THE FLOATING BEAR

a newsletter

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THE SMILE SHALL NOT BE MORE MUTABLE THAN THE FINAL EXTINCTION OF MEAT.

WITH TEETH SUNK IN LOWER LIP.

The smile with upturned corners
that squints the eyes to sight beyond
sight. I watch the dance and I smile, the figures
are silhouettes, rounded and black sensual figures. OH
see how they gesticulate to me. I confuse them by smiling.
They call to me! THEY KNOW I NO LONGER AM OF THEM!!

I am happy — OH see my huge teeth in the smile of my happiness!
They call to me and realize I will not join
the dancers. I WILL NOT DANCE IN THE ACTS OF YOUR LIFE!

BUT I SMILE!

Oh see my smile. Anarchic and black past destruction!
The Open Smile slashed over my face. My eyes half-
closed with it. The smile is a sign of the eyes.
I SHALL ALWAYS SMILE NOW! I want you
to know what I'm thinking when I smile -- I DO NOT THINK!

My mind is blank as a rose, convoluted
white blank red cold, enameled by the beasts of my love, hot
and eternal. I am happy. I AM HAPPY. AND I SMILE

I am served by Cherubim that float on
plump bodies about me. CAN YOU SEE THEM? I am served
by tall benign profiles of Godhead and spirit
that spin in the air about me,
by trails of black kisses and ghosts of Heroin.
THE SMILE THE SMILE is the kiss of my own beauty
upon myself. The solid memories of love
support me
more real than statuary twined by vines
and twisted by cracks along all ancient flaws
I'M IMPERFECT as my happy tortured smile. MY SMILE is a sign of my eyes. My smile cranks shut my eyes to see beyond black and white. To the hot and cold of my love. My smile bites upon my upper arm untouched by sun. The inward turned outward and watching is my smile.

My jaw is stretched to a long V point by my smile. My teeth are large and canines pointed. My dark-black eyes are half invisible by my smile.

Some of the dancers are puzzled and fly a momentary brooding thought over their dark sweet wine,

I shall not save my smile for drunkeness. SMILE
HUG ME! BE MY LOVE ALSO! SMILE BE THE ANCIENT BLACK DOUBLE OF DESTRUCTION BE THE DARK MARBLE CLOUD OF CHAOS!! HOVER perfectly upon my face and settle permanently, being skull and crossbones and forgotten child of myself I dropped behind me and carry with me still.

Oh Smile be my Love as you hug me ever! The Others are watching, OH YOU ARE JOINED TO ME PAST EVER RETURN you have sunk into the cheekbones, pushed outward from the gene-spirit beneath. THIS IS ME THIS IS MY SMILE!

THIS IS THE CHILD AND THE MAN SMILING HIS ANARCHIC return to the flow of the living. This is the shape of the pouring shapeless. This is the unknowing of knowing. THIS IS THE SMILE reflected in dark wine over the cup-lip. THESE ARE THE TEETH OF NEVER-WATCHING. THIS IS THE GREATNESS OF NEVER RETURNING. -- past preconception.

I BREAK IT! my face is broken! THE SMILE!

IT IS RAINING! FOAM OF RAIN SPATES FROM MY SMILE! The Ocean of green water speaks from my smile. Seacaves are grins of the cliff and the coves are multi-millennial smiles. All briefer than mine invested with energy and electricity of my love and my feelings. I love you and this is my smile. This is my smile I shall not turn. Shall you face my smile? Or know my feelings? I do not care. THIS IS MY SMILE! I melt into my smile all that you shall love is there.

The muscles and tissues have flowed into my smile. My smile is a shapeless slash and flows into the slashes OF SHAPELESSNESS.

My hand smiles as my lips smile. This is the smile of evil and love. There's no name for smile but Smile!
The Smile is the Exercise beyond exercise. The smile is the pure perfect unknowing ripping the Known from its fatness.
The word through the smiles' split is blessed and sweet as wine at a party. I do not
dance. I do not flash my smile but I smile.
I FLASH IT ??!!
-- and you are graceful moving in the wine
of my smile. No one shall fear my smile though
it makes jealousy and envy. There is
trembling. There is no fear of a Smile. Smile
is beyond the plainness of fear. A dive

into newness -- and the old grappling
that have no name. Smile protecting me,

with my smile I need no protections. Smile,
ALL THAT I AM, SMILE. SMILE. Smile

through red lips and crinkled eyelids, through the wrinkles
of the encised smile, through the face taut
by the smile. The features are made permanent
by the smile, as a carving of a man splitting
the Universe rending the brightness
and coldness forming the shape of his love
and destroying his vision
making the perfect and imperfect grapple and dissolve before him.

THE SMILE IS THE FACE BREAKING EYE UPON EYE OVER NOSE listening
to the hearable smile beneath. I am watched
by the twisting shapes of the dancers --- breasts,
arms, and legs I see in the candel darknes. Each eye
of theirs is upon me. I AM THIS GREAT LOVELY
SMILE

AND BODY! I AM THE LOVE-WINE HERE IS THE HEART-BOOK
upon me. HERE IS THE EVIL, THE UNKNOWN,
the breakable unbreakable, the black point
beyond the white and white beyond that, the huge
teeth, pointed upturned corners of mouth, SLASH, teeth,

V point, darkness, READ ME,

READ THE GREAT SMILE HANGING UNDER MY EYELIDS, see
the air made by my lips. The Smile is destruction
and ever surpasses it. The happy deep mark
under the brow, the forehead high and white,
happy over the happy spot. I smile in con-
viction of
HAPPINESS! And Love.

I smile in the teeth of the wolves and doves.

-- Michael McClure
(from The Maximus Poems

ALL MY LIFE I'VE HEARD ABOUT
MANY

He went to Spain,
the handsome sailor,
he went to Ireland
and died of a bae:
he's buried, at the hill
of KnockMany

He sailed to Cashes
and wrecked on that ledge,
his ship vaulted
the shoal, he landed
in Gloucester: he built a castle
at Norman's Woe

A NOTE ON THE ABOVE

a Maximus song
the sirens sang:
he stopped his
ears with caulking
compound he listened
he travelled
he went he paused
he went in and out of wood
the huge sang grand
birds led him on a
paradise alley (some country roads
have trees growing and the road
turns in such a way it is special,
for a few feet

-- Charles Olson
REGIONAL PIECE

The color of the Ferrari
is blood red
and it goes mindful
of it. Strain
of reaching
often borrowed.

That dusty plain or these high mountains
it is not possible to say, there is no
use for it! That Cessna that circled
over my house more than an hour one
Sunday, a different red. Dipping into
the sun, turning, silver, a pleasant ride.
Yes. Years hang over us. Roads
are veins are must be known
that one back of the hand
and, that stretch going out Edith Boulevard.

coming out of the
    red
    earth pocket this side
Bernalillo, six

nuns going seventy
miles per hour
on Sunday afternoon.

That which should be learned from the land
the holding back of all.
Few fish in the river, Grande
dependent upon where you are a fearful misnomer
or, Grande. It is all for use
having seventyfive years hanging over us
as directed by the authorities
and it is easy to slip.

Oh West! why
do you climb
on the man's
back?

-- Max Finstein
ODE FOR MUSEUMS, ALL OF THEM!

The prehistory of our skin in glass cases. The measurements of the brain cavity posted. All these guardians should be making guns.

What could I do here except steal something? The Venus of Lespugues whose breasts look detachable. The axes. Tools of fire or matchstick animals.

For instance, the fetish whose genitals are woven straw. Pure realism. Tourists imagine the erections. A geography where our bodies stretch, broken and astonished.

Well, we fed the universe, and the monuments in their cages mock our insomnia.

This nakedness. The taste of semen like a shadow of rivers.

The milk of my horoscope falls in the streets. The mountains disappear over my shoulder for luck.

But the museums closed before I could pocket the masks of distant movie-stars. The glass caught my hand in its shattered petals. By a miracle, the damage was total bereavement. But who wept?

We are so tired of museums. Even prehistory is monumental. Who more so, than these scraggly natives picking sponge out of their eyes. Is it true we've seen anything but animals, two by two.

And now we pluck their bones for that music which is silken and caught in the rattan webs of a fetish.
THE FLAME

So there is nothing
but distaste • pestilence •

Inneculated dogs have pissed
against the trees. The city, swept,
is glistening with cold sparrows
in her crevices. The dance consumes
the flickering walls and shattered necks.
The sparrows impersonate

a listening disfigurement of animals •
proud
among the bits and pieces of transparent sidewalks.
A dancer lifts
the momentary birds among his fingers •
shouting.

Suddenly, the oat paws
innumerable sparks from the park benches.
A confrontation licks the chimney
and the silky edges of the animal chairs.

O beloved world •
This dog changes. Displaces
the dancing zoo of arms and fingers.
This fly changes. The droning spot
where images shape themselves.
This anger that whistles in his arms
changes.
The bestial poet's word,

This breaks like wishbones in the air.
The object whose glaze is touched.
The body, dancing, interminably stretched
in the air, paws. This secrecy will out.

O flame • the angry muses strum their sticks.
The lions in our tears scratch the circling dust.
Switch their tails among the winter birds.
O flame •
A STORY AFTER BLAKE

Then he went up stairs
& loaded the maid
with glasses
& brass tubes
& magic pictures

& bottles of wind

His obtuse blue eye
tipped backward at all
the skyscrapers. Slowly
flamed over this palaver
of winter stars. And
came back to himself
where he saw transported
the worldly gazes, lustrous
diadems and lozenges
of bitter black. "O," he said,
"there and there are the wispy branches
of pissing stars. Rise in the air
like gutted whirlwinds. Stop
on the backstoop, begging."

And backward he stretched
to beat out shouts
on his ice-torn fingers.
And slept, a cozy animal
among the startled words.

I do not say he exists
but his dance is company
and there he rises
on the shouts of whirligigs, speechless,
proud,
in scarlet gowns & broad gold lace
of sweat.

-- Robin Blaser