One bird called White
pecked with a gold beak.
Another, Black,
beaked with a gold rique.

What birds with wings
the color of X-rays fly
Choristers I call
and Choristers He--

and each
receives the dawn
in its own place,
luminous as a file.
2

I thought you were savage.
Then my mind
was strong and blind.
Witness of me to cloy on
your fitness.
The arms of my legs
wanted you to track
an enemy
face down.
I picked up
the Jack of Hearts
here.

3

At dawn the mosquitoes
eat night, luscious
in their jaws,
perfumed and awed.

They aid without approving of it.
It wouldn't be long.
They reveal the day
buzzing away to the end.

Yawning, I see morning.
I hope the ship is a house,
and the light through the wings believable,
though a saw-blade would be accurater.
What graceless guy
kept you dreaming in your cave
until
the first wave went by?

Then you rushed to the cliff’s edge
overhanging the sea
and knew he was not what
he was said to be.

I think of this when
I hang up my hat
on the wall and
sit down to eat.

The old train goes
where the old train goes
where it does not snows.
The stupid green
cows eat lean
out to the end of the scene.
Where the sea is heard
there’s a lowing herd,
a blurred third.
Let that
rock fall
far.
"When he asked me
to go to Europe with him
in the Fall,
there were no strings attached.

But now,
out of two weeks of loneliness
in New Hampshire,
there comes this long white string.

I don't want to go anywhere
as anybody's lover.
I don't even want my pity
to be attached to me."

A ball hurted.
I uncrossed my leg
and it still hurted.
How to do this in the taxi cab.

I tried to learn for years how good it is.
A victim told me in a voice not mild
he hoped to have his eyes
where the stars were, outside,

and listening to several voices,
If we are at all human we must at least let our voices
listen to us, and he cried.
So then there was a lamp lit for others.
Flit in, little fairy,
with no lines of innocence.
Breathing this air of antidotes
I choked on the rare gases.

I could see every leaf I saw,
the landscape was that impractical.
(But when I turned on the light,
Dotty said, "You've made it right.")

Ozone, argon, mercury.
At a two or three way
junction I sniffed.
It was blurred like photographed traffic.

That sense of indefinite longing
that seemed to be at the heart of my life
is gone.
Now I long for what I know.

My life
begins to shorten.
The number
of far expectations possible decreases.

Though the long lives of others
in which I am a moment
lengthen.
I write of this as one involved in a secret.
10

I'm not satisfied with them, but I'm not going to change them. And whose public wall is it, anyway, where dogs piss lightly, as if to stain the ground a kind of romantic yellow? Whose eyes I idolize, whose lips I kiss, whose pride I bite with a kind of nobility.

White Matches

White matches
struck on ground glass in glue
made 20 tiny flames to you.
It is called a book,
so they sell it or ask for it.
Gimme 2.
Time is as well contrived
as action's (what in a horse is checked)
is not--called headstrong.
Give him his rein!
As out of a novel or over a hedge
that lost its color the steeplechase rider leaped.
Simple Simon
met a pieman.
And Simon Pure
met a pieman.

The questions the Simons asked
the piemen had no time for.
"For a penny! For what I can get!" one laughed.
And the other: "I'll see you at the Fair!"

For which Simon, which pieman, read:
So it was that after that long day
of wins and losses
I thought of you.

-- George Stanley [9]

A Note On The Twelve Poems

In a sense, these poems are unsatisfactory, tho, I admit, they are
what should be called "beautiful". They have that quality, beauty, the
way any well made artifact would. They glitter with competence, and
make any reader uneasy with their casual intelligence. But also, the
poems are so foreign to any casual or immediately available emotional
alternatives (like spent lovers) that the very object-ness of which
they are possessed makes them completely unimportant from the point of
view of "creation". These poems have almost nothing to do with creation.
(A dark unsure word?) But I mean this word as verb. A doing rather
than a skillful existence in a carefully contrived system.

These poems are certainly more perfect than the world, and it is this
fact that makes them, at a certain point of purely philosophical con-
sideration, artificial. They are un-worldly: inhabiting that specially
crafted system I mentioned before.

But it must be my idea then that perhaps poems must sit in an uneasy
balance between what is "real" and what is "ideal". The purely ideal is
fantasy. The purely real, is also fantasy. There is a hinge, a colloquy
of fantasies that permits of all existences. The mind, the body, the
spirit are not fantasies. They are not artifacts, either.
As to the making of these poems: Twelve poems of twelve lines each. The twelve lines, in each case, divided into quatrains. Rhyme, very frequent, permitting itself, in its rather comic suddenness, to remind one of some of Creeley's recent poems. Or, at least, the poems which Jack Spicer produced recently called Homage to Creeley.

However, the poems as things one comes upon on a desk, or living room table, form a wondrous tour de force. But any careful attention must at least raise the idea of their intention. I hope the intention is, or was, one of carefully predicated virtuosity...as the actual poems lead one to believe, and not some idea of how one actually is to enter one's own soul and emerge with one's own truths. Because, as such, the entrance, tho it is dramatic, is a miniature.

-- LeRoi Jones

LARRY DAVIS COWBOY POEM

the African sunday

A horse in a country
              of tents, bare/land

the cowboy falls

asleep

within the pages

of a jokebook, because of him

we understand/quiet or laughter/or continue to be confused

I am sorry
I cant explain
more clear

'pardon this apology': in the Bridge
its still
stuff Im
scared of

or dont have cour
rage. 9 dreams
on horseback.

Two cocks crowing at night
Boys getting drunk, sentimental
Yet the reality (?)
of the rodeo rider persists.

coming back
SIEGE POEM

'fame sells balloons,' she sd
'bells,' he sd. & mounted.

In the shower
my feet burn

(burn, burn, Blackburn
Blackburn wrote)
'I have conducted a sirventes')

(with hard work, with a kind of knowledge)
I want my body
to be cooled
(of its ardor? yes,)
to be washed in sweet oils

we clean ourselves
standing
on delicate blue tiles
in towels
like ancients (unpeel)
I lay siege
to myself

(like Cervantes at Numantia)

we set conflagrations

('you dont drive
a big bad car
you dont look
like a movie star
& nature
dint give you
such a beautiful face
but BA-BY
you got
what it takes')
& level this town

in order

not to be taken.

To gain entrance requires admission.

I have seen
a barracks
a hundred times
filled with those sleepers

('I won't lift a finger
to help you,' she cried
at the rider)

Admission of love

'Fuck you & the horse
you rode in on.'

New man, she ah
just don't know.

-- Stan Persky

Note-
Larry Rivers' "discussion" of his work in the March Art News is where all "talk about art" ought to be. Rivers manages, either through some natural casualness, or, at least, a kind of direct profundity that seems sharpest when it is most obscure, to stand right in the center of each thing he tells you. Also, everything seems, as Hemingway used to say, true. In fact, compare Rivers' space w/ "The dark condensations seared with licks of saturated color that Guston encounters in the hermetic, ambiguous space are phantoms spawned in the innermost of subliminal recesses..."(from a review of Guston's show in the same issue).

--Koenig
EDWARD DORN IN THE NEWS (The Newly Fallen by Edward Dorn
Totem Press, $1.00)

The publication of Edward Dorn's *The Newly Fallen* makes at last possible
a place to read him simply, and in that way, ought not to be missed.
The 'news' is the line, as in the very first poem, like this:

I know that peace is soon coming,
and love of common object,
and of woman and all the natural things I groom,
in my mind, of
faint rememberable patterns,
the great geography of my lunacy.

If "lunacy", it is gracefully apropos—and moves with the neat, light-
foot way of quick sense and specific commitment. He takes hold of things,
common as the "red Geranium" Indian woman of this first poem, and makes
no mistake—nor invites you to any, who are so often smothered with con-
fidences that prove bullshit. Partly the book is a 'making peace'
ecessary and valuable operation, with the old places, as "oh, mother/
I remember your year-long stare/ across plowed flat prairielands..."

Place is even more absolute in *Sousa*, and in the variations of *A Country
Song*—as the last lines:

Then in front of the fire
we talk of Spring
An obscure slight offering...

the beauty of the thought, and line, throwing back upon the melody as it
fares and ends here. So *If it should ever come*...

and we are all there together
time will wave as willows do
and adios will be truly, yes...

Shy in love, he is accurate and final in his condemnations, hardly to be
denied:

will Fidel feed his people before his own stomach
is filled? Can Jack
hold up his grimy hands and shade us
from that viliness falling in particles...

The line is, after all, the measure of the man writing, his term, peculiar-
ly, as he writes, weighting, in the silence to follow, the particular word,
sense, necessary to his own apprehension of the melody, the tune—that he
hears, to write. So, of second-hand clothing sold by charity:

Of wearing secretly a burden,
clothes fitting as casually as though
they were stolen,
from the wealth
of the nation.

It is an anger that must make its terms understood, and so makes them a
music no man can deign (wow!) to avoid.

--Robert Creeley
arthur machen, what he has hold of, making the 'horror' writers look heavy handed. light glancing off, tangential, the highlights pastel, complementary colors. under which move the forms.

most of the time the horror is where he stands. not the act itself.

a reaching back to some truths still half open - not wanting to get hold of the whole thing. there is that. there is too it was possible then (now, one explodes it open - gets it all? or keeps away).

the soul , the brittle light, an intensity. an entity. or to get rid of. leaving the rest in shadow.

--- Di Frima

Note-
My Favorite Things, a new John Coltrane record on Atlantic must be heard. It is the best thing Coltrane has ever done on records. All the promises of Hard Driving Jazz (w/ Cecil Taylor), and the two previous Atlantic sides Giant Steps, and Coltrane Jazz are certainly kept.

In relation to Ornette, c. (Nouvelle Vague) Coltrane takes on the appearance, now, of the "purely rational man" as opposed to the "new order". What "Trane" has done is simply make some resolution of all the fragments that were so in evidence in the early 50's. Ornette, c. went back to Bebop. Trane has simply added whole integers.

---Koenig

"statement" for Paterson Society

a poem is a peculiar instance of language's uses, and goes well beyond the man writing--finally to the anonymity of any song. In this sense it may be that a poet works toward a final obliteration of himself, making that all the song--at last free of his own time and place. It is curious that this can be most true of that most personal, wherein the man leaves the environment of years and faces, to make his own the poem. But he can only do this, it seems to me, by the most scrupulous localism--because only the particular instance proves free in this way.

Again and again I find myself saved, in words--helped, allowed, returned to possibility and hope. In the dilemma of some literal context a way is found in the words which may speak of it.

--- Robert Creeley

NOTICE: 
"we need some dough
Or the Fear must go."

---Hesiod