

As yet, no judge sits.

Yet in every juror's mind,
a certain gavel suspends
swaying.

49: I would impregnate you with joy,
so touch your heart with seeded tongue,
so thrust your ribs apart with love,
so bare your loins to stark noon

I would impeach you from your post,
I would return you to your laugh,
I would seduce you to yourself,
I would release you from your name.

71: When I heard Beethoven's Seventh
twice in one night, I knew
there would be good news
in the mail tomorrow.

There was.

VOICES would print
my Communion with Yevtushenko.
I wrote Robassil, rejoicing.
Next night, I listened again.
No Beethoven.
Nor the next night. Nor the next.

In the silence, Beethoven
came to me:
'Though I bring good news,
don't listen to me for mere signs:
listen to the good news I am.'

He will not be used.

Abashed, I forgot Beethoven,
turned on the radio, and listened
to whatever was on.
Later, Beethoven, without a glance
at me, came on again.

Next morning, there was more
good news in the mail.

72: Now, look here, ludwig,
are you playing games with me?

'Do you like my music?'

Yes.

'Do you like good news?'

Sure.

'Well?'

85: One day across the street
I saw a man in the window
with his very young son,
kissing the boy, muzzling
his cheek and ear,
gently.

When he saw me watching
this natural affection,
he drew back suddenly
ashamed.

Did I see something wrong?

-- Will Inman

New York, New York

Recommended

108 Verges Unto Now (Will Inman) \$2 from Carlton Press, Inc., 84 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 11, N.Y.

To An Imaginary Daughter (Walter Lowenfels) has been published by Horizon Press, 156 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10, N.Y. (\$3.50).. a masterwork of the modern prose-poem-proem ... the human and verbal values are wed with intelligence and wit.

These Renegade Press books are \$1 per from the Asphodel Book Shop, 465 The Arcade, Cleveland, Ohio: Subways, Subways, Subways (Dave Rasy with A. Sypher prints), The Bloodletting (Allan Katzman), Key's (John Keys), Poems of the Glass (Margaret Randall), Selected Poems (Judson Crews) and Dreams At The Tea-Table (George Robert Beck).

The Abandoned Railroad
- for Marilyn

Say, love, that we left even this
To tell of all our coming, going:

A certain laid-out, carved-out look
To the land (no matter the weeds).

Here and there a tie too stubborn
To let itself be wrenched from habit.

If searched for, a spike hammer asserting
A lifetime of long, unrusted days.

Foundations (miles apart) of places that
Once posted whole timetables of love.

And, perhaps, someone to travel out of
His way to view all this coming, going.

From The Front End

Leaving the northwest tip of Iowa
We catch a corner of Minnesota,
Then find ourselves in South Dakota —
Three states in twenty minutes!

(There are poets masquerading as railroadmen
Who remember earlier days:
A full fifty pounds lighter,
Keats in hand, poems in every pocket,
They tragically knew they'd
Never leave Illinois.)

Pleased at my surprise, the trainmen
Pass around paper cups of black coffee.

— R. R. Cuscaden
Harvey, Illinois

Recommended

Poetmeat:6, Poetry In New York (45¢) and Flowers
Of Snow by Tina Morris (25¢) from Screeches Pub-
lications, 11 Clematis St., Blackburn, Lancs,
England.