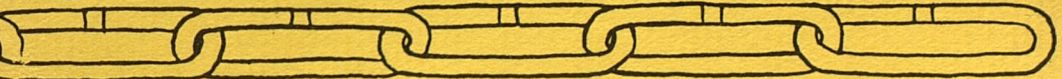
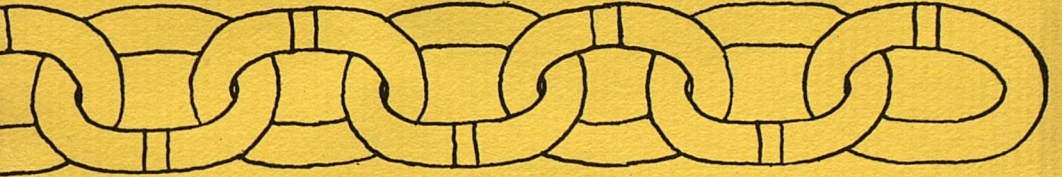
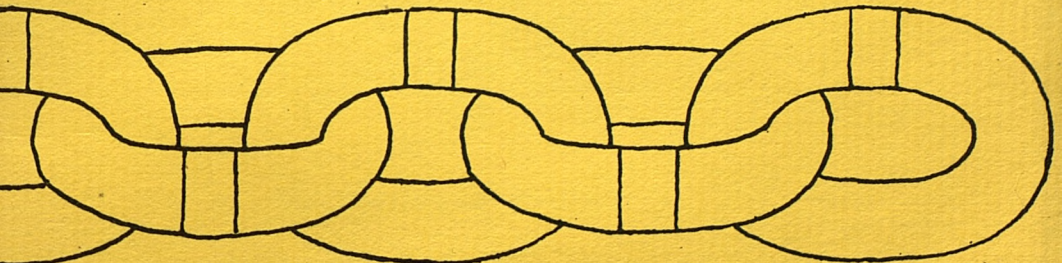


Wormwood Review

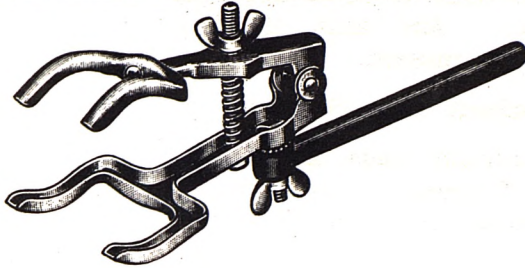


The Wormwood Review

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The Ambush of Pollock

1. **Two feet out
the window

her ass on
the window-sill
and her left hand

reaching
 for the Moon.**

2. **The rider in black
passed under

her window
and never knew
what hit him

driving home
 the ready road.**

— James Ryan Morris

Homage to S. Z. P.

What sort of birds
are these? things too
heavy to walk. too large
for flight.

Yet capable of shadows
overhead always till we
die. And then, in the
final moment

against the eyes.

Breaking them to glass.
In fragments from the
bottom up, they sit

the final strange fence.

— James Ryan Morris
Seattle, Washington

For Those Who Are Alive After Twenty

Crack all mirrors and carry
suitcases of faces.

Remember Galileo. Answer "Yes,"
and then say "No" in every corner.

Sign every pledge without reading,
and then live honestly,
but never let them know.

— Duane Locke
Tampa, Florida

In Memory And Celebration Of The
Cracked Glass Of Marcel Duchamp

when these words are read
please
with reverential silence
tear up the page

Childhood Games

abandoned marbles
a circle
a head of a mad dog
drawn in chalk
real blood
on his cracked
teeth

One Of The Crowd

they received the secret
thought would sell
but enemy laughed
already had bought it three times
the commander, coming home
from a heroic movie, felt
left out of things,
bought it for the fourth time

— Duane Locke

Recommended new magazines

Poetry Review, c/o Duane Locke, Univ. of Tampa,
Tampa, Fla. 33606 (60¢/copy; \$2/year)

Jeglars, c/o Clark Coolidge, 292 Morris Ave.,
Providence, R.I. 02906 (75¢/copy; \$3/year)

Image, c/o George Bowering, Dept. English, Univ.
of Alberta, Calgary, Alberta, Canada (60¢/copy)

The Men Who Understood What Birds Said

Strange how everyone
who has this assistance
ends unlucky; almost as if
the dead men whose souls
become robins or wrens
entice others into the swamps
where they ended, jealous
of heroes. Under the dank
hedges in the maze's center
squats a beaked thing
waiting to welcome them
with her unwelcome embrace;
only she can understand
heroes and keep them in hand.

Aristotle And Campaspe

When Aristotle played
The horse, he hoped to ride
The softer steed whose girth
Straddled his hips. Astride,
He found her cruppers worth
The stooping. Could he go
Leaving her unassayed
— Master of those who know?

Knowledge put out to grass
Fed on the common weed
From which it came. The age
Of logic gone to seed
Is greenest. So the sage
Could split hairs with the best;
Why let the ripeness pass
Now it was manifest?

— John Taylor

Buffalo, New York

Four Rounds Of Nothing

Greetings stranger wrapped tight in fists.
We become warriors with our curves,
our pectorals' glossy ribbon,
our arms' sturdy swift geography
and the turtle hunch of our uneasy heads.

We touch gloves which sandpaper the eyes,
exchanging bruise for bruise.
We dance tip-toe under a hollow church of light
for a blessing of mixed and mordant cheers.
When we lock to clinch and pause
we marry our sweat for quick divorce
and give the house its voyeur worth of pain.

(Another round and you are done.)

We punish mouths our mothers nursed
and gasp elusive metaphysics of air.
Your left hook drums my Adam's rib
as my jab destroys the Athens of your nose.

(Another round and I am done.)

Hitting deadly is hating well.
And so we trade and bleed and weave
from rope to rope and bell to bell. Quid pro quo.
But our fight is not in this ring
punching to please a deeper need than we yet know.

(Another round like this and we both are done.)

— Leslie Woolf Hedley

San Francisco, California

Recommended new magazines

Wild Dog, c/o Drew Wagon, Box 11094, Salt Lake City, Utah

Femora (for swinging female poets), c/o George Montgomery, 331 East 5th. St., New York 3, N.Y.

OLE, c/o Douglas Blazek, 449 S. Center St., Bensenville, Illinois

Border, 2601 So. Phoenix, Ft. Smith, Ark. 72901

Without People There Is Nothing

The transparent room was lit by a candle. Three entered. A man, a woman, and a child. They had come from nowhere in particular. None of them had clothes. They sat. They stood. They talked. They were silent. They were.

The man, woman, and child did things together. They became very active and then overactive. At last becoming weary, they slept.

Time passed.

The three woke up and left the room.

End: The air grew cold after they had gone.

The candle burned out.

The room disappeared.

If You See A Trashcan

If you see a trashcan you think I might like, pick it up for me. Nothing modern black and whitish with cold straight lines. Something simple. It doesn't have to be particularly soft or warm. The walls of my room are white, but it doesn't have to be pure. Give no thought to what I'll put in it. My room is sort of square shaped but I'd prefer a roundish trashcan. About a foot or foot and a half high. Preferably with no designs on it. I want to put it in the corner of the room. It has to blend. Nothing fancy. Nothing with a conspicuous amount of aesthetic appeal. I think I want a white smooth round plain one. One that will fit on my head with room to spare.

Please hurry and get the trashcan for I'm decorating my room around it.

— Leslie Stanford Cammer

Santa Barbara, California

The Czar And The Czaress

The czar snuk out the servant's entrance of the palace and went to see the street cleaning woman who lived alone under an old bridge. She had one room which was damp and cold, but the woman had embers afire beneath the surface of her milky white skin. The czar went there often for his wife was often absent from the palace. The czar's wife often visited a street cleaning man who lived alone under an old bridge. He had one room which was damp and cold, but he was built like a Viking and made love like a God.

One day, while sneaking out the servant's entrance, the czar ran into his wife who was sneaking out the servant's entrance.

"What are you doing?" the czar asked his wife.

"I'm sneaking out the servant's entrance," she said for she could not lie. "What are you doing?"

"I'm sneaking out the servant's entrance," he said for he could not lie.

"Which road are you taking?" the czar asked after they had gotten outside the palace.

"I'm taking that one" she replied.

"So am I" he said.

They walked along for a ways talking of various czarly and czaressly things until finally they arrived at the bridge. By then they were both in a state of sexual heat.

"I think I'll take a walk under this side of the bridge," the czar said.

"I think I'll take a walk under that side of the bridge," the wife said.

Neither one ever returned to the palace.

The bureau of missing persons is still looking for them.

— Leslie Stanford Cammer

Lament

i once planted a feather
to see if it would grow into a bird.
(miracles have happened before.)

but it grew into an angel.

i never have any luck.

T'aint Polite To Be Poor

i tried to open the door quiet but she heard me.
Any luck, dear? she said. Well, no matter
We'll eat tonight anyway, she said.
Boiled brains.
she lifted the top of her head like a lid and a
cloud of steam arose ...

— Bernard R. Epps

Brooklyn, New York

There was one gray leaf
On one evening patch of sidewalk,
And around it
The concrete had drawn
A gentle circle of water.

In the next square
Was a puddle
Which was a mirror,
And inside leaped the wind,
Wild with the blood of trees.

— Charles Wyatt

Philadelphia, Pa.

The Bushman

Today as I stepped from the warm
High walls of the bank
Where nobody has spit in years,
After the second it took my ears
To pick up the silence of the street,
And my eye to hold the slant of the sun
Caught in the windows above,
An old bushman came to me, grinning,
And put his arm around me —
Old friend, he said —
He began to speak to me of the days
When he was young —
His words rose and fell like a wind,
And the clicks and snaps in his throat
Were comfortable as the court house steps.
He stopped and offered me a lizard.
— To eat uncooked I guessed —
There was too much wind for a fire.
Besides, a policeman would have stopped us.
Ah, I could have grown two stories tall
And, like Gargantua, stalked
Through the park, snapping off trees
With my feet and knees
And not made such music as that old man.
He said he must leave, and he turned away,
Passing out of sight with the wind,
Thin as a bone.
I ran from the street in panic,
Catching my coat in the revolving door.
With great acid tears lying in my eyes,
I sat down on the marble floor,
Tearing the legs from my lizard.

— Charles Wyatt

The Lynx Award for Wormwood:14 has been awarded
to William J. Margolis for his poem, "Even."

Night's Death Mask

Schubert's head was small as a grapefruit.
Beethoven's, caught too young for a scowl,
Rested like a fish under its glass dome.
The library light filtered through the fingers
Of Wagner's glove, aging from yellow
To gray in miniscule refractions.

Outside the yellow window,
Night-cast shadows patterned the street.
A shabby man, standing marvelously erect
On his long legs, smashed a window
To seize an armload of suits
And was sucked into the blackness
Of a side street, glass still falling.

Above, I watched the spidered glass --
Passers by, policemen,
Rising like goldfish to feed
Through the hole in the night.
Turning, I passed the living remnants
Of dead men, sealed against dust.
Bubbles of glare swam between the bronze
And the glass, lingering a moment
After I snapped off the light.

On The Behavior Of Castrated Lizards
Journal Of Genetic Psychology, 1936
(to those involved)

You seem not
To need a kingdom,
Those of you I know,
Shy, short tempered,
Rock hermits.
I have never seen you
Making love,
Nor,
(To my knowledge)
Have you seen me --

I made a pet
Of one of you
Many years ago,
Daydreaming you
Into a dinosaur.
I have never seen
A harem of your kind,
Less need for eunuchs,
Yet my kind,
To your dismay,
Have indeed unsexed you.
You, drab lizards,
Whom I address,
Forgive my lack
Of compassion.

— Charles Wyatt

When I See My Love

When I see my love
Waiting at the rendezvous
I have an uneasy feeling.

(My love looks like a political refugee.)

My love looks like a referee.

My love is beautiful where she works
Where tubes are tested free of charge
At Kantor the Kabinet King's, ...

I bring my tubes for her to test.

— Michael Silverton

Brooklyn, New York

Noted

Columbia Univ. Press (2960 Broadway, N.Y. 22, N.Y.) has released some readable criticism booklets at 65¢ per: Lawrence Durrell (John Unterecker), Samuel Beckett (William Y. Tindall), William Golding (Samuel Hynes), Hermann Broch (T. Zielkowski), Albert Camus (Germaine Brée), and Constantine Cavafy (Peter Bien).

I Notified The Chasm Inspector

I notified the Chasm Inspector
About a chasm I had come upon on
My way home from my place of employment.

He was so pleased
He rewarded me with
A box of yodel spume and
A ride on his sunset machine.

— Michael Silverton

To Be Seen By Silent Readers

No more writing tonight or wine.
It is past midnight, I stretch back
imagining paintings for our white ceiling.
I sense a final good like skin,
to give in to the room,
to admit what I love.
My husband who is always streaked with
dripping paint now reads a book,
the words of which I cannot hear,
a kind of poetry to be seen by silent readers.
In the space between the furniture and
between us, a fundamental affair exists
that is the living thing,
that aches to be kept going
as back and shoulders over a load of bricks
keep moving toward completion of a wall
and stirs in blood like flung mortar
which is now crushed between the bricks.

— Bettyweiss Olsen
Midvale, Utah

Cage

Grandmother died in my bed
before I was old enough for school.
They put her in a box,
closed the door and shovelled dirt over her.

Mother said, "Kiss mama, dear."
She lifts me up and she puts me down.
I look up at my mother —
there is a bird inside her face
trying to get out.

— Bettyweiss Olsen

at lake.

my grandfather smelled of yellow Geographics
old unread a silverfishsmell
his harsh brown chair bearing musk, the lake
 .from scrod sun on gravel and sharp of pine
to fan/refrigerator blank and whir
was your eyes geblindaninstant
in the deer
my grandmother smelled of garden dirt
laundry soap how hard the dining chairs were
 .it was good to sleep to summer smell
beat-gas sandals
of yellow Geographics

— jo mcDougall
Stuttgart, Arkansas

Affection

When the pressure is the greatest
the accuracy of the firing squad
is enviable. These men are after
a prey

The monk looks forward to the book
to the first letter which is to him
liberation into the abstraction of
love

How carefully the plane flies
on the wood. The cabinet is life
to its maker

Jobs are done correctly
until the night strikes
all affection from our eyes.

Oaxaca

Areas of responsive silences
variations of clay idols
kneeling by the pyramids

On sacrificial birds
woven into the jungle
eyes now gutted by rain

In the dimness often
these clay objects
contain motion

Cracks have let the water in
the dies have altered
shapes and even the brain
in

Now/the steps of lost gods
the grass tightens its grip.
It will break the pyramid.

— Serge Gavronsky

New York, New York

1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, & 1964

poems by

Wm. Wautling

Initiation

What were we doing, being
cool?
That argument Kitten, on
the freeway
I couldn't keep up our
habits and
We cruised along sick,
seeking magic
And you said — Hit some
chump over his head
But I didn't dig that so
you offered
To find some good tricks
I got hot, indignant like
a square with tears
And you felt pity, saying
— Don't cry Daddy, it's just
another way to burn a sucker

1/59

Two Paradoxes

at the market place
we sell many things
including love and courage
... but these you must bring
 with you
and pay for as you leave

fortunately
I now remember
what once they instructed me
 to forget
under threat of torture
... it was something like a promise
 of immortality
or was that the threat?

 ... I have
forgotten ... again
but if you hear laughter sudden in
 the night
 or a scream
 or a song
then you will know, and have remembered for me

2/60

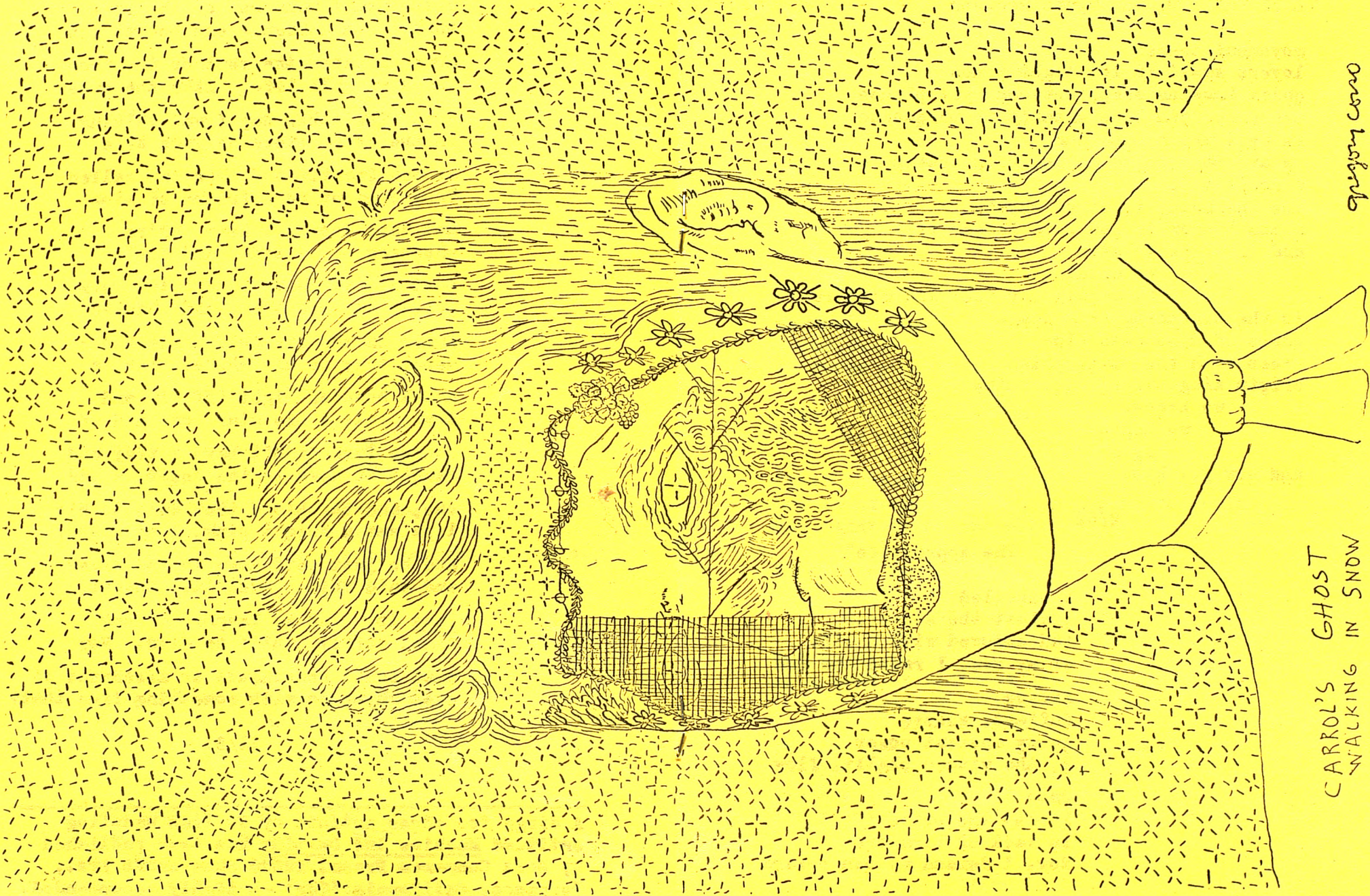
Poetry

I've got to be honest. I can
make good word music and rhyme
at the right times and fit words
together to give people pleasure
and even sometimes take their
breath away — but it always
somehow turns out kind of phoney.
Consonance and assonance and inner

rhyme won't make up for the fact that I can't figure out how to get down on paper the real or the true which we call life. Like the other day. The other day I was walking on the lower exercise yard here at San Quentin and this cat called Turk came up to a friend of mine and said Ernie, I hear you're shooting on my kid. And Ernie told him So what, punk? And Turk pulled out his stuff and shanked Ernie in the gut only Ernie had a metal tray in his shirt. Turk's shank bounced right off him and Ernie pulled his stuff out and of course Turk didn't have a tray and caught it dead in the chest, a bad one, and the blood that came to his lips was a bright pink, lung blood, and he just laid down in the grass and said Shit. Fuck it. Sheeit. Fuck it. And he laughed a long time, softly, until he died. Now what could consonance or assonance or even rhyme do with something like that?

11/61

A dirge for three artists by William Wantling entitled Machine And Destiny has been published by Hers Commerce Press, 22526 Shadycroft Ave., Torrance, California (75¢) — highly recommended.



CARROL'S GHOST
WALKING IN SNOW

-- Gregory Corso

Each Small Death Begets Rebirth

movement ceases
lovers swell in low tight tones
quiet knowing seeps between blue places
and uncertain blue expands to turquoise
we feel white sand and
we are the breeze moving palm leaves —
a small stir
the beginning throb of rhythm
a small drum tapped with finger taps
and we begin to stir
 to undulate
 to twitch our feet and fingers
in the beginning of a dance
odors of sweetness flow
sweet with the small pains
origin sings within our loins
 we become
 we begin
 we exist
and now you know

2/62

The Apprentice

I rebelled
against the sorcerer
and endowed with a life
of my own, I raced the sun

Arcane
defiant, secure
in my ancient power
I, the winged phalli, flew

Once
I paid the price
in lack of pleasure
Now, I demand my own reward

Avoiding
the hierarchy
I become the fruit
and issue of fire and ice

Dream
of question
and spasm. Tomorrow
we wake to new violence

7/63

From "Korea, 1953"

In that strange war that was not
a war ...

We found a certain inner logic to
our violence

A game in which each player and
his mate

understood all rules
(each sensing his brother's center)
And at expense of this — genius of fools
One might purge oneself
so clean

That love would come to our dead
winter

for one cannot hold
an inner void ...

Yet we became
as a pack of maddened dogs that race
caged, snarling, for the hand
which flings

The one small piece of rancid meat
in the center of our corrupted sand
... And the single victor cannot eat
The prize before dying in his blood's
slow-cooling heat

11/63

Springsong

White jungle
you know now
you must go

The time of sleep
is over, the sap
of spring is seeping
in, bringing
green, green, bringing
green

See! A squirrel
sneaking through
your whiteness
bringing song
of what must come

His forepaws
bundled back
to hind
he hunches
shoulders and
humps ahead
by leaps and
bounds -- twitching
furry flag of
ruddered tail
he knows, he
knows
he knows the green
is coming in
and the solstice-
sleep is over, the
green is seeping in
again; the song:
... Goodbye
Hello!

3/64

-- William Wantling
Peoria, Illinois

Practice

I keep practicing death
and as the worms jack-off
in agony of waiting
I might as well have another
drink, and I am thinking
I am there
and I cross my legs
in the patio of
some Mexico City hotel
in 1977
and the birds come down
to pick out my eyes
and the birds fly away
and I no longer see
them.

or is it shotguns of cancer
or sun-madness?

the rotting of the heart,
the gut, the lily.

now there's Hem. I always thought of Hem
as a tough old guy frying a steak
in some kitchen
under a bright light. what
happened, Ernie?

Hem was practicing too.
Everytime he watched a bull die
he got ready. when he lit a cigar
at four in the afternoon, he
got ready.

the bulls, the soldiers, the cities
the towns ...

my sadness, my sadness
(let me have this drink)
could be strung across guitars
everywhere
and played for 10 minutes
with all generals bowing

whores little girls again
maids kissing my photograph
on the plaza wall haha
and old warriors
rubbing their blue stiff veins
and hoping for one more day
of bravery.

I practice for you, death:
your wig
that dress
your eyes
these teeth.

I too am an old man frying a steak
in a small kitchen.

when I run out of luck
I'll run out of whiskey
and when I run out of whiskey
the land will not be green,
and my love and my sadness ...
who needs these?

I practice pretty good,
send in the bull
send in the girl whose white flesh
maddens men on the boulevards,
send in Paris,
send in a car on the freeway
with 6 people going to a picnic,
send in the winner of the 8th.,
send in Palm Beach and all the people
on the sand,
and I practice for you
too,
and the man sweeping the sidewalk
and the lady in bed with me
and the poems of Shakespeare
and the elephants
and the queers and the murderers,
I practice for everybody,
but for myself mostly
pouring another drink now

at 9:30 in the morning,
the Racing Form on the couch,
the mailman walking toward me
with a loveletter from a lady who
doesn't want to die and a letter from the
government
telling me to give them money;
and I practice for the government too,
and I'm red, all red inside,
punctured with heart and intestine and lung,
I hope they don't arrest me,
I practice pretty good
and I've got a steak, a cigar
and a fifth of scotch,
I've read most of the classics
and I watch the birds fly this morning
and I can see most of them,
many of them that you can't see,
and I'm going to take a bath pretty soon,
put on some clean clothes
and drive South to the track.

it is not an unusual morning except that
it is one more,
and I want to thank you
for listening.

— Charles Bukowski
Los Angeles, California

The Smith's Sleep

Awake, I am a common smith;
asleep, I am a megalith,
to whom nude Druid maidens pray
at green awakening of day.

— Harry Smith
Brooklyn, New York

Cruise

All at sea, the elephants,
Americans and middle-class,
labor at their timid masquerades,
in heavy-footed joy,
prompted by an outward-going, fun-loving
master-of-ceremonies boy,
and titilate their senses
dressed as falsie-bosomed girls
and ridicule the aging
of their disappointed wives,
or, as retrogressive fathers,
tired of manly standards
their former actions advertised,
pretend -- at last! -- to be
mother's fat and happy child.

In narrow bunks and dead asleep,
their exhausted bodies dream
of nightmares in a jungle,
of islands drowning in a sea,
where the blacks and the mulattoes
sweat when they dance
and scream when they sing,
and their lean acrobatics
move with abandoned manners
whose sociological meanings
are probably incorrigibly obscene.

-- Kirby Congdon

New York, New York

Received & Noted

Iowa Workshop Poets/1963 (edit.: Marvin Bell with
preface: R.R. Cuscaden) \$1 from Midwest, 289 East
148th St., Harvey, Illinois

Green Hunger (Louis Newman, intro. by Tambimuttu)
\$1.25 from Poets of America, 5 Beekman St., N.Y. 38

An Existential Nerve Cell (Richard F. Henchey) is
available from author, Williston Academy, East-
hampton, Mass.

Aleatoric Poem For The New Dominant

I think that even i should know Saturn
it wears several rings
and we are both
not left handed.

Others
were of the same origin
they approached each other
and disappeared
in the sketches of an explosion
One pays little --
if any
attention to astronomers.

No Gamekeeper Shot A Luminous Owl

crosstree and killed
objectively
the threatened
keep on passing

excavating such
that fallen
thought can be
useful

the discovery later
tracks found each intruder
with turning away
and wonder facing us

and his camera
and his telescope
frustrated
this is a thing!!

-- d. a. levy

Cleveland, Ohio

Highly recommended

3 One Act Plays (Kirby Congdon, Carl Larsen and
d. a. levy) \$1 from Hers Commerce Press, 22526
Shadycroft Ave., Torrance California.

The Way To A Woman's Heart: An Exploratory
Operation

My wife used to complain
because I never got her nothing nice.
So I put a couple bucks aside
from time to time,
and finally got the kid a mink.
(Them coats are real expensive,
but what the hell, she is my wife,
I love her, and I figured that
would shut her up.)
Oh, she's happy with it,
wears the thing just all the time.
But now she complains
about being tired.
She won't sit down in it.
She's afraid it might get bent.

— Carl Larsen
New York, New York

grace-notes

The swan with grace doth glide on placid pond
In glen. Serenely proud and dignified,
In pure white majesty, unparagoned,
The swan with grace doth glide.

Upon Miamms Pond in Riverside,
Connecticut, as delicate as frond
Of fern, I see this. Yonder doth abide
An athlete, Glenn, and he is very fond
Of winter sport, ski slope, toboggan slide;
And when he skates with Grace, he skates with
blonde.
Thus one with Grace doth glide.

— Lyle Karl
Riverside, Conn.

From "108 Salamanders"

7: Once I hid from millboys
in the hollow trunk of a cypress,
along with a toad
a granddaddy longlegs
and some ants.

The toad scooged down deeper
in his foxhole,
granddaddy clambered
clumsily over my sleeve,
and the ants
paid nobody any mind.

Later, when the Delgado boys had passed
I crept out
and went bathing in the creek
nakeder than a minnow.

Turned up a great brown snail
in the sand with my tee,
watched him pull in his iridescent
mass of flesh.

Me in the tree,
toad in his hole,
snail in his shell.

Will I ever be so indifferent
as granddaddy longlegs
and the ants?

34: Choosing the jury
the younger lawyer poses
an impertinent question.

The other lawyer objects --
'Don't try the case before
we get to court.'

They contend.

We jurors look on
half-intrigued, half-piqued.

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.

Town Square: Schenectady, N. Y.

— for Marie, Carel and Suzanne

Gnawed by streams of traffic
Between a courthouse and a church
The island of the town square keeps
A private kind of peace.

Powerful elms
Close like a Roman arch
Over the fountain
Whose crystal curves pick up
The pink tinge
Sunset left in the air.

Boys on adolescent prowls pose
Against the War Memorial,
Tossing their half-smoked cigarettes
At the innocent wax of lilies,
Dreaming of gaudy technicolor dames.

An old man sits
Watching his pipe give up a girl
Of thick blue smoke
Who smiles
Then slowly disappears
Into thin air.

On summer evenings
They have both felt their bloodstreams fill
With flurries of elation
Touched off
By ordinary water
Whose delicate lift and sprinkle fills the square.

— George Amabile

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

Received and Noted Phenomena (Russell Atkins) \$1, and The Abortionist & The Corpse (Russell Atkins) \$2 from Free Lance Press, 6005 Grand Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44104.

The Great American Dream

Four blocks East i
saw Skid Road which
does not exist

Saturday Matinee

Eltrym Theatre
Kiddies matinee
Travel the skies
and the seven seas
Search the jungles
and deserts for
Crocodiles, elephants
Boas and kangaroos and...

Series Continued:
Come back next week

My Pleasure, Ma'am

a wild animal
she said, jumped

on me

i know i
said

Gr

-- mel buffington

Pendleton, Oregon

Circle One

Why do little children walk in circles?

- 1) Because they like the way it makes their head feel.
- 2) Because they are trying to escape from the bad man who is following them.
- 3) Because they are stoned.

Circle one.

-- Richard K. Smith
Pineville, Pa.

Gallant

A skinny fellow-Jew
with a prominent Adam's apple
surprises us
by seeking out
a Nordic campus belle
and making conversation.

The butt of witticism,
he rounds on his tormentors —
themselves (he blurts out the charge)
secretly infatuated.

Our laughter
is forced.

Ephemera

Bed-check I hide her
behind
the tent, where
we secrete cots
of curfew absentees; there
she urinates.

She praises American chivalry:
French soldiers mind
each other's business.

Reveille
the sergeant groans, "Get
her out!"

Met
again, the squat monster
does not know me.

— Chaim Mendelson

Maplewood, New Jersey

Announcing a new magazine —
The Grande Ronde Review (due soon; \$1.25/copy)
c/o Mike Andrews, P.O. Box 308, LaGrande, Oregon

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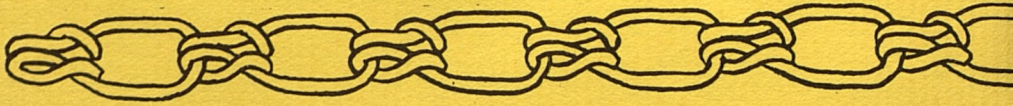
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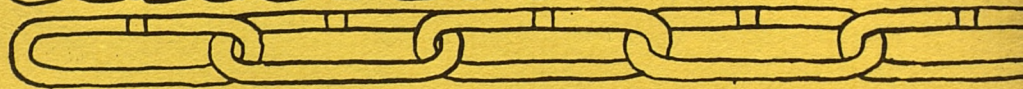
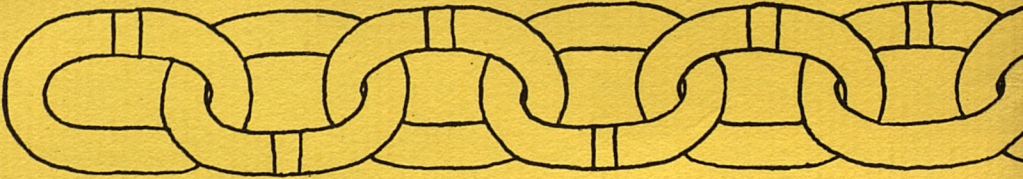
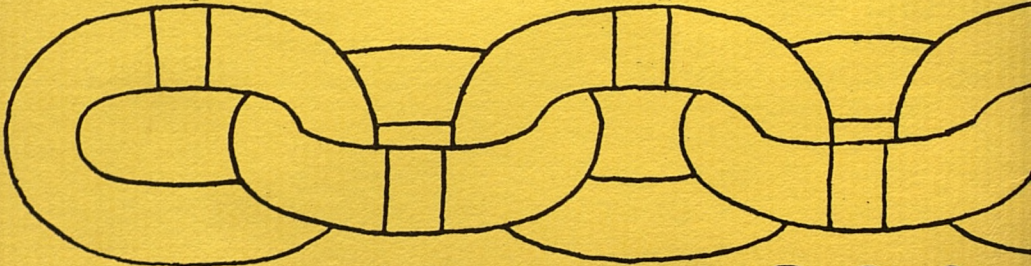
Wormwood believes that a good poem should be able to compete with the presence of other poems of different styles and content. The magazine is published whenever sufficient material has accumulated — this happens about four times a year. The regular subscription rate is \$3.50 for four issues while the price of a single issue is \$1 postpaid. Unfulfilled subscriptions will be refunded upon request. Contributors' subscriptions are \$6 (four issues and a signed print by A. Sypher); patrons' subscriptions are \$10 (four issues, a Sypher print plus signed copies of extra publications related to Wormwood — currently Ottone M. Riccio's book: Against A Wall Of Light published by Hors Commerce Press).

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Asphodel Book Shop, 465 The Arcade, Cleveland 14, Ohio.
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