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ACTION  
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The title for the magazine, which was hatched late Friday  
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DEL MIO CID

had a friend who was dying in his prime, managing the thing well, he who had always been criminal irresponsible a true villionard learned drunk content wharf-rat at home in the bohemian slum took a job at an upcountry university so as - i guess - to provide an environment for his last years that would be supportive to him, to his young wife, to their infant child. in those final months he had 'all he had ever wanted', the shelves stocked with fancy liquor food tobacco books. those who loved him cared for him & for those he loved, & who needed their care. which was neither obtrusive nor scanted.

& he cheered his friends who came across the land to say goodby with many a curious & revealing anecdote about his new experience. a poet's task is attention after all, tho one skirted the subject for its overwhelming presence which would pull his eyes from yours intermittently t stare into that

he told me this, that the only thing that enabled him to feel alive/in touch was an enema, that he didnt shit from week to week, that a week ago his wife had given him a GREAT enema, that she carried him into the bathroom, that she had placed him in the bathtub, that she had shoved the head of the enema tube up his ass, way up his ass, that she had raised the enema bag filled with real hot water real high, higher he cried, she raised higher, higher, more pressure, that she had kept it up as long as he could stand it, that she it had pulled it out & carried him to the bowl & set him on it, that it had all come out with a great GLUSH, that it had felt like inside...it had felt like...a feather...no...like...a...few pieces...of dried grass floating... floating...down...thru a great space...thats what it had felt like... inside...of him

THINGS THAT WERE IMPORTANT

1968

the semi slows down changes  
 gear deserted saturday  
 midnight springer new mexico things  
 that were important 15 years ago  
 are no longer important what  
 did president de gaulle say the mudmen  
 are attack  
 ing the  
 mud  
 men  
 are

and  
 tack  
 ing

their blows have no sting children  
 burn modern

times many things  
 which were important  
 are no longer john  
 wayne says

i wont  
 i wont  
 the hell  
 i wont

the hell  
 i wont

Tuesday 1/10

All appointments  
Changed to Thursday

1/12 - Sorry, my  
only pair of reading  
glasses broken.

SA

## LADY ENTERTAINS AN OLD FLAME

5-3-83

I'd like to watch them on a magic screen. hours and hours. if tired I would look away for a second, then look right back. Why am I so filled with attention? is it this girl has the strength of her own dynamics? is it that she depends on something that will go away? nine times faster than life? I used to be wise. that was a pleasure. my hopes for old age are words, birds, strength and a waterfall of women. meaning one woman. strong enough to let me wash, weak enough to help me. not to know is like not sailing, for a sailboat. how tired will she be in the next two weeks? how will I manage? let me count the ways. necessity plus, my fine eternal gleam. cut hispanic sausage for tomorrow's school lunch. as darkness falls, the moon shines tonight on pretty redwing, echoes through ludlow. everybody's getting old. 36 years ago my father and I. walked into the middle of a herd of bighorn sheep. on top of a high rock. sensibility turns to sand. orange M&M, gobble gobble. nothing I've talked about is true. as the frightful wind that is blue. game of solitaire, check the score. like which way the crow flies from a cottonwood tree. cottonwoods are mid-range. I know them as well as I know my mother. soft animal equation. the politics here. is like an empty cloud of fright, dragged on the sidewalk. a mediocre score of six. broken mirror. quiet farmer. must I be so obsessed. now. yes. beans. indubitable quidnunc. a flood of epistemology. history gleams weakly through the lemonade. with you, high is what. intensely grounded. you never let crazy nature catch hold. the right kind of man is already set up wrong. the no-good toaster sparkles right now. decisions! don't get brown guinness beer. it sucks. me into mammoth cave. owl with glasses slaughters mouse. keen negative sight leaves us high and dry. the desert unfolds. old times taste good. ya me voy. thin yellow muscle waves over the valley. able to hurt within a structure. dark brown spills over my belly and skinny legs. fat belly. no secrets in new york. jimmy the ocean says. get a chef's salad with child. listen to the blue herons grow. my cock is like an old icebox bulb. minor adventure curls up like burned wool. insistence tosses mind in the warm pool. I'll live. one blue-yellow May morning I'll open my eyes to a bright woodpecker. how's ted? how's gerard? how's barbara the ghost? how's sierra's young heart? only known are certain whisks. is now the flame? five-pointed star. hundred-yard-dash record broken. every twenty minutes. tin woodman's blurry snapshots. epic food falls apart on dish. reread great early poem. out-of-date, must say good-bye. my gentle early years have left me in the lurch. thin skin on a skull, so be nice. french toast (one of my jokes). what are those folks. doing. light brown coyote spit. cactus jack. basketball coffee table. trouble imagining what might satisfy. prince henry the navigator probing, probing with the "light." sanity in a letter from a friend. cool raw peas midnight salt creek woods. laughter. language. nests of hawks. your crush on blank. is closed between us two. whiteout. single switch motel. some

women. give smiles. if they think about corn. if I think about Ilium, I turn to William, The Lesser Snakeshit. available from C.C. Ryder's semi-Spring sale! what is my life? but an argument with strife? itself. wearing the punctured label of aint hood. sensitive poet creams Romans. Dorn hates this shit. guinness number two. smoking like a fiend. "row like a fiend" said my friend Louis, I remember, age 12 on Delvan Lake. aardvark silver. son, you can't trust the elephant. weak moment. charlie's stupid paintings. slowly suck you in. over the moons. isshedidshewillshe? crazyfuckingscarecrow, drinkyourstupidgin. life is just a bowl of flashing swords and beautiful oatmeal. I never drank. much. orange juice in Queens. motorcycles outfuckingside now. don't fret about the floor you stand and shave upon. I accept that I'm crazy, but it occurs that I'm normal too. excuse me, Mrs. First Lady for exposing myself on top of Long's Peak drunkenly, last Friday afternoon. O Grinning, Cross-eyed Lamb, what did you want? I think it so. that all. is clear. to grind out the heart's graph of his nightmare rainbow. may sentiment be subtle. cribbage cracks walls, my fancy like a rotten cabbage. romantic steel rises in my throat. pretty soon sleepy, I would think. baseball recollections fog the bone. shall she fly like a lovely emu? bloohaa! you can't depend on this alone. I sit here like some crazy captain with nobody but the icebox to follow anything. rhythm. but the River Platte. slowly letting the sandhill cranes fuck the yellow winter leavings. last beer, 11:10, beige disappointment. do I picture ice cream's flavor blowing up a Christmas tree? don't lie. Greenwich Village is made of wood. book of Chief Pokagon. lettuce leaf. climb up and eat fruit, certainly. foxfire. tumbles. like ideas. I am jealous like a motor made of air. O rooster-crow and lie, and maybe it'll work. not knowing quite how perfect the yellow is. the crowd sings, and that is that. too bad I'm an onion. knock on any door. good-looking, death, dwarf. two and two make four and I love you. rather drunk, primitive, ready for one ceremony. sleep. would be sufficient. driving up the side road. cheap rye bread. as always, jack.

what's here

9-3-83

yawn, blue fan, street hum, Alison, yellow paper, TV  
picture, grapefruit juice, lamp, James the cat, phone  
books, mirror, white lamp, rock guitar, pink toenails,  
she writes "your habits," hours, ceiling nipple, gold  
chain, red nightdress, dresser, Jackson Mac Low poster, radio,  
clock, water, ashtray, white "egg," cigarettes, go piss,



orange towel, pepperbiscuit, boyscout, dirty sheet,  
Merit, yellow paper towel, telephone, telephone  
answering device, white paint, papers,  
paperbacks, crustomints, closets, "made in Italy,"  
Manx cat, white feet, wood floor, cards for  
spite & malice, hand on pussy, metal lamp,  
year-old note to Downey or Danny, TV Bruce Jenner face, Sunday  
paper, Times, News, Garcia Lorca, Joanne's peeled  
painting, Bonzo the dead flower, white curtains,  
too much air conditioner, pot, teddy bear,  
Café Caribe can of whiteout & pens & scissors, stapler,  
staples, keys, electric Smith-Corona, wicker  
wastebasket, Queen Helene Cholesterol  
Hair Conditioning Cream, brown legs, Don't  
Forget to Write, Cutex, leather bags, lubricating jelly,  
window gate, fate, into, the, you, this, through,  
back, heart, cunt, cock, crumpled empty matchbook,  
lady's clothes, blue jeans on door, blonde singer,  
bellybuttons, brown curly hair, brown curly hair,  
mouths, brown eyes, blue eyes, two brown chairs,  
posters, pipe, twenty fingers, blood, glasses, meat,  
thought, archaeology, radiator, coke, smoke, wonderful  
orange skirt, star tattoo, you, four ears, hair on belly,  
skin graft, golden ring, livers and brains, pubic  
hair, peace, no talk, 2:30 in the morn, aerial slant,  
Greenwich Village, sky, white whiskers, love, shoes, kneecap, perfume

HE SIGHED, LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW  
 yeah, another week & it's official.  
 her mother was something else; she'd let us  
 take her car, no gas in it,  
 & then after I'd filled it up, make up some excuse  
 how she needed it. & her old man,  
 he had the back room set up as a barber shop  
 & when he'd cut hair  
 the old lady'd be there two minutes after a customer left  
 with her hand out.  
 they'd go picking in the summer,  
 the rest of the time they were on welfare.  
 I liked the old man, & the kid, well, I taught him something -  
 see, he'd come home with ten dollars, some odd job he did,  
 & right away the old lady would hit him up for eight -  
 so I says, look, put five in each pocket  
 & when she comes looking for your money, show her a five -  
 that way she'll only get three.  
 O here, that's my bus coming. my damn fool brother  
 never did get out of bed, so he'll miss it for sure.

Oct 83

NOTHING BUT OUR BODIES AT LAST

yellow chrysanthemums frozen in the snow,

delicate petals encased in ice -

I dreamed -

the lakes in summer, the timeless holiday,

acres of cattails swallowing up tributaries,

oak & willow  
naked roots extending clear into the water,  
children shouting & splashing near shore,  
infernal speed-boats, thrill-seeking skiers,  
wakes battering the banks,  
I canoed away from all that to find solitude  
where the heron stood stock-still.  
the snow's falling now, sheets of it raging  
across fields, plastering the west sides of tree trunks white -  
the lines of cars slow to a halt,  
headlights in the furious swirls...  
& the ambulance, red lights flashing, picks its way  
down the center lane amid the stalled procession.  
we stood on the mountain,  
observed Denver in the distance, thru the haze,  
& eastward half of Colorado  
laid out as if we were flying. we breathed that rare air,  
seated on the bleached-out granite,  
the dog bounding up & down among the cairns  
as if to call us away to more important things.  
a rainstorm fought its way to the summit of a nearby peak,  
then slid back down: we'd have to move soon.  
I woke, among friends, to a cabin, the stove lit,  
one lantern & thru a window  
the silver moonlight in the trees -

we ran naked thru woods & neighborhoods, across highways  
laughing in the dark, secretly, among thousands of sleepers,  
in nothing but our bodies at last.

Dec 83

Peter N. Crescent

Imagine Mickey Mouse

Crucified at a quarter to three

Dies smiling

Time and time again.

Walt Franklin  
1918

### THE ORIGIN OF THE HOE AS MACHINE GUN OF THE GARDEN (1918)

A long time ago, the garden hoe was looked upon as an object for jest and pity. Then a change occurred. Bigger wars had forced Democracy to take another look. Democracy begged for hoes! Like drops of water tumbling their contribution through Niagara Falls, the use of hoes became a nation's groundwork.

The handler of the hoe became a soldier of the soil, humming "Keep the Home Sods Turning" while his children worked and benefitted from the exercise, while obelisks of industry puffed in background to the rhythmic shouts of "Sow the Seeds of Victory!" from the War Garden Commission.

Garden furrows grew the ammunition-- food to follow the flag. One could almost see the brilliant squadrons marching overseas-- the beets, the carrots, the corn and onions, off to make the world a safer place for Democracy to live.

KEUKA LAKE

18111111

First day of spring

On a Finger Lake  
Where the Great Spirit of Iroquois

Once laid his hand on Earth

Finger Lakes

The holy handprint over which

A closed hand yet contains us

Opening slowly to the light

Untitled

My father rotted to death last year.  
Last year, my father rotted to death.

How do you tell somebody that your father rotted to death?  
Usually, you say "Advanced diabetes."

Or you say, "He was diabetic, and didn't take care  
of himself.",

Or you say, "He was diabetic, and you know  
what happens...".

Or you say, "He was depressed as hell  
and really didn't give a fuck  
what happened  
about himself  
so he rotted  
to death".

But you don't say that very loudly.

How can you let yourself rot to death?  
Maybe they should have shown him pictures  
Of rotting to death  
Like they do of drunk driving accidents  
To young driving students.  
Maybe then he would have cared enough  
To keep from rotting to death.  
Cared enough  
To keep his family from rotting along with him.  
Maybe.

What do you do when your father rots to death/  
You watch.

You shut down so you can watch.

You say, maybe if they cut this and this,  
maybe he'll be ok.

maybe we can get a fake  
this and this,  
and he'll be ok.

maybe we can get a that.  
And he'll be ok.

You say, "Maybe he wants to be dead,  
so let's leave him alone".

But you don't say that very loudly.  
You shut down so you can watch him rot to death,  
and not fall to pieces.

What's it like when your father rots to death?  
I'll tell you.

It's the scariest thing in the world.  
It's just the scariest thing in the world.

\*\*\* \*\*

1940

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plymouth & broad  
the-hotelrochester

gulfgas, life-magazine

riots in detroit, could that happen-here?

my beautiful-cousin, my wonderful-brother

\*\*\* \*\*

once had a'girl

her-name was-liz

i had-her, if i don't have another

she was good-lookin'

&sweet as could-be

i-was always glad to love-her

she-called me-curly

or-sunny as the case may-be

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10/5/83



\*\*\* \*\*\* \*\*\*

i-cant

\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*

\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*

do-my job

on a'stuffed

upnose

\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\* \*\*\* \*\*\*

SECRET

What I like most about this job is the chance to work with people from all over the world. I have met some of the best people in the world of literature, and I have learned a great deal from them.

storekeepers

I have met some of the best people in the world of literature, and I have learned a great deal from them. I have met some of the best people in the world of literature, and I have learned a great deal from them.

can-be

I have met some of the best people in the world of literature, and I have learned a great deal from them. I have met some of the best people in the world of literature, and I have learned a great deal from them.

an-oddlot

I have met some of the best people in the world of literature, and I have learned a great deal from them. I have met some of the best people in the world of literature, and I have learned a great deal from them.

I have met some of the best people in the world of literature, and I have learned a great deal from them. I have met some of the best people in the world of literature, and I have learned a great deal from them.

I have met some of the best people in the world of literature, and I have learned a great deal from them. I have met some of the best people in the world of literature, and I have learned a great deal from them.

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ORANGE TRAGEDY

What I like most about this job is its almost Victorian language  
of flowers & cultured-marble baths, incidental whimsical asides.  
In the shadow of Canterbury Cathedral, the Sun Hotel:

CHARLES DICKENS SLEPT HERE.

A plethora of girls called Carrie, once, their name pins going  
cheap in curios shops. A vindictive queen spends the better  
part of Saturday taking apart an ache. Road full of stained leaves  
& pumpkin squash, laughter echoes down dilapidated steps inside  
a broken head, "Penny for the guy?" Give me something sweet to put  
under my tongue before nonchalance gets too wearing.  
In blue-eyed Willa's waves of grain I detect a spiritual home.  
Yours is affixed to the wall in the customary manner, the First  
National's complimentary calendar covered bridge & dream plot  
shrunk to the size of a possible New England catching afternoon  
sun,  
and you among the Romes, 19 picked bushels & the pagan holiday begun.  
Don't mention snow, here comes the Shakespeare lady. You  
can tell how many shopping days until Christmas by the brunt  
of her speech, long black coat & nothing on underneath, they're  
seeding clouds for Thanksgiving.  
For you who never need to work, the bandshell's music rides up Broadwa  
filling with evanescent notes your Beethovenish head & hair.  
I'll read that book wishing landslide beauty could be conserved by  
the act of memorization while the man inside bends a rose &  
continues eating his dinner.  
You're probably wondering why we asked you here today. Upon arrival  
in London, Jaymee & the two American ladies went directly  
to a King's Road bistro, 'Guys & Dolls', where they lunched  
on black forest gateaux.  
As if hearing of the Spirits' approximated return, an Iowa farmer  
in Sunday clothes installs a bookshop in this valley of  
transformation & notes a purple prose being read aloud behind  
each little light that punctuates the seam where mountain  
meets sky, like childhood's crusty breakfast hand opening the  
last door on a West German advent calendar's international star.  
The rainbow designates her used-to-be, the come-all-ye's stalwart  
focal point, my love never sleeps. You held her shape a weeping  
willow to cement our prospects, perishing camellia worn for all  
blue diseases, yes, these little odysseys directed toward the  
pistil like that apparition of Kathy, acquiring mandatory blonde  
attendance.  
The right one is a kind of ray I fain would give (dissolution of  
pain), her image in the street's splintered glass, verifiable  
as the Virgin Mary reflected upside down in an Arkansas fender.  
Tamed by the world, sleep is her pearl, all known drugs could not  
forestall. This cause of nightmares, a rolled-up sleeve, as if  
thinking in Japanese were the cure.  
Enlarging on messages of love & private lives of troubadours, your  
subconscious spins a vignette wherein your lover dines on roast  
peacock fed with opium, a rich man's shepherd's purse.

Building subdivisions of group ecstasy (we call it 'talking shop'),  
the spirit introduced & framed by the World card, farthings  
toward impeccable pronunciations my lips won't do. Thunderous Oedipus  
explained the enigma.

That which necessitates ornamentation knows our jigsaw earth &  
immutable Flatirons,

"You could trigger an avalanche if you tried," a misfit decoupage spie  
whose psalm, indeed, betrays a weakness for a rose, a fonder  
crucible, whose credo represents that flower's elimination if  
only in an attempt not to see red but it doubles back on itself  
haunting more than lapels.

Well, that's show biz or "What does a viewer's physiology have  
specifically to do with the release of endorphins during the  
denouement of a foreign film?"

Our angel descends on light heels & mars fortune, laughing, makes that  
early blue crevice something of a reprieve. It's the Mysterious  
Unknown got up as any one of those crowned heads of Europe,  
whose nameless affliction comes under fire as the original masqu  
of the red death.

Dementia, though temporal, lacks the equilibrium found in upper rooms  
where the well-groomed bite the apple Magritte-style, clouds  
taken for sheep outside the Hotel Britannia. "You'll never find  
a job looking like that," sneers Mrs. Melville toward the bright  
evidence of velvet. "Not in this country!"

There is the idea of a couch for the poet to sit on. Sleep is a rose,  
as the Persians say. It is shaped like a conch shell & reserved  
early in the day. Some come prepared, fists full of poppies.  
Others cloak their grievances in stone, muttering singularly  
private things to themselves, "O Lord, I've trusted in thee.  
Let me never be confounded."

This is your answer to a warm fireplace, resting place of James Madiso  
& Andrew Jackson, there is no grace.

There are more poets born in October than in any other month. A night-  
smell of melting wax befits a tam o'shanter. He says, "Town  
leaved with October blood, my elegant manner of dressing conceal  
my serious side." Crowds reek fish & ale & reel a chorus of  
'Danny Boy' all the way to the urinal.

It's another world, mine, devoid of coal smoke. My girl observes a jet  
or a moving star. Take courage. She wouldn't hesitate to reduce  
me to an armless Venus. Dear Decision Maker: You are in the  
legendary cat-bird seat.

Fifth stop: Reims. Where, centuries ago, the blind Benedictine monk  
Dom Perignon "discovered" the champagne process. ("Come quickly,  
he called to his brothers, "I am tasting stars!")

At the unacknowledged center of that night lives a woman who formally  
dispenses advice. She intervenes where love lies bleeding &  
solves the problem of impermanence. Her brochures outline the  
soul's lamination & protection through identification with an  
animal. Sign your correspondence with the letters A.O., she  
stresses, & leave your profile upon the earth.

Your anatomy is a source of constant consternation for us, girl.  
I think England the highest hymns, a bucket of Greek sun would  
drown. But this day's a replica of one when you stood for  
the aspidistra, watching herons walk like women poets,  
sounding as if you'd swallowed a dictionary with cut-glass  
accent & father's trilby.

Repetitive imaging, we can't do it without roses, public death,  
indispensable blue. Founded on an acoustic phenomenon, these  
cursed workers straining to wrest freedom for their gestures,  
& was she there, over-life size on silvered paper. Anything  
referred to in poetry is bound to disappear.

Have we met before? Intimations of painterliness in a meaningless  
movie frame transformed by a mysterious event. "I'm Dreaming  
Of A White...." Crosby hovers self-absorbed, a man spiritualized  
in an alcove at once familiar & dream-like though impersonal as  
Warhol's Marilyns. "He listened carefully, then did the opposite  
of what he'd been taught, & it worked."

from Biddle To Head Ganet Mop Up

It is a clean city. As you enter along route 490W, say (you have been riding through hills over the strangely fresh asphalt, passing athletic domes in a field surrounded by farms (apparently tennis or racquetball courts), since the country club types do love the country), cut into the wedge-holes of blown out rock on top of which the stand of pines stop, waiting, it seems to you, for the road to break up laughing. And bridges; yes, you pass bridges which are orange-girdered underneath); as you enter the city along federal route systems which twist through the seeming heartland with a capillarity which defies gravity; roads, as you enter and turn down into the slices of limestone, reading the geological calendar, you are suddenly confronted with the demand to change lanes.

We call it the can of worms. If you do not change lanes you will be directed into Brighton and might never find the city; you might become a permanent nomad taking what is now 590 all the way south to Canadaigua where there is a nice retreat house. Similarly, those who are in the lane you want to get in must get in the lane you are in if they want to go all the way south to Canadaigua where there is a nice retreat house. Authority has risen from road signs in even the most anarchic (stop). What we say about this thing is: Luther never lost weight because they hadn't invented the opener yet.

You take your lane. You have always gone along with an authority if it is telling you what you want to do. And you trust that these people are used to outsiders. You change the lane as easily as a channel.

The sirens' warbled doppler effect as the crook runs a red light. Woman beside him frightened. Her bangs of red she turns to speak and a tense look before an inhalation.

"Do you really think you can do it?"

"Of course," you tell your wife, knowing she is not the captive you wish she were but will not tell your friends. It's becoming an unforgivable thought. Is that why you have dismissed her attempt at conversation with a phrase? Conjunction noun. She gave you the chance to expound on matters of high seriousness and you chose to make a possible weapon: that she might she might have doubted your ability as the potential head of the mop-up crew at Ganet Nuclear Reactor.

And the bridges are now green-girdered, bounded by a matrix of smaller girders. Is there a simile for that? You might say a web, but no; for now it is your desire to determine whether matrix is metaphorical, and does it have some verisimilitude with the world outside of itself. It is a question whose ponderousness is not shared with the tailgater. He thinks you are going too slow. He will not change lanes, though there is plenty of room. How do you like that, you think. I come to this city to clean up their reactor and all I get is grief. I'll change.

"Tailgaters!" you say to Eileen.

"Why don't they just change lanes themselves?"

"I guess they're used to things being done for them. I blame that on television. They have such a limited literal notion of creativity they don't even know how to change lanes. Why, they think that pac-man is exciting (that guy who gobbles little dots while being chased by cannibals, but when you eat a big dot you get to eat the cannibals who have turned blue. And there's cherries and grapes and oranges before you get to see the cannibal do a strip tease). They've lost the center, which is the self," you are still speaking, "from which, and of course for which, anything you expect of yourself or others or the world must first be generated.

"Data is the result of observation, which is an act, and although the act disrupts the system, our reason has this peculiarity: that it is able to observe its observation and then to distinguish it from the observed so that you can get a proximity, at least, of what might have been had you not been participating in it."

You look at your wife to see if she has been paying attention. She has not. You do not believe she meant to be caught letting her mind wander, but now that you have the evidence, you believe she is holding out on the possibility of repetition; the possibility that you might forgive her, and now she is holding out for silence, only pretending that something you said angered her.

You take the silence. You demand silently that even the silence be yours, knowing that is silly, even childish. Better to wonder how the space beyond whatever limits you specify can be possessed and retained as if in the hand. What will not

change is the lane which you can never drive down twice. What would Heraklitus have said to the face of the man on the billboard lighting up his Winston in the shadow of his cowboy hat? With his head thus tilted he should singe his moustache, still it does make people want to light up, too; even you. You wonder if you do wouldn't Eileen think I was doing it in reaction to her reaction. You do anyway, only fifty feet out of the can of worms (as I said we call it), approaching a bridge which is not wide enough for cars making a shallow arc over the highway where children in slickers are crossing between Park Ave. and Cobbs Hill Park. In that instant when you form a fermata (you are the dot), you remember your own childhood and worry about a stone

that might chip your paint-job from the walkway. It never strikes. Quick. He's stopping. Phillip running but you are too scared or maybe you do not understand or maybe you know that you have done something wrong and, caught, you have found that crying . . .

"Their attention span, too," Eileen says, "that's why I think children should watch movies instead. I always liked movies when I was a kid, but maybe it's because they were on late and I could only watch them when the babysitter was there, but I couldn't tell."

The roadsign gives the route number, 490W, and CULVER RD with an arrow, and finally you can see the buildings; rhomboids, seemingly washed, stand, not quite threateningly, but there does seem to be something different in their aspect. They shun you. Even close you would not think they liked you. Like artists or poets after a performance so caught up in what they had accomplished that whatever it was still seems to be going on for them. A waitress, smiling to the writer as she fills his coffee, catching that instant of recognition, realizes that he looks at her only as something outside of the text, with which or whom it must share some verisimilitude. Yes that is the exact feeling these buildings seem to have. To think shun is an overstatement. It must be they are waiting until you enter the text and make it your own. Yes this city is a book you might never fully read, especially if you do not get off at your exit; stay on 490W until it swings the car back up, like an artery now, back up and out of the heart in a gush, now like a vein, to interstate 90 which runs from Chicago to New York.



I like some boys  
 better than others.  
 You for instance  
 I like I just haven't got the  
 heartache to spare  
 to try to find out why.

I like some boys better than others. You for instance I like I just haven't got the heartache to spare to try to find out why.

**PRECAUTIONS**

I bout' near choked  
when I heard you'd  
be in town this weekend.  
I cancelled all former plans  
and boarded up my house.  
I refuse to budge for the  
next two days  
for fear I might  
run into you somewhere  
and find out  
I still love you.

. . . THEN WHAT?

I may go to bed with you  
hug you and kiss you  
tell you all my thoughts  
that float by at the present moments.

I may hold you close to me  
feel myself becoming a part of you  
vow to always want you.

I may say things  
that I have not said before,  
I may moan and sigh  
as though I would never  
and have never  
felt the way I feel with you.

I may want you, and please you  
but if I do not love you --  
then what?

## MOTORING

Jim,  
 "we are not responsible  
 for any poems ordered well-done."  
 Instead,  
 I turn left southwest  
 your last note tucked in the white visor.  
 Stable high hillside holstein pastures  
 like Italy, Albany to Big-ham-ton.  
 Limp American flag  
 hugs newly skinned apple wood pole in deciduous drizzle.  
 Black plastic chain binds together mid-section  
 of dirty orange burlap drapes,  
 Beavers Restaurant, Great Bend, Pa.  
 Trucker tries to strike up the night waitress  
 asks about her horses.  
 "Dress-sage," she repeats, "you know, English riding."  
 Vengeful Goddess Salad Dressing.  
 Glaring off-ramp high beams hit me  
 scared for a mili-second  
 to think I'm not driving driving  
 here in the naughty hide eatery booth.  
 But I am following license #DNA-400  
 and seemingly psychedelic cowpie mushrooms  
 litter dogwalk area of rest stop.  
 Farmboy as-soon-as he steps off  
 the marigold schoolbus taps out a cig & lights.  
 The changing time-zone between human & wild  
 'like yelling EARTH in a crowded movie.'  
 Whatsit like to be that stiff  
 old woman briskly rubbing birdshit  
 from metallic green new carhood of the "Florida Supreme."  
 "Well, it's nothing to worry about, is it?"  
 "It'll be on HBO someday, won't it?"  
 On the road atlas the Hudson River  
 originates from 2 small anglo lakes,  
 Sanford & Catlin,  
 ovaries for the ocean.  
 In 14 hours I'll be asleep  
 on Art's front porch cat couch.

## EUPHORIC POTENTIAL

Here I go again,  
growing old, spin-offs dimmer  
euphoric potential piddles...  
St. Francis guide the birdies  
twitter to my asphalt ears  
Joan of Arc rest your nicked head  
on my soft lap...  
I'm as hard as nails  
I'm an ex-catholic with no one  
to confess my sins--  
I want to heave a slug of cyanide meat  
over the chain link fence  
to the mad non-stop barking doberman  
I want to end money's monopoly on life  
I want a dream secretary who won't wake me  
I want to be invisible and ultra-sensuous simultaneously...  
The bubonic plague returns  
I can't hold a woman down  
If you combine the first noble truth  
with the first commandment you get  
god worshipping herself suffering...  
Do saints go thru a beautiful machine  
on their way to earth free of the fashionable blemish  
and that's why they get tortured...  
My pacifist papers to the Pittsburgh draftboard  
are now on microchip in the bottom basement  
of the FBI's Maryland warehouse...  
My chiropractor was shot point-blank  
as he opened the front door to the warm spring morning  
by the kid upstairs who always wanted to kill someone...  
Is it safe to be darwinian/algonquin/amphibian/plagiarist/obsidi  
The girl who broke the world record for living in a cage  
with poisonous snakes 66 days says it might take her more  
than a lifetime to get over the experience...  
Boyhood television generals demand my allegiance to monotony...  
I want to hold up the sky and reign  
Do my cells really desire to dwindle  
If we've forgotten so much in the regress of time  
why haven't we forgotten how to die

CONSTRUCTION PAPER

today it was cutting to fit one inch & 2 inch white styrofoam sheets  
to insulate the sun rooms underground beneath the piled snow  
pieces of the shit stick to my face like medieval leeches  
the gutterless roof drips ice water down my neck rabid electrodes  
smells like the sewer backed up under my feet  
the yellow ford backhoe piled with slush like mud caked hippo  
on the zambezi  
boots mire in the muck deep treaded plungers  
what's for lunch nothin  
what's for dinner nothin  
what's at the movies nothin  
what's you get paid nothin  
what's new nothin  
what's you writin nothin  
what's a college education nothin  
the carpet layers told us about the movie  
where they DRILL into someone's head with a big bore  
they killed an electrician first this way they laugh telling  
the electricians  
i'm down beneath the frost line  
and all i really want to do is anything  
and especially fuck the cowgirl shooting from the hip  
on the "Liquid Nails" tube.

She holds her head down  
a little  
when she talks to you;  
looks with her eyes up.

I had two coffees.  
I tried to smile.

She doesn't really lick her lips,  
she moistens them.  
She smiles

and I wonder  
where in this city  
you can even buy  
pants like that.

Laurie Cross

no dreams  
a song as long and volatile  
as gasoline

well soaked rags I tore from our sheets  
and tied  
each morning to the night before

like a kite  
I ran  
into the wind.



I'm not pretending anything,  
my fingers turn in their sockets and touch nothing but air.  
I have no glory of you.

Two pillows. No conscience. No food.  
I bounce the Furs out the window,  
off the trees.

(I take you to the waterfront.  
You smile. You are cold.  
Did I bring anything like a blanket?  
I don't know.)

**Gritada de los canallas**

Que mucho gritan los canallas  
Que salen por la noche habierta  
Al saber el dolor  
De un salvaje  
Que no ha podido controllar  
Su deseo a una noche tranquila  
Donde salen las hormigas  
A comer el testigo  
De tu milagro  
A ver el fantasma herido  
Con la sangre invisible  
Mojando las calles  
Donde saliste a chocar  
Mi amor con las ruedas  
De su Cadillac  
Enterrado en el infierno  
De sus brazos frios  
Y sus labios escupiendo sangre  
Al centro de mi corazon mutilado

**Scream of the bastards**

Oh how the bastards scream

Who go out through the open night

Knowing the pain

Of a savage

That cant control

His desire

For a tranquil night

Where the ants crawl out

To eat the testimony

Of your miracle

At seeing the wounded ghost

With the invisible blood

Wetting the streets

Where you went out to

Hit and run my love

With the wheels of your Cadillac

Buried in the hill

Of your frozen arms

Your lips spitting blood

At the center

Of my mutilated heart

## Las abejas malas

Mucho que quiero  
Sobar el mar  
Con la punta  
De mi espina dorsal  
Y much que you quiero  
Resar por la noche  
Y comer la abejas  
Que pican mi culo  
Mucho que quiero  
Defenderme de ti  
Y dar un ballaso  
A su padre enfermo  
Y much que quiero  
Esplotar el mundo  
Con cabesa de abejas  
La miel bañado  
Las calles de las ciudades  
Milles se mueren dulcemente  
Ahogandose en la raptura  
De la vida real  
Los camiones de auxilio  
Aplastando el sueño de lagrimas

The Evil Bees

I would really love  
To stroke the sea  
With the bottom of my spine  
And I really want  
To pray in the night  
And eat the bees  
That bite at my ass  
I would really love  
To defend myself from you  
And kill your sick father  
And how I would love  
To explode the world  
With the heads of bees  
The honey bathing  
The city streets  
Thousands will die sweetly  
Drowning in the rapture  
Of the real life  
Vehicles of mercy  
Smashing the dream of tears

THE CHURCH

FOR ANGIE C.

MOREOVER, If U cant C UNI

2gether N static fluctuation

Holding, touching, breathing

Speaking

ThN I dont want U 2 say

Nything other than

"no."

N when we R 2gether N I

Cant take it Nymore

just hold my hand

IF I SHOWED IT

If I showed it to you, you'd no doubt laugh  
You'd say "don't be like that" or "come off it"  
It's something i've had since i was concieved  
They tried to take it from me, god knows  
Even to this day i try to paint it a different color  
But it never works  
Poets are assholes, artists are shit  
And musicians, ah, musicians, they're the real perverts

If i showed it  
And i rarely do, only when organic matter  
Overrides emotional essence  
Rips off the mask  
And only leaves me in tears of embarassment and shame  
How could i do such a thing?  
My mother told me she had a dream  
She dreamed she had given me a velvet rose  
And all the other boys called me a sissy  
And cruelly dismembered the frail object  
While i, the sissy, the wimp, the weirdo  
Stood helplessly watching  
She will never know how true the dream was  
So i keep it well hidden, far beyond anyone's sight  
Or comprehension  
And sometimes i turn it on myself  
Remembering the dangers of showing it  
And the shell, the wall of fear and anger  
Spits on it and smothers it with a well-worn shoe

If i showed it to you  
Right here, at this very time and place  
I'd surely lose control  
And bleed bright red day-glo blood  
All  
Over  
Your  
Pretty  
White  
Dress.

\*To A Heart\*

Oh beware uncertain shyness  
wary be of your heart raised uncertain  
blindly seeking  
blissfully ignorant of content  
wary be  
soft flesh feeds the world's minitors