ON JANUARY 20TH THE SNOWS BEGAN TO MELT

I saw a woman stagger on the train
With orange flowers in her hand
And I could not make up my mind
To be the woman or: orange flowers carried
underground
suddenly before me a boy came on
and he holds in one hand a bed,
my mother would say,
of red gladiolas
a blur of carnations and yellow
A color to soak the black off death
& I knew

dying or dead
women who receive these
see--

blinds slashed

like me in a tunnel under Charles Street
hot as the bee is, seized on their smell.
"YOU CAN'T KILL THESE MACHINES"

It's only a hanging over
a smashed up body by a squeezed car
broken, chopped bones and moaning
as blue music plays:

body and soul on the road
with blood on our arms.

A hundred feet up the street his watch
and further
a door handle some chrome,
while somebody sits on him to keep his head whole—
somebody says insides are coming out his shirt.

You, dying under these stars, what would it be for you
on an old road with nobody to hold
your blackd eyes and mashed hands.

They can carry this other body off, out of eye,
pick up piece in his sides put his watch
but your hair gold in the headlight, chin
also high cheek clean in the beamlight,
this is not in my eyes.

Silversilk is the skin I love to
and thru our bedroom went
the whispering and laughing and lighting
of matches, don't let the matches
go. It comes, fear of
shall it be alone or together we get it
some moonblue night
on whose highway?

As long as my blood grows cold on the skin I love to
and your good leg is on mine
and a hundred feet up the ditch
somebody else brushes off our mouths,
who cares.
LONG NOOK

There she took her lover to sea side and laid herself in the sand she said:
Go up and undress in the dark.
She opened her clothes thigh skin to the moon her under arms were shaved.
He is fast was down the dune with silk around his waist her scarf was small.
"The wind was a wall between them"
His fist then her finger nail broke stone sliced its heart Stone.
Changed, the wind did taking him up to her hair a sea behind her hands tied to his side with silk, the wind did.
He put her hair ran down his back.

Summer, '56
And it would be good to stop
form, as one learns love,
NO:
the keys, like Luther's nuts
are bouncing in a locked cupboard
and barrels are falling downstairs.

Get up to see
we have such days
the mice are running down our days,
the bowels fill bowls
to go faster, as the moviestars go
as lovers after a few months:
tell me what to do
tell me how
to jump over mountains.

and the sea won't wait.
STOP.
And we must run, so our soles burn
so we won't wrap up in rugs,
so to death, so
what,
no slowdown for low voices.

1.

that one should take on the moon
but the old lady has taken me on
to
goldenhair, goldenhair let out your locks
in short light,
no time
to strike a Japanese match.

I have come to believe over the days
that there are railways of the heart.
I have come to hear them
not trains
only sound
of other loco-
men who let off steam.
On the same track
a host maybe of out-bodies,
only vacuum cleaners, only
bugs which run down on tracks of
sound, set off from
not the spheres, not stars, ears.
I disown you old poets, let go
every word but what is said to me
at these fantastic minutes
before the knock on the door,
these minutes when form, the poem, are
old smoke, nowhere to be touched
dead, and we must go faster

on the choo-choo smoke of spirits
running mad on full moon nights,
the seeds in dungaree pockets,
let out of unbuttoned holes
for a nickel,
are brought to paradise.

And what is all this
that we normals should throw ourselves down
and be laid

by strangers
who walk on our bellies
and leave footprint poems.

I am he as you are
diseased by words by all that
is unknown and grown over with mystery

. Since you have come to use me,
use me so I can talk about you afterwards.

Since you dance in green patterns
leave paths so I can show other small feet
down and bring the girls with me,
bring them to know the lilacs of your
bigmoon eyes.

And it is right not to see the moon
let down her gold

and spread herself out
so we could touch her privy parts.

Hide lady, hide those hairy regions
our fingers would only eat and move on.

Wise not to give on the kitchen floor,
hold as we cannot

your light.

Only let
as a girl does
the long gown drag dust
fine lint
through the station.

After H.D.
Fall '56
Ode to the instrument

I wanted to write a love poem
like the River Merchant's
and send words like I miss your wrists
under my chin,
sad song, there are cold sheets.

I write the news:
[...]
saturday night I laid down in it, then walked back wet, hoping you
were home to dry me. Bring curtains for the bedroom. Where?

It is thirteen days now. No word
is better than bitter word, but bitter
word is you live.

I wanted to send a love poem.
All I stamp is me
with no strings on
asking how do I go through tonight.
When you're little
you can go sleepy byebye and no

big feet follow.
But I am a man from
laying out my face in the rain
in the hours where

you were. If you are
coming down on the blue mountain skyway, please
mail it soon and I will come out to meet you
as far as Philadelphia.

Black Mountain
Spring 1955
ODE TO THE INSTRUMENT

I have wanted to write a love poem like the river merchant's
and send it to the one I miss your wrist under my chin,
small word like sad song, running wine,
there are cold sheets.

I write the news:
we found and ate grey plums today, rain, the rivers are full.
I saw your name in a book.
On the deck where I danced one morning
I heard you
in the frogs, with water on leaves.
Saturday night I laid down in it,
then walked home wet hoping you were back
to dry me.

Bring curtains for the bedroom.

Why shouldn't it be where?
It is thirteen days now.
They bury men on the third.

No words are better than bitter word.
Bitter word is you live.

When we step on moths,
do they feel the rip,
cut skin off bone, the bone into the floor, our foot on it.
I wanted to send a love poem.

All I stamp is me with
no chains on asking
how do I go through tonight?
When you're little you can go sleepy byebye
and no big feet follow.
But I have put away, I am a man
from laying out my face
in the rain
in the hours where you were.

If you are coming down on the Blue Mountain Skyway,
please mail it soon,
and I will come out to meet you
as far as Phillydelphia.
EXCHANGE OF THE LADY’S HANDMAIDS

Don't have anything to do with the cripples
on Cambridge Street
man or
woman.
Start out where they have mandolins
the Lighthouse,
it will set you sweet,
then across town in a taxi tells you more
what the town's
and what streets.
Don't hustle the gardens after, two,
carry the blue card.

And it's aunt
like she waits up for you.
One night a week in PL, the Palace of L, Playland
on Sundays you can't stand at the bar, they set
up little tables,
so hit the river
bank or the Rialto's open all night six nights.

Don't
be dishearted. Like
my father said
its hanging

HERE
desire desire on the stones, late
afternoon sees it out of upper storeys, from open
car windows
you may as well stay in bed daytimes
if you make good
send out for food,
don't take anything from bellboys
better hotels hire them the way their pants fit
I get it from those mandolin sounds.

Flair says
wear big rings when you ask for matches,

and my flair's
hair
under the hat
for daylight.

I'll leave addresses in the hoof of the horse across from the State House
on Tuesdays and never
never forget where we come from, what can't be sold, or sucked off.
There's something green in the marquee lights
on Washington Street, so use same
but only on the lower.

I'll tell the musicians
you're coming if
you tell me.
OBJECTS FROM ROUTE 70

The kitten lies dead
on the terrace
leaves cover earth pulls in
a bundle that was warm
outside our window.

Move on
like it is moving
like Marshall makes that year in Boston
vertical

he stands up the Park Street steeple
3300 feet above sea level
so it holds me in the heart.

Makes an old world erect
that I do not dare move in
alone
have the earth eat me alone.

The word falls soft
like the lush sea
molasses. Asses Marshall said

and I did not know until Peeks what I had missed
what I will always;
one cannot go back
to back like the old nights.

An old ass will be denied me.
Denial puts a shutter on the world.
I thought I could write a Lawrence poem
prepare prepare farewell--
I walk on eggshells
and shall
use the word soft so nothing can break
now.
MESSAGE

A dead moth is all I've left of summer
this month Yeats died 'talking to hisself'.
At the green bottom of my case
the bones of a moth
the bones of a flake
lie in state.

The nights I watched them fall
called them gyres batting themselves out
on hot bulbs.

And one
carried with me
a 1000 miles, a 100 days away
the bones that beat into light
have light again
when tonight at midnight taken out with me
into a blizzard

I set its
wings for wind
and I like to think water
the 1000 miles
back
from sea town to
mountain.
Play Land's Aftermath

Exclamation point, oh point
the way to the penthouse, Harry, I'm going up
to lavishness and bronze bathtubs

Beany said he loved to suck
apricots and bananas
but bananas best

ANNAH!
and if she slept with him she'd never worry again.

The bar got bronzier and goldier
till it was penthouse time all over

so he liked strange fruit, so what

he was sixty
she felt something
in his pants left
over from 1917.

"next afternoon at two"
but she went to the Astor and didn't get in till quarter to three

Sure, he was in, but he left about
no, I don't know what he does for a
oh, he'll be back, honey, no fear

The way he said we'll make it all threes
but she couldn't wait on a dime in there
and beer went up to 15¢ at five.
The last time she held on all afternoon
a dollar bill here
a halfglass of beer on the table in the corner
a dime on the floor

a queen at the end of the bar
when she winked
yelled hustler and they threw her out on Essex Street
she fell down in the snow in her blue coat
and her hair fell out
and her eyelashes off.

She made
on the way home
a snowman
in Boston Common
someone to talk home with
but she missed Saturday night on the streets
and wet her own mattress.

So this time
she said I have reached the end of the old me
I am in the dark
under pink neon I am in the dark
I am naked to the new light
in my blue coat I am stripped white
my shoes are gone
the sidewalks I walk my feet make warm
I melt underneath them the snow.

At Tremont and Boylston:
It is dying time, stars! go out
be the last out
the instant is coming for dying
I have handed out my last warm piece of life
for the last time
it has dripped over my fingers
the old has stained the old sheets at last
and the
night is here for death
death in a small d
when the big I steps out with no clothes on
and the sun can stay down
all day.

At Charles and Beacon:
The last watch on the clock,
the ticking stops I am in Time for life
the last taps the shoes on the stairs shut up
the glass breaks no more
I am not here to hear it.
The tongue goes out to no lips
gone
underground
with daytime for good.

At Cambridge and Charles:
They stop printing papers today
the big black presses are sleek in the cellars
as dust falls, the windows are black, where
my eyes are not there to stare in

Home:
It is dying time and we go down in the ground gladly,
smile as they shovel
feet first
white feet first
and wait, I wait

The last eyelash closes
the fingernail stops
it gets dirty and will not be cleaned
the last orgasm small o
has been grunted
and the first death met.
Happy tonight I carve words for my headstone
I buy the mahogany
and
lie
put the key in the lock
for mother to turn after she sneaks her rosary beads
in my hands.
They shut off the rhinestoneruby cross the casket
I hear the key
the smell of carnations with me
a peppermint flower against my face
and I am smiling at the first death
the smell of a mint death.
The last pore of blood keeps white
one inch the ruffle of peppermint.
I am dead.

Why I had to die?
I am waiting for the answer
and what I will and to what I will
return
come back to in the Life with capital letters.

I am glad of the unknown
I am glad of death that I have had it
and wait for life
so I can in the middle or end
touch it again and let it take off my clothes
and break up my house and bed
my business
as clean as it has done tonight.
Second flight across country

into the dark California night, my pursuers not ended
I write small so they cannot read
over my shoulder

Not yet are we set free

They dress up a girl in red as decoy, they play
with the hands of her doll. They
are the two Japanese beside me who do not speak
English, I hear them whispering. They set
a workman to fish my leg
for contraband.

They leave a PG
smell behind them
I maintain control and
manage my affairs despite
them, they spot me
by my eyeballs, and cane.

Still I am not afraid
if death is all
they have left
You have put words in my mouth, where there was only dirt.
You have filled my body, when cocks could not do it.
You gave me music and strength, while I was dead
to the world. You withhold your own image.

No worship is due, or fee
(The pilot's open hand passes up the aisle)
No want of charity, nor use
of its key, lacking locked doors,
this prayer wastes words since drought
and torrent are both your arms,
harvest is your hair
and detectives
the vermin in it.

There is no breaking without your strings.
No whispering without your organ behind it.

Death comes to my heart
a new lust through the dark

the stewardess stares at
and the Jap says:
He's on. And I am
to land. We do in
Chicago. With no papers

I see myself off
arm in arm with the girl in red,
after her bosses get grounded.

2.58
over America
For F. O'Hara

After meditations

This is not a poem to Frank O'Hara.
The night awhir with paper wings and hooves. Use rustle?
She does before me in black furs, 2 freckles god laid in
her neck.

The weight of Washington Square on your back you heard me
breathe from Hancock Street. This poem is meant to start
with an old dream. Robert Mitchum shot us two over the
rapids and how, we fell, on our backs. I remember you
on your belly.

"They say she's never had a picture taken with her mouth closed".

Are we supposed to stuff it? PHARMAKOS bound by strips of
wool (figs around our neck, two, backs if they looked under
our scallop cut jerseys bear stains.

One (Webster should if he hasn't) who intercepts.

We hold hands on the street in the dream I never passed
the sun stone to you. Who stomps for freedom and the
rites? Three times right around the stone (only a capricorn's
blood can break) it's yours.

Dazzler! pin it low on the neck. Let the green eyes divine
their future off it, none the less, our descent carries
a smell of return.

(Light) in the window. That's what I wanted to say at the
beginning when I had my head out the window and saw you.
Without benefit of a mirror.

Oh Stella Stella for ... we can't go down to the sea
No this way. don't look.

She said: as they are, the blind
are leading the blind.
THAT OLD GANG OF MINE

Going over the edge of
the ships and hotel ledges

Hart Crane Harry Crosby, how do you feel
to fall
down and know
you're not coming up.
Harry hart, this is one of your boys, build
up my shoulder blades, let me
carry what you threw away,
Come on men, I mean one only cries so much.
I know you guys lived like me
crawling around on dirty streets, making
love to pillows, hoping
nobody knocks on your door,
and every night He is knocking, beating
let me, give me the beautiful things,
squeeze it pick it

out of your hair,
tell the old women under the tin-roo's
in rain: Life is worth living
Love's the only value
until bombs break their tulips
the guns put to bed their boyfriends.

Carry me Harry, the Caribbean's too far for me, bring us
back to baby land, or to sleep Harry,
if we could go to sleep or to bed.
I'll pound you one last thing
from the agony you saw
coming down off your New York hotel.

This is jumping stuff.

-- John Wieners