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Magazine of further studies
[#17]

Will be appearing very often!!

in Buffalo!!!

here, for you

EX - - - -

your work

ALL submit

NUE

next deadline in 20 / oct

LAMENT FOR THE MAKARIS
quhen he was seik

I that in heill wes and glaidnes,
Am trublit now with gret seiknes,
And feblit with infirmitie;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Our plesance heir is all vane glory,
This fals warld is bot transitory,
The flesche is brukle, the Fend is sle;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

The stait of man dois change et vary,
Now sound, now seik, now blyth, now sary,
Now dansand mirry, now like to dee;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

No stait in erd heir standis sickir;
As with the wynd wavis the wickir,
So wavis this warldis vanite;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Onto the ded gois all Estatis,
Princis, Prelotis, and Potestatis,
Baith riche et pur of all degre;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He takis the knychtis in to feild,
Anarmit under helme et scheid;
Wictour he is at all melle;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

That strang unmercifull tyrand
Tak on the moderis breist sowkand
The bab, full of benignite;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He takis the campion in the stour,
The capitane closit in the tour,
The lady in bour full of bewte;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He spairis no lord for his piscence,
Na clerk for his intelligence;
His awfull strak may no man fle;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Art, magicianis, and astrologgis,
Rethoris, logicianis, et theologgis,
Thame helpis no conclusionis sle;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

In medycyne the most practicianis,
Lechis, surrigianis, et phisicianis,
Thame self fra ded may not supple;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

I see that makaris amang the laif
Playis heir ther pageant, syne gois to graif;
Sparit is nocht ther faculte;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes done petuously devour,
The noble Chaucer, of makaris the flouir,
The Monk of Bery, and Gower, all thre;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

The gude Syr Hew of Eglintoun,
Et eik, Heryot, et Wyntoun,
He hes tane out of this cuntre;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

That scorpioun fell hes done infek
Maister Iohne Clerk, and James Afflek,
Fra balat making et trigide;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He has Blind Hary, et Sandy Traill
Slaine with his schour of mortall haill,
Quhilk Patrik Iohnestoun mught nought fle;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes tane Roull of Aberdene,
And gentil Roull of Corstorphin;
Two bettir fallowis did no man se;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

In Dumfermelyne he has done rounne
With Maister Robert Henrisoun;
Schir Iohne the Rose enbrast hes he;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Sen he has all my brother tane,
He will naught lat me life alane,
On forse I man his nyxt pray be;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Sen for the deid remeid is non,
Best is that we for ded dispone.
Eftir our deid that lif may we;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Quod William Dunbar quhen he wes seik

BERKELEY

16/7/65

for Merry

That I can sing in the wake of his voice
call on the old goddess he called a bird
whose wings are within me

Mother of All Song
hear me
as you heard the first cries
of Hesiod
clammering for vision

It is what we see
when you are with us
others hear
& Homer says
even the leaders
may be moved to counsel
even the gods
may bend to lend an ear

Let my voice be full
for she is in sorrow
whose heart has been lost in hiding

Tender, it is
life in her light blood
takes color out of evening
reddens her eyes of
in mourning

Hearken, it is late.
Already the moon has lost her western side
rising over California
night after night
in memory of her fulness

What we have lost
we will gain on the other side
looking to the left
letting the moon
as huntress
or as dancer
come

Come red & flowing, moon
for you have bent this lady's head
down to her breast
and she is weeping

You have shown us our loss
and left the night air
dark, and unattended

Huntress
you have shot too soon

Hippolytus has gone asunder
the horse of night
stampeded
the hoofs that crush his skull
are upon my brain

a carcass
of a myth
remembered

The blood flows freely now.
The fog does not permit your red
the intellect, the dead
whiteness that surrounds your face
reflector of that laughing gas
the sun, the sun
that makes this coastline
shine as though day
were of its own magnificence

Old bitch of a moon
hold your cold laughter in
hold it at one remove from the sun

For there is one that doth need thy grace:
Hold thy face open
that she may shine in thee

** Bob Hogg

SEVEN

All our acts are
measured against
the possible
use of ourselves
as the trick might be
to fashion the
breast-plate of Aaron
not so it might seem
to be so
elaborately constructed
but just so we might know
how we're doing
before disturbing
the content of ourselves
beyond repair.

I realize that your present misfortunes
are difficult to bear, but just so you don't
fall into the trap of believing
that any one of us ever does anything
on his own, I remind you that
when the Wintu hunter loses his luck
he does not say: 'I can't kill deer anymore
but 'Deer don't want to die for me' --
which is a quite proper attitude
for a man-of-action as yourself

First sex
then speed
I'm told
is the order
of desire,
which is not
to manipulate
or even humanly
handle that energy
as though it were
an accomplishment
like the chariot
or now that
even sillier
rocket ship to Mars
but just to be there
when it occurs

The originary that is
the first is always
the most advanced
as even the daisy
was once the day's eye
and my daughter
thought her first
hail storm--
a thousand dancing
grasshoppers was it?

It took me
just six
million years
to get here
with enough
oxygen
to breathe
the sun
and now you
want me
to give it up
and go back
to that
starry night

A book of flashes
we could all use
I mean are stuck on
symbolic texts
which offer no
apparent method
like ta'wil is
a kind of
spiritual hermeneutics
to take you back
to origins
without getting involved
in all that . . .

Where's your gold?
Don't talk to me
without your gold.
If you haven't got
your gold I won't
talk to you.
Just a minute
I'll go get it.
Don't go away,
I'll be right back.
Now that I know
you're serious
we can talk.

** Jack Clarke

from Don Cherry

Sound slender, as if ringing
clear sweet song
Cymbals ring slender sounds
clear sweet songs.

"can I forget the kindness of thy nature "

cld I forget the kindness of
your nature, your smiles
and unsure whispers
share a warmth with me
by me begun / now spread
beyond all bounds of
anticipated feeling or comfort
you bloom and bloom, grow
lovely in your sleep
you pull me to you
with your arm
as I lean over the bed.

that I nor can
nor would forget

open speech blows
currents thru the words
up from sound defies
the dead hands
that grasp the throat
and drives direct gaze
to the open dust at their feet
open speech does not
reach the middle age
body comfortable
in newly aquired flesh that whitens
and behaves as an embarrassing presence
testimony to vegetable bondage of the blood
open speech is wasted on falling branches
there is no return / you must speak
to those who hear.

** Harvey Brown

Poem for Virgins

move, and the day moves
and the tree, there, lifting itself up
into the bright air also moves

not like music, no not the dance movement

almost imperceptible
a shifting, say, of feet over thousands of years
as the land comes, or goes away
as the sand moves, under the water

slowly, but very fast - how does one say

you shift, and the day moves
the flower in your hair goes
sideways, tangled in your hair

quick like the fly's wings blur
or the eye blinks
and you are changed completely

For her mother had told her
"go down to the clear water & walk in the pure stream
bathe in the clear water & wet your hair in the pure stream"

Curious she steps naked from the reeds at the stream's edge
white as the water lillies
Afraid, she slips naked from the flowers near the pure stream
a flashing silver trout
covered in clear water gown

as it hangs in air, the vision clings to the air
it movement unlike the dance

she walks there, as if under water, white in the water
flashing silver
spark of sun on the black water

His voice comes to her as the wind from a mountain speaking
of fucking. She is not willing
The bright-eyed-one's voice on the wind, talking to her
of love but she is not willing. And says

"my cunt is too small, it does not know what to do
my lips are too small to embrace"

it is a trembling in the air, a vibration
as now outside you move away and the sun goes
the wind a voice of many shapes

DEVIL'S DEN

Devil's Den lies about 5/8 mile behind High Rock

There is a path through the woods

Coming over the crest of a small hill which lies under the path

between the rock and the cave, and turning to the left

the whole thing is laid out

It is always a surprise to see it there even though you know

just the moment at which to be prepared (like the other game

seeing who would be first to spot the bridges spanning the

Cape Cod Canal each year as we went and came back from P town

It is possible to enter at the bottom, which begins as a slit

among the general tumble of rock

The main section is not big, little more than the size of an upright man

But high up an opening breaks through to the sky, and standing

with your back pressed against the right wall you can catch

the glint of sun on the granite

The passage up we called the chimney

The trick was, as we were kids then playing almost everyday

at that spot, coming down through the woods after climbing High Rock

like goats

The feat was to get up the chimney

For the first ten feet you had to brace yourself, back and feet

lying horizontally across the opening, and inch up

And then almost at the top it narrows and you had to

twist yourself around, holding onto the rock, and squeeze through

But once on top you had complete control of anyone else trying to

come up behind. Which power we exercised as children

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(& if this doesn't work
go to the Circus)

ORIGIN BLACK MT REVIEW KULCHUR FUCK YOU: A MAGAZINE OF
THE ARTS SUM TROBAR YUGEN COYOTE'S JOURNAL MEASURE
NIAGARA FRONTIER REVIEW THE FLOATING BEAR NEWSLETTER COM
BUSTION WILD DONG FOUR WINDS MATTER GOLDEN GOOSE TH
E NATION BIG TABLE EVERGREEN REVIEW PARIS REVIEW YALE LI
TERARY MAGAZINE NEW DIRECTIONS POETRY CHICAGO OPEN SPAC
E DUENDE C POEMS FROM THE FLOATING WORLD MIGRANT PR
OSPECT MOTHER MICA CHELSEA CONTACT FOOT NOMAD
TISH SEMINA SNAPPING PUSSY JOURNAL FOR THE PROTECTIONS OF ALL
BEINGS ARK I / MOBY II SIGNAL YOWL SET BUGGER NEW FOL

(& card index in the POETRY ROOM)

III PLEISTOCENE MYTHOLOGY

A BIBLIOGRAPHIC BEGINNING

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you need:

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- (2) ERE (look up the Mt. Carmel excavations)
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& then some suggestions, the procedure being always: the use of text as working exclusion (so that you don't get stuck, that is, on anything but ---
LIFE, DEATH, TIME, & ETERNITY

- | | |
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(all for the purpose of:

Poetry

history / process ----- discourse

Mythology

as THE SUBJECTIVE AS OBJECTIVE REQUIRES CORRECT PROCESSING

fall - spring - fall, J. Clarke

INCIDENT IN JOHNSON'S FIELD

1

Earth is not silent,
is in fact groan,
the breath of hot grass;
the heave up
whale hump of
 What was not there before

an island
in the stew,
the bubble of
chine

Earth
is more than you know
a womb,
a kettle over the leap -
fires of hell

The river upstream is a mouthful of ice,
and one black tooth stands out where the mountain
comes through .

The contrast is great,
for down here, over here, on our left,
the field is loosely afire -
taking with it, down upon itself,
down, first one beam, next time it's the wall,
suddenly the roof, the barn.
The whole field blooms into flame
to take the barn - from all sides
reaching slowly, the gray barn,
now in agony, in mute appeal,
now watching its shell peeled away,
comes apart. The whole field
hot for the barn, bends inward.
The weight of the barn, Johnson, nobody,
there was no way of knowing how poised or
heavy the relation was, what revenge,
there was no way of knowing
what earth felt for the barn, why
no love

Or to have the ground give way
at your feet
and you gaping, your toes gaping, gripping
the very fine
fine edge of

Virgin Wood

Carved a
canoe
out of
her legs
stiff to-
gether,
and in
smoothing
struck the
bowsprit.
She gave
a moan
and
sailed.

Offering Poem

I am fruit for you.
I am globular and delicious.
I am angular, the palpable
lady said, flexing her jaws,
and tart.

CEMETERY POEM

I would plant honeysuckle
so her soul would breathe out at me

1

souls everywhere souls,
and the concentration of
the intolerant angel
of death

2

They played hooky that day and were coming
up the hill in the cemetery. They smelled
smoke, and holding their noses, ran. They
saw a man burning leaves on the other side.

3

She led us up the slope
and past the crematorium.
Trees stirred over my
head, souls swayed.

It was only after I smelled
strong smoke that
I was afraid
that I was breathing in
more than
I would ever
let out

4

I told her to stop picking flowers.

(And the roots sunk in stink
and the sourness of the soil.

But she was too much alive, too much about it.
She said, herself floating, cemeteries are
for picking flowers.

With that innocence.
And the flowers
heavier than air in her hands.

5

They do too
smell, they
smell of the
fields...

(That's not
the fields you smell
kiddo.

6

Or my brother in his turn,
asking, knowing full well
the burden of such a proposition, if
you can picnic here?

(with that which I feared,
like ants, in the crust
of the bread? But he
was too much for me -
just think, he said,
you'd be several souls stronger!)

Oh my
prophetic
brother.

7

One of the graves read
Go-Non-Da-Gie or,
Destroy-Town

and later in the grass
the black ant crawling on me
like no other
living thing

the sound of its feet

(each foot)

crawling, as my skin
does, as the souls
in the cells
of my lungs

* * *

9 . 25 . 65

The god of the
mountain stepped off
the mountain one
step and he became
rain and fell
upon his mother.

** George Butterick

I Make Out Henry Moore

It is a plant, it is a coke plant, it is
a mulberry bush growing by the road
to the showers. The stream is black but
it flows, and a man said cows
used to eat here.

On a beautiful new clothesline so
one hardly knows how to untie it, how
they ever get it tied like that, are three red
lightbulbs, strung in the night, to keep
people from falling in the trench.

Some of the ones who dug
were brought up by the company from
the South, thirty years ago -- housed in those
grimy developments on the edge of the plant that
social progress since has torn down.
They've been here ever since. "Before I got this job
I was a slave." Now you are free.
The thing is you know you are free. Your son
will maybe be a dentist, the other one, you don't
know what's wrong with him, all he wants
to do is chase ass -- I ask about him
but you don't want to talk about him, you
tell me about your son who's going
to become a dentist, and once, back in fifty one, or
when was it, when you were a truckdriver, you
jackknifed on the Pennsylvania turnpike and six people
were killed in the pileup. It was real bad weather, snowing.
So you took this job
because you didn't want to do that anymore.

In the winter everyone wants to be on top the ovens.
In the summer, no one. So I get put here
and the air is shimmering through
which I make
Henry Moore out,
driving the truck around the yard.

The Commotion

To every woman he sees he
says Where will you be
in six months and they're
always there, atop
pyramids, in the
jungle, by the Eiffel
Tower, sitting
on a mountain, they are
everywhere.

I was bound for that
high place, it was
the nearest thing to heaven, you
were there, I was
running across the street.

7. 25. 65

** Stephen Rodefer

JAZZ CLARKE POEM

o ye sleek nymphs of water, epicenes and sweets
indugers driving strongly inward
hear the pieces rule
in the passage of Numa
and Egeria beside the pool
here is the tune
to force the sense
the coin current
or no longer flowing
the scent of mint
in the nymphs' menses
closer to love
to have drunk of it
that fount and spring
numismatic their twists
and turns all but sing
mozart in the mouth of no teeth
o cunt of the nematodes
ye play so well
entirely we emerge
but cut it cut
it cutit
nymphic dithyramps
noise
what is this noise?
this chorus of dance?
violence that moves me
against the pittering circle
of the drunken dancers?
mine mine the god
the song the celebration
singing of the feats of the god
who runs the hill-ridges
rapt by the nymphs and naiads
like a swan of bright wing
forever the color
to blast with the throat
held tight like salmon
up the stream
the mellow song called queen
of Pieris, fount of the muses
and let dance the flute
servant of revels, fit for the files
of soldiers marching
beat the man with the voice of the toad
burn the man with the drilled body, the spittle-wasting pipe
heavy wordy the slow discordant dance
see see
here I fling my right hand
there I fling my left

Thyriamb three steps Dithyramb four
king of the ivy prince of the world
list to my Dorian dance
how stuff answer to stroph
no less/greater, one
to begin when another
ends , dies , stops
cling kiss
sting thyrs
break the man
break him down
that is the way
the pieces rule
that is god
without end
that is the scene
make it
make
the scene, stay
up a step
scene ahead
make it the
scene stay
a step
and glow,
dust,
and burn
that the city be safe
and burn, that she be
while and sing the choruses
voice of pleasure
instruction's own
own, edite Musa
you are the object
and the end
you are the music
while it lasts
music that calls me
back to you but briefly
prince, princesses of this world
toads
hematodes
ti ti ltinx
corak the congress
passion of the gelid nymph
mate of Numa, conjunct
beside the pool
camp of Jewry
fix romana
is that why the devil
speaks all tongues ?

o music has her spells
but I have found the words
lucy meles well
melts she an and on
the muscles on the bone
nearly well on nerves
spelling melos
fasching dingthing
on & on
laying the zeus of plains
upon himself
and that no complexity
unhand that god
surrender re-cant
campester cease
day iskatabaites
shit eater though thou be
moses is the myth of destruction
what is chosen will be discarded
prolific as you are, unending ever
release, let go, him, that god, is

the foot that beats
listens to itself
&sings in the tunetime
as inventive of sound
as the body of speech
here farts here farts
they are of the muse as well
carrots and asparagus
gas and frig us
the law is melody
collate of custom
folkright portion of men
but the dollar is ours
green as nature's turf
but so o thinner drier
I will live in the law
and sing it, it is mine
self law I calls it
anarchy in books
o mythomouths of Sin ai
polysemes of Pli mouth

the klansman's hat
sheathes him in black
as he makes his last camp
in Deadwood dead wood town
makes his play and dies
but, nymphs, receive his soul
into the water of Menses

and drink in his blood and joints
o sweet scarved epicenes
sequestered brides
that love the villain god
who is not dead
in Egeria's pond, womb of nomomatter
wash his body as though
he were the cowland's poet
dead long ago
in your springs build high his grave
sprinkle on the goats' milk
mix with honey and white milk
that is the message of the muses nin
for the man who tasted of libadown
and did not go mad, remains in the deed
true it is in kind and number
as loving well the kind of man
kinder of liebe, font of nymphy
flowing double through the triple number
whose flowing moon brings to boil, froth
& lo! sea
pussy in her
laps the cream

** Charles Doria

youve lost that lovin' feeling

- - - the Righteous Brothers

white, white, the colour calls
the tune -- we both know
 (symbol of decay, a
 death's head drives us
 to lie roasting in the sun
deny blank admonitions,
 fingers slapped dont,
 dirty, dirty - - -

do it baby ! shake
that thing, right here, and
I'll go any way
you want

so dumb flesh
screams, shouts, mumbles, moaning
stumbles into song --
 some power fills us,
hour of the night
 (no questions)
hour of the last chance, lets grab hold of
 anything we can -- sun, moon
 the rhythms of the sea
 we both
 half stand in

(music of a people
half submerged
in pasty fragments
of our dying own.

tv program concerning the amazon basin

the commentator says
"of course these indians are hopelessly
addicted", just the slightest
envy in his voice before the obvious

grace; their ritual
impassive, pounding powder
in a sack-with-long-tube made
for such a purpose

round the circle
pouring each one's
portion is
a dance
(oh flutes and drums !

we twitch,
his words; squirm by
(attended - - - -

slip back into
semi-darkness; dreams walk
ghosts among the dancers.

** Dave Cull

from MOUNTAIN

fucking brown the fall airs O

the late August rain turns snow

dirt is hard around the rocks the leaves are warm

around those rocks the snow is warm the dirt is cold

BENT BENT

the beat my self my heart's

BENT BENT

Bear system Fur quivering at the tree's base
not even a growl

the gut flowing in cloud

the vaporous red dream the horse's cock
by the field the river mud

erect to mount the mare

beating

FUR FUR

in the valleys the hot afternoon

the animals screwing

all their mountains

Fur Fur

** Fred Wah

Lost in the Stars

Whirl down through the caverns of space,
let heavenly music play in your ears,
the evening sun shine.

Light up the moon,
Let no interference from static cone
 rumble in your belly
 the dreams you inhabit.

Make myths out of the past, now
 where the pain is,
forget the past blows
 and be one of them; gods
that travel through space.
Beget gods in your heart.

 Keep covenant with faith
and hold true to the things
 of the past,

 where the pain is, also.

2. ?

Keep truth with gods of the past,
 Keep clear of them,
continue on your way, the present
 and make way, be one
 of them
gods of the present, as darkness falls.
 Vibes play on the harpsicords
of the time, present thoughts.

3 ?

Play, be one of them
 and forget the hunger in your soul, stomach

 if you can, in the hollow spaces
of your skin. There resides the feast
you nourish on, fed by blood

 you have no knowledge of,

Aaiee! this hunger beats so well
 like a fountain of blood
that has no food to feed upon,

 it falls, and flows to them

where they wait, patient in the firmament.

Forget the poverty of the times.

Forget the noise, and clatter,

the loss of love, and friendship ---

continues

Where you wait on, alone.

Empty of platter,
waiting for the waiter,
walk on to the grove where the gods dance,

munching on laurel,
and mad with desire

to fill your spheres and limbs

with music.

Oh, gods!

Can this be? that I feed on music
and know no other want.

Fill me with music, so my limbs be loose

ἄστυεργος

and I drink with ease

the spring where Phryne dwells.

An original image, given me by men

who are gods and heroes,

τῶν ἀστυεργῶν, the poets

who know these things,
and speak them out
in their godhead and want.

Oh, god! give me them.

Make me one of them
Make me a god

and deliver one of them to my door,

so that I may dwell with them

and be alone,

in my god.

April 21, 1965

To The Rain

Put your hat on, Mary
And your little brown scarf.

Brother

on The Ace of Pentacles

I don't think that book's good enough.

When you lie in a pit at the bottom of the sea,
you sacrifice anything for dry land.

And that's what I did.

"Never explain, never deny, say nothing and
become a legend "

Jeanne Eigel says
in her legend that has become a life.

But I knew better
who floated in that realm of currents
to wash up, as driftwood
on any vacant shore.

Yes, I have been there, and would go there again
if it were not for you,

my lover, who resides in that book of poems,
Ace of Pentacles, pente

for woe.

** John Wieners

Placemats

A little bit of spit
comes in handy
but I wish he'd get off it
for awhile --
it's enough to freeze anybody.

Conservation lost
when dogs of the present
won't even throw anything back
(he sings) --
Love is something
when you give it away
give it away...

At Samothrace were found
fragments of a cold shoulder
along-side remains of
an open-mouthed vessel
which once had held the
tears of youth in its
bright orange clay.

They came in shining crafts
to spin us into gold
but could not budge
our fondness for
hard metal pressed close
to the bone

I am honest
and tough.

I know things about you
that you don't know.
How do you know?
Radar, radar!

They found the mammoth meat
under the cold Siberian ground
hard and red and said it had
the 'taste of eternity.'

What planet are you from?
Earth. Yes, the children of Adam,
but do you know the reborn?
Who are they? People from
other planets. Oh, I know one.

I don't work the end of the world
like that woman in Kentucky
(who left her daughter
before her clothes were dry).

So that what
we thought we might
become
we most feared
we had
become.

It's about time to bridge
the perils of delivery;
if it's a voice that's wanting
it's not because the deep truth is
imageless, but because there ain't any.

We all knew his son
Lewis was a bitch -- he pitched
a ball that never fell
and longed for grass
eternally.

Don't go to Valley Forge,
stay here with us
and forge ahead on your own.

Mr. G.N.A. (Newman)
wanted to be a Gnostic
but he got caught
in a pool of mud
and moved the earth instead.

One side order of Lobster
for a growing woman.

Self-induced hop-heads
is what we need ---
would you support that?

He'll never make an editor
because he doesn't know
that the next mail may
bring in a masterpiece.

To hear all that shoutin'
and singin' is enough to
bring down any house
or head of state up tight.

I was a knitting tree
who ate apples
and spread the red
about me.

Private: Carol thought she
belonged to the ranks of men,
so she lost her womanhood
and became a cry-baby instead.
Now you couldn't scratch
a bitch out of her.

** Jack Clarke

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