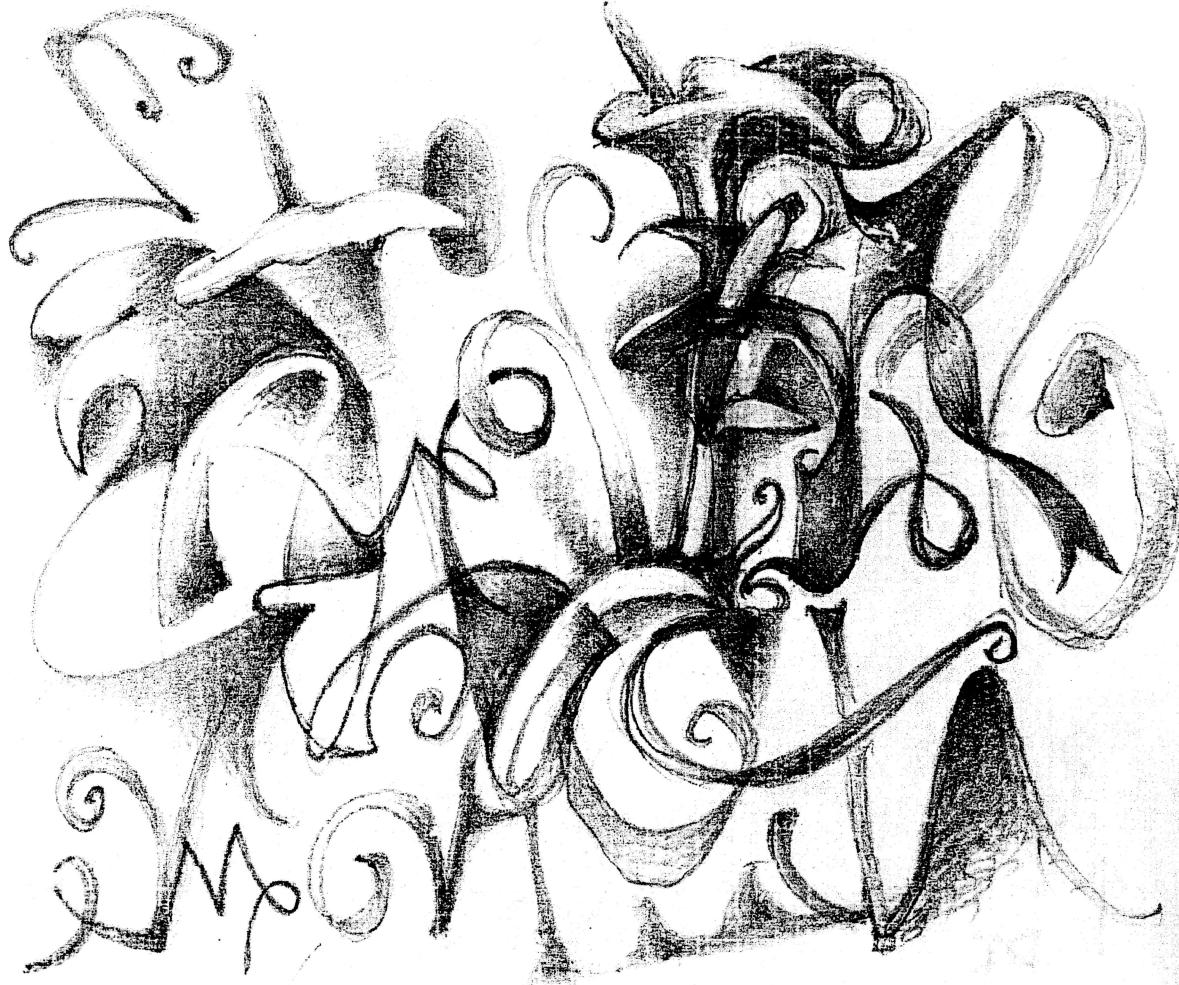


Tenderhooks

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CC. MARIMBO
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Poems by

Tony Dingman

TENDERHOOKS

Brief Bio

Born in Los Angeles
1938—Zoetrope
Studios since 1968—
Studied with Lew
Welch—Living in
North Beach—

TONY DINGMAN

CC. MARIMBO
~BERKELEY~

TM READY TO START
(for Jack Micheline)

in painted caves
in turrets of tanks
in sweat lodges of great
chiefs
in the solitude of Alcatraz

I'm ready alright
ready to write on desert floors
in a Cadillac going through
the car wash
at the bar of Musso & Frank

already I've done it in the
Istanbul Hilton
at the Little Bighorn
on the New York subway
on the planes over the Rockies

I'm ready for Micheline poems
and paintings
ready for astronauts on tequila
for the gatekeeper counting dolphins
for Lew Welch in the candy
store

in language laboratories
in gatherings of collectors of
militaria
in a pressure suit off the Mariana
Deep
in coffeeshops full of gossip

ready to listen for frogs in
the night
to listen to Glenn Gould do
the variations
to Joe Aloito read James Joyce
to listen for the word of love

9.august.97

TENDERHOOKS

To Jack and Agneta Hirschman

ART WIDOWER
(for Diane)

TALK ABOUT

I've lost her to
the Summer Wind

To Picasso, Pisarro
& Soutine

To that Thinking
Thinker

To Brancusi's Gran
Preoccupation

To Muses by the
Nines

To lacquer, thinner,
paraffin & wax

I've lost her to
Intuition

To Divination, To Post
Dramatic Symptoms

To Henry Moore's Depth
of Surface

To bronze, marble, wood
& iron

To buffers, grinders, sanders
& drills;

Going
out
the
door

you're
not
coming
back

until
you've
found
delivery

heard black frogs croaking xingu xingu
seen llamas climbing Macchu Picchu
contemplated Buddha under the fig tree
followed the orange & red bird of paradise
downed a Foster's beer in dusty Alice

Talk
about
moving
along

getting
that
second
wind

just
isn't
enough
time

running down the slopes of Mount Fuji
taking a fast taxi from Copacabana to Ipanema
bouncing over Roman cobblestones after pasta
taking a hydrofoil to Portuguese Macao
felt wind in the trees of Lowell Massachusetts

THOSE LUSCIOUS CURVES

descendant and
rounded
pliable and
soft

a mammary
rapture
pendulent and
warm

the mother of
mounds
clothed or
not

supine or
aqua-buoyed
supported or in
freefall

a smooth
vavoom
the most sublime
pillow

the addendum of
Diana

1
That little poem with
Soft lips going over the
Garden wall disguised as
Spring pollen.

2
The rivet helping hold
The beam supporting the
Rotor-blade of Red Cross
Helicopters with food.

3
The Kindergardener with green
Crayons bringing the jungle
Back to life including
Two blue hummingbirds.

4
The postman stopping to
Talk with the little
Old lady who waits to
See him all morning long.

5
That leaf coming ashore
To build the mulch
To feed the trees that
Cool the glen.

6
The gentleman traveler who
Tips the maid who
Buys a toy for her
Sister's kid in the hospital.

7
The gentle soul, shy as an
Antelope, pro-offers his love
With a box of chocolates
On St. Valentine's Day.

I'VE GOT TO

Get off this page
to get out
of my door to get
into my car

to make my pick up
to go to work

in a timely and
professional manner.

15.april.00

THIS PAGE IS NOT POETRY

I'm not a writer
but everyday
irresistibly I am drawn
to pencil & paper
and then to my typewriter.

I think, I remember,
I read myself writing.
I want to talk to a friend.
I have something on paper.
Everyday the uniform page.
Voices from the eight & a half
by eleven stage.
A talking white plain.
A talking rectangle.
A talking frame.

Does any of this
make sense?

Does anyone write
on a square?
Is the first thought
the best thought?
I've got to call Don.
I've got to ask Curt.
I feel like licking a stamp.

This Theater of The
Page is finally

only an urge
fueled by an alphabet.
I push. I pull.
I am pushed. I am pulling
and there are no ropes.
There are no curtains.
No props.
No costumes. No tickets for sale.

It is raining again. I see an ant
scouting. He is not someone
in bed with a pencil. Does he hear
how wet tires sound? Anyway
the water
surrounds us.

20.jan.93

JOHN McFEE & SHAD FISHING

the slobberer
of lust

1 He hooks fish, I
 hook water.

2 Jigging is twitching
 the line.

3 Like Salmon, shad
 return to their
 native river.

4 But no one—bartender
 or biologist—really
 knows why shad respond
 to lures.

5 "Position counts"

6 "And there are Larry
 Birds in the river.
 Joe DiMaggios, Ben
 Hogans, Reds Grange."

22:dec:92
(Eugene O'Neill)

WHERE THE THREE HUNDRED YEAR OLD TREE HAD BEEN

I HAVE A FRIEND

To identify with that space
which only light can fill
and to think of that place

where memory of an actual object

leaves a trace that defines emptiness

which is the parable of poetry

that a thinghood of things

transmuted into air alive

as sense vacated into resource

who is a poet & who writes about significant people & events.
He has a Rodney King poem.
He has Cesar Chavez's Eulogy.
He organized a reading for the murdered Archbishop Romero.
A hunger poem,
a home-less poem,
anti-war poem,
non-violence poem,
(domestic or international)
holocaust poem,
ecology poem,
skinhead poem,
a greed poem,
a cruelty poem,
and a tornado

if necessary.
Recently his mother died so he went back to Detroit to visit old friends & places resulting in a homage to Moms & his childhood.
He fights injustice, his ex-wife, the bottle, bullies, fools, fops, rapists, muggers, developers, spiritual misers, false poets (and how) liars, cheaters, kill-joys, sadists, military dictators, child molesters, short change artists & loud mouths.
He is Gene Ruggles.

MORNING METAPHORS

You are my space station
You are the lilacs behind
the barnyard door
You are two green pools
You are a 55 cent stamp
You are Agapantha along the
Nile

You are the Kaiser's orderly
You are a slow motion dream
You are a big yellow painting
You are a feathered mask on
San Marcos Pass
You are a Modigliani neck
You are an eagle eye
You are a newly washed car
You are Charlie Mingus driving
down Chestnut
You are a jar of pecan nuts
You are nice to an 83 year old
lady

You are a cultivated garden
You are my fountain of youth
You are a bedroom safari
You are a foolproof kiss
You are a gift of time and
coincidence
You are my lost and found
You are Emily Dickenson come
out of her room
You are a private eye searching
for a laugh
You are my Suicide Prevention
Clinic

LEW WELCH

"Lewie never really
realized
he was who he said
he was."

"He said he was a
great
poet and he was."

"He said he was a
great
teacher and he was."

"I wrote a short
story
about him in my
book
The Class of '49."

"It's called One Ball
and it's
about attention and
distraction
and that's what pool
is all
about and that's
what life is about
too."

(Don Carpenter)

RAID KILLS BUGS
DEAD!
(Lew in Chicago)

Dullsville, and the
laundry
goes flap flap flap.

Pirouetting endlessly
in front
of the mirror . . .

THE MUD AND THE STARS

Where to go,

Frank,

how to stay
under Hitler's horrific
gospel of hate-krieg,
& solemn insanity.

From the

goop

From the

ooze

From the

muck

Comes the

lotus

From the
dreck

From the
glop

From the
gunk

Comes the
lotus

From the
swamp

From the
sump

From the
slime

Comes the
lotus

So it was,
raus & schnell,
pork chops for cover,
Slimovitz for
the Gauleiter,
watching Ustachii
string barbed wire.

And you with
Mendelssohn & Pascal
in your blood,
with Benny Goodman
on BBC,
your mom's chimera
of escape
of deliverance
away & into
the leatherneck grail
of eucalyptus
& oranges.

8:july:93
(for Frank, who made it)

16:aug:96
(for Don Sherwood)

We
come
into
this
world

without shoes but sometimes we go out with our boots on.

Tin-
to-
retto
would
not

have dreamed of painting an angel with shoes. "He who has

wings
has
no
need
of

shoes." This dear angel, the worker-bee of heaven, still
more
graced
than
any
human,

never has to bother with socks & laces. Why walk when you

can
fly.
Divine
messenger
who

not even Caesar dare kill if he or she bears bad news. Clouds

can
not
hurt
your
feet.

Mothers are gods
Children are angels
Caves are homes
Sand to sleep on
Water to love

I want a multiverse

I want formulas

I want light speed

I want expansion

I want cosmic fire

I want parstellations

Frank, so what

Frank, then what

Frank, what if

I want reduction

I want condensare

I want hippity-hop

I want shaboom

I want razzamatazz

I want Jazzbo Collins

I want Rimbaud

I want razzamatazz

I want Gagarin in space

Teresa in India

Damian in Hawaii

Caruso at the orphanage

Billy Budd on deck

20june:95
(Frank Dietrich)

25june:93