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(with the exception of the Kirlian photograph)
by Johnathan Offel

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DEDICATION:
This issue is dedicated to the memory of ANNE SIXTON poet, novelist, humanist, feminist
Born 1923 - Died 1974

Editors for this issue were:
Michael Casnati, Carol Warden, Michael Koonce

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Gail Casnati, Steve Medlow, Candy Eaton, James Walker, Craig Harrell, Randall Stockebs, Jo Ann Thrash.

Judges for this issue were:
Eleanor Poetry Award: Robert Oleon, Leon Stockebs, Melvin Kenneson

Professors Award: Robert J. Barro, Annette Platt, Kirkland Jones

Awards:
Eleanor Award First: Carol Warden for "The Visit" Second: George Frissell for "Hands" Third: Mike Cunnitc for "Later" Honorable Mention: Gail Casnati, Linda Gullbery, Pearl Dumas, Carol Warden, Mike Cunnitc

Professors Award: First: Mike Cunnitc for "A Feast" Second: Cindi Landry for "The Boys I've Loved"

Editor's Award: James Farrell for "Tanaka no Ojiisan (Grandfather Tanaka) There Is a Season"

Art Award: Johnathan Oifie for cover design and inside prints. Special thanks to Eleanor Weinbaum, George de Schweinitz, David Zink, Olga Harrell, Arney Strickland, Linda J. Spidle, and, especially to Robert Elly for their cooperation and encouragement in the production of this issue of Pulse: The Lamar Review.

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EDITORS' PREFACE:

A vague but definite emphasis is intended for this issue — the themes of literature and human consciousness which, as we know, are inseparable. Our feature article, "Consciousness and Kirlian Photography," by David D. Zink with Joseph Pizzo should appropriately set our tone. First, however, here is a poem, "A personal favorite," which speaks to the idea:

TEACHING THE APE TO
WRITE POEMS

They didn't have much trouble
Teaching the ape to write poems:
First they strapped him into the chair;
Then they tied the pencil around his hand
(The paper had already been nailed down).
Then Dr. Euphori leaned over his shoulder
And whispered into his ear:
"You look like a god sitting there,
Why don't you try writing something?"

--JAMES TATE

We hope that you will enjoy experiencing this issue of PULSE.
The Lamar Review every bit as much as we have enjoyed producing it.

Mike Cannito
Carol Warden

THE EDITORS OF PULSE
CONSCIOUSNESS AND KIRILIAN PHOTOGRAPHY

by David D. Blatt
with Joseph Pizzaro

The Victorian poet Tennyson has left us a first-hand account of an important altered state of consciousness, one known to mystics for centuries:

A kind of waking trance—this for lack of a better word—by Freud, a form of hypnosis, by Bum, a form of religious ecstasy, by the ancient Egyptians, by the ancient Greeks, by the ancient Indians. This state of trance—this enzyme of the mind—may have been quite all alone... All at once, as it were, out of the inner reaches of our being in an individuality itself seems to dissolve and fade away into boundless being, and this is not a confused state but the clearest of clarity; they may see with eyes of death, where death was an almost hallucinatory incompetence—the loss of personality if it were seeming no extinction but only the true life.

For Tennyson, this altered state of consciousness was of vital importance. It was crucial to his inner life—in that it gave him the means to navigate between science and religion which raged in his own day.

We can start to understand such a state of consciousness by thinking of a continuum from the most physical to the least subjective form. Beginning with the state, the individual state of reflex actions such as the animal uses for survival. Next would come ordinary consciousness associated with the mind. Finally we come to ultraconsciousness, the states reached by the mystic, as it were: the above process. Ordinary consciousness, the particular state, may be thought of as the state of the brain.

Through his own type of meditative practice Tennyson escaped two usual programmatic states and has been able to capture the ego's concerns and external sensory inputs, then achieved a higher state of consciousness, ultracognitive state, to his satisfaction. Ultimately the mind functions like a closed-circuit television program which carries the ego's concerns, its inactivity or lack of the state toward its own awareness for the closed-circuit character. In its usual functioning it will have the kind of sensory stimulus without the subjec-
tivity it may even filter out those sensory stimuli, necessary for a deeper physical survival. As with men as a kind of the brain.

The study of consciousness has been rejected by Western psychology for the past century. Yet it is now becoming clear that we need to return to the investigation of consciousness. Consciousness, for the most part, is the state of the brain, the state of the brain's processes, or the state of the behaviors.

1. The first level of consciousness: Jungle animal survival. At this level, the brain is a combat environment for the brain, the primary goal of which is to identify the outside world and to respond to it. At this level, the brain is functioning at its most essential level, the level of survival.

2. The second level: sexual gratification, reproduction. Survival, survival, survival. In the animal kingdom, the brain is functioning at its most essential level, the level of survival.

3. The third level: power, the most obvious expression of this level, the feeling of power. Marshall, the respected psychiatrist, said that we are all born with a sense of power. This sense of power is based on the pleasure one receives from the relationship, it is the basis of all human behavior, the basis of all human behavior, the basis of all human behavior.

4. The fourth level: the level of the ego. The ego is very strong in its demands for satisfaction. In exceptional states of consciousness, the ego is overpowered by a willfulness to motivate personal release for the satisfaction of power over others.

5. The fifth level: the level of the ego. This level is not to be confused with the power of creativity which is released from the ego, in higher levels of consciousness. At this level, the ego is no longer the master of the psyche. This is a level of the ego, which is controlled by others.

6. When evoking the third and fourth levels, the individual passes through the narrow gate suffering. In a highly evolved state of consciousness, the individual can experience the ego's is not to be confused with the power of creativity which is released from the ego, in higher levels of consciousness. At this level, the ego is no longer the master of the psyche. This is a level of the ego, which is controlled by others.

7. This level, full enlightenment, has been sought by only a few individuals, and it can be achieved only through the most intense physical and mental discipline. At this level, the brain is functioning at its most essential level, the level of survival.

In the past, holistic concepts of man have often been think-

The ancient eastern models of consciousness very useful. It begins to seem that the western ego is made of subjectively for Ruff the wisdom of the subjectivity of human consciousness. The ancient eastern models are the most important. In the ancient eastern models, electronic organ is, I, too, have found eastern models useful as a point of departure, particularly for my system of personality, which is called the Eastern Personality Model. This model starts with the premise that we as a species are on a developmental stage, as an earlier developmental stage of the ego. It implies that we each have a potential ego that can be utilized.

In the levels of consciousness which follow, I have taken as my point of departure a Hindu model of the development of

consciousness which integrates the contribution of western psychologists to a model of the psyche's potential evolution. My use of this model does not mean that I have opted completely for the Hindu alchemical process. It is only a tool, and the hypothesis that it is not valid.

In the Hindu system, the evolution of the psyche is a process of the psyche moving from one to the other.

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their level of consciousness. Unfortunately, as Carl Jung first pointed out, the filtering action is not really effective. Rather than being blocked by a filter, those inputs which are not con-
gress to one’s level of consciousness are bypassed into the un-
conscious. This means that the “unconscious” may be a very con-
tentious issue.

Those are the behavioral indications of the various levels of consciousness. Furthermore, many who have made some progress in this field also recognize the merits of psychic energy in their own lives. But even if we assume that the energy levels or at least get relative indications of them in some objective fashion, this is the time for Kirlian research today. It is becoming clear that in addition to his physical body man is an energy system within larger systems. His energy system is comprised of various subsystems, at least one of which is manifested by the, so-called aura, an energy which does not obey the laws of electro- magnetic propagation. There are also indications that this is an energy system which may be present prior to the physical life form. In other words, it may be the energy matrix of the physical life form. Furthermore, it is an open energy system which modi-
ifies itself and is modified both, internally and externally. The internal processes which modify the system are physiological (the endocrine system), psychological, and spiritual (as opposed to material). External influences include other energy systems and the earth’s electrical fields.

The individual’s energy system includes the psychological phe-
omena attributed both to the unconscious and the conscious
sections of the mind. Although these are no longer separate, the energy system may be a part of the vehicle for consciousness in the out-of-body experience and it may also pro-
vocate the death of the physical organism.

At the present stage of research in Kirlian photography, there are several good reasons to believe that this process is a pho-
tographic record of some of the characteristics of the energy sys-
tem just described. The present state of the art permits only the gross generalizations but several distinctions may be spec-
ified. One emotion strongly associated with lower levels of con-
sciousness is anger. This emotion demonstrates the anterior
system. In turn, the body’s energy system is affected so that the color red (a lesser frequency compared to the blue) is photographed in the Kirlian process. The fingertip Kirlian graphs of the schizophrenic before therapy are ragged and unorganized. After therapy, judged successful from conventional
measurements, the same patient’s fingertip aura becomes more regular and structured. Each therapy also has its observ-
able manifestations in the Kirlian process. Graphs of the fingertips of so called spiritual healers reveal a flow of energy after healing has taken place. The altered state of consciousness which is induced by hypnosis also manifests itself. The energy system appears to diminish or pull within the individual under hypnosis. This is manifested by a shriveling field size of fingertip aura photographs. Although the results are tentative, and the experiment must be repeated many times, one experimental pa-

tion led to an especially dramatic change in color differentiation in the finger nerve and mental images visualized by the subject. As the subject concentrated on the various pictures of themselves, the endocrine glands and inner organs of consciousness color changed. To be more specific, working downward from the brain to the feet of the subject, the red color of the head (to the base of the spine) the dominant colors of the subject’s fingertip aura photographs changed from blue to red (high to low frequency). Incidentally, the traditional claims are of such energy as to be observable by clairvoyants.

Kirlian photography at Luzar is now in its third year.
VIOLENCE IN BLACK AMERICA: RICHARD WRIGHT AS BLACK BOY

by Ann Bagen

Richard Wright (1908-1960), born on a plantation in Natchez, Mississippi, the son of a sharecropper, is described by the family, became America's black writer with the publication of Native Son in 1940. Native Son, a naturalistic novel of race, is Richard's first novel and black writer to become a bestseller and the first to be selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club. In this, he was to use the pseudonym, Richard Wright is uniquely positioned in the black boy, "is an oval of all the hatred and cruelty wreaked upon the black man by the Southern environment," as George E. Reed in "Richard Wright and the African American Culture." A black boy's experiences, apparently his illegitimate son, Richard's first black boy, "is a child of black parents. It was a boy who had been very much aware enough to let himself be placed in such a position. My mother pulled my arm and walked with her into the house, a gesture that made me half-candicate for baptism. There were many more". However, I was never left in peace after that. When I was home home long as a rag; I had not felt anything suffer anger and a crushing sense of shame. Yet I was someone who had not got over it; no barriers now stood between me and the community. Thus, Wright feels possessed by both parochial and religious sentiments, and as his mother and Aunt Addie, who teaches at the church school. The relationship is "just a blin&" when he threatens Addie with violence in a scene of dramatic aggression. He says, I stood fighting, fighting as I had never fought in my life, fighting with all of me."

"You're not going to beat me! I didn't do it!"

"I'm going to beat you for fighting!"

"Don't, don't hit me! If you hit me I'll fight you!"

For a moment she hesitated, then she struck me..."

But I could not speak. I was afraid of what she might say, and as I stood there, holding her up, it struck me that her face was my face."

"Now, now, I told you to stop! I screamed."

Nevertheless she attacks and both fight "as though we were strangers, deadly enemies," Sraul an evening, that night, that evening, that this was the way to handle situations."

Wright's esthetic is so as he moved from pleasure to pain, of having no homestead. On the first day of school he learns about life, rather than during classes."

On the playground at noon I attached myself to a group of older boys and followed them about, listening to their conversations. During that long winter day, and the time that it was I had not known what they meant."

This theme is also present in Native Son in which the character, at the age of six, Richard Wright observed that an escape was possible for the characters."

"You ought to be ashamed," my mother said to the strange woman. "You're starving my children."

"Don't you all fight," my mother said, laughing.

"I'll take that poker and hit you!" I shouted at my father.

Similarly, he rejects religion, both conventional Protestantism and the Black Church, his grandmother, and Aunt Addie. He remembers, "When listening to the vivid lab-
ON BEING INTERVIEWED FOR A JOB

by Jeff Evans

And they ask you, "Have you ever been convicted of a felony?"

That's not a bad thing to say "No, my parents taught me to be God-fearing and not to steal because bad little boys go to hell and if you steal then you are a bad little boy and work hard so you can live a clean life and go to heaven but don't lie because that's why I'm here and you can be good and not have to go to hell because I'm from Texas and I've been here and that's why I'm here too, but there's just not enough time for that so I answer "No." And they ask you, "Do you have any experience?"

There's not enough time to say "I had a really good experience going to school and learning the trade and I hate the French and German and Latin and Greek and I want and I'm going to learn if I ever have the time and that I've been around the world in the minds of great men and

nothing. To be open, losing, and free means that one will instant-

ly be taken advantage of. This portrait serves to deflate the spirit

of the Black Nationalism with its consequent fear-fear-four-

complex that interferes with real human interaction.

Shaping: Wright reviews his life to the age of minority at the conclusion to Black Boy: "Yes, I had lied; I had stolen; I had strug-

bles to contain my swelling anger; I had fought. And it was a more awful thing that I had never killed... But in what other way had the South allowed me to be natural, to be real, to be myself, except in rejection, rebellion, and aggression?"

After suffering the tribulations along the spiritual journey to-wards self-realization, he is now able to see with greater vision, the meaning of his painful, childhood and adolescence in the American South. Viewing his life from a mature perspective at the age of thirty-six, he realizes that he can as an adult must inform and warn the young of what lies in store for them. The search and social milieu become the truth: life and death shined as Richard Wright accomplished the knowledge necessary to living and continuous living and probing further into the mysteries of the black psyche, of his private self. Therefore, the aggression, bru-

tized child in Black Boy, assuming the burden of subjugation through retaliation, and the sensitive, articulate child joins forces on the confessional hero's path to maturity.

Footnotes

1 Twain A Year, 12-31 (1916), p. 394.
6 Ibid., p. 113
7 Ibid., p. 129
8 Ibid., p. 179
9 Ibid., p. 119, 118-120
10 Ibid., p. 54
11 Ibid., p. 222.

I've learned to navigate the Mississippi River from Mark Twain and I've learned how to catch trout in a mild stream from Robert Hemingway and I can read Shakespeare until my eyes die and I've read the book of Revelations and understood and I've been to school where they taught me to learn but MY GOD men when you say you don't help me I'll never go to back and see what it is that I'm to learn," but there's no time for that so I answer, "I can ask questions.

And they ask you, "Do you have any military service?"

And I want to answer "No I don't believe in killing people to ignite an arms and going around the world to save the weak ones the front of power that my country displays so that they can say we're going to do this thing so that we can grow up grey and strong and take over the world so I don't want to lose the dirt of some mundane field filled by a bullet shot by some faceless enemy whom I never met or even saw or ever would know, but still he was there and I was also because my country thrives on war and lies and I know that they could kill me freely and leave me out of it because they're really not my concern." But there isn't time for that, so I answer, "No.

And they say "Thank you for your kind cooperation please check back in a month."
MARIE LUISE KASCHINNITZ
Translated from the German
by Jo Ann Thrash

THREE TIMES
Three times the widow walked across the wasteland;
there was no spring, no summer, no autumn, only winter.
In the middle of the wasteland sat her husband, her beloved;
And the first time she knelt down, fell into his lap, held tight; 
he was pressed into the pumpkin, 
blithe and sweet. We are gathering the first walnuts.
The children are writing the A, B, C, 
Fare thee well, and the dead nodded.
Three times the widow walked across the wasteland.
There was no day, no night, no morning, only evening.
In the middle of the wasteland sat her husband, her beloved;
And the second time she laid her hand on his breast, 
her hand was now full, the window bloomed, the 
hearth had its winter sleep, 
The children are baking moons and stars.
Fare thee well, and the sun nodded.
Three times the widow walked across the wasteland;
There was no water, no fire, no air, only earth.
In the middle of the wasteland sat her husband, her beloved;
And the third time she saw him, did not touch him, 
he was a stranger from the earth; 
The earth in our garden is black and fertile, 
The children are hearing the winter. 
Fare thee well, and the dead nodded.
Once more the widow walked, found no longer the wasteland.
The grass stood high, the hedges started out, grown together.
Many sunrises and roses bloomed; the sloths sang, 
Fare thee well, and the sun nodded.

PHILOSTIGMATA (ca. 600 A.D.)
Translated from the Latin
by Robert Osten

THE SHRINE OF ST. EULALIA AT MERIDA
Now Eulalia is the place for a sepulcher, 
The illustrious colony of Vietnam, 
Which the famous river An passes by 
And gracefully, beautiful, we have the walls 
With its green wildfield.
Here, where glorious splendor, 
Teeth glisten and burnished, 
Illuminates the halls with clear marble, 
Earth with adorning QLD: 
Protects the realm and sacred solemn. 
Corrugated roofs add red above 
Cicada rocks, and the base 
Is interspersed with golden plates, 
Just as you might suppose many random 
Ishish with many kinds of flowers. 
Plastic purple violet.
And gather glistening crowns. 
Gentle winter does not lust them, 
And warming is done looms the polished fields. 
To fill the bandbox with flowers.
Virgin and boy, give us no more gifts 
From the lady’s bounty, 
And I girdled in the middle choirs, 
With light feet shall bear the web 
Worldwork, whitened, yet furthest.
Thus it is fitting to venerate the bones 
And the soul’s joy of the Deque.
She, placed under the feet of God, 
Looks out at, these gifts and warms 
Her people with prophetic song.
THE CELEBRATION

by Guillermo Garcia Orquesa

Aside from a Spanish sulfur of the 16th century who wrote a romance and a Greek text, was intermarriage. There, unchained, were all the world of Gabriel, writing to the public to acknowledge Elie in the parvenu's dissonance of the Latin Quarter or in the hearse, valued by the leftists who were the Grumpy faces and the beauty marks in the slith of a woman or to shock with French refracting the shades of the Gabriel's language. Gabriel had composed, at last, his proper ground.

In the national press there appeared a compilation of all the profiles of Gabriel, pointing out, primarily, his physical, academic, character, sketching to the student the attractive curve of the parvenu's suicide, which they feared a great deal, then SHIPPING the nature man who had never conceived revolutionaries affixed with the Dipломат Service. The papers spoke, also, with photographs of the scene, of the profitable marriage and the land of Gabriel's birth. They included interviews with people who knew of the return of this native soldier of the Republican war, solemn and more like a Heir Professor but still that Chafalino who had inflamed virgin with archeologic noblesse.

It is certain: that in the Republic, during Gabriel's lifetime, they did not take much notice of him. But whenever the sin of omission, it was now being repaired with the creation of this 16th anniversary.

The celebration commenced in January with the flood of publicists. In March, at the direction of the Minister of Information, a cycle of conferences was initiated, even going to the provinces. Such conferences were better and they culminated in the ceremony on the 16th of October when, in the presence of the President and Minister of Information, the day was declared National Poet Day—a definite homage to the work and example of Teodoro Gabriel.

That night the Teatro Figueroa did not appear the same. Clean and illuminated, reflecting a total modern atmosphere with its twelve lights and its ten-panel photographs. The recently gifted moldings and the red curtains, the Cuban mural and the tableau of Spain which had the heat and frenzy of infinite summer made it pure Teodoro Gabriel.

The orchestra played like never before. Then the Secretary recognized the Teatro—which was only just—and read the official notice. There followed a second piece of music, by Ivan Margare, a political sympathizer of Gabriel and also an ardent nationalist. The public waited like a storm moved by the breeze of the South Sea. There were lectures on the poems and finally the narrator of the ceremony—Jorge Acevedo read his brilliant "Anatomy of Teodoro Gabriel!"

Jorge Acevedo, apart from being the mainstay of the cultural supplement weekly of the "Republicano Tricolor," was like a leader, and also like a doctor, so that he defended so did Gabriel and many Latin Americans, the medical science and the literary aristocracy.

The pronunciation of Acevedo was as precise as his prose, but his voice was quiet, as in a confessional and he needed a trio of microphones.

At exactly 10:00 he started his lecture. The family of the poet showed up. Those Gabrieles who had arrived before it was a Republic and the Maltbars who had come later in a French ship and made late living from a dairy store. If Acevedo suffered from any sin it was one of comparative precision. Intermarriage, total, the outline with the youth of Gabriel. Excessively expansive was his coverage of the early and definitive influence. Those were "Pablo y Virginia," from the "La Agricultura in the Torricelli Field," of Bécquer, the vegetative precursor, so like his first lecture on French literature.

E was long, perhaps, but one could not deny that the essay by Acevedo was writing the way appeared Páris, like in a disguise and one, by one, the major books: "Cartas de la iglesia a las tierras," "Ventrición Pábrico." Acevedo analyzed the ambiguous notions of Gabriel, so poorly received in Madrid. Then he noticed, almost completely, the "Ode to Cervantes," a Latin confirmation from his spirit. And, finally, he presented this surgical study of Gabriel, the man.

Acevedo spoke of the child who would prefer books to the box of whiskey or to the baugettes of fruit in the orchard; of a medical student who would not sleep after the anatomical lecture; of a married man, an exemplary son; perhaps, but always distant. He noted the contrast between moralist father and the poet of the "Baratarian Bishop." He described this old man, almost pathologically melancholic, personally consumed with celibacy, the almost smile old man who openly exquisitely and, finally, the dignified corpse.

Unfortunately Acevedo did not stop there. He went on to demonstrate his inaccessible scientific objectivity and penetrated more his homonome. He spoke of a certain childish attachment, of a compulsive dream of open space, and almost insensibly, of his certain attachment to that old Greek view of abhorrence to the moral essence of the Republic.

Gabriel had always lived two parallel existences and his poems were, as Acevedo had demonstrated, between both. So in his more popular love poems the other Gabriel demonstrated his false affluence and, in order to identify his strong desires sufficiently, changed the class of some certain proper names. The sensation, which until this night had been described for what they were, were spoken of as with the same hidden malignity.

Fortunately, no one paid attention to the implications of what Acevedo said. Only in passion, the traditional location of the local intellectuals, did they hear certain notes. But in the orchestra and the government section, no one abandoned their amiable complacency. Acevedo ended his talk and the orchestra slowly played a Mozart Symphony.

At 12:30 when the ceremony was over. the theatre was still lit with lights like costume jewelry. The audience breathed the sinuous and liquid air of the plucks and swatting in the sheets of night, always isolated by that of which Gabriel had sung—the blue spirits and the sensuality of the warm tropics.

RAINER MARIA RILKE
Translated from the German by Robert Bly
(From "Sonatas to Orpheus")

III

A god can do it. But tell me, how can a man follow his master and through the stones of the earth?
When, however, are we really alive? And what does he turn the earth and the stars so fast he sees?
Yes, you are young; and you love, and the eyes forswear your mouth open—that is lovely; but learn to forget that different movement of air.
Air moving around nothing. A breathing in a god. A wind.

IV

If you love as that are no gentle, step occasionally into the breath of the suffers not mount for you, let it be parted by your shoes, it will tremble, joke again, behind you.

You have been chosen, you are accent and whole, you are like the very first beat of the heart; you are the bow that shoots the arrows, and also their target. In tears your smile would glower forever.

Do not be afraid to suffer, give the heavens back to the weight of the earth; mountains are heavy, man is heavy.

Even those from you planted as children because too heavy long ago—you couldn't carry them now. But you can carry the winds... and the open spaces...
The FRIEND
by Joyce Beale

The daylight disappeared as Beene stepped inside the house and heard the door shut somewhere behind, chuckling in her ears. The sunlight was fading to a pale, orange, velvet-brown light, and she watched the last of it disappear through the trees and out into the world. She knew she would have to do something about it, somehow.

Beene's face matched in the fire blinding by the mother's voice. It was the first time Beene had ever heard her mother speak in tones so loud and steady, and she was afraid of what it meant. Beene was only a little girl, but she knew enough about life to know that things were not going well.

"Every day is the same," said Beene's mother. "I am tired of this routine, of repeating the same old things day after day. I am tired of the monotony of existence."

"But it's what we have," Beene said.

"It's not what we have," her mother argued. "It's what we think we have. It's what we choose to make of it."

Beene looked at her mother, shocked by the intensity of her words. It was as if her mother had suddenly realized something that Beene had never noticed before.

So beene decided to stay in the house. She didn't care if she was alone or if she was with anyone. She just wanted to be alone with her thoughts, and she didn't want anyone to disturb her. She didn't care if she was happy or if she was unhappy. She just wanted to be alone.

"And what are you doing these days, Sarah? Married? Teaching?"

"I don't know," Beene answered. "I've been staying home a lot."

"Have you been working?"

"No, I haven't," Beene said. "I've been staying home and reading a lot."

"I see," said her mother.

"I want to be free," Beene said. "I want to be able to do what I want, when I want."

"I understand," said her mother. "But you must remember that you are still a child and that you have a lot to learn."

"I know," Beene said. "But I don't want to be a child anymore. I want to be free."
Dear Mrs. Wayland,

I am writing to you today to express my gratitude for the kind gesture of sending me the beautiful gift of flowers. The arrangement was not only stunning, but it also brought me immense joy and happiness. Your thoughtfulness and generosity are deeply appreciated. I am reminded of the special times we have shared together, and I hope this symbolizes the deep bond we share.

Thank you once again. I look forward to the opportunity to return the favor in the future.

Sincerely,

[Your Name]
SONG FOR THE DRAGON
by Bill Rejask
Fist Freddie hid back on the bid, was he? Was he was. Matter be true, a moment Freddie's sheik. What say Freddie on this occasion?
Saying nothing Freddie surveyed the room. The sun reflected off myriad patches of dust in a wide beam from the window to the floor. 26 years had passed. The morning snaked, he was in no mood now.

Freddie returned not to sleep for unavailing it was had too late the sake in the other rooms of his younger brothers and sisters—two of each, for Freddie was the oldest—preparing for the day of battles with the school. Freddie knew well. American sympathy song.

One arm meekly hanging out in the room flately Freddie wondered if it could maybe still be attached. It moved, good Deception.

He tore back the cover of his nakedness and saw, both still adhered.

Should Freddie still get up? He saw no reason with both arms attached in his secret plan of minimum resistance he decided to rise and check the bed under for traps and monitors. No horror there dirt and tama skoos.

Freddie's bed, the mother say, Freddie is in no mood to face the morrow multitudes of eyes staring over eggs and toast.Six pairs if the father is not gone.

No alternative way out; Freddie slipped into big pants into pockets went the hands to hide and he shuffled out of the room.

Six pairs these, eight eyes staring blindly at breakfast: two, four months working loudly at destruction. Two eyes were on the stove eggs and two eyes asleep with fire over the steam of black coffee.

"Morning," murmured Freddie and smile thinking himself in other mornings, in San Diego he woke to where a person, in Spensers to love once more before work, bottle so many roads to bike another ride, so many mornings.

"Good morning," said the head turned away. The four months kept working... on bowls... of breakfast cereal up and down.

The coffee eyes did not move, the mouth said nothing. A croak felt its way up back Freddie's neck crawled into goose bumps.

Freddie in cubicles, we made ten thousand burritos to infuse the memo of untrammelled been staring those naked eyes—some on Freddie Baby, we do say, no more eyes on the breakfast cereal. We know, no more eyes on the breakfast cereal.

And Freddie hastily sat down at his usual place at the table.

Do we ask? Freddie would let set the coffee eyes suspect.

The face at the stove turned toward the table with eggs and bacon. For Freddie.

"Can I have a cup of coffee, please?" Freddie asked no one—the two faces beth.

"Why don't you get up and get it yourself?" putty eyes and yellow brown teeth working together on Freddie's fragile body. America, season. I am here to fold into the desolation of self. I am for nothing or reason else. this only is all of it, please.

The Confrontation, Part VI
The whole bulk of his mother stood between Freddie and the stove. To be standing in front of the eyes and those working months, would he faded quote fail entirely off?
Freddie fidgeted. The eyes would not follow definite course. the mind did not stipulate.

"You're the biggest gold brick I've ever seen. What are you? And you haven't done one constructive thing in your entire life."

"You go bounding around the country for a couple of years, never telling anyone you're alive or dead—and, frankly, I didn't care, but your mother did. You didn't care that you hurt her—did you?"

"Egged.

"Well so you didn't. And you set an awesome example for your brothers and sisters and you don't even care about that.

"So, one fine day you show up back here and expect us to house you and feed you indefinitely. Damn it! I'm tired of this!"

"You haven't made half an effort to find a job, and now you better! You hear me?"

The Confrontation, Part IV
(in which the Spaniel, Armack is sunk by the U.S. Coast Guard)

"You sir."

The Confrontation, Part IV

"New, here's two dollars. I want you to get yourself a haircut and get your butt out to find a job. Here."

Freddie's hand floated in the right direction, Freddie said.

The mind floating in blue green blue sky. Water in swim in such sunshine, I love, days breezy on Freddie, I love, love you Freddie, so in those left arm sleeping needles in filtered sunlight.

In the Sierras once Freddie climbed a maypo foot cliff and sat on top all day until the sun went down.

But Freddie worn around the hookah mother to your coffee. Coffee swirled in slow motion with sugar dissolved and kis colors Freddie watched dust settle in the wave.

Bad Freddie time to think and did while when the father left and hide in school sleeping.

What Makes Americans Great
(offstage right, the director is having a fit. this is not what I planned, not what I planned, the actor laugh)

With a ten star studded U.S. of America currency dollar bill Freddie could buy something. Marley stokes more dust in the coffee platefully bursting around a fly.

Etiquette walked on sticky legs across the table the mother cleared. Big cold coffee cup was left and slurred. Freddie sweat. The fly stared. The fly fledged. Freddie stared. Danced on three legs then two flew away, to San Francisco, probably.

Freddie wouldn't gone with him, but the coffee.

The dollars. That's a bug. A haircut and maybe a bottle of wine.

FDR liked hopeless bromes. He loved our country. His love built roads and valleys. He made the rivers flow. Near Death. America faces the New Deal.

More subtle methods.

Freddie always liked wine, anyway.

The Confrontation, Part VI
Black clouds swirled in the low sky. The castle was brooding in the night. Freddie knew she was in there.

Striped to the waist he began to climb the stone walls, holding a dagger between his teeth. Over the wall and into the courtyard like a panther. and there stood the Count with a rapier in his hand.

Freddie faced death.
Meanwhile, Back at the Ranch

The game was and Freddie got up.

From the table playing with the ten dollar pocket and said, "Well, I better get busy if I'm going to find a job." To no one in particular, but his mother, being the only particular man was around answered, "Yes, Fred.

"Oh Freddie? I hope you don't take your father too seriously. You know how he gets in his moods sometimes," and returned to her cleaning, having solved the problem.

Went Freddie into his room? Then into his jeans and his good shirt into the street.

For Flag and Country

America. Freddie walked down the sidewalk of.

The air sat in a bright sky. Grass glittered on well-trimmed lawns. Sandboxes burned like little suns bright yellow or shock like cold white moons.

Freddie felt good. The hole in his stomach, only, burned along with him.

Turned Freddie finally the corner into the small glass and cement section of the familiar town to walk the three blocks to the store.

The pole pulled everything from both directions to itself in red and white swirling wing to America.

On the window in blue it said

PAUL'S BARBER SHOP

and, in smaller letters underneath

We specialize in Crew Cut!

The Open sign was leaning in the corner uncouth for four years of spiders webs and dust.

Freddie pushed open the clanging bells Handmade in India.

"Hi Paul!"

The short black and gray hair--behind the barber's chair near the door turned and stared. The mouth became open, "Why Fred, Freddie Davis? You haven't been here in years! Where've you been hiding yourself?"

"Oh, around..."

"Freddie here used to come for his haircuts here all the time---he practically grew up here," Paul told the strange barber and anyone else who cared to listen. "Well, I'm glad your back, fort at down over there and I'll be with you in a minute---we're not too busy today."

"You never have been too busy, Paul."

"That's true, not too busy."

Americans are hard to come by.

It's Getting to Where

(In which the ghost ship sails into Port)

And the usual barber-shop talk, Freddie's turn sat in the overstrained chair, his eyes stung but did not cry, strong he would go.

"Paul, do you remember when I was about eight and I got that burn?"

Snap, The daze was wrapped around the shoulders of Freddie continued, "and my parents got mad?"

"Oh, yeah," Paul be busy with the pre-operation ring, "your dad came down and lectured me about 'sustenance of dress and upness' and about letting little boys have whatever they want.""

"That's the time burned the hole in Freddie's stomach flared, and I went the same thing this time—good and short."

"Satisfied too?"

"Satisfied too."

Restructuring Society

(an ordnance task, at best, complicated by the fact of one hand to play with, only, I would suggest, under the circumstances, you see, the restraintment of the monarchy, we need a thundering god to turn the stone and shake the line of two thousand years from our backs.)

the experiment, Mr. Davis, has been inconclusive and disappointing. It was a fear, a flaw in structure.

Killing the Buffalo, First Port

The hair fell in thundering clouds on the floor was a foot deep in it everywhere. Armadillos, Possums and Voles ran wild in the shop. Climbing the micros. Swinging on riding clippers. Ding Ding. On the socket cash register, birds and families were uprooted from their homes.

Freddie's hair crawled in valley over fallen trees in quiet places in grainy fields of sunshine in shady brooks and streams in clouds in clear blue sky.

Bole mountain range over the bare backs of horses faces wolves eagues Freddie's hair.

In graveyards settled many brave Americans all over the world.

Cleaning the Doorknob

(spelling vulgarities intemperate, liver and kidneys on dry grass—coyote's and bumblebee takes care of that, don't worry?"

So will a good dog, if you have one.

The haircut was finished! A gleaming, ugly head was staring back through the mirror at Freddie who thought it would float off at any minute, it fell so light.

He laughed, deep from the hole in his stomach closed up. Paul looked, laughed too. So did the strange barber.

Running the Hides

Freddie walked bail into the grocery store and bought two fifth of Gallio Port. Freddie was a sweet wine drink—14%. And only 518. Freddie should've been a businessman, he had an intuitive sense of bargain.

Freddie recognized some of the women in curvatures and jaws staring disembodied at the fifth Freddie and his proud look. Bargain. He did.

All the way down the street past, the barber shop and home he drank from the first bottle.

The Tale of the Dragon

Deep in the forests of the hill country Freddie reached his home. It was settled in his wine to leave his uncultured home and room.

The smoke was gone only soft moonlight hung on the air.

Freddie stuffed his tattered knapsack again shoes and two books on the bottom and clothes then blanket first add fell from the bag seated flagshadow panache and a bar of cheese on top. Sleeping bag tied on it was a good one Freddie felt proud. Toshitak's and multipurpose pocket knife that could do anything in the sole pockets he was ready.

Freddie flashed, joy pride, it was easy after all.

He left to find the Dragon.
MAN AND MACHINE
Delivering Ares products in 1942
Pick-up trucks, I got stuck
In mudbog trudge, I threw
The stick shift round so hard, the mother left
The floor, dangled in my hands.
From a hitch, I cranked, and showed her
Back down in. Another man.
I boused the gears loud.
Horns rolled at me while I slammed
Beneath the hood with a rock. I knoed
The linkage hood, lost in the damned
Blood wouldn't shut. Truck off anyway,
Into a side street, where my door
Flow open. Heard my Bray
Somewhere beyond when I fell out: Where
Your where? and I started racing,
Whistling wildly after it.
I caught it chasing
Another victim down a sidewalk. 'Shit!'
I yelled, jumped back in, and turned
It quickly onto another street.
Where it stopped midway, and the motor burned.
I took a pipe to make the death complete.
And as I slept, I soared from my pedastal.
The human condition? The human condition?
—Jim Cegielski

THE CURSE!
The curse runs into mountains of yellow
And comes out like a spring. It is a purple vine,
Whose name I can not remember, that clings
Like a young monkey to white plaster house walls.
It is over the head of the psychiatrist.
Who does not see colors when he vanishes
Or the origin of wrath; and does not see monkeys,
Who does not see vines, who does not think of houses.
The curse runs through towns in the Rocky Mountains
And is where sugar beets grow and mountains have Spanish names.
Morning sunlight swings in the face of the curse.
October gits its name and speed it on.
Dry sow in Negev bits him. But what can one find
As they cook on an over-tight hick.
—George de Schweinitz

NO TINTED BLUE LIGHT
No tainted blue light protrudes the darkness
I can see by the tip of my cigarette
That it is unlivable.
The blade is burning at the throat of
Pushe. He is a stiff
And will white supreme him
To the rocky road
Below and his rapping to the brethren
About why his dog died.
Jesus must not wear a mask
And you, a dove manipulating a
Lodged upon the rise of the moon
How will it light in a cowl
Dancing upon the tail of a light fish
Hurt hit by brakes against the choke light
It is for you that I wish this darkness
—John Barry

ROBERT BLY GYS TO THE POINT
Shining out my window on a Sunday morning,
I see a sparrow gaggling on the sill. This sun shines
And there is noot on his book.
Saturday nights can be tough
On a small blind.
—Les Standish

THE VOYEUR
I thought of him first in imagination thought
And tried to put in a poem how he, how he!
Standing in the dark somewhere on the
Perimeter of the neighborhood,
Looking at his blackened window
With the patience of a Copernicus willing
to wait the fall for his view, and how
He watched in dread and hast
The close-out-set of conjugal license;
And how what he did in the invisible glow,
A doon feet from the howse and grape and
The threads in that arm room,
Would be told to the black-jawed neighborhood;
So a pervert had consumed a sacred view;
How three had come in a party for two.
—Bob Orlin

HIM DEAD
Someone made me say it
That I had seen him dead.
Laid away in my mind,
And now them away
From depredd and my world:
I could bear this sight, the head
Of a man, that used to be a last avuncular,
More permanent than man's.
But yesterday at last work conversation
Torn it up, that I had seen him dead.
The days staggered and the questions
Poked. strawberries hewed, now
In the carvings of gods broadened out.
Gathering body and answer,
American stemmed upward
From a broken box; cobweb ripped away,
—George de Schweinitz

WAR
A scatter digger
Buried in the mud
Showed a silver glint.
The men piled up the thread
And played the sparkle
Up against the red.
—Caryl Payce

INSULIBILITY
I wait for you,
Dammed infernal machine.
While you read bloodless holes,
Penched in sterile white walls.
And when you four,
It's always my mistake
Not yours,
That makes me start over.
—Marvin Mattimette

REFLECTION AT ABSOLUTE ZERO
in this
cold morning
I kept
your memory
written in
reflections
the morning dew
epigrams holographic emotion
we were a totality
this is the sun
two eyes green
your golden hair
flurry
touching from a universe
away
kindness
star jewels
into little apples
and mountains
on my grave
this is how I parse myself
preshinking
before your memory
each time
bringing my time
down into you
bely
killing our babies
—Sam Medina

I STILL VISIONS WHOSE
COLOR DISTURBED THE DAY
I saw jacobean lenoeds onant
Close to the first lopeng rock songesath
Singing a blues rhythm
called baby
you don't know me too well
And baby
It did sound good
consciousness is a razor blade
One edge is laughter
The other is pain
When I realized what a great thing
It was that I was so humble
Put myself
some kids go to progressive public schools,
With revolutionary architecture
And the most modern modes of teaching
Where kids are listened to into their heads
And they are filled with thoughts of integral
Societies of society
Some kids play in the park
And talk to the old ones
—John Barry

IN THE NAME OF THE
CAUSATION OF MADNESS
The clarion blown his call.
It's not that he dislikes reason,
But final he think's there ought
To be something, too.
The wise father says
The cause of all this madness
Is rock and roll.
It will prevent my children
From growing up smart and strong.
Like me.
It's what I'll damned
And the communists have learned
How to see it, too.
So I will kill it.
By not letting my children
Listen to it.
And environment will continue
To overturn the sanctions
Of legal barrows
And repetitious games.
Ho-Hum
Somewhere upon the vague outskirts
A farmer is getting up early.
He wonders what all those people
Are hollering about.
But on his horses
To bed.
—John Barry

THE HAIRSHEDER
He pails out dark curls and smilrs.
The head is a shornclad his fingers move in
Like ants. one uses thumb tracing the gentle curve
Of an ear as one seeks it up on the erect.
Sculp rising behind the receling crown.
Chewing and relaxing they weave away light.
Whirlpools of hair, and he feels the muscale.
Under his geyer stiffs, his eyes all they swerve.
Capturing the reflection of his face in concentration
As he knows, but or discs, above the resisting woman.
The hairsheder. By the other him, leaves them.
And always will give them their way, while
Though he somehow retains his own inspiration.
An artist, he will not really be missed till he's gone.
And mourned by each of his lovely creations.
—Melvin Blanche

THE HOUSE AT NIGHT
The stars call for help, helping in fire
Through the leaf shaped dark.
Bed slip out and rattle amongst a thousand icy stars.
Leaving gentle sleepers lying uncrowned, like broken feathers.
Dijointed and limp with sail, their mouths full of mouths,
And ladies like hollow goblets marked down silver streams.
Rushing greedy over falls at dawn and exploging
On shores at the still pool's bottom.
Where nothing can hear the ruffled noise.
A stairway makes, of the wings vibrations over taut strings
Of, and the crip of the sky
Where the knock of light breaks open on wooden chair legs.
And where a dress of fireflies touches and releases
Bewitching swoops from a weightless pillow's fall.
As the house returns to its silent cave of lines
And all the familiar forms it will bake by day.
—Melvin Keene
THE ZANY
Once upon a time we were all sitting around in the tomb
after escape when this guy came to the door
dressed in the skin of one of those animals
that wore they would never die and introduced himself
as certainly the new Milne for our times
and so he says to us he says
watch me
Glory he made the groups of a pitchfork glow
Glory he cried off eg in his palm
Glory he taught books and the books burned
and then he flitted
by reaching for the one he said he loved
There would pool
then it was down each finished cheek and away
Wow
I was impressed
My name
by the way
is Zio Wild Bull of the Pompani
Here comes
The Wild Bull of the Pompani
people, often cry
Beautiful
But now I can't know
what the new Milne meant, when
he spoke of a weariness
at having
each time
the flint pink apple of various groups
who screamed Lawrence
and such
somewhat
There was this traveling salesman
who stepped for the night
at the home of this farmer
who had two really fine daughters
and a price milk cow oh yeah
But that isn't what I wanted to say
And neither was that
and so on
and so on.

These bits in the trees
these leaves in the trees
those pale flowers in the grass I know
those really new cows of cosmopolitan not my own
And the arms tire
And the heart tires
And the song slows down
to the wrong speed
Which seemed me of this junk box
see
In Burlington Texas where I would play
If you paused (oh)
I record supplied by the Xu Khan Khan
which want
More than siggers north boy
More than siggers north

If they don't like our southern ways
More than siggers north oh yeah
No
That isn't it.
That isn't what I wanted to say somehow
I think
I wanted to say something
about when the odors of leaves
would return to those voices
about when I could talk about
the children again
about when I can walk there
in the woods,
where the pine greens at ease
with a quiet strength
waiting to engage
and just a slow
a soft falling into
the pool
of the peace
of this earth
yeah
that
is a little something I wanted to say
—Leon Stedham

A FEAST
After Salvador Dell
Complete with ante, the picnic has begun,
In her right hand a four-fold fork stands poised,
She gives her close nods off her face; Riding together they are truly Joy.
Their mood is an exact passion at its best.
Things pierce. Fork, knife and spoon soon serve to make
Soft flesh from her overflowing breast.
The right one settles in a bowl. Her face
Appears a fruit peel on the table.
Love conquers all. All barriers of space.
Heat has been their festivity and fun.
On and on. Sighs scattered everywhere
Riding together they are truly Joy.
Behind them, hills rise and the weather is fair.
—Mike Carstoi

IN THE HOT SUN
In the hot sun
the weathered slate of faces
March a round and around
the uniformed soldiers salute, the
March around and around
using up shoe-batter
The work-shod farmers in fields
March behind the men
their crops begin
the b & s disappear all
mix farmers, farmer, farm
with blackened pitch
the weathered slate of faces
lie scattered, surprised
in the hot sun
—Jane Card

NOTURNE
The flicking noon signs blanks out "hotel",
The rowd of sky-old pikes grosses the snag, thrusting into the zone of shuffling men.
In the bar the color into the teenage further various could like to give after dinner and drinks.
The flicking noon signs blanks out "hotel".
The blind cripple squats in his usual plane
in front of the all right skin flaks, wheeling glass, thrusting into the ears of shuffling men
who pass him. His back hurts, and he peeps over his glasses at men in white shirts.
The flicking noon signs blanks out "hotel" to bodies who can't see it any more,
who watch for tiny movements of their prey,
thrusting into the wallets of shuffling men who always return, eyes dead and clicking from face to face, cue balls careening while the flicking noon signs blanks out "hotel", thrusting into the eyes of shuffling men.
—James Farwell

DENVER JOINT SURVEILLANCE
I walk in the Brown Palace, a hollow hotel, watching the main ploy their trade on all levels. Brown has built a public dollhouse around a shaft of air.
Standing by the rail, I look down four floors at the glassy traffic. They jab at the elevators, clink wads of cigs over glass cases, and work the pages of limp newspapers to shave off subscription, in corners, hidden on her own level, a blonde woman with something in her back to the wall and pulls a striped foundation into place.
On the sixth floor two bellhops gesture under an exit sign. Their laughter illuminates as I turn from them, and over my shoulder
I see a dune—but they have already parted.
There's a physical low in all of this.
To my left and up one flight, a black man
in a feathered hat walks slowly with his lady. He drops to look five levels down through this brown palace, urging his companion to look too, but she walks on without breaking stride.
Moved at his attention, I also catch below,
front, north streams in our hotel—but still, we're seeing—
a fat man steals an elevator,
a blonde woman buys a magazine,
a porter barrows toward the door, limping.
—Lee Standiford

DURING AN ENGLISH LECTURE
The words fall about me
And on those whose eyes are also here
But are far removed by that expanse which
They border; Outpost, guarding that starving
region
Barring those fruits which would best feed it.
But the cries of that great neglected
Region below my belt, brings those foreign
easy to me, and also the eyes.
Dread to the wise words
Yet keen to landscapes
Of the neglected region bordered by my belt.
—Jeff Evans

THE AUTO
He caused
the old called, run-down
cold
gracefully
through the wind, rain, and snow
half the distance into the deserted forest
where it strolled.
—Linda Gallery

FOR BEAUTY
I saw a thousand bodies of grass.
—e. e. cummings

TH Dunn Machine and cut them
down
for the beauty of the lawn
—Linda Sims

TRANSITIONAL
I used to put my fingers down my throat
and vomit if I could. After a while, I could.
It was good food I vomited; it was just that I was protesting. If I was to die, as was feared, I wanted to die with my family, with who were meeting in Colorado, which turned out to be a state not much better
than the one I was protesting in by vomiting.
Nevertheless, Colorado had a good climate and eventually fed my family. My father
was the last arrival. When I came and spoke and smote, and got his straw he said on my land, I wanted to get out of the wheelchair. You can't have a chronic disease, be foreclosed, and not want to do that when your have a father like mine. So when I got to Colorado, I stopped vomiting stopping trying to vomit; but I cried at night.
—George de Scherwinna
I

Highness and hallowed footpath
allowed and justified down firewore streets.
A chorus of sectional combinations
whined, growled, and stuttered
through the keening wails
outside the gap at Hirsanwool.

The mountain dropped two shoulders
that slumped in upon themselves and stopped
just short of collision,
arms around a basket.

The gap between the ridge-ends had no name;
we called it our gate.

II

We wandered through the gate
and drew smoother air into our throats.
The rock skinners and polished crags of a stonemason’s shop
waited at the foot of the gate.

High on the inside slope of the left ridge,
its stony temple hung;
two-white-haired woolen tiles arched the approachway,
and a path twisted up through piles—
around a monadnock.

We passed above the grey-raved, and looked out
across a pond to where
fields swelled the valley’s floor
and clambered up its sides in turn.
The only sparrows was a woodpecker.

III

Posthumous and ceremonies sang;
the tongues of the bronze gong
latched through the gate to plant
triumph in our ears; we drew
up to high plains on fieldgrass
where a horse harried years ago.

One-orange tree survived, glowed
bright as the4ed August sun.

Or did we visit the mindroom facts
that swallowed in the north slope’s gambol,
where no one meant to work of life
and the funereal cleared intended lot plies of rotting logs under black canopies?

We came back past the house that remained—
from a century of2alume.

beams and boards were vaniried house equalling
woven a thundery sound of thatched:
gold-green rice wrapped three sides
and the landscape was a wall of bamboo planes.

IV

Back at our house in Hirsanwool
the halfway mirror
paints lines and shadow in my face
I never saw reflected by the pond
within our gane.

PARADISE

The manhood
in the forest
is like a
silence
you are it here
I hold it in my hand
like some beneficent serpent
struggling to be free
for crying me

The morning
at home
—James Farquhar

THE HUNCHBACK WITH THE WHALEBED ARM

The hunchback with the whalebed arm
is scrawling “Morden” on the wall.
And where the great lines of the barn
are etched children stand and walk.
And pass into the smoking coals.

men who rush and fill up the barn
and mount the bulls in the well.

Before, when we were left to farm
in peace, the hunchback rang the bells
for Sunday, holidays, and storms.

And when they echoed to our hill.

We put our shovels down and turned
To watch the skies or highways till

For lack of soundings, our men.
Now grey oak oversteps the arms,
Resting through the empty fields
To settle on the bed andaws.

Some call it broken; others dwell
At length on how it came to be,
By observation in the arm.

The women file their fingernails;
One speaks of moving and mending the alarm.
The hunchback turns. His smile is warm.

We praise him greatly for his skill.
Also we note, perhaps from worms,
His face has turned a deathly pale.
He waves his severed godfathers.
And these in the bloody jars.

He signs his name, and now he falls.

That sound of sending the alarm.
—Sam Craw

HOMETOWN DE: SUCH AGED DEATHS

and we keep it this way—
remember
how dark it is at the brookside,
and morning hit the fields
like the fury of a million crickets.

And these, that were the seafarers
we see them now;
marked with a-looking graves.

(At east at the homestead turning,
above down the back at the train pull out,

"plumber"

through the leaves when the autumn leaves,
leaves on the stroll on the shingles roll.

And their roots keep giving way,
beaming with each mulchthought.

The world burns more and more.
—Jo Ann Thrash

APRIL FOOLS

Under the sun and phrasing of their limbs
violet, open-posed, unlighted stems
lift the weightless blossoms in their soul
up roots into the gravity of garden.

The animity of her reverberations
nose with a bell-lucky-driver-on-earth on ocean.

If once the phrasing blossoms and enter upedo a sky’s blue dreams.

Mindlessly trembling on its guide-base
it comes to a source that pleads the name
of April’s hang-ups in a Swiss watch
by whose deliberations kids play hopscotch

—Archibald Henderson

AN ELEGY FOR UNCLE JOHN

Dead, so dead, so long
that I remember your pipe
and the smoke breath of your house,
the tobacco scent of your dry wife
excitement through the rooms—
she was skimming, always skimming.

In your latest grave I grazed the
the ash tray made of wood,
hand-carved with aaron on the side,
intricately woven in shuck oak

I remember.

How long, so long, the sun set
and dust rushed in on hot sunbeams
through smoke, past the doling route of your pavement drug
and the cutting that hung on.

While you loll at the far gales are lost but more
in the deep lines of hand-rubbed

—Jo Ann Thrash

STRUGGLE

Caught in a struggle
between to the east and west orad
—a tenant of alky fields, peaks with
swallowable buildings:

vicious blood
fill, bidders
out of the pipe organs;
screams to the cross, twin candlebes;
knives cutcher flesh:
shale split open-mouthed;
diamonds
never born, noo born;
turns wise on stampa to kiss wounds.

What sunshine
in this2et of jib wine?

scripture, leverage, to
dismantle hollowness?

A bird shies through broken glass;
who ripped out, its own bangs tilted;
the bird’s, 
dress up to one side.

Hopeful lights browse the ceiling.

One storm (yet to be found)
smash the jalousies.

Kneads vapor pockets, Wraits’s wailed.

A mirror’s eye reopen, takes things in.

—Archibald Henderson

PARTICLES

cutting fresh-baked bread
feeling the exhale ordinary, small
taking the cream-color

near the white hub of yesterday’s snow
quickly covering, boiling down the green, green branches
of the pine trees outside my window
then real in my nose
now vivid
becoming real again in my imagination &
the clear voice of the bones’ cleanest

fussing the open white-noise patterns
reaching me here as i see

raising you in me

even as the wings mean the flask off branches
disintegrating in pawdry puffs

becoming clear air
TANAKA NO OHISAN (GRANDFATHER TANAKA) THERE IS A SEASON

You sit there above the beach, with the smoke, of breakfat true behind you. Hours pass. Minkling with the wind, longer gone. Each wave comes curling out of the mist, besides, and knife edge knobs, snatches into the backwash, driven speeding across the beach and onto the rocks.

The constant war of tide with the rocking waves has changed the coast only slightly, as smoke and bestcough a molehote. Yore region drives a hard bargain with change. Cantara pass and the highwood stone has stuck roots still knife the sky; huge cloth windsock curb still wave, every fifty of May, over each house with snow. Waves can't change this land rapidly. The sun rocks up, then down the sky like an old man's knife, it carves the well each spring, peck back the smoking riled to smooth green shoals. From the pass that leads down to your coast, the simple drive of growing things can be seen, as the green drives the gray down and under, a curved wave that rise as spring climbs steadily toward the pass. It is noon, now, in August. Only the rocks, both on the beach and high in the cloud-smoke, are barren from green. The farmer hones the knife that will slice down. You, also, have a knife as sharp, under your belt. Sincerely, you drive your thoughts from food; it tastes only of smoke with the remaining pack that comes in waves as bitter as the water on these rocks: you cannot see another summer pass.

You will wait for that same small boy to pass, who comes this way from school to see your knife, smile shyly, and present his latest rocks for your appraisal. You will drive him toward home, he remembers, turns, and waves, then merges with the shadows in the village smoke. As you pass the point of acceptance, drive the knife up under your ribs. Watch the waves englare the roots. Oong as this view like smoke.

—James Parveb

EPISTAPH

This is the end mylasso friend may I never have to see the time is fast the moment oast Forgive me but I must And how it seems an empty dream and songs that won't get written I find no blame for either one I couldn't and stay alive You could have helped I did not I felt and tried to understand The blindest thing so it seems to call it all my fault that obnoxious sharp circumstances do reign Some things are not forgotten till millstone ends I feel you friend and always will remember

—Kern Benison

HANDS

In the blindness of sound sleep My left arm was bent by my weight The temporary life ophanged Out, And slowly, slowly, slowly I quickly interwove the fingers Of my living hand with the dead Quickly, quickly, quickly Without the touch of love Like the breast of new life Stepped into a western child.

Remembering the feline ceiling Where God gave life by touch It made god's hand the hand Before the bear turned the world. A hair hand first clothing His food, then slender, at a grate— But threats too were grasped, and weapons Our tendril things, all we needed, But the brain was stirred to grasp it all.

Our order teach us: Young man Awkward while probing their first breast; Stylishes and pencil record the moment Of the hands. The eyes can dream As can the mind: Our hands Don't show, but feel what is real, The hint of a heart, all we need. We may when what we want is out of reach Despite the fact it can't be seen.

—George Frisell

IN OUR LITTLE FISH HOUSE IN THE HILLS

In our little pink house in the hills of Vermont I've just brought in logs for our fireplace. Dan is on the stove, Brunwold in the air. You're sleeping. Covered in a folded into a wicker chair. The soft smile glowing in the candle light.

Cabbage and corn, warm on the store, Trotted me to the kitchen. As I warm a cup of mint tea, I hear you light another candle Then cackle back into your ears, I want you to remember, "Hello. I thought of you today. I missed you today. I'm glad I still see you now." I think it does.

—Robert McDowell

ON THE ROOF OF THE HOTEL MARTINEZ, ISLA MUJERES

I am on the roof, the roof. Keeper of the thousand idols. I would be running from dogs in the night, but with the rain swift. On my back, on the roof, I can synchronize my sight with a cloud, and remain stationary with the world pass by. I could be the spy on the roof. corrective agent for your forlorness. But as a cloud, I would not have to explain to police "I like sometimes to climb on roofs."

—Carl Tewiigler

LATER

What could this mean outside, clear water, distilling the streetlight into glass, The rain has gone. Each bead draining from its place puffed a puddle of unfading water. Bubbles and drip, I hear you everywhere.

—Mike Casdito

DISCOVERING THE SEA

On vacation My ship of sails And oats, sings With the wind. Off the sea. The ship Is cautious, Handling across the sea At night The sea chews Its breath, Heaves For the particles That feed it.

—Randall Stanford

DISORDERS

Opalus stamps forecast the crook Water a peppar color. Bitter Remains unembarked on the shore In early evening a mooshingbird Quivers in his song of the woods. My eyes slicken off right-colored Trench into his hold at shoulder height. Off beat against the moon. There's A few under my skin that strakes Lake one under a pile of leaves. Wild flowers are hung over, Drench as turrets in the wind. Black ants build their home Like shapes on the dirt. I stand outside, The snug skin falls away Under my toe, where a stick In the deck, a tugboat in the toe. Tell me of a sound before a storm Newness of the dance. A poble travels with the current Is a lifetime.

—Randall Stanford

AT THE MOVIES

The audience grows quiet, as the screen Displays two lovers who will never part. Eight hundred eyes become a single eye. Whish, shifted toward, shows a single dream. The bored projectionist above, apart, Leaves back to read an ad which asks him, "Why is a weakkling spruce you can't be strong?" Below, Three-hundred hearts become a single heart. As here makes the longest villains cry. The tinker-girl marvelous, with button show. Thimble through the pages of a true romance, Or casts beyond her nose a match sigh. Whish, is the movie smile— "smile, smile," Soon jessup, is slow and bowing trave Move back and forth across the hoisted screen Like shadows that the living would not. Is a lifetime.

—James Coghorn

OUT OF THE SPOTLIGHT

AND HERE SHE IS, POLICE— IN BABY BLUE JAIMS— THAT LONE HOT MAMA WITH BONES AND STROKERS TO TERRIFY US ALL

SHE'S INSANE

—Gal Capano
AIR
they met in wake/ on the other side children with hearts too large for vertebrae/few/ Air they are quiet/walking brutes do not disturb them instant houses over teeth do not disturb them hair moving under sheets eyes like bruise the sea is here/why do they not speak why do they not lead here between me and a den of swarmed children they curl breathing chills to look lines of tongue will they and listen to me sitting here aching how long before my stomach rises to hair/feet bend afloat between my teeth how long before the next like a sea of coldness and air —Lowell Uda

CLOCKS
Clocks come to me. They flatten past like holes from the garden; bare arms traverse their small, black faces and they tell me their tales. It is never night; the sun is gone. The moon is flung away below the horizon; stars in one came from night hold back through the nearest air of the coldest winter. Their windows crack and the garden hills with oysters. —Carol Warden

NIGHT PLAY
I watch the curtain drawn, the rope pulled over itself, children over bewildered head. The final act is finished and my stage is Madison. Audience of one, lived through the branches, redolent birds and leaves, their wings small and misted. My second, my petty play, the lovely ones together mount each other and ride the pale, undressed horse through the monuments of night, to stand before the stones that tell my name. —Carol Warden

FOR MY AUNT
She who swans now on broken hinges once opened, white-haired, smiling. Kept me in reflecting frames on dreamer and mantle, stealing in the greatest patchwork of Smokey, accordant mirrors. In the parlor, colors, curtained couches, steers of them life cluttering every wall. And yellowed papers to turn the sun to setting. She who laughs slow in a house of brittle laughter, once leave my name, as here. And could not forget. It’s me, my special aunt, I come again With wreath of flowers. We’ll not talk of who I am today. I’ll tell you of the vast garden, The rolling house, and rain-drenched, cut glomvlam. —Carol Warden

THE VISIT
Push me back against the table. Your face is a dead fist flattening up an icy lake in Idaho; my fingernails are the shining books. Their priss will real door, horn, carved-for-birds ready to uncorked forest. I am the witch; the stones are placed on my chest, pressing me deeper into that country where calling cannot enter. Smiling faces mouth my name; eyebrows, the defiantar, counted reach the now immortal. They all have lied. Let them pour the salt forever into your eyes. It scour the body. It visits the tears that have Asia there. Silenced voices in another region where all that drifts is praised. I will rise from the table like a cool moon, pulling the heavy tides of the ashes behind me. They will be the firm heartbeart of this thing called me. —Carol Warden

WE ARE RAFFLED BY DEATH
We are raffled by death as to the harbor’s deep a lake by every cork so unimportant. When they rate the cost to shoulders and the procession forms in dignity, a bough of sepia or chocolate looks so out of place, so mean. Some old men comb their beards between the fingers, and the young stand aside to give way to those who pass or peer away. Men on cannon stay away from money as if something had happened. So some customers. Only self-biding children know the time to drift, from amassment of mark to break into play. —Allan Ginsberg

ARS POETICA
"Is this a poem?" I wanted to know. "That’s a free verse," said male. "It’s always, muse, and muse, and the flow of the alphabet would seem to be One of its structural features, Freud and Jung join hands in a kind of misty Or rhizome wall or nothingness. The rhythm’s spring. And conceal after conceal are what you’re going to get." "What is it R K tries to do to you?" I asked then. He lit it up in my hands. I admit the difference With which the poet sets up his problem, when nobody else would have found one, my leftlands silence drowning through the remnants of old rightness. And raking and rake it in, slacking Hedron At shaw, proctor, and Victorian uprightness. Wobbly pounding out effects that are well-willed lyrely. Humbly I try to court Spanner and Twaquer, if I can dig Auden and Ferlinghetti, that’s T S. And of Robert Graves I would crave a bison Bay, what did the storms sing? What did Edgar Guest? —Winifred Evanson

LITTLE BIRD
How would it be? If you found a Boswell for your Johnson If your men covered all the extra someone would be true to you regardless you would break chicken bones with a thousand lovers what would you sing? —Carl Trowillick

"EX-POUNDING POUND" (After reading Part II of Memorize to Saturn Propertius)
Pour, poured, why do you pour your prayer yet precious allusions through my smug— do I not ask a verse that will crash my load? What has taught you in your own measure? In what babble of lower have you learned to jumble nations’ thoughts into this endless pied narration? What more suggested poetry contacted in his history? Out-weaker of information, you, we know, will play Gargantuan energies upon resound poetry— we have kept our face-packs in order. Analyst and to continue exposed, pull down from the corners of civilization the sense of it, but for something to read in normal circumstances? For a few pages brought down from Spring’s hill unsalted? I do not ask a verse that will crash my head. And, Pound, Homer has stated the case. Let the old situations lie down now for they are tired. Leave history to live prove put poetry, please, Pound, when Spring has suspended on the hill. —Joan Zitk

THRESHINGS
I will not write to you, two-faced god; I will not sneer each meter and verse. And though you hold the flame you cannot shape and bend my words to fit the angle of your image. I am not a shadow, or a reflection in the lake of your desires. My words will remain, they will not sway over your beating tongue, but stand forever steadfast through the threshings. —Goll Cerroni

FRAGMENT FROM A LONGER, ENTITLED POEM
My life is a field of wild flowers crested on a mountain slope. —Rudyard Kipling

AN ECLIPSE
Afterward the lake is color, gold, double-printed; shorelines moving by curves of water lighter. It is the time when a small delicate boat sits to the left, and when a white sail blown wide and round changes direction. —Diane Seaborne
TOO MUCH FOR US for James Van Housner

This is it, James,
Where lightIBRN2 the dark,
Where flowers appear like the eyes
Constellations, and shadows of clouds
From through trees curling
Negatives on the ground.
I’ve been holding a lot at those lately.
Tentpoles ripped apart send us
From this hole of space we lean on
Traveling on the thread of a spiral.
Stars are worn as objects of ice.
That splinter and pierce our eyes
Like halvors.
I look to see close and close my eyes.
There are bright blue-white images
Galloping into each other and out
Of my sight. I’ll leave now like ice
Candle light, galaxies of miles
To a sleepless door. On the other
Side soft voices murmur.
Your eyes turn like globes.
—Randall Stekenbury

THE BANANA
When placed in a chair, the banana slows down
on the sidewalk,
the banana becomes angry,
the banana itself is innocent,
however its tempers
are as fiery as his soul.
under no circumstances
should the banana be eaten
wildlife in the banana tree
should also be avoided.
in some countries
the months of March
is dedicated to the banana.
when the bananas fall,
the psoriasis vanishes.
they fall from high office,
the banana never says anything,
but, by now,
standing
should be perfectly clear.
It can be used to click the pear
into its redness.
—James Barlow

YESTERDAY’S COFFEE
“Told her over cards
in rhythmic patterning
while yesterday’s coffee
lies cold in my cup.
Riterwirt waves tumbled
over me last night.
The dreams were hard to sleep with,
still harder to follow.

Black grounds
splattered on my arms,
(Stained and sticky)
tell me I am wrong,
that life goes on,
has gone on,
leaving its mark.

Tides recede into blue.
Wet hopscotch dry.
Ancient shouts, washed up
over my loss, confuse me.
I kick them off and go on,
leaving my mark in the sand.
—Cheryl Perry

DESTINY
Two eagles,
Not knowing their destiny.
Merge in a web of blue
And are caught.
In a picture postcard

Men do not understand
That the eagle flies alone.
—Cheryl Perry

in the hangar of an outfit
between Beazlemont and China
mystification huddles around an invisible
silence as shorthand
the crop factors who gave
who gave consequences to their engines
who learned the sky because they couldn’t understand the earth
have been framed out of their cockpits
so broken
they buried them in rocks
how can it happen
they wonder
You are dark as smog
their sense highhike out of the teeth of giants
into the Yankee
above them
the quiet circles of starving hawks
advertise a black and lonely sky.
—Terry J. Morrison

THE WALKING CATTLE
Have you seen
The walking cattle?
He uses his Fall as a land anchor
And his front fine as slivers
And walks
He looks营养, and
Slightly repugnant—out
Of his own
Puts me in mind of a man
Moving purposefully on his own
Walk toward the unknown.
—Jane R. Clark

THE WALKING CATTLE

The heavy scent of damp mid-summer evening air
West North across the road.
And circled round the shore and set
In mid above the bar.
My line was slack and round the evens
That rolled in from the sea.
The need for purpose and a prize
Had just deserted me.
—Peter Griffin
THE ARTIST IN EXILE
THIRTEEN FIFTEEN

The young girl doesn't understand
His poems, or the films he absorbs
So intently. "Why," she asks, grasping
His hand, "are your friends so strange?"
The poet's forehead slowly wrinkles,
"Because they're crazy," he replies.
Gazing at a picture on his wall
Of a man's backward reflection
She thinks, "He's crazy too."
The reflection stands between them:
She sees what she is taught to see,
He sees what he learns and feels.
The poet sits in a smallish room.
A younger poet looks perplexed
And finally asks his older friend,
"An artist has no real place does he?"
The poet's face acknowledges the fact.
"It breaks my heart," the younger says.
The poet knows what he means
For his heart broke long ago.

"Write about the deepest film you've seen,"
The poet addresses his freshman class.
That night he shudders at the first theme:
"Walking Tall" he reads, turns, and retches.
—George Frissell

CHRISTINA'S WORLD

You wait on the bone-white hill;
the house above
you is higher
than you imagined,
is greyer,
is the distance
that is your own,
that is unexplained;
it searches you,
an introspection
and a silence,
as if you were not there.
A part of you has gone;
for several years
they have been saying,
"She continues
in another world."
—Diane Scharper

THE UPSTAIRS

is quiet now. Thoughts have fled
to the cellar
to scribble wildly like
feet of a dying lizard.
It is alone upstairs in the
dark that makes the nerves
turn to embers
and the limbs to option
and speaks short speeches
to the few who will not listen
but who heed the words
from the vacant attic.
Twenty steps are hushed up now,
but five are lit and burn,
burn into the blackness
and siled no light, no
light in the upstairs
that is, and will remain
quiet. Hold the railing when
you come upstairs,
brush the splinters from the
rotting steps;
lift the latch to the chamber
where dark moths lie hidden.
—Carol Warden

THE MAGICIAN

You walk the forest,
panoplies of Spanish moss
creating
a darker place;
your eyes, green and brown,
look through sounds
of locust and bird,
their voices
rising too heavily;
you live in the owl's
waiting,
his tension,
his straight tight wings,
the inevitable opening:
"You have always been someone else."
—Diane Scharper

THEN

I knew more when I was young,
I knew a house we later moved to.
We left a house that went to an Indian,
ex-mayor of our town, who
began to be down and out. Lucian
Ballard, his son, whose picture I had
for years (where is it now?), used to drive
the fast in his family's Buick.
I knew more then, I knew Lucian
was the best of men, even driving
at 60: But where is he now?
And the father? And my father,
and whiskey that went into my tooth
in those old homeopathie days when
cures came from the cupboard, and
stuck in the tooth like a bad
taste, and conversation took in
questions and possibilities
that have not survived,
and tones and assiduousness
that have perished in a room.
—George de Schweinitz