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# EMILY DICKINSON

**I dwell in Possibility**

I dwell in Possibility –  
A fairer House than Prose –  
More numerous of Windows –  
Superior – for Doors –

Of Chambers as the Cedars –  
Impregnable of eye –  
And for an everlasting Roof  
The Gambrels of the Sky –

Of Visitors – the fairest –  
For Occupation – This –  
The spreading wide my narrow Hands  
To gather Paradise –

**Tell all the truth but tell it slant**

Tell all the truth but tell it slant —  
Success in Circuit lies  
Too right for our infirm Delight  
The Truth’s superb surprise  
As Lightning to the Children eased  
With explanation kind  
The Truth must dazzle gradually  
Or every man be blind —

**The Brain, within its Groove**

The Brain, within its Groove  
Runs evenly–and true–  
But let a Splinter swerve–  
‘Twere easier for You–

To put a Current back–  
When Floods have slit the Hills–  
And scooped a Turnpike for Themselves–  
And trodden out the Mills–

**My Life had stood – a Loaded Gun –**

My Life had stood – a Loaded Gun –  
In Corners – till a Day  
The Owner passed – identified –  
And carried Me away –

And now We roam in Sovereign Woods –  
And now We hunt the Doe –  
And every time I speak for Him  
The Mountains straight reply –

And do I smile, such cordial light  
Open the Valley glow –  
It is as a Vesuvian face  
Had let its pleasure through

And when at Night – Our good Day done –  
I guard My Master’s Head –  
‘Tis better than the Eider Duck’s  
Deep Pillow – to have shared –

To foe of His – I’m deadly foe –  
None stir the second time –  
On whom I lay a Yellow Eye –  
Or an emphatic Thumb –

Though I than He – may longer live  
He longer must – than I –  
For I have but the power to kill,  
Without – the power to die –

# WALT WHITMAN

**Song of Myself**

1

I celebrate myself, and sing myself,  
And what I assume you shall assume,  
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul,  
I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

My tongue, every atom of my blood, form’d from this soil, this air,  
Born here of parents born here from parents the same, and their  
parents the same,  
I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,  
Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,  
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,  
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,  
Nature without check with original energy.

2

Houses and rooms are full of perfumes, the shelves are crowded with  
perfumes,  
I breathe the fragrance myself and know it and like it,  
The distillation would intoxicate me also, but I shall not let it.

The atmosphere is not a perfume, it has no taste of the  
distillation, it is odorless,  
It is for my mouth forever, I am in love with it,  
I will go to the bank by the wood and become undisguised and naked,  
I am mad for it to be in contact with me.

The smoke of my own breath,  
Echoes, ripples, buzz’d whispers, love-root, silk-thread, crotch and vine,  
My respiration and inspiration, the beating of my heart, the passing  
of blood and air through my lungs,  
The sniff of green leaves and dry leaves, and of the shore and  
dark-color’d sea-rocks, and of hay in the barn,

The sound of the belch’d words of my voice loos’d to the eddies of  
the wind,  
A few light kisses, a few embraces, a reaching around of arms,  
The play of shine and shade on the trees as the supple boughs wag,  
The delight alone or in the rush of the streets, or along the fields  
and hill-sides,  
The feeling of health, the full-noon trill, the song of me rising  
from bed and meeting the sun.

Have you reckon’d a thousand acres much? have you reckon’d the earth much?  
Have you practis’d so long to learn to read?  
Have you felt so proud to get at the meaning of poems?

Stop this day and night with me and you shall possess the origin of  
all poems,  
You shall possess the good of the earth and sun, (there are millions  
of suns left,)  
You shall no longer take things at second or third hand, nor look through  
the eyes of the dead, nor feed on the spectres in books,  
You shall not look through my eyes either, nor take things from me,  
You shall listen to all sides and filter them from your self.

3

I have heard what the talkers were talking, the talk of the  
beginning and the end,  
But I do not talk of the beginning or the end.

There was never any more inception than there is now,  
Nor any more youth or age than there is now,  
And will never be any more perfection than there is now,  
Nor any more heaven or hell than there is now.

Urge and urge and urge,  
Always the procreant urge of the world.

Out of the dimness opposite equals advance, always substance and  
increase, always sex,  
Always a knit of identity, always distinction, always a breed of life.  
To elaborate is no avail, learn’d and unlearn’d feel that it is so.

Sure as the most certain sure, plumb in the uprights, well  
entretied, braced in the beams,  
Stout as a horse, affectionate, haughty, electrical,  
I and this mystery here we stand.

Clear and sweet is my soul, and clear and sweet is all that is not my soul.

Lack one lacks both, and the unseen is proved by the seen,  
Till that becomes unseen and receives proof in its turn.

Showing the best and dividing it from the worst age vexes age,  
Knowing the perfect fitness and equanimity of things, while they  
discuss I am silent, and go bathe and admire myself.

Welcome is every organ and attribute of me, and of any man hearty and clean,  
Not an inch nor a particle of an inch is vile, and none shall be  
less familiar than the rest.

I am satisfied–I see, dance, laugh, sing;  
As the hugging and loving bed-fellow sleeps at my side through the night,  
and withdraws at the peep of the day with stealthy tread,  
Leaving me baskets cover’d with white towels swelling the house with  
their plenty,  
Shall I postpone my acceptation and realization and scream at my eyes,  
That they turn from gazing after and down the road,  
And forthwith cipher and show me to a cent,  
Exactly the value of one and exactly the value of two, and which is ahead?

…

5

I believe in you my soul, the other I am must not abase itself to you,  
And you must not be abased to the other.

Loafe with me on the grass, loose the stop from your throat,  
Not words, not music or rhyme I want, not custom or lecture, not  
even the best,  
Only the lull I like, the hum of your valved voice.

I mind how once we lay such a transparent summer morning,  
How you settled your head athwart my hips and gently turn’d over upon me,  
And parted the shirt from my bosom-bone, and plunged your tongue  
to my bare-stript heart,  
And reach’d till you felt my beard, and reach’d till you held my feet.

Swiftly arose and spread around me the peace and knowledge that pass  
all the argument of the earth,  
And I know that the hand of God is the promise of my own,  
And I know that the spirit of God is the brother of my own,  
And that all the men ever born are also my brothers, and the women  
my sisters and lovers,  
And that a kelson of the creation is love,  
And limitless are leaves stiff or drooping in the fields,  
And brown ants in the little wells beneath them,  
And mossy scabs of the worm fence, heap’d stones, elder, mullein and  
poke-weed.

6

A child said What is the grass? fetching it to me with full hands;  
How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more than he.

I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green  
stuff woven.

Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,  
A scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropt,  
Bearing the owner’s name someway in the corners, that we may see  
and remark, and say Whose?

Or I guess the grass is itself a child, the produced babe of the vegetation.

Or I guess it is a uniform hieroglyphic,  
And it means, Sprouting alike in broad zones and narrow zones,  
Growing among black folks as among white,  
Kanuck, Tuckahoe, Congressman, Cuff, I give them the same, I  
receive them the same.

And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves.

Tenderly will I use you curling grass,  
It may be you transpire from the breasts of young men,  
It may be if I had known them I would have loved them,  
It may be you are from old people, or from offspring taken soon out  
of their mothers’ laps,  
And here you are the mothers’ laps.

This grass is very dark to be from the white heads of old mothers,  
Darker than the colorless beards of old men,  
Dark to come from under the faint red roofs of mouths.

O I perceive after all so many uttering tongues,  
And I perceive they do not come from the roofs of mouths for nothing.

I wish I could translate the hints about the dead young men and women,  
And the hints about old men and mothers, and the offspring taken  
soon out of their laps.

What do you think has become of the young and old men?  
And what do you think has become of the women and children?

They are alive and well somewhere,  
The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,  
And if ever there was it led forward life, and does not wait at the  
end to arrest it,  
And ceas’d the moment life appear’d.

All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses,  
And to die is different from what any one supposed, and luckier.

…

8

The little one sleeps in its cradle,  
I lift the gauze and look a long time, and silently brush away flies  
with my hand.

The youngster and the red-faced girl turn aside up the bushy hill,  
I peeringly view them from the top.

The suicide sprawls on the bloody floor of the bedroom,  
I witness the corpse with its dabbled hair, I note where the pistol  
has fallen.

The blab of the pave, tires of carts, sluff of boot-soles, talk of  
the promenaders,  
The heavy omnibus, the driver with his interrogating thumb, the  
clank of the shod horses on the granite floor,  
The snow-sleighs, clinking, shouted jokes, pelts of snow-balls,  
The hurrahs for popular favorites, the fury of rous’d mobs,  
The flap of the curtain’d litter, a sick man inside borne to the hospital,  
The meeting of enemies, the sudden oath, the blows and fall,  
The excited crowd, the policeman with his star quickly working his  
passage to the centre of the crowd,  
The impassive stones that receive and return so many echoes,  
What groans of over-fed or half-starv’d who fall sunstruck or in fits,  
What exclamations of women taken suddenly who hurry home and  
give birth to babes,  
What living and buried speech is always vibrating here, what howls  
restrain’d by decorum,  
Arrests of criminals, slights, adulterous offers made, acceptances,  
rejections with convex lips,  
I mind them or the show or resonance of them–I come and I depart.

…

10

Alone far in the wilds and mountains I hunt,  
Wandering amazed at my own lightness and glee,  
In the late afternoon choosing a safe spot to pass the night,  
Kindling a fire and broiling the fresh-kill’d game,  
Falling asleep on the gather’d leaves with my dog and gun by my side.

The Yankee clipper is under her sky-sails, she cuts the sparkle and scud,  
My eyes settle the land, I bend at her prow or shout joyously from the deck.

The boatmen and clam-diggers arose early and stopt for me,  
I tuck’d my trowser-ends in my boots and went and had a good time;  
You should have been with us that day round the chowder-kettle.

I saw the marriage of the trapper in the open air in the far west,  
the bride was a red girl,  
Her father and his friends sat near cross-legged and dumbly smoking,  
they had moccasins to their feet and large thick blankets  
hanging from their shoulders,  
On a bank lounged the trapper, he was drest mostly in skins, his luxuriant  
beard and curls protected his neck, he held his bride by the hand,  
She had long eyelashes, her head was bare, her coarse straight locks  
descended upon her voluptuous limbs and reach’d to her feet.

The runaway slave came to my house and stopt outside,  
I heard his motions crackling the twigs of the woodpile,  
Through the swung half-door of the kitchen I saw him limpsy and weak,  
And went where he sat on a log and led him in and assured him,  
And brought water and fill’d a tub for his sweated body and bruis’d feet,  
And gave him a room that enter’d from my own, and gave him some  
coarse clean clothes,  
And remember perfectly well his revolving eyes and his awkwardness,  
And remember putting piasters on the galls of his neck and ankles;  
He staid with me a week before he was recuperated and pass’d north,  
I had him sit next me at table, my fire-lock lean’d in the corner.

…

14

The wild gander leads his flock through the cool night,  
Ya-honk he says, and sounds it down to me like an invitation,  
The pert may suppose it meaningless, but I listening close,  
Find its purpose and place up there toward the wintry sky.

The sharp-hoof’d moose of the north, the cat on the house-sill, the  
chickadee, the prairie-dog,  
The litter of the grunting sow as they tug at her teats,  
The brood of the turkey-hen and she with her half-spread wings,  
I see in them and myself the same old law.

The press of my foot to the earth springs a hundred affections,  
They scorn the best I can do to relate them.

I am enamour’d of growing out-doors,  
Of men that live among cattle or taste of the ocean or woods,  
Of the builders and steerers of ships and the wielders of axes and  
mauls, and the drivers of horses,  
I can eat and sleep with them week in and week out.

What is commonest, cheapest, nearest, easiest, is Me,  
Me going in for my chances, spending for vast returns,  
Adorning myself to bestow myself on the first that will take me,  
Not asking the sky to come down to my good will,  
Scattering it freely forever.

…

47

I am the teacher of athletes,  
He that by me spreads a wider breast than my own proves the width of my own,  
He most honors my style who learns under it to destroy the teacher.

The boy I love, the same becomes a man not through derived power,  
but in his own right,  
Wicked rather than virtuous out of conformity or fear,  
Fond of his sweetheart, relishing well his steak,  
Unrequited love or a slight cutting him worse than sharp steel cuts,  
First-rate to ride, to fight, to hit the bull’s eye, to sail a  
skiff, to sing a song or play on the banjo,  
Preferring scars and the beard and faces pitted with small-pox over  
all latherers,  
And those well-tann’d to those that keep out of the sun.

I teach straying from me, yet who can stray from me?  
I follow you whoever you are from the present hour,  
My words itch at your ears till you understand them.

I do not say these things for a dollar or to fill up the time while  
I wait for a boat,  
(It is you talking just as much as myself, I act as the tongue of you,  
Tied in your mouth, in mine it begins to be loosen’d.)

I swear I will never again mention love or death inside a house,  
And I swear I will never translate myself at all, only to him or her  
who privately stays with me in the open air.

If you would understand me go to the heights or water-shore,  
The nearest gnat is an explanation, and a drop or motion of waves key,  
The maul, the oar, the hand-saw, second my words.

No shutter’d room or school can commune with me,  
But roughs and little children better than they.

The young mechanic is closest to me, he knows me well,  
The woodman that takes his axe and jug with him shall take me with  
him all day,  
The farm-boy ploughing in the field feels good at the sound of my voice,  
In vessels that sail my words sail, I go with fishermen and seamen  
and love them.

The soldier camp’d or upon the march is mine,  
On the night ere the pending battle many seek me, and I do not fail them,  
On that solemn night (it may be their last) those that know me seek me.  
My face rubs to the hunter’s face when he lies down alone in his blanket,  
The driver thinking of me does not mind the jolt of his wagon,  
The young mother and old mother comprehend me,  
The girl and the wife rest the needle a moment and forget where they are,  
They and all would resume what I have told them.

…

52

The spotted hawk swoops by and accuses me, he complains of my gab  
and my loitering.

I too am not a bit tamed, I too am untranslatable,  
I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.

The last scud of day holds back for me,  
It flings my likeness after the rest and true as any on the shadow’d wilds,  
It coaxes me to the vapor and the dusk.

I depart as air, I shake my white locks at the runaway sun,  
I effuse my flesh in eddies, and drift it in lacy jags.

I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love,  
If you want me again look for me under your boot-soles.

You will hardly know who I am or what I mean,  
But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,  
And filter and fibre your blood.

Failing to fetch me at first keep encouraged,  
Missing me one place search another,  
I stop somewhere waiting for you.

Full poem – <http://www.daypoems.net/poems/1900.html>

# WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

**Smell**

Oh strong-ridged and deeply hollowed  
nose of mine! what will you not be smelling?  
What tactless asses we are, you and I, boney nose,  
always indiscriminate, always unashamed,  
and now it is the souring flowers of the bedraggled  
poplars: a festering pulp on the wet earth  
beneath them. With what deep thirst  
we quicken our desires  
to that rank odor of a passing springtime!  
Can you not be decent? Can you not reserve your ardors  
for something less unlovely? What girl will care  
for us, do you think, if we continue in these ways?  
Must you taste everything? Must you know everything?  
Must you have a part in everything?

**Danse Russe**

If I when my wife is sleeping  
and the baby and Kathleen  
are sleeping  
and the sun is a flame-white disc  
in silken mists  
above shining trees,—  
if I in my north room  
dance naked, grotesquely  
before my mirror  
waving my shirt round my head  
and singing softly to myself:  
“I am lonely, lonely.  
I was born to be lonely,  
I am best so!”  
If I admire my arms, my face,  
my shoulders, flanks, buttocks  
against the yellow drawn shades,—

Who shall say I am not  
the happy genius of my household?

**Lines**

Leaves are graygreen,  
the glass broken, bright green.

**Between Walls**

the back wings  
of the  
hospital where  
nothing  
will grow lie  
cinders  
in which shine  
the broken  
pieces of a green  
bottle

**This Is Just to say**

I have eaten  
the plums  
that were in  
the iceboxand which  
you were probably  
saving  
for breakfastForgive me  
they were delicious  
so sweet  
and so cold

**The Red Wheelbarrow**  
so much depends  
upon

a red wheel  
barrow

glazed with rain  
water

beside the white  
chickens.

**The rose is obsolete**

The rose is obsolete  
but each petal ends in  
an edge, the double facet  
cementing the grooved  
columns of air–The edge  
cuts without cutting  
meets–nothing–renews  
itself in metal or porcelain–

whither? It ends–

But if it ends  
the start is begun  
so that to engage roses  
becomes a geometry–

Sharper, neater, more cutting  
figured in majolica–  
the broken plate  
glazed with a rose

Somewhere the sense  
makes copper roses  
steel roses–

The rose carried weight of love  
but love is at an end–of roses

It is at the edge of the  
petal that love waits

Crisp, worked to defeat  
laboredness–fragile  
plucked, moist, half-raised  
cold, precise, touching

What

The place between the petal’s  
edge and the

From the petal’s edge a line starts  
that being of steel  
infinitely fine, infinitely  
rigid penetrates  
the Milky Way  
without contact–lifting  
from it–neither hanging  
nor pushing–

The fragility of the flower  
unbruised  
penetrates space

**Portrait of a Lady**

Your thighs are appletrees  
whose blossoms touch the sky.  
Which sky? The sky  
where Watteau hung a lady’s  
slipper. Your knees  
are a southern breeze — or  
a gust of snow. Agh! what  
sort of man was Fragonard?  
— As if that answered  
anything. — Ah, yes. Below  
the knees, since the tune  
drops that way, it is  
one of those white summer days,  
the tall grass of your ankles  
flickers upon the shore —  
Which shore? —  
the sand clings to my lips —  
Which shore?  
Agh, petals maybe. How  
should I know?  
Which shore? Which shore?  
— the petals from some hidden  
appletree — Which shore?  
I said petals from an appletree.

# ALLEN GINSBERG

**A Supermarket in California**

What thoughts I have of you tonight Walt Whitman, for I walked down the sidestreets under the trees with a headache self-conscious looking at the full moon.  
In my hungry fatigue, and shopping for images, I went into the neon fruit supermarket, dreaming of your enumerations!  
What peaches and what penumbras! Whole families shopping at night! Aisles full of husbands! Wives in the avocados, babies in the tomatoes!—and you, Garcia Lorca, what were you doing down by the watermelons?

I saw you, Walt Whitman, childless, lonely old grubber, poking among the meats in the refrigerator and eyeing the grocery boys.  
I heard you asking questions of each: Who killed the pork chops? What price bananas? Are you my Angel?  
I wandered in and out of the brilliant stacks of cans following you, and followed in my imagination by the store detective.  
We strode down the open corridors together in our solitary fancy tasting artichokes, possessing every frozen delicacy, and never passing the cashier.

Where are we going, Walt Whitman? The doors close in an hour. Which way does your beard point tonight?  
(I touch your book and dream of our odyssey in the supermarket and feel absurd.)  
Will we walk all night through solitary streets? The trees add shade to shade, lights out in the houses, we’ll both be lonely.  
Will we stroll dreaming of the lost America of love past blue automobiles in driveways, home to our silent cottage?  
Ah, dear father, graybeard, lonely old courage-teacher, what America did you have when Charon quit poling his ferry and you got out on a smoking bank and stood watching the boat disappear on the black waters of Lethe?

**Howl**

I  
I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked,  
dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix,  
angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of night,  
who poverty and tatters and hollow-eyed and high sat up smoking in the supernatural darkness of cold-water flats floating across the tops of cities contemplating jazz,  
who bared their brains to Heaven under the El and saw Mohammedan angels staggering on tenement roofs illuminated,  
who passed through universities with radiant cool eyes hallucinating Arkansas and Blake-light tragedy among the scholars of war,  
who were expelled from the academies for crazy & publishing obscene odes on the windows of the skull,  
who cowered in unshaven rooms in underwear, burning their money in wastebaskets and listening to the Terror through the wall,  
who got busted in their pubic beards returning through Laredo with a belt of marijuana for New York,  
who ate fire in paint hotels or drank turpentine in Paradise Alley, death, or purgatoried their torsos night after night  
with dreams, with drugs, with waking nightmares, alcohol and cock and endless balls,  
incomparable blind streets of shuddering cloud and lightning in the mind leaping toward poles of Canada & Paterson, illuminating all the motionless world of Time between,  
Peyote solidities of halls, backyard green tree cemetery dawns, wine drunkenness over the rooftops, storefront boroughs of teahead joyride neon blinking traffic light, sun and moon and tree vibrations in the roaring winter dusks of Brooklyn, ashcan rantings and kind king light of mind,  
who chained themselves to subways for the endless ride from Battery to holy Bronx on benzedrine until the noise of wheels and children brought them down shuddering mouth-wracked and battered bleak of brain all drained of brilliance in the drear light of Zoo,  
who sank all night in submarine light of Bickford’s floated out and sat through the stale beer afternoon in desolate Fugazzi’s, listening to the crack of doom on the hydrogen jukebox,  
who talked continuously seventy hours from park to pad to bar to Bellevue to museum to the Brooklyn Bridge,  
a lost battalion of platonic conversationalists jumping down the stoops off fire escapes off windowsills off Empire State out of the moon,  
yacketayakking screaming vomiting whispering facts and memories and anecdotes and eyeball kicks and shocks of hospitals and jails and wars,  
whole intellects disgorged in total recall for seven days and nights with brilliant eyes, meat for the Synagogue cast on the pavement,  
who vanished into nowhere Zen New Jersey leaving a trail of ambiguous picture postcards of Atlantic City Hall,  
suffering Eastern sweats and Tangerian bone-grindings and migraines of China under junk-withdrawal in Newark’s bleak furnished room,  
who wandered around and around at midnight in the railroad yard wondering where to go, and went, leaving no broken hearts,  
who lit cigarettes in boxcars boxcars boxcars racketing through snow toward lonesome farms in grandfather night,  
who studied Plotinus Poe St. John of the Cross telepathy and bop kabbalah because the cosmos instinctively vibrated at their feet in Kansas,  
who loned it through the streets of Idaho seeking visionary indian angels who were visionary indian angels,  
who thought they were only mad when Baltimore gleamed in supernatural ecstasy,  
who jumped in limousines with the Chinaman of Oklahoma on the impulse of winter midnight streetlight smalltown rain,  
who lounged hungry and lonesome through Houston seeking jazz or sex or soup, and followed the brilliant Spaniard to converse about America and Eternity, a hopeless task, and so took ship to Africa,  
who disappeared into the volcanoes of Mexico leaving behind nothing but the shadow of dungarees and the lava and ash of poetry scattered in fireplace Chicago,  
who reappeared on the West Coast investigating the FBI in beards and shorts with big pacifist eyes sexy in their dark skin passing out incomprehensible leaflets,  
who burned cigarette holes in their arms protesting the narcotic tobacco haze of Capitalism,  
who distributed Supercommunist pamphlets in Union Square weeping and undressing while the sirens of Los Alamos wailed them down, and wailed down Wall, and the Staten Island ferry also wailed,  
who broke down crying in white gymnasiums naked and trembling before the machinery of other skeletons,  
who bit detectives in the neck and shrieked with delight in policecars for committing no crime but their own wild cooking pederasty and intoxication,  
who howled on their knees in the subway and were dragged off the roof waving genitals and manuscripts,  
who let themselves be fucked in the ass by saintly motorcyclists, and screamed with joy,  
who blew and were blown by those human seraphim, the sailors, caresses of Atlantic and Caribbean love,  
who balled in the morning in the evenings in rosegardens and the grass of public parks and cemeteries scattering their semen freely to whomever come who may,  
who hiccuped endlessly trying to giggle but wound up with a sob behind a partition in a Turkish Bath when the blond & naked angel came to pierce them with a sword,  
who lost their loveboys to the three old shrews of fate the one eyed shrew of the heterosexual dollar the one eyed shrew that winks out of the womb and the one eyed shrew that does nothing but sit on her ass and snip the intellectual golden threads of the craftsman’s loom,  
who copulated ecstatic and insatiate with a bottle of beer a sweetheart a package of cigarettes a candle and fell off the bed, and continued along the floor and down the hall and ended fainting on the wall with a vision of ultimate cunt and come eluding the last gyzym of consciousness,  
who sweetened the snatches of a million girls trembling in the sunset, and were red eyed in the morning but prepared to sweeten the snatch of the sunrise, flashing buttocks under barns and naked in the lake,  
who went out whoring through Colorado in myriad stolen night-cars, N.C., secret hero of these poems, cocksman and Adonis of Denver—joy to the memory of his innumerable lays of girls in empty lots & diner backyards, moviehouses’ rickety rows, on mountaintops in caves or with gaunt waitresses in familiar roadside lonely petticoat upliftings & especially secret gas-station solipsisms of johns, & hometown alleys too,  
who faded out in vast sordid movies, were shifted in dreams, woke on a sudden Manhattan, and picked themselves up out of basements hung-over with heartless Tokay and horrors of Third Avenue iron dreams & stumbled to unemployment offices,  
who walked all night with their shoes full of blood on the snowbank docks waiting for a door in the East River to open to a room full of steam-heat and opium,  
who created great suicidal dramas on the apartment cliff-banks of the Hudson under the wartime blur floodlight of the moon & their heads shall be crowned with laurel in oblivion,  
who ate the lamb stew of the imagination or digested the crab at the muddy bottom of the rivers of Bowery,  
who wept at the romance of the streets with their pushcarts full of onions and bad music,  
who sat in boxes breathing in the darkness under the bridge, and rose up to build harpsichords in their lofts,  
who coughed on the sixth floor of Harlem crowned with flame under the tubercular sky surrounded by orange crates of theology,  
who scribbled all night rocking and rolling over lofty incantations which in the yellow morning were stanzas of gibberish,  
who cooked rotten animals lung heart feet tail borsht & tortillas dreaming of the pure vegetable kingdom,  
who plunged themselves under meat trucks looking for an egg,  
who threw their watches off the roof to cast their ballot for Eternity outside of Time, & alarm clocks fell on their heads every day for the next decade,  
who cut their wrists three times successively unsuccessfully, gave up and were forced to open antique stores where they thought they were growing old and cried,  
who were burned alive in their innocent flannel suits on Madison Avenue amid blasts of leaden verse & the tanked-up clatter of the iron regiments of fashion & the nitroglycerine shrieks of the fairies of advertising & the mustard gas of sinister intelligent editors, or were run down by the drunken taxicabs of Absolute Reality,  
who jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge this actually happened and walked away unknown and forgotten into the ghostly daze of Chinatown soup alleyways & firetrucks, not even one free beer,  
who sang out of their windows in despair, fell out of the subway window, jumped in the filthy Passaic, leaped on negroes, cried all over the street, danced on broken wineglasses barefoot smashed phonograph records of nostalgic European 1930s German jazz finished the whiskey and threw up groaning into the bloody toilet, moans in their ears and the blast of colossal steamwhistles,  
who barreled down the highways of the past journeying to each other’s hotrod-Golgotha jail-solitude watch or Birmingham jazz incarnation,  
who drove crosscountry seventytwo hours to find out if I had a vision or you had a vision or he had a vision to find out Eternity,  
who journeyed to Denver, who died in Denver, who came back to Denver & waited in vain, who watched over Denver & brooded & loned in Denver and finally went away to find out the Time, & now Denver is lonesome for her heroes,  
who fell on their knees in hopeless cathedrals praying for each other’s salvation and light and breasts, until the soul illuminated its hair for a second,  
who crashed through their minds in jail waiting for impossible criminals with golden heads and the charm of reality in their hearts who sang sweet blues to Alcatraz,  
who retired to Mexico to cultivate a habit, or Rocky Mount to tender Buddha or Tangiers to boys or Southern Pacific to the black locomotive or Harvard to Narcissus to Woodlawn to the daisychain or grave,  
who demanded sanity trials accusing the radio of hypnotism & were left with their insanity & their hands & a hung jury,  
who threw potato salad at CCNY lecturers on Dadaism and subsequently presented themselves on the granite steps of the madhouse with shaven heads and harlequin speech of suicide, demanding instantaneous lobotomy,  
and who were given instead the concrete void of insulin Metrazol electricity hydrotherapy psychotherapy occupational therapy pingpong & amnesia,  
who in humorless protest overturned only one symbolic pingpong table, resting briefly in catatonia,  
returning years later truly bald except for a wig of blood, and tears and fingers, to the visible madman doom of the wards of the madtowns of the East,  
Pilgrim State’s Rockland’s and Greystone’s foetid halls, bickering with the echoes of the soul, rocking and rolling in the midnight solitude-bench dolmen-realms of love, dream of life a nightmare, bodies turned to stone as heavy as the moon,  
with mother finally \*\*\*\*\*\*, and the last fantastic book flung out of the tenement window, and the last door closed at 4 A.M. and the last telephone slammed at the wall in reply and the last furnished room emptied down to the last piece of mental furniture, a yellow paper rose twisted on a wire hanger in the closet, and even that imaginary, nothing but a hopeful little bit of hallucination—  
ah, Carl, while you are not safe I am not safe, and now you’re really in the total animal soup of time—  
and who therefore ran through the icy streets obsessed with a sudden flash of the alchemy of the use of the ellipsis catalogue a variable measure and the vibrating plane,  
who dreamt and made incarnate gaps in Time & Space through images juxtaposed, and trapped the archangel of the soul between 2 visual images and joined the elemental verbs and set the noun and dash of consciousness together jumping with sensation of Pater Omnipotens Aeterna Deus  
to recreate the syntax and measure of poor human prose and stand before you speechless and intelligent and shaking with shame, rejected yet confessing out the soul to conform to the rhythm of thought in his naked and endless head,  
the madman bum and angel beat in Time, unknown, yet putting down here what might be left to say in time come after death,  
and rose reincarnate in the ghostly clothes of jazz in the goldhorn shadow of the band and blew the suffering of America’s naked mind for love into an eli eli lamma lamma sabacthani saxophone cry that shivered the cities down to the last radio  
with the absolute heart of the poem of life butchered out of their own bodies good to eat a thousand years.  
…  
Full Poem – http://www.poetryfoundation.org/poem/179381

# LORINE NIEDECKER

**Poet’s Work**

Grandfather

advised me:

Learn a trade

I learned

to sit at desk

and condense

No layoff

from this

condensery.

**You are my Friend**

You are my friend–  
you bring me peaches  
and the high bush cranberry  
you carry

my fishpole  
you water my worms  
you patch my boot  
with your mending kit  
nothing in it

but my hand

**Foreclosure**

Tell em to take my bare walls down  
my cement abutments  
their parties thereof  
and clause of claws

Leave me the land  
Scratch out: the land

May prose and property both die out  
and leave me peace

# CID CORMAN

**It isnt for want**

It isnt for want  
of something to say–  
something to tell you–

something you should know–  
but to detain you–  
keep you from going–

feeling myself here  
as long as you are–  
as long as you are.

# RAE ARMANTROUT

**The Way**

Card in pew pocket  
announces,  
“I am here.”

I made only one statement  
because of a bad winter.

Grease is the word; grease  
is the way

I am feeling.  
Real life emergencies or

flubbing behind the scenes.

As a child,  
I was abandoned

in a story  
made of trees.

Here’s the small  
gasp

of this clearing  
come “upon” “again”

# HILDA DOOLITTLE (H.D.)

**Sea Rose**  
Rose, harsh rose,  
marred and with stint of petals,  
meagre flower, thin,  
sparse of leaf,

more precious  
than a wet rose  
single on a stem—  
you are caught in the drift.

Stunted, with small leaf,  
you are flung on the sand,  
you are lifted  
in the crisp sand  
that drives in the wind.

Can the spice-rose  
drip such acrid fragrance  
hardened in a leaf?

**Sea Poppies**  
Amber husk  
fluted with gold,  
fruit on the sand  
marked with a rich grain,

treasure  
spilled near the shrub-pines  
to bleach on the boulders:

your stalk has caught root  
among wet pebbles  
and drift flung by the sea  
and grated shells  
and split conch-shells.

Beautiful, wide-spread,  
fire upon leaf,  
what meadow yields  
so fragrant a leaf  
as your bright leaf?

# EZRA POUND

**In a Station of the Metro**

The apparition of these faces in the crowd :

Petals on a wet, black bough .

**The Encounter**

All the while they were talking the new morality  
Her eyes explored me.  
And when I rose to go  
Her fingers were like the tissue  
Of a Japanese paper napkin.

# WALLACE STEVENS

**Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird**

I

Among twenty snowy mountains,  
The only moving thing  
Was the eye of the blackbird.

II

I was of three minds,  
Like a tree  
In which there are three blackbirds.

III

The blackbird whirled in the autumn winds.  
It was a small part of the pantomime.

IV

A man and a woman  
Are one.  
A man and a woman and a blackbird  
Are one.

V

I do not know which to prefer,  
The beauty of inflections  
Or the beauty of innuendoes,  
The blackbird whistling  
Or just after.

VI

Icicles filled the long window  
With barbaric glass.  
The shadow of the blackbird  
Crossed it, to and fro.  
The mood  
Traced in the shadow  
An indecipherable cause.

VII

O thin men of Haddam,  
Why do you imagine golden birds?  
Do you not see how the blackbird  
Walks around the feet  
Of the women about you?

VIII

I know noble accents  
And lucid, inescapable rhythms;  
But I know, too,  
That the blackbird is involved  
In what I know.

IX

When the blackbird flew out of sight,  
It marked the edge  
Of one of many circles.

X

At the sight of blackbirds  
Flying in a green light,  
Even the bawds of euphony  
Would cry out sharply.

XI

He rode over Connecticut  
In a glass coach.  
Once, a fear pierced him,  
In that he mistook  
The shadow of his equipage  
For blackbirds.

XII

The river is moving.  
The blackbird must be flying.

XIII

It was evening all afternoon.  
It was snowing  
And it was going to snow.  
The blackbird sat  
In the cedar-limbs.

# GERTRUDE STEIN

**A Long Dress**

That is the current that makes machinery, that makes it crackle, what is the current that presents a long line and a necessary waist. What is this current.

What is the wind, what is it.

Where is the serene length, it is there and a dark place is not a dark place, only a white and red are black, only a yellow and green are blue, a pink is scarlet, a bow is every color. A line distinguishes it. A line just distinguishes it.

**A Carafe, that is a Blind Glass**

A kind in glass and a cousin, a spectacle and nothing strange a single hurt color and an arrangement in a system to pointing. All this and not ordinary, not unordered in not resembling. The difference is spreading.

**Water Raining**

Water is astonishing and difficult altogether makes a meadow  
and a stroke.

**Malachite**

Malachite. The sudden spoon is the same in no size. The sudden spoon is the wound in the decision.  
**Tender Buttons** (book) – <http://www.writing.upenn.edu/~afilreis/88v/tender-buttons.html>

**LET US DESCRIBE**

Let us describe how they went. It was a very windy night and the road although in excellent condition and extremely well graded has many turnings and although the curves are not sharp the rise is considerable. It was a very windy night and some of the larger vehicles found it more prudent not to venture. In consequence some of those who had planned to go were unable to do so. Many others did go and there was a sacrifice, of what shall we, a sheep, a hen, a cock, a village, a ruin, and all that and then that having been blessed let us bless it.

**IF I TOLD HIM: A COMPLETED PORTRAIT OF PICASSO**

If I told him would he like it. Would he like it if I told him.  
Would he like it would Napoleon would Napoleon would would he like it.  
If Napoleon if I told him if I told him if Napoleon. Would he like it if I told him if I told him if Napoleon. Would he like it if Napoleon if Napoleon if I told him. If I told him if Napoleon if Napoleon if I told him. If I told him would he like it would he like it if I told him.  
Now.  
Not now.  
And now.  
Now.  
Exactly as as kings.  
Feeling full for it.  
Exactitude as kings.  
So to beseech you as full as for it.  
Exactly or as kings.  
Shutters shut and open so do queens. Shutters shut and shutters and so shutters shut and shutters and so and so shutters and so shutters shut and so shutters shut and shutters and so. And so shutters shut and so and also. And also and so and so and also.  
Exact resemblance to exact resemblance the exact resemblance as exact as a resemblance, exactly as resembling, exactly resembling, exactly in resemblance exactly a resemblance, exactly and resemblance. For this is so. Because.  
Now actively repeat at all, now actively repeat at all, now actively repeat at all.  
Have hold and hear, actively repeat at all.  
I judge judge.  
As a resemblance to him.  
Who comes first. Napoleon the first.  
Who comes too coming coming too, who goes there, as they go they share, who shares all, all is as all as as yet or as yet.  
Now to date now to date. Now and now and date and the date.  
Who came first Napoleon at first. Who came first Napoleon the first. Who came first, Napoleon first.  
Presently.  
Exactly do they do.  
First exactly.  
Exactly do they do too.  
First exactly.  
And first exactly.  
Exactly do they do.  
And first exactly and exactly.  
And do they do.  
At first exactly and First exactly and do they do.  
The first exactly.  
And do they do.  
The first exactly.  
At first exactly.  
First as exactly.  
At first as exactly.  
Presently.  
As presently.  
As as presently.  
He he he he and he and he and and he and he and he and and as and as he and as he and he. He is and as he is, and as he is and he is, he is and as he and he and as he is and he and he and and he and he.  
Can curls rob can curls quote, quotable.  
As presently.  
As exactitude.  
As trains.  
Has trains.  
Has trains.  
As trains.  
As trains.  
Presently.  
Proportions.  
Presently.  
As proportions as presently.  
Father and farther.  
Was the king or room.  
Farther and whether.  
Was there was there was there what was there was there what was there was there there was there.  
Whether and in there.  
As even say so.  
One.  
I land.Two.  
I land.  
Three.  
The land.  
Three.  
The land.  
Three.  
The land.  
Two.  
I land.  
Two.  
I land.  
One.  
I land.  
Two.  
I land.  
As a so.  
They cannot.  
A note.  
They cannot.  
A float.  
They cannot.  
They dote.  
They cannot.  
They as denote.  
Miracles play.  
Play fairly.  
Play fairly well.  
A well.  
As well.  
As or as presently.  
Let me recite what history teaches. History teaches.

**Gertrude Stein on narrative**

“I think one naturally is impressed by anything having a beginning a middle and an ending when one…is emerging from adolescence…. American writing has been an escaping not an escaping but an existing with the necessary feeling of one thing succeeding another thing of anything have a beginning and a middle and an ending.”

**Stein on the noun**

“A noun is a name of anything, why after a thing is named write about it. A name is adequate or it is not … things once they are named does not go on doing anything to them and so why write in nouns. Nouns are the name of anything and just naming names is alright when you want to call a roll but is it good for anything else.”

**Gertrude Stein on “loving repeating”**

As I was saying loving repeating being is in a way earthly being. In some it is repeating that gives to them always a solid feeling of being. In some children there is more feeling and in repeating eating and playing, in some in story-telling and their feeling. More and more in living as growing young men and women and grown men and women and men and women in their middle living, more and more there comes to be in them differences in loving repeating in different kinds of men and women, there comes to be in some more and in some less loving repeating. Loving repeating in some is a going on always in them of earthly being, in some it is the way to completed understanding. Loving repeating then in some is their natural way of complete being. This is now some description of one.

# BARONESS ELSA VON FREYTAG LORINGHOVEN

**A Dozen Cocktails–Please**

No spinsterlollypop for me– yes– we have  
No bananasI got lusting palate– I  
Always eat them– — — — — — —  
They have dandy celluloid tubes– all sizes–  
Tinted diabolically as a baboon’s hind-complexion.  
A man’s a–  
Piffle!  
Will-o’-th’-wisp! What’s the dread  
Matter with the up-to-date-American-  
Home-comforts? Bum insufficient for the  
Should-be wellgroomed upsy!  
That’s the leading question.  
There’s the vibrator– — —  
Coy flappertoy! I am adult citizen with  
Vote– I demand my unstinted share  
In roofeden– witchsabbath of our baby-  
Lonian obelisk.  
What’s radio for–if you please?  
“Eve’s dart pricks snookums upon  
Wirefence. ”  
An apple a day– — —  
It’ll come– — — —  
Ha! When? I’m no tongueswallowing yogi.  
Progress is ravishlng–  
It doesn’t me–  
Nudge it —  
Kick it–  
Prod it–  
Push it–  
Broadcast– — — —  
That’s the lightning idea!  
S.O.S. national shortage of–  
What ?  
How are we going to put it befitting  
Lifted upsys?  
Psh! Any sissy poet has sufficient freezing  
Chemicals in his Freudian icechest to snuff all  
Cockiness. We’ll hire one.  
Hell! Not that! That’s the trouble– —  
Cock crow silly!  
Oh fine!  
They’re in France– the air on the line–  
The Poles– — — — — —  
Have them send waves– like candy–  
Valentines– — — —  
“Say it with– — —  
Bolts !  
Oh thunder!  
Serpentine aircurrents– — —  
Hhhhhphssssssss! The very word penetrates  
I feel whoozy!  
I like that. I don’t hanker after Billyboys– but I am entitled  
To be deeply shocked.  
So are we– but you fill the hiatus.  
Dear– I ain’t queer– I need it straight — —  
A dozen cocktails– please– — — —

# JOHN PEALE BISHOP

**A Recollection**

Famously she descended, her red hair  
Unbound and bronzed by sea-reflections, caught  
Crinkled with sea-pearls. The fine slender taut  
Knees that let down her feet upon the air,

Young breasts, slim flanks and golden quarries were  
Odder than when the young distraught  
Unknown Venetian, painting her portrait, thought  
He’d not imagined what he painted there.

And I too commenced with that golden cloud:  
Lipped her delicious hands and had my ease  
Faring fantastically, perversely proud.

All loveliness demands our courtesies.  
Since she was dead I praised her as I could  
Silently, among the Barberini bees.

# COUNTEE CULLEN

**Yet Do I Marvel**

I doubt not God is good, well-meaning, kind,  
And did He stoop to quibble could tell why  
The little buried mole continues blind,  
Why flesh that mirrors Him must some day die,  
Make plain the reason tortured Tantalus  
Is baited by the fickle fruit, declare  
If merely brute caprice dooms Sisyphus  
To struggle up a never-ending stair.  
Inscrutable His ways are, and immune  
To catechism by a mind too strewn  
With petty cares to slightly understand  
What awful brain compels His awful hand.  
Yet do I marvel at this curious thing:  
To make a poet black, and bid him sing!

**Incident**

Once riding in old Baltimore,

Heart-filled, head-filled with glee;  
I saw a Baltimorean  
Keep looking straight at me.Now I was eight and very small,  
And he was no whit bigger,  
And so I smiled, but he poked out  
His tongue, and called me, “Nigger.”I saw the whole of Baltimore  
From May until December;  
Of all the things that happened there  
That’s all that I remember.

# RUTH LECHLITNER

**Lines for an Abortionist’s Office**

Close here thine eyes, O State:  
These are thy guests who bring  
To gods with appetites grown great  
A votive offering.  
Know that they dare defy  
The words of law and priest—  
(Better to let the unborn die  
Than starve while others feast.)

The stricken flesh may be  
Outraged, and heal; but mind  
Pain-sharpened, may yet learn to see  
Thee plain, O State. Be blind:

Accept love’s fruit: be sleek  
Fat and lip-sealed. (Forget  
That Life, avenging pain, will speak!)  
Thrust deep the long curette!

# GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

**Interior**

A middle class fortress in which to hide!  
Draw down the curtain as if saying No,  
While noon’s ablaze, ablaze outside.  
And outside people work and sweat  
And the day clings by and the hard day ends.  
And after you doze brush out your hair  
And walk like a marmoset to and fro  
And look in the mirror at middle-age  
And sit and regard yourself stare and stare  
And hate your life and your tiresome friends  
And last night’s bridge where you went in debt;  
While all around you gathers the rage  
Of cheated people  
Will we hear your fret  
In the rising noise of the streets? Oh no!

# CLAUDE MCKAY

**If We Must Die**

If we must die, let it not be like hogs  
Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot,  
While round us bark the mad and hungry dogs,  
Making their mock at our accursèd lot.  
If we must die, O let us nobly die,  
So that our precious blood may not be shed  
In vain; then even the monsters we defy  
Shall be constrained to honor us though dead!  
O kinsmen! we must meet the common foe!  
Though far outnumbered let us show us brave,  
And for their thousand blows deal one death-blow!  
What though before us lies the open grave?  
Like men we’ll face the murderous, cowardly pack,  
Pressed to the wall, dying, but fighting back!

# LANGSTON HUGHES

**Dinner Guest: Me**

I know I am  
The Negro Problem  
Being wined and dined,  
Answering the usual questions  
That come to white mind  
Which seeks demurely  
To Probe in polite way  
The why and wherewithal  
Of darkness U.S.A.—  
Wondering how things got this way  
In current democratic night,  
Murmuring gently  
Over fraises du bois,  
“I’m so ashamed of being white.”

The lobster is delicious,  
The wine divine,  
And center of attention  
At the damask table, mine.  
To be a Problem on  
Park Avenue at eight  
Is not so bad.  
Solutions to the Problem,  
Of course, wait.

# GWENDOLYN BROOKS

**Boy Breaking Glass**

Whose broken window is a cry of art  
(success, that winks aware  
as elegance, as a treasonable faith)  
is raw: is sonic: is old-eyed première.  
Our beautiful flaw and terrible ornament.  
Our barbarous and metal little man.

“I shall create! If not a note, a hole.  
If not an overture, a desecration.”

Full of pepper and light  
and Salt and night and cargoes.

“Don’t go down the plank  
if you see there’s no extension.  
Each to his grief, each to  
his loneliness and fidgety revenge.  
Nobody knew where I was and now I am no longer there.”

The only sanity is a cup of tea.  
The music is in minors.

Each one other  
is having different weather.

“It was you, it was you who threw away my name!  
And this is everything I have for me.”

Who has not Congress, lobster, love, luau,  
the Regency Room, the Statue of Liberty,  
runs. A sloppy amalgamation.  
A mistake.  
A cliff.  
A hymn, a snare, and an exceeding sun.

**truth**  
And if sun comes  
How shall we greet him?  
Shall we not dread him,  
Shall we not fear him  
After so lengthy a  
Session with shade?

Though we have wept for him,  
Though we have prayed  
All through the night-years—  
What if we wake one shimmering morning to  
Hear the fierce hammering  
Of his firm knuckles  
Hard on the door?

Shall we not shudder?—  
Shall we not flee  
Into the shelter, the dear thick shelter  
Of the familiar  
Propitious haze?

Sweet is it, sweet is it  
To sleep in the coolness  
Of snug unawareness.

The dark hangs heavily  
Over the eyes.

# ROBERT FROST

**Mending Wall**

Something there is that doesn’t love a wall,  
That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,  
And spills the upper boulders in the sun,  
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.  
The work of hunters is another thing:  
I have come after them and made repair  
Where they have left not one stone on a stone,  
But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,  
To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean,  
No one has seen them made or heard them made,  
But at spring mending-time we find them there.  
I let my neighbor know beyond the hill;  
And on a day we meet to walk the line  
And set the wall between us once again.  
We keep the wall between us as we go.  
To each the boulders that have fallen to each.  
And some are loaves and some so nearly balls  
We have to use a spell to make them balance:  
‘Stay where you are until our backs are turned!’  
We wear our fingers rough with handling them.  
Oh, just another kind of out-door game,  
One on a side. It comes to little more:  
There where it is we do not need the wall:  
He is all pine and I am apple orchard.  
My apple trees will never get across  
And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him.  
He only says, ‘Good fences make good neighbors’.  
Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder  
If I could put a notion in his head:  
‘Why do they make good neighbors? Isn’t it  
Where there are cows?  
But here there are no cows.  
Before I built a wall I’d ask to know  
What I was walling in or walling out,  
And to whom I was like to give offence.  
Something there is that doesn’t love a wall,  
That wants it down.’ I could say ‘Elves’ to him,  
But it’s not elves exactly, and I’d rather  
He said it for himself. I see him there  
Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top  
In each hand, like an old-stone savage armed.  
He moves in darkness as it seems to me~  
Not of woods only and the shade of trees.  
He will not go behind his father’s saying,  
And he likes having thought of it so well  
He says again, “Good fences make good neighbors.”

# RICHARD WILBUR

**THE DEATH OF A TOAD**

A toad the power mower caught,  
Chewed and clipped of a leg, with a hobbling hop has got  
To the garden verge, and sanctuaried him  
Under the cineraria leaves, in the shade  
Of the ashen and heartshaped leaves, in a dim,  
Low, and a final glade.

The rare original heartsblood goes,  
Spends in the earthen hide, in the folds and wizenings, flows  
In the gutters of the banked and staring eyes. He lies  
As still as if he would return to stone,  
And soundlessly attending, dies  
Toward some deep monotone,

Toward misted and ebullient seas  
And cooling shores, toward lost Amphibia’s emperies.  
Day dwindles, drowning and at length is gone  
In the wide and antique eyes, which still appear  
To watch, across the castrate lawn,  
The haggard daylight steer.

# X J KENNEDY

**Nude Descending a Staircase**

Toe after toe, a snowing flesh,  
a gold of lemon, root and rind,  
she sifts in sunlight down the stairs  
with nothing on. Nor on her mind.

We spy beneath the banister  
a constant thresh of thigh on thigh;  
her lips imprint the swinging air  
that parts to let her parts go by.

One-woman waterfall, she wears  
her slow descent like a long cape  
and pausing on the final stair,  
collects her motions into shape.

# JACK KEROUAC

**October in the Railroad Earth**

There was a little alley in San Francisco back of the Southern  
Pacific station at Third and Townsend in redbrick of drowsy lazy  
afternoons with everybody at work in offices in the air you feel  
the impending rush of their commuter frenzy as soon they’ll be  
charging en masse from Market and Sansome buildings on foot  
and in buses and all well-dressed thru workingman Frisco of  
Walkup ?? truck drivers and even the poor grime-bemarked Third  
Street of lost bums even Negros so hopeless and long left East  
and meanings of responsibility and try that now all they do is  
stand there spitting in the broken glass sometimes fifty in one  
afternoon against one wall at Third and Howard and here’s all  
these Millbrae and San Carlos neat-necktied producers and  
commuters of America and Steel civilization rushing by with San  
Francisco Chronicles and green Call-Bulletins not even enough  
time to be disdainful, they’ve got to catch 130, 132, 134, 136 all  
the way up to 146 till the time of evening supper in homes of the  
railroad earth when high in the sky the magic stars ride above  
the following hotshot freight trains–it’s all in California, it’s all a  
sea, I swim out of it in afternoons of sun hot meditation in my  
jeans with head on handkerchief on brakeman’s lantern or (if not  
working) on book, I look up at blue sky of perfect lostpurity and  
feel the warp of wood of old America beneath me and I\* have  
insane conversations with Negroes in second\*-story windows  
above and everything is pouring in, the switching moves of  
boxcars in that little alley which is so much like the alleys of  
Lowell and I hear far off in the sense of coming night that engine  
calling our mountains.

But it was that beautiful cut of clouds I could always see above  
the little S.P. alley, puffs floating by from Oakland or the Gate of  
Marin to the north or San Jose south, the clarity of Cal to break  
your heart. It was the fantastic drowse and drum hum of lum  
mum afternoon nathin’ to do, ole Frisco with end of land  
sadness–the people–the alley full of trucks and cars of  
businesses nearabouts and nobody knew or far from cared who I  
was all my life three thousand five hundred miles from birth-O  
opened up and at last belonged to me in Great America.

**Kerouac, example of his “babble flow”**

Aw rust rust rust rust die die die pipe pipe ash ash die die ding dong ding ding ding rust cob die pipe ass rust die words– I’d as rather be permiganted in Rusty’s moonlight Rork as be perderated in this bile arta panataler where ack the orshy rosh crowshes my tired idiot hand 0 Lawd I is coming to you’d soon’s you’s ready’s as can readies by Mazatlan heroes point out Mexicos & all ye rhythmic bay fishermen don’t hang fish eye soppy in my Ramadam give–dgarette Sop of Arab Squat–the Berber types that hang fardels on their woman back wd aslief Erick some son with blady matter I guess as whup a mule in singsong pathetic mule-jump field by quiet fluff smoke North Carolina (near Weldon) (Railroad Bridge) Roanoke millionaire High-Ridge hi-party Hi-Fi million-dollar findriver skinfish Rod Tong Apple Finder John Sun Ford goodby Paw mule America Song-

**Kerouac’s spontaneous method – three samples from Book of Dreams and Old Angel Midnight**

**first section from Book of Dreams**

In a dismal studio room in New York my whole family Ma Pa & Nin and I have taken up quarters and “all got jobs” and here it’s night, one dim light burning, we’re conversing but it’s a weird conversation, it seems I dont realize what I’m doing and involuntarily or carelessly (because not fearing wrath of women relatives and forgotten the father’s because he so long gone in death) I’m rolling a stick of tea and talking right at them some wild excited inanities (born of T) they dont even listen to, rather they’re discussing me solemnish and my father gets up and says “He’s not worried about marijuana? Eh?” and he comes over to my side – I see him coming and I go blind, darkness takes the place of the entire scene, nevertheless now I feel his touch on my arm, he may have an axe, he may have anything and I cant see — I fall fainting dead in the darkness, with a groan that wakes me up and prevents me from being found dead (if there is such a thing as death) in my bed in the morning-for my blood stop’t beating when that Shroudy Traveller finally got his hand on me – He’s getting closer & closer – I know how to be beyond him now-by not being concerned not believing in either life or death, if this can be possible in a humble Pratyeka at this time

——————————————————————————–

**second section from Book of Dreams**

I’m looking for a place to sit and write quietly at the baseball park and go around a fountain and batting cage wire to a bench on the side where there’s an old typewriter & desks under a tree and here I turn into “Malcolm Cowley” and start typing – but so old the Machine, to register letters ya gotta hit it one finger at a time hard, which I do, – & there’s a sad young kid there, of 18, definite personality, curly brown hair, thoughtful, as an interested old Man of Letters I begin to interview him sympathetically and find he’s a young tender poet so saddened he doesnt write much, or some such, — walked 2 1/2 miles before I wrote this, so part forgot – So he stares into space in my dream and I worry about him — Who’s subjective? Who’s objective?

——————————————————————————–

**section from Old Angel Midnight**

Boy, says Old Angel, this amazing nonsensical rave of yours wherein I spose you’d think you’d in some lighter time find hand be-almin ya for the likes of what ya devote yaself to, pah — bum with a tail only means one thing, — They know that in sauerkraut bars, god the chew chew & wall lips-And not only that but all them in describable paradises aye — ah — Angel m boy-Jack, the born with a tail bit is a deal that you never dream’d to redeem — verify — try to see as straight-you wont believe even in God but the devil worries you-you & Mrs Tourian — great gaz-zuz & I’d as lief be scoured with a leaf rust as hear this poetizin horseshit everywhere I want to hear the sounds thru the window you promised me when the Midnight bell on 7th St did toll bing bong & Burroughs and Ginsberg were asleep & you lay on the couch in that timeless moment in the little red bulblight bus & saw drapes of eternity parting for your hand to begin & so’s you could affect-and eeffect — the total turningabout & deep revival of world robeflowing literature till it shd be something a man’d put his eyes on & continually read for the sake of reading & for the sake of the Tongue & not just these insipid stories writ in insipid aridities & paranoias bloomin & why yet the image-let’s hear the Sound of the Universe, son, & no more part twaddle-And dont expect nothing from me, my middle name is Opprobrium, Old Angel Midnight Opprobrium, boy, O.A.M.O. —

Pirilee pirilee, tzwe tzwi tzwa, — tack tick-birds & firewood. The dream is already ended and we’re already awake in the golden eternity.

**Belief & Technique for Modern Prose’**  
1. Scribbled secret notebooks, and wild typewritten pages, for yr own joy  
2. Submissive to everything, open, listening  
3. Try never get drunk outside yr own house  
4. Be in love with yr life  
5. Something that you feel will find its own form  
6. Be crazy dumbsaint of the mind  
7. Blow as deep as you want to blow  
8. Write what you want bottomless from bottom of mind  
9. The unspeakable visions of the individual  
10. No time for poetry but exactly what is  
11. Visionary tics shivering in the chest  
12. In tranced fixation dreaming upon object before you  
13. Remove literary, grammatical and syntactical inhibition  
14. Like Proust be an old teahead of time  
15. Telling the true story of the world in interior monolog  
16. The jewel center of interest is the eye within the eye  
17. Write in recollection and amazement for yourself  
18. Work from pithy middle eye out, swimming in language sea  
19. Accept loss forever  
20. Believe in the holy contour of life  
21. Struggle to sketch the flow that already exists intact in mind  
22. Dont think of words when you stop but to see picture better  
23. Keep track of every day the date emblazoned in yr morning  
24. No fear or shame in the dignity of yr experience, language & knowledge  
25. Write for the world to read and see yr exact pictures of it  
26. Bookmovie is the movie in words, the visual American form  
27. In Praise of Character in the Bleak inhuman Loneliness  
28. Composing wild, undisciplined, pure, coming in from under, crazier the better  
29. Youre a Genius all the time  
30. Writer-Director of Earthly movies Sponsored & Angeled in Heaven

**Essentials of Spontaneous Prose**

SET-UP The object is set before the mind, either in reality. as in sketching (before a landscape or teacup or old face) or is set in the memory wherein it becomes the sketching from memory of a definite image-object.

PROCEDURE Time being of the essence in the purity of speech, sketching language is undisturbed flow from the mind of personal secret idea-words, blowing (as per jazz musician) on subject of image.

METHOD No periods separating sentence-structures already arbitrarily riddled by false colons and timid usually needless

SCOPING Not “selectivity’ of expression but following free deviation (association) of mind into limitless blow-on-subject seas of thought, swimming in sea of English with no discipline other than rhythms of rhetorical exhalation and expostulated statement, like a fist coming down on a table with each complete utterance, bang! (the space dash)-Blow as deep as you want-write as deeply, fish as far down as you want, satisfy yourself first, then reader cannot fail to receive telepathic shock and meaning-excitement by same laws operating in his own human mind.

LAG IN PROCEDURE No pause to think of proper word but the infantile pileup of scatological buildup words till satisfaction is gained, which will turn out to be a great appending rhythm to a thought and be in accordance with Great Law of timing.

TIMING Nothing is muddy that runs in time and to laws of time-Shakespearian stress of dramatic need to speak now in own unalterable way or forever hold tongue-no revisions (except obvious rational mistakes, such as names or calculated insertions in act of not writing but inserting).

CENTER OF INTEREST Begin not from preconceived idea of what to say about image but from jewel center of interest in subject of image at moment of writing, and write outwards swimming in sea of language to peripheral release and exhaustion-Do not afterthink except for poetic or P. S. reasons. Never afterthink to “improve” or defray impressions, as, the best writing is always the most painful personal wrung-out tossed from cradle warm protective mind-tap from yourself the song of yourself, blow!-now!-your way is your only way-“good”-or “bad”-always honest (“ludi- crous”), spontaneous, “confessionals’ interesting, because not “crafted.” Craft is craft.

STRUCTURE OF WORK Modern bizarre structures (science fiction, etc.) arise from language being dead, “different” themes give illusion of “new” life. Follow roughly outlines in outfanning movement over subject, as river rock, so mindflow over jewel-center need (run your mind over it, once) arriving at pivot, where what was dim-formed “beginning” becomes sharp-necessitating “ending” and language shortens in race to wire of time-race of work, following laws of Deep Form, to conclusion, last words, last trickle–Night is The End.

MENTAL STATE If possible write “without consciousness” in semi-trance (as Yeats’ later “trance writing”) allowing subconscious to admit in own uninhibited interesting necessary and so “modern” language what conscious art would censor, and write excitedly, swiftly, with writing-or-typing-cramps, in accordance (as from center to periphery) with laws of orgasm, Reich’s “beclouding of consciousness.” Come from within, out–to relaxed and said.

# BOB KAUFMAN

**Jail Poems**

1  
I am sitting in a cell with a view of evil parallels,  
Waiting thunder to splinter me into a thousand me’s.  
It is not enough to be in one cage with one self;  
I want to sit opposite every prisoner in every hole.  
Doors roll and bang, every slam a finality, bang!  
The junkie disappeared into a red noise, stoning out his hell.  
The odored wino congratulates himself on not smoking,  
Fingerprints left lying on black inky gravestones,  
Noises of pain seeping through steel walls crashing  
Reach my own hurt. I become part of someone forever.  
Wild accents of criminals are sweeter to me than hum of cops,  
Busy battening down hatches of human souls; cargo  
Destined for ports of accusations, harbors of guilt.  
What do policemen eat, Socrates, still prisoner, old one?

2  
Painter, paint me a crazy jail, made water-color cells.  
Poet, how old is suffering? Write it in yellow lead.  
God, make me a sky on my glass ceiling. I need stars now,  
To lead through this atmosphere of shrieks and private hells,  
Entrances and exits, in . . . out . . . up . . . down, the civic seesaw.  
Here — me — now — hear — me — now — always here somehow.

3  
In a universe of cells — who is not in jail? Jailers.  
In a world of hospitals — who is not sick? Doctors.  
A golden sardine is swimming in my head.  
Oh we know some things, man, about some things  
Like jazz and jails and God.  
Saturday is a good day to go to jail.

4  
Now they give a new form, quivering jelly-like,  
That proves any boy can be president of Muscatel.  
They are mad at him because he’s one of Them.  
Gray-speckled unplanned nakedness; stinking  
Fingers grasping toilet bowl. Mr. America wants to bathe.  
Look! On the floor, lying across America’s face–  
A real movie star featured in a milion newsreels.  
What am I doing — feeling compassion?  
When he comes out of it, he will help kill me.  
He probably hates living.

5  
Nuts, skin bolts, clanking in his stomach, scrambled.  
His society’s gone to pieces in his belly, bloated.  
See the great American windmill, tilting at itself,  
Good solid stock, the kind that made America drunk.  
Success written all over his street-streaked ass.  
Successful-type success, forty home runs in one inning.  
Stop suffering, Jack, you can’t fool us. We know.  
This is the greatest country in the world, ain’t it?  
He didn’t make it. Wino in Cell 3.

6  
There have been too many years in this short span of mine.  
My soul demands a cave of its own, like the Jain god;  
Yet I must make it go on, hard like jazz, glowing  
In this dark plastic jungle, land of long night, chilled.  
My navel is a button to push when I want inside out.  
Am I not more than a mass of entrails and rough tissue?  
Must I break my bones? Drink my wine-diluted blood?  
Should I dredge old sadness from my chest?  
Not again,  
All those ancient balls of fire, hotly swallowed, let them lie.  
Let me spit breath mists of introspection, bits of me,  
So that when I am gone, I shall be in the air.

7  
Someone whom I am is no one.  
Something I have done is nothing.  
Someplace I have been is nowhere.  
I am not me.  
What of the answers  
I must find questions for?  
All these strange streets  
I must find cities for,  
Thank God for beatniks.

8  
All night the stink of rotting people  
Fumes rising from pyres of live men,  
Fill my nose with gassy disgust,  
Drown my exposed eyes in tears.

9  
Traveling God salesmen, bursting my ear drum  
With the dullest part of a good sexy book,  
Impatient for Monday and adding machines.

10  
Yellow-eyed dogs whistling in evening.

11  
The baby came to jail today.

12  
One more day to hell, filled with floating glands.

13  
The jail, a huge hollow metal cube  
Hanging from the moon by a silver chain.  
Someday Johnny Appleseed is going to chop it down.

14  
Three long strings of light  
Braided into…

**Jail Poems** – <https://jacket2.org/commentary/bob-kaufman-jail-poems>

# ROBERT CREELEY

**I Know a Man**

As I sd to my  
friend, because I am  
always talking,—John, I

sd, which was not his  
name, the darkness sur-  
rounds us, what

can we do against  
it, or else, shall we &  
why not, buy a goddamn big car,

drive, he sd, for  
christ’s sake, look  
out where yr going.

# ANNE WALDMAN

**Rogue State**

I’m in a rogue state, honey  
Getting unpredictable & strange  
Just a rogue state itching to  
Test my harridan ballistic range  
National Missile Defense System  
Got nothing on me  
I can pierce thru the genome project  
With a cyborg’s vitality

I’m in a rogue state, Mr. President  
Don’t tell me what to do  
Your rules aren’t my rules  
Cause I’m the Lady of Misrule

# AMIR BARAKA / LEROI JONES

**Incident**

He came back and shot. He shot him. When he came  
back, he shot, and he fell, stumbling, past the  
shadow wood, down, shot, dying, dead, to full halt.

At the bottom, bleeding, shot dead. He died then, there  
after the fall, the speeding bullet, tore his face  
and blood sprayed fine over the killer and the grey light.

Pictures of the dead man, are everywhere. And his spirit  
sucks up the light. But he died in darkness darker than  
his soul and everything tumbled blindly with him dying

down the stairs.

We have no word

on the killer, except he came back, from somewhere  
to do what he did. And shot only once into his victim’s  
stare, and left him quickly when the blood ran out. We know

the killer was skillful, quick, and silent, and that the victim  
probably knew him. Other than that, aside from the caked sourness  
of the dead man’s expression, and the cool surprise in the fixture

of his hands and fingers, we know nothing.

**How You Sound** – <https://media.sas.upenn.edu/afilreis/ModPo/Jones-LeRoi_How-You-Sound_1959.pdf>

# JAYNE CORTEZ

She Got He Got – <https://youtu.be/6h0qYZTXaiI>

Find Your Voice – <https://youtu.be/-moyZ7Rld2w>

Jayne Cortez website – <http://www.jaynecortez08.com/>

# FRANK O’HARA

**The Day Lady Died**

It is 12:20 in New York a Friday  
three days after Bastille day, yes  
it is 1959 and I go get a shoeshine  
because I will get off the 4:19 in Easthampton  
at 7:15 and then go straight to dinner  
and I don’t know the people who will feed me

I walk up the muggy street beginning to sun  
and have a hamburger and a malted and buy  
an ugly NEW WORLD WRITING to see what the poets  
in Ghana are doing these days  
I go on to the bank

and Miss Stillwagon (first name Linda I once heard)  
doesn’t even look up my balance for once in her life  
and in the GOLDEN GRIFFIN I get a little Verlaine  
for Patsy with drawings by Bonnard although I do  
think of Hesiod, trans. Richmond Lattimore or  
Brendan Behan’s new play or Le Balcon or Les Nègres  
of Genet, but I don’t, I stick with Verlaine  
after practically going to sleep with quandariness

and for Mike I just stroll into the PARK LANE  
Liquor Store and ask for a bottle of Strega and  
then I go back where I came from to 6th Avenue  
and the tobacconist in the Ziegfeld Theatre and  
casually ask for a carton of Gauloises and a carton  
of Picayunes, and a NEW YORK POST with her face on it

and I am sweating a lot by now and thinking of  
leaning on the john door in the 5 SPOT  
while she whispered a song along the keyboard  
to Mal Waldron and everyone and I stopped breathing.

**A STEP AWAY FROM THEM**  
It’s my lunch hour, so I go  
for a walk among the hum-colored  
cabs. First, down the sidewalk  
where laborers feed their dirty  
glistening torsos sandwiches  
and Coca-Cola, with yellow helmets  
on. They protect them from falling  
bricks, I guess. Then onto the  
avenue where skirts are flipping  
above heels and blow up over  
grates. The sun is hot, but the  
cabs stir up the air. I look  
at bargains in wristwatches. There  
are cats playing in sawdust.  
On  
to Times Square, where the sign  
blows smoke over my head, and higher  
the waterfall pours lightly. A  
Negro stands in a doorway with a  
toothpick, languorously agitating.  
A blonde chorus girl clicks: he  
smiles and rubs his chin. Everything  
suddenly honks: it is 12:40 of  
a Thursday.  
Neon in daylight is a  
great pleasure, as Edwin Denby would  
write, as are light bulbs in daylight.  
I stop for a cheeseburger at JULIET’S  
CORNER. Giulietta Masina, wife of  
Federico Fellini, è bell’ attrice.  
And chocolate malted. A lady in  
foxes on such a day puts her poodle  
in a cab.  
There are several Puerto  
Ricans on the avenue today, which  
makes it beautiful and warm. First  
Bunny died, then John Latouche,  
then Jackson Pollock. But is the  
earth as full as life was full, of them?  
And one has eaten and one walks,  
past the magazines with nudes  
and the posters for BULLFIGHT and  
the Manhattan Storage Warehouse,  
which they’ll soon tear down. I  
used to think they had the Armory  
Show there.  
A glass of papaya juice  
and back to work. My heart is in my  
pocket, it is Poems by Pierre Reverdy.

# KENNETH KOCH

**Variations on a Theme by William Carlos Williams**

1  
I chopped down the house that you had been saving to live in next summer.  
I am sorry, but it was morning, and I had nothing to do  
and its wooden beams were so inviting.

2  
We laughed at the hollyhocks together  
and then I sprayed them with lye.  
Forgive me. I simply do not know what I am doing.

3  
I gave away the money that you had been saving to live on for the next ten years.  
The man who asked for it was shabby  
and the firm March wind on the porch was so juicy and cold.

4  
Last evening we went dancing and I broke your leg.  
Forgive me. I was clumsy and  
I wanted you here in the wards, where I am the doctor!

# JOHN ASHBERY

**HARD TIMES**

Trust me. The world is run on a shoestring.  
They have no time to return the calls in hell  
And pay dearly for those wasted minutes. Somewhere  
In the future it will filter down through all the proceedings

But by then it will be too late, the festive ambience  
Will linger on but it won’t matter. More or less  
Succinctly they will tell you what we’ve all known for years:  
That the power of this climate is only to conserve itself.

Whatever twists around it is decoration and can never  
Be looked at as something isolated, apart. Get it? And  
He flashed a mouthful of aluminum teeth there in the darkness  
To tell however it gets down, that it does, at last.

Once they made the great trip to California  
And came out of it flushed. And now every day  
Will have to dispel the notion of being like all the others.  
In time, it gets to stand with the wind, but by then the night is closed off.

**Some Trees**

These are amazing: each  
Joining a neighbor, as though speech  
Were a still performance.  
Arranging by chance

To meet as far this morning  
From the world as agreeing  
With it, you and I  
Are suddenly what the trees try

To tell us we are:  
That their merely being there  
Means something; that soon  
We may touch, love, explain.

And glad not to have invented  
Such comeliness, we are surrounded:  
A silence already filled with noises,  
A canvas on which emerges

A chorus of smiles, a winter morning.  
Placed in a puzzling light, and moving,  
Our days put on such reticence  
These accents seem their own defense.

**The Instruction Manual**  
As I sit looking out of a window of the building  
I wish I did not have to write the instruction manual on the uses of a new metal.  
I look down into the street and see people, each walking with an inner peace,  
And envy them—they are so far away from me!  
Not one of them has to worry about getting out this manual on schedule.  
And, as my way is, I begin to dream, resting my elbows on the desk and leaning out of the window a little,  
Of dim Guadalajara! City of rose-colored flowers!  
City I wanted most to see, and most did not see, in Mexico!  
But I fancy I see, under the press of having to write the instruction manual,  
Your public square, city, with its elaborate little bandstand!  
The band is playing Scheherazade by Rimsky-Korsakov.  
Around stand the flower girls, handing out rose- and lemon-colored flowers,  
Each attractive in her rose-and-blue striped dress (Oh! such shades of rose and blue),  
And nearby is the little white booth where women in green serve you green and yellow fruit.  
The couples are parading; everyone is in a holiday mood.  
First, leading the parade, is a dapper fellow  
Clothed in deep blue. On his head sits a white hat  
And he wears a mustache, which has been trimmed for the occasion.  
His dear one, his wife, is young and pretty; her shawl is rose, pink, and white.  
Her slippers are patent leather, in the American fashion,  
And she carries a fan, for she is modest, and does not want the crowd to see her face too often.  
But everybody is so busy with his wife or loved one  
I doubt they would notice the mustachioed man’s wife.  
Here come the boys! They are skipping and throwing little things on the sidewalk  
Which is made of gray tile. One of them, a little older, has a toothpick in his teeth.  
He is silenter than the rest, and affects not to notice the pretty young girls in white.  
But his friends notice them, and shout their jeers at the laughing girls.  
Yet soon all this will cease, with the deepening of their years,  
And love bring each to the parade grounds for another reason.  
But I have lost sight of the young fellow with the toothpick.  
Wait—there he is—on the other side of the bandstand,  
Secluded from his friends, in earnest talk with a young girl  
Of fourteen or fifteen. I try to hear what they are saying  
But it seems they are just mumbling something—shy words of love, probably.  
The is slightly taller than he, and looks quietly down into his sincere eyes.  
She is wearing white. The breeze ruffles her long fine black hair against her olive cheek.  
Obviously she is in love. The boy, the young boy with the toothpick, he is in love too;  
His eyes show it. Turning from this couple,  
I see there is an intermission in the concert.  
The paraders are resting and sipping drinks through straws  
(The drinks are dispensed from a large glass crock by a lady in dark blue),  
And the musicians mingle among them, in their creamy white uniforms, and talk  
About the weather, perhaps, or how their kids are doing at school.

Let us take this opportunity to tiptoe into one of the side streets.  
Here you may see one of those white houses with green trim  
That are so popular here. Look—I told you!  
It is cool and dim inside, but the patio is sunny.  
An old woman in gray sits there, fanning herself with a palm leaf fan.  
She welcomes us to her patio, and offers us a cooling drink.  
“My son is in Mexico City,” she says. “He would welcome you too  
If he were here. But his job is with a bank there.  
Look, here is a photograph of him.”  
And a dark-skinned lad with pearly teeth grins out at us from the worn leather frame.  
We thank her for her hospitality, for it is getting late  
And we must catch a view of the city, before we leave, from a good high place.  
That church tower will do—the faded pink one, there against the fierce blue of the sky. Slowly we enter.  
The caretaker, an old man dressed in brown and gray, asks us how long we have been in the city, and how we like it here.  
His daughter is scrubbing the steps—she nods to us as we pass into the tower.  
Soon we have reached the top, and the whole network of the city extends before us.  
There is the rich quarter, with its houses of pink and white, and its crumbling, leafy terraces.  
There is the poorer quarter, its homes a deep blue.  
There is the market, where men are selling hats and swatting flies  
And there is the public library, painted several shades of pale green and beige.  
Look! There is the square we just came from, with the promenaders.  
There are fewer of them, now that the heat of the day has increased,  
But the young boy and girl still lurk in the shadows of the bandstand.  
And there is the home of the little old lady—  
She is still sitting in the patio, fanning herself.  
How limited, but how complete withal, has been our experience of Guadalajara!  
We have seen young love, married love, and the love of an aged mother for her son.  
We have heard the music, tasted the drinks, and looked at colored houses.

What more is there to do, except stay? And that we cannot do.  
And as a last breeze freshens the top of the weathered old tower, I turn my  
gaze  
Back to the instruction manual which has made me dream of Guadalajara.

# BARBARA GUEST

**20**

Sleep is 20  
remembering the  
insignificant flamenco dancer  
in Granada  
who became  
important as you watched  
the mountain ridge  
the dry hills

What an idiotic number!

Sleep is twenty

it certainly isn’t twenty sheep  
there weren’t that many in the herd  
under the cold crest of Sierra Nevada

It’s more like 20 Madison Ave. buses  
while I go droning away at my dream life  
Each episode is important  
that’s what it is! Sequences —  
I’ve got going a twenty-act drama  
the theatre of the active  
the critics are surely there  
even the actors  
even the flowers presented onstage  
even the wild flowers  
picked by the wife of the goatherd  
each morning early (while I sleep)  
under the snow cone  
of Sierra Nevada

yellow caps like castanets  
I reach into my bouquet  
half-dreaming  
and count twenty  
yellow capped heads

flowers clicking twenty times  
because they like to repeat themselves

as I do as does the morning  
or the drama one hopes  
will be acted many times

As even these dreams in similar  
people’s heads

20

castanets

**Poem display** –<http://www.poetryfoundation.org/poem/238234>

# TED BERRIGAN

**3 Pages**

10 Things I do Every Day

play poker  
drink beer  
smoke pot  
jack off  
curse

BY THE WATERS OF MANHATTAN

flower

positive & negative

go home

read lunch poems

hunker down

changes

Life goes by  
quite merrily

blue  
NO HELP WANTED

Hunting For The Whale

“and if the weather plays me fair  
I’m happy every day.”

The white that dries clear  
the heart attack  
the congressional medal of honor  
A house in the country

NOT ENOUGH

**Poem display** in<http://www.poetryfoundation.org/poem/182173>

# BERNARDETTE MAYER

**Invasion of the Body Snatchers**

Moon out and no snow yet, November first  
The first anniversary of our wedding and  
The day before election day, 1976, yesterday  
Was Halloween, next Friday I have an appointment  
With the dentist and the following Tuesday is  
Lewis’s thirty-second birthday, exactly one week  
After that Marie will be eleven months old.  
The day before yesterday we turned the clocks back  
One hour which made it seem like every day  
Will have an extra hour in it, not only of darkness  
But of just plain time, the time I used to spend  
Skipping lunch is longer, the time for dinner  
Is too early now, the time for sunset comes too soon  
The time between dinner and Marie’s bedtime is too long  
When it’s time to go to bed there’s still a few hours left  
To read, I’m dreaming twice as much as before  
I spend all my new time lying in bed thinking.  
Last night I saw “Invasion of the Body Snatchers”  
And tonight when I came into my room to go to work  
I found an old seedpod on the floor by my desk.  
In the movie if you see one of these it’s time to die.  
It’s time to write some letters, good cold air  
Comes in my window, it wakes me up, we had a bottle  
Of champagne and Marie went to sleep without crying  
It’s time to read Fielding’s Guide to European Travel  
And the Alice Toklas Cookbook again, a few books by  
John McPhee  
Our new American Heritage anniversary dictionary,  
The Adventures of a Mathematician by Stanislas Ulam  
And The Wild Boy of Aveyron by a behaviorist psychologist  
About a boy brought up by wolves

**Bernadette Mayer’s List of Journal Ideas**: <http://writing.upenn.edu/library/Mayer-Bernadette_Experiments.html>

# RON SILLIMAN

**Albany**

If the function of writing is to “express the world.” My father withheld child support, forcing my mother to live with her parents, my brother and I to be raised together in a small room. Grandfather called them niggers. I can’t afford an automobile. Far across the calm bay stood a complex of long yellow buildings, a prison. A line is the distance between. They circled the seafood restaurant, singing “We shall not be moved.” My turn to cook. It was hard to adjust my sleeping to those hours when the sun was up. The event was nothing like their report of it. How concerned was I over her failure to have orgasms? Mondale’s speech was drowned by jeers. Ye wretched. She introduces herself as a rape survivor. Yet his best friend was Hispanic. I decided not to escape to Canada. Revenue enhancement. Competition and spectacle, kinds of drugs. If it demonstrates form some people won’t read it. Television unifies conversation. Died in action. If a man is a player, he will have no job. Becoming prepared to live with less space. Live ammunition. Secondary boycott. My crime is parole violation. Now that the piecards have control. Rubin feared McClure would read Ghost Tantras at the teach-in. This form is the study group. The sparts are impeccable, though filled with deceit. A benefit reading. He seduced me. AFT, local 1352. Enslavement is permitted as punishment for crime. Her husband broke both of her eardrums. I used my grant to fix my teeth. They speak in Farsi at the corner store. YPSL. The national question. I look forward to old age with some excitement – 42 years for Fibreboard Products. Food is a weapon. Yet the sight of people making love is deeply moving. Music is essential. The cops wear shields that serve as masks. Her lungs heavy with asbestos. Two weeks too old to collect orphan’s benefits. A woman on the train asks Angela Davis for an autograph. You get read your Miranda. As if a correct line would somehow solve the future. They murdered his parents just to make the point. It’s not easy if your audience doesn’t identify as readers. Mastectomies are done by men. Our pets live at whim. Net income is down 13%. Those distant sirens down in the valley signal great hinges in the lives of strangers. A phone tree. The landlord’s control of terror is implicit. Not just a party but a culture. Copayment. He held the Magnum with both hands and ordered me to stop. The garden is a luxury (a civilization of snail and spider). They call their clubs batons. They call their committees clubs. Her friendships with women are different. Talking so much is oppressive. Outplacement. A shadowy locked facility using drugs and double-celling (a rest home). That was the Sunday Henry’s father murdered his wife on the front porch. If it demonstrates form they can’t read it. If it demonstrates mercy they have something worse in mind. Twice, carelessness has led to abortion. To own a basement. Nor is the sky any less constructed. The design of a department store is intended to leave you fragmented, off-balance. A lit drop. They photograph Habermas to hide the hairlip. The verb to be admits the assertion. The body is a prison, a garden. In kind. Client populations (cross the tundra). Off the books. The whole neighborhood is empty in the daytime. Children form lines at the end of each recess. Eminent domain. Rotating chair. The history of Poland in 90 seconds. Flaming pintos. There is no such place as the economy, the self. That bird demonstrates the sky. Our home, we were told, had been broken, but who were these people we lived with? Clubbed in the stomach, she miscarried. There were bayonets on campus, cows in India, people shoplifting books. I just want to make it to lunch time. Uncritical of nationalist movements in the Third World. Letting the dishes sit for a week. Macho culture of convicts. With a shotgun and “in defense” the officer shot him in the face. Here, for a moment, we are joined. The want-ads lie strewn on the table.

**BART** – <https://media.sas.upenn.edu/afilreis/Silliman-Ron_BART.pdf>

# LYN HEJINIAN

My Life – <https://media.sas.upenn.edu/afilreis/ModPo/Hejinian-Lyn_My-Life_excerpt.pdf>

# BOB PERELMAN

**Chronic Meanings**

The single fact is matter.

Five words can say only.

Black sky at night, reasonably.

I am, the irrational residue.

Blown up chain link fence.

Next morning stronger than ever.

Midnight the pain is almost.

The train seems practically expressive.

A story familiar as a.

Society has broken into bands.

The nineteenth century was sure.

Characters in the withering capital.

The heroic figure straddled the.

The clouds enveloped the tallest.

Tens of thousands of drops.

The monster struggled with Milton.

On our wedding night I.

The sorrow burned deeper than.

Grimly I pursued what violence.

A trap, a catch, a.

Fans stand up, yelling their.

Lights go off in houses.

A fictional look, not quite.

To be able to talk.

The coffee sounds intriguing but.

She put her cards on.

What had been comfortable subjectivity.

The lesson we can each.

Not enough time to thoroughly.

Structure announces structure and takes.

He caught his breath in.

The vista disclosed no immediate.

Alone with a pun in.

The clock face and the.

Rock of ages, a modern.

I think I had better.

Now this particular mall seemed.

The bag of groceries had.

Whether a biographical junkheap or.

In no sense do I.

These fields make me feel.

Mount Rushmore in a sonnet.

Some in the party tried.

So it's not as if.

That always happened until one.

She spread her arms and.

The sky if anything grew.

Which left a lot of.

No one could help it.

I ran farther than I.

That wasn't a good one.

Now put down your pencils.

They won't pull that over.

Standing up to the Empire.

Stop it, screaming in a.

The smell of pine needles.

Economics is not my strong.

Until one of us reads.

I took a breath, then.

The singular heroic vision, unilaterally.

Voices imitate the very words.

Bed was one place where.

A personal life, a toaster.

Memorized experience can't be completely.

The impossibility of the simplest.

So shut the fucking thing.

Now I've gone and put.

But that makes the world.

The point I am trying.

Like a cartoon worm on.

A physical mouth without speech.

If taken to an extreme.

The phone is for someone.

The next second it seemed.

But did that really mean.

Yet Los Angeles is full.

Naturally enough I turn to.

Some things are reversible, some.

You don't have that choice.

I'm going to Jo's for.

Now I've heard everything, he.

One time when I used.

The amount of dissatisfaction involved.

The weather isn't all it's.

You'd think people would have.

Or that they would invent.

At least if the emotional.

The presence of an illusion.

Symbiosis of home and prison.

Then, having become superfluous, time.

One has to give to.

Taste: the first and last.

I remember the look in.

It was the first time.

Some gorgeous swelling feeling that.

Success which owes its fortune.

Come what may it can't.

There are a number of.

But there is only one.

That's why I want to.

# CHARLES BERNSTEIN

**In a Restless World Like This Is**

Not long ago, or maybe I dreamt it

Or made it up, or have suddenly lost

Track of its train in the hocus pocus

Of the dissolving days; no, if I bend

The turn around the corner, come at it

From all three sides at once, or bounce the ball

Against all manner of bleary-eyed fortune

Tellers—well, you can see for yourselves there’s

Nothing up my sleeves, or notice even

Rocks occasionally break if enough

Pressure is applied. As far as you go

In one direction, all the further you’ll

Have to go on before the way back has

Become totally indivisible.

# HARRYETTE MULLEN

**Sleeping with the Dictionary**

I beg to dicker with my silver-tongued companion, whose lips are ready to read my shining gloss. A versatile partner, conversant and well-versed in the verbal art, the dictionary is not averse to the solitary habits of the curiously wide-awake reader. In the dark night’s insomnia, the book is a stimulating sedative, awakening my tired imagination to the hypnagogic trance of language. Retiring to the canopy of the bedroom, turning on the bedside light, taking the big dictionary to bed, clutching the unabridged bulk, heavy with the weight of all the meanings between these covers, smoothing the thin sheets, thick with accented syllables—all are exercises in the conscious regimen of dreamers, who toss words on their tongues while turning illuminated pages. To go through all these motions and procedures, groping in the dark for an alluring word, is the poet’s nocturnal mission. Aroused by myriad possibilities, we try out the most perverse positions in the practice of our nightly act, the penetration of the denotative body of the work. Any exit from the logic of language might be an entry in a symptomatic dictionary. The alphabetical order of this ample block of knowledge might render a dense lexicon of lucid hallucinations. Beside the bed, a pad lies open to record the meandering of migratory words. In the rapid eye movement of the poet’s night vision, this dictum can be decoded, like the secret acrostic of a lover’s name.

<http://writing.upenn.edu/~afilreis/88v/mullen-sleeping-dictionary.html>

# JOHN CAGE

**Writing through Howl** (a brief excerpt) – <https://class.coursera.org/modernpoetry-004/wiki/view?page=JohnCageWritingthroughHowlabriefexcerpt>

JOHN CAGE CONCEPTUALIST POET, by Marjorie Perloff – <http://thebatterseareview.com/critical-prose/116-john-cage-conceptualist-poet>

# JACKSON MAC LOW

**Vocabulary for Peter Innisfree Moore** – <http://www.writing.upenn.edu/~afilreis/88v/maclow-moore-explanation.html>

Video (1978) – <https://youtu.be/JLWujEmqwgM>

# JENA OSMAN

**Dropping Leaflets**

Are we on the ground now? Ally cells and I said operations.

We cleared 50% of a wonderful friend and enduring opposition.

Take the solid.

Louder.

We clearly are loud. We are the postal system.

No evidence has been information.

Attacking the caves. Are you on the ground enduring?

A wonderful friend ramped it up.

You ought to open your mail.

Opposition element: the air. The talents work with precision.

84%. The population attacking the caves, the talents work with the

caves and tunnels.

Hiding in caves, wavering in caves and hiding in mosques.

A wonderful friend on the ground.

Freedom I said: the enduring ally cells.

Interested in the view, in our aid sensitivities.

50% to the front of our effort adding that 80% are willing to play.

Independent oper-oppo-sition forces that are rosy.

So make assumptions on the ground. Are we on the ground now?

Scraps of information work from opposition.

Can be more than air. The target. The air liaison.

Campaign with the bombing and entirely happy.

Attacking the leaflets.

We keep working hiding in hiding in caves

and cowering in cowering in cowering in caves

and I could say confidential areas.

The mosques and rest efforts are mad.

Execution in the targeting of democracy.

Those risks culti-targeting to minimize the individual.

An obligation to the spirit of enterprise.

A war of roundup freezing worldwide, and proceeding on course.

Training facilities, proceeding on course, freezing their guided

munitions.

A population is tons of struggle against evil.

A civilized world of innocents in the mud, an enemy that's on the

ground for there is no neutral ever. No neutral homeland.

For the first time first time first time in history

ordinary busi-security bioterror

to defend enemies with the no-ness of life.

Confident in destruction / complete and cause / certain of the rightness

of this time / in the right / man the victories / to comment for a freer

world history / committee of evil / defeat the forces / we will fight and

great coalition wherever they are an era of over flight right against

terror basing global terror the global trade and lives of our world improve /

the modern alliance / I like citizens / but rather than the dust settle it

could mean / as acknowledged /the carpet bombs precision bombs / as

long as 23 months and I said go to America on alert / get a softball to

school if you work / take your child / game this afternoon / game or a

soccer to the president's going to the game / the fight / our new

baseball game / to help us in our task / force will sign terrorists tracking

American citizens / to protect level warriors / the decibel from these

shadows / open your mail louder

# JOAN RETALLACK

**Not a Cage**

Scientific inquiry, seen in a very broad perspective may

see Foot 1957, also Wetermarck 1906, Ch. XIII

To man (sic) the world is twofold, in accordance with

that witness is now or in the future

It wasn’t until the waitress brought her Benedictine and she

Villandry, “Les Douves” par Azay le Rideau

mine. Yours, CYNTHIA.

Not a building, this earth, not a cage,

The artist: disciple, abundant, multiple, restless

a forgery: Opus loannes Bellini

We named you I thought the earth

is possible I could not tell

to make live and conscious history in common

and wake you find yourself among

and wake up deep in the fruit

Did you get the money we sent?

I smell fire

AT FULL VOLUME. STAGE DARK]

1. Russia, 1927

God, say your prayers.

You were begotten in a vague war

sidelong into your brain.

In Letter Three & Four (as earlier) the narrator is

North Dakota Portugal Moorhead, Minnesota

The lights go down, the curtain opens: the first thing we

gun, Veronica wrote, the end.

‘Wittgenstein’

Tomorrow she would be in America.

Over forty years ago

a tense, cunningly moving tale by the Hunga-

Then he moved on and I went close behind.

Interviewers: What drew a woman from Ohio

to study in Tübingen? American Readers

with this issue former subscribers to Marxist Perspectives

The shadow of the coup continues to hover over Spain

In the ordinary way of summer

girls were still singing

like a saguaro cactus from which any desert wayfarer can draw

as is Mr. Fox, but in literature

Twenty five years have gone by

Ya se dijeron las cosas mas oscuras

The most obscure things have already been said

# KENNETH GOLDSMITH

**SOLILOQUY** – <http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/goldsmith/soliloquy_book.pdf>

Video – poems readings – Conceptual Poetics: Christian Bök and Kenneth Goldsmith  – <https://youtu.be/D667k70AHoM>

# CHRISTIAN BÖK

**Eunoia** – <http://archives.chbooks.com/online_books/eunoia/text.html>

Video – <https://youtu.be/fUNwHmQc9yk>

# ERICA BAUM

**Card Catalogues** –<http://writing.upenn.edu/pepc/authors/baum/Baum-Erica_Card-Catalogues.pdf>

**Dog Ear** – <http://writing.upenn.edu/pepc/authors/baum/Baum-Eric_Dog-Ear_2010.pdf>

# CAROLINE BERGVALL

**VIA**

48 Dante Variations

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita  
mi ritrovai per una selva oscura  
che la diritta via era smarrita

The Divine Comedy – Pt. 1 Inferno – Canto 1 – (1-3)

1. Along the journey of our life half way

     I found myself again in a dark wood

     wherein the straight road no longer lay

           (Dale, 1996)

2. At the midpoint in the journey of our life

     I found myself astray in a dark wood

     For the straight path had vanished.

           (Creagh and Hollander, 1989)

3. HALF over the wayfaring of our life,

     Since missed the right way, through a night-dark wood

     Struggling, I found myself.

           (Musgrave, 1893)

4. Half way along the road we have to go,

     I found myself obscured in a great forest,

     Bewildered, and I knew I had lost the way.

           (Sisson, 1980)

5. Halfway along the journey of our life

     I woke in wonder in a sunless wood

     For I had wandered from the narrow way

           (Zappulla, 1998)

6. HALFWAY on our life’s journey, in a wood,

     From the right path I found myself astray.

           (Heaney, 1993)

7. Halfway through our trek in life

     I found myself in this dark wood,

     miles away from the right road.

           (Ellis, 1994)

8. Half-way upon the journey of our life,

     I found myself within a gloomy wood,

     By reason that the path direct was lost.

         (Pollock, 1854)

9. HALF-WAY upon the journey of our life

     I roused to find myself within a forest

     In darkness, for the straight way had been lost.

           (Johnson, 1915)

10. In middle of the journey of our days

      I found that I was in a darksome wood

      the right road lost and vanished in the maze

           (Sibbald, 1884)

11. In midway of the journey of our life

      I found myself within a darkling wood,

      Because the rightful pathway had been lost.

           (Rossetti, 1865)

12. In our life’s journey at its midway stage

      I found myself within a wood obscure

      Where the right path which guided me was lost

           (Johnston, 1867)

13. In the middle of the journey

      of our life

      I came to myself

      In a dark forest

      The straightforward way

      Misplaced.

           (Schwerner, 2000)

14. In the middle of the journey of our life I came to

      myself in a dark wood, for the straight road was lost

           (Durling, 1996)

15. In the middle of the journey of our life I came to myself

      within a dark wood where the straight road was lost.

           (Sinclair, 1939)

16. In the middle of the journey of our life

      I found myself astray in a dark wood

      where the straight road had been lost sight of.

           (Heaney, 1993)

17. IN the middle of the journey of our life, I found myself in a

      dark wood; for the straight way was lost.

      (John A Carlyle, 1844)

18. In the mid-journey of our mortal life,

      I wandered far into a darksome wood,

      Where the true road no longer might be seen.

           (Chaplin, 1913)

19. In the midtime of life I found myself

      Within a dusky wood; my way was lost.

           (Shaw, 1914)

20. In the midway of this our mortal life,

       I found me in a gloomy wood, astray,

       Gone from the path direct:

           (Cary, 1805)

21. Just halfway through this journey of our life

       I reawoke to find myself inside

       a dark wood, way off-course, the right road lost

           (Phillips, 1983)

22. Midway along the highroad of our days,

       I found myself within a shadowy wood,

       Where the straight path was lost in tangled ways.

           (Wheeler, 1911)

23. Midway along the journey of our life

       I woke to find myself in some dark woods,

       for I had wandered off from the straight path.

           (Musa, 1971)

24. Midway along the span of our life’s road

       I woke to a dark wood unfathomable

       Where not a vestige of the right way shewed.

           (Foster, 1961)

25. Midway in our life’s journey I went astray

       from the straight road & woke to find myself

       alone in a dark wood

           (Ciardi, 1996)

26. Midway in the journey of our life I found myself in a

       dark wood, for the straight road was lost.

           (Singleton, 1970)

27. MIDWAY life’s journey I was made aware

       That I had strayed into a dark forest,

       And the right path appeared not anywhere.

           (Binyon, 1933)

28. Midway on our life’s journey, I found myself

       In dark woods, the right road lost.

           (Pinsky, 1994)

29. Midway on the journey of our life I found myself within

       a darksome wood, for the right way was lost.

           (Sullivan, 1893)

30. Midway the path of life that men pursue

       I found me in a darkling wood astray,

       For the direct way had been lost to view

           (Anderson, 1921)

31. Midway this way of life we’re bound upon,

       I woke to find myself in a dark wood,

       Where the right road was wholly lost and gone

           (Sayers, 1949)

32. MIDWAY upon the course of this our life

       I found myself within a gloom-dark wood,

       For I had wandered from the path direct.

           (Bodey, 1938)

33. MIDWAY upon the journey of my days

       I found myself within a wood so drear,

       That the direct path nowhere met my gaze.

           (Brooksbank, 1854)

34. MIDWAY upon the journey of our life,

       I found me in a forest dark and deep,

       For I the path direct had failed to keep.

           (Wilstach, 1888)

35. Midway upon the journey of our life,

       I found myself within a forest dark,

       For the right road was lost.

           (Vincent, 1904)

36. MIDWAY upon the journey of our life

       I found myself within a forest dark,

       For the straightforward pathway had been lost.

           (Longfellow, 1867)

37. Midway upon the journey of our life

       I found that I had strayed into a wood

       So dark the right road was completely lost.

           (MacKenzie, 1979)

38. MIDWAY upon the journey of our life

       I woke to find me astray in a dark wood,

       Confused by ways with the straight way at strife

           (Bickersteth, 1955)

39. Midway upon the pathway of life

       I found myself within a darksome wood

       wherein the proper road was lost to view.

           (Edwardes, 1915)

40. MIDWAY upon the road of our life I found myself within

       a dark wood, for the right way had been missed.

           (Norton, 1891)

41. On traveling one half of our life’s way,

       I found myself in darkened forests when

       I lost the straight and narrow path to stray.

           (Arndt, 1994)

42. Upon the journey of my life midway,

       I found myself within a darkling wood,

       Where from the straight path I had gone astray

           (Minchin, 1885)

43. UPON the journey of our life half way,

       I found myself within a gloomy wood,

       For I had missed the oath and gone astray.

           (Pike, 1881)

44. Upon the journey of our life midway

       I came unto myself in a dark wood,

       For from the straight path I had gone astray.

           (Fletcher, 1931)

45. Upon the journey of our life midway,

       I found myself within a darksome wood,

       As from the right path I had gone astray.

           (Cayley, 1851)

46. When half-way through the journey of our life

       I found that I was in a gloomy wood,

       because the path which led aright was lost.

           (Langdon, 1918)

47. When I had journeyed half of our life’s way,

       I found myself within a shadowed forest,

       for I had lost the path that does not stray.

           (Mandelbaum, 1980)

# MIKE MAGEE

**Pledge** (brief excerpt)

1

I plug elegance  
two thief rag  
off-Dionysus tastes of America  
in tune theory public  
four widgets hands  
one day shun  
on dirge odd  
ring the busy bell  
with lip hurting  
and just this  
for all

2

hype ledge a lesion  
to deaf egg  
oft die you nightly stains of a miracle  
and too deep repugnant  
for withered spans  
wan etching  
unnerved dog  
inapplicable  
with liver tea  
and just this  
for all

13

my friend Steven  
tofutti bag  
over mitt lighted stinks of a measuring cup  
and tutoring Bobby  
for fifty claims  
one eggplant  
undercooked  
and uneatable  
with liverwurst  
and just this  
for all

16

I planned a neat myth  
today’s rags  
ugly unified fates never heard a ya  
& ten & three colonies  
or fifty nifty states  
coronation  
underground  
indemythical  
palabricity  
and just this  
for all

# ROSMARIE WALDROP

**Shorter American Memory of the Declaration of Independence**

We holler these trysts to be self-exiled that all manatees are credited equi-distant, that they are endured by their Creditor with cervical unanswerable rims. that among these are lightning, lice, and the pushcart of harakiri. That to seduce these rims, graces are insulated among manatees, descanting their juvenile pragmatism from the consistency of the graced. That whenever any formula of grace becomes detained of these endives, it is the rim of the peppery to aluminize or to abominate it. and to insulate Newtonian grace. leaching its fountain pen on such printed matter and orienting its pragmatism in such formula, as to them shall seize  
most lilac to effuse their sage and harakiri.

# JENNIFER SCAPPETTONE

**Vase Poppies**

Lavenderish dusk

strapped for stays,

pomegranates under the rubberband

chucked for a glass Oz,

letdown

splayed by the pillar-shelves

to page upon the Ottoman:

his talk has wrought suit

amid citrus gapes

and pall dunked in the bowl

and grated sage

or cleaved clear paleo-pines.

Postgeist, upcast

California upon weed,

what banker yields

so fragrant a cant

as this vagrant cant?

# TRACIE MORRIS

Tracie Morris It all started U-Arizona 5-30-08 – <https://youtu.be/McZhSGdcwV8>

 Tracie Morris performs “The Mrs Gets Her Ass Kicked,” – <https://youtu.be/qUOUS6ju2hg>