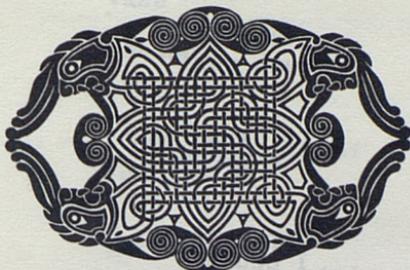


WORMWOOD



REVIEW

Editor: Marvin Malone; Art Editor: Ernest Stranger
US-ISSN: 0043-9401. Copyright © 1980, The Wormwood
Review Press; P.O. Box 8840; Stockton CA 95204 USA



A Comment

As a matter of policy, this editor avoids statements of intent, achievement, breast beating, and similar conceits. Yet for this, the 80th issue, something special seemed to be called for.

Consequently, this issue commemorates eight "regulars" -- poets who have come to be associated with the magazine in the minds of readers. All first appeared in the first decade of the mag and all (except Gloria Kenison) survived with us through the second decade. Poems appearing here are new but not specially solicited for the occasion -- just taken from the "accepted" file. Appearances of the poets in past issues are noted for fans and collectors (ss = a yellow-paper special section; cb = a chapbook special issue).

Every three years, the editor prepares an index and tries to decide whether or not to continue publishing for three more years. The decision always depends on three factors: (i) the number of interesting new poets found, (ii) the mag's general vitality, and (iii) its capacity to pay its own way. There will be a note in issue 82 as to whether the mag will continue past issue 84. Thank you, thank you, the readers, for your attention and past support.

-- Marvin Malone

The place

Is
the same
more over-
grown

I'd not
much want

To clean out
the brush

Supposing
I could

If I had

My skin
off
I'd put

It back
on if I
saw you

Coming
that's the way
I feel

About
your kind
of people

Dumb, dear

Dog though
I am not your
best friend

I took you
peeding
down Speed

Street, along
Alabama
and back

Cargill
you peed on
nondescript

Garbage
past pomegranates
upon bramble bush

Under pecans
hanging over
the pavements

Upon two girls
bicycling
peaceably

The law
is searching
for us now

Mad dog

A mad dog is loose
all good men
have got

To get out there
and shoot
mad dog

We have all got
to do away
with mad dog

Come good neighbors
and help
hunt mad dog

Only remember
tomorrow you
will be named

Mad dog
I have been named
mad dog

Time
after
time

If I took

My mask
 off
you'd be

Surprised
 if I
took my

Pants off
 you'd
hardly

Be
 aston-
ished

A signature

Of jarred
moments

A signature
none the less

-- Judson Crews

Albuquerque NM

WR: 3, 4, 7, 10, 13, 18,
19ss, 27/28, 31, 33, 43,
50, 52, 58ss, 60, 80

shopping list

"plates
bread
pita
raw cheddar
apple juice
4 avos
tomatoes
cukes
mung
napkins
alfalfa s.
a. tuna
split peas
fruit
bananas
carrots"

what's "mung"?

I like lists

especially when they are written in pencil
upon a small and unevenly-torn
piece of paper.

"mung."

it's not in the dictionary.

when she comes in I
ask her.

"look, what's this 'mung'?"

"what 'mung'?"

"it's on your shopping list...."

"oh, that? that's mung bean sprouts."

"oh?"

"what did you think it was?"

"I don't know. that's why I asked."

"bean sprouts," she said and walked into the
bathroom....

love

I awakened about 10:30 a.m.

Sunday morning

and I sat straight up in bed

and I said,

"o, Jesus Christ!"

and she said,

"what's the matter, Hank?"
and I said, "it's my car. do you
remember where we parked last night?"
and she said,
"no, I don't."
and I said,
"well, there's something strange about it."
and I got dressed and went out on the street
and I didn't know where the car was
and I walked up this street and down that
street and I couldn't see it.
I get love affairs going with my cars
and the older they are and the longer I have them
the more I care.
this had been an ancient love.
then three blocks to the west I saw it:
parked dead in the middle of a very narrow
street. nobody could enter the street or leave it.
my car sat there calmly like a crazy tank.
I walked in, got in, put the key in, and it
started.

there was no ticket.
I drove it around to my street and parked it
properly.

I walked back up the stairway and opened the
door.
"well, is your car all right?" she asked.
"yeah, I found it," I said, "it was...."
"you worry too much about that god damned car,"
she said, "did you bring any 7-Up, any beer?"

I undressed and got into bed
turned my fat ass against her fat
belly.

we're all so wanted....

I haven't seen her for 3 or 4 days
and she comes in and tells me
about the man on the freeway --
he kept his car just even with hers
and when she speeded up
he speeded up
and when she slowed down
he slowed down.
"I took a quick off-ramp," she said,

"and let him go."
I didn't say anything.
"you know what they're doing when they do that?" she asked.
"no," I answered.
"they're whacking-off," she said.
"Jesus," I said.
"and I think this one's funny. you probably won't think it's funny...."
"go ahead...."
"well, you know what a hand-mirror is?"
"yes...."
"well, after I got off the freeway, here came this other guy ... he was really quite common-looking, nothing exceptional ... but he drove up alongside of me and he had this card in the hand-mirror and it said:
'WANNA PARTY?'
and I laughed, I shook my head and I said, 'No.'
we drove along like that and he replaced the card. the next one said:
'ARE YOU ATTACHED?'
and I nodded my head up and down in the affirmative, then he replaced the card
and the next one said:
'DO YOU CHEAT ON YOUR OLD MAN?'
and I shook my head, 'No'
and then he put in another card
and it said
'GOODBYE'
and it was all right because he was this quite ordinary-looking fellow and we were laughing all through it...."
she had finished.

"listen," I said, "did I tell you the time I went to THRIFTY'S to get a pair of stockings and some shorts and this young woman walked up to me and do you know what she said? guess what she said...? understand I just went in there to get a pair of stockings and some shorts...."

time is made to be wasted

I had just bought some boxer shorts
and a pair of bluejeans
and I had just purchased a box of popcorn
and was walking by the shoe dept.

when I heard the salesgirl say to the man seated,

"now I'm just here to help fit you into some shoes. you needn't get personal."

the man was old with a bent neck and grey hair.

"all right, all right," he said.

when I got out into the parking lot

2 cars were crashed together

and a young man in a new car was

saying to the lady in the old car,

"madam, why did you do that? look at my poor car."

the woman was built like a

linebacker for the Dallas Cowboys

and she screamed out:

"OH SHUT UP! SHUT UP, YOU DUMB SON OF A BITCH!"

I ate the popcorn in the car and drove in. the phone was ringing.

"hello," I answered.

"where've you been?" she asked.

"I've been ringing and ringing."

"I went shopping."

"shopping?"

"yes...."

"you haven't been to see Cupcakes, have you?"

"no, besides she's moved to Glendale."

"Glendale? how did you know?"

"now, come on, Linda...."

"I want to know...."

"I got some boxer shorts and some bluejeans."

the night was a little better than the day. the police helicopter

circled overhead, they had a stake-
out on an apartment house on
Serrano Avenue.
the police crouched behind bushes
with rifles and shotguns and pistols
and they brought one man out in a
white shirt
and the blood ran down in front of him
in a red mass
and he was handcuffed in
back. there were one or two others
inside and the police spoke to them
over a loudspeaker....

strangely, I lost interest
and then as I walked back toward
my place
I got a toothache
and I didn't have many teeth
left
and suddenly a grey and crippled cat
ran across the sidewalk in front of
me
its back arched
tail high
I saw its bunghole in the moonlight
and then it vanished under a
bush.

and titles too

don't worry Dostoevski,
the fish and the hills and the harbor
and the girls and the horses and the
alleys and the nights and the dogs
and the knives and the poisons and
the wines and the midgets and the
giants and the lights and the guns
and the lies and the sacrifices
and the flies and the frogs and the
flags and the doors and the windows
and the stairways and the cigarettes
and the hotels and myself have been
around a long time

just like you.

a note upon starvation

I'm not sure where I starved the most
Savannah, Atlanta, New Orleans, Philadelphia
or Los Angeles.
starving is not as terrible as it might
seem.
it is the first two or three days without
food
that are the worst.
about the fourth day
you begin to feel almost intoxicated
panic lessens
one sleeps well:
12 to 14 hours,
and most strange:
one continues to defecate.
and the sight of the eye increases:
everything is seen with impetuosity:
stems of apples
treads on tires
pores of dirt in alleys
shoelaces on other people's shoes
buttons on their shirts
scabs and cuts on their faces
dirt beneath their fingernails
colored wrappers around loaves of bread
street numbers painted on sidewalk curbs
fireplugs just sitting there
and most of all the sun
so bright
you walk through the light
and the light is inside and out
no message
just light
no fear.

people in the world starve to death.
I think I starved most in Atlanta.

now I have gone on a
diet.

-- Charles Bukowski

San Pedro CA

WR: 7, 8, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16ss,
18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24ss, 29, 30,
31, 33, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43,
44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 53ss,
55, 57, 60, 61, 62, 64, 65/66, 68,
71cb, 72, 73, 74, 76, 77, 78, 80

<u>barn</u>	<u>tea</u>	<u>fun is</u>
<u>burners</u>	<u>bag</u>	<u>shallow</u>
<u>wooden</u>	<u>thin</u>	full of
horses	<u>thin</u>	barking
the	"oman	dogs
small	one"	that
hostler	from	want
is	front	to eat
dead	to	you
	back	today

<u>dollars</u>	<u>munch</u>	<u>who</u>
one	<u>the 3-cornered</u>	<u>Fell</u>
one	heads	<u>last</u>
two	the swirling	week?
two	skies	white
ten		pool
ten		of apollo

<u>mourning</u>	<u>guest</u>	<u>money</u>
<u>dove</u>	<u>pink</u>	<u>trees</u>
<u>spindle</u>	soft	<u>bend over</u>
bird	rose	
one	sitting	
sent	on our	
for	sofa	<u>joke</u>
dusk		one
one		or two
crying		st. patrick's

	<u>auction of</u>	day
	<u>a rime scheme</u>	a game
<u>nightclub</u>	old	of chance
<u>chestnut</u>	gold	
old as	fold	
anything	bold	<u>fire</u>
stand-up	cold	<u>works</u>
comedian	mold	<u>sucking</u>
	hold	yellow
	sold	

-- Gloria Kenison

Millis MA

WR: 9, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 23ss,
26ss, 27/28, 31, 37, 41, 46, 49,
53, 56, 58, 61, 68, 72, 76, 80

a man who served two masters, and then some

in the morning mail a magazine arrives
including a debate upon the possibility
of one who is employed within the system
ever turning out real, gut-level, double-barreled,
two-balled poetry.

and that evening, preparing for my class
in survey of english literature, part one,
i read that geoffrey chaucer,
son of a wine merchant,
was variously employed
as apprentice vintner,
page to Lionel of Antwerp,
valet and soldier of Edward III,
beloved servant of John of Gaunt,
trade-envoy to the Genoese,
matchmaker in France on behalf of Richard II,
Controller of the Customs and Subsidies in Wool,
Justice of the Peace and Knight of the Shire,
Clerk of the King's Works (which involved
the construction of grandstands for their equivalent
of our Rose Parade),
Deputy Forester of the Royal Somerset Preserve,
and that he still found it necessary
repeatedly to petition
the patronage of the court.

thank god the guy had to work for a living
or there wouldn't be time to read anyone else.

reverse psychology rules all

watching that great john updike television adaptation,
all of a sudden it occurred to me
that if our nation truly wants to strengthen marriage bonds
all that it has to do
is make a law forbidding intercourse
between a man and wife.
or, better yet, mandate divorce
after a year or two together.

you won't be able to tear the beasts apart.
they won't sell out their love
for money, immunity from torture,
or for a guarantee of helen of troy
or robert redford.

i say the place for prohibition
is within marriage, not outside it.
i promise you four hundred million instant
romeos and juliets;
all over america couples will be curled for coupling
in the only corner of the condominium
into which big brother's prying eye cannot quite
penetrate.

you won't be able to drag them to a porno flick,
but bootlegged prints of happy families
around the breakfast table
will be all the rage.

similarly, if you want to clean up the country's language
make it a capital offense to employ a word
of more or less than four letters.

are you really sure i'm crazy?

another light goes out

for years i've left her funny notes,
but then one day i noticed
that she'd saved a stack of them.
when i asked her why, she said,
"so that after you're dead
i can prove you loved me,
even though you always say
you hate me in your poems."

i didn't mind that,
and i was actually flattered
to have a few of my dumb-ass, would-be witticisms
preserved,

but then i got to thinking about
some of the truly dumb and even ugly things
i'd also written,
and of some of the ethnic jokes i'd made,
which i wouldn't want anyone at any time
to think i had meant seriously,

so one day when she was out
i went through the stack
and removed a few of the more offensive sheets.

of course when i confessed to her
we had an argument

over whether the writer or the receiver
owns the rights to such ephemera,
and over which of us
had abused the other's trust.

now i am guarded in my notes
and she saves none of them.

the veterans

we were sitting in the campus beer bar
on the last day of school

and this handsome blonde was saying
how you tend to settle for so much less

as you get a little older, how you don't
demand eternity in love, sublimity in poetry,

or that each night be as intense
as ravens perched upon a craggy monolith,

and i agreed, and sipped my beer portentously,
and offered some examples from my own

late-thirties vantage point
of lowered expectations,

and a bond was growing there
of two resilient weatherbeaten souls

(though she'd retained her fine looks,
while i'd lost mine in sixth grade),

but she had to run off to consummate
a real-estate deal,

and when she had left the bar
a friend said, "do you know how old she is?"

and i said, "no," and he said,
"twenty-three."

cabernet nostalgia

already she knows all my stories,
the one about the friend who taught me to like liverwurst,
every battle with my mother or my former wives,
the precise athletic origin
of each of my lingering aches and pains.
i usually start reminiscing
just about the second sip of the second glass
of the first bottle of wine before dinner.
i get two sentences out "... you know,
i knew this guy once used to eat a whole package
of liverwurst with a whole cut-up onion
on crackers each night before dinner ... and that
was when he was on a diet!" and she'll say,
"wasn't that your lawyer?"
and i'll say, "oh, yeah, i guess i told you that one,"
and she says, "you've told me fifteen times;
you've told them all;
i know them all by heart."

i'm not forty yet.
if my liver holds out
and we stay together,
can you imagine how sick she's going to be
of that liverwurst story
by the time we're seventy?

my brother

i never had a brother.
i can remember at one time
wishing that i had one,
especially a younger one,
but i guess my parents knew
they really didn't have the income
for another kid.
since i wasn't much of a fighter,
there were plenty of times growing up
that i could have used an older brother,
unless, i suppose, he turned out not to be much
of a fighter also,
in which case we would have hated in each other
the image of our own unmanliness.

i've had a lot of chances to observe large families,
even to some extent to be a part of them,

and it's scary and comforting and warm and complicated
the way they bicker with each other,
but will close ranks the instant an enemy,
personal or impersonal, should threaten.

you have to share your life, though, with a sibling.
not just attention and support and time,
but most of all importance.
your self-importance is never absolute.
i guess you can see what being an only child does to you,
because i'm glad now that i never had a brother.

i do belong to the American Federation of Labor!

i'm sitting in the tavern
with some of my fellow sports fans,
all of whom are laborers,
and someone complains that there's nothing
to bet on in the spring
(except for suckering an occasional greenhorn
into a wager on the superstars competition)

and i say, without thinking, "at least it's a good time
to get a little work done,"

and Old Jim snorts, "work! you've never done
an honest day's work, Locklin, in your goddamn life!"

which isn't the literal truth,
but, as the guffaws chorus and swell,
i decide this is neither the time nor place
to discourse upon
the spiritual travail of the artist.

-- Gerald Locklin

Long Beach CA

WR: 9, 21, 27/28, 31ss, 33, 35,
37, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 46, 47,
50ss, 53, 56, 60, 61, 64ss, 67cb,
70, 72, 73, 74, 76ss, 77, 78, 80

gagaku

it is
a hell
of a time
to write poems
about demons
the whole
neighborhood
is having
dinner

gagaku

silver belts
rather black leather
belts with a silver
or chrome
or stainless steel
buckle

black satin gowns
still the faces of white
rabbits
teeth showing
tongue scarlet

blue eyes
green head cloth

they play catch with books
the pages flop about

a gold pointed at one end object
it is disassembled into
a pile of gold
in lumps
the lumps hold together
as though fixed with
glue

the demons wave hatchets about
I'm not sure
they're demons

silver or chrome or stainless steel
axes

gagaku

hell hell it rains and rains
I wonder if this is it
the black cat is above my front door
under my roof's eave
the 3 colored cat is on
my bed
sleeping
the one outside a male
my cat a female
it rains and rains and
rains

gagaku

one for the
women
one for the
demons
they clap extra
large fat hands
their hands seem blown up
way larger than their body
and now their hands
shrink to
such a tiny size
and blow up
huge again
big and again small
that's what the
demons do
in my imagination
I see their teeth
inside smiling
and now grimacing lips
thick red lipsticked

gagaku

dance demon
with knife in your mouth
blue hair pointed ears
long orange black white dark green
robe

dance in your white sandals
you hold a stick in your right hand
behind you is solid light gray

you balance on your right foot
I am happy to see you
 I am happy
to see anything

dance with your left palm cupped over your stomach
careful with that knife in your
 mouth

gagaku

it is lautrémont's book
I read it once and
 only once
I'd swear
 it was written
 by the
 devil

I've picked it up
 since
 and can read only several
 words before
 having to
 put it down

I won't be able to read
 it again

but that once
 I was glued
 to the
 line

chants of maldoror

sunday morning poem birds
making music

I've discovered
that my voice
equals old miller for
lucidity simple truth verbal
bounce off this page

this I discovered
this morning

but here I am in poet
form and
miller was in
all that prose

still he lives and still
he writes

I can't just be the man's equal
I've got to
surpass that satyr

perhaps it
has been my discussion
description
envisioning of demons
perhaps I'll never surpass miller
perhaps there is a plateau of
lucidity with
written words

perhaps we climb that cliff
our cocks torn
and almost
fallen off
perhaps we then
with luck reach that
flat top and shake
hands toes
with miller bukowski céline patchen
artaud rimbaud bulgakov hesse camus
lorca and the 100 others
hamsun too

gagaku

janice circus
I never even touched you
your body slim
a venus creation
in curves

hell

we were in the
eighth grade and
you told me
you wanted me

and I told
everyone
you wanted me and
then you told me
I could
not have
it
meaning you
because I
told everyone and I
was instead supposed to
keep my yap shut

and
so I lost you but
now see you
here 25 years later

and wish
I wouldn't have
had such a damn
fat lip

-- Steve Richmond

Santa Monica CA

WR: 18, 21, 35, 43ss, 55, 61,
70ss, 72, 78, 80

Speakman

Know a man
named Speakman
who often stutters
in conversation but
on issues of profundity
speaks with such
captivating lucidity
he lifts you
outside usual
petty concepts.

Wage Earner's Blues

Here I am
in same old
rut unable to
enjoy fruits
of my labor.
Can't get ahead
money wise or
otherwise costs
keep gaining
on my raises.

Moments of Clarity

Occasionally in
a moment of
clarity I'll know
myself & action
becomes spontaneous
& exact.
Too few.
God knows
these moments
are too few.

Promise

Stepping outside studio
to pee (hyped by police
sirens, neighbor's thundering
stereo, too much
booze & tobacco)
I smell the river.
Settles me down.
Feel (briefly)
everything is
still ok.

Good Beginning

First page
in my old
book is blue
& empty.
A good
beginning for
any book.

What I Pray For

To be able to fill
each day with activity
is what I pray for.
Those dull, empty
spaces in a
day scare me.
Fifteen, ten years
ago I could drink
my way thru them
but no longer.
Body, stretching
to reach fifty,
won't allow it.

Free Time

Got to cultivate
it carefully
make it pay
while it lasts.
Waste is the
grey reaper
of middle age.

Leftover Rose

This gnarled old rose
(don't know its variety)
keeps offering itself.
It's stuck under eaves
against stucco wall
covered by broad reach
of silver maple, ignored.
Yet each year it
sends up green
top heavy shoots
stretching out for
light & blooms
exquisite white.

Stiffen Up

This job's taken
starch outa me.
I'm soft as warm
chewed gum &
just as tasteless.
Aura, if I got one
is piss yellow.
Gotta break loose
stiffen up brace
myself for
rebirth.

Voices

Got two voices (in
here) nagging me
& don't know
which is right.
Ain't crazy
(don't think).
Go to work
love family
pay bills.
But this tug-a-war
has me mighty
nervous wondering
who's me &
who ain't.

-- Phil Weidman

North Highlands CA

WR: 18, 22, 24, 26, 27/28,
33ss, 35, 39, 43, 46, 49,
51, 53, 58, 64, 68, 72,
76, 79cb, 80

Ways My Mother And Lover Are Alike

after we've been a
part we usually fight
but ache hard leaving

they both say no
one could love you
like I do want me
glued to them

both are sure
they're always right

tell me I'm self
destructive adding
another coat of glue

sure there's not a
man in town who doesn't
have hot pants for me
that I won't know how
to handle

Eating The Green, The Quiet

november on the sill
claws curled under,
phone under the bed
in a locked room.
the maple huge black
walnuts catching up

Oh Yes, Or Tuesday

her face glowing
it was the way
red shines around
the sun where
there's too much
ice in the air

Remember The Ladies

i.

Sylvia Church
Duxbury 1753

thin face
sharp blue eyes
sharp as needles
her hair dissolves
in the background

she looks like
she could have out
lived more than
a few men

like she wouldn't
take much
she didn't want to

and that the perfume bottle
she holds is not
for smelling salts

ii.

a slave woman
hiding her baby in
the corn leaves

a woman grinding her
teeth to dust hating
the man who smelled of
brandy and sweat
and pig

everybody married
women gave up money
all rights divorce
impossible bloody

sheets bad water
few women lived long
enough to die
of old age

vii.

Aristotle's Complete
Masterpiece in 3 parts
displaying the secrets of

nature in the generations of
man

sex manual Philadelphia
1796 the

woman undressed
a chastity belt
around her she could
be Manet's woman

her hands at her
side an old man
fully clothed looking
as if she were
a bit disgusting

who read this book
in how many houses a
young girl opening it
in back of the woodpile

or slipping it into the
ropes inside her bed
startled by what
the moon's tongue touches

still touching herself

xxviii.

one woman
died at 117

Mary Mirick Davies

outlived 3 husbands

9 children 45
grandchildren 215
great grand

and 800 great great
great grandchildren

hugged by her blue eyes

xxxii.

cotton printed with suns
branches on linen

a woman wrapped in
this bed rug

as sleet glazed
the trees glass

dreams of bread and roses
the night coats her

mind like ice
she leaves no name on

any quilt
in any diary

Letter

Everything is
all dripping and
fog. Even the white
stars on the dog
wood are little
platters full of
rain. Tuesday seems
12 weeks away
the cherries will
be ripe by then
the columbine be
the color of skin
with a little rose

38 Main Street

sitting on the toilet
with you in the tub
Mommy Frieda May
the blue room like water
smell of wet clothes
and talcum you never
liked yr name Ben
couldn't come in
sitting on the toilet
yr breasts floating
on the water you
younger than I
am now

Going Thru A Box Of Old Papers, Letters

pulling a box that smells like mold out in the kitchen on a day when the house won't get warm pulling postcards lyn are you eating you know you shouldn't worry about marks penny postcards from florida years of birthday cards with yr loving grand nanny's hand getting shakey hard to read i was rosalyndiane lipman these cards came to 38 main street 3 cent stamps to middlebury i was fat worried about boyfriends hated to wear glasses felt my belly twist at postcards like yr final biology mark exam is my mother's letters in pencil blur the "f's" all curly are you sure you're getting sleep enough and darling what does being a "goon" mean the letters stick together here's a dance program with no one's name on it a box that smells of lavender from bainbridge s.w.a.k. on the back of and yr loving gramp the ink running torn letter from dorothy about boys who put their hands there stamps a list of foreign students a note on dorm memo "10:30 someone with an accent left no name will call later" flowers from fatimi hair in a piece of tissue poems printed in 3rd grade on yellow paper about umbrellas and apple leaves poems that rhyme more predictable more clear than things i'm trying to touch now

Ritalin Rita Lyn

Ritalin she says
i've never heard of that
and no wonder being
blonde and healthy
ordinary as Ritz crackers
Ritalin and you know what
you get when you open the
box not like with
strangely packed
crackers from Switzerland
who knows how long
they've been around
if they're crumbled
being the Ritz cracker
madonna why would or should
she know about
Ritalin. she said

i thought it was a typo
hubby and i read and reread
out of 250 people i picked
your poems and i've
read them so often
i thought the poem had
something to do with women
not wanting the toilet
seat lid up
i thought it was about
your mother wanting
to call you
Rita Lyn

How To Tell

darkened rose canes
falling down rhododendron
cut what winter killed
when live buds are starting

after the yellow
forsythia bells,
slice the rose bushes

when black birds are
then prune cherries and
grapevines leaf

lettuce and spinach
peas radishes and cabbage
go in when there are
jonquils

Indians knew when
the oak leaves
are about the
size of a
mouse's ear,
plant the corn

-- Lyn Lifshin

Niskayuna NY

WR: 25, 31, 34, 37, 42, 44, 47ss,
50, 53, 55, 56, 59cb, 62, 65/66ss,
72, 73, 74, 77, 78ss, 80

Functions Of Body Hair

Just imagine Aunt Fritzy Ritz in the bathroom about to shave her hairy thighs. Who would be suprised to see Sluggo hiding in the closet with a boner.

There will be no funny stuff at the beach when Blondie's armpits are clean as cups. But what if she waved and showed us two bosky secrets. Certainly Dagwood is about to zoom out of the bathhouse with something suspicious in a loaf of Vienna bread.

That is what the hair on someone's ass is for, the tickly wisps around the nipple, those shoulders and backs, each a tiny pampas.

It all lets you know that this is not the funny papers and that someone is about to do something human.

Genuine Success Story

A quadraplegic convinces his nurse to insert a pen in his rectum and to position him just so.

Despite some initial disgust, she is intrigued and shows the bitter novel to a friend who passes it along to a floundering publisher.

The book comes out in August and a hungry wire service happily jettisons still another temperature scoop.

The author charms Merv at 3:00, a movie option is inked, and NET makes a short film with classical music and discreet camera angles.

Men and women clutching tattered mss. line up at surgeons' offices, basket stock soars, and the Scripto people come out with an Author's Model, tapered and lightly lubed.

Lassie's Wedding Night

She felt above all that, whatever that was, and knew the nuns and polio victims she had rescued would agree.

But business is business, so there she was with Flicka, Trigger, Cheetah, Benji and Fang, fiance and new box office sensation because he used karate and was possessed.

Oh, what she would give for a Milkbone, a pat on the head and an injured orphan surrounded by rapid wolves, something she could deal with dog-style

perhaps not the most appropriate phrase considering the way Fang is weaving toward her leering and smoking a big cigar.

Slipper Sox

They used to be symbols of togetherness and relaxation. Mom was happy padding in and out of the living room, piling t.v. trays high, waiting on everyone hand and cozy foot.

Now they are rare except in catalogs where apres-ski Dad looks troubled, perhaps because the soles are plastic, perhaps because Mother is angrily lacing on her snowshoes.

Well, they aren't rare around here and they aren't plastic! And I do not mind telling you again, darling, as you storm out in those stiletto heels, that my conscience is clear.

I happen to know that Bambi willed his hide to the slipper sox people and once announced that as his wife helped him on with a couple of pair he never felt better in his life.

Inventing Everyday Items: Sunglasses

Adam & Eve were hardly on their feet
when God's Naughty-Naughty finger
shaved the sky.

Embarrassed, he clamped a fig leaf
to himself while Eve made hers
into a spunky little hat.

Adam began that lecture about
dress codes and the neighbors.
When he wouldn't shut up, Eve borrowed
the first garter snake she saw
and let him have it.

Under the clammy blows, Adam felt
his guilt loosen and slip away.
He wished Eve were stronger
and had used a python,

which made him grab two more leaves
and slap them over his eyes
so God could not see in
at such weird thoughts.

June Poem

Science 100 -- a gloomy place with the curse
of the Frog People on it. There sit my students
frowning at their poems as if they were drachma.
Each rises, reads, groans, changes his major.

But all get big sundaes of applause and we
walk outside into the graduated sun carrying
a smile big as a canoe.

Forgotten are those long hours in class, tedious
as Mother's Day. Forgiven the time I was mean
to that bunny poem, the one where it died
and went to Heaven. On skates.

Summer is idling just up the block, so we shake
hands or kiss clumsily while Fluffy smiles
down as he revolves on God's endless palm.

The Poet's Genealogy: A Fragment

Ronald the Ooze:

It looks at the pea-green sky,
tests the weird air. Not a race
track or chiropractor anywhere.
Let some other algae make history.

Ronald the Fleabitten:

He is in a tree. By himself. All
the other males have females hunting
lice for brunch. Ronald cries and
sucks on a banana, initiating the
homosexual strain that apparently
died with Ronnie the Festoon (circa
1600).

Ronald the Rhymer:

Pointy cap, bells, traveling
crusader jokes, sight gags with
a chastity belt. Nothing is too
dumb if it gets a laugh. See
woodcut C¹ of Ronald lighting
a fart.

Ronald the Barbarian:

Cruel laughter gives him a sore
throat and pillage hurts his back,
so he is always late. The other
Goths laugh at his tiny horse and
throw him the village librarian
because Ronald likes to talk about
Life.

-- Ronald Koertge

South Pasadena CA

WR: 29ss, 35ss, 40, 41, 44,
51ss, 53, 60, 61, 63cb, 72,
73, 76, 77, 80

Wormwood exchanges with the following magazines. Each deserves more readers and more support. Keep them alive and independent.

- Alcatraz Editions, 354 Hoover Rd., Santa Cruz CA 95065
(publications individually priced).
- The Altadena Review, P.O. Box 212, Altadena CA 91001
(\$4.50/3 nos.).
- The Beloit Poetry Journal, Box 2, Beloit WI 53511 (\$6.00
/year).
- Beyond Baroque, P.O. Box 806, Venice CA 90291 (\$15/year).
- Crawlspace, 908 West 5th St., Belvidere IL 61008 (\$2.50
/year).
- December, 6232 N. Hoyne (#1C), Chicago IL 60659 (\$12.50
/4 nos.).
- Durak, RD 1 Box 352, Joe Green Road, Erin NY 14838
(\$2.50/copy).
- Epoch, 245 Goldwin Smith Hall, Cornell University, Ithaca
NY 14850 (\$5.00/year).
- The Fault, 33513 Sixth St., Union City CA 94587 (\$2.25/
copy).
- Gargoyle, c/o The Paycock Press, P.O. Box 57206, Washing-
ton DC 20037 (\$5.00/year).
- Ghost Dance, c/o Dept. American Thought & Language, Uni-
versity College, Michigan State University, East
Lansing MI 48823 (\$3.00/year).
- Grapeshot, c/o Progressive Club, Riverina College of Ad-
vanced Education, P.O. Box 588, Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.
2650, Australia
- Greenfield Review, P.O. Box 80, Greenfield Center NY
12833 (\$6.00/2 nos.).
- Hanging Loose, 231 Wychoff St., Brooklyn NY 11217 (\$5.50
/4 nos.).
- Hard Pressed, P.O. Box 161915, Sacramento CA 95816 (\$3.00
/2 nos. for individuals; \$6.00/2 nos. for institutions).
- Hiram Poetry Review, P.O. 162, Hiram OH 44234 (\$2.00/year).
- Images, c/o Dept. of English, Wright State University,
Dayton OH 45435 (\$1.50/3 nos.).
- Impulse, Rt. 1, Box 821, Wilton CA 95693 (unpriced).
- Interstate, Noumenon Foundation, P.O. Box 7068 Univ. Stat.
Austin TX 78712 (\$6.00/4 nos.).
- Invisible City, The Red Hill Press, 6 San Gabriel Dr.,
Fairfax CA 94930 (\$2.00/copy).
- Journal of Modern Literature, 1241 Humanities Bldg.,
Temple University, Philadelphia PA 19122 (\$10.00/year).
- Kaldron, 441 North 6th St., Grover City CA 93433 (\$1.00
/copy).
- Laughing Bear Press, P.O. Box 23478, San Jose CA 95153
(\$5.00/4 nos.).
- Leapfrog Newsletter, c/o ACNAP, 424 40th St., Oakland CA
94609 (\$1.00/copy).
- Little Caesar, 3373 Overland Ave. (#2), Los Angeles CA
90034 (\$1.50/copy).

Lunch, c/o Quatrone, 220 Montross Ave., Rutherford NJ
 07070 (\$1.00/copy).
Madrona, 505 South Wilton Pl. (#203), Los Angeles CA
 90020 (\$6.00/volume).
Maelstrom Review, c/o Russ Haas Press, P.O. Box 4261,
 Long Beach CA 90804 (\$5.00/4 nos.).
Man-Root, P.O. Box 982, South San Francisco CA 94080
 (\$5.00/4 nos.).
Minotaur, 2419 24th Ave., San Francisco CA 94116 (\$2.00
 /copy).
New Poetry, Box N-110 Grosvenor St. P.O., Sydney 2000,
 N.S.W., Australia (\$18.00/year).
Northeast Rising Sun, Cherry Valley Editions, Box 303,
 Cherry Valley NY 13320 (\$10.00/year).
Open Letter, 104 Lyndhurst Ave., Toronto M5R 2Z7 Canada
 (\$7.25/4 nos.).
Open Places, Box 2085, Stephens College, Columbia MO
 65215 (\$4.00/2 nos.).
Other Islands, c/o Gonnella, 28 South 1st Ave., Highland
 Park NJ 08904 (\$6.00/3 nos.).
Poesia de Venezuela, Apartado Postal 1114, Caracas 1010A
 Venezuela (\$3.50/year).
Poetry Northwest, University of Washington, 4045 Brook-
 lyn Ave. N.E. (JA-15), Seattle WA 98105 (\$5.00/year).
Poetry Now, c/o Griffith, 3118 K St., Eureka CA 95501
 (\$7.50/6 nos.).
Rockbottom, Mudborn Press, 209 West de la Guerra, Santa
 Barbara CA 93101 (\$10.00/3 nos.).
Rumba Train Press, 6023 Village Rd., Lakewood CA 90713
 (publications individually priced).
Salt Lick, P.O. Box 1064, Quincy IL 62301, Quincy IL
 62301 (unpriced).
Scree, P.O. Box 1047, Fallon NV 89406 (\$6.50/4 nos. for
 individuals; \$8.50/4 nos. for institutions).
Second Coming, P.O. Box 31249, San Francisco CA 94131
 (\$4.00/year individuals; \$6.50/year institutions).
The Small Pond, P.O. Box 664, Stratford CT 06497
 (\$4.75/year).
Small Press Review, P.O. Box 100, Paradise CA 95969
 (\$12.00/year individuals; \$18.00/year institutions).
The Smith, The Generalist Association Inc., 5 Beekman
 St., New York NY 10038 (\$8.00/year).
The Smudge, P.O. Box 19276, Detroit MI 48219 (\$8.00/year).
Sou'wester, Dept. of English, Humanities Division, So.
 Illinois University, Edwardsville IL 62026 (\$4.00/yr.).
The Spirit That Moves Us, P.O. Box 1585, Iowa City IA
 52240 (\$5.00/3 nos. individuals; \$6.50/3 nos. instit.).
Stance, c/o Richmond, 137 Hollister Ave., Santa Monica
 CA 90405 (\$7.00/4 nos.).
Stony Hills, c/o Kruchkow, Weeks Mills, New Sharon ME
 04955 (\$3.00/3 nos. individuals; \$4.50/3 nos. instit.).
Strange Faeces, 174 Thorndike St. (#4), Cambridge MA
 02141 (\$3.00/copy).

Truly Fine Press: A Review, P.O. Box 891, Bemidji MN 56601
(\$1.00/year).

The Volcano Review, Peninhand Press, P.O. Box 142, Volcano
CA 95689 (\$15.00/3 nos. individuals; \$18.00/3 nos.
institutions).

West Coast Poetry Review, 1335 Dartmouth Dr., Reno NV
89509 (\$15.00/4 nos.).

Whetstone, Rural Rte. 1, Box 220, St. David AZ 85630
(\$6.00/year individuals; \$9.00/year institutions).

Willmore City, c/o Scandalios, P.O. Box 1601, Carlsbad CA
92008 (\$4.00/year).

Zone, P.O. Box 733, New York NY 10009 (\$10.00/4 nos.).

The edition of this issue has been limited to 700 numbered
copies, the first 50 being signed by the editor. The copy
now in your hand is number: 513

PATRONS OF Dr. Franklin T. Evans
WORMWOOD: Lloyd R. Gág
David D. Ginsburg
John C. Hawley
Anonymous: G.I.L.
Anonymous: J.R.L.
Anonymous: A.R.M.

Loretta Y. Orcutt
Donald R. Peterson
Anonymous: S.R.
Ruth & Marvin Sackner
Cherry Vasconcellos
Herb Wrede

WORMWOOD subscriptions are \$4.50/4 issues/year to indivi-
duals and \$6.00/4 issues/year to institutions. Patron's
subscriptions are \$12.00 for four consecutive issues with
poet-signed center sections. Free inspection copies are
not available because of our very limited press run. For
collectors, copies of issues 16-23 and 25-79 are still a-
vailable at \$2/issue postpaid. Microfilm volumes of the
magazine are available from University Microfilms, 3101 N.
Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor MI 48106. Contents are indexed in
Index of American Periodical Verse, available fm. Scarecrow
Press, P.O. Box 656, Metuchen NJ 08840.

Because of prohibitive postal/mailing costs, all subscrib-
ers are reminded that WORMWOOD is mailed out 2-4 issues
per mailing. The press cannot respond to library claims
when the issues in question have not been released for
mailing to all subscribers. Be assured that all paid-up
subscriptions are guaranteed for delivery up through and
including WORMWOOD:84. In WORMWOOD:82 there will be an
announcement as to whether this guarantee will be extend-
ed through and including WORMWOOD:96.

All manuscript submissions must be accompanied by the very
necessary stamped, self-addressed envelope or by Inter-
national Reply Coupons. Since WORMWOOD continues to be
individualistic, it is useful for poets to see a sample
copy before submitting (latest issue: \$2 postpaid by first
class mail).

US-ISSN:0043-9401

T H E W O R M W O O D R E V I E W : 8 0

I N D E X	P A G E S
Charles Bukowski.....	131 - 136
Judson Crews.....	126 - 130
Gloria Kenison.....	137
Ronald Koertge.....	158 - 161
Lyn Lifshin.....	152 - 157
Gerald Locklin.....	138 - 142
Marvin Malone.....	125
Steve Richmond.....	143 - 147
Phil Weidman.....	148 - 151

C O V E R : Thomas Wiloch, St. Clair Shores MI

E D I T O R : Marvin Malone, Stockton CA

P R I C E : \$2.00