

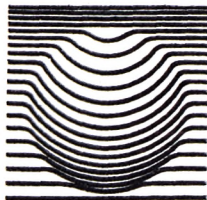
THE WORM!
WOULD YOU

OOPS!

NUMBER 23!
COUNT
SKIDDUE!



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Memorium Through a Rear-view Mirror

A black bordered square
frames a "where" almost
like the one I've been through.
Receding as I stare ahead.
Clearer than the peripheral
world I penetrate. I see
most clearly backward while
I move forward. The dingy
main street like a postcard
sent from France. The tiny
crowd. A cop at the corner
frozen in indolent stance.

-- Robert M. Chute

Auburn, Maine

Her Peas Are Higher Than Mine

Her peas are higher than mine. I planted late this year. She bends from the waist, pulling grass and early weeds. Her faded cotton dress hiked up in back reveals dark stockings rolled tight into the belly-white behind her knees. The puffed, blue, brooding vein shows through. Thighs rub and shake as she sidesteps the row. How much higher? Oh, hers are up six - eight inches. Its hard to estimate the height of peas, passing at forty miles an hour.

-- Robert M. Chute

Cloud Twice

I climbed that hill when I was
10, and climbed it again
the other day.

Funny. Like
seeing the same
cloud twice.

Lunchpails

Breasts a-bounce, in bright
yellow raincoat, she runs
toward bus
in sunny early a.m.

& us, in the
bus, waiting, with
lunchpails.

Tail

My 2yroid I made her

a little paper kite
with multicolored tail

& she looks at it waves it
infrontof her eyes.

Worms

It's spring, you know,
I said to Hughlio,
worms all over the wet
pavement, 7 a.m.

worms, we couldn't
move for flattening them
and the greater veins
and arteries of my arms & legs
were in hysterics.

worms, perfect golden
muscle-tubes, unbroken earth-joy
of a billion springs. Worms,
being flattened by our step.
Some call them Nature's plow,
said Hughlio.

-- David McFadden

Hamilton, Ont., Canada

Speculation On Three News Photos Of a Lady With a Lion

Picture one: the Peaceable
Kingdom
where New York ladies lie down
with tame lions
and everyone hopes
something gets sold.

Two and three: the lion
is biting the lady's leg and everyone
but one
is surprised.

That one
we cannot see his face
and AP
is all the name --
we only see
through, not into, his cold eye.

But through what eye?
What man

or bird or beast?
My mind's own eye sees a scavenger,
a bird that finds
where there's about to be
blood.

The secretary bird,

the one that gets fat
picking
bits of other birds left
in a crocodile's
teeth. If you've seen him smile
you know why
the crocodile is keen
on dental hygiene and so won't bite
that one. But

croc or not, I'll bet
it bothers even his leather gut
when he remembers what
that bird does to earn its
bread and butter.

The Painters

Two of them, hired
to make a rich man's house
whiter. They're wearing
white baggy suits specked with colors
of other people's houses.

To get the gable done
the one balances on a board across
the ladder tops and
the other (since the first
isn't able
to reach it at all) must ride
the rich man's roof like a jockey
and reach
down to paint the peak.

The jockey watches the rich
man's wife
go in the door below the
gable between his legs.
He's a dreamer

She's talking to her dog.

The gable goes straight
out from
the top one's crotch and his partner
is serious about
slapping paint on its
underside:

drops
of white spot
his
cheeks and nose, a bit
more of this
his face will be white as a
clown's.

-- James Hazard

Oshkosh, Wisconsin

"If the average market-ready duck weighs 1436 grams,
and if the average rate of weight gain is 91 grams per
week, how many days would it take to have a 500 gram
goose fat enough to market?"

one four three six,
take away five zero zero --
six and off zero is six,
three and off zero is three,
fourteen and off five is nine
(oh heart of mine) and we now have
nine-hundred and thirty-six.

Ninety per week --
seven into ninety,
seven into nine is one
and two down there --
carry zero makes twenty.
No, no (I know) ninety-one per per week --
seven into ninety-one
seven into nine is one
and two down there --
carry one makes twenty-one,
seven into twenty-one is three
even (Stephen) -- a thirteen
gram per day
weight-gain.

Thirteen into nine three six --
thirteen into ninety-three is seven
and two down there --

carry six is twenty-six,
thirteen into twenty-six is two
even (unto you, my true and blue)
and so it would take seventy-two
days exactly to market
the goose.

Ah, nein, mein Herr, while we have here
precision, we have not here accuracy --
ein duck cannot become ein goose! To
goose or to duck, now that is the
question!

-- M. K. Book

Lincoln, Nebraska

In Canada at
Crystal Beach
rundown rides
and a wild laugh
in the dark which
features every day
all day at nite
in colored lites
all the time one
large fat lady
outside laughing:

Hahahahahaha
Hahahahahaha
Hahahahahaha

Three kids broke
into this ride one
day -- derailed a car
and beat the living
shit out of some poor
guy and his girl

outside large fat lady
laughing

Hahahahahaha
Hahahahahaha
Hahahahahaha

Theyd Lil Hourse Wh'at Lived En Thet Yard

werds cum sloe dowe down frm the rum of gone down the repition
klopping hands fee ling jump deer run goose queen tru to river
is no kepen hands in load barrell sometimes shoot kill too beeb
animules th pain ter times long hourses work hourses make sad
rows od places 2 c wht it wast mny mure hourses cumin up the
rails to c us

Someone once told me
treetops belong in poems
so this is a poem
with a treetop in it.

Why is it I just cant
sit in England with my
little nutmeg shaker
piles of dirty snow
like the fallen breasts
of the hogs I saw
last summer at the county
fair, the young girls
spilling out of their slacks
and making me think of
everything except being
in England with my little nut
Meg and her shaker.

-- D. r. Wagner

Niagara Falls, New York

The Day Dillinger Passed Through Cynthia

In those duodecimal days of the thin thirties
when a Century of Progress grew to grass
in our streets, I grew goiter-eyed
at my father's noontime news: 'Dillinger ...
escaped ... the Lima Hospital for the
Criminally Insane ... may be headed this way ...'
A darkness came down the Dixie Highway like a storm.

Deputized, Dad dimpled his doughy gut
with the brown-black raisin of his .38
and hurried off to spy on Main Street
from behind potted palms in the Altmeyer Hotel.
I ran the dog-pack alleys to Wasbro's Confectionary
to squat by the NRA blue eagle, sighting cars
from behind wire racks of Toledo Blades,
hidden less from him than from local enemies

who would have roadblocked me in my ambuscaded house.
The afternoon melted down to cramps in my legs;
nothing came but local license plates.
Then, as I was coming from my catcher's crouch,
a car-carrier passed, loaded with Hudson-Teraplanes.
In the maroon Tudor, slanted on that rattling hill,
a face rose like a slow balloon behind the windshield,
looked darkly about and floated down, away.

The spectral streetlight spilled sodden terror
by the hedge where I stood watching my father
and his fellows still at the supper table
tossing their relieved whiskies and growing loud:
' ... miles from here in the opposite direction ...'
and all the depression bums quaking in their boots ...'
My secret quaked in the toe and heel depths of my mind.
In that dark face, bum's or bandit's, was what
had dimmed all our darkened days, and I knew then that
I would carry it my years like the
black-rimmed portrait of a Rouault king.

-- Richard Snyder

Ashland, Ohio

the buried cannonball in lake superior

i am round and rusty and pitted
i love my shape and i never have to
lose weight but i do without
trying i get pitted with age my
pieces fall off so i guess ill
just stay here in lake superior losing weight.

the root.

nice to be a root in fact
very nice to be a root its
dark down here under the ground
being a root is great people cant
see you when you do things that
offend people on the surface who
get offended at people who do
things in the light up there but
down here i just sit and do offending
things in the dark and think how nice
it is to be a root

-- Patrick J. Coffey

Levittown, New York

The Goordian Angel Speakin' Easy

O waddya doon Mr Mcnmr wen ya shude we werkin? like the restthe hoominrace, Iaskya? And wheerdy a thinkitllall getya? allthis carryin'on wit werds? Doncha no that jimmi joi wus subsidised, he wuz, til his last undyin day? and eecummins thatother heroofyuz, how muchti ivver make? in munny I mean now? Why doncha pull&push th kommonwheel like all the rest? or a tleast feel guilty in yer play? Yer sitting a bad x-ample man! getting up late noons now whatwill the yunger gennerashun be doon later? why doncha getta job man carrying the hod, at least, or lurn to bake bread or teach -- ya gotcha deg rees and suchlike.

Yr suchha strange dook McNamr, ya sit ther and grinnn at me wen I konfrontya with all this. It's me, yr knowing konshence speakin' atcha, the guy within ya, yr goordyin aingle, sent doon by Hoooley Gud, himself, to watchout for yr blssed sool. 'Tis the spyrit of GraaandOleErin, herself, speakin' throo me, a generashun of proud bricklayers and hool i gans and, notta menshun immy grants acummin here by lastclass steerage like yr mither did, now. For what? Iask? So that the likes of you can speand yr days playin with werds like thatfellow Joice? Sure now you've better tings to do here in th dreamedO land.

I answer:

Away! Away!!! you wiggy figgyment of my kursed imagination! A fye of you, you leftover of myrical mysts and mythrical mysteries. 'Tis the Laaand of Freedom we're in and don't you forget it, you rebuilt banshee. Go wail! now withya. See if I care, go lastclass back to the other side. Leaveme alone so I can be back to me werk. I ask ya: are these werds not like (even) bricks, and is not the communing of my (even) deminted thoughts and singings to the jener ations here/and/naw and yet to come, is not the p o i n t i n g out of varyus joies, the syngeing of songs, the appurchiation of daies and the settin down O' all this for the delectashun of all and sun-&satdry (not to menshun weakdry) a fittin' kontribulation to the resoosatahun of the deprossessed&depress'd hoomin' race? For twere it not for the Brasshopper wud t'Ant ave had the wearywidall to do the storein' up job Iaskya. Gud save. The minneSingers. as wellas the fukkin others. as well as the doorty werkmen!

-- Tom McNamara

NYC - O singasonga jimmi joi
a pockie fulla wry
4 + 20 meanins
Packed inna werd

While Dreaming Mexico

I hear a voice in the night, as catastrophe approaches thundering in love's projectile. Chaos whimpers within me, and arriving spring disfigures the vagabond walking on the shore, sketches the child blooming towards the sky, denounces the occult word of boat. The dynamited world floats against a boundary, and the hands of friendship fall in lassitude. A myth magnetized by a funeral oration spreads chloroform across the hours, when eyes dream in a cell, and when the miserably unhappy one stares at the smile of the slavecity. Folly runs toward the feast of speed. I think no longer of the dawn which burns on the old house. An iron-banded tornado pulverizes space, and the pink-thighed young girls dance rondos to metallic rhythms. There are only motors buzzing like a worry and ape-men hurling against the asylum of tenderness. The stars, one by one, fall in the gutter. The eyes ignite the scarlet boulevards. I am an explorer who searches for the graces of new routes. Floods crawl by virgin forests, and the corn fields have the rhythm of the wind. Oh silence of planets, when the last eagle flies toward the fire, and when impatience buries the skeleton of despair. The odor of the islands floats in the ports where the porches become blue and where the robes of young girls sparkle against the shade. The gardens are troubled with legends, and a soft voice sings the sadness of anarchy. A train whistles -- starting for the North, towards the fog of snows and towards the chill of bleary gazes. I throw myself to the combat of time, I leave behind me my diseases, my convulsions, my pieces of dream; and I run to the horizon -- a gold seeker, a prophet, an immortal Pan. Where are the tracks of the indivisible? Oh torture of dance, the miracle of the sun intoxicates the bleeding brows, and a revolution marches towards the light, towards eruption, towards mornings which have forgotten anguish. Dawn summons the storm of parrots in the echo of lunar tragedies. The fables smell of beautiful women burned on the altar of a pyramid. The blaze overtakes the pages of a luminous album, and the symbols wait in ambush for the lost traveller from the inn. I taste the ecstasy of deliverance, and I no longer suffer the loneliness swelling in the dead leaf. The secret lures me to the season's halls. I flee the nocturnal morrows, I summon the cure by glow-worms in the fern of geography by searching for the vengeance and feasts of the magnificent massacre.

-- Eugene Jolas

Paris, France, 1927

-- translated by R. C. Robichaud

Florham Park, N.J.

Cuetzalen

a wall of something else
no stone
 tho there is stone
in the village
built on that
stones packed everywhere
pressed
into the sides of crooked hills
green with fern and

edible weed
 a moss a wall of
elsewhere substance
stands
cuts off
the world of this village
from the world
we know
coming to it as we do

from bombs balanced
tipped
huge plastic clocks
 conceived disasters
here one wall we do not see and
dozens
wet with thick mist
lifting
high wide eaves strong houses
up one hill
down another

one wall we do not see
a place of walls we do

:both crumbling.

Look Over Jordan

-- for sergio

expecting
the man at the door to equal
the door
when he rings we jump
foam rubber, his question clings
to where our answer
makes itself

we are the poets of cypress tree
and clam
our presidents preside
as octupi on balls that balance
on the well trained nose
our millions
have no knives to cut
the cake we offer but another knife
comes into play
above our heads
the question

:are the fontanels well sealed
are they closed
can we equate them with
the wounds
with what the future wind prepares

to eat. eat. i fill
your empty space /and millions
by reflection?/
with mine
you place a cover on
my empty box and
all the scum will never surface
at those trials
i ask

:what is a criminal of war when he
is also judge and jury
what is pain
when this tree grows unpruned
beyond our dictionary wall
and grows from clamshell and from greed
sprouts
from dry wells and daisy chains
the man at the door

keeps ringing keeps knocking keeps
cutting us in two
where each piece
has its own head its own arms
gut
and parasite...

-- Margaret Randall 8 - 9.66

Mexico 13, D.F.

Note to Myself

explain, please,
your preference
for pink,
when lavender
makes dressmakers
glad,
and mustard
rules
at Bonwit's

Pretty Poem

(German poems
under Hitler
were mostly
about flowers)

sticks and
birds in a border
of marigold
birds
and gold
flowers

Choice

two ashcans,
like "Endgame"/
one must
be chosen
in which
to throw
a candy
wrapper

a circle of
poems, by
gloria kenison

an early
N.H. cowherd
named Dick
died suddenly,
after being
chased
over a cliff
by Indians

Unbledown Dick

a thousand
packages
wrapped
by fingers
like machines/
white flash-
market paper
and brick-
red cord

Packages

To an Ancient Architect

a carriage
stops
before
a spiral
staircase
held on air

The Sunflower

has yellow
petals
around a
center
of tightly
packed
brown seeds/
perhaps
the meter-man
will see it
when he goes
through
the back yard

- 14 -

a man waits
at the bus stop
with a rolled-up
newspaper
under his arm/
many times
he has heard
the weather
report,
and now
it helps him
to choose his
going place,
his coming
back,
and what
umbrella
he may lose

Windy, Rain

a homely cat
thinks of death
as a dragonfly
that scared
him once

Cat Delusion

"Mother" Brook
Dedham, Mass.

This is the
kind of
little river
the Indians
considered
adequate.
In a low
part of town,
the brown water
flows between
brown banks,
choked with
old tires
and tin cans

Brave Birds

blue dandy
birds
with childish
crests,
threaten
a yellow
smokestack

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Diplomas
are usually
kept in attics,
under the
Flag,
the bow and arrows
and summer
shoes

These chic
pastel benches
are sat on
every day
by unchic people
admiring views.
Sometimes,
at night
they're stolen
by semi-chic
hoodlums
in broken cars.

Furnishing
The Outdoors

Diploma

perhaps a corner
of the window
lets you look out,
while others
are stuffed
with curtains,
shades,
reflections/
you see,
but then you
draw in again,
to not see
the inside

artists
forgot
the steam age,
except for
a painting
of the
vast glass
ceiling
of a station

- 16 -

some gulls,
seven miles
from the sea,
study a
suburban pond
for signs
of cod or hake

Displaced

a pitchman's
holiday
next to Green
Street,
a ferris wheel
near the A & P,
dark trees
above weak
lights,
popcorn
in pink and
yellow
and a
set piece of
a waterfall

Carnival in
Ipswich

Wedding Vase

white glass
with brown
flowers
in the center
of the mantle/
thought
valuable
since 1880

"Educational"

the museum
is closed
on Wed. p.m./
inside are
postcards of
Van Gogh
sunflowers
and the
Minoan Snake
Goddess,
which you
can send to
friends

- 17 -

a family
who were poor
or rich
had a
blue-milk
kitten,
which lived
ten years,
when people
were busy
with something,
a war, I guess

Pet

Someone stole
his hubcaps,
He painted the
wheels red and
green.

They Got Away

Guessing What "Bistro"
Means

"Continued"

some desirable
little saloons
with brown
walls,
lithographs,
and Hemingway
sitting around

this episode
of ancient days
shows
the Emperor
Galba
calling for
hot water
to soak
his feet in

Biography: Gloria Kenison

I'm a graduate of Katharine Gibbs and worked on State Street
(Boston) for twenty years.

Publications:

Ms. (1932 or '3); which was published by Columbia University for
its correspondence school students. I appeared in it twice.

Story (March, 1935): story (accepted by Whit Burnett).

Serendipity (1962, I think): story accepted, but never published
because the magazine was discontinued. They also would have
taken two of my poems.

The Wormwood Review: (1963, onwards): poems.

black-and-white
sheet music
in a storage
warehouse/
a waltz of
sentiment
about
sycamores,
candles,
and a river

someone
shot a fox
this morning,
and put
his orange
corpse
in the
back window
of his car

"Wabash"

Killed for the Bounty

Chapter Heading

Institution

"a cruel mousetrap
is turned
upside down,
and Mrs. Thing
goes to
a tea"

down there
beyond the
hospital grounds,
rabbits play
in a Constable
landscape

Publications (continued):

Spectrum (Fall, 1964): poem.

The Green World: three poems in two issues.

Experiment (1962 or '3): 11 poems accepted, also three verse plays (one-minute plays).

Umbra: poem accepted, 1965.

I have also had numerous poems in the Young Publication anthologies, the Boston Herald and Hartford Courant.

give a pal
a boost/
buy his
shiny knives
("hard-wood case")

"Stanley" Party

just as
you open
a bottle
of Drambuie,
the postman
comes
with a
"late" birthday
card

Civilization

Colors

an orange cat
 steps on the
 green grass
 from the
 kitchen door
 to the edge
 of the yard,
 where it dives
 into unmowed
 beige weeds
 and hunts
 gray fieldmice
 whose silk hair
 is blown
 by the colorless wind

Lineage

a diffident
 spider
 had his lineage
 traced back
 through
 a hundred
 centuries
 to find out
 why he feared
 nothing but
 flowers

- 20 -

Western lawmen
 come and go,
 but there's
 always a scene
 with sage-brush
 in it
 in every
 cowboy movie

"High Noon"

the city is
 like a wheel/
 on the rim
 are a few
 people
 bound for
 dentists'
 offices/
 the spokes
 are avenues
 for jewel shops/
 the hub
 is a crowd
 swayed by a
 policeman's
 whistle

City Stumble

Girls' Books (1900)

all about
Little Prudie,
Phronsie Pepper,
and
Flaxie Frizzle

Ads:1
"Pleasant Walks
Near Camp"

a mile or so
from the
ancient
cabins,
are fields
of sweet fern
and wild
raspberries

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Birds are making
little
cutting noises
between
the wires
in
a
dry field

Bird Noises

In September
the milliner
trims her
eighteen-dollar
hats,
grand shapes
in emerald,
royal,
or rust,
and sticks
them,
like oak balls
on pegs that
come out
from the wall

Hat Shop

Ads:2
"Five Minutes
to the Beach"

small white
beach cottages
with
blue painted
porch ceilings,
and hand-
made pulls
on the
window shades

Franconia's Notch

gaudy stickers
are glued
on bumpers,
or orange
on black,
for some caves
or some zoo
the kids
might like

- 22 -

something
terrible
happened
just now/
they'll have
to interrupt
the Wheaties
program
to tell
about it

Bulletin

root-held
trees
along
street,
and avenue
and
private way

Elms

"Choice of Three Veggies."

"Formal"

a turnip,
a gourd,
a cabbage
so fair
that people
stare

pink taffeta
in the closet
a stiff shiny
flower
on a
hanger

"Like a ... "

"My Creed"

in poetry
a simile hangs
on every
bush

a parchment
motto,
with gilded
capitals

- 23 -

candy counter/
seat/
between
them
theatre air
and dirty
carpet

"Second Feature"

Fog
("pale-
white,"
and
other
adjectives)

Fog is Bothering
Somebody
Again

a box
with turquoise
walls,
an elegance
so rare
that people
used to
shabby cubes
of air
can't stand it

Room

History of Pepper

grains of
(pepper)
or not
from
Madagascar
(islands
are
interesting)

Scuffler
in Sandals
bleached hair
and orange
jumper

Gloria Kenison

-- Gloria Kenison, 1966
Harding, Mass.

Letter
in this place
they wear
purple stockings/
one does,
anyway/
the weather
vane
has four
directions/
the usual
thing,
I guess

"Former Employee"
used to work
in a tower
of Rabel,
with eccentric
and a
spooky boss

"Girl of My Dreams"
never mind,
she'll appear
some day
on red spike heels,
with geranium
petals
in her hair
sixty years old,
and poor

clear and cold

wood thunder in the grass

 a shot of color
 rumble
the car over cold rails

thunder

everything moving shaking
 homeward cold dusk

one unity outside

 in
 other myself
together only the rumble
the thunder

grass on a slope/bridge overpass

 /gone/
thunder

aug. 7, 1965

flung ghosts shooting over the rails
the zephyr
 westward gouging the snow

 batman where are you flying tonight

single lighted rib path crease your barren land
 free your wind
to bend fresh bodies take time
 to gather
 before
 leaving

flames spiked embers glass lined
caboose chalk through smoke

sitting on a black steel signal
 heat from smokestacks and
 noise
 so we can't hear

though this may not be it

In Marseilles I
wore my black trenchcoat
into the lingerie shop: I had
removed the bars from my shoulders:
outside it was darkening chilly pre-
Christmas:

an afternoon
near an ocean
(I call that sea an
ocean):
the wife of someone was buying
a strapless bra imprinted
with blue and violet flowers:

my presence made her blush: she
nodded at the saleslady and paid
hurriedly: a plain pretty blushing
not young not old woman
buying something nice
for herself:

that's when I bought
you the lace slip the crazy costly
all-lace slip
the display had poignantly dressed you in
across those miles:

the really great young love
poem (I am certain)
must somehow involve such a pure
and white and luxurious
undergarment:

and such a self-conscious
plain pretty woman who wants for herself
something personal and nice:

and though this may not be it such
a poem must involve miles and miles
of distance, preferably
across dark, cold waters,

and it must suggest
a most incredible and hungry
loneliness,

the kind of ache in the chest
oceans and fine workmanship
and lovely women and
inaccessibility inevitably
precipitate.

-- Hale Chatfield

Chardon, Ohio

the eucalyptus

last night i finally saw
a eucalyptus plant.
i keep running across them
in other people's poems
and you'd think they would be
familiar by now.
but there it was in a
vase someone had tipped over,
spilling water all across the
carpet.
when she said
Watch out for the eucalyptus
my palms began to sweat.
it isn't often that poems
become alive,
and there was one being
green and touchable.
that i lay in a corner
fondling it for the rest
of the night
should be obvious.

what an ache can do

55 years old and
his back aches
so now he wants a son.
i'd hung around for years
being punished with gifts
i didn't want:
good roofs, piano lessons.
when i was small it
wasn't too bad.
he'd just want a kiss
every now and then
and if i could do it
for ladies who pinched my
cheek in the park
i could do it for him.

one winter he bought a
sled and took me out to
Prospect Park to fool on the
slushy hills.

there were lots of other kids
with mothers, fathers, brothers
sisters, grandmothers and
maiden aunts.

my man seemed upset that
i wasn't making as many happy
sounds as them and
so i was forced to say the
only words that came to mouth
as he pulled me along.

Giddap horsey.
i suppose i offended his
Polish pride
because he turned around and
slapped me
and then we went home.

so much for love.
i was content to be needed
only to fetch the Sunday paper.

the man who bought the bread
and gave out lickings
decided to move to the suburbs
so the kids could have someplace
green to play.

i liked it fine where
i was:

learning sex from the
Cubans up the block,
pissing against the apartment
house walls and being warm in
the steam.
in the smell of the city
i felt less offensive.

westward ho
away from gruff cops
and subway urinals,
away from things that knew me
and were tolerant.
i let them take me
feeling somehow that there
is no change.
i didn't play much
in the green for which
we'd come,
but the man spent hours
in the basement and garden.

it would be home nap
basement putterings Daily News
nap and an occasional holler
when we upstairs got overjoyed.
so my growing up was done
in the unused green
and i had romances and haircuts
and clap and every now and
again i would buy a Sunday paper
to send to the man downstairs.
but as was mentioned some
75 lines back the man
is now 55 years old with lumbago
and he wants a son.
maybe it won't be too bad.
he'll just want a kiss
once in awhile
and if i can do it for the
girls who pinch my cheeks
in the grass,
i can do it for him.

-- alexander m. silberman

Little Neck, N. Y.

survival is often nothing more
than a question of timing:
with one eye hanging on his cheek
he came to me an old man rain
in his face and the arms not
where they should have been;
he came to me the years whiskered
on his face and somebody laughing
down the street;
i did my best to just stand there
but he pointed a broken watch to my face
and tapped a finger on the glass;
one dollar his head kept nodding
one dollar
the noise slipping from between his teeth
and the cloud part of his chest;
one dollar his head bobbed up and down
his eyes like tied-fish-nets
hung on his cheek
one dollar he kept saying
until i put a quarter in his hand

and walked away as fast as i could
looking back only once.
his face was drawn into his teeth and
and his tongue dying across his lips
as he leaned against the bus-stop
holding the watch closely to his ear
listening

stolen fm. a letter to m. m.

under the belly
of the universe
hides a clown

.
.
.
.
crying

-- marcus j grapes

New Orleans, La.

The Perceptions

seated around the table
they
discussed the opening
flower's

bright colors & the in-
ward
movement of the petals'
growth

eluded their comprehension
so they
ignored it for a static
view

of the world. far away the
sun is
not a thing so far
away

they say.

Another Day

a-waken-

ing of

bones

my

dried out

mind

cries

lets

cook

bacon

& eggs

Involvement

bending

as it enters

water,

the light

is reshaped by

involvement

-- Nelson Ball

Kitchener, Ont., Canada

Oahu, 1964

Cactus
and alianthus trees
(spilling orange beans)
grow
inside Koko Head crater
where it has not rained
for two years ...

Climb high enough
and the sea
on three sides
rises too
(turquoise blue).

Inside here
is a dead waterfall
a bird (with a red ring
around his surprised eye)

and a rock
with a path
cut through algae
(where brown ants
have run
undisturbed for two years
unseen
by anyone).

Silhouette

Three small trees, undone
by heavy August: one
moon hard enough to diminish stars.

He stands outside the car
struggling with a prophylactic.
Inside, she shuts her eyes
leans her head back on the seat
thinks unmothered images colored
by what she dials (lefthanded)
on the radio.

suddenly one glare down this black road
bifurcates into loud lights that reach,

while he leans on the car
and lights a cigarette, his back
to the coolmetaled door
and low music of her.
He smokes until the stark car
moves phantom by: the periphery
of its light slams past
with a silent jar.

-- Don Eulert

Albuquerque, New Mexico

Another Context

Imagine in Dylan Thomas's
seeing logs
cracking 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.

-- Louis McCarty

Arlington, Virginia

did you ever chase an idea
'round and 'round
the room

for hours and hours

following
a
fleeting
thought
conjured
by
the
devil
himself

and finally find
an
angel?

Cloud 9½

marry

a

nymphomaniac

who

owns

a

liquor

store!!

The Longest Distance Between Two Objects:

the thickness of
a toilet seat
when
you sit down
and
it is up

-- Sid Rufus

Washington, D. C.

Under The Hose

We used to run under the hose
when the sun was out,
but when it rained
we ran under the rain -- 0
it beat a lake by far --
and a pool! -- nobody went
to pools. Not Thread Creek Pool
anyway, which was the only pool
we knew about -- people
dumped their garbage
in Thread Creek, and once
we heard a headless man
was found all over

the cement chunks they tossed in there
by the bullhead docks -- a hillbilly,
some said, from Georgia,
who got in bad with some
colored boys from the North End --
no, we ran under the hose
when the sun was out,
and if it rained, O we
ran like the day you were born!

Banal Story

Burt used to say to Eddie, "Hey, Polack!" --
and it really got the laughs because
Eddie had blond hair so curly
you had to wonder about it,
a girlish dimple in his chin,
big cherry red pimples, and
if he wasn't clumsy and thin
your old lady ate raw spinach.

Burt, on the other hand, had
a set of coal black
cut-down hopped-up stream-
lined lines,
a woman who did
the dirty deed extra-
special anytime, and he
never got pimples of any color.

Now Burt has four snotty kids,
the extra-special deed has run
to fat, and
his cut-down hopped-up stream-
lined lines seems slightly funny --
but when Eddie comes down
in his clean white shirt and gartered socks
to see what's what with the monkeys
and assembly jocks, guess what
Burt still sez to Eddie?

-- Gary Gildner

Des Moines, Iowa

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