

"America est pulchra, baby," Bruce rejoins her.
"Amoo," she says, milking her accent for all it's worth.
"Amass, amat," he answers. "What is there but heaps of it and a place to go down for the count?"

Unworthy I am, she ponders, of a mind like that. And up she jumps to elude Bruce's pentultimate Latin smile: cha-chagrin.

A U T H O R ' S N O T E S

I'm 27, and live in Pasadena. I'd like to think that I'm a good horse-player. I went to the Univ. of Ill. for my B.A. and to the Univ. of Ariz. for my M.A. I think I wrote my first poem at about age 24 or so, and in fact that first one just got picked up by Ting (a new mag fm. Venice, Calif -- first issue due in Jan. of '68). After that I didn't write anything for a while and then started writing crazy word things like John Lennon's. Nobody wanted them, so I quit for a while again. Then about a year ago I started writing quite a lot and just about Christmas time in 1966, Leon Spiro from the Sausalito-Belvedere Gazette picked up and published one of them. My other 30 or so acceptances have all come within 1967. I haven't been writing a whole lot lately. I don't know why I write at all, but I know it makes me nervous if I don't. I don't have any particular habits that are interesting and I'm not sure who influences me. I think Gerry Locklin, a poet who lives in Long Beach, is responsible for a lot of my energy. We met in Arizona when he was being published and I didn't know what being published was. We drink together and talk about everything but the life-of-the-artist bullshit and somehow we shore each other up. We both have good women to take care of us, too. I live in Pasadena and am a sort of recluse.

Poems published: Sausalito-Belvedere Gazette (1), Occident (1), and Western Humanities Review (1).
Poems pending publication: Abyss (1), Bay Podium (2), Grande Ronde Review (3), Lung Socket, an anthology (1), Maelstrom (2), Ting (10), Trace (2), and, yes, Wormwood (10 - center section booklet).

-- Ronald B. Koertge

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