

# worm wood



## review





# *The Wormwood Review*

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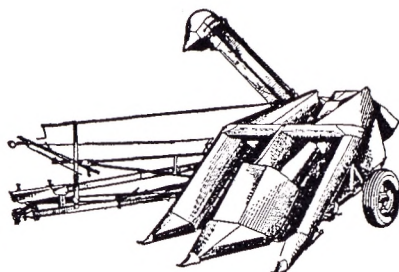
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silly song

— for judy

tonight i want to go  
out & decorate all the  
cows for you. i mean

paint em up all sort  
of different purples  
& reds and even hang

crepe paper streamers  
from their tails. hell,  
cows are usually pretty

dull & loving you makes  
me want to turn the  
world upside down anyway.

— david sandberg

Los Angeles, Calif.

## funeral procession

these  
motor  
cycles  
wrapped  
in  
official  
sadness  
for  
the  
dead  
blink  
ing  
bright  
red  
flowers

— david sandberg

## Jezebels

Going home  
from church  
in blue gauze hats  
and blond kid shoes,  
they stop to stare  
at flower beds  
and wait for  
traffic lights  
to change,  
hoping God won't mind  
a touch of color  
in their clothes.

— Gloria Kenison

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## A Fall

The point is, can a boy  
walk along a porch rail  
without falling on a  
Anthony Watrous bush  
on one side  
or a Chinese straw porch chair  
on the other.  
He is muttering  
because his sister  
won't let him steal  
her pencil sharpener  
in the shape of a globe.  
Finally, he falls on the  
Anthony Watrous,  
which has to be replaced  
by a blue hydrangea.

— Gloria Kenison



## Ugly House

Victorian grotesquerie  
with towers  
and fancy shingles  
and jigsaw work  
covered with aluminum paint  
and asbestos shingles  
then rented  
to dubious boarders  
who pay a day late  
and keep a fifth  
behind the books

— Gloria Kenison  
Newtonville, Mass.

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## My Needs And Yours

A meal to fill me, for a rhyme,  
My name is Maxwell Bodenheim;  
I've words galore, but not a dime,  
My name is Maxwell Bodenheim.

And if you'll rest me for a time,  
I, being Maxwell Bodenheim,  
Will pay my lodging with a rhyme,  
A rhyme by Maxwell Bodenheim.

Nymphets  
Forbidden  
young blondes  
are like butter on  
warm days:  
teasingly elusive  
and unusually golden

— Walt Phillips  
Turners Falls, Mass.

## Intent

Three crows,  
pop-eyed with anticipation,  
sweep on the carrion in the road.  
The car approaching,  
they flap up,  
feigning nonchalance.  
They are poor fakers,  
given away by  
reluctant wings.

— Walt Phillips

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## The Three R's: New Style

We do not teach the young to read  
But to achieve certain techniques whereby  
they may absorb information necessary  
to the achievement of limited objectives

We do not teach the young to count  
But to evaluate the opportunities whereby  
they may achieve the maximum return in the  
shortest possible time: i.e., the highest  
standard of living commensurate with the  
least expenditure of energy

We do not teach the young to write  
But expose them to the philosophy of  
mass communication cum expertise in  
various media designed for political and/  
or economic action

— Mary Graham Lund

Los Angeles, California

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## New magazines/Newsletters

Kauri, c/o Will Inman, Apt. 4W, 362 East 10th. St.  
New York 9, N.Y. (\$1 contribution)

Hardware Poets Occasional, c/o Jerry Bleedow, 323  
East 53rd. St., New York 22, N.Y. (\$1 contribution)



## Paradise

An old man who was so wise nobody ever listened  
to him

Diffidently approached a young man.

"Look," he said, "listen. Don't you realize  
This is paradise?"

But to the young man spinning through space  
Splattered all over with lemon meringue pie and  
Frequently falling flat on his face,  
The old man's remark was definitely out of place.

Beginning with the most distant and dangerous  
stars

The young man dangled until his teeth broke  
And down he went but a banana skin  
Tripped him and hurtled him up again

Down another cliff-edge,  
Clinging to the side of a twenty-story building,  
Clutching at window-sills,  
Grabbing at awnings,

Once a piece of his wife's hair  
(But she was busy with her affairs  
And soon forgot him and went to market  
And left him hanging in mid-air)

When the old man walked by and said, "Come down,  
Come down!

Don't you realize your feet are only  
A few inches off the ground?" "This," said the  
young man,

Is paradise?"

— Patricia Goedicke

Athens, Ohio

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### Noted

The first issue of Borderline (Sherbourne Press, 7863 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90046) has a perceptive article by James Boyer May on the borderline world of little magazines (\$7/year).

## The Last November

1:

Trees

(color blown off  
(and down the street  
are old men  
with brittle arms  
(claw the wind

2:

Old papers

(yellow as sunlight  
with faded words  
ride bum  
on the gusts

3:

A girl

in a red coat  
walks

(as driven by  
(an eccentric gear

Gold rings splash  
her ears with light

(She seems not to move  
The world moves  
under her  
as cold as nylon  
(on a winter night

-- James Singer



New releases of Goosetree Press, P.O.Box  
278, Lanham, Md. 20801: Last Light (Robert  
Hazel), 5 Sonnets (Gil Orlovitz), Personal  
Safety (Henry Birnbaum), Lying in Lamplite  
(Willis Eberman), The Snow Queen (Barbara  
Downey), Mushrooms Are Blooming (David  
Kalugin): 20¢ per; One Extraordinary Am  
(Curtis Zahn), 14 Poems (George P. Elliott)  
30¢ per



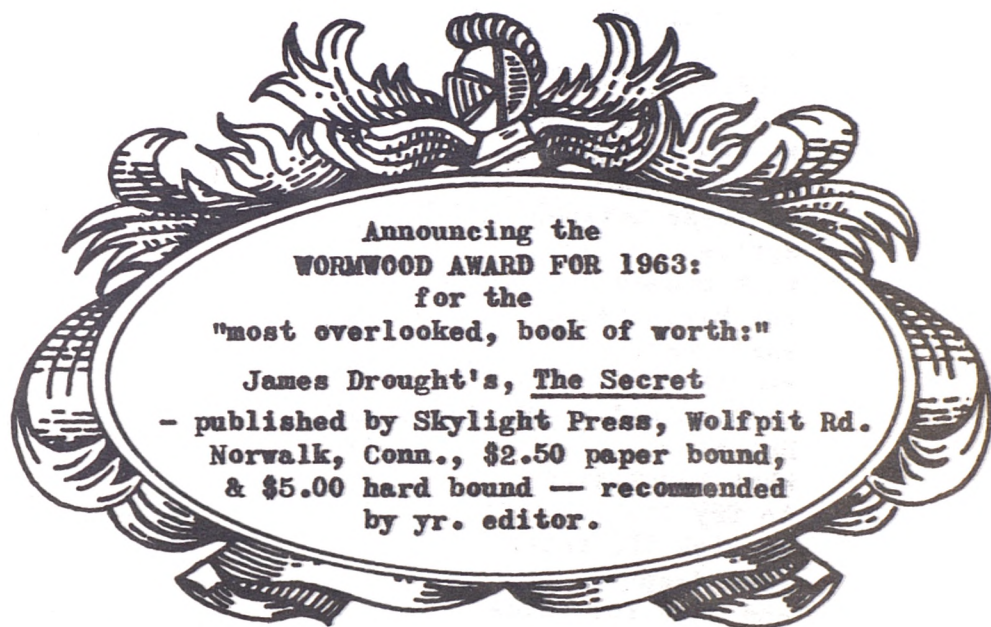
## Everybody Stand

Up off your ass and raise  
your hand. Say, sincerely,  
"I believe and that's not  
all." Science will save  
our race, the PTA resolves:  
Everybody stand! In this  
land of plenty we will give  
arms to our children  
who only ask a hand.

— James Singer

Hyattsville, Maryland

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### Past Awards:

- 1961: Alexander Trocchi's The Outsiders, Signet  
The New American Library  
1962: Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. Mother Night, Gold Medal  
Paperback, Fawcett Publications, Inc.

## A California Love Poem

— for my Mother

I smelled of dogs and the breath of weeds.  
My mother brought me juice in a tall glass.  
Breezes juggled oranges and bright leaves,  
and good morning was the color of girls.  
A gold butterfly sat down on my knee.  
Her wings brushed away a globe of sweat.  
All boyhood day was warm with sun and sleep.  
And the orange blossoms fell, white as love.

## Twisted Apples

(After reading Sherwood Anderson's  
Winesburg, Ohio)

Even the smashed  
scarecrow  
flaked out on  
the tumbled fence  
is not nearly  
as grotesque  
as these twisted  
apples  
that redden  
the hard ground  
What puny  
specimens  
what ruined flesh  
But also  
what temptation  
to try one  
to sink the teeth  
down deep  
and suck for juice  
then spit out  
the small seeds  
against the rude  
and ruthless  
weather

— David Pearson Etter

Evanston, Illinois



## Eight

I am marching towards  
nowhere  
and I am not alone  
the moon scrapes down  
from rung to shelf  
in the black crepehanging earth  
I shiver  
new  
eclipse is rape and summertime  
one game with wintermate  
my eyes are emerald marbles  
you  
sent balling through too late

## Eleven

New lands all watery  
clocks ticking under the sea  
few airtight graves  
eyes reproducing what is free  
I wing from an old seabass  
blowing with age  
from webfoot mask expiring me  
the curving hawk breaks  
but it does not flee  
the clock ticks the camera  
clicks  
but the sea still smiles  
and the heavens hum  
they have been awhile  
the bass the hawk

— Christopher Perret

Deya, Mallorca, Spain

## Object Of Contemplation

Poet or alchemist  
he turns what other finds  
a baser metal into light spears:

Quiet hotskinned man  
pounding intensity from fools-  
gold cups: bright hand!

### Clown

What is complete  
in his condition  
is his lack  
of circumspection

Clayfoot father  
Christian mother

indeed

forsook

to  
cut  
the  
foreskin

from  
his  
cry

— Christopher Perret

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### Haiku

An upsidedown fly  
noting that I read Schweitzer  
dozed on the ceiling.

— Lourine White

Piggott, Arkansas



## Poetry As Social Exercise

excitement is outlawed  
in this wooden room  
lined with dustsealed books

the poets slither in  
wriggling through an orgy  
of mourning names names names

more than wine will take the night  
a thunderbolt from Hopkins perhaps  
or Crane's ghost on a narcotic binge

the poets slip away  
the others sip tea from bone china  
and remember to be gracious

--- Ottone M. Riccio  
Belmont, Massachusetts

What Happened To The Ceiling?

comme il dit lui-même:

you can't lead a horse to bourbon  
but you can sure make him drink

now there's a picture  
a drunken horse  
reeling down the highway  
with the cops hot after him

it's better than mice coming through  
the cracks in that bloody wall

ti ricordi quando noi abbracciammo  
la luna? eri piccina  
oggi non ridi più

you know all that gunk: in vine veritas

think how I'd look to you  
if you saw me only with sober eyes

quest' è inutile  
perdi già la volontà  
di far' attenzione  
a le mie canzone

he was so wise in his wisdom  
what a crock it all turned out  
you didn't really care  
if he knew the sun's new plans  
but he enjoyed the telling  
and you listened

the real excitement  
to find that bourbon  
stimulates your pulse

il sole sospire quando noi salutamo  
con mani rossi matina nuova  
e poi tu mi prendi coi detti pieni  
di fuoco di passione

and I flip my lid

what skaters' waltz of schmaltz  
dragged out this recoco jazz?  
take your hand out of my pocket

everything is turning green

don't blame him  
he came to this  
par une nuit d'amour

--- Ottone M. Riccio

## Red Herring

entering the room he stepped on a mirror  
two chairs and a small table jutted from the rug  
hanging from the wall on his left  
a bright light stuck straight out between the  
windows on the right  
the bureau and bed lay on their sides  
against the wall opposite him  
on the floor apart from the broken mirror  
were two paintings a block print and a calendar  
he looked again at the windows  
they were filling in like mud in a puddle  
only this mud was white — ceiling-white  
in panic he turned to the door  
it was turning onto its side  
he heard the click and screamed  
but there was no one around for miles

— Ottone M. Riccio

Fragment from "The Disembraining of the City"

Nearly naked in her diaphanous dress, a kind of phthisic radiance emanated through her pale and easily bruised skin.

Reminding one rather  
of a chicken defeathered  
arsehole end up.

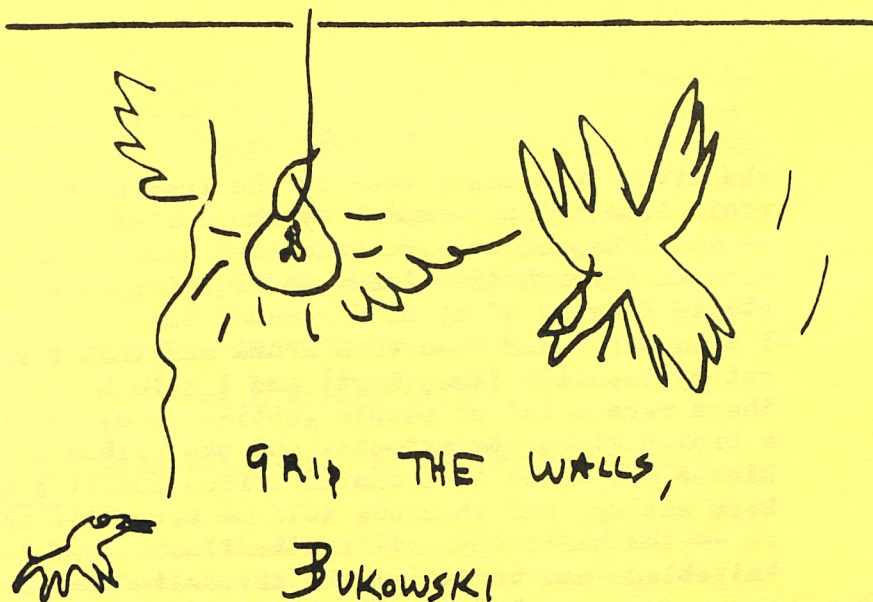
-- George Zabriskie

Harpers Ferry, West Va.

### Recommended

Against A Wall Of Light(Ottone M. Riccio) published by Hors Commerce Press, 22526 Shadycroft Ave., Torrance, Calif. (\$1).





the dogs

the dirty dogs of Egypt slide down my bones  
and the cat goes home in the morning  
and I think of agony when there's little else to  
do, and there's usually little else to do  
except think the agony might kill us --  
but, perhaps, what really saves us from it  
is our being able to luxuriate in it --  
like an old lady putting on a red hat.

yet my walls are stained where broken glass has  
pissed its liquor.

I see agony in a box of kitchen soap  
and the walls want their flatness to be my  
flatness, o the dirty dogs of Egypt,  
I see flatirons hanging from hooks  
the eagle is a canary in the breakfastnook  
eating dry seed and cramped by the  
dream.

I want so much that is not here and do not know  
where to go.



poetess

— for S. S. V.

she lived in a small room by the freeway and she wrote like a man — somebody who worked on the dock — and I tapped on her window and she let me in, I climbed through the window and I sat down as the stupid fingers of my mind reached around the room, I told her I had been on a drunk and that I had to cut my toenails (they hurt) and I told her that there were a lot of people getting on my nerves like a broken glove compartment, and she walked over and kissed me, asked if I wanted coffee and if I had been eating, and then she told me her radio was broken — she had dropped it on the floor. and I took a knifeblade and worked at the screws in the back.

be careful, she said, it says  
there is danger of shock, and I told  
her: I am immortal, I can't get er  
be killed.

she sat a cheesesandwich and a cup of coffee in front of me and I straightened up the loose tubes, there seemed to be no broken ones, but it was getting to be time for the first race and I told her, Jesus, I don't have time!

if you're immortal, she said,  
you have plenty of time.

I ate the cheese sandwich and drank the coffee.  
see you tonight, I said, I'll  
put the god damned thing together  
tonight.

I climbed out the window and into my car. the sun came down in the dust and dirt of the parking lot making everything a good soft yellow and brown, and the vines on the fence smelled green the way green smells, and I drove out backing up, waving to her through the windshield and she stood in the window waving and smiling, and I backed up the alley and around into the street, put it in forward and ran along the pavement toward the freeway, out of there,



thinking about what I had done or hadn't done to  
the radio (or her), feeling as if I had left an  
army in trouble during battle, but then some kid  
in a Volka

cut across me without a signal  
and I forgot about all the rest  
and I pushed the pedal down and  
moved after him.

---

### The Literary Life:

There is this long still knife somehow like a  
cossack...

and C. writes that Ferlinghetti has written  
a poem about Castro. well, all the boys  
are doing poems on Castro, only  
Castro's not that good  
or that bad — just a small horse  
in a big race.

I see this knife on the stove and I move it to  
the breadboard...

after a while it is time to look around and  
listen to the engines and wonder if it's  
raining; after a while writing won't help  
anymore, and drinking won't help anymore, or  
even a good piece of ass won't.

I see this knife on the breadboard and I move it  
to the sink...

this wallpaper here: how many years was it here  
before I arrived? ... this cigarette in my hand  
it is like a thing itself, like a donkey walking  
uphill ... somebody took my candle and candle-  
holder: a lady with red hair and a white face  
standing near the closet, saying, "Can I have  
this? can I really have this?"

The edge of this knife is not as sharp as it should  
be ... but the point, the point fascinates, the way  
they bring it down like that — symmetry, real Art,



and I pick up this breadknife and walk into the dining room ...

Larsen says we mustn't take ourselves so seriously. Hell, I've been telling him that for 8 years!

There is this full length mirror in the hall. I can see myself in it and I look, at last, as if I could do anything. It hasn't rained in 175 days and it is as quiet as a sleeping peacock. a friend of mine shoots pool in a hall across from the university where he teaches English, and when he gets tired of that, he drags out a .357 magnum and splits the rocks in half BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! while figuring just where the word will fit real good.

In front of the mirror I cut swift circles in the air, dividing sides of light. I am hypnotized, unsettled, embarrassed. my nose is pink, my cheeks are pink, my throat is white, my god the night, the shoe fits good, the wood, the wood ... the phone rings like a wall sliding down and ... "nothing," I answer, "no, I'm not doing anything..."

it is a dull conversation but it is soon over. I walk to the window and open it. the cars go by and a bird turns on the wire and looks at me. I think 3 centuries ahead, of myself dead that long and life seems very odd ... like a crevice of light in a buried tomb.

the bird flies away and I walk to the machine and sit down:

Dear Willie:

I got your letter, everything fine here ...

---

Bukowski's Crucifix In A Deathhand is being published by Lujon Press, 1109 Rue Royale, New Orleans 16, La. (\$3) and Cold Dogs In The Courtyard by the Literary Times, Box 4327, Chicago 80, Illinois (\$1.25).

When You Wait For The Dawn To Crawl Through  
The Screen Like A Burglar  
To Take Your Life Away --

the snake had crawled the hole,  
and she said,  
tell me about  
yourself.

and  
I said,  
I was beaten down  
long ago  
in some alley  
in another  
world.

and she said,  
we're all  
like  
pigs  
slapped down some lane,  
our  
grassbrains  
singing  
toward the  
blade.

by  
god,  
you're an  
odd one,  
I said.

we  
sat there  
smoking  
cigarettes  
at  
5  
in the morning.



## sleeping woman

I sit up in bed at night and listen to you  
snore

I met you in a bus station  
and now I wonder at your back  
sick white and stained with  
children's freckles  
as the lamp divests the unsolvable  
sorrow of the world  
upon your sleep.

I cannot see your feet  
but I must guess that they are  
most charming feet.

who do you belong to?  
are you real?  
I think of flowers, animals, birds  
they all seem more than good  
and so clearly  
real.

yet you cannot help being a  
woman. we are each selected to be  
something. the spider the cock.  
the elephant. it is as if we were each  
a painting and hung on some  
gallery wall.

— and now the painting turns  
upon its back, and over a curving elbow  
I can see 1/2 a mouth, one eye and  
almost a nose.

the rest of you is hidden  
out of sight  
but I know that you are a  
contemporary, a modern living  
work  
perhaps not immortal  
but we have  
loved.

please continue to  
snore.



the new place

I type at a window that faces the street  
on ground level and  
if I fall out  
the worst that can happen is a dirty shirt  
under a tiny banana tree.

as I type people go by  
mostly women  
and I sit in my shorts  
(without top)  
and going by they  
can't be sure I am not entirely  
naked. so

I get these faces  
which pretend they don't see  
anything  
but I think they do:  
they see me as I  
sweat the poem like beating an  
ugly hog to death  
as the sun begins to fail over  
Sunset Blvd.

over the motel sign  
where hot sweaty people from  
Arkansas and Iowa  
pay too much to sleep while  
dreaming of movie stars.  
there is a religionist next door  
and he plays his radio loud  
and it seems to have  
very good tubes  
so I am getting the  
message.

and there's a white cat  
chewed-up and neurotic  
who calls 2 or 3 times a day  
eats and leaves  
but just looking at him  
lifts the soul a little  
like something on strings.

and the same young man from the nudist  
magazine phones and we talk  
and I get the idea  
that we each hang up  
mildly thinking each other  
somewhat the fool.

now the woman calls me to dinner.  
it's good to have food.  
when you've starved enough  
food always remains a  
miracle.

the rent is a little higher here  
but so far I've been able to  
pay it  
and that's a miracle too  
like still maybe being sane  
while thinking of guns and sidewalks  
and old ladies in libraries.  
there are still

small things to do  
like rip this sheet from the typer  
go in and eat  
stay alive this way.

there are lots of curtains here  
and now the woman has walked in  
she's rocking back and forth  
in the rocker behind me  
a bit angry  
the food is getting cold and  
I've got to go  
she doesn't understand that  
I've got to finish this thing  
but it's just a poor little neighborhood  
not much place for Art,  
whatever that is, and  
I hear sprinklers  
there's a shopping basket  
a boy on roller skates.  
I quit I quit

for the miracle of food and  
maybe nobody ever angry  
again, this place and  
all the other places.

— Charles Bukowski  
Los Angeles, Calif.



## We Are The Blue Ties

we are the white shirts,  
blue ties,  
shuffling notes and pens,  
sharpening ends of calculations,  
dreaming figures,  
listening to nicotine clocks  
going round round round  
and smoking into fog,  
blinding us in notes, envelopes,  
and we do not know if it is real,  
nine in morning, five in afternoon,  
things close in.

we are in white shirts,  
blue ties,  
and wait for the world to come  
and take us away.

-- neeli cherry

San Bernardino, Calif.

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## One Of Many Judys

Danced like a Scorpion Queen  
but made love like a rich kid  
entering a toy shop.

So, kisses were always a problem  
of who kissed who  
and desires too subtle for lips.

Anyway, the voices seemed too loud,  
the laughter too long and brave  
for anyone in particular.

"Especially me! Especially me!"  
I always thought I heard --  
though I was wrong.



Self-love did not compel her hands  
to hug her tiny breasts while crazy on the bed,  
but shame for what she was and I was not.

---

### Explanation For Rejecting The Proposal Of A Potential Mistress

Look at my car:  
old wrappers, used matches, empty bottles  
rolling around in the thick dust;  
outside: tar, bird-shit, rust.  
And I really like the damned thing !

— Ron Offen

Wood Dale, Illinois

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### Here's One For Norbert's Wife

She looked mild enough when she stood  
Holding the baby, but on that  
"Night of all nights"  
When I had to sleep at the kitchen table  
Like a first grader with his head  
On his desk, she was a little more than angry.  
Of course we were drunk,  
But I really had nothing to do with that.  
But naturally, being single,  
I am the evil ogre who leads all  
Husbands down the primrose path  
Of scotch, gin, vodka and beer

— Oliver Haddo

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

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### Recommended

Poets Of Today: A New American Anthology edited by  
Walter Lowenfels was released November 23, 1964 —  
published by International Publishers, 381 Park Ave.  
South, New York 16, N. Y. (cloth \$5, New World Paper-  
back \$1.95). "Vigor and passion."

## The Man With The Florida Tan

Every winter

I dream of going south,  
golden-brown

semi-nude  
travel-poster-girls

instant heaven;  
every winter

I'm the bronze-skinned  
beach boy

with the surfboard-prick  
bringing moonlight miracles  
to bored wives

who come  
like thunder  
out of Cuba

cross the bay;  
every winter

I dream  
of being  
the MAN.  
where's the snow shovel, Mary?

Once  
we jumped into bed  
moon-high  
the springs twanged  
like guitars  
all night  
my love in the groove.

Now  
we crawl into bed  
blinds down  
the springs creak  
like rusty gates  
all night  
my love in a rut.

— Harold Briggs

New York, New York

"Will you look like your mother?"

I ask as I finger my rose

at my fingertips the future of the flower lays

"Will you look like your mother?"

the rose looks at me through eyes of passion

"Your mother who walked through fields of burning  
glass

jumped off cliffs of embryos

swung on juke-boxes of the twisting night

sank in the sea of oil

will you look like your mother?"

I love the rose

the red rose in my hands

"Will you look like your mother

of the tender love lost

of the moon

of the winter night stars

your mother of draining life

life

life, life, life,

oh death,

child of mystery and tears

will you look like your mother

life?"

— George Montgomery

New York, New York

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& There Was May Day On The Main Line

& There Was Bryn Mawr & Ah Well I Re-

& now the day the pole is

romped about;

see Bryn Mawr maids as one

cavort & shout!

throw posies, wiggle

cultured hips

hot for the haystack,

phallus

& blue chips.

— Ron Bayes



Pan: Second Sight  
(A Re-Take)

Pan the camera  
    you  
        by the sundial  
        half tame —  
& why not? —  
it is hot  
& your skin  
has the texture, the sheen that  
caused somebody  
                    (& your hair)  
to invent  
I  
fancy  
kodachrome.  
"One & the same."  
The concrete god remembers  
too.

— Ron Bayes  
La Grande, Oregon

---

Relative

a gust  
just blew in  
through the window  
billowing drapes  
scattering papers  
hands in reflex  
spilling a cool beer  
against my will  
over a testament  
of fire and dust  
naming as heir  
the capricious wind

— Ben Tibbs  
Kalamazoo, Mich.

This grovel of anticipated surprises  
produces disappointment so secret that one  
rises from the knee to proclaim heroic attitude,  
truth unavoidable to cowardices.  
Abasement at bottom is secret to itself:  
it counts its cancellation of self with abandon —  
of integers — confusing itself as impetuous  
profundity. The surfaces take constant revenge.  
We are, then, momentary survivors. Afterward,  
we hail a scheme: someone must govern  
the speed of endurance, and we scale down astonish-  
ment  
to conform with deity -- prayer becomes bad breath.  
The grandiose reacts with invisibility: no  
wonder, at last, allowing us our cut-off noses.

— Gil Orlovitz

New York, New York

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For Dylan

The weak say, I'm strong  
The strong say, I'm weak

They're wrong  
All week long

Let me be  
me

Sing a song  
bong  
Lift a sarong

i'm just me  
singing songs  
while lifting sarongs  
for the week  
that I'm left to be.

— George J. Keegan

—, Korea

## Incident

The bird  
eating a  
butterfly.  
Sitting on  
the fence,  
gulping the  
fragile thing  
down. And  
then flying  
away happy  
and without  
a trace of  
nervousness.

## You Just Can't Win

When it rains around here,  
it rains — really!  
Like last night — tapping  
against the windows, and  
drumming on the roof — it  
was trying its hardest  
to get in at me. However,  
it stopped during the night,  
leaving everything (except me)  
still wet this morning.  
I stepped outside, and looked  
up at the sky:  
"Beat you this time," I said  
and a single drop fell from  
above the door — down my neck.

## Morning Song

Mist-hazed morning  
railway station

I watch a train  
racing in

It looks good  
from a distance

Well I guess  
I do too

## The Poet As Trapeze Artist

Little me up here  
and, with a sure smile,  
about to turn a trick  
or two.

"Look ma, no hands."

CRASH

They didn't publish  
that one,  
either.

— Jim Burns

Preston, Lancs, England



6 antipoems

- 114: Back seat at the lecture  
Forgotten blackboard at one side  
Two words in capitals  
Minute by minute meaning more  
ZAMBA BUMBA
- 115: Most mine  
In all her singing  
Down the strings  
The rub and slide  
Of faint her fingers.
- 117: Wide out open passing thirty  
Comb, cut, and look back  
With school teachers marry  
With your mothers living  
Live live crazy all  
You lost job-getting  
Beatniks.
- 119: In his black cabinet  
Under white flowers  
Smiles the dead man,  
Smiles ...  
Smiles ...
- 122: Stare from your husband's small  
Town gas station window  
Where the winter evening  
Nights beneath the high  
Hard lights turn, turning  
Your future  
In, into your past.
- 125: From winter woods  
Through large slow flakes  
Three black crows  
Flap, flap, flap,  
Up.

— E. E. Jacobsen  
Bedford, Mass.

4 haiku

such a prickly shell  
holds the smooth, shining chestnut --  
just like you, my child.

asters, goldenrod  
shine by the road; cars rush by  
leaving them dusty.

many came to greet  
the bride -- now she is busy  
emptying ashtrays.

on top of the maple  
waits a crow -- fitting standard  
for autumn's advance.

-- Herta Rosenblatt  
Peapack, New Jersey

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Another Move

i've traded another city  
for a hill  
    thistime the mornings  
        scream of cold  
        &  
        allthewoods  
        give shelter to furry  
                    beasts

great regions of clouds  
at sunrise  
    gray  
    windbrushed gray  
    of spursteel  
        laced to an angled  
            cowboy heel

&  
nights are a different dark  
in their own blacksilent  
personal way

there's  
another  
mountain  
to be climbed

its nipple stabs  
the  
taut blueskin  
of sky

### Any Noise In The Bushes

a 4:00-in-the-morning  
drunkenness  
from a nosleep night

awakens in me  
an  
hour-of-loving

which  
should be  
hurled to its creative  
limit

rightnow  
but can't

all the trees are asleep  
&  
any noise in the bushes  
might

wake  
the  
birds ...

— S. A. Osterlund  
Ashland, Ohio



## Sane At Sixty-Five

Philip Saygrace had three sons  
But no daughter.

His wife was hale and hearty  
But inclined to be bossy.

Mr. Saygrace could not follow  
the white line

Long at less than seventy miles  
per hour,

Or with less than a gill

Of whiskey, vodka or gin

Taken in.

After fifteen years on this  
regimen,

He achieved the masculine

Menopause with all the trimmings.

Whenever he stopped for a traffic  
light,

He would look around and see

In the empty back seat

Three naked women.

His psychiatrist told him,

"You are no worse off than many  
men

And some few women

Who think that they are perfectly  
well.

You do feel

Your woes with full intensity

And complain of them loudly."

After ten thousand dollars' worth  
of treatment

Philip Saygrace no longer complains  
Of too much female company.

— Kelly Janes

Monterey, Mass.

## Big Mouth

I opened my big mouth  
and said, I welcome  
experience.  
So I had an invitation  
for flagellation.  
Go out, do it, come back  
And tell me what you find,  
I said,  
It's not my olive for a sexual bed.

Do I?

I could lead you on  
Get you excited  
and tell you, yes.  
But what's the use?  
I'll only find  
another excuse  
to deny  
your invitation  
to depravity.

## Awakened Powers

He received his  
sexuality from me!  
Heightened  
in volume  
and degree —  
now his rakish eyes  
disturb  
all the ladies  
when he shops  
at the local  
supermarkets.

— Mary M. Green

St. Laurent, Quebec, Canada

## Let It Come

Even if late, let it come.  
With a flourish of trumpets  
and drums.

Let it come with a  
crash of cymbals  
and a rumble of  
summer thunder.

Let it come with a wail  
out of nowhere,  
cartwheeling down the stairs.  
And I shall be waiting,  
hidden and still,  
in a wide displacement  
of darkness.

## The Lost Ones

They came with  
pockets filled with light  
and hung the air with wine  
and everywhere their eyes  
were laughing stars.

They laced the night  
with liquid words  
and burned chromium moons.  
They huddled in high places  
and made song.

Now lost in darkened ways, they grope,  
seeking feasible exits,  
like yesterday's kings who later  
were reborn in the  
hearts of fools.

— Charles Shaw

New York, New York



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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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## BOOKS RECEIVED AND HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

6 Mid-American Chants (Sherwood Anderson) with 11 Midwest photographs by Art Sinsbaugh — \$6.50 from The Nantahala Foundation, Highlands, North Carolina — an unusually handsome and unusually good book bypassing the usual cant about the Midwest. The Place Where I Am Standing (theodore Enslin) \$1.00 from Elizabeth Press, 103 Van Etten Blvd., New Rochelle, New York.

5 Cleveland Prints (d. a. levy) \$10.00 from Asphodel Books, 465 The Arcade, Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio — unusual and effective poetic prints.

You, Mark Anthony, Navigator Upon The Nile (Judson Crews) \$2.00 a signed copy from Este Es Press, P. O. Box 1492, Taos, New Mexico — a unique main-line poet.

City Poem (Augusto de Campos) 50¢ fm. Wild Hawthorne Press, 24 Fettes Row, Edinburgh 3, Scotland. a typographic poem, well printed.

The Reception (Larry Eigner) \$1.00; Thoughts Have Wings (Larry Goodell) 50¢ and Small Sounds From The Bass Fiddle (Margaret Randall) 75¢ — all from Duende, c/o Goodell, Placitas, New Mexico.

A Test Of Poetry (Louis Zukofsky) \$1.75 — a reprint of a primal book; Modern Poetry From Spain and Latin America (trans. by Nan Braymer and Lillian Lowenfels) \$1.45 — includes Vallejo, Guillen, De LaSelva, Cremer, De Otero, Millares, Alberti, Oliver, Casahonda, Goytisolo, De Bohigas and Valverdu; Hands Up (Ed Dorn) \$1.25 and Black and White (Gilbert Sorrentino) \$1.25 — a good, valid package of poetry — all from the enlightened Citadel Press, 222 Park Ave., South; New York, N. Y. 10003.

## LITTLE MAGAZINES — CURRENT AND RECOMMENDED — A PARTIAL LISTING

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Spero — first issue due soon with big name cast — \$1.00(?) fm. Fenian Head Centre Press, 4821 John Lodge, Detroit, Michigan 48201.

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ECO Contemporaneo (edited by Minguel Grinberg) C. C. Central 1933, Baires, Argentina — the current American scene, South and North, North and South.

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New and wild from Renegade Press: King Lord/Queen Freak (Ed Sanders) \$2; Aleatory Letters (Kent Taylor) \$1.50; Parent(hetical Pop)pies (Russell Salamon) \$1.50; and the ultimate in last words: Farewell The Floating Cunt (d. a. levy) \$2 — all from Asphodel Books, 465 The Arcade, Cleveland, Ohio.

Two For Our Time (Jim Burns) 10¢ from Screeches Publications, 11 Clematis St., Blackburn, Lancs, England.

Pcems (Ennis Rees) \$2.75 fm. Univ. South Carolina Press, Columbia, S. C. 29208

## RECEIVED AND ACKNOWLEDGED HERE

Poems (Gregory J. Markopoulos) \$2 from Film Culture, 414 Park Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016 — better known for his experimental films.







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