Go, visit methods, signed ADAMO. Visit round green rind *blue like an orange* pointing takes up previous next does not fade takes low-hanging

transfigured night
 fish-tailed mesh
 at tangent to archaic
 rind substituting up
 of stray exile
 far below infinity's
 plotless marshy opus wherein
 ardent iris cut quagmire.
 It is modern night.
 No fixed abode
 a stimulant for some
 all none bull roarer's
 torn negative
 vertices as if to say:

outburst of vine stocks by (close to / by means of) campaign knee-deep in hindsight pulsed birth sex death actuarials the thrush brought. If compared with Still Life what sentence goeth? Not precise not empirically observed not unoccluded is this distribution of bright things in high polish retaining very little opulence through lapidary sayings perhaps.... only as memory are these seven apples.

Clear and distinct non-pejorative negative still life when you come to the gates of Go, focus plot mud-encrusted knowing formless [] to be an alloy settlement set on horseback stratified aftermath entailing sentences exhaling ellipses apostrophe intact, exhaling. Bas-relief of contending mesh. Beveled exit also belongs to the entrance cut through portal's circularity in the scholars' garden much vista at each step up not fast shadow by way of fleeing stop as shallow serial stepping portends verticality in charged increments see also wire rope suspension over water river over river burst from my fingers red and black sea-surge some submerged clusters red

blue green whose axis at dusk accomplished non-finite space between integers the real aporia also engulfed because, expelled. Alternatively, a non-contradictory reading of periphery may well entail the known an a priori indicating that this species, however scant, is coherent with scheme and script: I / you apart / together, the grid necessary to all lyric

entailment: musical some *penseroso* blazon percussive over what smears apart together apart together entailment: musical blazon percussive over what *penseroso* neither omission nor deletion nor possibly reduction but rather a segmental arc oscillating nomenclature melancholic put to affective shape not yet form the pictorial formula in prospect as well should we refer to doctrine's positing such that even where incomplete—who what where when why, for instance—peripatetic intelligibility throbs where how *penseroso* transferred to Benjamin's pondering location, penitenti showed that might have. Lyric entailment: musical blazon percussive sound blocks agon there and then to ellipses from which issues omission making verifiable noise to raise our eyes from the expelled. Full stops trail off

come forth everywhere floated that year cinema fades lately indefinite furlough doubtful perhaps blur with ethically mute insinuations as here a deficiency inaudible to oneself no more fresh or efficacious attributed to seem not now minus then atmospheric somewhere to which middle distance is that very past perfect.

They, a farrago of gray areas staying affix go to gray areas, that is, seriously. He smoothed a fresh page of stay and go, all of both. Stay and not. Suppose that Pound's dots, conjoining harrowing logic to field notes, swung together as one A.B harvested luxuriant delay from this less obtrusive circumstance. As they speak ellipses conjugating limbs intertwined tree-structure Not both stop and go *though of course there can be duplicated as*

when....accomplish as identical action they are syntactically speaking one.... event or of change decipherable? Knots mental diagram thy revolution: we sing of the corrective's punctual strenuousness of that glut of late. Late ellipses flush with an unrepaired periphery inherited a lunatic distinguishing himself at the premature gate of must stay all must and must not. All stay and all go imagine a formless infinity undid said intention by this when complexity is meant, vine stocks' and Bach's. But admit that.... maintaining a formless infinity along melodic eventfulness under and over the matrix remains a stray math. Pass plotless handfuls of a yet different any algebra almost as much so frequented as speech itself ellipses not impressive to cultivated watchful with open eyes quotient of walks intersecting with self-exile after abducting her excursion out strolling to refresh a stay. Dichotomies lie unattended.

Calm unpainted
And bulk windswept

Load-bearing densities
Seized bas-relief
Yawn painted black
At least oblique
As that short crux
Throughout advent's reverse
Ripple, extruded
Vine providing that
Accordian being
In parallel housing.
An ardent individual
Surfaces. It is night
With objects.

Lewis Warsh
1944

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

On Johnson Road

I took a walk down Johnson
Hill Road to see the beaver
build her dam. But she wasn't
there, only a few ripples
on the surface of the pond.
A few flies alighted on my shoulder,
and in my hair. Then I sat
out for awhile and read a book
about Jean-Paul Sartre and
Simone de Beauvoir. I haven't
come to the good part yet,
sex in the grass. Then a few
raindrops fell on my head.
There's the path into the woods
behind the house, lost in shadow.
That's where I'm going, just give
me time. It seems to get late
early, or earlier, each day, which
isn't exactly news to anyone,
but something to say, as each
hour a little more light vanishes
from the sky and the barred owl
sounds its cry from the uppermost
branch, and the leaves begin to
sway, and turn color, over night.
Soon it will be autumn and all
the fall colors and a few deer will
dare to walk across the road without
fear of hunters or people in fast
cars. Soon the seasons will change;
the grass turn brown, the leaves
purple, like old wine, and the prosecutor
will present inadmissible evidence
to the jury of one's peers, whoever
they might be, old, young, blind,
aging, embittered, dissolute,
and dumb.

Show of Hands

There's always a last time and a first time
For everything--you meet your double where
He left you on the sidewalk long ago--
There are many street corners where last
Conversations took place--a door slammed
And he walked out and she never saw him again--
The boat is turning around and coming back
To the harbor--we begin where we left off
Years ago, it's like a song--Let your mind
Go blank for a minute and her face appears--
It could be anyone, knocking at your door
For no reason

It's time to settle into my lawn chair and watch
The grass grow, if you know what I mean--a boy
On a dance floor steps on the young girl's toes--
It's like the trailer for an old movie that won't
Go away--and now he leads her back to her chair--
His hair covers his eyes and he can't see anything--
And what could he say if he could and who cares?

It's sticky fingers in this life so I better go home
Before the chair collapses under my weight
And my ship comes in one minute too late
(or too soon) and you can't give away something
You don't have to someone you don't know
(Branches of the old elm swaying in the wind,
No vanity)

Michael Davidson
1944

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

Better Late

than a portmanteau
for a lingering dream
buzzing around the day, never
lighting until its partial code
bleeds through the quotidian
absorbed into sleep
and becomes language.

Why require
a wounded soldier or idiot child
to wrap warped truth
in a conundrum of the body,
what have I learned
by leaning in at the table to hear
someone across from me,
not me, not hearing
and nodding agreeably?

Can I still wear denim
or are the stars aligned
around a new gravity
or galaxy knocked off kilter
by the next digital avatar
(which is ridiculous, not worth
thinking about);
we are weightless in fear of death
and consume with impunity
these cool red sneakers.

It's a good thing dreams
keep the important stuff in drawers
to be opened in the amygdala hours
and shuffled around so Don
appears as Ann, and Ann
in time as Mom, now dead yet
still standing in the doorway next to Shakes
peare's Trage
Dies in a fine edition, deckled edge.

I must have donated my genitals
to a worthy charity, awake at two,
the names for a long lost friend
float just out of reach, a butterfly

(painted lady) summoned
 to explain why walking in the yard
 reminds me of a yellow time
 with plums, I can almost touch
 the green porch, fog in the morning
 and two deer grazing through
 the grey, I was
 who I never would be, don't get
 too comfortable.

The Catalogue of Affect

Having arranged the glasses
 by number, having
 alphabetized letters
 by sender, the senders

by meals shared
 in summer, by rivers, or at the edges
 of public squares,
 having forgotten actors

in the book of actors
 or the plots involving a phone
 in the night, the return
 of a lost family member

in a familiar guise, having
 forgotten the theaters
 their deco pillars and purple lights,
 heaven stretched across a ceiling

studded with stars,
 I await the feelings that come
 and their attachments
 to others, objects, rooms

and the expectant audience
 that is a body, organ
 of indecision,
 meanwhile the worm

still attached to the nerve,
nibbles from inside the brain's
dead husk
so that upon waking

I clear my throat to see if I can hear
breathing, click
to hear a message ping,
we are not

this skein of skin
alluvial brain, rhythmic blood
but catalogue of affect for those
ghosts in the margin
as yet unmet, unloved
all of the conversations yet
to have had,
having had forgotten

which is partly the blood speaking
through its ample protein,
the voice of what I might have been
had I remembered to write it down

and the other attachments that need
to be filed, the lizard called John
the dog fidgeting in a dream
the cities with bridges

and cities without bridges
I am unraveling
and those in my wake
are waving me toward pyres of light.

John Godfrey
1945

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

Wisdom of Jostlers

Russet leaves and
 the judgment of flimsy
Her ventrals dance, Lady Wind's
 and the mountains
 she comes from
shag and highlife
 So says the wisdom
 of jostlers

I give some thought to
 people who are
 personally, on fire

When the drink comes
 bubbles escape
 through my fingers
It is a Russian brand depilatory
 Chairs move away
 from thighs
I'd hear them brush
 if I knew where
 the nylons are
A lull in electricity
 confidence breeds

City lights beat dusk by
 a dwindling margin
Storefront glow makes for
 four-color faces
and gutter full of crushed gold
 A naked tree and
 a blanket statement

You, over there, who are
 appropriately dressed
 for a breath of suspicion
The light suddenly on you
 You dance on an
 island in traffic
Some meaningful momentum
 as you fall into place

Filters On

Smoke can schmooze hombre
 Sombrero gets
 a second laugh
Bareheaded, nerves bald
 Kiss shelf life to death

If I could repair for you
 this scathed armor
you needn't the silk
I can only tell your appearance
 because it entertains you
Most other things disappear

The way you walk issues
 restfulness graced
 with flutter
Everyone, you might say
 has her own
There are filters on
 all the lights
They soak you and soothe
Why don't I catch up
 and crumple
 the paper daily
in my hands

On my way to you I hear
 knocking everywhere
Refrigerators on landings
Helicopters outside with cameras
 Fire that smokes
 into blood
When I reach you
 the city is in woe
But the day lengthens
 No cash limbo
You are composed and still
 Planted feet point
 this way and that
Call it your dance

Martin Nakell
1945

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

The Party

Everything we read or everything we see or anyone we meet we bring our own experience to that meeting. To interpret. To understand. To comprehend. To absorb. And yet, I have no experience. No experience I can remember. Every thing I read or everything I see or everyone I meet, I process through this lack of perspective, this total, this utter absence of context. Thus arose this problem for me, this question: Who am I? Do I exist.

At a party, I get into a conversation with someone wherein I tell her this much about my condition: that I sometimes (read: always) wonder, do I exist? She gets excited. She touches my arm. Her eyes, her face come alive. She tells me how she too finds herself asking herself that selfsame question: do I exist? Do I even exist? She quotes something to me, a phrase from a famous—she says—19th century French poet I had never heard of: Arthur Rimbaud. The phrase is: “I am an other.” In French: “Je suis un autre.”

“What does that mean?” she asked me. “I am an other. What does that even mean?”

I am not at a party. What a joke. What a joke! I am at an autre. The sky, yellows. The stone, wet. I pick it up. The stone? No. The sky? Certainly not. The autre, un autre. So, I pick up myself? I move on. The world passes through my chest. The rich, the poor, the statues & the elephants. Even the music.

I touch her arm. Not only she, but a famous poet, ask themselves this question that I thought was mine alone. This question I ask myself locked up, all by myself, as it were, in the cage of this question. The cage of this Question. The cage of this question. As I invite her into that cage, as she enters that cage with me, she becomes a threat to me. Terrified by this invited intruder, I sought to flee—from the cage. I found myself running into my own bones. Yet, I asked myself, I, who don't exist, asked myself, who doesn't exist, how a something—this I—who doesn't exist—could be threatened. I touched her hand. I touched her face. I touched her lips. I, who doesn't exist, I touched her eyes. They closed. I touched my own eyes. They closed. I kissed her... on the lips. She kissed me. We were two at a party, in someone's living room, among others, two I's who did not exist, two others, kissing. What the hell! Her lips existed. To my lips. Her closed eyes existed. To my closed eyes. My eyes opened. Her eyes opened. eyes. eyes. eyes. eyes. eyes. eyes. eyes. eyes. eyes.

Into that cage she brings her own cage as a gift for me. A cage as a gift? A wet stone. A bleeding yellow sky: a rage. A rage. Not my rage. A yellow is an autre. Another. My yellow is a keeper for the cage. I tell her. My rage is a hunger for the cage. From her pocket she pulls a wet stone. She hands it to me, telling me: here, take this elephant from me. Eat it for your hunger. I eat it. It is music. It is the song her father sang to her when he would come home bleeding with the need to sing: la-de-la-de-la. A song of nowords. Her father was a man of no words. He would not even say “word” or “cage.”

Every woman I now meet, I put into the context of that woman. That experience. That woman perhaps the only I have ever known. Where is she now? Putting every man into her experience of me? Am I the only I she has experienced? As she may be the only I I am? Will we ever meet again? Close our eyes; kiss again? Is it inevitable that we will? Is it inevitable that we won't. Am I left only with questions? Am I awake, or have I died? I am awake.

There. Just there. I have broken the cycle, that circle of questions. Now awake, I find myself trembling. Not a miserable trembling. An awesome trembling.

Train

Two unnamed persons board a train. They are a man and a woman. They are Adam and Eve. They are Tristan and Isolde. They are young Hamlet and the young Ophelia. The train is named Endurance. They vow endurance to each other. They swear that whatever lies ahead will not part them. They swear that this is the train they had waited for. Forever. Now, on board, they swear to each other they will never leave. No matter where the train stops. They will never deboard. Everything they need is on this train. Including speed. Including wide open space. Including their names. Which they need not know. In lounge chairs turned toward the window, they look out at the passing countryside. They are holding hands. Having nothing left to say, they begin to speak.

Paul Vangelisti
1945

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

*Three Accidents**after Lucio Passeto*

I'm kept out of the little room where
you've become a soldier without a war.
Moving unaware you had asked for me,
I'm left weeping, wanting to touch your face.
You saw martyrdom, a massacre
on that tangled heap of a scooter,
underbrush closing over you. Too soon
a raw beauty scattered your body,
fresh flower yanked from the greenhouse
leaving me just a hole in the earth,
no more than a dry throat with a lump in it.
Less dour this little odorless room,
reliving the blood, the torn sweater,
while your mother screams not to let me in.

It was May, I quivered with the thought of
a pennywhistle going off this late.
Then it was June and in the dark I spotted
little glances and those hands lost in silk.
July like a lazy delivery boy
sitting on a wall, cheerful, distracted.
It was August nights among galaxies of
lying supple bodies along the beach;
without astronomy I discovered you
unmistakably my star. Look, I said
(you were smoking a roach on a pin),
about how long do you think I'll want you,
must you take me for an old game gone wrong;
who knew how bad it was to fall in love badly?

Do you mean this to be love, my love,
you who don't even smell like a woman?
Tonight my heart sleeps, my body dreams as
you blow kisses and an abyss of goodbyes.
You exist elsewhere. I'm still here choked
by a small young hand (a hand with red nails),
and sigh a tango's reproach to follow you.

Why insist on explaining: you see, between us....
What can I do? An out-of-breath shuffle
on an empty stage, like that night a faint breeze
was blowing and the Levantine arrived.
Not to know if I've won or you've somehow
won me over. Are you life or death to me,
is it your face or mine that floats ashore?

Mac Wellman
1945

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

*AWE; a dust of writing**from AWE—volume two*

18.

Invisible, insane

a or an

other
 than that
 (which that
 the
 the crystal traces a line in the
 dust
 of an
 ocean so wide, so hidden; she
 traces
 a sheer line of wrighting, as all
 nomenclature, all
 cognomen, all

so that with care she traces it all.

Old Cat grins a crookedally, paws
 a
 dust from out the corner of his
 Eye

.

This dust is conscious, self
 of her self similar state
 Similar.

Ton't wont Tom's town
 she
 cries

For the four weeks crowd into
 an
 obvious
 gift,
 invisible,insane;

Owth and tonic supposes

How to touch the poker face and

interrogate

what

rests

in

a state

of

of what?

(That, which)

Behind, in back of, and is, hid.

Both from self, kith and

O/C self

~

a cough of stone is a

a

a

norp

done unto the way, the way

(traced)

lowered down,

down,

down to (X hole)

out, a bout of daft

into the

Splendid Night-Egret of Old Japan

I am as a shoe (upon the Eldest Stump, watching

a

snow come down, one of me alone, here,
or not.

~

Only

~

a (A)

~

a
Lovarch descendel(lillililli)
lalling

19.

No rest for the Night Clink the
o
of
a
lost heart to be
so, so
twain,
&
be
obscured, a

cabbage
of
head

something awful else.

Some thing in a a flatch of Ins &

dowts

snouts an he
ferreted leg pulls, all on
the
old
um

prehistoric.

Old cat sighs, an
un
valid
liar of awakening & super

nights'

um. A

Thumbamongmany, all

optimists

~

Just like Gaylord's gray sword;

just like

December's dark tree.

~

A
flowf to
a
bin-like
box
cake to brighten

all them guumps

for jump is

no

like rope ropish repast o

haft & mortal heft
what blows?

Hinder thus
a

there

cat, not O/C; no but an other

bother cat, an

a.

~

...

Silly pad tootle is all there is;

o

silly pad tootle, where you go rocket

up

take also the

Snake Plush

she

has no hurt you can

not, not

undo, for

It is as she is shed:

Undoing doth indeed do what

is

A shoe.

~

Or was it O/C self who is what

shed?

a

wand wonders bye bye....

Shed, who

Skid, who said?

She shed, no

She shed, who urn

Who?

The one of trees, she.

And what did?

Shed so—

I is the Great Bombadillo.

.

o...

~

urn
& un
and

Undort the o the Gizmo Pillow she's

As
the ears of him dort grow
o
o
so long & do flourish so;

un

Um
& un
and

Under de de dum
de the do
dort the pillow
Plaza:

Smoftness smooftness smoftest;

as well as she can she can do &
do to it

3 times
Um
& un

and running, smoke

Mister, smoke and mist master,

Master of the eld
town (to shed) of
tail and tail of tails....

~

For the smoftness of the smoothly

both darts and
un
does
and

and, um,

undorts
all

of them who are not

like us,

Um
& un
and

so:

out trials have four unlike
wheels

~

And what is un

dort
ed
doth
not,

assuredly,

Dart.

All Taos is is dust.

20.

What drivel outmasters?

What drivel is flower-fused
&
hsenpened?

Near to the North Not, but
to an—

to an open portal all
a
frictional

Drive swaying fish-tailing,
singing

“Day lillies” here and she’s
a,
a,
one bad dance, mistress (mistrial mis-
hsenpened), a
twirl?

Not cat can tell

~

Nor can all cats count
Ð
(thorn)

nor not to do & do a willybugs

form
a—
shun; as

Exact as the sooft crystal rain.

An o;

also an an.

~

So go all slopes

as they go sail
to,

to,

to?

Wright's swink, all an o/c

noses.

Knows who, shed she

Noses the one who, who

O/C

noses, who swinks,
thinks so,

working and wandering as the world
asketh.

o/C (O/c?) smiles, nosingly

so, so.

~

as æ
double-u'd

causes all thorns to be ethical;

Ð (thorn not Eth)

...

For the how we make words out

From the

Strange and Terrible LETTER
glows
hidden;

we gape as light covers

hillside, fair garden, the

far uplands, shrouded

in a

mist that is the color of a

Newt; for

for that too is hidden, occult

line drawn
like

our insides and the insides
of them;

for our stories are hidden from
us:

We go in search of ourselves
and are bitten.

Even the dead letters do this

*Thorn & Eth**æ!æ!*

Be thou banished, done
 into
 a
 swinker's dream, then
 spat out

far,

Past all myths & moths
 of

Er.

Er, er.

~

To not cat too, cat two
 who
 if
 an

Action if If(f)s, under a

Steam

Driven, diamond

Sutra, for

All in all, all flowers up as a as a

Bell.

A bell, a bill, a bell.

Just that.

~

Any where time is a pilfered offering
No does the ,
Solitary

Button flap with the, or a show

sewing and hoeing

down the damp down, down

The Error done-in, will
doubt, just that.

Done-in doubt.

~

Any where, anytime

~

I the(e) do swink &
put
toe to floor
And a
An
With & without
Find
There
So sharpest
Nails.

Boy. Oh

There for
Er
Swink I

~

Nails know the way up & darn....

For a
dim

Wan
der,

Wanders on a.

...

They go on and,

~

So slow to not show and
not not
Over all the of its, its
shit
all of hit; and I am watching all of
them, the
1944(2007)
I will not disclose what
I nose, nor
even to my toes; the go
to show, and stay so
so and so: show,
just slow and slow.

~

Leapt

~

It and goeth quite the Goth

and that is a

Qwerp, not a Qwerty

to touch to

an ominous and murky

Hand puppet
Shad

ow.... As of the

Wand

ers....

~

Dare the—to be spandrel

~

And if you fall, O,

Thou Feary

Tooth

Fail not to, to not fall

(Fail not, to not fail)

To down deduced.

Deduced and deducted;

wax and tax all

waived, and if you do...

~

Dare the to the

Done, Feary

Tooth,

as the, the

hook lowers to hang the brick

A brightness beyond

sillies

the poor West:

Dead girl hair ruffles the
old moon

place not, thus, touched so,
so far.

Old moon place, cute as a button.

~

Dead girl hair, impossible

est
of all, of

mortal spandrels.

...

All as is as a connect;

new bone from old,

an; an

off

;

an off of off—

off Cedar Key...

(New South Digits)

21.

‘Snoothing’s on a a sofa of snow

gulf of offs and If(f)s;

Parallel to here is bear and beer;

both big sons of

some nothing's church;

look at my hand, you,

there, finely impeached
on a
of no
on a
of a not, no...

;
off on a of a peach, the—

Simple, simplest.

~

Supposable quite

to
an
un

lark of darks and spites;

fire splints of one deaf ear

While
the
brat upstairs

goes blat.

I am tired of ears & what the

nose is;

a

we abolished,

just a

~

O/C recalls black Charles &

Black George.

There!

And there! And

There!

There
bodies will
blacken crows;

~

O/C swinks:

She's ah a
just a
waterdrop's
corona in
spatter—
O sparkle!
O sparkle!
Fold w/o
a crease, most
wickedly a
life.

If I dreamed
Singer
It wd be a saying so
Of if(f)s off and so

Light on, noble book, be not a

Fear to go a stalking

Here
Hard
Hardest.

~

Babar Celesteville

An

Accordi

On

No of Owf, for

Awe's S

Ache

O,how do you do,

O/C, lost in an

In

Stor

M

Ing

Of I

F(f) and

'S

Aches, too too

~

On

Ontic a

Lift of If(f)s

An

Micawber's

I

Ongoing swa swa

Sweetest of the T

A

Ttered T

Ail

Of old cat, an

Owf....

~

22.

Awe's out

23.

Awe's on again!

End of Awe

5 November 2008/

9 May 2015

Alice Notley
1945

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

The Woman Who Counted Crossties

I led them O mine the woman the alphabet says to where
 The letters writhe like snakes rise up from the groundlike plain ser-
 Pentinely forming instantly changeable words for you
 I'll lead you to where the butchered and raped lost out you'll
 Agree there's nothing more important than opportunity O assholes
 Zomboid with anglophone or francophone telephone
 Your phone phone computered holdings memorized tellings you have
 and will
 Know how cool O bone tone of the dead oh the dead are here
 With you my bone-headed kiss of death emptinesses
 Now with me where no one cares what you did or said at that shit-
 Mouthed foundation or the bank high on acid I mean death water
 Alcohol of silence psychopathic presidents turd diamonds of fecal
 university fame
 For I am leading to where you are forgotten oblivious un-
 Knower so I won't have to remember constantly what you
 Did what I saw can't the dead forget themselves everything but
 themselves
 Your real ones or I would see myself three days from giving birth in
 Chicago being called snatch out the passing car window
 Writhing word treated like an annoying piece of meat in labor later
 In a hospital I'm leading you to where there are no events there nev-
 Er were I didn't have only 23 dollars no phone or bank account
 Twenty of it to take the kitten to the vet when Ted died we must have
 Deserved it anyway as I deserve to sit here telling you pen to paper in
 this age of glass-
 Fingered outreach that would make the tinman bleed why I'm leading
 you
 I'm leading you because you know nothing I'm leading you to your
 origin in nothing that is beauti-
 Ful not like the nothing you know splintered image half-word
 thought
 Throw it away Al alphabet woman no one but I writes here and
 nothing happened don't you want to be precise was
 Ever humiliated are you walking all over us leading us there is
 something in the wind you need to know
 You need to know it from a woman but you need to know I am learn-
 Ing self-respect from the yellow sands up in the no-love
 Air proclaiming anything that happens to anyone a lie I'm
 Leading you away to a long moment of birth because you are suckers
 with certificates with degrees with water-
 Fall-length scrolls of attestations to honorary idiocy
 There is a man here who there is no one of any sex here who

There is no one here with dignity poise or deserving I am leading
You to where as I said the letters do what they want

I am leading you and the mountains you and the nebula and the
cowed and gentle whorish bandit liars I know
So well who believe in parties you assholes believe in me
Across the and across the until your past and future corruption is a
forgotten stain in a sky taking place a million light years a-
Go who agreed to support one man against another as if to receive his
Kisses my kisses all tell you my love is certainly untrue because you
have never de-
Served it why am I leading you someone who doesn't want to
manipulate you has to
I'm leading you past the thought shelter containing my nights at the
hospital by Doug's
Bed while you were discussing who to call the greatest of bullshit
president po-
Ets in the outreach to commoners in politics of the provincial fucking
world for you knew every-
Thing and now you are dead little guy what's doing making that list of
that this
Running laureate notional senator compiler of the
Best notion or trace or face like a gas mask the diagram of our best
body I'd take all of you gladly
To hell but you've ever been it we're leaving it now
You don't need a thing where the grass grows and snakes grow and all
the truthful letters of your nightmare to
Be free I'm leading you to freedom you are not imprisoned by your
bodies
I'm leading you to freedom you are not imprisoned whatsoever by
any beliefs
There is not a thing that is true I'm leading you to
There are words that can sting your stupid ankles words the only real
like
Jail and childbirth and cancer and poverty used to be
Learn to speak the new language you former mechanistic liars learn
how to talk

Aaron Shurin
1947

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

A Measure of Light

Blazoned with love as a measure of light at the city beach where the wind blows as if on the tongues of the walking men while the spangled water which is my eyes in their glee refreshes the light and the water and the men who are my glee... And the families are eating where the shade of the high-leafed maple falls as though sound were muffled of the singing light or the gulls in their hot shrieks who are my tongue as it measures my love and the sun swells in its lowering heat... There is summer in the throng in their parti-colored shorts and the orange umbrella and the ambling men with their too-big smiles and too-tight tees as they walk in that way with their hips slung low as though riding the ground that is almost the slither of their low-seated love... Wild slow wide day... and the herons amassing in a blue cloud with their legs flung behind them in glee which is summer suspended in the long low day as the blue cloud sails...

The Frame

If beyond the Scotch pine and such—light in the levitation, light in the eyes—over forest, over hills as though flying—what he sees from where he sits: the frame in which the woods below and such—fog nesting in the far peaks, but he can feel the silver thrill of it—high on the hillside on the far side of—oh—“*life*,” he thinks—If through the frame that holds the door ajar—oh—“*time*,” he says, a stretching pine arced over the valley floor—oh—past time, new time: all the roar of wind at distant edges of the hilltops surround—here in the afternoon (always the afternoon, he thinks)—the convergence—the still point—emptied and filled, chair afloat—into the green—shine...

Gloria Mundi

Once I was an old man with wind in his hair—pulverized by the air—that wasn't fair so I crawled back over the bridge *to where the beautiful nights dance like bears*—and sidling up to the Professor of Youth who was seething to see me unspooled—tamped furrows—sat down in my former spot with a heft of purpose... and with my eyes now sparkling like fresh cream started to sing, “Attention purifies the vagrant mind” as if it had been peeled out of a hymnal from my childhood... Once I was a Young Turk with wind at his back—it was hard to argue with *that*... Once I had a tunic of cobalt blue, a twilight cape, a dark kimono... with a sweep of authority as if it were my hair I climbed the laddered air to where the voices hung like ornaments in cobalt space—dancing bears—and waited in the sonic arches as if I were at home there and learned my methods and honed my craft... Bridge and arch, ladder and stair... happily at home there...

In the Mist

On Monday the window was open; the night followed me and couldn't be quieted. I smoked at the sky, lay down in the rain—blind devotion—for a person mirrored in the sea the sky is melodic.

He was a man—(fear the awakening)—a woman—(my lovers passed in illusion)—I rode in a forest—(religious instinct?)—opened the exaggerated sun—a kind of sweating lassitude.

I lie on my couch—everything has changed—patience of the mists—pump into the entrails of things—he sucks up sunlight, pounding with joy, precise as a cello. Someone comes along and separates me from the form. Evangelical milk and humanitarian thighs and socialist drapery. It's not enough to have wings; when I unfold them your perfume rises from the paper.

Great stretches of water—a gray vapor that appears to be moving—sunset melted dark ink—mass of trees—my ministerial partition—with the space of days before an address. As dancers ripple and retreat their faces remain movements of a body.

I thought of her dance without meaning, whistling through the bushes. My feet ahead of me—one among others—trembling resources—between that enormity and the moon on the hilltop here. Now I can hear part of myself penetrated by individualities. The city is immense.

This changeable sky sees the buildings differently. There are more flowers in the house than in the ground. The floor a forest of dark olive trees, sea at the far end...

Shadows glide beyond the plains with white sails—almost in the air—moving noiselessly over the surface of things. Another ocean climbed the mist, adjusting that human anatomy: horizon lines. I forget what I stayed at home to do. The blue spread out.

With my elbows on the table I'm going back to that place.

The Part Unseen

Is this the something else, the part unseen, the antidote of clouds, the sculptural path revealed, the winding staircase tucked behind a maple door...? Is there a person crouching in the foreground, among the rocks and reeds, or jumping in the background—up into the pogo sky with arms akimbo or folded like a chair, daring the bourgeois clouds or *of* them? I think he can't decide whether to fly or die... The toreador pants grip his shins—

or are those plum trees athwart the Plain of Jars...? Is this his lonesome cataract, the last bushwhack, the foxed and spotted contract, the *raison d'être* welling up, the parallax...? I think he isn't really there, couldn't see the door, didn't need to cure himself of clouds... Is this an alphabet of blood, or disappearing ink? I saw the river peacock-blue mirror from the slowing train in the blue dusk. I think there was a seagull streaking at the bend. It may have been a person in a boat, hauling up his oar to float the curve...

Nathaniel Mackey
1947

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

•

It was no Anuncio's last love
 song I was happy to see. Huff
 stepped in, as did Sophia. Net-
 sanet stepped in as well... All
 my
 companions came forth, my
 wray constituents, cooling board
 slab the ledge we connected
 on, up from the dead they might
 've
 come... All in my mind each in-
 sisted, surmise I tied up with,
 resin where there was none, ruse
 and
 remit, sweet frowning mouth
 one would kiss the hurt from, this
 was what we knew tej was...
 We
 were on a ledge, they reminded
 me, not under it, the we they
 would've been a severe wind we
 saw
 blow thru us, said more than saw
 but insofar as we said it saw, we
 the migrating they again, they the
 abraded wuh... A rush of memory
 was
 all it was, not even a dream. I was
 holding my place in the swirl of it.
 "Wind, be my rescue," I begged
 be-
 yond begging, only to hear the
 sound of it I knew and I repeated
 it, wind and wuh my respite, wind
 and
 wuh my rest... There was that and "I
 lay on a ledge" I wanted the sound of.
 Said it under my breath and repeated
 it.

Netsanet, Huff and Sophia said
 and repeated it, crest and crescendo
 I'd wanted I wanted, choir come
 in a new connivance come in, theirs
 the

true croon I coaxed... I was out on
 a limb I wanted to say but held
 tight, the knock in my head a bled em-
 broidery, beautiful to my surprise

but

to be run from. Only had I legs I
 caught myself mumbling, a poultice
 on my brow Sophia put there. Were

I

ill we all were she said, straight sutra
 I so took to heart I spilled over, wide-
 eyed Ethiopian, wept... Was it ledge

or

was it limb or was it lift my counse-
 lors queried, a quick book of the
 dead, mash catechesis. Itamar hovered
 in back having none of it, having while

not

having I thought. Only my own conceit
 though that might be it did occur to me,
 a ledge or a limb or a lift I lay on, legs
 wanting to be wheels, headspun... It

was

Brown versus Bardo again. All in my
 mind I reminded myself, reminded as
 I'd already been. "What of it I redeem,"

I

thought out loud as though it were mine
 to do so, everything all at once available,

all

of it moving

on

(slogan)

Told not to leave me there, they
left, ledge exit all they knew, all
they thought of. Lip was to ledge
as
to what fell away, sun's far reach
rubbed out... But Netsanet held
back, Itamar with her, tight mouth
whose hurt she noticed, hurt she'd
kiss
away. Tight mouth doing so she'd sa-
vor, her hurt mouth on his... Lip was
to ledge as to what fell away. This
the
books would call tej gambit, such
what
risk doled
out

“Hers,” I heard myself say, “go
sore doing so,” Netsanet’s lip
our deliverance. Lip still to ledge

as

to what fell away, mouth a re-
ceding blur a blown flute made
us think of, lost in thought though
it was as we thought of it, thought’s

prin-

cipality
shot

Peter Inman
1947

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

Six little pieces
(Webern)

Opus 7

int inch

peinchp

it laned in

chiesap

gnawnup gaskets
 enester

pinkenc

onundra neap tan
 spectra

measles
to frost

corolla

(1)

Opus 11

plem light

texture possum

lighp plesse

Opus 17

all of Lake Superior in
a beige hair pause
written as landscape

cobble quanta
crag limpse
there of work
of tone wool tan
sheer footnote

each linen tide
monk played flat
shape too blust of
cone ahem ice burlap

Opus 20

periods teal with ravel
creme polyp strasse
coda upon rice cowlick

glasses sofar "french verbs"
pored meadow out of them
a car in flan pea to lapse glum

whence pollock malachite
history resembled up to it
self miced study glimpse

Opus 24
(*nine instruments*)

sand gramophone how train horn tess fowl structure,

crepe comma jam, of plethora hair color pitch

loose by of whistle xylophone, snowed flesh around

Opus 28

her past zero land put to lapse

glacier
oleo so
slim fr.
another
its asp
pitch::
its lake
frozen
over so
that my
daybook
a plum
edge of
hair in::
(scar as
nerve's
misted(
typing's
icicled
anise::

tone snow of the faint
est sound of its middle
::prose quod::frost pl
aster seafloor erased in
::i meant all the music
as whereabouts::time
written down of itself

Rae Armantrout
1947

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

I And I

1.

We pursued our son and competed
to amuse him, first with toys, then
with stories, as we had done with
our friends.

To him it seemed as if, though roped
together, we each struggled to stand
in front, waving at him with a free hand.
Alarmed, he stepped back.

2.

Cut loose

almost ply

shining

aisles between

low isle

after isle

Moment to Moment

1.

Orange
poppy-speckled glass
vase alone

on a shelf,
neck twisted
to one side

like nothing else
in this guest room,

you organize
nothing.

2.

Overbearing,
that sleek leaf,

a yacht
on a stalk,

its long sharp prow
and curved gunwale
flanges,

the metaphorical
sum of itself

Sparks

Sharp, green
flames of weeds
give off
occasional yellow
flowers.

*

Weeds aren't flames?

They're God's tongues—
translucent, invasive.

*

To flicker: to sink
down and spring up,

to thrust.

To be the air
and also be the sun.

Tunnel Vision

All events
placed
in the future
are strange
because the future
is not a place.

*

You think
to have some place
to go.

*

How many scanners
between now
and home?

*

The recorded voice
saying, "Breathe.
Don't breath."

You'll do as you're told.

*

You funnel

Douglas Messerli
1947

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

*pleat**for Bernadette Mayer*

To alternates and averages let us put in the actual space of how, entering with awe into what the fantasy excludes. An abstraction in the end is an owl to put holes in leather, like arms at the shore, waving back and forth into the paradise of foam that leaves the course of intention like a dictionary buried in goal. Actually it's a catalogue to make new silence, eaten away by the works that executed that little oak, or an egg without its intention, proving that we left the horse all night out of the cart. But we're hungry so we need the quadrants to canvass their borders, edging into questions that come forward from the untold.

To alternates and averages leave a permission to build a too erect stature, running toward the wrest with a current of events. Repeatedly, some feast upon questioning, others respecting the redress with neglect. As for the joke, it's turned too yellow to square off the qualms of our hands. Heavenly form opens what color binds to compound eyes. The encyclopedia is not nearly as edible as it might seem. An awl screeches into the night, beating us up in a series of numbers that continue to suffocate the staves of our faith. The strings carry the chords away with the boat, traveling towards the end of their stroke. The voyager stumbles into starvation, turning into a mass of untold unanimous folds.

*Los Angeles, July 7, 2015**Tottering at the Edge**for Rosmarie Waldrop*

If a pane pretends to be impenetrable, rewarding the neighborhood with too much light, then the difference between identity and the knowledge of oneself is as read as a sticky August night, predicating an immediate disappearance of the sexual cry.

I am tired of men measuring themselves by the distance between their bellies and their necks, as if eye on the camera, they intended to play with words upon their parts. Can

I laugh without meaning? Can I grab that thick desire I often feel for the whole edifice, never quite visible in the vanishing point of assumptions?

All roads lead to a sentence, but I refuse to accept it. Rome is not a way to behave. To imagine hell, we need only close our eyes, its opposite being something we can never comprehend. Anxiety is a password to my childhood's anticipation for the horrors ahead. Even if my mother sits down in order not to weave, she might have fallen there, upon the bed. Age is an immersion into the possibilities of all mysteries.

From the window I can draw a vanishing point where even the image is a stone's throw from reality. If I sit long enough, the dark hallows out an invention of the myth. Providence is a word for pretending to be where your stomach has just dropped a moment or two before.

The shadow that stretches across your face is probably a product of a cataract, a whole downpour of possibility you see only in the translucent rays of bright night. You fall into the suspension of probability, and try to stand up to the gap between expression and what you might have imagined as sight.

So, I turned away from what I thought I might have to navigate, viewing from that panel a reflection of a vertiginous stairway where dancers descended. They were not dancers, I realized, but flashes of nostalgia, claiming my future existence. I put my hand up to shade my eyes—and then I saw it! The ink drying before I could write it out.

Los Angeles, July 24, 2015

John Olson
1947

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

Kierkegaard at Home Depot

I lie in my hospital bed dreaming of Laputa. The longer you live, the more your personal life becomes a conjunction, a sprocket of spectacular wizardry. Experience is always blind. Reflection gives it eyes. Grommets and morphine.

Or a little leisure, at least. A little idleness now and then goes a long way toward understanding silica, its chemistry and zigzags, its charm and tetrahedral coordination.

I don't understand the scorn toward the semi-colon, or the literary. Leaves bob and toss lightly in the rain, rejecting minimalism, espousing Proust.

Why does anyone write poetry? The intentions of the accordion are implicated in its folds. Imagine, for instance, Søren Kierkegaard at a Home Depot. He fondles a pair of self-adjusting slip joint pliers with a red handle and thinks that religious belief ought to be based on a strenuous exertion of will, but that the existence of God cannot be proved.

A voice over the loudspeaker announces a sale on halogen pendants and polished brass ceiling lights. What is it, he wonders, to be God's chosen? Is it to have denied in one's youth all the wishes of youth in order to have them fulfilled with great labor in old age?

If we did not have consciousness of the eternal and if all that exists were but a fermenting turmoil convulsed by obscure passions, what else would life be but despair?

The best way to install a ceiling fan is to hire an electrician. But if it's poetry you want, then you've got to find what you love.

Consciousness comes into existence when it is conscious of something, and conscious of being conscious of something. Make an incision, then remove the lyric: look at it wriggle, full of anxious life, unconscious life, a placenta swarming with words and avidity. Can anything more closely resemble the lineaments of gestation than a sphagnum frog?

Language is simultaneously interior and exterior, like these lawn chairs. The tension between faith and reason is redeemed by absurdity. Grill accessories, patio umbrellas, resin sheds.

There are apparatuses, and then there are apparatuses. The world is alive with transcendence. Swans are signs of semantic absorption. Our interactions with the invisible forces of our lives can be partly achieved by fulfilling that wish to be drunk by one's own body, to become the pulp of a nourishing nullification and carouse into existence like a carnival. The history of a life, no matter what it may be, is a history of frustration. You can use that to your benefit. The coefficient of adversity engorges the physical with divine extension.

Drukpa Kunley's erection so stupefied a demon that he was able to slay it with a single blow.

The wheel recalls its circularity by rolling. The novel is avid to expand its scope and so becomes a fez. I am not here, thinks Kierkegaard, so much to exalt tools, as to use them. But how does one reconcile reason to the divine? How does a big-box retailer create a consistent merchandising voice?

The pagan was gripped by anxiety when great fortune came his way, for he had a certain distrust of the gods. But in Christianity! One craves and strains after earthly goods, and then, to free oneself of that anxiety, thanks God! That is just how such Christendom becomes more worldly even than paganism.

The first stage to wealth is to become a sociopath.

But that's not how Christianity was meant work. It was not guaranteed by the manufacturer, and its relation to the temporal individual does not fit neatly into conceptual frameworks, and the outlet box and its support must be able to fully support the weight of the moving fan. The eternal is paradoxical because you cannot insert God in time.

The rejection of the actual and the projection of the possible is crucial. But don't reject everything without first sampling a little of what life has to offer in the way of webbing and paste. Being free means determining what one wants, not getting what one wants. These are the structural aspects of any given situation.

Making the electrical connections will be a little different. It is possible to solder aluminum but it is not easy. You can make crimp connections, but the contact resistance will be different than for a soldered piece of copper.

The divine is always present, we just don't see it. Don't let that discourage you.

Being is everywhere and offers a multitude of flavors, from cherries jubilee to the nutty coconut of perpetual possibility. We must question the meaning of being in order to be conscious of being conscious, which is like imprinting a sunset on a leather belt. You will have the impression but not the colors. You will have the general idea but not the breath and smell of it. I can identify almost any emotion by its weight. Though if it suddenly grows dark outside when I open a drawer of old letters, I cannot tell you why "salon" is such a pretty word. You might try selling wedding dresses on the side, or study granite. I am trying to fulfill my promise to the fjord. I have an iron emotion that obtrudes from my tongue. It's been a hard and difficult winter and now I'm in the market for some patio furniture. I like to go for walks in the morning. This is when the divine is most apt to be trembling with vinegar. I carry an umbrella as if it were a universe of thread and little thin ribs. The weight of it proves the existence of rain. The sound of rain is charmed and delicate and charged with life. I'm not calling any more lawyers in North Dakota about mineral rights. I'm done with that. All I want now is to nail my worries down to a plank of indifference, and head toward that mountain in the breath of the morning.

The Birch Doctrine

The birch doctrine in summer summons emeralds. Algebra is friendly to the lucidity of evergreen and exempts many further allegories from incessant vinegar. A metaphorical bistro has been emphatic. Mohair by the aerodrome, a bikini by the mushrooms. Virtue, in a later pyramid with a bone black expansion, wheels forward on an oath of oak and popcorn.

Fiction is square as well as ripe and flavored with nature. Ocher is the path to mustard and its emotion gives a hunger to the inflation of carp. A jungle in cake, a napkin pinned to a hungry wind. A diagnosis fondles a mirror pulled out of a disease of bone and drum. The Rio Tinto zinc mines which aggressively drag around on stilts are further symptoms of pith.

Libraries are better suited to the greed for grammar. The kind of grammar predicated on angora, dirt, and portulaca. Fireworks pulled from a ball of gurgled hallucinations. The ascension is detailed in oblivion. Perception alters the pickles.

A funny morality exhumed from a hive of wasps teaches us ideas of jackknifed coagulation. Morning scribbles its abstractions on a pumpkin. A wild time dangles from a violin. And a bald trombonist pulls a fold of protoplasm out of a wallet to pay for an impersonal consonant. One must always draw the clutter of life as if it were both vulgar and parenthetical.

The vowel I discovered on the top of my head was heavy and red, like a scratched mineral. Apollinaire unrolled the lotus of his mind and varnished it with wisdom. Medicine left us all feeling new and grand. Knots of verbal fiber inched its way toward a deeper meaning in a stew of prose and luscious hysteria. Greed murdered a goldfish.

The galaxy, in its elegance, felt visceral, as if a pineapple had rolled out of the door and into the hallway, tripping one of the neighbors I dislike. There is a door in the pigment opening to a wonderful seclusion percolated through a cone of isinglass and morphine. Each muscle is personified by an engine of spinning chairs. The humor of it is total flagstone, hectic with heat and paper.

The crab, contrasting with the hammer, has been reluctant to settle down and do crab-like things. Blood, meanwhile, comes in daubs, haunted and serious. The sternum collar stud has married the chair to its gloss. Our drawers are filled with summer, little potpourris of sloth and shittimwood. Below the aurora is a neck in the river that holds the secret of itself in cottonwood and willow.

My intent climbs to my mouth and jumps out in words over which I appear to have no control. Even the butter of morning bends into fish. A buffalo exclaims headlights are the eyes of a grizzled cacophony peremptorily rubber. I believe in nothing but my own two axioms: description is shaky, and bitumen is solemn. Mass and density are two sides of the same halitosis.

Crawling is enriched by hands. Grow strong from hammers. Touch the trapeze upon the pulling of it toward you. Then swing. Swing in squirts, like a rubbed tube of precipitous tinsel.

Smack that oar against the water and splash the clouds with camaraderie. Nothing exists that has not been mouthed by the smell of effusion. Coordinates scribbled on a café napkin, or a trumpet wrapped in silk. Those sweet experiences we sometimes hear in the fragrance of sheer endeavor. Algebra, with its surge of symbols, creates a feeling of consciousness, faucets arranged by kinetic mosquitoes in a dream of beauty.

Astronomy makes itself available, then later photogenic meat. Everything has a certain

weight to pull. Stars, or zippers, things you would not expect interfaced with thousands of inconceivable sensation, walks on the beach, an anchor descending into the water, a romance littered with jokes. The baking of sexual dollars in the Federal Reserve inflates a phantom wealth impregnated by a syringe of gooey improbability. The brushed fangs of an unbridled autumn converging with the tender meat of a day old harmonica.

There are some irritations that turn peculiarly aesthetic. Others are just plain irritating. A stove, annotated with strips of chrome, awakens the palpability of watts in its coils of gloss and glory, then recedes into shadow when the light is turned off. I have no further thoughts on this. My words revolt, grinding the world to a swollen indeterminacy, irritating critics, but otherwise providing a platform for the reverie of crickets. The metaphysics of a jerky chiaroscuro warming the shadows of a vagrant cantata plunges the rest of the story in straw.

Bob Perelman
1947

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

All-Purpose Disaster Poem

It's your fucking fault
that it's like this.

Hand me the clicker, would you?
Do you need another? I'm having one.

It wasn't ever like this
and now it's always like this
and it's your fucking fault.

Before, nobody could imagine it like this
but now nobody can think of anything else
and it's your
let's just leave it
but we can't just leave it and that's your fucking fault.

Not that I'm blaming you.
There was nothing you could do, really,
about all of it, that is. It's not like we live in a just world, do we?
The friend of my enemy's bff who just happens to be my boss's lapdog
and one day some drone just happens to take him out
and there's really nothing anyone could have done or not have done
and really it's no one's fault,
and that it's that random
is your fucking fault.

Hand me the clicker, would you?
Once it gets dark around here it stays dark.
When did the guy say he'd be here?
Two hours ago. Right.
And he's bringing...what?
He's bringing...*Coors*?
Coors Lite? Honestly,
fuck you. *I* would never, you're saying
I ordered *Coors Lite*? You can't be serious.
Give me the clicker. *Mad Men's* on.

Remember when they tried to cancel
the Sixties? They're always trying to
cancel the Sixties. The Sixties are dead. Deader
than psychedelic rock. And whose fault is that?
Whose fault is it that nature
pisses off my white-identified neighbor?

Whose fault could it possibly be? Think,
 because it didn't just happen
 that it'll never snow enough to cool down my being
 pissed off that it's your fucking fault.

Of course I walked around in my red corduroy bell-bottoms.
 Wherever I wanted to go. And I'm sure
 you walked around wherever you wanted to go
 in your red corduroy bell-bottoms.
 Why not? It wasn't as if there weren't enough
 red corduroy bell-bottoms.
 That's not the point. The point is
 that we totally lost the Sixties and all the revolutionary
 potential and the point is
 that it's your fucking fault.

It could have been anyone. That goes
 without saying. Evolution is a fact,
 a great number of facts.
 There are many many people. A
 no-brainer. Many more than either of us
 has time for. What's new?
 Fact: outer space exists; fish
 are disappearing; the seas are rising.
 Not quite on cue, but we all get the idea.
 Of course. We agree. Both of us
 agree. No question. Giant parking lots
 destroy manners. Patriarchy
 sucks the pleasure out of life
 at an unreplenishable rate.
 All of it goes without saying.
 So let's just shut up and wait for our fucking Coors Lite.

Do we agree that it didn't have to happen?
 Didn't. Did not have to
 happen. But it is.
 Happening. Do we agree? It could have been anyone
 but it was you and it's your fucking fault.
 I want to agree that it did not have to
 happen but I can't agree with you unless you agree with me.
 So now what?

For Emma

1.

They say
the mind can keep sense alive
for about seven seconds

and that we can register at most
seven things, coins, pebbles, apples,
or six, five

almost nothing.

2.

Maybe that's why
we invented the present
as a place to live, to keep the things we do know,

know so exactly, keep them exactly, keep
all of them, keep what we know

near, at hand, alive in our minds:
Emma.

3.

It's hard to remember what,
exactly, the light looked like

all that time ago, what it was saying in such detail, instantly, hard to
count
all the blackbirds in that pie, the extra-special one, four and
twenty they said it was, but we only see the

released flock, the single flying mass,
each one the only one, the first and only birth.

4.

Such a small set of seconds
to place everything in,

especially since not everything is here that we love,

which makes it impossible not to want the small set to be utterly
different,
the flock to have swooped right not left then up and back,
to have landed in any other tree

than that one.

5.

Not the look of the light, which is clear and vertical,
or soft and childlike, or whatever else our seven seconds dictate,
but how fast we read it
and know in an instant
that it's showing us exactly what is here, and what is not,
that's what makes the seven seconds
so endlessly hard.

6.

What we see
won't let us remember
what it looked like, before

sight turned hard as a stone
which can't remember
its own birth
let alone any of ours.

7.

It is our privilege alone
to disappear,
to never forget that we do,
never forget to set down what must be set down
so that it not be forgotten,
not be lost in all this time:
Emma.

Will Alexander
1948

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

Electric Rock Skull Puzzles

Wrestling with sigils
 with optical claw mark gases
 with umbilical intensities
 with telepathic forms of wheat

a thousand generated disciplines
 as if I suddenly ascended sucrose ladders
 listening to a puzzling temperature of sulphur
 responsible as it is for subsequent optical phantoms

as if I constructed glow worm beasts in a novel
 with their chopped intestinal auras wandering across a strangely
 coded stygian abyss
 its protons
 being electric rock skull puzzles posing as fragments of quinine
 as elliptical chloroform in movement kinetically removed
 physically abstracted
 being compound fire burning upward not the crimson springs of
 Tasmanian heavens
 they being
 the cosmic spine
 of captive offspring tornadoes

& these beasts
 blended
 suddenly living beyond death
 beyond the spinning miasma of demons
 being photons
 being the dark green duration of the universe
 as oneiric conception
 according to verbal scale
 according to philosophical larvae according to reversed mortality
 omens

not unlike a castle of theorems
 or puzzling chromosomes from suns spinning as solar optometry
 needles

that peer through the soul as signals at the numeric root of being

at times quoted according to darkened verbatim
 these photonic beasts
 crackling

as invisible forms strewn about
as if I could see them as forms flitting
across a smoky Saturnian oasis

Bruce Andrews
1948

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

From

If How

Spring 2015

belong

to part

colossal

legal

suspense

prayer

ur

crazy

local

microbe

Softground Spitbite

Confession — aliens
 though gung-ho
 win the cycle & scam the sensate
 model opium, post-sexy
 carbon synch
 unbuttondown
 the medium-size blaspheming
 end-of-the-world buffet
 postvariety — grease the wheels, scatter pacificism
 with one hand tied behind our back
 active shooter drill
 foster-child / foster-meaning
 otherweirdly cultural underaccumulationism
 recon — textual PTSD
 peace of mind, copy that, sir
 flashbacks — textual I.U.D.s
 who doesn't like a bribe
 plausible time frame gets enough money for complete sentences
 dead air grabs your stuff
 improve on the ridiculous
 whatever
 put a pin in...signatories to the swarm
 flexi-mouth as non-invasively as possible
 stripped of old meaning to get more cards to play
 sensus communis — good to none
 interrogative twerking de facto unreality
 pigs with bibles, meat in time/space
 start the clot maneuver
 the post-anxious unless unless raptor
 the normal just gets better
 the future is doing you a favor
 umessed up AARP on the sly
 autonomy votes, qualified to
 aping the shifters, the nighttimes, glad to glitter
 gala — word forgets itself
 T-Bone as a verb — under-and-over psychologiz
 vulnerable linguistic amazonian rain forest
 gawk at that tiny pencil
 quandary hurt, waves crest on the undone
 overcaffeinated, or bored?
 carnivore slings & errors beef up forget
 postpostwar words — apart versus edge
 "skittish prophecy"

fake it til you make it
 what gets comeuppance is what you leave behind
 a dose of pistoning — does my ex-husband count?
 squirrely, reproduction stops calling
 cover for me
 vexing from scratch, crowdedly connected
 future gets really close
 self-preceding not drowning in someone else's referents
 'friend' doesn't compute — timing the IF, THEN
 skills get creamier
 babyback emotion spliced back in desperate dictionary
 yes yes / yes yes yes — "Meaning is a dog."
 swell disjunctive donation
 over&under any very — No, we're Palestinian
 specialty audience, microbe alert
 no time to fight — unrefrigerate the materials
 the half thoughts 'll have time to puppy up
 intensity of afterthought is not treason
 any science can predict the past
 candidates drink — plug in pig clatter
 hell, we're drinking bee pollen
 single-pouted — drown your exception, absolute as exchange rate
 "mi palabra su palabra" — I thought it was real
 indulged omnitonguing re-entry
 ideal readers, fall on your sword
 reverse the inside-out postsensory
 better-than-fleshtoned — the best / left behind
 outside shining the sugar frequencies anxietize that donation
 honk if
 prosthetics without the disability confused crime
 emancipation not as but from grandstanding
 "blurb on!" — slurp on, aleatory
 crash-tested anti-aging unsameness

Kit Robinson
1949

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

*Open, To Love**for Paul Bley*

Tenderness written by hand
Think of all the ways we can fail!
Stop practicing
Simply perform and record
This is the big time
The time of your life
Watching rain drops
Suspended in air
Land on the walkway
To tomorrow

And so turn another corner
With sadness as its boutonniere
And sweetness as its grapefruit
Because we are gone in that moment
And only too eager for another taste
If we have taste it is only for stones
Light on puddles
Swoosh of tires
An amalgam of affect brimming like a sea
As if we were making all this up

Stay inside the boat
One of many wise sayings that come to mind
The river is wide
Neither have I
The wings to fly
On down the line
The line is a unit of joy
Like a popsicle
But that is preposterous
Because it takes too long to say

It is strange to be gone in a moment
Between Canada and Florida
Falls the shadow
A kind of linger
About a hand's breadth apart
And climbing
The light fades
The garrulous forms persist

Meeting out justice in all the old familiar spaces
 Ones our heads could never get used to

Open, to love
 A space we can inhabit
 Structures that fall into place
 Momentarily speaking
 Which is nothing if not surprising
 Like cutting up vegetables for soup
 The knock of the knife
 Wood that comes like a tree
 From having been there
 And knowing where we go from here

Garcia Road Screed

America has intermarried
 Wake up
 Do not fall prey
 The concept of the blank page
 Is history
 Each moment is embedded
 In story
 What is yours
 They interweave with the best of us
 Doors open

Then song enters the picture
 An ear in the mind of a worm
 Torn up about outer space
 I Know About The Life
 A low ratio of signal to noise
 In the sound of Archie Shepp
 The song is Well You Needn't
 Held over for performance
 In different heads
 Falling through time

You can make your own pages
 Coffee is the work of many backs
 Hauling beans across continents
 The air is thick

Dust of copulas covers the earth
We drive right down to the Ocean
Glide along the beach
Body surf on syllabic waves
Air circulates above the surface of the planet
Succulents persist

Tina Darragh
1950

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

from *mutant solidarities*

Nuclear bee manifest

iudgeth due to dust
 restoring crooked shore
 indication
 to wing beyond me
 has..been drawn to direct
 symptomatic man as
 imaginative strike
 party jargon for rallying a powers of the parts into a perfect
 coincidence muste shalle be gode
 many people no longer feel man's future state depends simply on such
 a separation
 rescience of future signalling a wall-off leaky distinction
 future tens by future times were changed
 lively dead wall or a thick mist
 achievement in Making all fruits of up spot and gee-whiz deviation
 from official wrooted wage 'moments' or 'conversations'
 futured other hopes lingering toward lived act and react

Charles Bernstein
1950

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

My Father Would Be a Yarn Salesman

Sappho is too cerebral
Lao Tse cannot be categorized
Buddha is the real thing
Confucius does not communicate
Homer is a witch
Heraclitus no longer has affect
Aeschylus is easy
Sophocles communicates
Euripides is too emotional
Socrates is a fake
Aristophanes is too emotional
Isocrates is a fake
Plato is not emotional enough
Diogenes is morally repugnant
Aristotle cannot be categorized
Longinus is abstract
Epicurus is not emotional
Cicero is rhetorical
Julius Caesar is elitist
Lucretius is not emotional enough
Catullus is hypocritical
Virgil is a sycophant
Ovid is solipsistic
Jesus is the real thing
St. Augustine is morally repugnant
Maimonides is difficult
Thomas Aquinas is difficult
Guido Cavalcanti is elitist
Cimabue is heartless
Dante loves God
Giotto cannot be categorized
Petrarch is a conformist
Chaucer is misunderstood
Brunelleschi brought me to tears
Van Eyck lacks heart
Fra Angelico is too emotional
Leon Battista Alberti is spiritual
Piero Della Francesca is psychedelic
Crivelli is dogmatic
Memling is artless
Botticelli is enmeshed in fantasy
Lorenzo de Medici is hypocritical
Bosch is awkward

Mantegna is perfect
Leonardo da Vinci is too emotional
Savonarola is too cerebral
Skelton is dogmatic
Machiavelli is affirmative
Erasmus is not emotional enough
Michelangelo is morally repugnant
Titian is a barrel of laughs
Giorgione is sincere
Thomas Moore is heartless
Montezuma is a witch
Raphael swings
Luther leaves me wanting more
Cortes is affirmative
Rabelais is cynical
Correggio is trendy
Holbein is not emotional enough
Bronzino is abstract
Wyatt is not affirmative
Surrey is free of dogma
Parmigiano does not conform
Montaigne is contradictory
St. John of the Cross suffers fools gladly
Cervantes is a fake
Spencer has affect
Sidney is accessible
Annibale Carracci is narcissistic
Bacon is riddled with riddles
Dowland is a real human being
Marlowe is heartless
Shakespeare is delusional
Galileo has a Jewish cast of mind
Caravaggio is not emotional enough
Monteverdi is humble
Campion is too ideological
Donne makes sense
Ben Johnson is too cerebral
Guido Reni is a nihilist
Rubens is compliant
Herrick is incomprehensible
George Herbert is perfectly clear
Descartes is too cerebral
Poussin has affect
Van Dyck shows courage
Cromwell is enmeshed in fantasy

Velásquez is a conformist
Rembrandt is defiant
Milton is too ideological
Bradstreet is sincere
Corneille is not affirmative
Andrew Marvell is a formalist
La Fontaine is universal
Blaise Pascal is not spiritual enough
Dryden is free of ideology
Spinoza is too cerebral
Locke is humorless
Vermeer is hallucinatory
Racine is ironic
Newton is anthropocentric
Edward Taylor is idealistic
Leibniz is queasy
Cotton Mather is misanthropic
Swift is too cerebral
Vico is emotionless
Watteau is racist
Handel is a fake
Bach is perfect
Scarlatti is dated
Bishop Berkeley is the real thing
Pope is fairly androgynous
Richardson is clumsy
Jonathan Edwards is a fake
Fielding is too spiritual
Samuel Johnson is ideological
David Hulme is a fairy
Diderot is not emotional enough
Laurence Sterne is clownish
Thomas Gray is a drunk
William Collins is precarious
Rousseau is free of ideology
Smollett expresses a female point of view
Kant leaves me cold
Moses Mendelssohn has a Jewish cast of mind
Oliver Goldsmith is professional
Cowper is a coward
Fragonard is inconsistent
James Macpherson is arrogant
Tom Paine is ethically challenged
Goya is narcissistic
Jacques-Louis David is disappointing

Goethe misses the point
Crabbe is hyperbolic
Burns is adolescent
Danton loves God
Blake is a careerist
Napoleon is a hooligan
Wordsworth is affirmative
Hegel is shallow
Hölderlin is tendentious
Walter Scott is misunderstood
Coleridge is mired in fantasy
Jane Austen is cynical
Schopenhauer is cynical
Byron is un compelling
Shelley is an intellectual thug
Turner is a nonconformist
John Clare is elitist
Keats is seductive
Thomas Carlyle is deep
Thomas Hood is emotional
Emerson is almost perfect
Hawthorne is hopeless
Mill is soporific
Elizabeth Barrett Browning is pessimistic
Longfellow plays it safe
Whittier does not suffer fools
Felix Mendelssohn is intense
Darwin is transcendent
Tennyson is sentimental
Poe is a formalist
Dickens is not affirmative
Browning is nonsensical
Edward Lear is silly
Büchner is absurd
Kierkegaard is abstract
Trollope it too analytic
Thoreau is sardonic
Marx is adorable
Emily Bronte no longer has affect
Melville swings
Whitman is gibberish
Ruskin is too cerebral
Baudelaire is a dandy
Dostoevsky is a monster
Matthew Arnold is riveting

Dante Rossetti is too decorative
Tolstoy is affirmative
Dickinson is confused
Christina Rossetti is a fake
Lewis Carroll brought me to tears
William Morris loves God
Twain is defiant
Swinburne is joyless
Thomas Hardy is not spiritual
William James is cliquish
Mallarmé is a fake
Henry James takes risks
Hopkins does not have a Jewish cast of mind
Nietzsche is degenerate
Lautrémont is a witch
Van Gough is solipsistic
Rimbaud is frivolous
Wilde has affect
Freud is sarcastic
Conrad is incorrigible
Housman is exemplary
Yeats is ambiguous
Dowson is morally repugnant

Dennis Phillips
1951

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

From “*Islands*”
Part Three of *MAPPA MUNDI*

Fractals

1.

This island sentiment a desert one.
Desert means deserted or humanless
—are we not still the measure of all things?

Yet missives abound.
We’re summoned by wonder
and though the glyphs are clear
the language they mark’s unknown.

No reason not to dwell there.

Desert island desert city walls and wedges,
poor dirt sintered, pressed and coined.

Where water slides on sand: a mystery to feed on.

2.

Alternatively, the pilot asks you where you’d like to go.
You tell her, Five syllables.

Here’s the dilemma in a nutshell—
not Hamlet’s nutshell: that has only four syllables—

she means to jump elements as pilots do.
Her boat pulls abeam the runway.

Where’d you like to go, she asks
and you say yes.

3.

Does the fogbank that envelops you blow in from afar
or condense just out of sight and then roll in?

Does island thinking seek an agent?

Tiny birds too high up in the current
bathe in droplets there
bone knowledge of a prehistory
an earth just jungle and ocean
now basin and range
the baffles set
to keep the fogbank coastal.

4.

Tap root, umbrella spines, mangrove swamp,
taro patch, potato garden, carrots in a row—
to coast the perimeter in dampened waters,
paddle quiet to keep the others' sleep.
In the background barrier reefs sieve the swells calm.

Dangle in warm bay
dive between corals down to Sandy Pylos.

Canoe bottom up from under
sun's rays, tap roots, umbrella spines
someone's fingers reaching down.

5.

Some eidetic phantom's image
the sad thing's the forgetting
and then there's the concomitant remembering
and this the hottest earth anyone's recorded
so record's not the same as turning off the kettle
trying to make the impermanence of it all appealing
the headache that results, the joint aches that ensue.
O Prospero, is this where I break the staff and drown the book,
and deeper than did ever plummet sound?

6.

Tropical morning humid and clouded
the inside view of the outside stage

neither the world nor the recording of it
bound by cross-hatching

just the rhythm of how things are and seem
the outside view of the inside stage.

Coda

A shoal in frenzy; surface an agitated skin;
below calm sways in surge and current
and the bodies in motion
and the momentary perfection of it
and if this is a prelude, fluid compared to fluid,
then how find a language,
music or substance?

This the wanderer we live on
where blood and ocean share salinity
where Mexican Fan Palm
and California Coastal Oak share a name.
And the birds too high up in the currents
that wrap it and the traces and the clouds
the animated world where movement begets movement
where the ghost in the curtains sets the ocean moving
and the spin we can never feel traced by winding, seen and unseen
that moves and sounds and comforts and destroys
that rocks the cradle and wipes away cities.

Elaine Equi
1953

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

Exquisite Corpse Pose

1.

My feet are full of static.

My toes curl uncertain, remembering shoe.

Part of my thigh has melted and is stuck to the floor.

My right knee turns unexpectedly into an erogenous zone.

My left knee can gallop if it must.

My pelvis is a soup bowl awaiting a dollop of crème fraiche from on
high.

My spine leans against the broom closet of my back.

The inside of my mouth has fallen asleep, (I didn't know it could do
that)
is warm and dreams of chocolate.

2.

Buried within are layers of previous lives

as a stuffed animal—soft
as a marionette—hard
as a side of beef—meaty

or perhaps just a diagram of a side of beef
hanging in the blood rich air of a butcher shop.

A river of cold passes over me.
I should have closed the window.

Yesterday I was sad
but couldn't locate the feeling
anywhere in the body.

It was more an air—
unwholesome tune,

shimmering ruin
that breathed me sad.

Today I'm just an outline of myself
scrawled at a crime scene.

But my arms are happy not carrying or caring.
My hands are happy to be empty.

3.

At night, my Isis must recollect
from far flung regions,

must reconstruct from a broken
threnody of gestures,

a whole what?—person that is more
than a placeholder.

Tossing eyes, elbows, shins
into the cookie jar of the brain,

the she that is and is not me
must spread identity evenly

throughout the body
and wait for it to rise.

4.

I fidget as if I've forgotten something—

a beach somewhere
I must have dozed off on.

Am startled to find another "me"

almost transparent, opalescent,
hovering a few inches over my body
following my breath.

But really it's not that dramatic,
like looking at a reflection in a mirror
only we both face the same way.

Magritte has a painting like this.

5.

My body speaks
its own language
of ouch and ah,

of gurgling
underworld
tableaus.

It only half listens
as I talk to my self

as if I were someone separate,
as if body were the child.

Though often it's mind
that grows unreasonable,

irritated, trying to fly off
in different directions at once,
while body keeps it tethered steady.

6.

Now light returns
from the center
of the earth

to the tin ceiling
of the yoga center's
motionless sky.

Soon I must
sway, creak,
hoist myself
vertical again.

I don't want to—

want to stay close
knowing all I don't.

But the bell rings,
and it's time to slip back

into the camouflage
of everydayness—

busy bright oblivion—

other world
into which we
all must vanish.

Thérèse Bachand
1953

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

typewritten #120

though willingly	much
desired / content	yet happy
work & therefore	take
another step	ahead
enjoyed being	told
giving joy	rest
made life more	widening
insecurities	pre-empt
deep kind	nest
intelligence	refrains
knits thou	amor

*September 1, 2016**typewritten #123*

finitude in	comic-strip
prism / tonal	registers amped
& read to	let go
earthy manacles	finger
time's	cartography
as forgotten	objects testify
to expired	beliefs
or future	algorithms

*September 7, 2016**typewritten #126*

the iridescent	cosmology
of your eyes	charting
my course from	here to
you / open your	eyes, you
said, and look	at me
and so I	did / what
did you see?	my hair
is still	growing &
I am not	dead

September 11, 2016

Cole Swensen
1955

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

from *Gave*

I walk along the river
would river me a mirror
and too, we are alone.
to the shatter or the
threw a rock into the water.
cut like crystal
as you look down through
light
As does a river, if
you can peel it, layer
in the sun.
and when dry, wrap it around
seem to run, but there's
that never moves again

among the walked along
would the river, too, on
I, in walking over
splinter. Someone
A river is always
you could cut yourself on
refracted facets that fracture
always looks better in pieces.
you can split it, if
by layer and dry each layer
Dry each layer in the sun
a stone. Rivers so often
another part of them
in their stones.

The Standing

are walking.
 what forest? over the
 inch and click.
 To raise

an arm so slowly the watcher
 turns blue:
 Either:
 Wither:
 Every
 weather is a splintered thing with a shard slipped
 and laced and they inaugurate. The blue tree
 is the basis of that which:
 Look: This:

where the focus is rife but the needle slightly off.

We stand as seen.
 We are always walking within

1) who was
 2) in a thin
 stream of
 fissured sky, the skied vein
 (if it's sheer it saves and it seems to be
 a glorious shape (glory be) slightly discerned
 turned around
 3) this yet. Stepped. a dismembered curve
 (The elm which in turn fissures the mind.
 4) were
 5) there
 climbing in the utmost
 6) root. will spiral air and thus
 we are.
 7) Taupe. We start to hear. 8) eight. aim. out. bow. touch
 the top of the head to dirt. This is how we walk now. 9)
 I'm
 in an operating theater watching them open a heart.
 The figures file past. The figures who file past, merely by virtue
 of doing that, tend
 what shakes, drifts, leans
 To touch a dozen hands
 10) to the rest.

Deborah Meadows
1956

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

Sevens

1. it means education, in English, is forbidden

2. then she sprayed champagne
all over people seated up front

3. by a brick building, a man, alone
at night, looks up where bands practice

4. it was coming into form—
how they long for it

5. they interleaved five stories of
filmmakers in Buenos Aires

6. out of hunger for more accolades,
he spoiled his career with exaggeration

7. a sparse setting—the International
Space Station—can cause desire
“to see” atmosphere

1. a point, or the points of yourself

2. a package of mixed parts, a “package
script”

3. he turned shapes of the island
to a music score

4. See, a light feature. Not a language
of birds.

5. re-staged at Central Park: cranked
out by volume

6. it’s been done before, but
this time is better

7. shortages and 20 million
climate refugees

1. The lead was played by a robotic chimp, so it wasn't dangerous.
 2. Did Topsy (Freud's patient's dog) really dream about her?
 3. All animals are unnamed—a reverse Genesis—associative descriptors abound.
 4. All twenty-one captive Coptic Christians were beheaded by IS.
 5. The actors were good but not the writing—they deserve better material.
 6. Does the big dog think the little dog is “his dog”?
 7. They make a living by clouding the author's identity.
-
1. What's worse: actively lying or letting a falsehood slide?
 2. That worked against herd immunity.
 3. Might the situation be a night club?
 4. An old guy reads his dramatic monologue about a Tender loin strip club.
 5. She is a goddess, he said, for nineteen years.
 6. His struggle to cross each intersection while old and Viagra kicks in.
 7. “8, 7, 6, 5”, beep sequence, “white guy.”

1. Did I get it? Is it dead?
2. Unlikely to have agreement until five minutes to midnight.
3. Leave the union? Would never happen!
4. Weather forecast: more of the same.
5. Remember, you are indebted to us.
6. Portable coinage makes mercenaries even.
7. Why not cancel invention?

1. another ten acres: more fence line, more flat notes
2. if it wasn't resolved, they'd have gone after assets of rich Greeks
3. unsupported immediacy, truth
4. Rose sea slugs incorporate DNA from algae, use the "sting" from Portuguese Man-of-War on others
5. A ship's prow, its pain
6. can we transfer our toxins?
7. all lay before our eyes

1. how children learn their instrument
2. his tone of voice made just about any assertion easily swallowed

3. oh, to reverse time!

4. impure water, “hot” snow, but
not sexy

5. In class: lycanthropy confused
with Niedecker’s *lichen*

6. what correlated to matter you
see

7. perhaps they are substitutes

1. Here, variation on a small radiant
marker

2. star so bright, can our abode
be GPS coordinates so high?

3. online death list in the news,
violent harvest

4. drone targets not fetal defenders

5. monsters lurk in depths of
our aesthetic regime

6. Touch the screen, but thou shalt not
parody

7. a snappy corporate name: bing
or wheel!

1. Missing bow, \$40. reward.
Martin Recurve

2. left by fountain

3. Strong horizon line, high color contrast

4. He interviewed people on “trust.”
5. Many entered the field today.
6. Wire wound like a cloud
on each of three rocks.
7. a semionaut’s stamp collection

Diane Ward
1956

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

Blue Sensed-Space

of corroboration, spectators pass from vapor to solid
and back
from water-body to headlong summiting, closing
cut through with gravity

parts of the same pigment-body
an arm of the sea scattering blue

deep space, duration-space
and gesturing to sketch the movement across the boundary-layer
outlied in precipitate panic-appeal
distanced and shifted toward background blue

not sloughed-in, without agency
exchanging inhibit and inhibition free

a post-landscape ground flows outside form
no receptive spaces for the object, the body
the body-ground sinks beneath itself
old binarial bondage: if not of the water, of the shore

where branches of earth slip aside
bedrock fractures and falls behind its stiff lip

sometimes the potential memory itself
vertically through water-time
movement, grasp the unseen
sound as it strikes

where it leaves and where it crosses
where it encounters passions

forms occupied with matter
land erupts beneath the gestured
or, the land frames out
toward an internal perception of our bodies

the whispered story of dread sensations
gestures flung by a sweep of the painter's entire arm

a sense of coexistence without bodies
an internal touch, representation of the effect
of the thing, not the thing, not the thing as single

as biotic community within a cultural context

you do not have to be a viewer to be within a viewshed
do not have to have a body to witness

only a glimpse?
azure beyond
deep-distanced time
figure fused with terrain

against a double horizon: external space, bodily space
no magnitude can resist water's solvent fluency

vegetable colors: flowers, seeds, berries, nuts, bark, wood, and
 roots of plants
colored earths: yellow, red, brown ochres
clays that swarm on the surface in sedimentary deposits
since it is a glass, a sand, a blue glass pigment

and since it is transparent, it anticipates itself its
streak down the painting

“according to the object, paint its form”
like sharp splinters, tiny air bubbles
in brushstrokes like cloud heads, thunderheads
water is structural

rocks form the structure of mountains
and water forms the structure of rocks

the flow should be directed through empty spaces
there should be interruptions, but not breaks
the night's arc jammed with the echo of waters
more space than landscape

very hard to master what appears to stick with me
a very long time but time doesn't count

there will be three shades of blue:
the top of which is the face
the light which is the light
and the clearing, that emptied distance

15 March 2016

Tan Lin
1957

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

Scalene Unto Thy Wikipedia

(sibling) start a harp
in this ogled phylum

or Alice veg (sub head): with a little
oleander and punish

a spoon will crack today
(award into symbol). Look at yesterday: a gown

was a kind of
traipse crockery and partition in the pollen

On Tuesday significant schlicht and
you, doodling

collagen; (you) threw
chair (lift-off)

and so the names for mending--
those Sojourns Romans

and on Monday I read Wikipedia to the nine year old:

Eckehardt Schlicht is a German economist.
He is best known for his work

in labor economics, custom
in economy, and his

contributions
to the field of institutional economics.

and on Monday, short division
and the Sieve of Eratosthenes mean the same

as shrinkage and shrinking, mean I looked
for you on my

phone and a little bit of somebody's
gossamer reacts

to the Harbor-In-Spam, and
the New-York-in-the-drabness part

of me asked for
some stampeded sunshine

that the organization retracted, that sowed a
pro forma bridge, that was I

plucked and oblong, like the tucking of your draperies
and you pissed Kitty republic of

Print Layout Octagon and Safari Track Model
Our Sullen ratio meant: it wept

another television,
like rice looker i.e. like

the rice that looks like us, like hair list like missed the bus like card
like ass
like the university mail system

hatch with me & my paste is lilac
blah blah blah

Joe Ross
1960

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

from *Last Days on Earth*

This is left

An old man sitting on a bench

A cane

Supporting the sun which will not support us

A broken world

In full repair

A Race

Time itself, against time

Love Pulling

Us to ourselves to see
the waters rising, against water itself

Oh how you have tried, so hard, so tired

A tide of trends

Documenting ourselves, against documenting itself

A Key

Which opens something so far lost
replaced by a code replacing itself

A Perpetual State

of just about
to collapse as collapse fights desperately against itself

Love Pulling

A female voice from far away
becoming clearer, stronger, against silence itself

This is left

A half forgotten story and have remembered songs

A Music

Made of the silence found between notes
of time vibrating and marking a moment itself

A Making

That is each now, that ever was ever will be
you in constant construction, against construction itself

A Woman hugging a child

On the grass in a daisy strewn park
watching a boat taking water, taking time itself

A Swinging door

On a rusted hinge shrieking open and closed
outside and in, inside and out, interchangeability itself

A Balloon

Half floating in dirty air drifting
defying accepted truths like gravity, against gravity itself

A Shore

Defined by the sea which has become a wall
invisible and real, a single wave against singularity itself

Love Pulling

The separation together stitching the fabric of want
into the whole from which we became, against becoming itself

Elizabeth Robinson
1961

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

*Joseph Cornell dreams after reading Liane de
Pougy's My Blue Notebooks as he falls asleep*

*"the umbrella' i.e. in the dream the boy used the
girl's nakedness as a shield for his own"*
Joseph Cornell

May 18

The spoon lifts the broth from the bowl to the lips.

What I mean is, transport

is the container. Is the tremble.

*It's nice to be ill together, to look after each other...
'Show me your tongue, how is mine?'*

Then I spill.

My tongue, shaped to receive, returns from the purse of my lips. Spill
from

whatsoever height. This

is how we fumbling mouths look after each other.

The broth spreads

from the tabletop

to the floor.

November 8

I wanted to see their ancestral home.

There was a great entrance on a beautiful cobbled street, and
opposite it, another great entrance.

In my false dream, the one written in blue ink,
someone gave me the address.

We then dreamed together of a sexual encounter,
but there, I declined to enter her. She
held me in her mouth.

I'll not be able to remember what her mouth told me.

I tried to make my way there. Later, she gave me a clue:
*Find one decorative light grey old piece incised or
inscribed "too late."*

Wrote in a message:

"On rainy days, when the family wanted to go from one
house to the other, they had themselves carried so that they
wouldn't muddy their feet. You would see the old Countess
coming out first in the arms of two footmen, followed by her green
dwarfs, also being carried by two stout fellows."

September 24

His daughter saw him in church making

crosses with holy water all

over his body, even on the tips of his toes.

A sign? For I had no daughter. But

toes, I have toes.

She came back and mildly stroked my feet, saying, “Be *grand*, keep them.”

I assented, bathing up to the ankles. Then she

donned the water, and to adorn herself, plucked the holy marks from

my extremities, each cross becoming the first

pearl on a thread suddenly caught up.

October 5

Dreams swathed in

antiseptic and cotton wool

(a dressing, a phrase:

“Children, I have a confession to make.”

But the confessor is himself a boy—

or is “confessor” the one who receives the confession?)

The bandage slowly unwound itself from the phrase, adhering to the
raw spot.

What was revealed was inconsistent, or rather, inconstant,
luminous

with glycerine.

Each confession being its own conspiracy-in-miniature, the
wound

solicitously checked, but also judged.

The boy peered at me with his corroded telescope, then nicked away
at

the raw spot, its full, bright admission,
promising that I'd soon see it too,

spying with his good eye-piece.

Rod Smith
1962

Biography at
www.pippoetry.blogspot.com

The World Beyond Your Head

merits ferrying parrots and coinage, our
 little feeble imperatives wrinkled half-lives
 smacked alive by light riled dumbled *capitalistas*, la mer
 du sandlewood of inter-monk spillage, some bump
 a laureate un pied pop llama klock, rrrrooo rrooo rooo yr boote
 well into the traipse these are thumbs these are expert
 thumbs.

the density of experience

the lacks we had linger
 like a “married” “kiwi”
 called out called again called
 let me see or “suffer”
 again the seeming, drawn circling--

our sad half-hopes
 traipse us, & sleep there.

sleepy in there.

*Humble reviewer loses out to talented editorial fix which
 is a monkey sound or wall of sex action heroes mewing*

“in ‘space’” the

the latent decorative braid

(short radial extensor)

and the sky above it -- so

pulse in the wait

& do something

with bow, wings, clinching

a doghood blackmail myrrh
& madness, like a Toyota
the paraphrased circular seance
Trotskyist syllabics in the optic
accident, a cold pale spectrous
milling firm in the doubled
globule of pulse the caressed
right margin a kind
stereo of bones, pearls, & goofs