

It was a standoff thru February
till one day his friends carried
the body of Jeanne all the way back
from Notre Dame
from whence she had jumped in silence.

It took all the wind out of his
arguments.

Three Poets in the Dark

at Neuilly
one with a blue pipe
reciting Po Chi-I
the others drinking white
wine in chipped glasses
with the aromatic
smoke encircling them

three poets
in a winter bar
the snow piled up on the banks of the Seine
in blue heaps
speaking tonight of the Fauvists
and the Chinese
poets

Oh who would have these three
but Paris? -- two Americans
one North
Vietnamese
each having fled in terror
from the extremes of wealth and order
each without an
audience
in this city of art
happy in poverty
three in a room on squalid
Rue St. Jacques

"They will pick at our things years from now,
collecting our pneumatics and post cards," says the
man with the blue pipe. "They will buy up
our shirts and manuscripts and call us a
movement," says the Vietnamese. "Who will survive
to explain? Not me."

"I'll try," says the younger American eating
almonds. They are solemn for a moment
then burst into laughter. In the Metro cold
touches their throats;

hats and faces
coats and shoulders
crowd them into the rumbling
blackness
and they are suddenly aware
of Artaud
's "art is shit."

Poem for a Girl on Ice

I saw you
in the morning after drinking
eggs and beer
together
with a little coffee
resting on the lettuce
in between the milk and cream
cheese with the light out
and the freezer melting a watery
skin down your breasts and belly,
holding two geraniums
yr ear stuck to a grapefruit can.

When I put away the butter
I remember seeing something
in the late night
coming in
stumbling on the cat's bowl
falling on the handle
so the white door half opened
to what I thought was hair
along the egg shelf.

There was no note
only a smile and the two
geraniums
both white
and a nightgown of ice
that dripped all night from the freezer
compartment
preserving all your lovely
infidelities.

Phenomenological Photographs

1.

A litter of pens
matches, playing cards,
a gray ash
tray adorned with shells;
cigarettes and coffee cups.