

OPEN SPACE

ISSUE #4

WHITE HOPE



1
April 8. The Plan

'Where ever you go I am with you.'
and bring you back.

The morning venus
sailing into the bay,
lifting him asleep onto the land
he has returned to
and doesn't know where he is.
outside of San Francisco
the long paths and eucalyptus
are another country

OH he is a liar
from the bottom of his heart
But he puts facts together
and has, little rival, and lets no one know.

..
The real earth
moves and falls away into pieces in the north.
He comes back, was he led astray, the land has abundance
corn and wine, rain
springs, the forest

wild fields of flowers take him out
with your own eyes you make sure

there are disguises

the way he dresses
in old clothes and moves like an old man
no one knows the real facts
all the goods he carries and where

can he put them, stow it away, his property
taking it into the mountains
leaving the fine things at home
going into the house
where everything is put in place, set into movement

OH I have
set eyes on you again, that I should--

the gold, the perfect copper and fine cloth

and set it apart just like stone
2 guarding the entrance to Ithaca

Whether he is dead or not and that animal moves up the hall
I am mortal.

The old man, the pig herder, who
like Andy says, tell me what it is,
let me take care of you
The swinherd in charge of the pigs
his oak stockade
made from the heart of the tree
three hundred and sixty
of them to herd.
'I never go to town except for news.
keeping the dogs off strangers. 'See I know
you are hogs
watching the others back in the grove, moving them
They are feeding on acorns they love and drinking water.

..
'When I returned a second time here there was an evening sun
and I swam ashore
and crouched in the thickets

offered a fine meal.
Take away part of this animal, the ridge of hair, throw it in the fire
and the throat is slit, singe the bristles, cut it up.

She is
goddess of the dawn, her vehicle, the wild boar, stands on him
as a handsome animal.

It moves
outside it is being done
the brightest of all stars

and w/ bristles raised the hogs can run
thru the grove, the ground swept bare, like a kitchen floor would be

He wraps his cloak
and goes out
to watch those pigs
under a rock from the wind.

Land at the first point you meet

He wonders whether he will be caught or get through alive
and in the morning tells them all he's leaving.
I see this star up there, thru the white sides of the house, the night is over.

Helen rises

He is given a fine meal to start on his journey
the fire is laid, wood split, meat roasted
and Helen gives him a great robe, embroidered by herself.

At sea bodies are thrown over
seals and porpoise follow the boat. Birds day after day that never rest picking up garbage.
See there is an eagle that ate a goose
He leaves the ship, walking at a good pace
directly to the house of his friend.

4.15.64

April 23. Possibilities

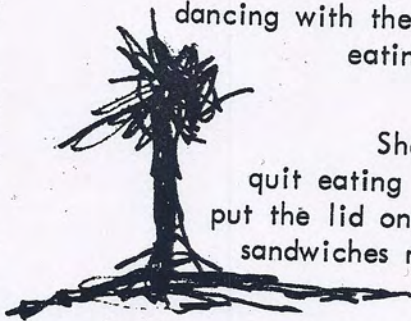
IV

Still after 15 years or more she doesn't know
and may go off with the likliest and most generous suitor

The best of the lot comes from the corn and grass lands,
wise, and she gives him approval
But what's on her mind?

She never refuses or accepts
stands against a pillar of the house,
watching and planning.

Well the men,
they give a lot of insults to anyone that comes by,
wine running,
dancing with the maids, 112 people
eating everyday



She comes and rages
quit eating the coffee cake and cottage cheese
put the lid on the peanut butter jar
sandwiches made of cucumber, stop eating the food!

climbing over the rough ravine
and up an impossible cliff, naked, you mark how high you can go
coming back to his opinion of her or hers of him
listening sometimes
to him raging, you leave me alone. you dream of me.
and there, she withdrew

and wept for odysseus
until, what bird is it? that swoops in definite circles in the sky
comes down and puts her to sleep

V.

Meeting

May 20

'for by day my one relief is to weep and sigh
Am I to stay
winding and coming back, goes out and sees, dreams
are awkward things
a cigarette falls behind the bed
I can't get out of bed
she pushes
where where are the walls,
out the window the poetry, dishes broken, things torn up, please
please don't weep anymore.
the suitors are sickened w/ blood, look
how they decay, kill them all
an eagle takes a terrified dove
and she places a good chair to hear what goes on

VI.

Here it is, the last day. and what has happened.

Penelope had at least one night with her husband.

And he'll have to go on again to find another city
without salt and away from the sea.

She takes this as a matter of course. It is interesting to note
how cautious she was, he called her iron hearted, to see if it was really
he that had returned

until she went to bed. It's good to be clear about what you do.

They had a party. The pigman and cowherd, also the son
drank wine and danced. This was after the killing.

Not a new marriage as some might have thought
12 ladies were hung by the neck.

as usual Penelope slept through all this.

I think she is happy now.

her household is restored.

and she knows he will die an old and comfortable death.

up to your room now to wait a while he tells her
and she does what he says.

I guess it's good to know where you're going.

May 22, 1964

Joanne Kyger

SKETCHES FOR 13 SONNETS

When did morning wind rip callow flowers
in May
I loved you in fond despair
lily cenotaf of the gay field, fair too
in the overcast days and I, manhir of Will's way
wile away in the gay field, the young field of despair
Thus youth in vain fend good pain
until one or both overstand, thus youth end

As seas rise & tremble upon the wild ocean so do
we numb the soil without much motion
As craft throw upon oceans within oceans their spots
by day, loving men by night by day. Thus youth yield
thus they bleed, thus unloved keel
approaching, everything, mid-day.

To a lover one word, to a loser the world
What dominion have you for me chose, in god's name,
have I been abandond somewhere lovelame,
or been with yr signature on the firestars of feebler domains?
In the world our worlds' spin
in yr world I whirl within
for love not verse you me curse
& thrown up into yr firmament there I old thefts reimburse
while my life does yaw & vaude
in devertissements caw,
a gem, a gem for a loser's purse
a word to contemplate the universe.

Frm my draining heart a shadow stalks
sometimes unique but more often drawn
hopeless to love
therefor tangent in bleeding nights two spirits vent
love's delight
& transgress abstract insensity— does such joy
display a leavey peck of goods all ghosts employ,
what with inviting love to dip well in,
bunk fortunung bestial agony— now does my
spectre mistris union take
Now does my base heart cease to ache
Like the meager, counterfeit made intense
I delineate my awful wretchedness.

To gild the days befor they are profaned, in
stead for lovers my potables containd, in
rare turnd bowls & oriental clay,
public ticking flagd in warm distain;
quickly, consign me one prudential day
wheram I chamberd & beded down, with items
of speechless warrent bowd, girl in this
brusht with gold, dond in brocade, woman
displayd but drild with open graves, uncrownd
by paltry hands of love,
publish me, employ me poems of curt dismay; indeed, gay,
for lovers I see all has been enraged
Wherelse does chattel take you, for yr senses blunt
even drops lacky diamonds on yr silent cunt.

No greater love cld put me down, lie for sound
or palaver me dresst in fillybys
Valentine, I die
give me yr hand, send shity birds to assay me,
blooden me, casting, castrate me & rise & raised
know yr lips the breathless cartilage of tooting time
— the hum of chewn flesh
Yr barren rooks weigh in me splendor, me,
might any other homage be a more constant vendor,
then let me go, out bound, into yr city kingdom
a bone rack, mere house dust lain down
She'd love me; that lusty rag
whenever I am to mock & mense her flight

New green on old green, spring's caliculi
& spleen, in coming on to molokai this great carbuncle
on my chest— bone, skin, & flesh
The kites of a loving life sported once
with this gram of calx which was loving heart
White isle
for green flankt basilix of ancient vanaty
here in the sluice what was heart
to wort, vomit, blister, & fart
New on injury high love, my etesian glove
not was this lie meant for yrs to ponder
but to forfeit for a dram of that lizard's juice
all my esteem & wonder.

(end)

E. B.





VENUS AND THE MOON POEM

Since Venus and the moon
both were on the horizon
the hour of my birth
they have between them
my heart and my body
my mind and my hands
now the moon now Venus
I know the moon
I know it full well
but Venus? I
would like a word with her
her sudden appearances
and disappearances
surprise
and sometimes leave
me in dread confusion. What
is she doing with me?
What is that humming
inside me beside certain women?

The moon
lets you know ahead
scratches like a cat
at the window to get in
does get in
behind the eyes
that pale light
that fills my head
sometimes
and sometimes
it is all dark
but usually
it is some of both
and I walk around
not thinking about
what she is mixing
knowing
I could not keep her out
as in the dream
twelve moons circling my head
she walked up
and shot me dead.

Her agents? Those
who walk up to a man
pointing at him not love
but a pale light
that fills his head
"I was moonstruck" he said
"I saw the moon in her eyes
and a chill went from
my head to my hands.
She didn't say a word.
I saw."
What good does it do
to pretend
we are free agents?
In the aged
in some of the old
I have seen walking around
their heads so full of that pale light
as if it was always in their heads
the full moon

the first thing I saw
the full moon
that was his head

the next thing I saw
the blade of the crescent moon
held up in his hand

the last thing I saw
the dark moon
buttocks of his horse

Oh moon
attendant on my birth
when the water burst
and that particular mixture of light and dark
you had already set in my head
first saw the light of day
and the dark of night

Oh moon
attendant on my birth
guardian of my head and hands
preparer of my death
who is that on the horizon beside you?
What is that other light?

Oh moon
you can't bring me my death
without letting me find that out first

When you asked me to cast your star chart you told me that woman in Paris told you the moon and Venus were both on your horizon. That isn't true. It is true Venus is on your horizon but the moon is three houses away, is squared to Venus and is, thence, in your life, in continual opposition to Venus. I could think of no more unfavorable circumstance. It is certain as you say, she has great power over your head and your hands and I don't think she will take lightly to what you call your new rededication to Venus. I don't think it unlikely that humming, that music, you have recently heard beside certain women was Venus, particularly as you are now entering the house ruled by Venus, but remember, tonight the moon is full. I wouldn't go out as you plan though I know you will, knowing how Saggitarius rides tilted across the sky, the arrow drawn back in the bow he never fires.

When that jealous moonyheaded crippled smithy's
vengefully woven net
fell on the back of my lover
and the gods rushed in to laugh
at the entwined lovers further entwined
and
and when that so called wild boar
broke the sweet flesh
of the boy I once rescued
from the split tree
and again from the underworld
and his blood flowed
into the soft ground where he had stood
and

Thighs
soft
as the new cut grass
I laid earthward in
her smooth flesh
like a spring breeze
blown across my skin.
The intricate pattern
of the dancers on the green grass
dances still
as small white buds
spring from branch to branch
as the red many petalled rose opens

Rose
out of the foamy mesh
Rose
lifted out by the two handmaidens
Rose
out of the white sea shell
Rose
born by the great sea wind
shoreward
sandtrode beach strand
first stepped onto
her many petalled feet
grass sprung
tree branched
and the bloom
where there had never been the bloom
the bloom went sailing across the sea
of that great forest to be

I don't know what drove you to it but I think it was a mistake to have Venus walk out of the sea carrying the moon in her hand. The movie stopped for me at that point as suddenly as Dr. Strangelove did when the doomsday machine was placed in the hands of the Russians. It is as inconceivable to me Venus would walk out of the sea carrying the moon... Propaganda of the moon. Moonmade. When I questioned you afterwards, you answered the moon is a mask all must wear. I saw the closed circle of those who serve the moon pass from hand to hand that pale mask. I saw whitehaired Graves standing by the sea waiting to place it on the face of all who ever have or ever will step onto the sandy shore.

Was that star even brighter then before she came,
before she made that first long journey and why?
Why did she come? The sea? Had she seen in that
pale flat sea the moon had been content to look
at herself in for so long all the streams, the
waves, the storms her coming would set into
motion? And when she did come and the sea began
to move never to stop what must the moon have
thought? What must the moon have thought when
she saw that newcomer head toward the pale rocky
shore? What would she not have done to stop her?
Did she then pull the edge of that once flat sea
higher and higher, until, seeing that quick foot
about to step out, she let go, holding on to the
last futile hope the exhausted sea would pull
the emergeant down with it? And when it didn't
was it then she first began to slowly turn away?

She was so beautiful that when she strode into the heavenly patent office even the clerk behind the desk who thought he had seen everything took notice. "Is there a patent on sex?" She asked knowing there couldn't be because she was just about to invent it. He opened the book to S and ran his finger down the unfilled page. "No there is only the sea and the sun. It would be between them if there was." "Good, could you be so kind as to enter it and, please, no article, and could you be so kind as to put a note behind it: see Love?" "Certainly." He did as she said. "And also, if no one has, I would like to patent Love." "Love?" He turned the book back RQPONM "L. No. There isn't anything here." "Could you please be so kind as to enter it." He entered Love. She was so beautiful, after she left he found himself unable to amuse himself with the lute, the piccolo or any other inventions of the day and paced back and forth unable to understand what had come over him.

How I am drawn back into that dark
once more
to stand on the shore
before the mystery at the prow of Venus's bark

as it scrapes sand and foamy dress thrown off
she steps out.

How I am drawn back to that spot
I heard, running towards her new flowery dress, her cry and laugh

Oh beauty born in the deep of night
Oh beauty born of sexual delight.

Harold Dull

(for Bill Brodecky)

I am solid.
My eyes fill the sockets
they rest in,
as the tears testify,
filling the space
between lid and eye.
The water in my eyes
holds me,
unwavering bulk,
out of the water.

Your lines, Bill,
like H.D.'s words,
would pull me
unreeling the thread
out of myself
till I was thin as one
possessed by the Ring.

I am glad
of tears:
perhaps I couldn't bear
such tautness
to be a floating thread
on the pool--
new in the hand as
a waterlily bud.

Europa
Hipparchia
unopened flower
in a saffron gown.
Longstemmed wavering
water flower
you are.

Deneen Brown

ULALUME

The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crisped and sere--
The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir--
It was down by the dark tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic,
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul--
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll--
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole--
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere--
Our memories were treacherous and sere--
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year--
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
We noted not the dim lake of Auber--
(Though once we had journeyed down here),
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent,
And star-dials pointed to morn--
As the star-dials hinted of morn--
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn--
Astarte's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said- 'She is warmer than Dian:
She rolls through an ether of sighs--
She revels in a region of sighs:
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion,
To point us the path to the skies--
To the Lethean peace of the skies--
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes--
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes.'

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said- 'Sadly this star I mistrust--
Her pallor I strangely mistrust:--
Oh, hasten! -oh, let us not linger!
Oh, fly! -let us fly! -for we must.'
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings until they trailed in the dust--
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust--
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied- 'This is nothing but dreaming:
Let us on by this tremulous light!
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its Sybilic splendour is beaming
With Hope and Beauty to-night:--
See! -it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright--
We safely may trust to a gleaming
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night.'

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom--
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of the vista,

But were stopped by the door of a tomb--
By the door of a legended tomb;
And I said- 'What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?'
She replied--'Ulalume--Ulalume--
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crisped and sere--
As the leaves that were withering and sere--
And I cried--'It was surely October
On this very night of last year
That I journeyed--I journeyed down here--
That I brought a dread burden down here--
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber--
This misty mid region of Weir--
Well I know, now, this dark tarn of Auber,
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.'

E. Poe

I admit
I should observe the invisible reflecting in the
dolphin's skin.
The white clouds, ominous by their shapes alone,
flash by. The fish dives. Its endless
jumps into prophecy
coincide with the gorgeous prophesied.

Bill Brodecky

THE LYRE IN THE EAST RISING

is his lyre.

He is a god under the earth,
a thing like a bed of coals We trust sparks fly

thoughts Curious We
find f(l)ame is to
"keep duty and love alive."

Knowledge we have
and brooms and guns.
Flowers are
the words of the Dead.
Violet is a pun for go.
A light where knowledge
shines and rusts. The earth

is flying towards Vega
like a spark.

Erasures
the paper can stand, littoralizing
this co-operation on the crust we invent

until he return to his Instrument.

George

THE SHEPHERDS VERSE

shepherds the wards Back
glow on no imperatives feeding

The shepherds sing to each other
The bronze shepherd sings to the white
shepherd
The bronze shepherd
of what he knows
The white shepherd
of what he hopes

Farther apart
you could not know them
It is our song to separate
Juning away from the sea
Separate
Their song: No, you have lost the flowers
No, Your loss.

You have lost
the blossom No, farther away

The nasturtiums cloud the away
But late Shepherds come back
to the bleakness of a past-
oral country, the only place not
in Arcadia
In all greens
and slurs Life its
grittle of amity Doctors

George

CRITICAL DREAMS · IV (haven)

9-61 Robert gets home from North Beach, and I wake. He brings me aspirins and a glass of water. He then retires for sleep, lights out, and I lie sleepless. It was a small boat we hove to the dock, no, I mean a middlesized movingvan with a crew of three pulld up at the curb under the hotel awning. We start unloading furnishings and cartons. I bring the stuff from inside the van to the pair at the sidewalk, who carry it in. The late afternoon shadow in the deep street chasm is cool and steady in a tonality of polishd metal and glass; a deep forest clearing. I find a number of detachd keen knife blades which I gingerly pass out to one of the moving men. He receives them with pantomimic caution and manages to collect all in a sheaf in his right hand. I find a 12" circular saw blade which he suspends between-thumb-and-finger. He starts toward the rotary glass hotel entry, but I find another smaller circular saw and summon him back, thoughtless of his predicament. Good-naturedly he shrugs and tries to take it without dropping anything. Damn! the smaller should have come first! How dexterously he manages the transfer! The movingvan is empty. The tide is flowing, ebbing from the estuary. Robert emerges from the mysterious dusk of the hotel lobby, followd by Tom Bombadill and Princess (blocky white cat and spidery black). I descend from the van, and we walk arm-in-arm toward the shallows of our streetstream. There is, we are told, a lovely place ahead for fishing. Soon we wade ankledeep in clear water over a velvety siltbed that glimmers with shifting silver and gold and dun and green. Tom and Princess frolic, and their gambols seem to call up hundreds of cats who likewise leap and dance with the flickering lites all round. Robert says, What beautiful fish! Look! and I comprehend what I thot ripples and reflections are really flitting fish. The cats not only are dancing, they are fishing. My heart begins to suspend as if methodically slowing its beat, or as if it were a very resistant balloon being inflated. I turn quickly to Robert, too quickly; losing balance, I splash down to hands and knees among scattering fish. Tom helps me to my feet, all four, and Robert and he as me lead me as him home to the hotel. In the hotelroom, which is our wakinglife bedroom, but for the polarity turnd in the room West to North, the closet and corridor doors reversed, -- I go to bed. Tom leaps up to lie purring upon my chest. But he is grown to panther size. He stretches his great white hulk over me amorously and extends his muzzle to be kissd: "O no, Tom, no!" A twinge of fear, and I turn aside my head, my heart yet stiller and fuller. I must wake up. I do wake up. Polarity restored. Robert has just got home and sits upon the bedside opening a newspaper from North Beach. I turn my back to the lamplite and begin to drowze. He douses the light, retires. O, my heart will burst! I reach down the coverlet and feel a sheet of newspaper. I bunch it up and push the ball over the bedside. "If it's not on the floor in the morning when I wake, I'll know I'm then in a dream."