The Floating Bear

[Image of a drawing with various names and words scattered around a central figure.]

MERRY XMAS - 63
Christmas Sonnet

Love clapped his hands He surely did and laughed
To feel the breast, the soft blue wool, to drink
In milky streams that run from heart to lips,
To wake and feel his form a man's. I think
The cow and the ass both lowed and brayed,
And the magi bowed and the shepherds prayed
And the angels sang. And the birds flew in
And out the caves, looking sideways at Love
And blinking, and jumped into space and swam.
And carillon played and the saints gave in
And the world was rocking with magic waves
That spill at our feet. O my love, my love...
This time of our year he is ours to bear,
The infant God, and we are his heirs.
To My New Goat

O THOU
O COW

nanny, nanette,
thy udder's awry, thy
crown's awag, thy tail a-toss.

ma-a-a-a-a, bleat,
blat, blut, blot. Thy shiny turds
a-todle. Whosoever got thee by thy teat,
hot, has thee, has thee not.

I love your square black eyne, your
leafy ear, your mask of teeth, your
trot.

Anshid, beloved goddess,
give me to drink. To suck.

--Mary Caroline Richards
I DREAM IN DAYTIME

I dream in daytime
    much too sombre
    to greet the angels
    at my velvet-shredded door

They enter salt
    they pour my milk
    they sprinkle white flies on the floor

I cringe my sink
    I gloom my stove

They leave me pink
    I dip my glove

--Gregory Corso
NORMAL LOVE

Early that morning I could see that the day would be an ordeal. The Cretins were most excitable and openly masturbated, overstimulating the pinheads. Today they would put on their shepherd and shepherdess costumes and run across the fields with their sand pails to milk the cows. I rode shotgun on them in my floor length black leather jacket and needle-heeled opera hip boots made of wildebeest leather with the tufted tops.

I lingered over my toilette, admiring my enormous three foot long, 9 inch thick cock; I posed before my glass, throwing my cock first over this shoulder, then the other. Finally, overstimulated, I fucked my tufted tops on my boots. However I was unsatisfied so I lunged at my mirror my noble horsecock all tumescent. I smashed through the mirror and whirled about and stuffed my cock into the jagged hole and fucked and fucked. My cock got all bloody and torn up. Then, to get maximum sensation out of it I stomped my cock in my boots, flinging handful of meat tenderizing salts upon it.

Herding the freaks across the fields, a fly alighted upon my cheek and I became concupiscent again. I prodded a pretty young marshmallow cretin girl with my crop and made her sprawl on the ground. Her hoop skirt flung up exposing her dimpled pasties. In a second I was upon her nudding her between the buns with my lobolier. She squealed and rolled upon her back thrusting her pouting quim into my face. I whipped out my now flaming organ. Her hoopskirt was up over her face and she couldn’t see. I ran back a few paces, aimed my cock-0 and charged her and my horse galloped in before me and impaled her on his raging rod. Slightly disappointed I charged my horse’s asshole and jumping up I transfixed him in mid-air as he was transfixed by the cretin girl. My cock sank deliciously into his bowels, reaming them out straight and he reared and bolted causing me to spend even more deliciously. The little cretin shepherdess was now ruined for normal love and she ran amok among the other freaks, inflaming them. Soon the whole hillside was one gigantic, seething, cretin, mongolian and pinhead orgy. Delighted, I ran to where my horse lay and snatched my elephant gun off the pack. I opened up on churning carnival of freaky sex, firing point-black into its midst. Presently, I sank delirious to the ground, gasping and creaming and blazing away at the freaks.

God’s plump buns rested serenely on the ziricorn & rhinestone throne & he frowned at us through his long gold beard. We were in heaven. He ordered us all to line up, turn around, drop our pants, and bend over. We meekly obeyed. God then walked up and down paddling us with a ping-pong paddle. He concentrated chiefly upon the plump pasties, I noticed. He began to emit giggles and rushed from pasty to pasty paddling shit out of them. The freaks became overstimulated and soon we were in the middle of a gang fuck which spread over all the heavens. Saints and cupids dicked each other with their wands, angels threw their legs open and the skies dripped come.

The End

--Jack Smith
In Wyoming Territory (a title)

Diane DiPrima. core of a root, double talk
for sun on stone. Root again walking darkness.

To see. The rude music grows. This is formal.

The shade settles. The sun grows, like the rudeness,
the dumb notes stand.
      Again, grown, the bone, straight.

Heart, to fist, to the level eye.
      An Act. What you are,

What has meant some fine shape under your fingers. What love
you raise.
      Here, touch me. My
flesh grows.
      All a music, but not what you need. The dead
faces I know. A dead Italian. His whore. The street twists.
THE BARROOM. "Hello Roi, Ol scamp...let's go get laid."

The mind. The street, again, go back, Look at the street.
Allen's flower in the mad fag's mind, again, like a street.
Polis, for you lover. For your luxury. Your width under me.

Burning wood. Night spreads for her to walk. Her lover is
the face I have. Hands on my flesh
In Wyoming Territory (a veil)

Frank O'Hara.

Root. Core. The sun come under bells. Night, a second later hands cross the cold glass (window under stars).

The man who sees, the man who seeing, acts, acting, takes me close to him. The ship will not move. The sea moves under it. The men who love me, who facing what lies I use, cut me down, come at me naked. Stars under glass, under the hard flesh. The woman, her pimp. Her organ, the rude wooden cock.

Much of ourselves to you. To each, the other flies. Without blue eyes. The blonde leans against a stone wall. Red brick, the blue river moans.
In Wyoming Territory (a story).

Hettie.

Of what use darkness. Hands, steel bands around the head.

tell it out. Straight. Moon rising against glass. Naked under it. Warm cock. Belly. Feet against cold wood. Alone

I am crazy, grown twisted inside.

Raise me up. No, go outside and disappear. Alone I am lovely. A single. The high wire, double flip through a hoop, velvet white tights. Black smooth face.


The lie, the wood floor sings, inside like rails strangely blue, long into distance like radios, singing.

I am a man who has never loved anyone except for a minute's reflection. Figure that out.
In Wyoming Territory (Music of

A.B.
To flesh. To eyes, under
rain. Mind
a falcon's claw,
colors of rain, blue
river blue, to mad red, bloods
awash over stone. To darkness, a
steel knife
against your throat.

Open it, the skin
falls under sharp thrusts. The knife
is night. Lies
stain the mind, a
yellow claw,
predator, a shadow
thrusts its steel edge, again,
against your throat. Night
is blood,
to flesh. To eyes,
under white skin, under
soft insistent
rain.
In Wyoming Territory (Dance/Like/)

George.
Straw wind. Is
yellow. Across steel, long
structures fade
against morning. A
white bed, like sun,
blinds.
   Eye, to flesh, lips
to words, the simple
fingering light
upon.

--LeRoi Jones
Chopin is such a great composer
I can even write while his music is on the radio
Which is unusual for me.
He makes my fingers nimble like ballerinas on the keys.
He says, Let's go to town slambang on the whole goddam machine.

I love you Chopin in spite of the million fingers
Of little girls with long bobbing curls
Practicing your notes during daylight hours
But mostly three to five after school.
You set the hands of the children of the world
Grubbing at the keyboard
Like Pavlova put them on their wobbly toes.

I love you Chopin in spite of Merle Oberon
Although that was a pretty good movie where sweet Paul Muni
Still had two good eyes to see you were a genius.
I liked how he made you fight for Polish nationalism,
That dead duck with two heads.
But of course really he was urging you
Not to turn over the Jews to the Germans
And your fingers flew like mad to save them,
But you couldn't save them since piano playing
Never saves anyone except the player, if he's cute besides
(Like Van Cliburn walking through the iron curtain).

Anyway when my mother was a girl in Poland
It had become a nation already, a nation of Jewhaters
So it couldn't have been the result of your gorgeous music
Which clearly says, Love the Jews.

Chopin my soul
Don't listen to those critics with their dried-up eyes,
They don't like me either, my poems embarass them.
You are too good for them
So if they want to snub you, let them,
Let them miss out on all the fun in life
Like making love and dancing about and being Mediterranean,
Still acting silly and uncynical like sixteen,
Like promising to love forever and ever and ever and doing it.

--Edward Field
enough to be involved in the process.
It is not enough to assimilate the answers of others. It is
and it is not enough to find our answers for one's self.
and all is done on paper. Jesus is found on paper. On

The use of the public address would shower on the pathes, and
after the years of the first night, the luxury of enslaved clothes across
joyed said; and doors are one understandn? Even I on the first,

burn sends question marks.
And then said, yes! Death.

despite never I remain unknown. One only is clear on a want.

The cause, the must have said.
so I not a word, what more distrogues. Observer's presence is at
out in the sun. Distrogues, all means to nervous want to stick on you, shall
want be that, I do not want. It is not word, I do not want. I am not word. I am not word. I do not want.

and I pendant, the city goes out the window. I go

and I have heard these others before, and I turned dead on them.


I find there.


The ears are not heavy. All others

Heard her want more treasure.

of her gold. Her face is too focal to see.

branch and an趋势 to follow. The leaves she finds under the thicket. This

and I do not look for Jesus.

But Jesus is pasted, Ensys down for the men below.

Heaven for the heavens, mustards, the home of the city.


The many windows have

on.como day square and it has many windows. The many windows have

concorded building. On the second floor there is a room looking out

on concerts. Street beside the theater, there is a

to proceed. Israel speaks of the communication.

from there. I call Jesus, on the birthday. The eyes are set on the tree.

Jesus. I call Jesus, a tree, made by a strong boy under the tree

which music can. The music is never that pitch. Jerusalem want walking.

from where does not go into walking. Door can't sneak to the whole.

I take on death with the morning. It is the city has no door.

Dawson said to me. And it is not because I read.

dance baby doll's ascends. For the bottle. Ultimate door.

nothing to eat. I read in the strong door there is

I saw too fat ladies ask a thin thin for the纠缠ed rooms.

The years have taught that the纠缠ed rooms,

I ate it. I am making of an unknown to close my mouth.

but not on board. But not on board. Better the much. Hung down, and we eat this.

and the years of the first night have been spent on men. On...
To stick - not be glued - to one thing, the word of the soul, the word treasured, the word that falls from the lady in procession, the lady's mantle rather proceeds down the branches, stately, and the word lies there, how we catch the sun off the tree.

Easy to use, to spin the pattern that we know is bought.
Show the pattern at the door. It will lead you to the best homes, to the tinkling pens' and wet laughing. It will lead you to art galleries and the skin-bound magazines. You can HOWL of the agony it burns between your legs, how you can't sit down on any ice-berg, and so easy to spin it off on our facile fingers.

And what is not easy.

To stop eating. To allow hunger in the time of harvest.
To walk when the pissers To dry up when the pissers in the land of plenty let their loins down.

Oh glue me to a good one, I'm off. Whistle me a hairy one,
I'm on. Fix me, give me head. When I bend my knees, ram me.

Age of whatever.
Age of night. Age of knocking walls but the code aint heard.
Male. I could only confess to a male doctor, darling.

"He irritates me, the poetess with bones like Greta Garbo said of Ezra Pound. I said that's what he's supposed to do. But there is too much skyscraping and his rock drill...
In a time of great building why must the foundations be tested. Ask Pound. Compulsion? Meyer Levin? And if he was not a poet, what would he be.
And if she was not the mother of God, spelled word, what would that virgin be?
And this is not wisdom.
How before the mustached face of wisdom, I remain, my tongue in my shoes?
That the woman remains fluid, does not stick like the man but runs blue on white, covering up the empty white with blue.
I cannot follow that train the painter and I were on, even then I thought of the green tree and it grew in the wood of his legs.
And if we do not drop down in exhaustion, what good are we?
And if we do not refresh yellow waters, or stick our head in the roar of the bear and taste.
But to eat what has no taste, to gloat on what has no juice, to kiss to infinitive to let the mirror, what magic men and Ah, the hand lets the word lead, as it should but our word loses Dorothy Wellesley (Duchess of and what stupid yellow waters have I waded in?

Oh Doctor the man is on the rack again. And the strong voice comes, the thick line says: do not be afraid of a cause, or a label or a babel of mastery saying, this will not do at all? At all?
And what do I want with the all of anything? So the pruning becomes part of the process....

So one can get up to walk to toilet and come back to unknown places, to unknown. And this is the kernel of me? Doctor.
That I pull the blind down on precision so that I mask clarity with a word made of negatives - unknown - all n's and w's and u's, all round and mystery holes, except the poet, detective hunts for what pegs belong where? Where can he stick what begs?
To be stuck.
The leaves rustle in the wind. They dance with each other, creating a symphony of sound. The breeze carries their voices, weaving through the trees. A gentle rustling fills the air, a soft lullaby of nature.

The sun sets, casting a warm glow across the sky. The clouds paint the horizon in shades of orange and pink, reflecting the glow of the setting sun. The stars begin to twinkle, their glittering lights adding to the beauty of the evening.

People gather in the park, their laughter and conversation filling the space. Families play with their children, enjoying the cool evening air. Couples hold hands, walking together, their silhouettes blending with the soft glow of the setting sun.

The trees stand tall, their leaves rustling in the breeze. The sound of birds singing adds to the peaceful ambiance. The park is alive with activity, yet still manages to maintain a sense of tranquility.

As the sun sets lower, the temperature drops, but the atmosphere remains warm and inviting. People continue to enjoy the evening, their spirits lifted by the beauty of the surroundings.

The leaves continue to dance, rustling in the breeze, as the sky is painted with a canvas of colors. The day draws to a close, but the memories created in this beautiful park will last long into the night.
Oh Christmas celebrate what the man has kept. Goddess sing what shall be yours, what is worn and grown for you someday. Hosanna his prize intact. The completeness of the bald man. His skin shall heal. In time the scars shall form patterns, shall allow the hair to grow in patterns, setting him apart for your hands. Easter, praise what has withstood. Allow your angels to halo. For the air has been laden with battles and in the dark a flag unfurled and flies, white for man against the blue night.

—John Wieners

PISTACHIO TREE AT CHATEAU NOIR

Beaucoup de musique classique et moderne Guillaume and not as one may imagine it sounds not in the ear what went was attributed to wandering aimlessly off what came arrived simply for itself and inflamed me yet I do not explain what exactly makes me so happy today any more than I can explain the unseasonal warmth of my unhabitual heart pumping vulgarly the blood of another I loved another and now my love is other my love is in the movies downstairs and yesterday bought ice cream and looked for a pigeon-menaced owl mais, Guillaume, ou es-tu, Guillaume, comme les musiques and like the set for Rigoletto like the set for Roma like so many sets one's heart is torn like Berman's spacious haunt where tenors walk in pumps and girls in great big hats or none at all "or perhaps he recorded the panorama of hills and valleys before the strangely naked" and rain is turning the set into a dumpling wherever I see a "while" I seem to lose a little time and gradually my feet dragging I slow down the damn bus it is because of you so I can watch you smile longer that's what the Spring is and the elbow of noon walks where did you go who did you see the children proclaim and they too gradually fill the sepulchre with dolls and the sepulchre jumps and jounces and turns pink with wrath

4/25/61 Frank O'Hara