

poems for
peace..

BR 465

read
by

ALLEN GINSBERG
PETER ORLOVSKY
ALLEN KATZMAN
HAROLD DICKER
JACKSON MacLOW
DAVID ANTIN
ED SANDERS
PAUL BLACKBURN
ARMAND SCHWERNER
ART BERGER
WALTER LOWENFELS
ALLEN PLANZ



PS
595
P43
P64
1967
c.1

MUSIC LP

by Ann Charters.

*A Benefit Reading for the New
at St. Mar*

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1 LP
1 text (16 p.)

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poems for peace

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Elegy
Poems from Oklahoma
The Mouth is a Zoo
The Prize of War is Always
Speech
from The Black Plague

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POEMS FOR PEACE

Recorded and Edited by Ann Charters

SIDE ONE:

1) Allen Ginsberg - "Auto Poesy to Nebraska"

Turn Right Next Corner

The Biggest Little Town In Kansas

Macpherson

The red sun setting streaked along the flat plains west,
gauzy veils of chimney mist
around the christmas tree lights of a refinery--aluminum
white tanks squat beneath
winking signal towers'
bright-lit bulbs and flares of orange
gas flame

pillows of smoke
midst machinery--
transparent towers in the dusk

In advance of the Cold Wave

Snow is spreading eastward to
the Great Lakes

News Broadcasts & old clarinets

car radio speeding across railroad tracks

Lighted dome watertower on the flat plains--

Kansas! Kansas! Shuddering at last!

Person appearing in Kansas!

angry telephone calls to the University

Police dumbfounded at the hoods

of their radio cars

While Poets sing to Allah in the roadhouse Showboat!

Blue eyed children dance and hold thy hand O aged Walt,

who came from Lawrence to Topeka to envision

Iron interlaced above the city plain--

Telegraph wires strung from city to city O Melleville!

Television brightening thy "rills of Kansas lone"

I come,

a lone man from the void, riding in a bus

hypnotized by the red tail lights in the straight

space road ahead--

& the Methodist minister with the cracked eyes

leaning over the table

quoting Kierkegaard on the death of God a million dollars

in the bank

owns all West Wichita

come to Nothing!

Prajna Paramita Sutra over coffee--Vortex

of telephone radio bank aircraft nightclub

Newspaper streets illuminated by Bright Emptiness--

Thy sins are forgiven, Wichita!

Thy lonesomeness annulled, O Kansas dear!
as the western Twang has prophesied
thru the banjo when the lone cowboy walked up the railroad track
past the empty station toward a squared canyon where
the sun sank

Westward: giant-bulbed orange at the other side--
Music strung over his back
and empty handed singing on this planet earth
I'm a lonely Dog, O Mother!

Come Nebraska, sing & dance with me--
Come lovers of Lincoln and Omaha,
hear my soft voice at last
As Babes need the chemical touch of flesh in pink infancy,
lest they die Idiot returning to the Inhuman--

Nothing--
So, tender lipped adolescent girl, pale youth, give me back my soft kiss
Hold me in your innocent arms,
accept my tears as yours to harvest
equal in nature to the Wheat
that made your bodies muscular on their bones,
broad shouldered, boy bicept--
from leaning on cows & drinking the Milk
of Midwest Solitude--

No more fear of Tenderness, much delight in weeping, ecstasy
in Singing, Laughter rises that confounds
staring Idiot mayors
and stony politicians eyeing
Thy breast,

O Man of America, be born!

Truth breaks through!
How big is the prick of the President?
How big is Cardinal Viet-Nam?
How little the princes of the F. B. I., unmarried all these years--
How big are the Public Figures?
What kind of hanging flesh have they, hidden behind their
Images?

Approaching Salina,
Prehistoric indian excavation,
Apache Uprising in the drive-in theater
Shelling Bombing Range napped in the distance,
Crime Prevention Show sponsored by Wrigley's Spearmint
flowing over the radio
Warden cackling about possums and coondogs,
a Dynasaur on the Sinclair advertisement, glowing green.

South 9th Street lined with poplar and elm
spread over the evening's tiny headlights--
Salinas High School's Gothic brick darkened
over a lighted door--
What wreathes of naked bodies, thighs and faces,
small hairy bun-d vaginas,
silver cocks, armpits and breasts
moistened by tears
for 20 years? for 40 years?

Peking Radio surveyed by Luden's Coughdrops
attacks on the Russians and Japanese,
red radio tower lights on a hill
winking against the black stars,
Big Dipper leaning above the Nebraska border,
handle down to the blackened plains,
ghosts of telephone poles crossed
alone the roadside dim headlights--

Congressmen arguing radio
Capitol Cloakroom
running thru Cloud County.

Just crossed the State line! Hot Dog!
How much is gas in Nebraska?
Dark night and giant T-bone steaks,
and in the Village Voice

New Frontier Productions presents
Camp Comedy: Fairies I have met.
Blue high way lights strung along the Horizon
East at Hebron
Homestead National Monument
near Beatrice--

Language, language

a circle of black earth in the rear window,
no cars

for miles along the highway
beacon lights on oceanic plain

language, language

over the Big Blue River

Chanting La Illaha El Lill Allaa woo

revolving my head to my heart like my mother

chin abreast at Allah

Eyes closed, blackness

vaster than midnight prairies,

Nebraskas of solitary Allah,

Joy, I am I

the lone One singing of myself

God came true---

Thrills of fear

nearer than the vein in my neck--

What if I opened my soul to sing to my absolute self

Singing as the car crash chomped thru blood &
muscle tendon skull?

What if I sang and loosed the chords of fear brow?

What exquisite noise wd

shiver my car companions?

I am the Universe tonight

riding in all my power riding

chauffered thru my Self by a long haired saint with

eyeglasses

What if I sang till the Students knew I was free

of Vietnam, trousers, free of my own meat,

free to die in my thoughtful shivering Throne?

freer than Nebraska, freer than America,

freer than my own self,

May I disappear

in magic smoke of Joy: Pouf! reddish vapor,

Faustus vanishing weeping & laughing

under the stars on Highway 77 between Beatrice & Lincoln---!

"Better not to move but let things be" reverend Preacher?

We've already disappeared!

Whoops! passing truck head backward towed on the right hand lane ahead,

King's Crown a road sign,

a Dairy neon behind trees

looks Africa village bonfire movies

thru the jungle wall--

Space highway open, entering Lincoln's ear

ground to a stop at the tracks Warning

Pioneer Boulevard--

William Jennings Bryan sang

Thou shalt not crucify Mankind upon a cross of Gold!

O Baby Doe! Gold's

Department Store castle-hulks o'er 10th St. now

--an unregenerate old fop who doesn't want to be a monkey

now's the Highest Perfect Wisdom dust

and Lindsay's cry

survives compassionate in the Highschool Anthology--

a giant dormitory brilliant on the evening plain

drifts with his memories--

There's a nice white door over there

for me O dear! on Zero Street.

(February 15, 1966)

2) Peter Orlovsky - "June 20, 1961, Tangiers" (transcription)

The cleanest place to bring your baby is a drug store, my dear Arab lady mother. June 20th, 1961, Tangiers. What times. Broke as a brick in the stomach. No H, sitting in --, I'd like to be off for Istanbul coming the beginning of next month, off on my own, away from Allen and Gregory, who are getting me down. Somehow to arrive in India, where my \$100 a month should be enough to live on. I've been depressed this past week. Going along with it. The body, the body can take hunger for awhile. How long? I've got to figure it out. And when there's no money I get very depressed. But I've been getting high on pot these past nights and reading Shakespeare, King Henry VI, and on now to the next part. Once my food is solved and there's no worry about food, then I can read my heart's desire. I hope I can get H in India. It's supposed to be great and keeps you high for sixteen hours, on just a few puffs from the pipe, so Jack Starr says. And I go there and live in a small room in a hotel, some cheap hotel, hotel too expensive maybe. Only problem is how I get there, where I can get a boat for Istanbul for a month until more money comes, and then get another boat that will take me more nearer to India, then wait in that place for a month until money comes, then get another boat. Maybe three boat trips will do it all. Have to find out travel expenses at American Express Travel Agency. Politics getting so dirty I can't follow the mean Senator B. Goldwater calling Castro a cheap dirty dictator. He's having his fun saying as he likes.

3) Allen Katzman - "Elegy" (transcription)

Sometimes I go about the street pitying myself
While I am carried by the wind across the sky.
My body walks behind an odor of death while the
world stares at me like some obscene gesture.
A Polish woman her arms two fat hams that come alive
and squeal when she bangs the lid against the garbage can.
A Puerto Rican boy trying to light a cigarette ignoring the
fact of the wind as if he was born of inexhaustible flame.
The street busy with lead scraping across the granite altar
of commerce, having somewhere to go, something to do.
And the Negro child before the stoop, if I touched her would
she go blind? I explain what is a man to do when the trees
declare war. She fades to a background of stone, of shabby
windows. My walk is of an easy gait, planned without malice.
My body of the tortoise, slow to bring the hand from the shell,
to touch a woman, to be a man when there is no moon in the
sky. I turn and stare at what I have made, these are the
people who will forgive me. I lift my head and listen.
Someone is hiding in the wind, someone I love.

"Poems from Oklahoma"

-1-

I sing a song
of Sargent Strawberry
come to Oklahoma/s shore:
30 year man. Chief of the Apaches.
His leather worn face older
than next year.

Who one day with nothing to do
sat us down in a lonely field.
Lectured us on the wrongs
of this country.

And when Catholics protested
made them eat their Pope
without resurrection or life.

Who showed me Geronimo/s grave,
hidden in the dark, desolate
and bare.

And said to me as I left-
I/m going AWOL to Mexico
so I won/t have to kill
to stay alive.

-2-

Who is Bernice
that savage impulse I go to
on my 3 day pass to town?
She drinks. She farts.
She loves me.
We carouse in bars,

drink away her flesh
and her 3 weird sisters
Topsy, Flossie and Gina;
they sew a garment for us.
One weaves. One unravels.
One cuts.

Who is Bernice
wild indian of Lawton I
love? When I/m away
she waits in bars
exclaiming in her drunk
"I love that big jew. "
When she left me
after a month
I went wild.

All the sargent said-
that Apache Dido
waits for all men.
She/s been pregnant 3 months.

Oh who is Bernice?
If I stuck my arm up
to the elbow,
there would only be the wind.

4) Harold Dicker - "The Mouth is a Zoo"

PEACE the politician predicted
in the parliament of asses
peace shall come to pass but shall we
share our plowshares split up the pieces
of our asswise days like the clods we are
divide what we can hold alone without
help from above or below or beyond

PEACE proposed the prophetic priest
is the prisoner of no food
a penance to be dispensed for our plundering pace
and it shall come to pass at the point of a plow
by the pull of a hemp rope at the bull neck
of progress and power peace shall stalk us
till we get no rest but peace
shall come to pass

PEACE brother it shall come
said the prosperous poet
he put on his armor picked up his lance
it shall come when justice love and compassion
have the grandeur of wrath and he ran
the lance through his horse

applause from the congress of asses
benedictions of expensive passion
from the purple prophet a visitation
from the political peace police

the wealthy poet mounted his dead horse
got out his whip Plato has risen
he chanted in unison Plato has risen

"The Prize of War is Always"

that war is an emotional release
it is an established fact
many murderers come in their pants
that the cannibals are coming
a cannibal is someone
that eats someone else
many murderers are coming
it is an established fact

But negation
is affirmation
by denial
of a repressed wish
Freud
1925.

That's the way with speech.

To say
"I will not be a murderer
or accomplice of murderers"
voices my murderous heart.

Let it speak out.

Let the wish for murder
or self-murder
speak itself out.

"No"
is the sign of the repressed
but knowing "No"'s the sign o' the repressed
and saying "No" to murder
allows the murderous strength to side with life
against murder.

Speak it.

I'll speak it.

No.

No murder is justifiable.

No one who murders
or justifies murders
for any reason at all
is on the side of life.

I'll do nothing to aid him. *

The murderous strength of my heart
will fight
to the
life
against
the murderers.

Too much of a speech.

But I've spoken.

* note, 2:53 AM, Mon. 6 Feb. 1967:
I meant, of course, that I wd not aid "him"
in his murdering or justifying of murder.
I might very well aid him to escape being

murdered himself in the guise of "legal
punishment"; or to escape being bombed
from the air in retaliation for "terrorist"
acts. JML

6) David Antin - from "The Black Plague"

I.

for James Chaney
Andrew Goodman
Mickey Schwerner
Benjamin Banneker
Nate Turner
Denmark Vesey

veins that are extensible and expansible
heart that is a pump
cut an onion down the center
cut a man's head down the center
the impulse arises
at a point in the right auricle
an auricular flutter
an oracular flutter
lays bare hair skin muscular flesh pericranium cranium
dura mater pia mater brain pia mater dura mater
rete mirabile
and the bone which is the foundation of all

a demonstration of bones cut through by a saw
a demonstration of simple bones
a demonstration of bones and nerves
a demonstration of bones and veins
a demonstration of nerves and muscles
a demonstration of veins and muscles
a demonstration of bones and intestines
a demonstration of bones nerves and veins

a demonstration of nerves alone
a demonstration of nerves in bones that have been sawn through
a demonstration of bones and the nerves that join them together
a demonstration of bones alone

divers
skinless divers
diving past flowers and sea urchins
their own pink petals of flesh flowering from ankles and wrists
walking on a sea bottom past a skate
sitting on a pillar beside an urn
or simply standing in front of a wall
lurking beside the wall

keeping close to the building line or kerb
foraging
scavenging
looking about
sniffing
quivering
keeping an eye
on everything

attempt to construct a white figure

pitch black	
powder black	
wood black	
coal black	Japan black
carbon black	lead black
lamp black	chrome black
stove black	silver black
ink black	platinum black
smoke black	tar black
jet black	tear black
sloe black	road black
smut black	gas black
shoe black	rat black
ivory black	bag black
	stone black
	bone black
	bone black

if the darkness is 100 times as dark as the darkness of
evening / and a man's pupil doubles in size in this
darkness / the darkness is cut in half
if the pupil of an owl's eye increases 100 times its original size
in this same darkness
the owl's eye is equal to the darkness
in which it sees as by daylight

why does the eye see a thing more clearly in dreams than in
the waking imagination

between Philadelphia and Meridian
between Meridian and Sebastopol
a dam that will not hold water

three men complete
three men with bones and veins
three men with bones and nerves
three men with simple bones

seeing more clearly
the inside of a hand
the arm composed of 30 pieces of bone / 3 in
the arm 27 in the hand
the foot composed

closing an eyelid
raising an eyebrow
lowering an eyebrow
shutting the eyes
opening the eyes
spreading the nostrils
parting the lips with clenched teeth
bringing the lips to a point
laughing
wondering

28 muscles at the root of the tongue
fashion a scream

SIDE TWO:

1) Ed Sanders - "Peace Freak Poem" (from The Gobble Gang Poems)

1.
young consuela
was the chief turkey
in a Gobble Gang
in the arcade
at times square

before
she became converted
to

nonviolence

& after
she read Gandhi

she organized

a 42nd street ashram

of bull dikes.

2.
the ashram was full of finks
& consuela
threatened

a nonviolent

burn

on all bulls
caught
doing

Banana

3.
GOBBLE GOBBLE!
was the cry
for the girls to

resist
nonviolently
the fuzz

when they raided
the Turkey Parlor
in the arcade
at times square

&
consuela
consuela especially
quite often
quite often
in a raid

went limp
right in the middle

of a

gobble.

4.
since
consuela
was the head stomper
at the ashram

& the Big Turkey
at the gobble gang also

to stomp with those
bull dike celibates
& gobble too

had a
schizophrenic

effect.

5.
get hip to your
glazed eyes
old man

thought consuela
as she went down
on
the very well known
textile manufacturer
in the arcade
at times square

what you dont know
you old fascist

is that
50¢ of this
goes for

Peace.

2) Paul Blackburn - "Is Any Coherence Worth The Celebration"
(from Sit, Read)

Is any coherence
worth the celebration?
Okay.

I look at the few flowers
set amid the handsome withered
weeds
podded and heeded
Carolee made into a collage, no
a bouquet
yesterday

at the precise moment of our arrival .
few light violet or white field daisies
fading among all that
dead and drying meadow
summer

*

What might it be, the coherence, if it's worth celebrating at all
it's worth celebrating, well the camera never lies, so I
record: an empty chair with sandals sitting in front of it;
a cat under a bush; a Bob with his hair slicked down; Carolee
sitting leaning against the front of the house of glass, curled
as the cat is curled, smiling as the cat does not smile being
held . all that afternoon
in the dead, drying meadow of summer, the
sense of all our bodies, the flesh of our bodies, almost
marginal, the weeds are handsomer dead than the living flowers

**

In the morning before the house wakes
I read my friend's poems and drink his
yesterday's coffee reheated, seated
at kitchen table, sit facing the east windows wearing
sunglasses . brilliance of the
poems shining in the jungle of objects
in the sun . When
the sunbrilliant
at ten o'clock high
is rubbed
out in a rumble with cloud

I am not surprised,
The grey-green

softness is my element,
sea and contem-
plate beneath the cup the fish between my legs and its
mutilated relationships with the freshets of this world .
The body as I sit legs spread beneath the robe opening is
central in the eye, not marginal, not how one hand rests
on the book, to go back, change my glasses at 10:05
to continue reading the
strict-breaking coherences of

my friend's poems
to celebrate Sunday
to hear, see

how he tears them out of his rich flesh

"December 6th and 7th" (from Newsclips)

The news keeps squirting in from all over,
it's like a leak in my head.

The two astronauts in Gemini 7 took a snapshot
of a Polaris missile yesterday,
shot from a nuclear sub parked near the Cape.
Co-pilot Cmdr. James Lovell cried
as the missile broke water:

"We've got 'er, we've got 'er!
She's beautiful!" sitting
there in his underwear.

Somewhere around the 30th orbit
he had climbed out of his space suit.
The first zippers he unzipped somewhere
around the Canary Islands . 40 minutes
and 11,000 miles later, over Madagascar,
he's gotten down to his longjohns.

"I feel naked," he said, and also
"It's the only way to fly!"

Frank Borman was supposed to
get undressed later,
I never heard what happened.

But what a great idea, a pair
of astronauts
orbiting earth for two full weeks
in their underwear!

What happens when they get horny?

"Hey Jimmy, I see you got a hardon."

"Allright, Frankie, boy, you wanna
do something about it?" And Frank

cuts off the blood pressure telemetry, pulse, re-
spiration, and so forth,
& so far as the Houston Space Center's concerned,
they're dead?

Imagine when they start sending ladies up,
coeducational orbiting, wow,

LOVE AT FIRST FLIGHT . o, the headlines
and the usual housekeeping chores...

Meanwhile,

back at the pad, Gemini

6 is being readied for liftoff

scheduled this Sunday, the 12th.

Walter Shirra and Tom Stafford are to try
to effect a rendezvous with the other two boys.

And in Miami,

Rep. Walter H. Moeller (O.)

an ordained Lutheran minister

and a member of the House Space Committee

on vacation,

protested the launch on Sunday of the spacecraft:

"In these days of crisis," he said,

"we need all the moral and spiritual re-
sources

we can muster."

I'm surprised he didn't complain about the underwear.

High tides for today, Dec/ 7, at Sandy Hook
6:20 A. M. and 6:46 P. M.; 6:33 A. M. and 7:07 P. M. on
the North side of Montauk Point;
at the Battery 6:49 and 7:12 .

Temperatures yesterday were various:

88° and clear in Kingston, Jamaica

84° and cloudy in Acapulco

85° and partly cloudy in San Juan

41° and cloudy in Paris, 59° in Rome

52° and clear in Athens

36° and snow in Moscow

84° and cloudy in Saigon, in Copenhagen

34° and snow; 57° and partly cloudy in
both Cairo and Tunis .

Aldebaran is very bright to the East at sunset,
Altair and Vega in the West at the same
hour (4:29);

Venus very bright in the West, rising at

7:30 P. M.; Mars reddish and

low in the West an hour earlier.

Again at sunset (4:29) Jupiter

is very bright to the East, and Saturn

likewise in the Southwest .

And tomorrow, Dec/ 8, the moon is full .

And on Sat., Dec/ 11, the Home Lines
announce a 4 P. M. sailing of the Oceanic
from Pier 84 North River, at 44th St.
which is listed in the ship schedules

as "Cruise to Nowhere."

Don't miss it, boys and girls, and that's
all for tonight.

3) Armand Schwerner - "The Emptying" (from The Tablets)

all that's left is pattern* (shoes?)

*doubtful reconstruction

I rooted about... like a..... sow* for her pleasure

*atavism: a hieroglyph; perhaps
"a fetal pig"
"a small pig"
"goddess"

the (power?)* for all of us !

*perhaps "damage," if a borrowing;
cf. cognate in N. Akkadian:
"skin-burn."

I made a mistake. The small path was barely muddy. Little squush; and
wet socks. * It is (scholarship?) (meditation?)

*modernism. Specificity of attire
a problem. Possibly "underwear,"
(dryness?)

and the... (energy?) the (energy?) the (pig?)* of the mistake !.....

(energy?).....

*hieroglyph again: "god" may be
meant here.

war/good-ness.../cunt* (thresher?) /marvel/cunt*/bright-yellow/

bright-ochre**/bright-bright-yellow/bright-ochre-yellow/

bright-yellow-yellow-ochre-yellow*** ****

*hieroglyph, probably not syllabic.
Very old : conceivably haloed by
hair--but rake-like, very much the
rake in the Kap-Kol-Bak-Silpotli-
Wap frieze in the young consort's
left hand. (See Ouspenskaya: The
Young Consort and the Rake Muckery,
Egypt. Annals, Surah P, P, iii.)

***analogue of segmenting compass
readings? as NE, NNE, etc.? We
know the god Pri-Prik usually
assumed yellow guises in his
search for the 18-fold path. See
Marduk, The Babylonians, Hirsute
VII, Liber A-413, Tigris

**see Halevy-Cohen, The Prismatic
Function in Early Man: a study in
Imperceptible Gradations, U. U.
Press, Ak., 1922-1962

****The entire sequence is a rare
example of restriction of cate-
gories in one "line" or "cadence"
or "unit" or "verset." Only
nominal forms used.

the emptying of yellow

+++++

+++++

++++

++++

++++

he calls himself "with grey horses"

he is "having fine green oxen"

with (purpose?)+++++in the dream (nightmare?)

+++++of a sharp blade

testiclesfor the ground

shit (sweat?) upon the.....

rain upon the.....

saliva upon the.....

heart's blood upon the.....

Children's strange (beautiful?) early blood in the.....

.....from the old dryness (underwear?)

vomit (yellow/North?) does not slake ground

pus (ochre?/NNE?) does not stanch the wounds in the ground

bile (yellow-ochre?/NNNE?) does not+++++

he is splayed on thelike a worn-out pig (god?)

he is un-.....

he is dis-.....

he is-less

he is de-.....

he is impossible on the dry ground+++++before.....

he is non-.....

he is pre-.....*

*the isolated prefix remnants are curious. The tablets seem rubbed out with care. Is this segment an early attempt to unite meaning and form? emptiness in substance as well as linear design?

the ants look (scrounge?) for food

the ground-pig (lower god?) sucks dry filth for water

the palaces are yellow (vomit?/N?)

look at the fishermen in their patterns (shoes?)!

they count the directions of emptiness by fish-names

N shad

E cod

S mackerel

W tuna

from the shad no rain weighs on the breeze

from the cod the loud wind is dry (unforgiving?)*

*interesting. We find ourselves at or near the very point in time where the word, concrete in origin, shades off into an abstraction.

hanging-mackerel-tail-up-smoke-death*

*virtually untranslatable. This is an attempt at an Indo-European nominalization of kili-pap-swad-ur plonz. We can convey little of the conceptual category "fish-death," or rather "up-down-fish-dying-becoming" which refers in a coterminous visionary metaphysic to both time-bound organisms (like the urus, say) and the Death God, plonz, in his timeless brooding.

the tuna is mighty the tuna is mighty the way of up-down, smoke-death

the men dance around the stone

the stones dance over the pit

the pits dance beyond the bodies like the air-hog (god of low rain clouds?)

the bodies the bodies the bodies the bodies the bodies the bodies

beyond the bodies the trees dance

the bodies need to fuck the trees

the dry (unforgiving?) bodies wait twenty-eight days

the blood of the four bodies shad

the blood of the four bodies cod

the blood of the four bodies mackerel

the blood of the four bodies tuna*

*four bodies here; six of them in the previous mention. Odd.

4) Art Berger - "Life Has No Dimension"

The eagle drizzle
drapes Manhattan
every Friday
when instant people
grind to a halt
the nine to five run
in the corporate
daisy chain.

Flip to a stream line
air condition
incubator
hung with video
that flushes rubble of time
down the toilet
and sublimate
in sex
that comes on baby
like a pinball machine.

Life has no dimension
death a dirty word

lush no fulfillment
lust an easy second best
pattern of a static way
racked in rows of things.

I'll find my highs
in a wild
and tingly wet
tangle with plankton
jerk off whales
till freedom comes
and get blown
by the northeast gale.

For life is staked
in the great outback
where all is not precise
but passion flowers
in mystic ways
and wins over
the wet wilderness
with love.

5) Walter Lowenfels - "All Our Valises Are Packed"
(from Loving You In The Fall Out)

* * *

All our valises are packed, as they were just before Athens blew up in a blaze of poetry and sculpture. Any poem that doesn't suggest that is a disgrace to the amoeba in us. Poetry isn't a way out. It just points up the fact that it's the little details that count -- like whether we finish with vine leaves in our hair or gamma buttons.

It isn't just the imminence of nuclear explosions that is fissioning us into unstable isotopes. There is a pulverization of ourselves going on during peace. In fact, that's what peace has become in the United States: molecular orbits of our multi-selves, swirling around ground zero ahead of time.

If you don't know this sensation, you're not a good Americano del Norte; you're living in a rosebowl of non-existent homogeneity.

I'm not trying to settle anything with this -- just getting it off my chest. In tomorrow's glass museum of man -- no heroes, just the earth in an extrapolation of human tissue. We are swinging to peace across the perpendicular trapeze of the Great Divide. And none of us will ever be the same.

6) Allen Planz - "Heat Wave - A Discontinuous Poem"

(text unavailable)