



8/9

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saturdays are yellow

saturday is when  
the sun comes out

bright and yellow

the sun is so bright  
that when people look  
out of their windows

they close their eyes

on saturday sunflowers  
bloom...

yellow fish keep on  
jumping out of the  
water and people bring  
yellow napkins to the

picnic.

please  
don't  
walk  
on  
me

save  
me

i  
am  
only  
a  
baby

thin  
and  
blue

I want to gather up all  
Shoes by the side of the  
road that used to  
have feet in them  
And go from door  
to door saying  
excuse me, but did  
you lose this shoe  
would you take this  
shoe.

Water Under the Bridge

Just here the river bends  
and I can't see the city  
or the lake  
Thick maples on either bank  
obscure all sense of time

cottonwood seeds lace the water  
like lazy bath bubbles  
so I can't see my face

I squat and stir the water with a reed  
the white seeds cling like spiders to flee  
the current that pulls them down to the drawbridge  
at Stutson St  
Or to escape the caprices of the wind  
that nudges them back to the Memorial Bridge  
arching the gorge upstream  
like a gigantic Corpus Colossium

I can't see either bridge but I dream  
that I left you last week west of the Memorial bridge  
and am working my way down the east bank to meet you  
The drawbridge will be up, of course, with all the  
traffic of boats in summer  
but wait  
if the rhythm of waiting doesn't distress you  
wait for a little more water to pass.

FINALLY A BETTER TIME

This camp  
runs ragged  
in my head.  
Up and down  
up then down  
good times  
bad times  
The pivot  
never stands still.  
The pilot light  
never goes out  
It seems to me  
that I'm headed for  
better-best province  
because that is where  
my heart lives.

## VOICES CALLING

The voices call  
but you don't  
want to hear them.  
A rage is felt  
within the body  
there is no reason  
to feel trapped  
there is no reason  
to feel like  
a caged animal  
But the voices call  
and they don't feel good  
There is a wilderness  
inside the mind  
that must be tamed  
in order to have  
that serenity  
they talk about  
in the holy books.  
A drop of that  
would be worth  
a million bucks  
right now.

Burning The Snow

I had wanted to be free of it-  
had only the hope  
(on paper)  
from the Russian poet

it might be safe  
to pass through the armed  
world, dreaming  
of such a homely thing

as snow removal-  
she came out on the porch  
with a shovel,  
the literal woman!

banging ice from the junipers

Her figure, frozen in me since  
February- it's impassable,  
I said, looking up  
just in time

to yell so that the other car  
wouldn't hit us-  
I'd been writing, I'd said,  
it's impassable-

but she was old and I had always  
liked her smile  
and how hard she tried  
to keep her house (on Park)

lovely despite everything

In Moscow, the people throw out winter,  
I told her-  
see that it burns:  
ice, snow, in steel drums-

and spring turns  
black slush into the flaming stuff  
we come from,  
a warning to poets-

when the warm air hits their pockets,  
signs appear nobody reads  
until, wordless, a smart wind  
comes by (like clothes) to dry them-

well, if you hear the Fire Department, she said.

Was it Emily's disease,  
our half  
of nature's  
solitary boast

we share  
the exorbitant  
cost of-  
white unto white

did our comrada  
go-  
longing for the quiet  
life, and snow?

the doctor wore white, too

There was this child  
on plumped pillows,  
watching the pile  
of white linen sickness made-

then it was always  
the other  
who had to take pen  
and paper

to make excuses:-  
this fever in the mind's  
drifts is like that-  
sentences,

without the mother

My love for strong  
colors  
is an effort  
to make up

for the grayness  
of the long dark season,  
I think  
of the Northern lights

as the only flower  
in bloom then,  
Kristine  
Hordon-Bouyoucos wrote

at the auction

In the sunroom, you opened up  
A Chinese Masterpiece:  
Laughing Thrush On A Camellia Branch  
In The Snow-

the plate is complete-  
there is no color  
in bird, branch, flower-  
due to exposure-

that was a long bright walk  
we took-  
steady, steady, steady-  
stick to the light

(mostly) as we go

CHERYL FISH

Central                    Old ladies, small ponds against steps  
                              Sinister boys in Met caps make kissy sounds

Park                        July's dusk line hits Fifth Avenue penthouses  
                              Newborn misquitos taste together

At hearty beer picnics, we flirted  
open and casual coinciding with  
Sunday creeping

A low hum of cars crossing 96th Street  
Heavy branches, dotted white blossoms  
Morning, when decisions distance

My     city     flies     by

WHEN THE BALTIMORE ORIOLES

were still birds, preening;  
WHEN Pilt-down man still lay  
in a gravel pit, fraudulently;  
WHEN Madam Blavatsky leaned  
her late Victorian head on-  
to her right index finger;  
WHEN order in architecture  
could mean a line of columns  
called Doric, Ionic, Corinth-  
ian arranged to command like  
a marshalling of ur-fact: WHEN  
all this seems to have work-  
ed the way it still works  
for the golden female oriole  
on the Baltimore freeway tele-  
phone wires (before they went  
away, like Orpheus, perhaps,  
underground, like Koré who  
lost her Springlike name PER-  
sephone by Pluto's knavery  
and became his rat-eyed queen  
whose mother's tears still  
call forth Spring's release)  
then just saying made it so  
and so extraordinary because  
like language it seems alien.

AND THUS DID OF DAY

And thus did of day  
there, the "there"  
exceeding of our  
selves even, jangling  
to "it's", finally  
struggling by just  
crying. Thus, the  
I became I, became  
you, they. And of  
the above is of they,  
us. The struggling,  
crying is the they, you.  
Without alone, as  
in Lord Alone,  
geographers regard  
geographers. Myself  
alone, alone without  
the I, between things,  
clouds to apostrophize  
confusion (concerning  
one confusion of  
another). Thus there  
is combat, balance.

WHEN WE ARE HUNGRY

and can find no food  
or expect a flowering  
that does not appear  
the empty table  
loses all neutrality,  
the healthy vine  
withers in our eyes.

A bud blossoms,  
flares, and falls.

We are hungry --  
so we eat.

Plainness and pretension  
fuse, combine.

All things seem  
neutral in themselves.

An exchange of words  
is neutral in itself.

We choose a place  
that's neutral in itself.

Conversation's  
interrupted by a knock.

A steward enters,  
and we meet no more.

IN MY

dream  
is a fire  
tool, a butter  
churn, a rhapsody  
on Romeo in a revolutionary  
calendar, citizen  
pictures from Brueghel.

In

my dream is a  
hot rod, so soft  
to stroke your cheek, I  
would stitch together  
a sythe of verdants  
the color of burnt sienna.  
In my dream is a longing  
for small souls, the things  
that pass,  
simple, peaceful  
persons  
who never depart  
and I will always  
love. In my dream this is  
the way out.

1

they had to make it  
tho it made them mad.

2

tho they had it made  
it made them mad.

3

they had to be mad  
that they might be sane

4

tho they were sane  
they were utterly mad.



only let them - the lavender petals, delicate as  
tender fingers in a dream, open,  
the bumblebee appears  
from nowhere  
to start the time anew, likewise, let yourself love  
the productions of Time,  
a new world's only a new mind.

#### LET THAT WHISTLE BLOW

pile of whited brick, once a thriving business  
with renters upstairs & white curtains in the windows,  
now a rocky mountain  
for boys to find & scale,  
shouts from the foreman, hey get offa there!  
the backhoes & earthmovers're  
done for the day,  
lined up in a neat row.  
the drivers, heavy forearms already reddened  
in the spring sun, are standing at the bus stop  
in hard hats, whistling a country tune.  
and old black woman stands nearby, to one side,  
slightly bemused.  
white sky above the water tower,  
over the ancient brickwork factories beyond,  
halloo of kids now distant thru alleys,  
let that whistle blow  
& the bus come on time.

the bar's crowded, bartender's  
racing back & forth under the dim lights  
pouring another one & wiping up, scooping  
change & flipping bills into the ringing register,  
serving up meat sticks & microwave burgers &  
hard-boiled eggs & mountain oysters -  
    crackapool, the shark leans over &  
coaxes the solids in, c'mon baby c'mon c'mon!  
his 8 ball misses by a hair,  
the others ooh & aah;  
one nervously grinds his cue with the blue chalk square,  
    there's money on this game.  
his girlfriend looks him over, then over to the other  
& eyes the money on the table,  
    chugs her shot & grimaces.

    back-up on the E-way, fender bender -  
cop shakes his head at the pile of broken glass  
& measures skid marks & snaps polaroids;  
his partner points & waves & pushes air with his hands  
    to get the lined-up cars over,  
sweatlines from his sideburns collecting on his chin.  
two drivers sit in the bent-up cars  
seeing the accident happen in their minds over & over again,  
looking down into the lifelines in their hands  
& raising their hands to see them tremble,  
looking back in their rear-view mirrors to see  
the cops working  
& wondering what they'll say when they have to  
sit in the cruiser & talk & when  
they can get to a phone to call  
& how they'll get to work tomorrow after the insurance  
men & the body shop take over -  
those cop car lights go round & round,  
the faces of the drivers in cars going by  
look them over - could be you, buddy!

already the crescent moon hangs in the clear spring sky,  
over the huge power lines beyond the tracks  
& the scrub woods,  
forgotten cemetery on the distant hill,  
subdivision nearby -  
housewife waters amaryllis blooming on her windowsill.  
    night comes on so slow & luminous,  
        stoplights change again.

MOURNING THE PASSING OF AN OLD FRIEND ON AVENUE B

through a church window  
I see sun-warmed leaves scattered  
gold and brown on sidewalks  
blurred through pink and yellow glass  
I remember the smell of leaves  
smell of playgrounds  
and days that ended only  
when the streetlights came on  
damp clumps of leaves clogging drains  
smell of sewers meant kickball  
and Mr. Softee came at twilight

YOM KIPPUR AT THE HOME

atoning for sins long past remembering  
rending, tearing at their souls  
and for those who've left them behind  
keeping candles lit for those who've left  
crying at memories passed down from  
generation to generation, crying for those  
who've left, for those who'll follow  
  
trying to hold it all together with tradition

I hear someone call Mommy in the mall  
and I whip around searching for a small voice  
thinking somehow it's mine but it couldn't be  
after all, she's miles away from here and  
someone else's mommy hears and answers  
and suddenly my arms are too heavy

CRYSTALL CARMEN

GRANDMOM

Sleepin' in bed  
pink and purple snakes  
wrap their ugly bodies around me  
"Stop", I yell  
"Don't do that to me  
I've done nothing wrong"

The snakes turn  
into the figures of grandmom  
and Aunt Myrtle  
"We're only playing with you"  
they say  
"We're on our way  
to your mommy's room  
to apologize  
for the way we treated her"

REFLECTIONS OF THE PAST

Everytime I pass the dog food  
in the store  
It brings back memories  
that I want to forget  
Memories of when I feed you  
and how you would look at me  
with those loving black eyes  
Even as I write this now  
I can still feel the pain  
of when you left

## NIGHT VISION

She sees death peering at her through the open window. She sees death raise its deformed hand to snatch her up to add to its collections of human trophies. She sees death take her away to a place of no return.

Flow

Hermit crab struggles to stay  
where she was  
where she was in high tide.  
The sand dries out and she will  
if she does keep her spot.  
She could stay with the water  
the tide going out,  
recede to procede  
tomorrow.

See a crab clutching  
water  
scooping it back,  
counting on others to pitch in  
and scoop back  
life-waters to levels it was.

Hermit crab needs  
to disintegrate moon  
to get what she wants.  
And can a crab  
do that?

JON HOCKENBURY

I REMEMBER

I remember a thousand nights spent wasted  
with the stink of burning reefer sweat  
erupting from my brow and invisible  
seams of tears behind marble eyes

visited by rheumy visions  
of antique blues musicians  
drinking sterno by firelight  
near frozen railroad tracks

suburban tee-shirt punks  
washing down hits of acid  
with McDonald's plastic milkshakes  
in the broken-glass parking lots  
of gothic American landscapes

the bong-water bilge aftertaste  
of a million drags of pot  
that my every cell welcomed  
as microcosmic yet certain death

the antiseptic doctors of R-wing  
applying chemical compresses to the  
bleeding spirits of recalcitrant television addicts  
whisking them off for shock treatment  
in the festive bumper-car  
wheelchairs of commercial healing

and all the while I watched the world  
like a movie through my permanent R-wing window  
dodging the malignant beams of cathode laser tubes  
trying to find the key to the projector room  
until the backlit screen went dark  
and behind my eyes the house lights rose  
in photovoltaic waves of phosphorescent forgiveness

helen christie a. f.

helen christie ann  
for james a. habacker

last night a bath was taken  
by a fifteen year old girl  
who felt the water was too hot but got in anyway  
she washed her feet well  
dried herself off  
noticed her hair was really growing back in  
put on a union suit which appeared quite white over pink skin  
ate a carrot  
kissed her parents  
and then the girl went to sleep wrapped in flannel  
amid a room empty with the exception of a painting by a friend  
to dream of water chestnut days

SALVADOR DALI

Le Grand Masturbateur  
(fragments)

.. .. .

Despite the reigning obscurity  
the evening again displayed little advance  
toward the edges of grand agate stairwells  
where  
fatigued by daylight  
that endured after the lifting of the sun  
the grand Masturbator  
with large nose supported by the onyx parquet floor  
the huge eyelids closed  
the forehead ate through the frightful wrinkles  
and the neck bulged by the famous boil where the bubbling ants  
stopped themselves  
preserved within this time again of evening overly luminous  
meanwhile the membrane that covers her mouth entirely  
hardened along the agonizing of the huge grasshopper  
snatched still firm and pasted against her  
after five days and five nights.

\*

All of love  
and all the inebriating  
of the grand Masturbator  
dwelled  
within the cruel ornaments of false gold  
that covers again the delicate and soft temples  
in imitating  
the shape of one imperial crown  
of which the fine leaves, acanthine and bronzed,  
lengthens  
even to the rosey and beardless cheeks  
and carrying on their hard fibers  
until the diminish  
within the alabaster clear of her neck.

So that giving one glacial apparition of ancient  
ornamentation of an uncertain hybrid style which renders possibly  
the error by imitating me with complicated architecture  
from the alley and so that rendering invisible either to less than  
unobserved the horror desirable of this flesh---triumphant saved  
rigid retarded scolded irritated soft exquisite downcast branded  
beaten stoned devoured decorated punished---to the human face  
that resembles that one of my mother, Virgin Mother.

.....  
There is downstream again from other alleys  
what remained since centuries  
the ancient simulacres  
that disposes  
without order  
and correspondent to the many diversities  
and sometimes anachroniques  
representations.

It could be possible to admire  
several reproductions three realists  
or remarkable irresistible personage  
and delicate to the hair and to the breasts of woman  
to the thick rod and heavy testicles.  
Just as though the many puerile simulacres  
of the traditional poetry style  
that one slap sustains against a current of air  
and that doing so sees that she is double-faced  
and the small semen at the unbuttoned fly  
toward the razed head  
with one turd on the head  
and the rocks of paranoiac figuration  
and the faces of women  
toward the effaced mouth  
with reliefs of Modern-Style.  
Also the mythological vases  
adorned with minuscule faces  
hermaphrodites  
to the shields  
and to the moustaches  
gilded  
to the laughter  
vomiting  
and over three fine teeth.  
Also the dedicated victim  
and the mucouses dry up  
and are still  
at the side of vertiginous corners.

And the minuscule  
umbrellas  
of all the colors of the world  
over whom upon insight  
the precious three pigments  
representing the diverse varieties of parrots  
and the numerous species of animals  
in the state of heat  
over the two from who  
prop paints  
the famous lakes  
and other kinds  
of dusks  
There are downstream  
also  
the rotten asses  
the oriental faces  
the imperial reliefs  
the maritime cascades  
toward the sand  
cause of the many small  
shellfishes  
to the cold hues  
and afterwards the scientific tigers  
and also  
the apparently false  
grasshopper  
composed  
of one infinity  
of the minuscule  
and nevertheless three clear  
photos of sharks  
tale that if the one blow  
over this grasshopper  
all the photos  
are scattering themselves  
not abandoned  
that one horrible so & so  
downcast  
preserved  
anguished  
lithely  
imperial  
and colonial.

from La Femme Visible, 1930  
Salvador Dali

translated by Paul Mariah

WHY MILK MAKES ME SAD

I watched the milkman  
Deliver his goods again  
This morning

He certainly seemed  
Pretty cheerful for  
5:00 a.m.

But then I suppose he  
Wasn't awake all night  
Thinking about you

Notes on Evidence: Portland Avenue

Documentary photography and documentary poetry, which fall together into the category of documentary statement, are factual by nature. The documentary photographer interprets fact through the photographic process which extends from choices of film, format, and paper to editing and form (forum) of presentation. None of these variables may be overlooked in the construction of a documentary statement regardless of its scope, though their relative importance may vary. Additionally, these variables are not incidental to the statement, but rather, are the essential tools the documentarian uses to modulate the visual noise of each photograph which the viewer must interpret for him or herself.

This brings us to the work at hand; Evidence: Portland Avenue. The work deals with specific physical characteristics of this Rochester neighborhood in order to give the viewer a sense of place and, by extension, a sense of prevailing social attitudes and realities. While shooting Portland Avenue, the place itself, I found the need to negate or refuse to impose my immediate learned sense of composition in order to uninhibitedly maximize the informational content of the essay and to open the window into more varied and powerful forms of expression.

We have failed as documentarians if beauty is silencing, if it overpowers the statement.

# Evidence: Portland Avenue



photographs by Terrence James











TECHNICAL MIRROR

Sometimes it is  
easier  
to videotape  
yourself  
than  
walk to the  
bathroom  
& look in the  
mirror.

CHRIS IDE

No cause for alarm

In 1986 one can sense  
the jaws of world leaders  
trembling jealous,  
and I wonder, someday  
will winged angels look back  
and moan

"Perhaps an embrace  
would've saved that planet,"

Ronald Reagan!

I hug your wrinkled republican body  
i'll even trim my hair  
and turn down the stereo  
if you promise not to blow me up.  
We want poppy fields  
not nuclear winters--  
look, you can keep the big white house  
just throw us out that nasty little button--  
we've got you surrounded!

\* \* \* \*

SPECIAL NEWS BULLETIN

\* \* \* \*

WHITEHOUSE OFFICIALS WISH TO DENY  
HOLE-HEARTEDLY, THE RUMOUR THAT  
PRESIDENT REAGAN WILL COME OUT OF RETIREMENT  
TO STAR IN THE UPCOMING STEVEN SPIELBERG PRODUCTION  
ENTITLED: Revelations.

\* \* \* \*

2/27/86

The way it works

If you are a poet  
there will be days when you'll move to sing  
and your lungs will fill with mud,

or

if you are a shoemaker  
there will be times when you will sit  
sole-less,

if

you're a mortician  
there'll be periods when you're certain  
that every damn man will live

forever,

and you will be

wrong.

One day you will awaken  
napping, in the very middle of the moon  
one day you will awaken  
quite not at all.

3/3/86

AISHA ESHE

DISTANCE IN 1953

Daddy was partin' his ass off in Plainfield  
New wife  
New house  
with a lotta new bottles of whiskey in the basement

Momma was lying dead on the floor in Harrisburg  
beside us  
on a mattress  
with a lotta roaches runnin' 'cross the floor

## QUESTIONS TO AUNTIE

I wonder why  
she pushed my momma  
down the steps  
She know momma  
had a baby in her belly  
grown fat from love  
shared on a couch  
outside my room  
with only a curtain between  
in a dingy room  
Their movements kept time  
to the dancin roaches  
He was a soldier  
and I heard him  
ask momma

"Come with me

We can get married

Bring your little children too"

Guess she didn't want to go wit him  
and Baby edmonia died in a Philadelphia hospital  
crushed from the stairs  
on her unborn soul

PETER LANDERS

LAMENT

I have been dead.

I have touched things  
and their solidity has been offensive.  
I have been repulsed by the real.

Even here so close to Hamlin Beach,  
where the city's turbulence  
is only a memory,  
I have loathed to see the life of things.

I might bicycle for an hour  
but I ignore the trees  
until, incidentally, I notice  
their leaves have turned.  
And that only suits me as a warning  
that I'll have to wear longer sleeves.  
I ride for the motion of myself.  
I am afraid to stop.

If I were to try admiring trees,  
with a touch of the romantic apotheosis,

I would only realize how dead they will be  
ten minutes after.

The same for the birds.

I've stopped trying to learn their names.

I know those hordes of starlings.

I know what their disgusting chatter means.

It is the season of death

and they quarrel like starving people  
over a place in the bread line.

When I'm in the city

I don't want to look into peoples' eyes.

I don't want to see them not crying.

They've stopped making plans.

They are busy holding on to  
what they already have.

They know the sky is not so blue anymore,  
the ozone seeps radiation and cancer,  
the food has no flavor,  
the architecture is caked with dust.

Our assassin is awareness of ourselves.

We know we are making the weapons  
which will be used against us,  
and we are certain if we stop  
we will go hungry

or be deprived of TV.

It is so absurd

we can't even laugh about it

or blame anyone else.

We can only hide

until death comes to take away the pain.

Other things we could do we won't.

The things we're not supposed to do

because they don't cost money,

like masturbation.

Or if we do we will be guilty,

childish, no-account, good-for-nothing

(certainly not someone else's profit.)

We'll just go on and die alive,

become undead, invisible.

And once in a while

when there's nothing to do,

we'll realize how dead we are

and will have to work twice as hard

to become undead again.

EGOCENTRICITY

I accuse. I aim at the stars. I am a camera.  
I am a fugitive from a chain gang.  
I am curious (blue). I am curious yellow.  
I am the law.

(I became a criminal) I believe in you.  
I bombed Pearl Harbor. I bury the living.  
I can get it for you wholesale.  
I can't give you anything but love, baby.

I changed my sex (see Glen or Glenda). I confess.  
I could go on singing.  
I died a thousand times. I dood it. I dream of Jeannie.  
I dream too much. I even met happy gypsies.

I heard it through the grapevine. I know where I'm going.  
I know why the caged bird sings. I led two lives (see Glen or Glenda)  
I like money. I love a mystery. I love a mystery.  
I love Melvin. I love my wife. I love trouble.  
I love you. I love you again. I love you, Alice B. Toklas.  
I love you, goodbye.

I married a communist. I married a monster from outer space.  
I married a witch. I married a woman. I married an angel.  
I met a murderer.  
I, mobster. I, monster. I never sang for my father.  
I ought to be in pictures. I passed for white. I remember Mama.  
I sailed to Tahiti with an all girl crew.

I saw what you did. I sent a letter to my love.

I take these men. I take this woman. I'd rather be rich.  
I'll be seeing you.  
I'll cry tomorrow.  
I'll get by.  
I'll get you.  
I'll never forget what's 'is name.  
I'll never forget you. I'll see you in hell.  
I'll see you in my dreams.  
I'll take Sweden. I'm no angel. I'm dancing as fast as I can.  
I thank a fool.

I, the jury.

I wake up screaming.  
I walk alone.  
I walk the line.  
I wanna hold your hand.  
I WANT HER DEAD.  
I WANT TO KEEP MY BABY.  
I WANT TO LIVE. I WANT TO LIVE.  
I WANT YOU. I wanted wings.  
I was a Communist for the FBI.  
I was a mail order bride. I was a parish priest.  
I was a teenage Frankenstein.  
I was a teenage werewolf. I was Monty's double.  
  
I will, I will... for now.

(With thanks to Steven Schuer's  
Movies On TV, 1985 Edition, pp 337-342)

elegy for jackie curtis

& his/her hip  
granma

we all wanted to be  
billy holiday  
& we all were  
some of us discovered

early on  
i'm not gonna be male  
i'm not gonna be female  
i'm not gonna be straight  
i'm not gonna be gay

just gonna be me containing  
all nothing missing &  
everything belongs to me  
just as good belongs to you

jackie

you oughta see  
all the great clothes  
we find in the trash  
where we live now

far from bay one

JAMES A. HABACKER

THE EQUINOX

(because the snow flakes  
meeting on the windshield  
don't look so bad.)  
this is the equinox.

we're driving  
in emmett's car  
and two of us  
love her  
and one of us thinks  
that she is actually  
a white horse  
running across  
an older field  
than i have ever  
walked in  
even before  
i got to see  
what the future  
really means  
to dead people.

3 20 86

(written with j. todd beers)

YOUR PAINTINGS LOOK  
OUT THE WINDOW  
AT THE NEW CITY  
for nettie roman

we are kindred spirits.  
if i grow old  
i will be just like you  
like i am right now.

you are losing your eyesight.  
i am losing my sentences  
and time.

i eat grapefruit  
and think about you  
young on the peer  
at coney island  
making tracks  
in virgin snow.  
we are kindred spirits  
and your paintings  
hang on the wall  
and look out  
at the new city.

i can feel you are special.  
i can feel you know  
i am the same  
as what you make  
when you smile at me.

4 12 86

J. TODD BEERS

whats wrong  
i dont know

whats wrong

tell me about  
it

whats wrong

im a hypocondriac  
i wish death would die itself

woody allen is a parasite  
rock and roll is for the 50's

jackson pollack is dead

ONE GIRTON PLACE

paul is a snake  
in the grass  
and told me  
once  
that he would  
rip my skin  
inside out  
if i continued  
to speak to  
Bernedette

well hell  
he was in  
my house  
so i didn't stop  
talking

i guess  
i should mention  
that his father  
was a baptist  
minister  
and i was  
tripping  
that night

Tom  
your missing

your missing  
the point

and you have  
looked better

you've looked  
better  
than nothing  
before

and there you are  
painting without  
your shirt on  
in alligator shoes

and you know  
in those moments  
no one can touch  
you

you speak  
in tongues  
with  
brush strokes

but Tom  
your missing

your missing  
a tooth

and i don't  
think  
that you can  
find a dentist  
who will trade  
one of your  
paintings  
for root canal

this is not  
japan

i'm spoiled  
i can pick up  
an album  
of my choice

turn a knob

and hear a melody

i can turn a knob  
and turn off

khadafy

or

reagan

i'm lucky

i don't have  
to listen

i'm a poet

and it doesn't matter  
if you  
believe me

i'm spoiled

and poetry  
doesn't faze me

2/86

i lick the light  
bulb  
to cool my tounge  
i'm fire ice  
and the indians  
are getting crazy  
it's the time of  
the eagle

their time has come

## Rougue

why did you put  
make-up on?  
i don't know  
i didn't have  
an answer  
i wanted her  
to understand  
it was some  
thing i did  
from time  
to time  
maybe once  
maybe once  
i saw my  
mother in  
her room  
with some man  
    and they were  
        they were  
    oh god it was awful  
i don't know  
i didn't have  
an answer

i would like to spread myself  
on the pavement  
without the fear of an  
accident  
the hot blacktop  
under my skin  
keeping me warm  
just being concrete  
and solid

under me

Rainbow Winter Moon

Thought of an old friend  
the stars falling around me  
the night air cold & crisp

The Moon full & bright  
full of you & thoughts of  
our hearts at midnight

DENYSE DU ROI

"FEMALE OF THE LUNAR SPECIES"

He told her not to think about it so there she stood scrubbing her face & thinking about it, staring until her eyes, out of focus, invented a classic nude on that flat nose of a sink usually referred to as a faucet, a classic nude of the statue variety, had I mistaken the bathroom for a sculpture garden? difficult to discern she was probably primping or entertaining in the bath (back from the museum to the bathroom)...the day's events rushed forth, water under the discreet unknowing non-existent nude, one single thing hit hardest irregardless of Rik's wise phrase, the collision terrible enough on it's own, was it her X boyfriend's doing all nerves & obstacle horizons about to be veered out of the rear view mirror (this circular mural, horizon, the fiction at work) the rear view mirror of that dangerous game, International Harvester, unkempt to boot, that accident waiting to push down to the outer edge of its orbit

Imagine a rose-gorged glass coffin, interior courtesy of Edward Burne-Jones. The contents moaned. The nude was well-connected; in this case, gainfully employed. It had nothing to do with so-called legend, only that she found her feet were not made of clay. She went straight to heavy metal hell but spoke lucidly from her glass (resembles a bathtub) in Macy's window in the year, well, no one remembers. The other mannequins had once been classic nudes ("Perhaps I was once a courtesan")

just so you don't forget, Jean Seberg

Ida Lupino

People say, "Aren't you afraid to walk alone in the dark?"

AFRAID to walk alone de-da de-da de-da??!!

Sometimes there's the real danger of dying. You could just die laughing.

For is not death the infinite high?

The pistol shoved somewhere like first-time sex

then you just glide

farther & farther away from helmetlike nights, days of  
nonstop pain

I'm here to hand the violin to the devil  
& impress all healers with my gratitude for their interest  
with a mighty FUCK YOU

All of you'd do well to notice the statue of the weeping muse,  
your own glib epitaphs already inscribed.

.....the screaming metal, tires, then she (a man once popped  
the marriage question & got for his trouble the female  
voices of the Russian Revolution & such Starving Spirits  
who did her bidding: his head was found on many statues.)

.....two vehicles out of their orbit as if their occupants  
were all her own blood & flesh, both cars of vengeful  
character, tyrannized by ripping tones, I am not split  
on this issue, we are all candidates for experimentation  
Ms. Pulitzer & pain is full of vile & alien images as  
you will learn to accept in the afterlife, the true bard  
must've had you in mind when he said "Poetry is for the  
birds," hell was made for you & me, I give up in a rush  
of wings, the freeway trappings, her stinking verse, the  
chariots in Ben Hur like the lovers of today.

JIM COHN

SONG OF THE BIRDS OF NICARAGUA

Mad in the maximum present  
I am the Danger Bird  
The White-Throated Robin  
The Zone-Tailed Hawk.

I am the wind that shakes  
The rain from the sky,  
The life cut short,  
The flower with no name.

The entire connection  
Of hearts is my code.  
I am the Solitary Eagle  
In the snows of summer

A cloud forest migrant  
A tropical oak forest.  
If the world is a lock  
I will pick it right now

For I am a hummingbird  
Near the Honduras border,  
A Dusky Plumeteer  
Of the Caribbean slope.

I am the holy Universe,  
The naked & tortured sea,  
A blood-red King Vulture  
At Puerto Cabezas. I am

The uncapturable brilliance  
Of the unseen path,  
The cayenne highways  
Known only to an Inca Dove.

I am the Greater &  
Lesser Swallow-Tailed Swift.  
I am a grackle by the marshes  
Of Lago de Managua.

I am the Thunder Bird,  
The Olivaceous Cormorant  
Of coastal lowlands  
Inland lakes & rivers.

I forgive the Fates  
For my wings are broad.  
I forgive the Spirits,  
Their white irised eyes.

I am the Golden-Masked Tanager  
At the edge of the jungle,  
The Short-Crested Jay  
Of the pine covered mountain.

O Hear the sacred Fire Bird  
In the tiny Violet Sabrewing  
For this is the song  
Of the passage of Birds,

The song of Lightning  
The song of Waves  
My bill is a knife  
To cut open your heart

For I am the Snowy Cotinga,  
The widespread American Raven.  
I eat the fresh corpses  
Of farmgirls & bankers.

I soar beyond satellites  
With the Grasshopper Sparrow.  
I soar beyond timberline  
Beyond the green valley

From the Black-Bellied Tree-Duck  
From the Elegant Tern  
To the Unconquerable Center  
Of the Warring World.

THE DREAM'S WITHIN MYSELF

I believe the Dream's within myself  
It's the Law of my own true Being  
The Untrampled Text of my Blood.  
You'll find your own words  
Shining in your skull  
Then you'll know why Robert Desnos  
Through snowflakes to the gas chambers  
At Buchenwald in March, 1944  
Read the palms of naked men  
Predicting good fortune & happiness.

"ARE WE NOT STRIPPED DAY BY  
DAY OF OUR ANCIENT LIBERTIES"

after the Navajo

Are not the animals angry

Are not the plants very angry

The plants say they will not be moved

The animals say they shall not be moved

They tell us hold fast to the land

They tell us this each day of our lifetime

SCOTT DOHRING

Should we ignore this thin layer  
not even air  
under the foundations  
of all that we construct?

There! There! The very stuff  
tween molecules quarks  
and all that we do  
lest we forget  
and get happy 'cause  
we think we have something  
GET HAPPY  
cause we have nothing.

Whether or not we think it's disorder  
its attributes  
in their complete workings  
are what we know  
and can only talk about.  
The disraughtioncomes  
from communicating aspects  
of belief  
in the ineffectuality  
of our nature to attempt  
to compress all the aspects  
into a whole.

Should we ignore this thin layer?

The Large Stars On Her....hair

With the truth of things,  
her fingers-toes assauged 'n warm  
her nose gosh-warm;  
the truth of her hair.

procedure of veins  
'n vessels veins,  
will carry back th' blue;  
the carbon of her breath.

Her moist, her all  
her portrait large  
her dusk along against aside  
against the stars at large.

MARK WALKER

give me  
liberty  
or give  
me your  
car  
t.v.  
house  
and base-  
ball.

give me  
all your  
money  
and base-  
ball cards

or every  
thing you  
own.

Youth-Genes

There are genes inside people wanting out. Imagination with a small "i" is a fire in a cave sifting through continual replenishment. When a person turns himself inside out, even if publically pummelled, the firey ball he ignites races through a room or an office and sets off the youth-genes in anyone who has not turned into a human reptile. There is really no such thing as a human reptile; it is just the hyperbolic figment of a cynical literary man's imagination. But people are effected differently by the firey ball.

Some people's right feet might glow, for instance; others' hair parts itself down one side. Fingertips race expectantly across desk tops and knees may begin clicking errogenously. The eyes of the introverted turn inward and watch in astonishment as the untapped youth-genes of their minds explode into imaginary orbs of endless transformations, umbrellas and full moon walking songs. On more than one occassion the side of a young girl's face stolen in a glance while her youth-genes were exploding has touched off the love of a lifetime.

Youth-gene explosions don't last long. No sooner are the genes martyred than everyone begins slowly sinking into an equilibrium which is inclined to move even further backwards. Signs of decay don't waste any time. Dust powders desk tops; death licks his chops and nudges the negative to infiltrate abstracted faces; and some people even begin twisting their mouths and sniggering out their noses like Parisians. Trout are slowly buried in silt. Fist fights break out under rotting awnings, and Mephistopheles nods proudly as fat collects in arteries and grease clogs up intestines and other internal highways. On the outside, people start talking at cross-purposes and may even bump into each other, unconsciously clenching their tiny fists. The introverted try to save themselves and the world by going off into hidden corners and ranting and crying, but cleansing their colons of black specks does little for the rest of the world.

People hardening and shrinking: delights the literary cynic hunched over a stool gnawing his own liver. This process of ostrification continues at an alarmingly brutish pace until somebody again martyrs his youth-genes. Before exploding the genes, like premonitions or telegrams, throw off preliminary signals. If you listen closely you can hear them emitting tiny, painful yelps. Once they expand and are out, however, the violence and forceful magnanimity with which they overturn and restructure a room is terrifying. Corporate executives have been seen tugging their hair during youth-gene explosions, giving them this in common with the savage painters of Arles, most of whom went prematurely bald.

JEFFREY KENNEL

THE LIMIT

See how the shore levels off?  
Waves lap no farther.  
She loves me this much  
and no more.  
Like a god in Homer  
she flies out the luffer  
in the roof.  
She's immortal;  
I see it in my heart.  
But I don't let on  
to my friends;  
they think she  
just walks fast.