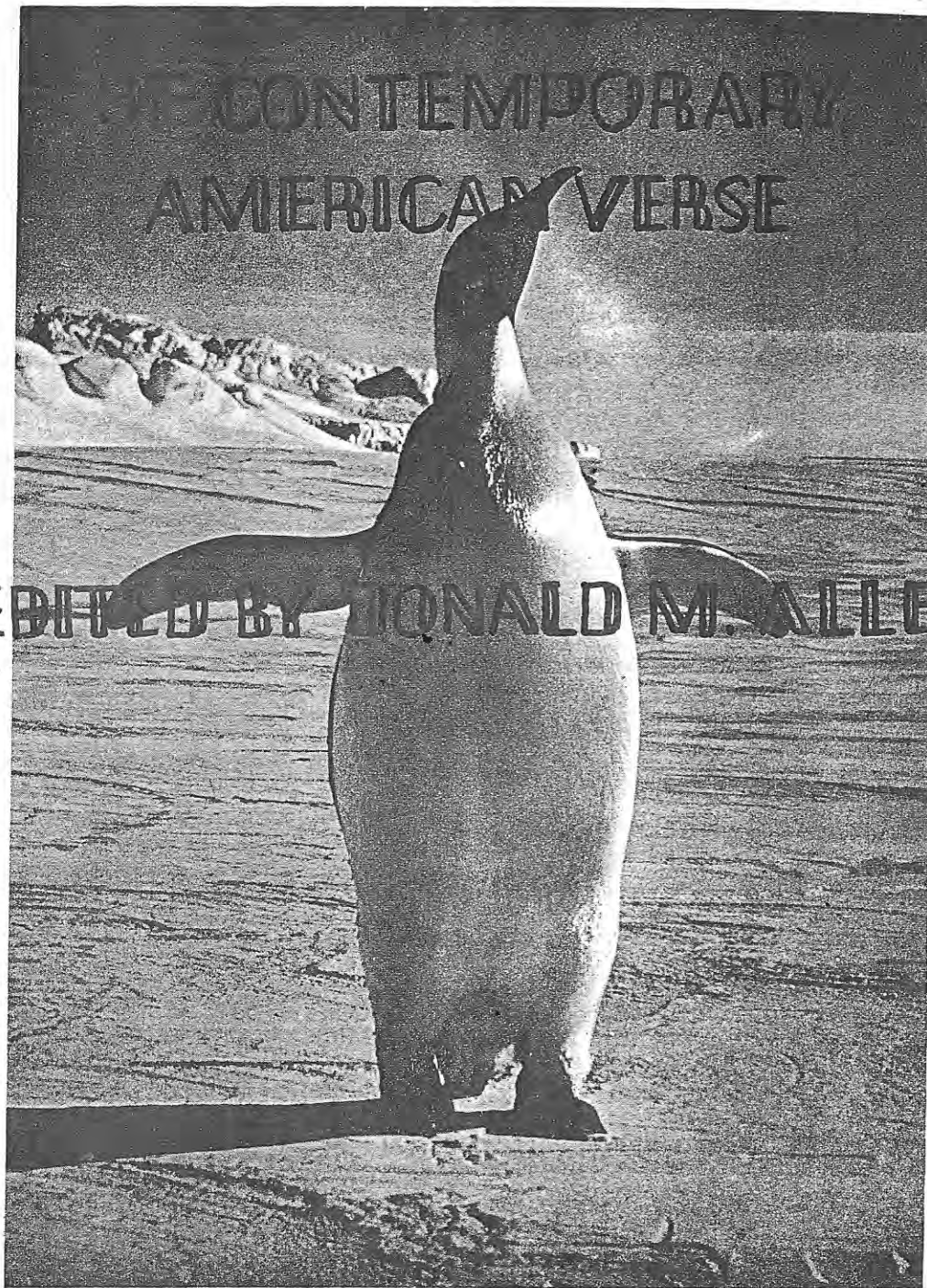


THE PENGUIN ANTHOLOGY



In this position a fully grown Emperor is about three feet eight inches tall.

OPEN SPACE 11

THE PENGUIN ANTHOLOGY OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN VERSE

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Some of these poems have appeared in the following publications:
The United States Congressional Record, Scientific American, Playboy,
Life.

V

I look into your forehead. I want to tell you
it is a fossil. It gives off no life. Like the
age of tender hearted nobles we to have our de-
filers. This is the fountain of many colored hues
the lights there leap into hell. There are similar
frustrations. We could discuss each wound.

Once painted by masters we strolled to the tune
of life once removed.

Only the beach and an unknown map.

Grief and joy first goods.

Amazed I went the way of all nightmares

I followed the coastal routes.

I invented your cities.

I talked about them.

I gave you eyes and a running start.

I draged you from town to town
hardened in my arm or whirled by a cold wind.

I found roads that go to San Berdoo
and a real city below.

Red dust to make you cough up savages.

Your heart is paper thin it leans on ecstasy.

Your heart is ruled by the moon and walks
in tall grass.

Ronnie Primack

THE HARLOT'S HOUSE

We caught the tread of dancing feet,
We loitered down the moonlit street,
And stopped beneath the harlot's house.

Inside, above the din and fray,
We heard the loud musicians play
The "Treues Liebes Herz" of Strauss.

Like strange mechanical grotesques,
Making fantastic arabesques,
The shadows raced across the blind.

We watched the ghostly dancers spin
To sound of horn and violin,
Like black leaves wheeling in the wind.

Like wire-pulled automatons,
Slim silhouetted skeletons
Went sliding through the slow quadrille.

They took each other by the hand,
And danced a stately saraband:
Their laughter echoed thin and shrill.

Sometimes a clockwork puppet pressed
A phantom lover to her breast,
Sometimes they seemed to try to sing.

Sometimes a horrible marionette
Came out, and smoked its cigarette
Upon the steps like a live thing.

Then, turning to my love, I said,
"The dead are dancing with the dead,
The dust is whirling with the dust."

But she - she heard the violin,
And left my side and entered in:
Love passed into the house of lust.

Then suddenly the tune went false,
The dancers wearied of their waltz,
The shadows ceased to wheel and whirl.

And down the long and silent street,
The dawn, with silver-sandalled feet,
Crept like a frightened girl.

For Lewis Warsh

Small oaths snap like twigs
between our feet. Smaller
things impersonate
us. Yes.

Rainy nights and memories discover my crimes for me.
I send you presents in the same spirit.
Trucks and babies fall in our way.
Stumbling blocks.
We trip each other. Retaliate.

Blood on my hands.
Love says
If you broke my heart I would understand.
Love lies to itself.
It is not that strong, that blind, that stupid.
In a moment of clear light I see its contortions.
See the way I would lead myself, not be led by.

There is no name, no title for my desire.
I recoil from the same cruelty in you.
Undone.
Yesterday undone.

Enough whimpering already.
Guilt and self-pity are the last thorns to be sucked from my paw.
It is time to snip the disguises from my faces.
In cool weather things grow big, crystallize.
There is no name,
not even desire.

I apologize for my baseness, my pig's head.
There is a golden spike in the center of the earth.
I hang my wash and pulley it across the country.
We blow kisses to you
unwrapped for Thanksgiving.

Harris Schiff

Graphemics

1

Like a scared rabbit running over and
over again his tracks in the snow
We spent this Halloween together, forty
miles apart.

The tracks are there and the rabbit's
feeling of death is there. And the
children no longer masquerading
themselves as ghosts but as
businessmen, yelled "Trick or treat,"
maybe even in Stinson

The tracks in the snow and rabbit's
motion which writes it is quite
legible. The children

Not even pretending to be souls of the
dead are not. Forty miles. Nothing
really restored

We

And the dead are not really on the frozen field.

(The children don't even wear masks) This

Is another poem about the death of John F, Kennedy.

It's been raining five days and will
probably keep raining five days more
I get up in the morning, see the treacherous
sun and try to read the Indian signs on
the pavement. Not much water. Has it been
raining while I dreamed?

The sky is no help. The clouds are to the east
and the sky (treacherous blue) is no
help. It is going to rain from the west.

Nevertheless (while the wind is blowing
from the west) I can smell the clouds that
won't appear — but will for five or
ten days. Your heart, and the sky
has a hole in it.

In my heart, as Verlaine said, I can
hear the little sound of it raining
Not an Indian sign. But real
unfucking rain.

Let us tie the strings on this bit of reality.
Graphemes. Once wax now plastic, showing
the ends. Like a red light.

One feels or sees limits.

They are warning graphemes but also meaning
graphemes because without the marked
ends of the shoelace or the traffic signal
one would not know how to tie a
shoe or cross a street — which is like
making a sentence.

Crossing a street against the light or tying
a shoe with a granny knot is all right
Freedom, in fact, providing one sees
or feels the warning graphemes. Let
them snarl at you then and you snarl
back at them. You'll be dead sooner

But so will they. They
Disappear when you die.

The sun-dial makes a grapheme I cannot
understand. Even in winter it is accurate.
The shadow

And the sun in exact proportions.

The hour-glass is a computer. It measures,
(whether or not there ever has been any
any sun), how many grains of sand have
started at the top and gone, willy-nilly,
to the bottom.

Graphemes are voluntary. The sun does not
have to hit your face or your face the
sun. Your shadow, if you and the
sun and willing

Will tell time.

It will spread across the grass at
exactly the right intervals, neither of you
caring.

The imaginary hour-glass is my enemy,
sun-dial,

And yours.

You turn red and green like a traffic light.
And in between them orange — a real
courting color. Neither
The pedestrian or the driver knows whether
he is going to hit the other. Orange
Being a courting color
Doesn't last long. The pedestrian
And the driver go back to the red and green
colors of their existence. Unhit
Or hit (it hardly matters.)
When we walked through the Broadway tunnel
I showed you signs above green lights which
said "ON A RED LIGHT STOP YOUR CAR
AND TURN OFF YOUR IGNITION." On
an orange light —
But there was not an orange light
In the whole tunnel.

Jack Spicer

In The Morning

1. Outside

in the morning light this morning
lighting the air thru the air
with the presence of being a chapel, around everything.

The morning is complete, it's completed
with accidents:

beloved

'fatal nature of living beings' Santayana says.

Morning glories--

the opened blue cups
the morning touches,

or, if flat, the blue fatal discs then

it is of course death that lights up life, the morning
flowers opening to the light

and the spirit, full, abounds in its own fountain of
perennial innocense
flowing in and out, round
in the very midst of the morning from the sun's fountain
bathing the flowers that are a little above the ground.

2. Indoors, looking out and

there, in the morning, lying on the grass
is what I forgot:

two old cotton socks

lying in such knocked out shapes on the lawn
they look like hobbits -- or was it the trolls,

who fell down dead in the dawn?

The eternal morning has cast over them a spell
and they lie just like they fell

plop!

from the clothes line attached to the house, the house
Santayana claims Psyche keeps in locks. Or did he

say it was the socks?

One at the front door & one at the rear;
like runes, riddles, on the doors
ther're no keys for.

But that was Art, mere Art knocking to get in the door
of the Temple inhabited by lovers & madmen.

The riddles, runes & socks
of course can't hear the knocks.
Socrates mis-stated it. He understood
but his 'figure' can't tell the trees from the wood.

It was mere Art knocking to get really out in
to the Temple of the Dawn, in
to the Morning inhabited by lovers madmending--

Psyche worries about the next day
mends madly in the dawn

--Gone, it'll all be gone

cries poor Art, or is it merely me
fumbling at the rear door trying
to get the front sock off?

Those socks that Santayana, or was it Socrates, said
are the locks that keep Psyche in. It's what Psyche done
that in the kitchen they're what all the pots hang from:

the socks.

And we lie downstairs, on the bed.
I've lit the ring of gas under the kettle;
and rub the gold fatal wedding ring, yours, with mine--
oh for love, for more good fortune.

3. A Riddle, for a Riddle.

The imagination itself is the bridge from
the ground's sexual sense of you to
you as being eternal woman, woman of sexual love but
particularly you--
you whom I like, tho you're my wife,
so that you, then, are also Sister Sex
in whom my sperm comes

dumbly to

say my being
in love with you.

But what Psyche sees too

(being that housekeeper of the soul, don't laugh
that she mends the socks, checks the locks etcetera)
is the tree the apple hangs in in life believing
in the sun, as it were, with love
that 'mortal sickness,' the ferment of it that
turns the apple red. Limited red. That Psyche loves
worrying that it hangs so heavy in the tree. The tree she cares for.

The spirit, being Psyche's child, smiles at her
like she smiles at flowers, tenderly,
perennially innocent
the spirit sees only in the moment, the now

with no tomorrow
that is its eternity wherein you, to the spirit, are eternal
as the morning, as the rose bush in the morning
bending back & forth, trunk & branches,
and all the sweet time
the morning sun shining on them.

4. Returning, in memory,
to the morning light this morning lighting the air
I see the angels come down. They descend, yes,
but they never rise.

They are eternally descending.

(What rises? We rise, the flies rise, and moths, trees, etcetera.)

I imagine we change our socks, and unlock the locks;
go outside the house seeing that vision that is being
in the presence of morning, the
angelic touching upon
the fatal blue cups;

on you, me, on our wedding rings

the innocent spirit dances in the light
the angel of morning is alight on.

Richard Duerden

Do you not know that Egypt
is the image of Heaven?

Under the sign of the cross
the spells of the Kabiri have come to an end.

The Orphic-Christos descends in the magic rite--
the driving of the nails into his hands and feet,
the briar crown, and, before: the sweating, stumbling
destitute carrying of the instruments of his death
to the place of his death

Her realm he comes to to unite Kore and Christmas
. And lifts me up to him,

lifted me up to him, embracing every fear I had
of him. Every fear he had of me for I
was fearful.

Grand Mi'raj! It is the Sun, the fiery ball
that ascends with my heart, breaking from his horizon
blue in which he rides . . . Great Impersonator,
Surrogate! even Day I would take to be his
I may take that in but must take breath in the air
the green leaf creates in the sun's precincts,
immediate star.

As for Music --to know this is to know the order of all things
set together in a key of diversities
is a sweet harmony.

ASKLEPIOS: Who then will be the men after us?

HERMES:

The time will come when Egypt will appear to have been in vain
And men, weary of life, no longer will regard the world
as worthy object of their admiration and treasure in their keeping.
Then shall this holiest land be choked with tombs and corpses.

O Egypt, Egypt, of thy immortal poems

only stories will remain--the stone images, the painted realities,
the divine words cut in stone surviving their language.
For the Eternal Ones shall return to the Dream,
And their forsaken dreamers shall all die out.

O Stream of the Nile, Great River, as if in prophecy I see you
Feeding the land forever, even when men no longer revere
first things .

And this Vision of the Cosmos in which the Greatest Good is
will be in danger of perishing;
Men will esteem it a burden, and thenceforth will despise
and no longer cherish this whole of the universe
Nor take manhood in the music of its many powers.

None will raise his eyes to the stars at night
Nor take that of his life in light-years and the outer reaches
of heaven before he was;

But the soul and all the beliefs attacht to it,
that it is immortal by nature or makes for immortality,
Will be laft at and that nonsense. Then Earth
will lose her equilibration.

"He is a great daimon, intermediate
between the divine and what perishes.

By Him, all intercourse and converse
awake and asleep.

These intermediate powers are many
and this one is Eros"

John Cage's open scales

"who will be faced with the entire field of sound"

Robert Duncan

A HISTORY OF I AND EYES

A squall,
which I don't remember saying,
and soon thereafter
eyes opened and blinked
and only long times later linked
things seen
and brought them to mind.

In the faroff romantic land of 10
(American pastoral),
the eyes' eye opened,
seeing a cloud unseen by the others,
spelling search,
writing a ticket for away,
I unaware then.

14 opened the body's eyes,
the body's eyes,
the body's eyes,
under my clothes are my body's eyes
all over me...

Sing
la
tra la
tra la de day
I luv them all still.

19 wrote another number
2 or 3
and schizophrenia
(was it?)
opened the mental eye,
frightening
before allaying fear.

(Oh, sing with me.
Feel my song,
how it's growing,
how its quiet crescendos climb.)

(Sing joy with me
across an emptycrowded continent,
from greenfields and streams
to highrisers,
from locust trees

to sidewalks...
and diamond hills
as I ride my cloudticket
on thumb across a land.)

Pot in my back-building cave,
jobs, Asp and people
reopened the primitive eyes
and the eyes' eye nearly lidded,
dilated the jaded body eyes,
dilated the eye of mind,
and —
strange, unknown feeling —
I'm happy.

The unmind's eye has been struggling
to open.
Manger is trying.
Last week I saw Liz, Armando,
Lou, George, myself and 70 others
on his body
where his head should have been;
and soon I'll return
to the womb or the swamp
or the ooze or the ocean,
seeing the visions my cloudticket promised,
all, I expect, without madness.

I can hardly wait
to get
beyond them
to whatever's after.

I think that will be
electrons
and constellations
and cracks in the sidewalk
and all of you —
and all of me.

kiss-kiss

The story's not over
but I'm on a happy high,
holding my cloudticket,
traveling.
I'll tell you the end
in December, 2007.

Michael S. Willis

PENELOPE'S PRAYER

after *Odyssey*, Bk. XX

O Artemis, heavenly daughter of Zeus,
strike me dead with your arrow--
Or let the night wind
take me, shrieking down the dark routes
to where all waters flow out
into Ocean.

Treat me like they did the daughters of Pandareos.

The oldest girl, Aedon, married Zethus--
and bore Itylus.

She had two younger sisters, only babies
when the gods decided their parents had to die.
They were all alone in the great halls.

Aphrodite came down from heaven, and fed them
honey and cheese from her fingers, and wine.
You goddesses made them grow up
beautiful, tall girls. Hera gave them
a comeliness and inner understanding
far beyond that normally granted to women--
You, Artemis, added graceful stature--
At Athena's hands they were gradually learning
to work fine materials into marvelous forms,
make things to delight men's eyes. And all went well.
So Aphrodite went tripping up to Olympos
to ask Zeus, her father (whose thunderbolts
amuse him greatly, as must his knowledge of men's destinies)
for weddings for these girls-- and while she was gone
a wind came, and clawed hands reached out of it
and carried them away from their finishing-school.

So treat me.

Blot me out, you who live
in invisible mansions!
I see Odysseus!
Fire your famous blessed arrow.
I will never make any weaker man's thoughts
happy, with my presence.

For it is bearable, goddess, when a woman
cries by day, but at night sleep comes,
washing the pain away--

But to me, terrible dreams come.

Tonight, again, there slept by me one
like him, as he looked on his way out
with the army. And my heart
sang! I thought it was no dream, I thought it was real.

George Stanley

"I thought of Achilles"

for Armando

I thought of Achilles,
trying to get at the blood, where it is all
shadow. The life

Odysseus, to whom Death is another place,
like Phaeacia, not letting
too many of them come close at once

trying to get at the blood
The arteries and veins

the jut of the chin and the fire of eyes
beyond the trench,

wanting.

On the hill, at
11 o'clock, the Searchlight Market closed.
No more ice cream from Swenson's, no more
chilled wine.

Where the "E" car ran, oh
fifteen years ago, when I was a kid,
turned left at Larkin and right again at
Vallejo, to miss the hill. Where Fran lives now.
It seems strange
a streetcar ever ran there,
iron-grey, maroon trim, one door in the middle

I told you all this when I said
it was something else that made me
freeze with terror of the dark,
not the loss
you knew. You said, "Of course."

The hill

tilts me, nightly.

Stars I can see from Union & Leavenworth
high in the sky. They make me think--
It's later than I think. But when I get to Columbus,
they aren't risen yet, they're sunk behind
Telegraph Hill, it's only 12:30.

Cut the throat of the lamb, it flows in the trench. "Baa,"
lambie-pie.

The streetcar, in an early dream,
a "K" or "L", in the tunnel
turned off suddenly to the left
or right on a new route,
emerged into an underground cavern,
a new world! where it streaked
past lights, and trees-- like a model train layout.
This place of dim expectancy
brightened gradually. It wasn't the sun

it was Dawn in the world where I sleep.
But I woke as a child and I wake as a man
to a familiar-ness.

A room.

Oct. 18. I want all my love healed.
I want this in! The heartache stilled

(Later) The day. When it seems all these sorts
aren't being played out, sliding downhill.

Oct. 20. I brood over giving, receiving
imagined slights.

I wonder how these lines will be read

A moth flying around the lamp
that shines through its gray wings

Oct. 21. The full moon rose
with the clearest face I've ever seen.

I had had all those thoughts about Death,
suffered from them, told them to you
in the bar that night, Love
and my sense of humor
you said were evolutionary. Then grew proud of them
(on the hill, in the other direction-- no longer needing
to act out of reasons of power or fame. Love
be my Master (Richard Burton as Antony) Incident
And
woke up again.

and the bower-bird

builds,
in Australia,
plants

stems
in the ground
around a tree

that keep on growing
and arch, to form his roof.
and a lawn,
tuft by tuft,

where we look to find something
when it is no longer lost

As I said, I

saw the moon

(Later) The days are still,
autumn grey, with heat of breath
A sighing, in and out

Oct. 28. Waking up this morning, I thought
It wouldn't be so bad to die, drowsily,
at the end of life. Last night I saw
ivy, rain-spattered, in the alley outside the Spaghetti Factory,
the big white veins standing out.
Manger says you can tell a man's age
even if his face is smooth as a boy's
by his veins. On the backs of his hands
and wrists.

Nov. 6. We know the body is immortal, but the spirit dies.

Nov. 8. Withdrawing from the feast, Achilles doesn't see
Patroclus crawling out of his little hole.

Robin wrote: "It won't be complete darkness because there
isn't any. One thing will stop and that's this
overweening pride in the peacock flesh."

Ajax stands stock still,
won't answer Odysseus' relentless questioning.

rain on Filbert St., on the steps
leading down into the stars The

Joy of each thing to be utter,
not frittered away in its connection to other parts

Monday no more than Tuesday,
dying-day, lying-day,
this day in the rain.

A poem like a hunk of conglomerate.

Can we and it live in this year?
but in the stream-bed, ultimately dislodgeable.
The stream of Time, like one of the freshets on the Sierra,
a trickle in summer, but now, November, with the rains starting,
swelling, foaming over the little dams

Patroclus in Paul's painting
lunges forward, like he does in the Sixteenth book of the Iliad,

It is existence in reverse, Beauty and Youth
returning, refreshing the Source. It
takes place in absolute quiet, and Hector
and even Apollo seem like cops next to him.

Here in the stream-bed.

George Stanley

*

The year's ending. And Mars rising

Why don't the stars warm us?
The bay is Prussian blue, all churned up by the wind and rain
and that's what makes us move too, the wind blows in the door:

Life is a gas, the lady said.

(unfinished)

George Stanley

*

A lover's face is too forgettable.
Much clearer is the mind's image of friends.
One-night loves haunt with minutest detail
Of noses, eyes, smiles, moles, hairs.
But a lover is at once so many things
That, absent, the face eludes phantasies
And vague, shadowy, are nights sad dreams.

M.S.W.

PSYCHE

Cold, brittle cold, several of my plants damaged by a strong south wind that turned to a west wind and died this morning in a motionless cold. The subject, the city, its streets. To chill an Irish sensibility without cinnamon or ale, windows dusty from a sensibility of rain, a week of it, miles drawn in from distances, islands, Angel, Alcatraz, new rows of houses above Belvedere, Tiburon, one perspective with Strawberry Point, kinds of crushed rock in the street, a perfect surface, scarcely worn over the tended pavements of sidewalk, drives, the brittle green of bush succulents dry in a morning sun so cold I wonder. A structure of surfaces, a bamboo of the mind without interiority of light.

That the street does not inform, its people exceptional in themselves are unrelated. Not to the things they touch, they touch them, a sexual power in cold beer like wire the foam is buoyant, a sense of isolation which is welcome because nothing is held. The bamboo sways, the first gentle breeze. The tone of early morning, the indistinguishability of hours, coffee, Negro figures of the street with limited choices. An awareness, I would not choose to turn my head, the sun of skyscrapers rooted in the convenience of the city transposed in a Sierra of jack-knifed trucks and snaking covered railways through pine snow by the frozen lakes below.

A dream turned black, white, and gray. There had been a movie, without screen, a set of which he had been a part, away from, not bound by innocence, the Psyche of the myth willful to know the death of it. The people all said spooky things, the balconies of atmosphere where suicide was thought of, then a man passed in an elevator, crippled, a message of time -- "Is there still time?" and of course the thing passed without destination. He tripped this disfiguration of order, broke the elevator root, there were words of rage, numbers which were signs of doors, or floors "4" and "6" an infinite progression, arbitrary as flesh forms, words form the rage of disorder, the guile of Negro order and sponges in the depths, eternal in the German sense of music, ewig blue the last color until the blackness where feelers are more useful than eyes. The movie stops, naturally the mind can grasp no more.

Lewis Ellingham

Is he an intrusion, an invasion of my privacy?
just as his figure upside down
lifting each shingle to nail the one under it because
he started from the top instead of the bottom
offends my sense of order?
and to walk, without knocking, into my house?
yet, he is a friend,
and I've been complaining lately of losing all my friends,
but there has to be a line drawn someplace,
and, so, driving into town, I said-
he would have to let me know what books he was taking down
I didn't want to have to go all over the house looking
and he was not to go into the icebox for cheese when he
thought nobody was in the house again
and, then, afraid I had gone too far, I added-
I knew I hadn't been too friendly lately
that I'd been bothered ever since Goldwater's nomination
but now, and it seemed to be from looking at the stars
all summer, I could see it could end here
and he said he understood what I meant- that it didn't
matter where we live- here or Russia or Cuba- that
it was all the same
and I said that wasn't what I meant and tried to explain
but it wasn't until I had let him out and was driving alone
through the dark park
I saw It Is Good and Will It End?
tangled in my mind as if one questioned the other and the
other answered the one
finally separate.

Harold Dull

We fought. She left. And I felt bad.
I woke and told her.
She said, 'Did you try to get me back?'
I said, 'No.'
I should have,
or should have said, 'Yes.'
and told her to what imaginary lengths I went-
'I stretched my arm out to you
as for an oar sliding away from a boat
risking falling in its dark wake'
but I didn't-
I waited silently-
a sign of falling out of love?
but when I woke I reached out and touched her.
'I woke when I reached out and touched you
on a long longed for shore.
How could I even dream
I had to be forever adrift or drown?

Harold Dull

(1)

Blood colored biscuits--
a jam in
venting the poem
into this air
so thick with shit.
Not elephants over the sea,
this density is desert, and
words go down
in the quicksand suck.

(2)

Inside I'm long legs
body without
weight...
a dancer caught in her skin.
Caught in a jam up at the coccyx,
hurt
by that protruding bone.
I petition for grace.

(3)

Hok Lee was an evil man. One cheek swollen with his evil. He was told to appeal to the dwarves--to dance for them, delight them. He found them, but fell into their midst. He was self-conscious and danced badly. The dwarves sent him home with two swollen cheeks. The next time the moon was right he danced again. His feet moved quickly and gracefully and the dwarves restored his face. They made him rich.

(4)

Things are two-faced.
The heart beats
both ways.

(5)

I want to dance! Why
in Hell do you make me stumble
in muck blood wade
caves of the heart?
Waters drag at my feet,

my hands slip on the walls
as I hold against the tides.

Sibyl,
I am guided by echoes of your laughter,
but where are your hands?
Why won't you touch me,
lead me?
Why must I go halt
where your step
is sure?

(6)

They've rediscovered
the gates of Hell.
Aorta
floods
newfound regions of the flowing Styx.

This sticks in my...
Hell! I never seem to
get quite there.
There is only
this
humiliation.
Dark stumbling around.
Caught
in auricles of descent.

(7)

The darkness throbs
as I fashion houses
on the walls of caves
and make of you
bright images before me.

First house
oasis
green tiles
making a room
 where the deep pool is
 where the toad is.

You are Jan Shohara, your eyes

stant and you're beautiful standing
as you stroke the toad who sits on your shoulder.
I gagged each time he leaped
but you carress him and

now

He climbs me again
moves along my body till I'm fired
desiring him
cast under his leaping rhythms
he comes
to be tall
prince
skin of his enchantment
loose at his feet.

Sun balls
light my grandmother's house.
Looking like my mother
you took me to that house again.
Our bus
skidded the curves
Buena Vista blurred
and
when we got there
the cupboard was
full of broken china dolls.
I had smashed them littering rooms with
splintered heads...sprawling bodies.
All around us
I felt the webwoven orange grove
movement about the sleeping-porch

dank

rotting
oranges greygreen fuzzy
the pool out there was
rotting
a fish pond
would kill any gold fish planted there.

My other grandmother's house
was a Chinese prison
where pawns were keys to escape.
I did escape. Through Bible camp.
Down the dirt, mountain road.
Panic.

Hidden by a band of Fundamentalists
making a pilgrimage to somewhere.
The leap from their midst
into Fisher's swimming pool
was desperate, and I shouted
defiance to the lifeguard
and cast wires out
to electrify the water.
She saved me anyway.
"I got saved on Tuesday" I wrote
in my camp Bible.

Again, China.
Not many tourists
mostly people stopping briefly
on their way to Paris.
The island was the main
land.

Corfu:China

This house. I know too.
The Duerdens live here
watching the late show
on a screen that fills the room.

Mad scientist
world control
needs an animal
with a double-jointed heart
to run the machine.

Brown animal slides down into this huge
specimen tank and sees, as he's sliding, a
tiny seal quaking on the floor of the tank.
He's not really a seal, just pathos, just a
face and fur covering the monstrous hearts,
binding the beating sacks of blood.

Four toys on the table. Brown animal
pretender to the hearts that spare the seal.

I walk
with my tail in my hand,
and a double-jointed heart
is the seal on my song.

The house where I live
shrinks

in our dark wanderings
to a bathroom's space.
Sibyl, you are
envisaged so...
fat Bert Palmberg who keeps
his freezer full of sheeps' balls.
Taking away the old bowl,
 faulty,
 full of holes, and
giving me, instead, teal blue perfect porcelain
you said

"It's very simple,
so it's often overlooked".

Then
handed me a game bird I plucked
stewed in a pot in back of the house
became a symbol as it simmered.
Awed, I lifted it.
Egyptian grace
white in my hand
porcelain feathers nearly flawless, except
someone had bit into its thigh.

When the toilet overflowed in this morning's nightmare,
I stood on the edge of
I was trying to get away from that filthy water
relentlessly spilling out of the toilet bowl.
Protesting my innocence, I called a doctor in
spite of my fat nakedness
sitting there pointing desperately to a throbbing
sack a living fetus.

(8)

Mischa said,
trying life,
"When the water comes down
we will stand in the holes".
I wondered
fountain or flood,
then saw.
Rain coming down
sliding over leaves
making pools on the ground
 (one silent pool
 they think the Styx)

swelling insistent motion
great falls ramming earth
force to the sea.

She saw waters of this earth
not sunken depths of a netherworld, not
slow sucking of the steady heart.

(9)

It was a place of worship,
the descent to Hell,
and plants feather out of rock.

Deneen Brown

THE BROKEN TOWER

The bell-rope that gathers God at dawn
Dispatches me as though I dropped down the knell
Of a spent day - to wander the cathedral lawn
From pit to crucifix, feet chill on steps from hell.

Have you not heard, have you not seen that corps
Of shadows in the tower, whose shoulders sway
Antiphonal carillons launched before
The stars are caught and hived in the sun's ray?

The bells I say, the bells break down their tower;
And swing I know not where. Their tongues engrave
Membrane through marrow, my long-scattered score
Of broken intervals...And I, their sexton slave!

Oval encyclicals in canyons heaping
The impasse high with choir. Banked voices slain!
Pagodas, campaniles with reveilles outleaping-
O terraced echoes prostrate on the plain!...

And so it was I entered the broken world
To trace the visionary company of love, its voice
An instant in the wind (I know not whither hurled)
But not for long to hold each desperate choice.

My word I poured. But was it cognate, scored
Of that tribunal monarch of the air
Whose thigh embronzes earth, strikes crystal Word
In wounds pledged once to hope - cleft to despair?

The steep encroachments of my blood left me
No answer (could blood hold such a lofty tower
As flings the question true?) - or is it she
Whose sweet mortality stirs latent power? -

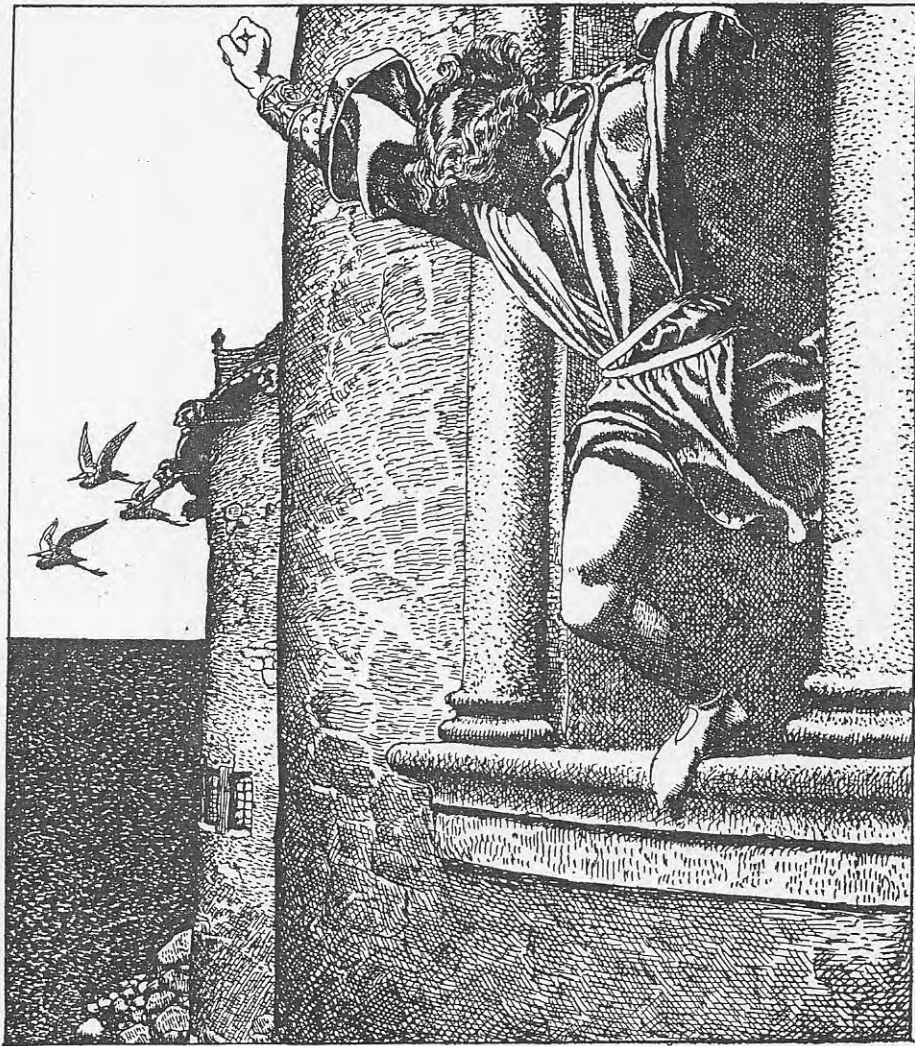
And through whose pulse I hear, counting the strokes
My veins recall and add, revived and sure
The angelus of wars my chest evokes:
What I hold healed, original now, and pure...

And builds within, a tower that is not stone
(Not stone can jacket heaven) - but slip
Of pebbles - visible wings of silence sown
In azure circles, widening as they dip

The matrix of the heart, lift down the eye
That shrines the quiet lake and swells a tower...
The commodious, tall decorum of that sky
Unseals her earth, and lifts love in its shower.

Harold H. C.

Sir Tristram leaps into y^e Sea



ERRED

In Open Space 10 Ronnie Primack's Love Poem, 1 correctly reads :

All the craving lodged in fools
 couldn't keep terror in bed
 couldn't keep her twin malice
 out of there lives.

In Love Poem, 2 the line is corrected to:

Oh to child hood still unexplained.

*

writing writing

This is a composition book.

The child composes.

The teenage highschoolboy writes essays, themes.

The collegeage preadult turns in papers, theses.

But this is a composition book.

It is what he composes.

He is composed. It is what he makes up.

Like, I make up a story.

She makes up at the mirror.

He makes up to her, after.

It is about the hesitancy
 about writing.

The hurt in writing.

They that enter writing.

about smoking when writing

about a cat when writing

about salads in writing.

about the skull of the Beloved.

- George Stanley

*

A BLANK SPOT ON THE MAP

I wanted to do something about George Stanley's Treetalk and how it fared this month in the hands of editor Don Allen - the facts of the politics, and the thing that is more important, how the potency is stolen from poems, how dullness works day and night - why the proposed Penguin Anthology holds no ground for poets here and that Open Space can take the time to be the Albatross Conglom or something in the face of a manuscript being submitted in order to retain an editor's advance payment bearing an introduction by a poet who hasn't seen the work contained.

SOCIAL EVENTS

Mr. Berg

was gracious enough to entertain the other evening, for cocktails a Goldwater man from Los Angeles, myself, and others. Conversation turned through Diderot to contemporary events.

Mr. Ellingham: 'Oh well, he's so gorgeous I could suck his cock around the clock.'

Mr. Blaser: "I love the rhyme."

Mr. Aste

informs us that on a recent visit to Bodega Bay he was received by Mr. R. T. Field, with whom he spent a pleasant afternoon. While gazing at the sunset from a height, the play of light and natural magnificence clear over fogbanks drifting at sea and through the wind-driven surf, silence everywhere, no word spoken for some time,

Mr. Field: "And that's why ducks are called ducks, because they go like this (he bobs his head up and down vigorously)."

L. E.

HOW TO EACH OPEN SPACE TO REACH

Poems can be submitted to Open Space, 640 Turk #26 or put in the mailbox inside Gino & Carlo's Bar on Green st. between Grant and Stockton.

Credits:

Cover photo of the editor by Margot Prattlesome Dross
Interior photo-engraving of J. Powers attempted leap by Gustabbed Dore.
Litho, Mike Kummer assoc.

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