

THE LADIES IN THE PARLOR — WHAT A LEWD

Spectacle. This is not a whore-house — I
have never been in one. It is the beauty

Salon, just half a block from the place where
I once lived. Their heads engrossed in huge

Hair-dryers like relics from early deep-
sea-diving times, their faces calm as cabbages

Zonked-out — yet I get a sense of
Jane Fonda in Barbarella hooked up to

The fuck-machine. You know they're getting
it off — but strictly in the head

where it matters

WHAT I PAINT IS PAINTINGS, ED CORBETT WAS

Known to have said — not some jack-
ass of a thing like a recollection from

Nostalgia, the sun going down above
the Gorge. Ed once said his intention was

Poetry — then he revised this a little
his intention is not poetry. His best effects

Were sometimes found in erasures and smudges.
I defy the cognoscente to establish these were

Admitted mistakes — errors in need of cor-
recting. The gaping maw of a woman's

Cunt in bright light is not a mistake
a vague tracery of that recumbent

Slit is never a mistake
— however deep the shadows

I'll not go so far to say Corbett never
painted anything but pussy,

I'll stand by his words —
he painted paintings