UNTITLED LITHOGRAPH BY RAY JOHNSON

BEAR

CUT OUT
BEAUTIFUL MUSIC
for Leon Crabtree

We could make it together
but my heart isn't in it
so what the fuck

I like listening to it
but my heart isn't in it
my heart has its reasons

for nothing being in it
when you called me to hear it
listen to me carry on

my heart must be writing this song
named "After You, Carioca"
DOG SALT

Bridges cause dizziness
Men cause dizziness in themselves.
Therefore men must use science.

THE SECRET OF JANE BOWLES

One Sunday, one Monday, every week
Makes two days out of seven.
Three times six is not eleven
Except in heaven.
A dark cloud jogs beside us laughing amiably.
Then we stop and look around.
Numbers come everywhere from the heavens, 1-10.
The saintly six.
The redoubtable three.
The peaceful four.
The sports-car driving five.
The lunatic nine.
The recumbent governor eight.
The wheelchair one.
The pessimistic seven.
The metal two.
The hit-and-run ten.
They join us at the clouded structure.
Where angels find their conjunctions and well-wishers
Wave one last long goodbye.
The unnumbered question is our sleep in which these structures hide
Floating above the footnotes in oblivious fruited fields
Where her touch is like a helping hand
That reaches down to lift you up to where it is--
There is no telling what you might find in it

--Larry Fagin, Bill Berkson, Ron Padgett
Strange hallucination! When Phallas Athene felt that the wisdom of man had touched her fatal skirt and its neglected grass the Divine Marquis, the emblem of pride, the burning iceberg, bird of paradise, bright as a young monster's voice, gentle and quiet as innocent blood, had reached the fire tree which from top to toe was covered with flaming birds, with flags of pestilence.

A smile had been erected underneath and preparations made for the work of death.

***************

Once upon a time there was a mouse in Milo.

***************

Di oscuri -- les dieux obscurs.
A mystery never to be solved
The bodies were never found
Di oscuri -- les dieux obscurs.
Castor -- a footprint in the mountains, Pollux a by-product of pollution and indistinct emotion --
an open grave, dancing in your bosom --
the painted face of prince Elizabeth
previously bespoken and
a foreign education but
a circumstance
doubtfully

***************

The painter came again
and again
and again
beneath his child-like pine-trees
beneath his helpless flames
beneath -- but let me see
but let me hear his liquid face
his northern star
his living slab of marble
his Adam and his Eve

***************

Oh Hercules oh Frau Cules oh Fraucules oh Herr Cules oh Herr Cules oh
Frau oh Frau Cules oh Hercules oh Frau Cules oh Fraucules oh HerrCules oh
Frau

***************

Oh history oh way of life oh words
Birthplace, nickname, silken lips
Your history, your way of life, her words.
Her birthplace, nickname, silken lips
Amandapak Amandapak
Oh wind oh hands oh duskiness

***************

— Max Ernst

DRIVING THROUGH BELGIUM

An old woman is cutting carnations
and to them she seems like an old woman
Who cuts carnations: perfumes press to get her
between the pages of Poetry magazine—

And because nothing interrupts her
she cuts one too many, and heads of esteem for
Gentlefolk fall away in crumble sadness
past the shifting potholes of our day

THE SHINING HAND

In legible moon sulk what you read to me
starts the single engine on my star, misty
planet that likes regaining poise. But

whether marksmen shatter the final cup that
filled the middle ear and, waking
sound to its supreme role of spear, or deeper than
that no man can tell: his talent is his hat
his handwork the echo of a right hand;
the left, gladiola. "I decorate myself for you"
he sings, but I sing too. I sing out. I revel
not in tarnish although tarnish is
a hunger anyone can feed, and right now
it's feeding a porpoise of chaos, but chaos
to compensate a tight-lipped order that sprays
from golden impudence across Space to you:
Hello? Yes, that’s me. And you hang up as
the message describes its own phone, a red one
bedside and silent near Pall Malls
on an end table. The table’s varnished butt is flush
against a cigarette burn on William
Morris tapestry covering the damp wall whose other side
is part of Southern English countryside, glowing
under full moonlight as a plate.

And there are many more plates
for this is a luxury edition, I settle for it, it allows me
to flip three pages for example to Rangoon.
Volume I, NIGHT. Volume II, if you will kindly leave
the room to me, and when I discover a stretch of true
leisure for art materials, DAY. A full day
and soon you will be bold enough
to eliminate the anachronism of a publisher.

WOMAN WALKING SLOWLY DOWNSTAIRS AND WAVING

I am a nation, and smother the crusted cloud
is a larger nation, an army of sleep
an even larger one, the pillow and hair
wave of information theory, putting me to bed
or if not to bed, to dream
of unscheduled planes, dozing in their hulking syndrome
one turbine only perhaps awake, and that is me
the honeybee, and that is you
sighing for a separation between the two

--Michael Brownstein

BE HAPPY O SAD WORLD BE HAPPY

Be happy o sad world be happy!
because you are the way you are
between joy and sorrow
Be happy o sad world be happy!
we’re alive today, gone tomorrow
but you go on and on
BRIGHT SIDE

It was this way in the origins:
How To Be Born
Coming from a native land (Switzer) and what it means
catching a glimpse or grasp on life (Mental)
Talking about their differences now.............

Fly now over raised map bob up again
A town's binoculars at your throat
He is watching
Look at him soar again
the mob sliding by some cows on the homestretch
in for a gentle landing & she clobbers the closet drama crowd

Cross these lines out, repeat the sentence in a mug voice

Getting this surprise in the wrappers (inflated sweaters)
and seeing them really big like that is a surprise really
You would prefer leave that all behind you
but you can't

And that's what it's all about coming here:
Awaken the morning with your love & letting up in the sun.

--Anne Waldman

WHERE I LIVE

The stars flow beneath the water
The clouds freeze or collapse
In laughter, lure like a pledge
Approach and spit on a flower
Cruelly and scream in the forest
Of mildness, portrayed by art
As endless steps into the sky
But while all this is going on
An aimed surmise, noiseless
As the heaven that gathers it
Banishes beauty-hemmed man
To bed, as sleep extinguishes
The planet in whirling dreams
Where slowness flows to be
Breathless, like a bicyclist.

--Tom Clark
NOTHING AT NEWBEGINNS

1.
1963 in
became poem
with the
that you
with as
way was
the $4.95
word
and
times
4 cents a
the single

2.
he of fully
tion

or:

or:

spoken
zines, does
it does
out of is
the best in it
the is it is the

on the
of his
they’re out
3.
structure gauge
that course
than sort
does not
Young gerous
Same
what to
and
of
for
a

65
it lot
has of his
the called own
slim.
really an deal of Yes
said does
thinks said

Sidney
going to
with no

He
and
Stop

4.
Why? I've
NOUN ADDER
persiflage fanatical whole keys barrette white pint sift left tame dirigible pant light fuchsia
higher close wents park on fidget or was litmus cape cape bath standing belts it rain
muscle fender phosphate trouble fridge a gas Mouth route pout through or an red
**************
wrty melt nicle lockheed hock light seltzer LOCKHEED
welt pie frowns out size laughs sounder then
x a mist shack bounce faceless a crab summer mizzen
so gloat tea in twice metering YOU
is rip pound? flamer toller walls of
bout glance a simmer up time salve makings? starve redder than is
a molar a
**************
singular bulgur a cloud a clown? math song it
gout along a rink clamp sulfur gag on gymstacle whacks a rung
flounce a whist flag down b-b nouns original that
**************
south more phid south
ad in sheets stemmed truck pith
its wide? machine swelled rug lobes of red pins fuss
**************
greenery? load adder in action asp cement cement all
along the louds cement the cement
car parked up pocket starling
groans hinge odds lamps pelt none wrist tick
fudge barrels toe inside loom

neighbor staples up punt blimp
gorilla
ton crave hint careeners no bar
mimes kin rip-bank tar leas
bath pound cloaca tan escape smile
pads bar rice topley mar gas launch
tar ban tool listen

scar at scars (start)
a meant cryolite inking apple sluice niece
a gran soles lieu ape mast brim
grammar cad encaustic done
Goliath an tar breathe

cog snow reel adders brickle
car pecks bane pock hum dials tread mewlings
a crate melt dew

are snake

--Clark Coolidge

DORYPHA

On holidays
When the Indians and vaqueros get drunk on whisky and pulque
Dorypha dances
To the sound of the Mexican guitar
Such exciting habaneras
That people come from all over to admire her

No woman knows as well as she
How to drape the silk mantilla
And to fix her blond hair
With a ribbon
A comb
A flower

--Blaise Cendrars
trans. Ron Padgett
FORKED DAH

For this is empire juice, the canary
has for summer supper too,
is not a wren-like appetite
for they say
she eats like a bird, is bitter
too to tah to tae (today)

tan tanta ra,
I cry and will not bend or bite
For now you see the proof:
she's gone -- she went
before the summer table set was set --

tan tanta ra
and she will get today
as I did say ta-ta.
and so you see tah dah!

STANKY

A simple weight attached
and a circle raised alone
(no strings)
to a great height.
Then let fall.
There is nothing missing,
and the space around is all.
The space you see is all.

--Bill Berkson
FOR THE PRINCESS HELLO

Bridges that, a little because of absence,
Have like circuses changed their sites,
And the wood rots due to circumstance,
And, I believe, because of their engagement
To light, and something like light,
Whose voltage will run dry,
These bridges come like all bridges
To change and be re-painted.

Stone cries when it spans a void,
Wood thinks about the last century,
Both hate each other by custom
And can't contain their mountainous
Duality, like a turkey with two feathers
Pushed by the wind, turning
Into feathers of nothing without sweat;
A turkey's definition of change.

The old bridges faint under caresses,
Discovering the constant in a circle
Around forty-seven plan figures
Which they invented in foreign ports;
The liar and his lie
Win over a racially mixed city!
And these bridges come like all bridges
To change and be re-painted.

It's sweet to follow the trace of a bridge
And get angry without knowing why
Which one of the architects will succeed
In vaulting, character, and facing,
All the days of nine committees
Have been concerned with city bridges!
Now you will see the proof
That each has been re-painted.

Both stone and wooden bridges promise
Elevated above us, to separate
The hardened student from the breaths
Of a young girl, mouth open:
Each conserves the advantage
Of forces despite everything you say
In each of your false languages:
In its turn will be re-painted.

--David Shapiro
STONE TAKE

I have eaten my last pretzel
tongue stings
colleas dying needs water & clipping
I dig
greenthumb people always examine their plants high
plant tells you in fine squeaky vibrations
"I have fungus-- need X03 spray eek!"
and you do accordingly

I can hardly believe I'm back in this luminous gray city
can hardly believe the city
poof,' it's gone
what a rock
what a magnificent bare rock I sit on now
and miles at sea
like mermaid...

car horn
city recreated by sound
proving Maya just sound vibration
Greeks say movement
maybe same thing
somebody sd every object gives off its own sound
I sit here listening to the phone book,
lamp, typewriter-- is this harmony?
glass paperweight has good solid tones

flat planes of roofs in Brooklyn--west side--
where I stood & saw roofs in snow
John by my side
Audre's house
flat planes move up & down like these tones
their colors
before the eye

-- Diane Di Prima
I AM FROM ARGENTINA

Cannot last very long, adoration
In Argentina when I was a child
The favorite mink, but early in the skies
The mother deserts her daughter, the child his son
Long misunderstood by the Ancients
That verse of Plautus, and when
The sun contacts cheating purple and yellow
Above the Pontius Maximus or whomever
Is that nymph coming through the forest
Back into my days in Argentina
When I ride, a white pony all the day.

You, perhaps, an individual masquerading
as my mother, or Herbert's mother, one of the main
People of a childish corolla, the sand man being Hebrew,
Love under the log being a "scene." Oh
Dropped
Night. The envelopes were all initialled "Umber."
I came onto the scene.
What if I am a horrid neighborhood fright?
He believes him to believe him to unbelieve.
And I know why they shoot those actions--right?
"It doesn't matter" picking through the umber
Of those old days in Argentina.

You reminded me
Of a child's plant. And suddenly I was blinded.
Nectarines, chocolates, sealions, and bedsteads--I can't understand
His own clarity! And behold
The fancy of a dead wheel. Now suddenly constellated, blind
With wandering over locked enemies, childish
As T-44, he strikes helplessness! What,
What was it that you said? And the man smiles into the hospital garden;
A fruit runs to pick it up. "May I have this Irish?"
And the numbars, bloody and interlocked, keep striking under the sea.

My father was a painter.
So what?
He sat in Argentina reading the Times
Looking for an announcement of his show he knew would never
Take place--better be in Harry's Bar in Venice:
There, at least, one knows a way to talk--
Evenings under the upspringing dark, O locals
And violets, a way for three then to come home with each other
And undergrade the bleeding foghorn. Stop! I want no more prim colors!
And he climbs into the Icelandic brig. "Farewell, meerschaumers!
May heaven hide you a good time in the hair-riding. Shut up, stump!
Farewell!"

Off he goes into the great poets atmosphere. And we are left--
You, the cook, Betsy, and I--without a rock to hang on. Let there be
no more husband biting.
Come, darling,
Climb aboard this bug that all be well.
But all can't be--it is striped and crushed by a head
Like Maloney, who bent his foot opera daffodil. Yes, Lords,
You be a taxi... but I shall stay here as well.
We are all never going to stop watching you, not today
And not yesterday, with the fantastic imprecisions of a Leopardi...

Old age in Argentina
"The first time I went to him he nearly put my eyes out. And you?"
A garden filmed of Haiti my device
For shooting apples in the crashing dew--Sumner!
Jess! Just a terrified log of dropping advice.
Well, dark shall be that climax. If we live to see it, brother ant.
I don't doubt.
You don't doubt, but yet on the other hand you don't believe.
It is perhaps those who believe who will find out
Quickly the need for our hell-facedness. Goodbye!
Farewell was always the word in Argentina,
And in the Antillas we used the word Goodbye...
But there was something unexplained in the barman's stiff corolla
Of grins: "Mistuh, you have no quite tell-us goodbye."

Betty come back on the Ba Caribe--ugh! Devotions, farewell!
Landing at dawn, we hurried into the Pat's Unicorn
Bar and Hotel. Nectarines, pilot-lights, hogs, and the sea. I
am from Argentina.

--Kenneth Koch
SHAMAN'S PAIN

All people will glue on my feathers.  
All people will give me the drum, Put  
the doll in its rim.  
All people  
light my pipe.  
What am I sitting on, eh?  
What am I sitting on, eh?  
This is my son's coffin and I laugh at you.

WHEN

The opening of evening the absence of the evening  
both would be so different if your husband died tomorrow

Remember that photo I took of you  
caught you with your eyes closed  
and he's so old.

DUST EATER

I never once asked you to move the fence.  
My waiting is plain: I must get over advantage.

--John Thorpe
MOVEABLE BASKETBALLS

I brought a flower to a colt and
 gave the former to the latter

Eternity

* * *

Another night passes
Bought a traveller's check

It drifted onto the shadow of a girl's breast
and there came to rest

* * *

The line
dies in mist

distant cherry under sky

Try to love your
fingers on the clarinet

* * *

An emigrant father smiled when a balloon
fell on a prune

In his mouth
a horse's voice
said
"whinny"

Confused water
sprang to his teeth
making a long sound

* * *

Crimson spokes

moonlight on the foreman

* * *
I stared at the cancelled check
Fumes came out of it
and turned left in the city

***

Dole's pineapple
appeared in a mirage

O the quail came
and took a few bites

Now I live in lamentation
like the unhappy cardinal
cousin to the quail

***

Supress
your love
of dope

Believe
that I have spaghetti
for the whole world

***

I figured the space between me and Nero
was infinity

on the balcony
overlooking the cemetery

I had an idea

of what it would be like to be a tornado of speech driving away
the celery

The next day

I returned to the tomb

***
The moon was out
Infinity was spread out across the sky

The night was spread across
Dusk to Dawn

I looked at my watch

There was no color

* * *

Long live poets!

They make everything brighter with their songs

Their poetry
is restful

Baboons are stupids
Poets are greatses!

* * *

A gondola came through smoke

silence

Wind swerved over the water

bacteria

A glowing white biscuit
came into my life

I gave it to the gondolier

He puned it into the world

--Ron Padgett
OPENING THE DAY

I think it would be interesting to produce, no cost
On your part, I think
You stop me
And the clouds of ice
Float overhead
The sightseeing bus "charter" bus drawing
Close to us, me
In my striped Billy the Kid outfit, drinking some
Polish coffee
Or maybe a Coke. Chests
Jut out straight out under jerseys
Like a cherry
Some cool colored noon
And what did I see: the woman's dress
Flies up and out
And the bat flies out of the hand. Soon
It lands on a green patch under the stands,
That patch of grass worth more in broken wad
Ripped from basepath to paper bag. I think
The way to make her
In a sexual way
Is to set up
In your mind some one "mind" you would
Like to aspire to, then set her off, as if
You were drawing
A used car up out of the lot
Up out of the lot of them whose chests jut out
Then ripping the Late City Times
Off the stands
Last Times on the stands
And turn to empty apartment
A very sharp
Radio noise fills the air
With various stations fusing
In the sound nod morning sound

--Lewis Warsh
UPPER SILESIA

"Confusion and anarchy,"
Softball in the lot
Tell of how they suffered then
That backward reign
And somehow there is always room
Among the geraniums
A little yellow bird
There is always room
For more of the same
I saw you in that environment
Was it you?
On that street with the bad name
Like the wind on summer nights
Brings to plant a kiss of dust

And the kiddies with their toys
Among the geraniums
A balalaika

Or I might want a piece of pie or cake
Turning to the mirror, hands
To the face

What you can hear at any one time
In Upper Silesia
Is the fast growth of all the change it takes
To be here
You and you with me
Beside the pool split in two.

--John Ashbery
READABLES

"Buckshee," by Ford Madox Ford (recently reprinted, in paperback)

"Antologia di Poesia Popolare Italiana," edited by Pasolini

"War Poems" (by Snyder, Ginsberg, di Prima, Whalen, etc.), Poets Press

"Three Madrigals," by John Ashbery, Poets Press


"Histoire de l'Oeil," by Georges Bataille

"The Poet Assassinated," translated by Ron Padgett, illustrated by Jim Dine

Francis Jammes (b. 1868)

"Highjacking" and "On the Wing," by Lewis Warsh & Anne Waldman respectively, in one volume, cover by Joe Brainard, Boke Press

The Blue Pig, a magazine published by Sand Project Press, 20 rue Dupont de l'Eure, Paris 20e

Adventures in Prose (Adventures in Poetry #2), edited by Larry Fagin

"The Leon Poems," unspeakable authorship, 60 copies, by hand

Angel Hair 5

Juillard, edited by Trevor Winkfield

Best & Co., edited by Bill Berkson (November)

SEND DOLLAR-BERRIES TO THE BEAR!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!