

Poor Man's Woods

Walking through the summer woods
when I was poor and hating the world
I pulled my thick belt from its loops
and swung it whistling toward the leaves
which quivered on the lowest branch.
The blow was something more than brash --
I struck as hard as I would strike
the deadly threat of poisonous snake.
The whistling belt arched high and fast,
pivoting in my knotted fist.
It ripped a space around the branch
and leaves sank down like dollar bills.

-- Wallace Kaufman

Osney-town, Oxford, England

Capsule Wormwood Reviews:

PICTURE POEMS (Kenneth Patchen) 1962-- two different sets, \$1.50, Miriam Patchen, 2340 Sierra Court, Palo Alto, Calif. -- highly recommended.

UNTITLED EPIC POEM ON THE HISTORY OF INDUSTRIALIZATION (R. Buckminster Fuller) \$3.50, Jonathan Williams, Pub., Highlands, North Carolina (Jargon 44)--The book of Genesis of the industrial revolution, possible venerated some day. Excellent prose-poetry while handling theories of physics, mechanics, sociology, in a palatable way! Can statistics be made poetry? Guess so! A book to stretch minds of poets and non-poets. Quite possibly, the poetry of the future -- of the integrated, automatized society (not 1984) where everyone is a necessary functioning piece of a machine called Utopia. Poetry and society built with an erector set can be successful. Try it (the book that is).