

siwashing it out once in Siuslaw Forest / Gary Snyder

I slept under rhododendron
All night blossoms fell
Shivering on a sheet of cardboard
Feet stuck in my pack
Hands deep in my pockets
Barely able to sleep.
I remembered when we were in school
Sleeping together in a big warm bed
We were the youngest lovers
When we broke up we were still nineteen.
Now our friends are married
You teach school back east
I don't mind living this way
Green hills the long blue beach
But sometimes sleeping in the open
I think back when I had you.

a dent in a bucket / Gary Snyder

Hammering a dent out of a bucket
a woodpecker
answers from the woods

YUCK / Dennis Cooper

my boo-boo
made his pee-pee gross.
I mean more gross.
:-)

untitled / Josiah Morgan

I want it so much
little old me
fit into life again
bank as a cushion
On paper
my own entity again
I worry about any of that
come down hangover
sick if I danced
apricot phase

Wairua Road / Tusiata Avia

The Spirits love me so much they sent all the people

in Aranui to be my friends or my parents.

We all walk the Big Path from Cashmere to the sea.

We run like lawnmowers on each others feet.

The Spirits rise up out of the footpath outside the Hampshire St pub.

The space that a bomb took out of the ground walks about

on a pair of legs with a ghost looking out.

The Spirits love me so much they turn me into a plastic bag.

I will live in a whale or a shrimp and kill it.

My mother rises up out of the lino wringing

and wringing the blood from her hands.

The Spirits love me so much we all sit round to watch the sparklers in my brain, the beautiful sunset

the campfire burning, the jerking of my body.

My father rises up out of the carpet and down I go

like knees, like beetroot juice in the whitest of frigidares.

The Spirits of the Big Path love me so much they have driven me back up to this house.

If the Spirits didn't love me, I could live in a dog

in a wife, in a house, in a merivale

Or on some other shining path, far away from the hungry road.

i'm still growing / Josiah Morgan

i'm still growing

he was my bigbigdaddy

and then he taught me how to walk

and the fresh room filtered sun through dust

and the sun it danced in the light to split enz

and neil finn

and my bigbig was so lovely back then

and he was only my daddy

when i opened my mouth to talk

and i was learning some things about words

and words i was putting on the page

and my daddy he said 'don't say and'

and put a comma there instead

and i was angry and i was real fuming and i was seven

and my daddy did a coloured stencil

it was from the women's weekly magazine

and it was the royal family

and my daddy he said 'don't tell your mother i'm not a big fan of that lot anyway'

and i said 'don't worry daddy'

and 'i won't say a thing'

and after that i learned how to stalk after all the things i wanted a new bike

and to impress him

to impress my daddy

and to make him my bigbigdaddy again

and again

and i dug a bigbighole

and i threw my big words into it

and after that i threw one more word in a little one this time

and i covered it all up with dirt

it was 'and'

it was gone forever now

it was smelly messy my mother she said

'what have you been up to' i just shrugged

my brother he laughed

'jo threw daddy's book away'

my mother she had no idea

i still needed to find something

it was missing it was comma

my daddy said i needed it to talk

i didn't know where to find it

i said to my daddy 'tell me where tell me where i need it

i got rid of words that one you don't like others too'

he was home from work he told me

he gave me some advice more advice

as my bigbigdaddy was going gone forever

'you can find a comma here, or there,

or you can find it everywhere,

and only everywhere,' he said, 'if you breathe a little every now

and then.'

If only / Emma Barnes

If only if only. I could have used my mouth to transmit some meaning. I could have left or come home or done some sort of in between combo of any of these. I could have been the bulldozer, the demolition team, the engineer who respectfully tells you your house is falling down. I could have been the termite expert. I could have diagnosed myself in every single discipline from cardiology to neurology. I could have looked into the back of my eyeballs to see the film playing upside down in there. I could have dug the grave myself. I just chose not to. In the grand tradition of ostriches I declined every avenue but continuation on the same trajectory. I checked out every library book and stacked them in the spare room. I ignored every email about the fines until they sent me a letter. But even then I only read it. I didn't pick up a single call. Didn't even listen to the voice messages. Might as well have spent five years in a hut in the Antarctic. I shut the curtains to my own eyes and stuffed things deep inside my heart. I turned to goo inside a cocoon. I fermented slowly in a jar in the fridge. I hibernated in a burrow deep underground. I just survived.

I just survived like a sea monkey, like a seed shat out by megafauna, like the mould in your bathroom. Clinging to it. Limpets. Every type of life. The unknown, uncoloured fluff in your umbilicus. Your eyelid mites. The spring bulbs you buried. The cock-a-roaches. The way that the varicella zoster virus lives on inside you to become shingles, years post chicken pox. I survived like the astronauts in the ISS, with many weird modifications to what you'd consider a normal life. That one ex you just fucking see everywhere, all the time, forever. Like the bacteria varieties that live in hot water or weird sediment or the Mariana Trench. The office plants that despite receiving no care, attention or light that just continue to cling to the realm of living. Your ninety-year-old grandfather who frankly just looks like wax paper stretched over skin. The oldest golden retriever in the world who is twenty years old and whose face is entirely white. Weeds. Like weeds. I survived like Old Man's Beard and any invasive species. The koi that overtake streams. I swam. I was a list of actions repeated. Kept in after school I wrote lines and lines. It will not always be like this. It will not always be like

the panther / rainer maria rilke

His vision, from the constantly passing bars,
has grown so weary that it cannot hold
anything else. It seems to him there are
a thousand bars; and behind the bars, no world.

As he paces in cramped circles, over and over,
the movement of his powerful soft strides
is like a ritual dance around a center
in which a mighty will stands paralyzed.

Only at times, the curtain of the pupils
lifts, quietly--. An image enters in,
rushes down through the tensed, arrested muscles,
plunges into the heart and is gone.

Novel / Arthur Rimbaud

I

We aren't serious when we're seventeen.
—One fine evening, to hell with beer and lemonade,
Noisy cafés with their shining lamps!

We walk under the green linden trees of the park

The lindens smell good in the good June evenings!
At times the air is so scented that we close our eyes.
The wind laden with sounds—the town isn't far—
Has the smell of grapevines and beer . . .

II

—There you can see a very small patch
Of dark blue, framed by a little branch,
Pinned up by a naughty star, that melts
In gentle quivers, small and very white . . .

Night in June! Seventeen years old! —We are overcome by it all
The sap is champagne and goes to our head . . .
We talked a lot and feel a kiss on our lips
Trembling there like a small insect . . .

III

Our wild heart moves through novels like Robinson Crusoe,
—When, in the light of a pale street lamp,
A girl goes by attractive and charming
Under the shadow of her father's terrible collar . . .

And as she finds you incredibly naïve,
While clicking her little boots,
She turns abruptly and in a lively way . . .
—Then *cavatinas* die on your lips . . .

IV

You are in love. Occupied until the month of August.
You are in love. —Your sonnets make Her laugh.
All your friends go off, you are ridiculous.
—Then one evening the girl you worship deigned to write to you . . . !

—That evening, . . . —you return to the bright cafés,
You ask for beer or lemonade . . .
—We're not serious when we are seventeen
And when we have green linden trees in the park.

short sharp poems

--

gary snyder haikus

1.

they didn't hitch him
so he ate his lunch alone
the noon whistle

2.

cats shut down
deer tread through
men all eating lunch

3.

frying hotcakes in a dripping shelter
Fu Manchu
Queets Indian Reservation in the rain

4.

a truck went by
three hours ago
smoke creek desert

5.

Jackrabbit eyes all night
breakfast in Elko.

josiah morgan

1.

ur eyes r alien eyes
little green man microphone eyes
antennae receiving eyes
signals received am I?

Aram Saroyam

1.

light

2.

eyeye

william carlos williams

1.

so much depends
on

a red wheel
barrow

glazed with rain

water

beside the white
chickens

Frank O'hara

1

My heart's aflutter!
I am standing in the bath tub
crying. Mother, mother
who am I? If he
will just come back once
and kiss me on the face
his coarse hair brush
my temple, it's throbbing!

then I can put on my clothes
I guess, and walk the streets.

2

I love you. I love you,
but I'm turning to my verses
and my heart is closing
like a fist.

Words! be
sick as I am sick, swoon,
roll back your eyes, a pool,

and I'll stare down
at my wounded beauty
which at best is only a talent
for poetry.

Cannot please, cannot charm or win
what a poet!
and the clear water is thick

with bloody blows on its head.
I embrace a cloud,
but when I soared
it rained.

3

That's funny! there's blood on my chest
oh yes, I've been carrying bricks

what a funny place to rupture!
and now it is raining on the ailanthus
as I step out onto the window ledge
the tracks below me are smoky and
glistening with a passion for running
I leap into the leaves, green like the sea

4

Now I am quietly waiting for
the catastrophe of my personality
to seem beautiful again,
and interesting, and modern.

The country is grey and
brown and white in trees,
snows and skies of laughter
always diminishing, less funny
not just darker, not just grey.

It may be the coldest day of
the year, what does he think of
that? I mean, what do I? And if I do,
perhaps I am myself again.

Emily Dickinson

1.

In this short Life that only lasts an hour
How much - how little - is within our power

2.

Wild nights - Wild nights!
Were I with thee
Wild nights should be
Our luxury!

Futile - the winds -
To a Heart in port -
Done with the Compass -
Done with the Chart!

Rowing in Eden -
Ah - the Sea!
Might I but moor - tonight -
In thee!

3.

You left me – Sire – two Legacies –
A Legacy of Love

A Heavenly Father would suffice
Had He the offer of –

You left me Boundaries of Pain –
Capacious as the Sea –
Between Eternity and Time –
Your Consciousness – and me –

Gertrude Stein

1. 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.
2. Yet Dish
I

Put a sun in Sunday, Sunday.

Eleven please ten hoop. Hoop.

Cousin coarse in coarse in soap.

Cousin coarse in soap sew up. soap.

Cousin coarse in sew up soap.

II

A lea ender stow sole lightly.

Not a bet beggar.

Nearer a true set jump hum,

A lamp lander so seen poor lip.

III

Never so round.

A is a guess and a piece.

A is a sweet cent sender.

A is a kiss slow cheese.

A is for age jet.

IV

New deck stairs.

Little in den little in dear den.

V

Polar pole.

Dust winder.

Core see.

A bale a bale o a bale.

VI

Extravagant new or noise peal extravagant.

VII

S a glass.

Roll ups.

VIII

Powder in wails, powder in sails, powder is all next to it is does

wait sack rate all goals like chain in clear.

IX

Negligible old star.

Pour even.

It was a sad per cent.

Does on sun day.

Watch or water.

So soon a moon or a old heavy press.

X

Pearl cat or cat or pill or pour check.

New sit or little.

New sat or little not a wad yet.

Heavy toe heavy sit on head.

XI

Ex, ex, ex.

Bull it bull it bull it bull it.

Ex Ex Ex.

XII

Cousin plates pour a y shawl hood hair.

No see eat.

XIII

They are getting, bad left log lope, should a court say stream, not

a dare long beat a soon port.

XIV

Colored will he.

Calamity.

Colored will he

Is it a soon. Is it a soon. Is it a soon. soon. Is it a soon. soon.

XV

Nobody's ice.

Nobody's ice to be knuckles.

Nobody's nut soon.

Nobody's seven picks.

Picks soap stacks.

Six in set on seven in seven told, to top.

XVI

A spread chin shone.

A set spread chin shone.

XVII

No people so sat.

Not an eider.

Not either. Not either either.

XVIII

Neglect, neglect use such.

Use such a man.

Neglect use such a man.

Such some here.

XIX

Note tie a stem bone single pair so itching.

XX

Little lane in lay in a circular crest.

XXI

Peace while peace while toast.

Paper eight paper eight or, paper eight ore white.

XXII

Coop pour.

Never a single ham.

Charlie. Charlie.

XXIII

Neglect or.

A be wade.

Earnest care lease.

Least ball sup.

XXIV

Meal dread.

Meal dread so or.

Meal dread so or bounce.

Meal dread so or bounce two sales. Meal dread so or bounce two

sails. Not a rice. No nor a pray seat, not a little muscle, not a

nor noble, not a cool right more than a song in every period

of nails and pieces pieces places of places.

XXV

Neat know.

Play in horizontal pet soap.

XXVI

Nice pose.

Supper bell.

Pull a rope pressed.

Color glass.

XXVII

Nice oil pail.

No gold go at.

Nice oil pail.

Near a paper lag sought.

What is an astonishing won door. A please spoon.

XXVIII

Nice knee nick ear.

Not a well pair in day.

Nice knee neck core.

What is a skin pour in day.

XXIX

Climb climb max.

Hundred in wait.

Paper cat or deliver

XXX

Little drawers of center.

Neighbor of dot light.

Shorter place to make a boom set.

Marches to be bright.

XXXI

Suppose a do sat.

Suppose a negligence.

Suppose a cold character.

XXXII

Suppose a negligence.

Suppose a sell.

Suppose a neck tie.

XXXIII

Suppose a cloth cape.

Suppose letter suppose let a paper.

Suppose soon.

XXXIV

A prim a prim prize.

A sea pin.

A prim a prim prize

A sea pin.

XXXV

Witness a way go.

Witness a way go. Witness a way go. Wetness.

Wetness.

XXXVI

Lessons lettuce.

Let us peer let us polite let us pour, let us polite. Let us polite.

XXXVII

Neither is blessings bean.

XXXVIII

Dew Dew Drops.

Leaves kindly Lasts.

Dew Dew Drops.

XXXIX

A R. nuisance.

Not a regular plate.

Are, not a regular plate.

XL

Lock out sandy.

Lock out sandy boot trees.

Lock out sandy boot trees knit glass.

Lock out sandy boot trees knit glass.

XLI

A R not new since.

New since.

Are new since bows less.

XLII

Ajell cake.

A jelly cake.

A jelly cake.

XLIII

Peace say ray comb pomp

Peace say ray comb pump

Peace say ray comb pomp

Peace say ray comb pomp.

XLIV

Lean over not a coat low.

Lean over not a coat low by stand.

Lean over net. Lean over net a coat low hour stemmed

Lean over a coat low a great send. Lean over coat low extra extend.

XLV

Copying Copying it in.

XLVI

Never second scent never second scent in stand. Never second

scent in stand box or show. Or show me sales. Or show me

sales oak. Oak pet. Oak pet stall.

XLVII

Not a mixed stick or not a mixed stick or glass. Not a mend stone

bender, not a mend stone bender or stain.

XLVIII

Polish polish is it a hand, polish is it a hand or all, or all poles sick,

or all poles sick.

XLIX

Rush in rush in slice.

L

Little gem in little gem in an. Extra.

LI

In the between egg in, in the between egg or on.

LII

Leaves of gas, leaves of get a towel louder.

LIII

Not stretch.

LIV

Tea Fulls.

Pit it pit it little saddle pear say.

LV

Let me see wheat air blossom.

Let me see tea.

LVI

Nestle in glass, nestle in walk, nestle in fur a lining.

LVII

Pale eaten best seek.

Pale eaten best seek, neither has met is a glance.

LVIII

Suppose it is a s. Suppose it is a seal. Suppose it is a recognised

opera

LIX

Not a sell inch, not a boil not a never seeking cellar.

LX

Little gem in in little gem in an. Extra.

LXI

Catch as catch as coal up.

LXII

Necklaces, neck laces, necklaces, neck laces.

LXIII

Little in in in in.

LXIV

Next or Sunday, next or sunday check.

LXV

Wide in swim, wide in swim pansy.

LXVI

Next to hear next to hear old boat seak, old boat seak next to hear

LXVII

Ape pail ape pail to glow.

LXVIII

It was in on an each tuck. It was in on an each tuck.

LXIX

Wire lean string, wire lean string excellent miss on one pepper

cute. Open so mister soil in to close not a see wind not seat

glass.

