They were the dark rhetoric of Marcuse come to play on commodities of Spring before Mark Rudd or Guevara's end. Swept wheat hair like the fields of Karelia. We lead bullocks through the pastures of hair floating over the window boxes and all the faces of the people seemed to come undone.

For Sandra Hochman

Poetess: pitted against a nest of virgins (mostly hardwoods) she draws in fists of honey making bees: hides them in the wreaked grains. A hive transported broken through Poughkeepsie to the dark stone country west of Troy and Saratoga becomes herself: the medieval carnival: Queen of diseased oak she sings like Sappho.

-- Ben Pleasants
Beverly Hills, Calif.

John XXIII

Pope John you fox you foxed them good. What they had in mind was someone dying, fat, and full of gratitude, a papal puppet for the interim.

And you were all these things, you sly old saint, so grateful to be simply under earth's rotunda, corpulent with years of pasta contentment,

and dying surely dying just to see what death is like. The perfect man for the job, a comfort to duennae and the cortege of cardinals. A gull.