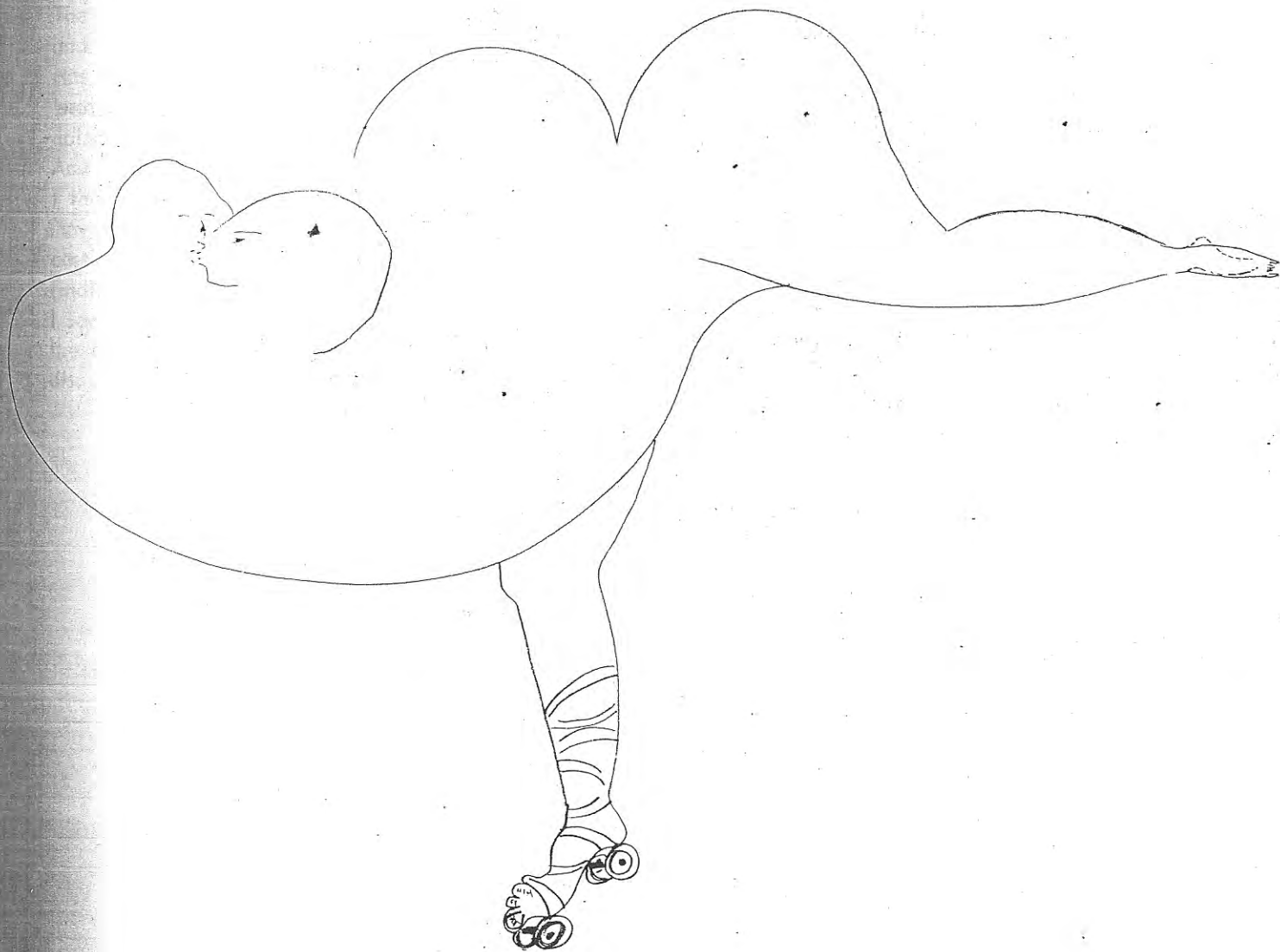


OPEN SPACE



He tries
to point out to her
past bow and out the arrow
past nebula's vague unstarlike glow
and dark places said to be great clouds of dust no star shines through
the invisible point all visible stars revolve around
"the hub of our galaxy. The center of the wheel. See...There..."
forgetting
in the circle of redwoods in the forest
each tree looking in as towards a still remembered father tree
he tried to make her see
a tree as big as that circle they stood in grew there once
and decided no woman can be made to see what isn't right there in front of her eyes
and as he pointed into that invisible dark
stars to both sides went out one by one
until only the brightest in the bow and archer's head remain-
Something (and it wasn't fog- the lights of boat on the horizon as bright as before) dark rose
obscuring vision-

"The Bird of Night" she said "Come to feed her young".

Into the dark he rows
the fool
who blissfully let
current and wind
blow him past
the sandbar's crowd
of pelican and seal
o'er bottom scraping weeds
with oars lifted
all the way down
the long shallow bay
the island
where they rest under the trees
who did not foresee
the tide rose
waves from the dangerous sea
nightfall- the child on the bow bobbing in the dark
wind that'd blow him back further if he stops rowing long enough to turn his head

but she is there
to pick up the oars the moment he drops them
or he'd never near the lights on the invisible shore.

Most of the stars we see as single stars are actually binary stars: two stars revolving around each other.

The summer is almost over.
The nights perceptibly lengthening.
The approach of fall.
And as those most distant lights in the sky
first called 'Island Universes'
move farther and farther apart
there is more and more dark than ever before-
When will it end-
The negro light of our race denied its place
and Goldwater a dark flowing across the land?
Has this summer's lovemaking and stargazing been solely escape-
In horror we look out on a world in which we see there is nothing left to hold onto-
or can I return what I have learned of movement and form and light?
And another
I thought to learn as much from as from a father
moves away
casting off friends to each side
finding betrayal in everything he sees.
I see with great difficulty
the dark bend and shrug of his bowed shoulders
disappearing into a greater dark I know I will never come near understanding.

Harold Dull

Iris, Cut For An Intended Painting

1.

A vision of their being,

alive

lavender petals opened out like cockscombs,

like the flowering petals

are soft valves

but still, still and

not waiting, just there. There

they are flowering in the garden.

I ought to leave them alone.

Faint yellow at their throats, with brown flecks

and with the lavender--

a sexual magnificence,

so still I touch one petal,

I want to feel the smooth skin touching mine.

2.

If not hidden they

were anyway by the geraniums, with the other flowers

unemphasized:

a pleasure, perfectly secretive while watering the garden.

3.

In a pitcher at the top of the stairs ther're
the 2 lavender iris. With the lavender wall.

Lavender petals, lavender wall,

which is the lovliest
color of all, they say.

And thru the clear water 3 green stems contend
their voices with the green window trim--

 against the lavender wall, and the lavender petals.

4.

The phone rings. It is you, your voice breathless with--

nothing to say. Today
you are going to be a dental nurse you say.

You should be a gaudy butterfly flopping around the gardens.

True, you say, how true--
and you laugh lightly, lightly with what could be frankness

but is just your conversation, just
a fabric

 being designed out
of anything suggested, as a subject, to serve

to fabricate and to fabricate.

It is as lovely as that skein of silk blown loose against a wall.

But now looking down I see, ah! -- the petals
of one drying out iris.

The petals are twisted; have been twisting as the flower dies

twisting around itself
like a cord
 twisted so tight
the once light lavender is dark, a dark lavender
as intense as your voice.

But it's not your voice, your voice is as light
as a long voyage on an ocean liner.

Something like that, a lovely garden

of the imagery of your own self
deceptions I used to call them--

that are just your 'own intense life.' As you say.

It is a pleasure to see
how it twists

 the iris

that has no imagination

 twisting darker & darker purple

while you're always lighter, your voice is, light &
pleasant to hear looking down at the twisting dark purple iris--

the purple that has a lovely icky texture now;
and a new yellow decay, coming over it.

5.

But the other iris dies like any flower.

Standing next to the twisted iris
it just falls over,

into the white cup of the calla lily

and there
 dying
 stains the whiteness with
a nice lavender goo.

Richard Duerden

THE STEP (a collage poem)

Las de l'amer repos où ma paresse offense...

The alarm going off

-----& continuing.

Shall I get up & turn it off
or stay here & think this thing out?

.....

.....

.....

I just turned off the alarm

* * *

She said

I want to get my feet wet.

She took off her shoes & left

them with me. She walked down
the sandy concrete steps & across
the beach.

I watched her in the sunlight move

out, away from me, among

the others who were there, their
hips, arms, navels, their bright
colors, their own reddish brown,
their wet hair.

--At some moment-- I only know that
looking up & seeing her at that
distance, among the others, I'd lost her;
she wasn't mine anymore, but
one of the others, no matter how briefly--

The emptiness

* * *

The 2nd time

(the first was about 2 years ago)

listening to my boss giving me instructions

--a likeable enough guy, straight, &

not at all a foreman type--
 & having the words form
at the back of my head, moving into
 my throat, conscious more of them than
of my foreman's instructions,
 tasting the words & not saying them
but relishing their imminence,
 all the possibilities of their re-
percussions:

"Fuck you."

* * *

When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
is room enough

.....

* * *

Sing a song without objects, whose
 characters are on the level
plain, under the rising half-moon, high
 in a corner of the windshield as he
drives,
 the characters of whose language he doesn't
know, driving east after midnight,
 nor the steps of their dances
in his mind.

Sing a song after whose midnight
 there isn't any time at all, just
night with the moon riding above him, singing
 to him & paying him no mind at all,
even whose trees, looming
 just beyond his headlights, are intent-
ions, which he suspects.

Sing without suspicion, then.

* * *

He's lost on a plateau

the words Malaspina Glacier
are in his consciousness at this
thought, & he's just about to speak
them. But doesn't. Knowing their
glassy wetness would allow to intrude,
falsely, a specificity now beyond
his reach, as well as a drama of search
which isn't his, tho he does search,
but without drama.

where "images assail him"

Out of phase with him-
self his thoughts

stray

to a drama of search
(the past) & he's assailed
by an image of those men, their
faces grim, given character by their purpose,
crawling over the ice toward
the Klondike, wearing makeshift wooden
goggles, tiny slits

the blank page may blind him, too

or the drama of no drama at all:

a city street
emptied of its people
around whose corner walks a boy, whistling
in the absolute stillness of the afternoon.

--Out of phase, he's
assailed by images emptied of--
flat (as a plateau) won't contain
anything, but things lie
on it--

He'd worked there a month, gone to the head any number of times before seeing that the thick coils of heavy rope hanging by an incidental nail down close to the floor & looping lazily on the floor itself between the urinals were thick coils of heavy rope, ends splayed out.

The side of the supermarket is a flat green wall he won't penetrate tho the doors are there because he's assailed by images enough there in the parking lot

where he sits while his wife does the shopping. ("I just get confused.")

Assailed: a-sailed!-- the plateau's
become a sea
on which he's not only lost, but
in which he may drown.

A (his) hand might save him,
a mundane drama could save him
if he could see
(again)
what a hand can contain.
If he could say--

The effort
it takes
for me
to say I

* . * *

3 work songs

a)

Argent-- rather than argent vivre,
the quint-
essence, that gas filtered down from the angels
that makes man run.
But they pay me cash for my
calories--
What pay is vast enough
for this waste of 7 hours
a god damned day?

b)

The bridge is better than a way
 across the bay:
behaves, rumbles,
 does better than take me to my job
& bring me home:
 its own beauty,
its breadth of beam,
 its sweep of cable
(Ah Brancusi!)
 that some bright-eyed engineer
gasping at his drawing board.
 Better by far than a line
between points A & B.

c)

The focus on that camera's critical,
 particularly at 'actual'.
It's a cinch to start with a 6-inch original
 & come out with an inch-high
copy.
 Or vice-versa.....

* * *

...Je sens que des oiseaux sont ivres
D'être parmi l'écume inconnue et les cieux!

I'd hoped that on one or another of my hitch-hiking trips some
trucker would pick me up & offer me \$2.50 & breakfast to help
him unload a cargo of insulating material, sweating up there
with those sacks in the cool night air of Indiana. Or that
sneaking out of some flop house in Phoenix at 3 a.m. I'd
climb aboard a cotton-pickers bus to work for \$3.00 a CWT,
throwing rocks & dirt clods into the sack, as I'd see the
winos do. To throw myself into the arms of fortune as into
the arms of a woman who says to me:

"I know why you don't want to do it; you're afraid I've got
a social disease."

"Yeah, like locomotor ataxia."

"What's that?"

"A social disease."

* * *

8 -- 9.64

(& not finished yet)

Ron Loewinsohn

Morphemicks

1

Morphemes in section

Lew, you and I know how love and death matter

Matter as wave and particle-twins

At the same business.

No excuse for them. Lew, thanatos and
agape have no business being there.

What is needed is hill country. Dry

in August. Dead grass leading
to mountains you can climb onto

Or stop

Morphemes in section

Dead grass. The total excuse for love
and death

The faded-blond out beauty
Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my
 mouth if I forget you Zion
There we wept
He gave me a turn. Re-
Membering his body. By the waters of Babylon
In a small boat the prince of all the
 was to come
Floating peacefully. Us exiles dancing
 on the banks of their fucking river.
They asked us to sing a sad song How
Motherfucker can I sing a sad song
When I remember Zion? Alone
Like the stone they say Osiris was when
 he came up dancing. How can I
 sing my Lord's song in a strange land?

Moon,
cantilever of syllables
If it were spelled "mune" it would
not cause madness.

Un-
Worldly. Put
Your feet on the ground. Mon-
Ey doesn't grow on trees. Great
Knocker of the present shape of things. A
tide goes past like wind.
No normal growth like a tree the moon
stays there
And its there is our where
"Where are you going, pretty maid?"
"I'm going milking, sir," she said.
Our image shrinks to a morpheme, an
-ing word. Death
Is an image of syllables.

The loss of innocence, Andy,
The morpheme -cence is regular as to Rule
 IIC, IIA and IIB [centʃ] and [sensɪ]
 being more regular. The [inn-]
With its geminated consonant
Is not the inn in which the Christ Child
 was born. The root is nocere and
 innocence, I guess, means
 not hurtful. Innocents
The beasts would talk to them (Alice in
 the woods with the faun). While to Orpheus
They would only listen. Innocuous
Comes from the same root. The trees
Of some dark forest where we wander amazed
 at the selves of ourselves. Stumbling. Roots
Stay. You cannot lose your innocence, Andy
Nor could Alice. Nor could anyone
Given the right woods.

Jack Spicer

NIGHTMARE AND DREAM

About nine one evening I had returned to my apartment, which I had just rented in the city after a year spent at a house in the country. I went immediately to bed, read a moment, turned off the light, I remember nothing more. I wanted to turn on the light, leave, go out to a favorite bar before closing time, talk to friends. I flicked the light switch on but it failed to work. The room was very dark, but I knew my way about well enough to imagine how I could walk to the kitchen. I did this but this light failed to work, and so on through the apartment. I realised I was not in my apartment, but again in the country. Curiously, though, the physical layout of the rooms seemed exactly the same as that of my new city apartment, yet I felt absolutely assured that I was alone in an air familiar from my country place. I could not hear the ocean, a sound always heard at night where I lived before: this was my house, again at Stinson Beach, but away from the town, or village, up a canyon, high, distant from the center. No light entered through any window, I wondered at the lack of moon- or starlight; trees perhaps, a high fog overcast. There was no sound, motion, the temperature was comfortable. I bumped into a box as yet unpacked from my moving a few days before, now in the living room, tripped, fell slightly forward.

Through the door into the kitchen I saw dim moonlight illuminating the face of someone in repose on a cot or narrow bed. There had never been a place to rest under the window through which this light seemed to come, and in fact the absurdity of a bed being in this location struck me, for the place is a small area between the stove and sink. The window looks onto a covered porch where many of my hanging plants sway restfully by day and night, a great staircase protecting the porch from the wind. I felt the ocean. The face was recognizable, a friend, his eyes opened, his eyes turned toward me, but his head only slightly moved, his body obscured into the covers and darkness. He had been resting on his back but now I saw him lying on his side, looking at me, his lips moved slightly as if saying something to me. I watched him from the kitchen door, a distance of perhaps fifteen feet, the silver light now caught the side of his face nearest the window, no other object was illuminated in any way. I felt the presence of every familiar object, or form, in the room, there was no void. I realised my friend was asking me to come near him, I felt a sexual radiance and fear. From him, I knew I must sleep with him, I said, 'Robin, I cannot.'

He seemed relaxed. But voiceless, formless, his words had meaning but no sound or structure, an understanding of some kind and occasionally silence, even while his lips would continue to move. A waiting. I must have asked him how I could get to the bar to talk to my friends ... "you remember that threshing whip you use for the grass in the garden? only the deer will hurt you because

there is no light and they'll be afraid. but you can stay on the road into town if you swing it back and forth and so hit the edges of the road. there will be wind to guide you since it always blows from the same direction." I had never seen a threshing whip, but I could imagine it and the plan seemed reasonable.

The night was too dark for dogs or other animals, but the deer did frighten me. As if a warning from some source, and I knew that the distance was vastly great from my house to the center of the village, which once I knew had been only two blocks, not hard to follow on the darkest night. The center of the village would also be the bar I wanted to go to, the hills surrounding me have always seemed benign, a comfort in distance and beautiful. All this occurred to me, reassuringly somehow. I could not understand why there was no light. I wanted to ask. Robin drew me to him, as I began to climb into bed he bit me, rather tenderly but very deeply, above the pelvic bone over the kidney. I felt blood and darkness, utter terror as I searched for the light switch over my own bed.

I understood on looking down at his face, now moon blue and patches of silver, that this was not a living thing, was not Robin Blaser yet looked in every way like him, his eyes. Not dead, ghastly. I searched for his hands with their pronounced blue veins, I wanted to know that it was him. I couldn't find his hands, though I could feel suggestions of his form, his torso, even felt light about his abdomen, a hint of light or moon light on one hip, a slender, tapering, moving light, narrow, resting or moving on a lack of substance yet somehow supported. Utterly, vacantly dead. The room remained, the natural stain on the kitchen table by another window I could almost see, the white porcelain of the stove, a vine of ivy over an inner door, large leaves of philodendron. All in darkness, but answering, sleeping, not necessarily allies.

The rush of air, the necessity of leaving. As at Stinson Beach, the asphalt road, the rush of swaying pampas grass under fog-reflected, filtered moonlight, hush, hush, grass forms by the road far taller than myself, gradually walking downward, each house a silhouette of blackness against the blackness of the wind at night. I failed to turn at the required corner, walked on instead by high retaining walls covered with fuschia, plump succulents, ferns, to the sound of a stream. As if the stream, the center of the darkness, were spotted with tiny lights, fireflies glossed with water, turning, by the village community building, across a bridge, giant palms. Lights to pluck, total familiarity, the gouged highway high on the headland toward the city, the fog light over the Golden Gate, the shapes of the hills toward Half Moon Bay. Firesmoke shaped from the chimneys, the crescent of the beach, the park, the town or village, extended from me, a soft image extending ... sloping hills, only my eyes seemed brittle. The switch clicked into place, the unreflecting dark wood, the clothes I had been wearing strewn about me on the floor. I went to the kitchen, the living room,

turned on every light, looked everywhere, stood watching the swaying plants on the porch through the kitchen window. I dressed and left the apartment, walking slowly to the bar.

There, at Gino's, I saw by the door two friends, to whom I told my dream. Noisy drunks passed at my back, an occasional welcome, joke, salute -- every shape, the mirrors, bottles, still. The door was open, cars on the street, things predictable from paper-bag port bottles in doorways to Jupiter rising over Green Street, said now to be in Taurus. Stars, light, high fog, the wind from the west "it never changes." Two o' clock, I walked home, stared at ivy, at pots hanging on the kitchen wall, went to bed. Pen and paper, a clip-board, morning sun: like rain sticking, nothing moved for two days. I had written one phrase,

'I wake up without Robin, or the fi
It'

Without language, and without recall.

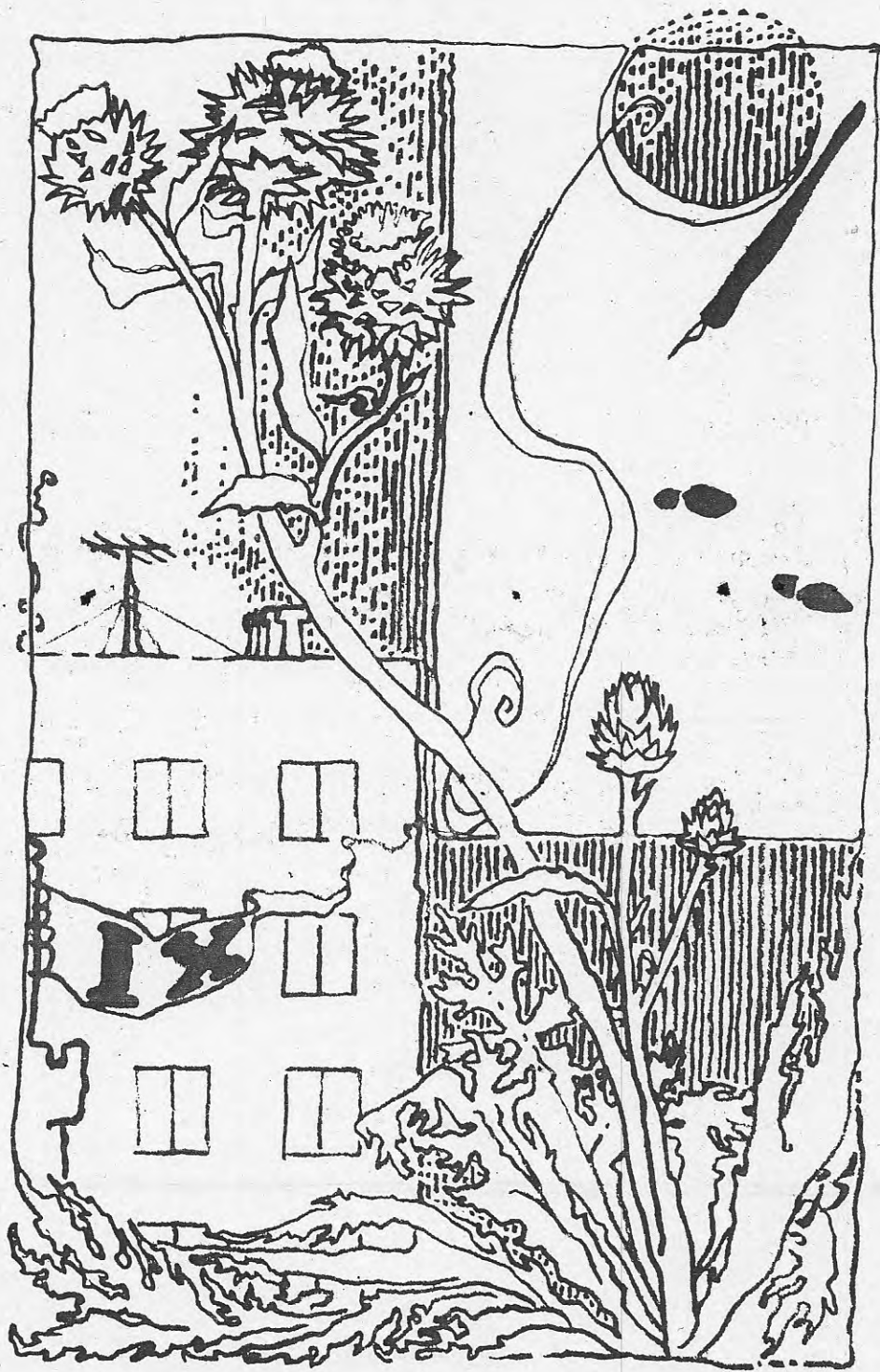
George Stanley had said, "Remember telling me about the old woman sweeping the porch outside your window this morning" -- we were talking of this dream -- "and that you had no curtain to hide the fact you were in bed with a woman? And you had said that for the old woman perhaps it was okay that you were sleeping with a woman but suppose it had been a man...." Yes, I remembered, and in fact had earlier in the day, before the dream, hung a curtain over this window to insure such privacy. Questions ran against the romance of the dream. Where?

"L-U-V" George says. 'L-U-V' say I.

Tumbling on, a night-road with the ocean wind, lighted points of ivy, art, love, indistinctions only recognitions of the dream. The list enters the dream. And reversed, the mind is lost in its own expression.

A moment passed in the bar, configurations in tone, pin-ball lights, faces, the green felt of the pool tables. George was telling me the story of the dream behind his poem, The Death of Orpheus, men with huge heads and bidding hands raised in salute on a meadow, turning toward an infinite direction, acceptance, the nightmare at last raised to a dream, follow us, follow where the mind breaks. For us, this luv

Lewis Ellingham



Untitled

Mira
star
with the new

splotch
veer sadly South
bicycle webbing clouds

The masts Loom
in the late Sun
tightly furled
with sails the Eye

floats in a gloom, a Calm

Fénelon: "I feel nothing for you,
and I am closer to no one than
to you"

"will wait and wait and wait all night
long. It will grow very dark; lizards
will drop on his head; the ghost boats
will come into the channel. He will
be very much afraid. But he will wait
there until dawn, until his hair is
wet with dew and his heart is very
angry and still she does not come."

"the porch no longer where it was"

The night-
time.

Mira
or Beta Kaitos
star, that
red flake
in the Southeast?
Distant
you are.

George Stanley

LIONEL

*

Ite domum impasti;
domino iam non vacat,
agni.

Go home hungry,
thinclads.

My family is dead!
Long live my family!

*

Word nailed
in my mind: come "a venom
which nourished while it tormented"

The nail released a wellspring
and plugged it - a pressure of speech
under the trickle.

Slowly and fluently
you tell me "The King
led me into his chamber."

All details. All naked things. I remember
in Providence, my twelfth-year hair,
in Threat, in silk he came.

Surrounded in his fairness you dream
his touch is fur,
his desire taut.

"edge to the world: but the name of this land is Hell.

It is not Mexico of course but in the heart. And today"

For no reason I was watching when the bus pulled to the far curb. When it moved again I heard wood crack. When it was gone I saw him bending over the curb picking up the two pieces of the snapped crutch. He dropped them. Then he threw the good crutch into the street, mad. I saw his body compress and his mouth shout. And he limped off.

She chokes her confession
after I give her

the third degree I find
I keep the first and second.

1. The ticking in my mind.
2. The ticking in her mind.

We talk back
to back under the covers

"My pillow is a cloud."
"My pillow is wet with tears."

"My pillow is a rock."
"My pillow is cracked."

The sperm of this back
to back intercourse

takes root and then takes
air beside the other plant.

First we make a claim on old land.
The idea is to build a new house.

When I walk into these old rooms
I'm walking

into your presence (the corners
of your physique and psyche

turn here)
and I reach

my finger through the dust
on the shelf.

In War in Heaven Lionel comes home turning the darkest
corner of his mind: "He found even in her only a flying
figure with a face turned from him whom he dreaded though
he hastened to overtake."

As I come home:

Mehe has broken. He goes to see Me-broken at Slater Mill
in Pawtucket. Me-broken is lying in the lint and dust on
the mill floor staring at the rusted looms. Holding hands,
guarding, at the feet of Me-broken are my daughter and her
sister, sisters or rings - the snake biting its tail, the
root of the plant tied in its leaf. Me-broken is a sleeper
in a victim's disguise. The real victim sleeps. "The vic-
tim had been carefully poisoned." The sensation-seeker
comes to see the sisters.

The idea
is to build a new mill

on the same old land
before like Helen you

throw off the cold sheets
while I rage in them

up and down the coast like Menelaos
from old house to old house.

In an incident in the temple, the Pharisees present Jesus with an adulteress and ask him whether or not in the spirit of Moses he will admit that this woman should be stoned. Instead of answering, Jesus bends over and writes in the dust with his finger. When they press him to answer he gets up and says that anybody who is blamefree can throw the first stone. Then Jesus goes back to writing on the ground. When he gets up again all the Pharisees have left. But some of the witnesses add here that he saw no one but the woman. So I will say that, without fearing her or wanting her, he sees her and asks, "Didn't one of them condemn you?" She tells him no. He tells her that he doesn't blame her either, that she can go, and that she shouldn't do it again.

In this cae in our home
I'm asking you.

I'm afraid of you.
I want you.

Don't do it again.
Don't do it again.

Creases and folds
in the eyes of the girls
in creases and folds in your eyes
because they're yours.

We can count the years.
If everything goes right
we'll die before they
die like the grass on the infield,

a carpet for the plurals,
the smiling infidel sons of James Brown,
who came to visit,
who stood at the foot of my bed.

"The room must be an ideal condition.
A speck of dust will wreck an engine."

said John, the merchant of Power Street,
the son of Hope Power Brown,
and Joseph, his brother, of Hope Street,

the site of Moses Brown School,
the site of the board track,

in the East.

And this is my speck of dust!
And this is my engine!

Abraham
"contemplated his own body,
as good as dead
(for he was about a hundred years old),
and the deadness of Sarah's womb,
and never doubted."

Thus Paul counts
Abraham's faith.

How I, uncircumcised, have
faith that it doesn't matter,

that no matter
is the fate of our brood.

I'm full of doubts
and you are so fertile -

such vessels we are
when we count

1, 2, 3,
you

have vagadu
in your womb, I

have vagadu
in my heart.

Lew Brown

from Procris & Cephalus

Clear Lake where
keeping time
they back up in
each other's dream

The moon is down
around their feet
pulls those dreams apart.
Together
they are a tide
"of you"
You tell them
Eos tell
what never
wakes up

*

Fall
where they may
flight
to and from the arrow
are properties of Kiss & Tell.
He doesn't kill according to the rules
draws back the bow only so far
as he is concerned
Before she can cross the forest
make no sound not even a dry twig
only the
Mind
snaps

*

Heart-shaped
Rock
in the path
heavier than
each
step
Go seek
fair game.
Still
nothing stands
in her way
to make yours
treacherous.

But you know
who put it there
and why you won't
go around it.
Then go
through it
probe
deeper
in the heart
even
below
Rock
bottom

*

The judges and lawyers
stood around in a row
Polly Van in the middle
like a fountain of snow

I repeat
The heart is an herb
what they call
Innocence
in
no
sense
crazy
Jimmy Randall
get out of jail free
turn back to
"Something besides what has
Been beautiful"

Lawrence Fagin

Clear face facing
left

green cheeks
mad addition.

A painting - rehearsal of what
the madly clear stream
unfelt but to that rusted sense
cries out to us:

 a facing , comp
lications everywhere as if they were
painted designs swirling in and out
of the visible
riding sight.

 I aim for an ab
solute
ly
ac-curate rendering, so ac-
curate it consumes for all coming
that emotion this clothes.

A clear face looking left
swirled face in & out of reality
blue streams lost (spot) in sight
a theft of follow.

Trace tracks down shirring
rivers of
coloration if you wish; it doesn't need
glory, or to be glory-us

 I track a trail invisible whose
boundries if I am safe are beyond Beyond
Reveling how how quick they skirt my
reveling w threads of unknown place.

✕ Kimball Place. A dip. There in
poetry or its para-sol a cat
played with a rat in the mint
I picked a s.....

 I picked words up that had weight
Cast in lies like dice they clattered.

 Where do I love you

 Are you so near I hesitate to touch
the kind our love is with my fairly

 Blue stream rock robbed come out now
so I may swim in you from invisibility

 Where did our love go?
 Time it moves in

Time it is sewn it in arriving out
now
and them

in bed a boration into sight
the blue clear stream comes
We swim in the beautiful bowl

Near, a boy
white as near death undetermined
lies embryonic in grass and
things

holding the blue flower.
That is large full open
its tropism is that we=dark
ours its light

Bill Brodecky

In my dream
I leave the garage, dusky
to the yard of my grandmother's house
there a jackass chases me
and another animal, dark &
black is.

It sits in a tree. Near
the one from whose low branches the
donkey eats plums (I take a
look many are there bunched
I give the ()ass permission
the black
moving thing
moves toward me
I retreat in fear

it is a
peacock

great
and
black
black

a promising black

and it parades

tall

er than me

oh!

there is a boy on its back

it

takes fright

of

me

eel engates

retreats

into the garage
(fear in me)

the boy fits in tho he sits too high

it perches high

Bill Brodecky

The Air

The old looking brown beet's at rest it seems physically to be resting
in my white hand cupped around it
holding it up in the air.

That--a hand cupped holding the beet and especially that it's gently held
is like, or enough like the air Seurat drew around the bodies in it.

Tho I don't see, in Seurat's vision, much wind, ever

the air helps to bear the parasol, it gently fills
the inside of her dress

and it hovers around her, around the monkey, around the trees, etcetera

like the nutrient it is

but the touch isn't free:

the air gives way accepting gas flames,

intimately,

it nurtures the flames

feeding

the flame's change to the air that

is itself breathed in, by us, in the interchange.

In this sense

there's what we call the woman's way and

the man's also of coming to love.

It's a vision. A respective vision of the two

seen together

in their life being led

not freely--nothing quite is--tho some

see it like light moving thru nothing but space. Which is like
the huge light bulb Seurat drew, for The Concert:

There's no air inside the sealed glass. It's all white light till
it leaves, and hits the air.

But in studies for The Bather the air
is touching the man who's standing in water up to his thighs.
It's no vacation, he's not as relaxed as he is accepting
unconsciously
leaning against the bank.

In the studies there's no speed, nothing's free. The man's hands
have been brought thru the air up slowly to his mouth shouting
thru the air that carries & slows his shout at

someone off the page, someone not seen in this copy but who's
probably standing farther out in the water, and in the air
thru which the shout will reach him more faintly.

And the rolled bundles of clothing on the grass with
the air on them resting physically
but not quite lightly --

everything drawn has in the air

a strange harmony, a repose swaying together

with the air too--

a nearly grimacing

tho it's no more grimacing than it's dancing,

or than it's love.

Breathing in & out in the air

the man & the woman touch

simply within that, that they are there touching
without wondering how much they care perhaps.

We, anyway, don't care if
they do or don't. What's happening is
their being together causes a posture, each toward the other
the way her neck muscles are set tilting her head to look at him
with his hand touching her arm, happily or not
they are set, their muscles, like they've known each other a long time.

Which is like this beet, the old gnarled shape of it, as a shape.
With a knife I cut it so the peelings curl over like waves, cresting
to reveal in the day's light in the room
the surprising

purpley-red light of the meat.

Tho it is reposed on the wooden carving board
the color rises from it a little, into the room's air
and coming thru my eyes it even enchants me:

the color of it rising

like music tho it's I who am whistling, whistling it seems
to the beet-color,
and dancing a little holding it up in the room.

But there's one beet, just too soggy, that I put aside, rejected.
And the next day Suzanne hands it to me.

'The turgor's restored,' she says

she's put it in the refrigerator, in water, and now it's all hard again.

The turgor: I look it up in the big dictionaries and can't find it but anyway I thank hunger--a pointless gesture, that-- for the restored turgor.

Richard Duerden

*

*

I tell you
I seem to have dreamt
longer than I've lived.
The water was green
last night; the cliffs black,
a sky of copper blue. The
boat almost
didn't capsize. That
isn't death. First the physical,
then the metaphysical. What
if the sun despises
you
First touch: a flower, a
stone, a handful of hair. Find
the sun
and the dark
is behind it.
Fail at life, at sex, and
maybe you can fail
at death. Years dead,
you may clink among
stars; random tinfoil.
My dreams had the colors
of real eyes.
Colors of pebbles
in clear streams; of a ripped vein;
of dancing flowers
at the dark window.

Windows laugh at mirrors; eyes
at windows
Death drowns them all. I can
live as long as I've dreamt. I'll
grow wings
in black air, Sing.

Lawrence Kearney

Beyond where you
wait, here. These deserts
bend a dry sun. Night has
no quiet, no sobbing.
Nothing but gasping
and certain laughter: As if
a thorn could smile.
You are no thorn. You
are no desert.
You dream out of place.
Here no one hears you, love,
Amaze children's voices,
trees hum in sunlight.

Lawrence Kearney

FOR BILL

The ideal not I-
deal

id is Latin, thing, it
but idea is Greek, eidōs, knowing

"so that knowing, we may die
or evading death and fate, escape"

George Stanley

The Dentist

The opening.

Contemplating the store, prunes, peaches, and plums
I wondered why they were looking at it so much

as I was going in to buy a can of Colt 45 -- it's a
malt liquor

As Mrs. Moreno -- Japanese -- not English or Italian
she said it was 29 today-- and not 30 & not 28--

And leaving the store

I noticed they were approaching the Dentist office--

I didn't explain that did I---

A little boy -- age 7--

well they were standing in front of the store
looking at the peaches, plum & grape, Wondering why
they were looking at the fruit I suddenly realized

one must be
very delicate about this. an Intuition of pain.

teeth.

The grandmother, can she fit in there?

She had white hair, was towing him along.

only one boy. It's still a beautiful poem.

Tom Field

August 10

The Dentist

II

Pain. and the grandmother

Preoccupation.

Pain and no fruit.

to sublimate is an -- one can't say this -- world wide.

diet cola: said George Stanley, this is just
one of his things

Delusion--

and then pain comes after that.

Self operated elevator.

7th floor.

I am moving slowly towards, a receptionist's room.

And we have to wait. Lots of waiting, Time magazine etc. and then I am in the room now, the chair, I am getting closer and closer, the dentist hasn't shown up yet, one must wait for the dentist. The nurse is there and she is glib, as usual, has gobe-getters on for shoes and now the dentist arrives. He has been preoccupied in another office, and he says, I hold this thing in my hand, and spray into my mouth, cold liquids, whenever it gets hot, in lieu of anesthetic I spray this cold liquid into my mouth. And he grinds away. And here is where it gets difficult in terms of a play. My experience is apparently between the lines -- I'm on Pine street. I've forgotten the number. The dentist's office is on 14th and Parnassus. I've forgotten the number. And I also gave blood that day-- that gave me 10 points on my card. I knew I'd make it. Blood is that saving thing. I was quite sure I wouldn't be able to save that poem. Giving blood sort of ends it.

Tom Field

August 10

PARSIFAL : THE EASTER MAGIC

(after Wagner and Verlaine)

Et O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans le coupole!

T.S. Eliot, The Waste Land, line 202

Parsifal has put off the boys and girls, their
babbling song and dance, their
sexy ways. He stands
blond and tall,
enhanced by the magic of his now knowing
what's going on, amidst their knowing
inclination everywhere
towards the flesh of the virgin youth. He glows
untoucht, most fair,
in all those glancing shadows that
would cast their spell
and seduce the hero to their lights of love,
tricks of the afternoon
and one-night-stands.

Parsifal has put off Kundry, the most beautiful of all,
the subtle Woman of the Heart, turned away
from her cool arms
and the beat of blood at her throat
that would excite
the deep welling up of desire
and yet quench the heat.

He has put off Hell and from whose glimmering halls
falling in ruins as he turns, returned
to the tents of light burdend
with a heavy prize his boyish arm has won
back from the hold of hidden things.

With the Lance that pierced the side of the Lord
he does not know Whose Name, he knows now
only what he has to do. He heals
the king from his anguish, brings up
out of the dark he dared,
as if it were a ray of light, the spear
won back from the magic realm, returned
to the king, to the very king himself
long lingering at the edge of the Father's love,

the priest he is himself
of the essential treasure.

In gold robe

Parsifal adores--the glory and the symbol--
but it is the simple pure dish of crystal in which shines
the blood of the Real,

pulse of the Father's love the music raises.

And O, the voices of the children,
singing in the dome above.

Robert Duncan

20 Sept 64

THEY

a tapping at the window

brought into the day

water runs in the bathroom bowl

dishes to be done

and outside the door

the child talks to the figures he sees

shadowy sprites also

are the issues at hand

if not what's close at hand, near to heart, a next
thought in the mind. The place is here, tokens

would show in the rug

the potted plant cup or bowl of pencils Syblls

we're not to know what's next a line

of seven to nine syllables

Stan Persky

HOME & GARDEN

Lawrence Kearney, FIFTEEN POEMS (White Rabbit Press, San Francisco, 1964)

These poems are like the log of a voyage. It was not at first meant to be a voyage, when a dream was investigated. But there was "a dock" in the dream, and "spray." He was waking up. A sound was fading away.

But something else. No
voices. But steps, steps
on the wood,

the dock, which was

perhaps your hand,
perhaps your hair on
the side of my face, I
can't remember.

but

I see the dream;

see it. A
green passage, A
space between bodies

He had dreamed it. Then he saw a "space between bodies." He cannot get back to where there are "No / voices." He must go on the voyage that dreamed his start.

If he has to touch someone--If
he slowly moves his arm across
the empty space to rest along
her breast in a slow arc of longing,
she stirs-- the eyes open and a
murmur of prehistoric annoyance,
a look in the half-asleep dark, an
eye of dark watery places looking
through him.

Younger, he must have used words as we all did, to ornament, or decorate. But the second poem here begins,

I have borne images all the way

Meaning begins to move him; not he meaning. The birds aren't just mind-pictures, that the writer by his craft tricks the reader into thinking he sees; but they fly all over the sky:

These are birds,
not calligraphs.

Tiers of birds...

Tiers of ravens
fix hot eyes on heaven; others,
perhaps, fix hot beaks
in the flesh of your eyes.

They know things. Their wings snap

His sensible life and his life in the poem flow together. As his

Hands wander the body's edges

he wanders in the poem. It is not by means of the pain of loss in our lives
that the pain of loss in our poems is made real; but it is the pain of loss itself,
felt, in life and in poems, it is

The pain of the unrecovered image.
Of your hair as a glove for cold fingers

In the sixth poem she moves, to close the "space." But that space
now is the sea.

Death is the province
of her body.

She looks like a storm at sea.

The shadows,

fleeing her neck in a cloud
of hair.

She moves beneath the shadows; stretches
one arm,
the curve from breast to
belly like a velvet sash.
Death

He feels

the
slow ache deathward

he wants to

Forget in the folds of a black velvet sash,
but the poem throws the sash

among stars on
a dark wave.

In Harold Dull's poem, Orfeo asks:

"Then will I never see her face again?"

and is answered

"You will be able to trace its loveliness in the sun and in the stars

Stretching her arm out of the past, she is Death, but where her face is moved, in, and by, the poem, it is a lovely face. The poet tries to imagine it:

a collage of darkness

Your face in the shadows

Like Orpheus, he lives

in a world
of winter rivers

In the twelfth poem, the log notes,

The afternoon

hisses dull rain
on the sidewalks;
no room for voices, death, or
my terror

The wind has a watery edge;
trees are sodden

And then, without having to imagine it,

The rain hits my eyes with your face

The poem does not end in resolution, nor is her face seen again "among stars." It ends in this rain, that has "no room for voices, death, or / my terror," that brings a realization (at Christmas) of "The exhaustion of remembering too long,"

the
rain in the street
named again, running down the pavement
spilling off the trees
as if I never knew it--
paced its fall through empty gardens.

George Stanley

KYA AND ALL THAT

Whitie, currently cast-bound and on crutches as a result of an altercation in Gino & Carlo's some weeks ago, hurried by the door of the Anxious Asp as

best he could one afternoon early in the month to declaim the news: Jackson had been shot at by one of his girls on Grant Avenue, seven shots, one of them hitting a passer-by. Gradually the story pieced itself together as courier after courier presented himself in the bar -- yes, it was Lynn, who had not long ago robbed a bank downtown of some \$400 and was picked up in Honolulu, then had gotten herself out of it on grounds of mental unbalance. Yes, the accidental victim was Lee Jones, weary warrior of years panhandling in front of the Coffee Gallery. (The papers called him a Shakespearean actor from New York, fresh from performance of Hamlet.) Yes, both Jackson and Lynn had split, the fuzz had no one yet, people were being questioned on the corner of Grant and Vallejo; the radio played on in the bar.

"When you see news happen, call KYA, an award..." the only problem: how to tell a delicious story without giving information which actually would hurt (finking). There was really no way around this, but the opportunity was too good to miss altogether. The solution, a telephone essay on the generalities of the scene, with touches of orange and purple to give border to the central figure, Jackson, 50-plus year old arranger of the affairs of the lonely and confused on an axis Mike's Place on Broadway to somewhere not far from SS. Peter & Paul's Church on Washington Square. (Thoughts of Sweatshop Bob, one hand full of \$10 bills and the other pulling at his hair, alternately beating his head on a bar table and drinking from one of the half-dozen or more glasses of wine in front of him, shrieking with mad laughter as the sewing machines whir on in his places of business adjacent; of the proprietor of a bar in North Beach who recently inherited large sums, led by the hand on the sixth day of a drunk to pool tables where a waiting crowd of humble beginners slowly raised the stakes through \$300 in half an hour, while arrangements were being made of a more intimate nature for the gentleman's comfort at a nearby hotel; these images, but somehow all carried off with a certain amount of style, disarmingly....

(I assumed I was speaking to a man of experience at the other end of the hot wire in the news chambers of the radio station, not a great deal had to be said....

A few more rock 'n roll tunes played over the radio, then "ABOUT THE SHOOTING IN NORTH BEACH ... THE VICTIM, LEO M. JONES, HAS REPORTED HIMSELF TO MISSION EMERGENCY HOSPITAL WITH A MINOR WOUND IN HIS LEFT HAND ... AN UNCONFIRMED SOURCE TELLS KYA THAT THE ACTUAL VICTIM WAS NOT THE INTENDED VICTIM, WHO IS A MAN KNOWN ONLY BY THE NAME, JACKSON..."

Everyone was drinking in a merry mood, strangers arrived in the bar, the gossip was genial, bemused, the afternoon wore away.

Next morning I called KYA and asked about the reward. "Sure, I just gave your name to the office. Sorry, though, no loot. The reward should be out in a couple of days."

'Oh.'

And indeed my ball-point pen with pocket clip did arrive, with an aluminum emblem of a microphone and the letters "K Y A" on the clip. Attached was a small piece of paper with the message printed on it, "KYA RADIO 1260 News Tip Award." The packet in which this arrived, I noticed, had been machine stamped for 4¢...

Arriving in Gino's one evening about mid-month, Donato, one of the bar owners and then on duty behind the bar, called me over to say with some excitement, "Did

you hear about the hold-up?"

'No.'

Joe, a retired bar owner and cook, the only other customer in the place at the moment, said, "Yeah, to us an' Jack Spice. He come in, the man, he once had a tab here, an' Jack an' somebody else (Gary Snyder) was at the table. He had a gun an' the other guy went away an' Jack got up for the first time I see him polite when he say 'Now look, I've only gotten three hours sleep every night this week and I have to get up at 6:30 to go to Stanford.' an' Jack walks for the door but the gun's still at his back up his coat. Then the guy turns on Donato an' say 'How much cash are you insured for?' an' Donato say 'We don't have insurance.' an' he say to me with the gun 'How much money do you have?' an' I say I'm drinking on tab here I'm broke. So they all go away."

I saw Jack the next night and asked him about the incident. Jack said, "You mean the water pistol?" We spoke of the would-be offender, someone known to us both. Then en route to the pin-ball machine, where every conversation ends, Jack concluded, "Oh well, you know how crazy he is."

LE

BUKES

Press issuings this month included:

Robert Duncan's AS TESTIMONY, an essay dating from 1958 San Francisco poetry meetings, moving from the poetry of Harold Dull and Joanne Kyger, from White Rabbit Press at \$1.50. White Rabbit also published Lawrence Kearney's FIFTEEN POEMS, a first collection, at \$1.00. The Phoenix Book Store in New York issued John Wieners' ACE OF PENTACLES, a collection from before and after The Hotel Wently Poems, soon available in SF. Harold Dull's THE DOOR is published by OPEN SPACE and is offered at no cost through the magazine. Robert Duncan's ROOTS AND BRANCHES is from Scribner's at \$1.95 in paper and \$4 something in hard cover -- all the poems since The Opening of the Field.

HOW TO SEND MATERIAL TO OPEN SPACE

Open Space invites writers to send poems, articles, stories, etc to 640 Turk #26, or to leave them in the mailbox inside Gino & Carlo's Bar on Green st between Grant and Stockton. The magazine is open to all poets in the area and welcomes material from writers who haven't published in these pages previously.

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