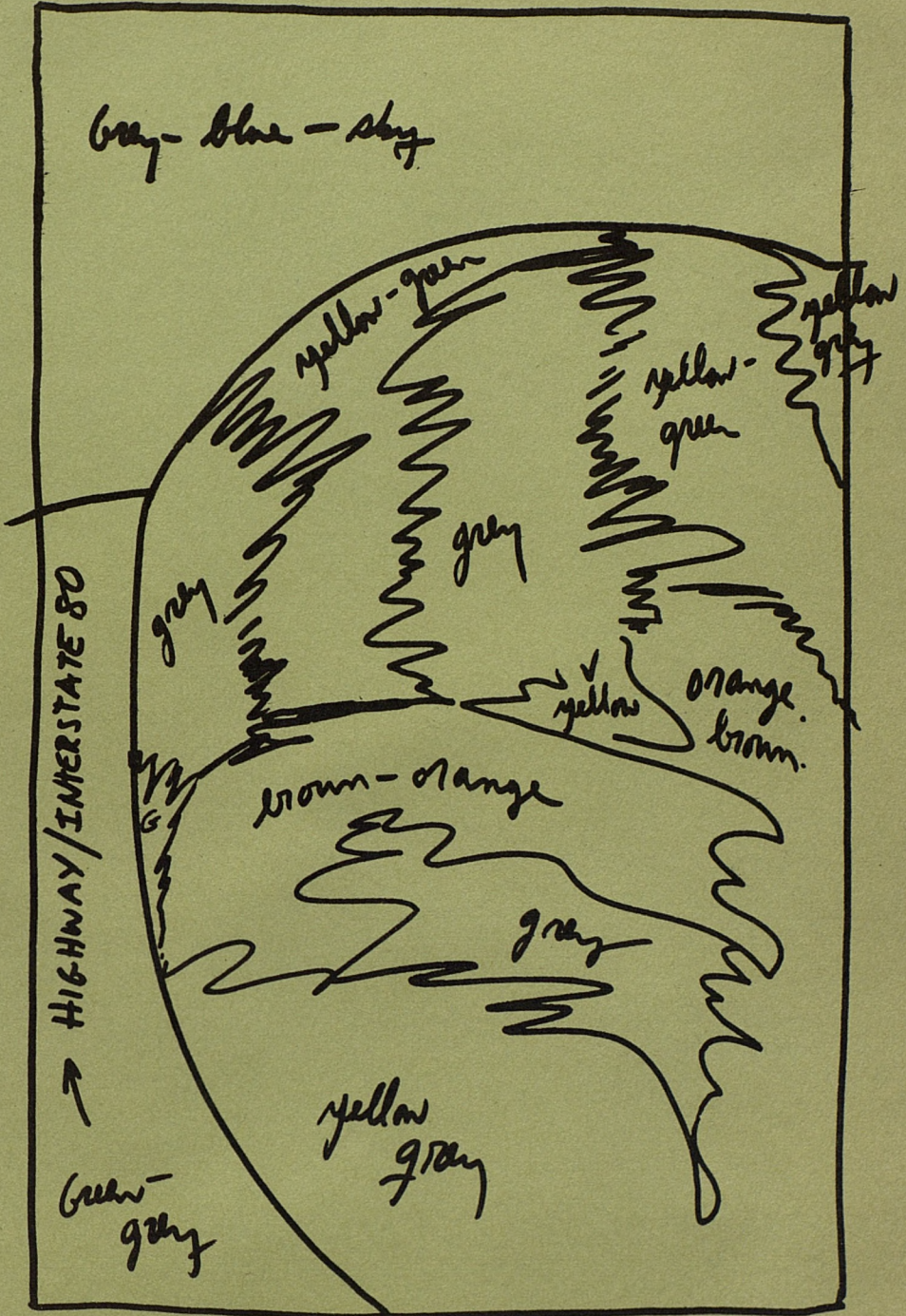


wormie nummer
twenny two ...



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editor: marvin malone

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Love Is A Much Exploited Thing

Love is not for
dark corners
nor is it to be
pirouetted
atop a circus Percheron
But when Bach
becomes a lyric
commercial
and walking-in-the-rain
well-advertised
convention
and God himself
merchandised in public jingles
then dark corners
are not retreats
but rather,
sanctuaries.

-- Sharon Gunason

Bloomington, Indiana

Right

Sartre quotes
an old man dying
saying
there are a few
I should have hated.

Not curbed it.

I agree.
Over and over
people say
Hate the evil
not him or her.

Balls, would have said
the old man of Sartre.

Exception's Rule

The trunk with thorned branches
bright wet with sun
after days of rain
is yellow.
The driveway is a lake.
The way the sun came
was like a huge automatic
elevator door
opened after being stuck.

In the big blackout
a stuck elevator was
yelled down to
by a policeman.
"Any pregnant women in there?"
"Not yet, Officer."

Outside of London

He was a green man
named Mr. Furce who put
boiling water on all the plants
The greenhouse steamed
There were iron stairs
They grow like weeds all winter
he said Covent Garden?
When we left there was
a group of revellers
one floor up
over a broadcasting station
I gave the party
People I hardly knew
One said he was the devil
He went up to two
wheels which looked a little
like tapes but they were
vertical With both hands
he spun these
and I thought
if things are this out of hand
we'd better leave
so then people
got on busses begrudging
the whole deal

Lookout

Dand and Deborah went upstairs
to the wedding her mother disappearing
on the way up The stairs got larger
and large as they ascended
and the crowd was becoming
larger and large

as they rounded one curve
a curve with a ballustrade
and a pool and a vista A fat lady
had just been rescued from the
pool she had
a face a perfect non-entity
After a slight difficulty she breathed
not hard but then not deeply not
in any way joyfully still she breathed
and they went on their way

-- Ellen Tift

Elmira, New York

The Green Bird

The green bird,
with the eight golden eyes,
sitting still
in the brown, breaking tree
near the lame river,
never speaks
in the dark day
of the sawmill's
overfed children.

Resurrection

to extinguish
the extinction
of gabled houses,
to enter
the wood
of curlicued porches,
to feel
the footsteps of those
now dead.

The Questioner

What are we digging for?
asked a perplexed man.
We have
a large pile of dirt
but no hole.

-- Duane Locke

Tampa, Florida

An Introvert in the Public School System

He said, "How do
you write so many poems?"
I replied, "I
have suffered."
He answered, "I have
suffered also. I was
in a Nazi Concentration Camp."
I replied, "That is
not enough. I was
an introvert
in the public school system."

My Bird Imitations

While standing on the sidewalks
of a middle-class neighborhood,
I imitated the hoarse song
of a crested flycatcher.
I was arrested,
but was released
when the police learned
it was against the law
to cage a native American bird.

The Lost George

George, where do you live
since they, yes they, **THEY**
built highway 4?

George
you once lived by a park
with mallards and white ducks;
but now George,
where do you live?
There is only highway 4 now.
Where are you, George?

An Afternoon in Troy

Sat around the radio, talked about fire,
earth, water, and air. Awaited the news
about the wooden horse. We knew what
was inside, but were afraid to tell.
Had seen our cousins beat up Cassandra
in the city square. Passed the time
playing pin-ball machines. Our cousins
were running up and down, yelling
about a great gift and peace. They planned
a cocktail party for the coming weekend.
A rumor was circulated that Aeneas
was catching a bus out of town.

-- Duane Locke

Maestro Insana's Room 24

Since we had decided to withdraw
From this mouse-race, it was only
Proper and fitting that the management
Return our fifty dollar deposit
For the echoing marble hall.
But, they argued, the contractual
Agreement has been signed.
And you may audition and rehearse
In Insana's quarters since his rent
Is quite overdue. Screw you, we
Shouted. We want our money back
Or we'll wreck the place. And that,
Dear Maestro, explains why Cuscaden
Set fire to the drapes, Offen wrecked
The piano, and Nash and Puechner left
Their swastikas carved in your door.

Maestro Insana's Room 25

Time was when it would not be
At all unusual to hear the Maestro
Talking to himself as you passed
His door. It was an old habit
Of his acquired from listening
To wretched little children sing
Scales as he contemplated throwing
Himself out of the window and into
The courtyard down below. Instead
He took to muttering to himself,
As old men have a habit of doing.
It was hard to distinguish the words
Of his Sicilian dialect, but no doubt
They were ancient and revered curses
Which he had brought over on the boat
And carefully smuggled through customs.

-- Oliver Haddo

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Notes on a Bluebird Flying Past My Window:

firebird... Spring of 1910
"among the musicians of my
generation"

I don't know how to spell the
names and I guess it didn't
happen, although
I am not sure...

so excuse the way it was really
spelled out
only --

leonov, I imagine
cut his throat
while Dhalegev looked
watching the patches and screams of
blood
drip and drool and drool
itself
console itself in the
jellygla
ss.

or it could have been Smith and
Mortensen?

anyhow, this is the first bluebird
I have seen in many years
and its frightened rush past my window
makes me thing these dark black
funny things.

one more and I'm
finished.

In This Place We Eat Apples and Cut Our Fingers
On Beercans

it's where a man walks a while
then falls
it's where a man smokes in bed
and smokes himself --

BLAMM!!

it's a head in the sights
pants on the floor
armies marching on radiated freeways
or a fuck at the side of the freeway dressed in
green

it's where the sun is madam and sells the hots
to young boys

it's me in rivers of piss
singing arias

it's you betting your last 5 on the red while
200 miles from home and
home is a rented
room

it's the dullness of art the dullness of poetry the
dullness of living and dying the dullness of peeking up
legs the dullness of

social utopia
bennies
watching snakes crawl
watching

anything

meanwhile you keep buying newspapers and reading of
men dying -- this man that man this man that man --
names they've placed before you
until

pretty soon you know they are going to run out of
names and they are going to have to use
you

and that's dull too
and any nurse any doctor
anything they do
will be like
on a toad dead on its back with
flies running along its cardboard
belly

dying is sometimes not so much going somewhere as it is
apologizing for leaving the rest of the bastards
behind.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, California

Big Gosnell came and said
(Voice like heavy cold lead
But warm he was)

He said,

"I like to lift heavy things,
I do,
And I've got a book, you see ...

(MATH 151, USAFI)

(In the compound, Pfc Fisher,
Pfc Fisher ... report to
gate 2)

... and (wide eyes and big round face)
I need some math for a high school
DEEgree,
you see ...

Are you the education adviser?
(Push him away with eyes)

... mostly because,
not so much for me,
you see,
but this teacher ...

(back home in cool spring
where the earth smell
fills the air)

... he made me say
(when I quit school
and joined the army) ...

(Attention in the compound,
Attention in the compound,
Five minutes to headcount,
Five minutes to head --)

... he made me say
(boy, was he a good guy!)

'... get those credits, Gosnell,
the army can help you if ...'

(Attention in the compound!)

... and I don't like not to
keep my word
to a man who ...

(Everyone not testing,
Outside!
Move!)

... but the algebra in the book,
I mean they make numbers equal letters,
and ...

(Gosnell! Testing?)

... no Sarge, I ...

(back home where
fields are green
and cool nights
and soft girls with
swelling breasts)

... really, I mean --
can't you help me do it? ...

(Attention in the compound!)

(Gosnell! Out!)

... I must go to (I'm coming Sarge!)
Please help me make 'em equal letters,
because the credits
and I gave a man (the army can help
you Gosnell!)

my word
and heavy things I like to lift
(wide eyes and round, round face)"

(Attention! Attention
In the compound!)

(Back home,
where darkness comes at night,
instead of so much glaring light,
and numbers don't equal letters).

-- J. Bennett, Jr.

Muenchen, Deutchland

Imagine

Could a piece of wood fill an odd-shaped void
As fast as water
How quickly it would have to separate and into what wedge shapes
As tho, almost, it hadn't been done at all
And how poorly in this regard it compares to water.

Another Context

Imagine in Dylan Thomas's
seeing logs
crackling in fire

Or sun on the oaken beams
at the Cummings'

And walking into Burns's
and seeing on that table
water in a cup.

In Favor of Love

The man who's himself
True to
Himself
Can live his life in a moment
Every moment his life,
The man who's
Himself
Since there's no other way to put it
Really
Uncompromises and sees well,
A buck and a half
In every cell and pore of his body,
With a laugh containing
All life including death
If that's what it's called.
The man who's true to himself, in short, lives liveliness
And plenty of good days.
The man who's himself gets the girl.

-- Louis McCarty

Arlington, Virginia

The Misoperation of Machinery

alice nothing made the life of letters seem more
attractive than when this summer on a fork lift
I rocked three wheels on the loading ramp and
one in space until I finally lurched onto the
ramp and my right rear wheel engaged the three-
hundred pound steel plate used to bridge the gap
between the truck and the ramp whereupon the
plate lifted off the ground spinning generally
in the direction of a crowd of co-workers all of
whom rose into the air approximately one half of
their height much in the fashion of St. John of
the Cross unless it was the time or the time or
the time

Advice Mistaken

Called prosy-mushy and being advised
to get my mind to move like light
from word to word and not to stop
with a chopped-up sentence and luxuriate

I turned for inspiration to the newspaper
where I read that someone has
goddamn well been wasting his sweet time

-- David K. Kirby

Baton Rouge, La.

My Daddy

One day my Daddy saw some red ants and some black ants.
They all tried to get my Daddy down to the floor,
But they could not get my Daddy down to the floor
And they were mad because they could not get my Daddy down.

The Ash

There once was an ash,
Who was thrown in the trash,
Who soon became mad at,
All the housecats.

-- Gayla C. Malone

Storrs, Conn.

Where It Begins, Having Paused, Again

(Invocation for Mendicant Notebook
No. 8, Guadalajara, Mexico, 10/6/62)

bright new empty pages
book for flowers
birds in the air of
odors charcoal
chocolate heated drunk
book of high
purpose & end far off
close to there/here
now, is, all I know
book of pages
for this to be
known in deep rooms
of this house to be
known in sweet
in it living and
this book kept, here
wind in curtain laughter
morning through thick walls
blue & orange clay red
tender shades & shadows
in this book to be
written in slowly
we learn to speak
our new languages
touching
the lips silent, the pages
hardly ruffled, the wind
goes soft through
our new book of rooms

(hay bastante respuestas
para todas las cuestiones)

— William J. Margolis

Seal Beach, California

I like blue
because
it is bigger
I know blue
it's the sky
I talk to the sky
air wins

— Nathan Blazek

Bensenville, Ill.

Too Fast It Was Gone

What I'm
trying to
say is
I don't know
how where
it got off
to or what
it was left
I just feel
emptier.

Boozed Poem #41

Birds in sky
trees air passing
thru what it is
we dont know
what we dont
see but will see
and things we'll
miss like ionesco's
englishman pipe
smoke going down
instead of up.

Terry

When we were kids
we stuckup
Susanville jail
to let out
the drunks.
I didn't know
him anymore but
when I heard he was dead
(he couldnt have
been more than 27)
I felt the sick
middleofthenight
telephone ringing.



wormie's eye view on a cross-country hike

Field

An empty place
once cut across
to shorten distances ...
a twisting path
thru grass just
high enough to hide
her sweet goose
pimpled breasts.

Louise

Last time I saw Louise
she took a book.
Told me I'd have
to come get it
if I wanted to
have it again.
Don't know why
she'd say that.
Use a book
like that.

Boozed Poem #48

You put your
foot forward
and I put mine
out too ...
the next thing
you know I'm
drafted in friendship
and committed
to war.

-- Phil Weidman

North Highlands, Calif.

A fly
walks across the bone wedge
of the viper's skull, pauses
over a lidless eye
and cracks its knuckles.
Calm and still as rock,
chin resting on the coils
of its own body, the copperhead
watches lions across the corridor
stalk their cages
and roar for the African hunt.

The Captive

At his capture a gunstock cracked his skull
but the Jap lived, God be praised, for ten days.
The Philipinos forgot their tropic leisures
and labored industriously at a vise in which
ten successive knuckles were crushed. Then,
after some deliberation, hot lead was poured
into his nostrils, sizzling vomit and blood.
The blowtorch and battery acid, however,
proved too much. Broken bone probing skin,
eyeslits sagging over hollow sockets, the Jap
died. But not before he had been hung on hooks
dug under his ribs. When they found the remains
they arrested fifty or sixty people in Manila.
Each died by similar means.

The sergeant told this story, with variations,
for the amusement of the men. It does not
matter that the poor Jap never existed, save
in the dungeon of his mind. The story,
like a deck of Mexican cards whose pictured
perversions challenge possibility, brought us
to a response so dark that even our genitals
shriveled with shock. Oh, sergeant of excrement,
how many times have we strapped that fellow
soldier naked to a table, howling in the hell
of each man's jungle.

On An Old Theatre, Torn Down

This husk of popcorn baroque, which was never
meant to be seen, burst into a bloom of rot
at the shock of first light. The Wagnerian
women, hair streaming back between their wings,
were still ascending the muralled walls to their
gritty sun when the darkness fell away. The
dome shuddered at each punch of the wrecker's
fist and the chandelier tinkled old dreams
on its death swing. Old mosque, hollow kingdom,
with your filth and bad breath, it's well
that you end it all. Empty of everything save
bone and cracked skin, fall inward now. Be done.
But when the exit doors gave way to the wilderness
of light, the mosaic women cried Dark! Dark!

-- Dan H. Gillespie

Salt Lake City, Utah

QUIJOTOA

1. Quijotoa

with their big hands
they made huge platters of mud,

tossed them into the sky
where they tumble, chains of white moons
over lava peaks.

girded with long wooden swords,
caps feathered from sleeping birds,
they strode over the muddy valleys
and crisscrossed rock,
knocked down the doors of mud huts;
with their big hands
wrung out the sandy milk
from the breasts of skinny girls ...

in the reeds
they waited for orphaned deer
and slit their tendons;
and on a sunny day
they took the stubs of oak trees
and cut their faces, smiling,
high up on limestone cliffs.

they made baskets of willow suckers
and caulked them with mud,
and cutting places for their ears,
put them on their heads,
sat down,
and never say a word.

2. Ali Chukson

by the tank
they sat in a circle,
amused by pretty snakes
which wriggled out between their teeth.

they sat on their haunches
and dug their sharp heels into the sand,
while above them the windmill
went round and around.

a fox came out
and they scratched him behind the ears,
cut him a slice of watermelon,
dressed him in a blanket,

while atop Baboquivari mountain
the lady coyote peaked over the rim
of her basket, came out and
stood on her porch, watching them.

3. Gu Achi

in the middle of the afternoon
a huge white steer
charged through the village

and the schoolchildren ran out,
pelting him with candy;
and they all saw him disappear into the bushes,
carrying away the wash on his horns.

that night they watched a huge red bull
float along the dark plain of the horizon,
a rose clenched in his teeth.

4. Tat Momoli

he cut her belly open
with a sycamore stick
and the water ran over the land.
the snakes swam up into the trees,
all the foxes were looking for boards.

they chased the chickens into the house,
and when it came up to the door
sat their babies up on the shelves.

but out of a cloud
came a band of wooden men,
arms pivoting at the shoulders,

picked them up, and they scrambled in,
pulling strings of red peppers after them.

5. Gu Komelik

he had a big hat
which he used
to chase the birds away.

on clear afternoons he'd go off
to the mountains; come back
with it filled with juniper twigs
for his tea.

they said he had
a secret hole in the ground
where he'd sit and speak
to his after-self.

for he'd come back
with his hat full of stones
which he'd eat for bread.

6. Chiapuk

end of the road.
the girls took off their slippers
and walked away over the mountains

while behind them their skirts
flap on the line.

-- Peter Wild

Tucson, Arizona

Canine Crabgrass

(for my hound)

In his old age
he was a line in a drawing
nearly eradicated,
bleached out of existence --

But somehow
the old bugger
kept on pissing
his ammonia
on the peonies with vigor
his delicately paralyzed
legs lifted slightly --

He was clamped
by arthritis
& smelt of wet hay
but somehow
he always snuck
his way into the house
when my wife
was undressing
& stared at her
till the show was over
& he was kicked
out of the house seal yapping
like a drunken sailor
at a burlesque show.

douglas blazek (illinois)

Can't Blame You, Sweetheart, But It's Rotten

the Big Time
is jumping in her eyes
making money
enuf to kill
all the memories of being poor
enuf to keep her greedy
a long, long time
her man going to do it all
for her
to put her in the right circles
in lavender gowns
with his electronics
& his playing society
like an accordion
pressing the right buttons
squeezing the right way
the Big Time

getting to know people
finally
after being huddled
in the dungeon
of a crippled god
since birth.

Again, Again & Not Any Easier

it happened again

I woke up
with the same
rotten gravel
crunching in my mind.
it seems I should
have died in my sleep
long ago
but no
I fumble thru
another day
with a brain
as numb as a wet
cotton pellet
& eyes as grey as
November
sinking deeper
& deeper
within their sockets
like an ocean
shriveling into two drops
of liquid zinc.
there
is
something very cruel
about being born
to die
that
destroys
the best of men
long before
their time.

Lesson

I found out as I
grew up
that the longer I lived
the worse life got
& that the day I die
would be the one
that beats them all
but
somehow after that
things will get better.

-- Douglas Blazek

Bensenville, Illinois

ottone m. riccio (massachusetts)

Commemorative Piece For The New P.O.

what's wet against your skin is the thought I put there
like a postage stamp to insure delivery

I'd hang around a post-office
and watch the postmaster perform his duties
handling hundreds of clients daily
with bureaucratic politeness

I'd work in a post-office without pay
reading all the postcards
smelling scented letters lovers airmail to each other
over county lines
I'd learn to guess ounces
and measure with a sober eye how far a stamp will travel
of course you'd smile at my second childhood
"is it still time for games?" you'd ask
and I'd nod professionally
to impress you with the dry solemnity
of all this licking

I'd miss the eyeshade that's out of style now
everything looks like everything
and everyone looks the same

yes I'd live in a post-office
and pay for the privilege
I'd smell those new sheets of stamps before anyone bought them
and study those memorial pictures
I'd overplay the lightweight scale
count the change in the drawer
and even dust off the posters
of those glum men who've struck their own poses
I'd put my fingers on the wet sponge
and think of your breast damp against my fingers

I'd stick a stamp on your belly
and give it some thought

Stele: (stēl , echoing "steel") -- seven syllable poem with
typography dictated by the poem itself ... evokes an
emotional, kinetic, and/or intellectual response by
presenting an image, action, or statement.

Stele: I, 1

glass beads
t
u
r
n
i
n
g
wake
the light

Stele: I, 20

crossed pistols
echo
old wars

Stele: I, 23

bottles
glitter
emptily

Stele: I, 25

icecubes
cluster
inthesink

The Mission

wreckers!
that's what they all are

just when I'd carefully balanced
the last matchstick
across the top
over they came
in formation of course
and shattered the whole construction

when I looked up
and saw
how cockily the wings saluted
I realized
those pilots weren't even aware
of the damage

ON THE BEGINNINGS OF SPRING/DURING WHICH
THE POET EXPERIENCES AN ECCLESIA OF THE
SENSES/WHICH/IT IS HOPED/WILL LAST AT LEAST
INTO THE SUMMER

green shoots
like eyes
find me here and there

— Ottone M. Riccio

Belmont, Mass.

Natural Apologies to Various People

I

I was a thistle
and you were down
road with wind way.
So, next time whistle out.

II

The mourning of a dove
came through a window;
how was I to know,
love, the tones of laryngitis?

III

The wind lashed water
veiled my astigmatism;
allergic to dampness, I
keep sweeping otters and seaweed.

IV

No keepsake, that kiss
was immediate fire;
now I need another
to miss you by.

Mutant

children come
in many
varieties,
a blending
of parents,
environment;
so, child, child,
never ask
ingredients
within a gene,
a desire,
a verse.

Ransack
the present,
inhabit it;
the past, though
durable, is
so vulnerable.

As blue and
yellow make
green, so it is
even stone
takes different
hues with age;
the Jacob's coat
you wear
is your own.

— Lillie Chaffin

Meta, Kentucky

AND ALL THE DAYS OF METHUSELAH WERE NINE HUNDRED AND SIXTY
NINE YEARS: AND HE DIED

-- Gen.5:27

They keep coming around the corner
headlights, little blue flags
held stiff with wire saying:
"Look wind
(and wind was there)
look, you are just as much
as him to us."

And 'him' was not of us
(we didn't know him) still
he was of us
relatively speaking
(he was through speaking)
we were not.

They keep coming around
the corner.

The truck driver I rode with
all the way from Seattle
to NYC sd
'I used to live here.' but
it was night and I didn't
know wht state it was.

-- D. r. WAGNER

Niagara Falls, New York

It

Five ten fifteen twenty
hickory dickory tock
tick tock thirty

thirtyfive forty the
clock struck fortyfive
fifty here comes

the bogey man all
dressed in black if
you don't watch it

he'll stab you in
the back fiftyfive
sixty sixtyfive

seventy here comes
a chopper to chop
off your head he'll

grind your bones to
make his bread seventy-
five eighty here

he comes ready or
eightyfive ninety
ninetyfive not.

Maxim 27

If I were
you

it would
in short be

a phenomenon
most difficult

to explain
to my wife.

NO

more of
me to give
you

must not
forget the
recoil of

the heart
for what is
overdrawn

must once
come back
again in

as the
shade snaps
back

into it-
self
until it

once there
stops simply
stops dead.

— J. D. Whitney

Detroit, Michigan

old age
is a jazzman
i heard last summer.
when he was not playing
he smiled
six yellow teeth ...
after the crowd was gone
i went home with him.
he showed me
his fourth common-law wife
and pictures of sons
who never came home
from war.
feather mattresses
he stuffed for a living
and rusty horns
he played when
he was not embarrassed
to smile.

i have not seen the old man
for months
but when you pass his shack
you will see
feather mattresses
-- lean as lepers
on his front porch.
and if you go up close,
you can count
yellow teeth
in a small flower pot
beside his front door.

It was warm for November
that Sunday afternoon
we sat outside
on a library bench
talking of freedom.
we watched a rag man --
his face buried in blizzards
of hair
as he pulled an open hearse
of garbage,
a parade of green-suited negroes
pushing wheelbarrows of mud
across the lawn I said hello to
a sunglassed teacher
on crutches
who went to hide
among the books.

before a gravestone
a matchstick lady
mumbled and squeezed her cane
as a child clutches a turtle.
dropping flowers
one by one
she told me
that she came each week
to the cemetery;
there was no one now
except the man at her feet.
then she came closer
to poke a wrinkled rosebud
in my lapel.
it seemed like hours
before the bus came
to take me home.

-- M. Shael Herman

New Orleans, La.

C O D E X M M (11)

So dreams come
but from where do they come,
and why so unfrequently,
and why?

One eats one too many fat morsels
and the stomach grumbles,
makes gas,
some slight malaise

But one sleeps,
one dreams,
and from some locked
room inside

People emerge
and act upon
their temporary stage
and go more quickly
than they come ...

And why?
What hint have
they left
of past
or things to come?

How have they meddled
with history?
Whose history?
Mine?
Or how many others?

And where is this stuff stored?
What makes a dream?
Not memory ...
the forgotten things
crying somewhere for recall?

Yes, maybe so --
Yes, Yes,
but who last night
plucked that resounding
chord on dream's lyre
which awakened
me early,
not fearful
but curious
yearning for some insight.

and in what code?

I listen to the motors
on the street
and in the air,
straining for what word
they are making,
straining to decode their say

and then one winter bird
answers me with lonely song
telling me NOW is but
one empty street
in an empty city
which when I find it
will be mine.

XIX

And there is always the matter
of the reluctant guru and the
ardent neophyte, or the ardent guru
and the reluctant neophyte.

Rimbaud, Verlaine; Gaugin, Van Gogh;
and how many others in the folds
of record to testify the painful stubbornness
of secrets locked in the blood and brain.

-- Kenneth L. Beaudoin

Memphis, Tenn.

Madrid: 1962

gay reds of the bull ring
reflected in wines sun
& lottery tickets
pinned to jackets
festive fluttering rags

& in the streets
a joy and fear possible only
where cigarets are sold singly

the warning of urine in the streets

To Monica Durrell, Daughter

Read you nursery rhymes girl?
We live them.
See Mummy out fetching faggots;
See brother Moss in the corner
With his spider, eating sugarless
Curds and whey. Our cupboard bare
But for city mice, and the cat
Is off to London today.

A wolf huffs at our house,
Which grinds and leans; we lean.
These are lean years, and already
With two we have so many children
We don't know what to do
Nor is there a shoe
In the house worth living in.

And that crooked man who walks
The crooked path (of life),
Wandering and weaving when he
Should walk straight, is your
Daddy (bless him!).

Read you nursery rhymes girl?
I write them.
And from this what will be your
Legacy: nuts, burrs, marbles
Hard as life
Or sen-sen sweet as hope.

— Albert Drake

Eugene, Oregon

Traveling Salesman

Slams again the door on
children, wife,
debts of his life; with
early enthusiasm would hit
his territory's four points
all at once, if able.
Like the last buffalo, his
coupe humps into the sun
for the country run; the center
line unreels toward barns and the
willing daughters of farmers.

He comes christ-like,
but with a Fuller line;
martyred on cross-roads, in
smoked rooms, by cracker
barrels and Franklin stoves.
Converts with drinks for the
house, cigars, pencils, and
a big piece of himself.
In those rooms where people
stiffen like cattails his
sample case opens, filled
with dreams, dirty jokes, and
old undies of farmers' daughters.

Keep 'em laughing the book says:
his knack and trespass is jowly
mirth. Sweat presses his skin
with salty tears. Slams his door
behind a final joke and the dusty
coupe drives into the complexities
of night, where headlights pierce
empty land. The lady of the hood
leads on, like any farmer's daughter.

-- Albert Drake

The Trumpeter
screaming at a
streaming
sun

-- Margaret Garrison

Tea Time At Blum's

Fluffy pandas
On top of cases stuffed with
Goosey gumdrops
Chewey caramels
Miniature marshmallows
Stare blankly
Into mirrors over the soda fountain.

The old ladies
With tense jowls
Are worried about
Ordering soft sandwiches
So their teeth won't fall out.

A tight lipped girl
Perches on an iron chair
In a red dress
Zipped safely at the neck.

The little boy
With a face
His parents scrub the life off every night
Mooches his ice-cream
And sucks sweet chocolate
Off the long cool spoon.

A bald headed man
Gazes around lost
Looking for
That one soft whore
(He had to pay)
Who lolled
And rolled
Her tongue around it once.

An old woman
Has a flower in her hair
Three cheers
She took the dare
And switched from turkey to cottage cheese.

-- Margaret Garrison

San Francisco, Calif.

Wormwood

It was a hole in the wall bar ...

We poured cool clear water
over the cube of sugar
on the perforated spoon
atop the glass
containing the Pernod
until the mixed molecules
blended to
the proper milky color,

and then we sipped.

Pretending it was
wormwooded absinthe
until it was,

we sipped the Nectar of the Gods
and did partake
of all their wisdoms
and their joys.

We laughed with and at
everybody and everything
We mended all the world's ills
and purged it of its sins,

for our minds were sharp
as a surgeon's blade
and our feet were solid on the ground.

Far into the night ...

We paid the barkeep
with a bill
twice the size the check
and left the smaller bills
and change
scattered helter-skelter
on the bar,

for our minds were sharp
as a surgeon's blade
and our feet were solid on the ground.

We rose to leave

and bid adieu
to all our friends
both old and new

but then,

while our spirits
played on Mt Olympus
where the Gods
had played before ...

our mortal selves
lay patiently
upon the barroom floor.

in the window of an antique shop
(in georgetown)

a figurine in jade
(two inches tall)

a curved damascus blade
(in ornate sheath)

an old iron dutch oven
(early american)

a little fat buddha in one corner and
a sign about tickets to a charity
bazaar in the other

the belly of a fly walking across the
window pane inside

To all ye sweet bikinied things:

Wormie (in his published correspondence
to V. N.) drove me to the bible; but I
found it. WORMWOOD

Revelation -- Chapter 8 -- verse 11

reads:

"And the name of the star is
called Wormwood: and the third
part of the waters became worm-
wood; and many men died of the
waters because they were made
bitter."

-- Sid Rufus

Washington, D.C.

Patrons of Wormwood: Mrs. Nancy S. Glenn
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The drawing on the cover is by A. Sypher.

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California 90405
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respectively, for 4 issues with bonus books and prints
added to make this a bargain at twice the price.

"... seeking an art based on fundamentals to cure the madness
of the age, and a new order of things that would restore the
balance between heaven and hell. We had a dim premonition
that power-mad gangsters would one day use art itself as a
way of deadening men's minds..." Hans Arp: Dadaland

this edition is limited to 600 numbered copies
and this is copy number:

0465

Newsorthy Notes: Little Presses:

Loujon Press, 1009 East Elm, Tucson, Ariz. 85719 has a few copies left (autographed) of Chas. Bukowski's It Catches My Heart In Its Hands -- new and scheduled for December release Bukowski Talking, a ltd. LP record, 600 edit. \$3.50 + 25¢ postage, for adults only -- news: a new Henry Miller book with photos and drawings, due soon in ltd. edit. (\$9.95) said to be mint and vintage Miller.

Second volume of Bukowski's Confessions due from Open Skull Press, 449 South Center St., Bensenville, Ill. 60106 (\$1) -- tentative title: Assholes!

Cuadernos Trimestrales de Poesia has issued Washington Delgado's Formas de la Ausencia and Luis Hernandez Camarero's Las Constelaciones, unpriced fm. Marco Antonio Corcuera, Casilla 151, Trujillo, Peru.

Or Press puts out It's Spring. The Daisies In The Grass Are Like Punctuations (Stephen Mindel) and Meditation (Morton Grinker) both 75¢ fm. Sandberg, P.O. Box 192, Boulder Creek, Calif. 95006.

Special! Film-Makers' Cooperative catalog no. 3 -- 72 pages on request fm. Filmmaker Cooperative, 414 Park Ave. South, N.Y., N.Y. 10016 -- with 350 titles plus comments & descriptions.

Now fm. 7 Flowers Press, c/o Asphodel, 465 The Arcade, Cleveland 14, Ohio: Paul Blackburn's 16 Sloppy Haiku & a Lyric For Robert Reardon (50¢), Russell Atkins' Spyrytual (12¢), Thom Szuter's Winter: 1965 (8¢), Carol Berge's Lumina (unpriced), d. a. levy's Visualized Prayers & Hymn for the American \$god\$ (17¢), a triple threat book, Long Dongs by Doug Blazek, Steve Richmond, and Joe Nickell (75¢), Kent Taylor's Late Stations (\$1), Kay Wood's Greenwood (\$1 with prints by Grady Jones), Grace Butcher's Bright Colored Dark (75¢), d. a. levy's Cleveland Undercovers (\$1), The Mary Jane Quarterly, v. 2, no. 1 (75¢ bargain), Matt Shulman's Flags of Lonliness (20¢), Jacob Leed's Poems (50¢), and very latest semi-mag release, Black (cover) Mind Food by mara, levy, wagner & dagmar (\$1) -- also ask for The Para-Concrete Manifesto.

Diane DiPrima's Poet Press Books has released Herbert Huncke's Huncke's Journal (\$2) fm. Poets Press, Box 427, Kerhonkson, New York.

American Poet Press of 1341 Canyon Rd., Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501 has publ. Busboy, Feed Me Skin (David Barnett, Barbara Levin, Jean Rosenbaum, Veryl Rosenbaum & Leonard Soforo); Fingerings, Fingerings (Barbara Levin); A Foot in the Hand (David Barnett) -- all at \$1 per.

Ken Dobel's Walt Whitman and the Kid in the Woodshed (\$1.65), Ben Tibbs' A Birdness Flown (\$1.45) and Louis W. Roddewig's Road to Oblivion (35¢) all fm.

Callahan's Hors Commerce Press, 22526 Shadycroft Ave., Torrance, Calif. 90501

Editions Pierre Jean Oswald, 16 rue des Capucins, Honfleur (Calvados) France has a new series in press at 6 vol. for 25F : Le sentiment lui-meme (Pierre Morhange), L'enterreur et autres poemes (Oliven Sten) and Anthologie de la poesie iberique de combat -- the first releases.

Editions REACTIONS Bienne will issue Jean Beguelin's Meandres -- subscr. for USA is \$4 -- address: Reactions, Hironnelles 13, 2500 Bienne, Suisse.

Little Magazines:

Vagabond # 1 & 2 (\$1 per) fm. J. Bennett, Jr., Gollierstrasse 5, 8 Munich 12, Germany.

The Beginning #1 (\$1) fm. Joe Walker, c/o Asphodel, 465 The Arcade, Cleveland, Ohio 44114.

Moonstones #1 (\$2.50/4 issues) fm. d. r. Wagner, 955 Vanderbilt Ave., Niagara Falls, N.Y. 14305... and way-out fm. same source The Eight Pager (available for love only).

continued ...

Little Magazine News (continued):

- Choice magazine #4 now out after long delays (\$1.65) fm. P.O. Box 4858, Chicago Illinois 60680 -- worth waiting for.
- Message 66, bilingual, 20F fm. Imprimerie Araxes, 46 Rue Richer, Paris 9e, France
- Camels Coming #4 and The Camels Hump #2 & 3 (25¢ per) fm. P.O. Box 8161 Univ. Station, Reno, Nevada 89507
- Tish #36 & 37 fm. 2527 West 37th Ave., Vancouver 13, B.C., Canada -- send a cash contribution.
- Casa de las Americas -- well designed and printed, #34 now released, (\$3 in Canadian currency) subscr. fm. Casa de las Americas, G Y Tercera, Vedado, Habana, Cuba.
- At last the bloody Entrails emerge fm. 282 East Houston St., N.Y., N.Y. 10002 -- all you can eat for 75¢ -- Gene Bloom is editor.
- Mainly #3 -- 50¢ a lively copy fm. Carregraff, Graig Las Talybont, Brecon, Wales
- Approches -- Revue de Recherches -- La Revue "Poche" de l'avant-garde -- edited by Jean-Francois Bory & Julien Blaine -- 22F subscr. fm. 11 Rue Cognacq-Jay, Paris 7e, France -- very fine, contains concrete, eye poems, etc.
- Smoky Hill Review #1 fm. Ft. Hays Kansas State College, Hays, Kansas 67601

Note: "arc/do" via piolti de bianchi 19, milano, Italia wishes copies of little mags, and miscell. documentation for their archives on exptl. and advanced publications. Query: Director: Daniela Palazzoli.

Very Highly Recommended:

Ellen Tiff't's A Door in a Wall -- Poems and Fables (\$1.45 fm. Hors Commerce Press, 22526 Shadycroft Ave., Torrance, Calif. 90505.

Recommended:

- Hello (J. D. Whitney) 50¢ fm. Artists Workshop Press, 4825-27 John Lodge, Detroit, Mich. 48201
- When Time Was Born (James T. Farrell) \$3.50 fm. The Smith, 15 Park Row, N.Y. N.Y. 10038.
- Three On A Match (Wendell B. Anderson, Cerise Farallon, Judson Crews) unpriced fm. Este Es Press, P.O. Box 1492, Taos, New Mexico.
- Hart Crane, Harry Crosby: Broadside (John Wieners) issued with Work #3 (includes outstanding survey of Rainer Gerhardt) -- a bargain at \$1 fm. the Artists Workshop Press, 4825-27 John Lodge, Detroit, Mich. 48201.
- April 15/April 16 (D. r. Wagner) 25¢ and also The 18th. Dynasty Egyptian Automobile Turnon 25¢ fm. Wagner, 955 Vanderbilt Ave., Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Noted As Received:

- Oui, Algerie (Kaddour M'Hamsadji) unpriced fm. Editions Subervie, 21 rue de l'Embergue, Rodez (Aveyron) France -- recomm. by Chris. Perret.
- The Fields Are Quick With Foxes (Peter Allen) \$1 fm. American Weave Press, 23728 Glenhill Dr., Cleveland, Ohio 44121
- Lines & Points (Lillie D. Chaffin) unpriced fm. Hilltop Editions, Pikeville College Press, Pikeville, Ky. 41501
- La Raya Azul, La Rueda and La Palabra (Alfonso Jativa) unpriced fm. author, Apartado 8440, Panama 7, R.P.
- Wind Translations (T. L. Lion) unpriced fm. Tongue Press, 333 E. 5th. St., Apt. C-1, N.Y., N.Y. 10003 or fm. author, 907 S. 6th. St., Philadelphia, Pa.
- Parachutes (Randy Rhody) 20¢ fm. author, Rt. 1, Pennington Rd., Prentice, Wisc.
- These Are The Lists Of My Despairs (Dorothy Caicedo) \$3.50 fm. Philosophical Library Inc., 15 East 40th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016.
- Materia de la Muerte: Poemas (Jose Pascual Buxo) unpriced fm. Facultad de Humanidades, Universidad del Zulia, Maracaibo, Venezuela.
- The Mermaid: A Play (Claude Dunster) \$1 fm. Steele Enterprises, 306 West 4th. St., N.Y., N.Y. 10014
- These Mown Dandelions (J. Wm. Myers) \$1 fm. New Merrymount Press, Box 772, Washington, D.C. 20044.
- The Polished Protest (Ed Bullins) 35¢ fm. Success Publishers, 146 Leavenworth St. San Francisco, Calif. 94102.
- The Holy Bible (J. O'Neil) an unsanctioned version, unpriced fm. author, 6 Mi. Badger Rd., Fairbanks, Alaska 99701.
- Prelude To Icaros (John Williams Andrews) \$1.95, 2nd. edit. fm. Branden Press, 36 Melrose St., Boston 16, Mass.
- People Beneath The Window (Sam Cornish) \$1(?) fm. Sacco Publ., 408 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21201.
- Poeme de la Memoire de l'Avenir (Georges Linze) 75F fm. Editions "Anthologie" 98 rue Khovemont, Liege, Belgique.
- Down Here With Aphrodite (Wm. E. Taylor) \$2.50 fm. South & West or fm. author, Box 1303 Stetson Univ., Deland, Fla. 32720.

the wormwood review : 22

one dollar

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