Our Unborn Child

A butterfly inside you died
in my dream. It had orange wings.
"my flowers..." - Aia Dukakis

leaves

from

ceiling
The bridge game

The Bridge
Two Hearts
The Crane of Hearts, the King of Hearts
Spades, Spades, Spades
Two Spades
The Sam of Spades, the Queen of Spades
Pass, Pass, Pass
Marco Polo, Kubhla's Palace
FORTUNES TOLD BY MADAM ALICE
Pass, Pass Pass
Buddha's Wheel
Rod and Creel
Ace of Cups
Holy Grail.
Bicycle, Bicycle, Bicycle, Bicycle
The Hanged Man.
Alice, Alice, Miserere!
Miserere, Alice, Alice!
The King of Hearts
The Queen of Spades
Courtesy Bicycle
Courtesy Bicycle
Courtesy Bicycle Playing Cards
Lives of the philosophers:

Diogenes.

He spilled his seed upon the marketplace
While all the Greek boys watched. Along the street
The dogs were basking in the August sun,
Scratching their fleas, and panting with the heat.
The brown-thighed boys looked on in discontent
For they had hoped another Socrates
Would pat their heads and talk, and at the end
Confirm their daily wisdom with a kiss.
"Diogenes is Socrates gone mad,"
Their voices shouted, but his sweating face
Was straining towards the sun, blind to the light
That streamed around him through the marketplace.
The boys had left him and the dogs began
To howl in cynical wonder at the heat.

--Jack Spicer
Boston 1956

(Note: Drawing on opposite page by Dee-Dee)
sunday

sunday bonnet

smoke my dope
dent my fenders
sunday bonnet lady

see your love man's dream
sweet gold feathered eggs
nest of sirens singing
fire saints ascent

this snow morning
pierce my eyes
with swiftest daggers
your altar throne of light

light to dwell in
shade of bonnets
kiss of sirens

my morning starting rises
as before
wakened
by your sunday bonnet smile

-- B. O'Driscoll
Winter 1966
New York City
The Drug Addict's Dilemma: An Answer to America

There is pain in my legs, blood in my head
Amphetamine wishes that I were dead

Boy in the bathtub, none in my bed
What this stuff is cannot be said.

Bad blood woman, full of sulphate
How I wish it would set us straight.

Pure white crystals, full of surcease
Take an injection and know some peace.

Fill up the dropper, your hand will shake
As worse as any Frisco quake.

Go cool off in some sombre lake,
Amphetamine make you mourn like a wake

Of Irish women, keening sad songs,
Amphetamine make you feel you belong

To the human race, once again.
Take it and see what happens, my friend.

Come back to the living, and then die again.
Amphetamine make you suffer that pain

Of wanting and having too much to say,
Where you hide from the wastage of the new-born day.

2.
And leave your dreams in cold storage, my dear,
Despair at the empty refrigidaire

With not enough money, or strength to cop
You were flying high, now come down with a drop.

You can't eat, your stomach's shrunk,
In fact, it's an endless funk

Of blue beyond all enduring
Take it and see, there's no curing.

The doctors say there's no such disease
That will do as much as amphetamine, please

To destroy your body, memory, brain.
It's as senseless as starting all over again.

-- John Wieners
New York 1963
TWO POEMS

1.
Looking back I find discarded shells
that once embodied personality
still remembering vanished heavens and hells
and trying to duplicate the conscious "me".
Gliding down I clip a sinister wing
to spot some images of an ebony shade,
a hunting hawk released by a Nubian king
or children jabbing a fish on the beach at Tchad;
these are taken from a travel book;
closer home I see that Dracula's shape
in the room's bunched shadow where I look
the raw material of imagery
recorded by my photographing eye.

2.
Anima mundi gives
its share to the musician's ear
"Mysterioso" builds to bop piano
from a Bach-like exercise
originally a Monk; the best archive is heard
by Sonny Rollins in a smoking gallery.
He stirs the sound whose rings
go into the air
where the people are.

--Sandors Russell
New York 1962
FOR REAL

Black Tom
kills if you snitch on him, he sez
but never kills anyone
the indestructible connection
who is never busted but killed by the police.

2 to 20 yrs
for stool pigeon who wouldn't turn Black Tom onto the fuzz
when the fuzz set him up for the bust
told the fuzz no man I can't snitch
on Black Tom

Black Tom they killed ...

Who three months before divorced
Trixie who's fucking the man
and said when Tom broke off with her
You black motherfucker, I'll see you dead

Three months later the Man shoots Black Tom
in the head.

-- Philip Lamantia
San Francisco 1959
THREE POEMS

1.
IF THE RATS
TAKE OVER
WHERE
LOVE LEFT OFF--
AM I
SUPPOSE TO PULL UP
MY BEAUTY?
OR
WADE IN
AND LET THEM
GNAW OFF MY TOES?

AND NEVER SHIP OUT
AGAIN?

2.
IN HER ROCKING CHAIR
ROCKING
HER HAIR TO THE FLOOR
IN THE LAST LIGHT
HUMMING
AND ROLLING
A BLUE EASTER EGG
AROUND IN HER HEAD

3.
LIKE WHEN I WAS A
LITTLE GIRL
AND I CAME HOME
TO FIND A MONKEY
MILKING MY CAT
AND THE PEOPLE
IN MY DREAMS
DIDN'T SAY THE WORDS
THAT WERE PRINTED
ON THE BALLOONS THAT FLOATED
ABOVE THEIR HEADS
WITH STRINGS COMING
OUT OF THEIR MOUTHS
AND LITTLE PIECES
OF ORANGE RAGS
HANGING

-- John Reed
San Francisco 1958
A VALO POEM

The ten terrible heads of Valo
collide among my bleeding teeth
and make my body a ragged tree.

There is an echo somewhere about my mouth,
a pain like that of an old man
tapping up a dull street.

Two green candles burn with the quiver of a naked dance,
Clasping me with the clatter of their flame.

From the phonograph a Bessie Smith voice rolls across
The floor and bumps to a stop at my empty legs.
Her sounds strike sense from the tips of my clay fingers
Drumming in agreement along the floor.

The cold is night.

Somewhere about the room nobody has moved but I am alone.

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME, Jack screams from
The mouth of belladonna dreams.

I am twenty feet away, but I have long caresses.

I am being denaturized by the poison
Of that delicious gauze.
The leaves of my branches crumble in brown satisfaction
And drop turning in slow rotation to the eroded valleys
at my feet.
The thick bark encasing my body pulls open in hungry
cracks exposing the oil smooth whiteness of my finer parts.
Sap runs to soothe my parted wounds,
but pours uselessly over my taut lips
and hardens in the air.
Moss creeps to my north side.
The moon rises in my straight arms.
One lone cloud shuffles across the sky like a gray monk
in a ragged gown hugging his hands to his breast.
An owl hoots from my hollow trunk.
Night birds rush through my twigs.

All the objects of the room - Jack sleeping, the stale swish
of an ended record, the obscene dance of the candle flame -
constrict and are still like the slashed tendons of a cat's paw.
Great jagged pieces of a staggering Christ
STARE down from the leaping wall.

Sitting like an inflated pale spider in an old garden
I can hear the tiny madman pacing in his padded cell.

Fear steals my eyes.

There is a silence as violent as laughter.

-- Kirby Doyle
San Francisco
12/III/58

If only I could
be a lyre,
ivory and gold,
and handsome boys would carry me,
our voices mingling,
a breath of trampling.

-- David Rattray
1951-52
prints and prisons

enclosed in boxes all our lives, butterflies or bugs in drag:
cars, rooms, houses - crates without interiors
or a shift to the window, the eye's tunnel - enclosed.
so what? closed, that's the state
timelessness, vision. mysticism: negative inversion:
a lie to escape the stone, the copper plate.

Ca!Ypsol! INSTRUMENTality!
awake th night:
to immense Blakeflowers of lentil flame!
seas strive to get ashore
and clouds of people watch;
how time in a particular space has led up to it!
the standard O.K. fabled fabric. the fair,

oh!

Hark Har, The Veil Will Not Be Rent!

Ever.
that this wracked and dried-up place
could be so hostile to the sun!
where trees are forced to lend a landscape to the sky.

a peyotl aquarium set: foundation of piranesi's glandular balance -
behind the crystal shield: non-euclidean only: variety.
goya-things thrusting into each other, the prison guards,
wax golems affectively melting: further carceri: agent.

benjamin west, the angel of resurrection, ah!
but only a transposition.
gericault's palpable horses:
the betinarian blacks of arches
chopped and channeled

then art nouveau slides, surfaces and planes, believers,
so tired and malcontent small, gazing up at his posters

FRAMED.
brucke and the viking ethos, in an aryan na held by texture
on true charges with no chance of process:
heckel's hallerian heads (later by definition);
cunts back to the runaway gaugin; a further sentence: inside: wood.

with alder albrecht, wee nature scraped
to reveal the minutes, lines of man's veins;

later in cold extants, bridge brides slice those veins
to raise incunabular reeling stickmen:
portrait of the convict seen as twig

and personally executed.
haley's confetti papers cells' walls.
time slides: are moriendi: at least,

and personally executed.

-- edward freeman
(d. 1962)
In Memory of a Friend

Now in bars through the endless ports
I read your name on the list of the missing,
drowned at sea when the secret got out
or driven back to me perhaps
sitting beside me
as the orchestra repeats
is it you oh is it you

my good ones who have no faces,
I leave you when I find you
flying among trees with the precision of
whatever flies: I remember in the air a single note,
though the birds were singing.

-- David Posner
The A Train
	night rides
through forest & jungle
where to go
doesn't really matter
thousand eyes amake chewing
through tunnel & tunnel with a moment
stop for another start
yellow eyes popping with reflections
a million years old
& infinitely new

bug tiny figures always
closing in for the kill
the skin itches with them
from next century & stop
stopping only a moment
for another take off &
the A Train is flying
high speed again

The A train NYC
underground & endless
tracks forming back
& forth under thick layers
of callous surface

-- Allen De Loach
New York Jan 66
this is the flip
side of the record

I'm tired of standing on Ellis St. - watching the heat drive by looking
for me - so they can get a new typewriter ribbon when they turn in
their requisition sheet. Stop eating me for breakfast. How much of
my life does it take to make police gun bullets. I've made it with Jesus
Christ - I carried the cross up and down the hill - I didn't leave my
brain behind - my brain left me - and I'm not sure I want it back after
you scrape it off your shoe. My mind has wet the pavement all over town
- there's no demon behind me - how can I be in back of my self. -- I'm
the blood in a bloodshot eye. I've been high enough to make down worthwhile,

-- Bob Hartman
San Francisco 1959

A Race

Picking strawberries,
in the sun,
on opposite sides of a row,
she says, "I'll race you!"

the bitch, and we did, picked
berries & runners & leaves & straw
laughs mad dashed in our baskets
whirled-about hair, and there

was an immense, red, "Mine!"
I cried, my fingers upon it,
her hand upon mine, "No."

Sap. Her soft, black hair.
She won: the wondrous berry
raised & placed in her mouth.

-- Robert Grenier
Cambridge 1962
HOW AT AULIS DID THE DELIGHTED DANAAN CHIEFS?

THE FIRST OF MEN, STAIN THE VIRGIN’S ALTAR
WITH IPHIGENIA’S BLOOD, SHE WHO BINDS HER HAIR
WITH LEATHER THONGS, AND LETS IT FALL
ON EITHER CHEEK, FOLDED WINGS OF EQUAL GRACE,
WHILE SHE STANDS BEFORE THE ALTAR
AND KNOWS THE MINISTERS HIDE THE KNIFE,
LAMENTING HER FOR HER BEAUTY,
WHILE MUTE WITH FEAR SHE SEEKS THE EARTH SUBMISSIVELY.

THAT THE PRINCEPS WAS A KING AND CALLED ‘HER FATHER’,
HOW WAS IT THAT THIS HELPED?
WHEN SNATCHED BY AMBITIOUS HANDS, BROUGHT
TREMBLING TO THE SACRIFICIAL PLACE,
NOT IN THE SOLEMN MOEUR OF PRIESTS, TO BE COMPANIED
BY BRIGHT HYMEN AND HIS HAPPY TUNES,
BUT IN A TIME OF EVIL BED, HOST AND VICTIM,
SHE SHOULD FALL BENEATH HER FATHER’S HAND
THAT A THOUSAND SHIPS MIGHT THEIR EXIT FIND . . .

-- Charles Doria
Vienna 1961
subway haiku

everytime the president speaks
i close my mouth
thinking i talk too much
& there are voices underneath you
old mr. g Ricanetti cleaning his pipes
they'll shut you up if you let 'em

so i move around
& dont sit in one place too long

everytime i close my eyes
a new office building goes up
startling me into taking a pill

60 words per/min
the ad for typist sd

/never thought I'd make it up the stairs
the last words I heard June say

3 needles
& in both sides
they give me
& all for getting
a sick cock

joe joe joe
dont eat crow

& my box dont work
a spring broke that
triggers the mechanism
underneath

speed king
the washing machine sd
in red underneath chrome

o my tenderette
wrapped in tin foil
from a bottom
that slides out

dont get mononucleosis
it takes a year to cure
kissing sickness

i tell you the sentence is doomed
dono't take the trains
ride the verb into town
take a local
w/more nouns to stop at

tonite i want a full moon
like a slice of provolone
where rats nibbled at the edge

it costs too much
to have an opinion

o joy i lost yr bread
in a crap game
& made you sad

o my head where things
are all screwed up

even in my dreams
creditors chase me thru
a fantastic landscape on mars
so i hide my poetry
under an assumd name

winos looking at me
with dimes & nickels for eyes

o eastman kodak people
w/yr shades drawn

lover rush into my arms
186,000 m per/sec

people lining up to see
la dolce vita sd the movie marquee

o mechanical bird singing one song
you are yesterday's late edition
lying in the gutter

philologists searching for unicorns
in out of space

o ed marshall w/yr soapbox
by united farmers

old rugged cross just played out
on a jukebox by
universal parts inc.,
o jeffersonian 3 ring circus
m.c.'d by hamiltonians
w/trained & performing press

castro hates chicken
& wont be tempted

by big money
seeding latin american
counter revolutionary clouds

tv's getting cheaper than ever
there's mass production for you

and this day just slid down
behind the manual arts school

flowers opened & but twirled
&
bees too busy to bother
anymore

christian song played out
but the mechanism won't reject
sacrifice space
to yr dead gods

scared yes i'm scared
everytime i pick a knife up
i see yr face in a late edition

old woman w/yr teeth gone
& not much left to chew on

o pie for all yr crustiness
you don't move me

use words sparingly
so few of us left

o gasman you took my meter out

o lonely world
with yr/penis out
to fuck up the universe
write
i must write & keep on writing
till my ink's run out

music
a form of speech a
conversational racket with
some time a
yak-a-T-yak means
of talking back

-- Stephen Jonas
Boston 1962

Lady cat is missing
unloved by her husband
she is abroad in the night

a new love to seek
or the gratification of
that urge so pronounced
in cats

All cats were people once.

-- Alan Marlowe
THE MOUSE KING

I don't like mousetraps or mousedrops that form at the little pricks of knocked-out mice. I don't like to see mice split or squeezed in two by traps. I love mice and don't like mousemeat. I don't like to see mice limp and dead from having been hurled to the floor. Then you have to poke a stick up their little asses and cram them down the sidewinder's throat. I don't think anyone should be fed by force.

And yet I am the Eichmann of mice. One spring I was swarmed with mice, eight, nine, ten at once racing heavily on the floor and scuffling in the pantry. Ed Marshall was frightened, and I said, "Just a few baby mice playing tag, let them alone," and we went to bed. The next morning I was awakened by Ed Marshall raging in the kitchen. "Our oats, our rice, our beans," he screamed, and a hole through the new loaf of bread, and half a box of crackers gone. And no more money for food, what will we do?" He was almost in tears. In fact a tear streamed down his cheek.

To understand his grief, you must know that Ed Marshall is wont to say, "I wouldn't mind a drop more of coffee--about that much." He waits patiently while his cup is filled to the brim. "Do you have a little roll or something, a piece of bread maybe, to go with the coffee? . . . I'll have just a taste of that cheese . . . Is that a new kind of apple you just bought?" But though he pays mouth-service to "tasting" something or "trying it out," to him food is food, a fast homogeneous mush not solid and not liquid, for the sheer mass of which his internal hunger has always been so boundless, that his sense of taste never had a chance to mature. The result is that when he asks to taste something as a stratagem for engulging it--and he always asks for whatever he sees or thinks you have on hand--he invariably says "very good" as it vanishes. He means: "It's very good to devour something."

And now the mice were still playing tag in the kitchen, oblivious to his roars of indignation. I tried to console him. "Now, now," I said, "you go on back to bed, and I'll figure out a way to get rid of the mice." I sat down and thought. I thought and I thought, but to no avail. There was no money for traps or poison, and I don't like to kill animals anyway. But it was true they had to go. It was them or us. I was at an impasse. To help my mind associate more freely, I smoked a marijuana cigarette. I was watching a pair of mice chase each other about, when I noticed how slowly they seemed to be moving. "I'll bet I can catch them," I said to myself. All my embarrassment at stalking animals had vanished. I followed a mouse all around the room, until it was in a corner. As I feinted with my foot, I reached down quickly and caught it. Victory! But now that I held it, what could I do? Certainly not walk down five flights of stairs to release it, nor flush it down the toilet ignobly. There had to be a simple final solution. I decided to throw it out the window, for it it were to die, it would die a quick death. So I strode into the bedroom holding it high above my head.

There was no righteous reflex
From Ed Marshall in bed.
(Who says the literal name of God
In prayer at least once every five minutes)
He didn't jump up seeing the mouse in my fingers
And shout, "Open the window!"
He said, "A mouse has just been caught,"
And looked at it holy and blessed it
While it peeped like a chick in my fingers
And tried to bite me
But its jaw was too little.
There was no fighting reflex
When I threw the mouse from my window
As high as I could and watched it arc down
Maybe it was too young or scared
To have a righting reflex
Instead it turned over and over
Slowly in the empty space.

In less than two hours I had caught and hurled nine mice into the sky. That very night Huncke paid us a visit, and I told him the whole story of the pogrom. "And I will probably be brought before a mouse tribunal," I concluded.

Just then I saw a mouse on the kitchen table and jumped at this chance to show off. First I showed it to Huncke—pointed it out to him across the room—the red and green stones on my ring gleaming—then I said laughingly (my performance begun) "I will catch it," and I stalked into the kitchen, hovered over the kitchen table admiring pot for pulling out time enough for me to cope with mouse nervousness—it was sniffing ever inch of the table, and I was digging every sniff and dart, and a roach was crawling on a tea chest—partners in crime—and at the right moment my hand dropped silently on the mouse. I could feel the movement of tiny bones under fur and smell its musk. I brought it to Huncke triumphantly, and showed him its tail, which stuck out from my fingers. "Well you said it squeals," he said grudgingly, "I want the whole show." "O.K. listen," I retorted, and held the mouse to his ear wishing for a squeal to crown my success and possibly pressing it ever so slightly, and sure enough it squealed, and I was the King of Mice. Then Huncke said with mock callousness, "Why don't you throw it out the window?" I said I would and left the room. When I returned he asked what I had done with it, and I told him, He seemed astonished. "Really? No, you didn't, did you? People like you think that animals don't have feelings, but I think they feel things like us. Wow, what a terrible way to die." He tried to express what a mouse must feel falling through space and brought wet stars of pity for mice to my eyes. I was holding my hands out before me, limp and high, so I wouldn't touch anything before I could wash them. I told Huncke, "You make me feel like licking these hands instead of washing the mousedirt off."

--- Irving Rosenthal

When I see the small fish who have yet to make a sound appear at the surface in the colored water of dusk,
shining like pieces of polished copper,
moving swiftly and beautifully until the dark,
I feel your body again.

I took nourishment from you. How familiar it was—
like a coolness I remembered from the ocean shore.
How strange it was, unbelievable—
like men disarmed, swimming among currents with the fish.

--- Lewis Lipschitz
Connecticut 1962
When you breathe on me and when I smell what you bathed in
you are a wet brother of another sex wearing your hair
or setting eyebrows to match even sneezing under the faucet
we are brothers disarmed without cruelty or sodomy or blunt needles
on the floor
beyond the dark grace of needless
along the roads & horizons that surrounded us
if we continue to make the sounds
we will be brothers

-- Howard Schulman
October 24, 1962

B's Blues

We all know how each man is an island
and life's a brave journey toward the unacceptable end.
But sometimes the landscape sings
oh
the road glitters

-- Elizabeth Sutherland
this is the beginning of our end
sitting here
on your lap
   our bodies held tightly
   together
so that we won't lose
the feeling we get, yet

I know there is not much time
for us, anymore. You cry
on my shoulder, I
on your shoulder, in turn
we both cry
for each other for
the love we won't
let go of so soon
after it begun, four months ago

cry here, love, on my shoulder.
Don't let your tears
   fall
anywhere else. I want them
to stain my sweater,
so I'll remember
   this day
   these four months
we've known
and loved
each other
   as we catch each
tear
   in turn
   which we drop
   my heart cries, too.

It does not hurt to see
you cry
it warms my heart
to know a man can
cry (you have before

and will again, tonight
when you sleep alone
for the first time
   without me

-- Joan Gilbert
today we have the good witch
we have the good fairy
but we also have the devil
and the disguises vary
we sometimes see it as a him
and sometimes as the bitch.
only the real ones ever know
which is which

OBSERVATIONS

uncle sam is a faggot
uncle sam the creator of uncle tom
as a child I remember being taken to see the darling of
america shirley temple most often cast in films with
bill robinson a great dancer and leading uncle tom of
hollywood
what makes me remember this so vividly was that being
an Afro-Euro-american I always left the movie theater in the company
of my Grandmother feeling embarrassed

before the emergence of television the movies delivered
out of that most gilded factory called hollywood were
the image makers of this great society
I always was confused by (except for the few great
films made in hollywood) the roles portrayed
of the male female white black american
why was the first sound or talking film made in this
country entitled "the jazz singer"?
al jolson a Jewish entertainer in blackface was the star
of this spectacle
and all the golden girls properly darkened for the big
production number
they must have had a ball

-- Jeanne Phillips
I know it's Thursday
& my head hurts
& my chest aches
& I am crying on Beacon St.
& unable to stop hope none
notices
I know I have left Columbus Ave & my children & my husband probably forever--
I know bitterness & anger
hurts the bearer.
unbelievably
more than the witness

I have no where to go
& each corner becomes a decision
I have no desire to make
thoughts of hospitals & death
& someone taking care of
my body drift aimlessly
thru my head--
there is no where to be alone
& noone to be with

Meth madness after many days

i cannot tell if I am speaking aloud or thinking that I am
everything has a face
and can move of its own power
i know billie is dead and
alan cried and said
maybe she won't
but she did
i know the kids are awake
but cannot tell what they are saying
time has left the body
and emotion and care
and thought and life
i am not afraid
but the strangeness grows stronger each time
i know nothing about myself
i am not sure if this is Tom and Manny and house and etc. or
illusions

i keep burning my fingers
the dog’s nearness makes me very nervous

-- Jan Balas
Boston 1961
SONG FOR MY SPOOKS

Oh, my beloved spooks, I feel you gather about me,  
Strong as the wind, a breath always in my ear, loving  
You who know to laugh at my pospositives, loving,  
You who support me in the dingy holes we will live in, the dark places  
filled with grime and shadow, that will be ours now, I fear  
Fill them with light, with spook laughter, light up the corners of the damp  
with your loving, so that the words I write will echo,  
filled with more dimension, more past and future than they dream of yet  
with the stardust of your hopes, the quick gestures of your dying,  
Fill my pillows with dreams, and give me the strength for our darkness

For this is the end of KaliYuga, dark time on a dark planet  
and I will not say I am not afraid, or sad, make me strong  
find me a real flower or two for the children  
tell me stories as I scrub out our houses and make them larger  
Sing to me softly as I cook our rice

(from Spring and Autumn Annals  
Summer 1965 New York)

FIRST SNOW, KERHONKSON  
(for Alan)

This, then, is the gift the world has given me  
you have given me  
softly the snow  
cupped in hollows  
lying on the surface of the pond  
matching my long white candles  
which stand at the window  
which will burn at dusk while the snow  
fills up our valley  
this hollow  
no friend will wander down  
no one arriving brown from Mexico  
from the sunfields of California, bearing pot  
they are scattered now, dead or silent  
or blasted to madness  
by the howling brightness of our once common vision  
and this gift of yours—  
white silence filling the contours of my life.

-- Diane di Prima  
Jan 1966 Kerhonkson
I saw myself in abyss - green
as an Indian gutter infested with mosquitoes,
their larvae, muck, bubbles puttin', eyelids
of the toady devil - green - & I fell in
seeing myself, being myself in love--

& now I hear them revel round
what is left - as if after all, I passed away
from them, unnoticed, to a stone, I
silently sneaked away hugging the illusion of myself
looking their way thoughtlessly, as they picked
at my brain, my heart, my loins. Only
because I sit hunched upon this stone
away, from the revellers, I can't restrain
from urging them on - Indeed I would have

Indeed my love, I would have

Teach me to forget - teach me, now -
my mum, unquiet heart addresses you
in its kind - my love will you let me old
like this?

The Spanish girl will bear your child -
I see, I see in him the temper you will give.

Now it is evening, now is to be alone -
My God has forgotten me - God
The world does not know it, it not being
its business - you -

Must I live like this - must I Lord -
Galway I can feel your mouth, I can see
you going away - the utter disregard
you had for me

Oh my love - I was such a fool - couldn't you
remember

they are rare!

Galway - oh my God, let it be thy will
my God, my God.

-- Shreela Ray
Buffalo 1966
Term paper for 8 year old

Who is this pig they keep talking about who is supposed to control everything & predict the future? They say he created the world & now pulls the strings & has created even more disaster & suffering than Hitler. But then they say, "love him" - "he is good" - who? a sadistic pig? I don't know. Nobody seems to, I doubt his existence. But when you ask someone about this enigma they reply (& this is why I'm inclined to think if this creature does exist, he is a pig) - "It's God Swill,"

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

runys in her stocking
bells in her head
she'll never know freedom
until she is dead

ADAMANCY

Love that seeks
not love

Body that seeks
Nobody

Mind that seeks
Nevermind

I am dying of tightropes
I am living for beats
of a heart no longer
pebbles
bouncing skipping pounding sleeping
on a street of masochism
treading on bubbles
what am I doing in this cigarette
i am ashes
i no longer seek
to burn
"my id is no good"
twitch
tell me what I am doing in this ashtray
life is but eight minutes long
perhaps ten
if you are kind enough to hold me
& do not extinguish me
sometimes you become tired of me

I
others you puff me until I am out of breath
& I stop breathing
& die
without being murdered.

--- Sheila Plant
San Francisco 1958
(d. 1959)

TO RONNY
(On must never learn the secret
of the butterfly)

I, being all of what I am,
Female and full of the difference of us
Have found your sweet attire
Somewhat surprising
To even my erratic tastes.
I watch you paint your face
And clothe your muscled limbs
In some such silk
As Sunday ladies wear
And pile a nest of ringlets
On your postured head.
Your smile is oiled and red;
Your hands assume limp poses
And inside your head, a delicacy
Guides your angles into curves,
The woman of you knows the ways
And wiles of night's relinquishing
And all the man of you receives.
Forgive this half-trained eye
That notices the pain
Run from your heavy-shadowed gaze,
The hurt is yours alone;
A treasure to be held against the dark,
And all your perfumed lace
And rustled skirts
Will hide the weeping man of you
From your own sight.

--- Madeline Davis
on train to Holland, 12-29-65.

Dawn on the flooded marshline
reflected in the ponds &
bluish shadows
hang on the trees--
pale blue horizon twilight.
This also is thine and the work of thy hand.
frost covering the bushes in the field.

Blackbirds over the mauve fields
frosted and pale green
Good Morning Fernando!
the sun rises red
& the winter trees.

October, 65, Ibiza Spain

O mourn for the idle tongue
who cannot sing
for the prey of flies
for the thunderlidded air
irridescence drifting over her back
a mighty animal the sea
& anguish wrung far back in the mind
standing with empty hands
the mighty animal the sea soars
filling in all the holes.
paris 9-64

to Alex:

how soft the fathomed waters of peace
   to sit down in
sheaves of dry grain, grasses whispering
   in an urn, a room;
mauve against purple
grain color against the green wall.

a fan waving slightly in summer's wind;
latticework between eyes
and fingers on either side
silent:
   love gestures
penetrate the veil.

spring, Paris 65

to Fernando:

we have gone down to the early grasses
shining silver
you have seen my awkwardness
and bowed down your head also,

you have come & fetched me from the sea of strangers
where the moon shines rarely upon the waters
two line poems written in Paris ’65

the constant realm of unrelated things

a crystal

in prison

sings

hidden insanities in every pocket
manilis born a jewel.

like a horse caught in a trap
is the mountain of woman

-- Janine Pommeiy

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