

ABRAXAS SEVEN





Edited and published by Warren Woessner at
ABRAXAS PRESS, 1831 S. Park St. (9), Madison,
Wisconsin 53713. Subscriptions are \$2 for two
issues. Thanks to CCLM for the grant. ABRAXAS
is a member of COSMEP and CCLM.

i.

The geese like bombers open in my head
 their faint song
a multitude of knotted strings
drawn through the sky

and propped like a slowly
awakening corpse beneath this tree
I've turned one page in two hours.
The words are heavy flies
sleeping it off this afternoon

and my eyes keep sliding
into waterlogged twigs
 into the earth.

It is exactly the color of your eyes.

Even the cars at this winters end
carry your slow grace
and the books I open casually
on afternoons like this

become long explanations you have given
of my childhood.
Photographs uncurl
from branches of trees--

--I am warily lost beside a horse

I am holding tomatoes and crying

I am dressed in a soldier suit
in the winter sun
saluting your kodak brownie

and inside each shot
in shoulder length hair and a draping
postwar dress
 your serious shadow falls to one side

stretching across the grey lawns
like some dark stalking angel.

ii.

In the fire of Dakota
you began. What that bright land
holds once has forever
the signature of heat

and you came like that to Kansas
a pale moss-eyed waitress
plates of Railroad Specials up and
down your arms.

I was the anonymous stranger
kneeling at night to knead your pungent feet.
The heat rose to my elbows
to my eyes and settled there
in the ashy grey of newsreels

(bombers passed above
in shimmering droves
the day the war was over

and some man chased you
with a knife
for love.)

All the rest
is burned away.

iii.

Faithful as the air itself
the bombers have remained
since the day they rolled slowly
above fat khaki geese
as regular as wallpaper.

Hidden in their drone
the whirring electric fan
of flat summer nights turns softly
the ropy print of bedspread
worn each morning
like a wound across your face
covers all their bombsights.

There never was enough
air where we lived.

People gasped along the street
and airplanes moved
like sluggish fish their silver eyes
drowning in the atmosphere.

From you I learned to watch them

for the yellow parachutes
your dreams foretold
the coming of the Japs

shiny men they would move
at ease in our humid
ivory air. Each night
in the wake of rattling planes
I felt them descending
falling on Iron Avenue
knives bright as rain.

they took up residence on every sidewalk
waiting for the heavy yellow dawn.

iv.

And in the one flood of my youth
we moved together through the water
like desperate animals
escaping war. My arms and legs
hung down across your forearms

there was for me
only the brilliant starry sky
the sound of wild geese
invisibly crossing
high above the waters darkness.

Later I saw goats
stranded on a hill
one chicken spread upon the moving
river like a pale star
quickly gone downstream

and the memory of water lay within me
deep as blood.
It rises now where I am sitting
half drunk half asleep
beneath a song of bombers
and I am riding again in your arms
face up to unknown constellations.

The river is surrounding us.
The urgent geese pass on forever.

THE JOKE

David Hughes

everynight,
like the dark's punchline,
the whip-poor-will
sings.
i sit in my kitchen
sipping a glass of water
wondering if i am the joke. for
it is cold at night and black
and i wish to bring my
head face down into the wet grass,
my beard like sun dried hay,
and gather night crawlers in
my hair
and attract the bird
to sing over my glass
like a slim dark haired lady.

and this is the joke.
the moon is still like a
rorschach blot
testing my sanity.
the old man
rumored to be a visionary
is still alone
and gathers petunias at midnight
to cover his breath.
trees, like forgotten land mines
exploded by the dark,
circle the perimeters
with their arms askew and threatening
control.
and cars speed backwards to gin mills.
and girls leap backwards into convertibles
looking for love.

and all night
the whip-poor-will
laughs in the field.

i know listening to it
that if i walked into
the dark
i would walk out of these bones
like a tree shedding seeds,
and land in the fertile green
and brown of myself.
but something, like bad taste in humour,
stops me.
and i sit in my kitchen, like a comedian,
waiting for a pause in the laughter.

HORSEFLIES

Michael Castro

yr thoughts dangle, horseflies,
& yr eyes

soar off/on them,
as in cowboy movies the hero rides

(i taste the swirling dust & wonder)
into the sunset, leaving us

NOCTURNE

F. Keith Wahle

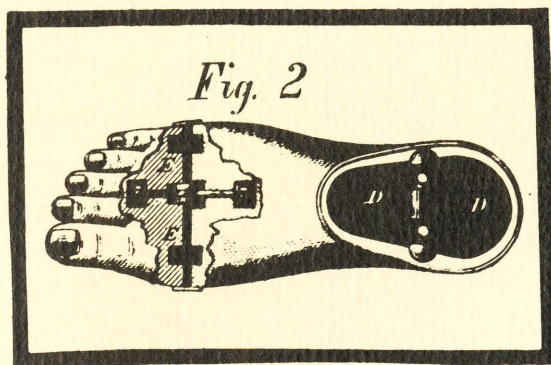
A drunk rattles on your window
as he passes down the sidewalk.
Your wife is asleep on the floor.
You have been up for hours,
or maybe for centuries,
pantomiming concern for yourself
and for your all-important work,--
just you and the homeless night.
You feel oddly comfortable.
You're safe here from the criminals
outside, but still you must face
the pain, a pain you have come to
believe in, much as one believes
in a foolish or arbitrary father
who is hated but obeyed
because there is no one else.
Your wife gets up and stumbles
into the kitchen where she makes
a jam and honey sandwich;
then pours a cup of milk,
and carries them into the bathroom.
You listen to her pee
streaming down the walls of the bowl.
Really, you despise her.
You are a man of reason; and action;
she just gets fatter by the minute.
You turn back to your typewriter;
you readjust the margin,
and fit clean paper into place.
But you can't quite decide
which letter to press down first.
You look at the paper.
Again you readjust the margin.
And so you go, over and over, endlessly
readjusting the margins of your night.

THE GREEN GIANT GOES MAD

Richardo da Silveira Lobo Sternberg

He plucks stars from the sky and lord!
he eats them! Instead of going to his
stomach, they travel up and shine from
his eyes. A little man, the size of a pea,
asks the giant something about today's
vegetable and is crushed, the giant's toes
slapping down like sledge hammers.

He opens a large can and drowns
the village with creamed corn.



LONELINESS, 11 P.M.

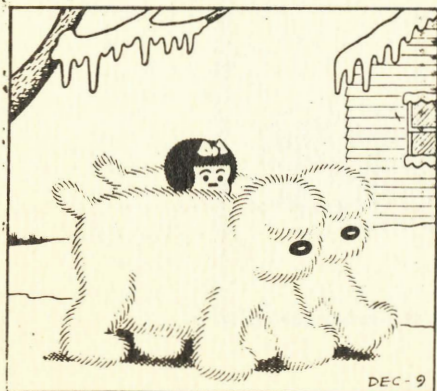
David Hilton

Your two friends leave your room
pensive, private as children
to go have sex.

Her glass of lemonade
remains on the windowsill--the window
through which Mother May is breathing

blessing & indulgence,
the record continues to play
of all things Billie Holiday

and you have another hit of hash.
Things are wonderful fun:
the walls, every one.



SKYLINE, WARREN ST., BALTIMORE

David Hilton

the tv antennas
the twin-hooded chimneys
the vents, ledges & eaves
the rain gutters

some roofs flat-edged
others slanting down
from an apex--above,
the bottomless bright blue sky

May 12, 1972

THE CANDLEFLAME

David Hilton

the candleflame
makes no sound

all light
like the silent

sun
the beer

in the clear
bottle

WAITING BY THE TELEVISION

D. Clinton

The tv hammers out its waves all night for the Central
Time Zone people. It drones all it can. The CTZ
People really don't know what's good.
They've been stuck in some queer situation
To chairs, sofas, rugs, beds, whatever
Is the least bit comfortable as long as the tv
Hammers it out. Out jumps
Peter Cottontail and Iron Tail with ridiculous
Movement and clatters and the CTZ people go ridiculous, nuts.
Nothing will come. Easter is due. Rain is forecast.
The Rockies expect a blizzard. Convenient
For Oral Roberts film team to send messages out
To the heathens. The news round-up is
Treatening, everybody
Lies back, breathes quietly, hoping
It will pass.



JJJJ JJJJJJJJ JJJ

Jjj jjjjj jj jjjjj
jjjjj jjjjj:

JJJ JJJJJ!

Jjjjj jjjj jj jjjjj
jjjj jjj jj
jj jjjj, jjjj jjj
jjjj jjjjjj--jjjjjj.
Jjjj jjjj jjjjj
jjjj jj jjj.

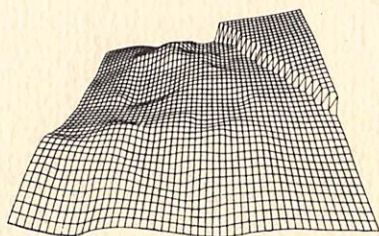
Jj jjjj j jjjj
jjjj jj;
jjj jjjjj j
jjjjj jjjjjjj j,
JJJ JJJJJ jjj jjjj
jj jjjjj j jj.

--Joyce Holland

*

Laura Rosenthal

We take down the tongues, and decide
to keep them in pens. We try to explain.
But they were with us all along, and they
won't hear a word. In fact, it is their
turn to explain, they are so glad to be
alive. To get our attention, they click
in and out like retractable fingernails.
After a while, we can make the sound our-
selves, and we do it for hours across the
room.



THE POEM

Martin Grossman

bursts
images fly off
in all directions

A sewing machine in Paris
by chance meets
an umbrella
on a dissecting table

The poet gathers his poem
before it goes too far

VACATION

Bruce McAllister

Any map of this
popular country shows cracks of color
and cities which end in o's and a's but not
without translations beside them
to make the difference clear.

But where are the rocks
on those maps
any of the rocks at all?

Under them
where outside the rain comes,
soft comets, anxious to wet,
the animals are different
and scare. The stare
scares. Their eyes twinkle
with quiet joys of mantis,
praying, their mouths hang
in the hunger of locusts,
and their bodies are full,
so full, all of the time.

Books defining this
country move on page after page
without letting loose the ghosts
who might release the secrets
of one language as good as dead to us.

But under those rocks
the language is easy. Bend
your knees and you can
understand perfectly, so clearly that
your throat trembles like a cricket's
thigh and your voice cracks
through your bones, and you cannot
straighten up in the wish
that you had never bent down, or
questioned the cracks
of charts, rocks, other men.

AT THE FARM

Martin Grossman

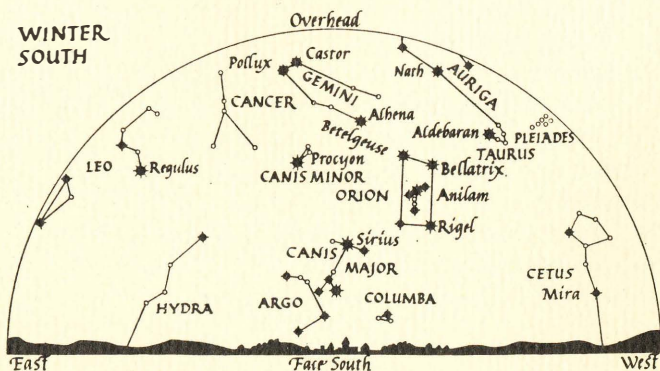
The night flies by.
I catch it,
wear it like a felt hat.

I pull a cat from my ear lobe,
two from my armpits,
close my eyes and imagine
nothing.

Imagine Santa Fe on an open plain
dotted with horses, jeeps,
Jack Elliot, and
Gene Autry.

Sunday's fuse burns in
my dreams.
The West goes up in a shower
of exploding mountains.

I think of this night in a
western bed.
I feel my pulse weave electric
in the Michigan night and
radiate fire from my flaming
face.



THE SEARCH

Joe Hutchison

I am wearing
a coat
of a thousand
pockets

they are full
of the baby teeth
I lost and
kept

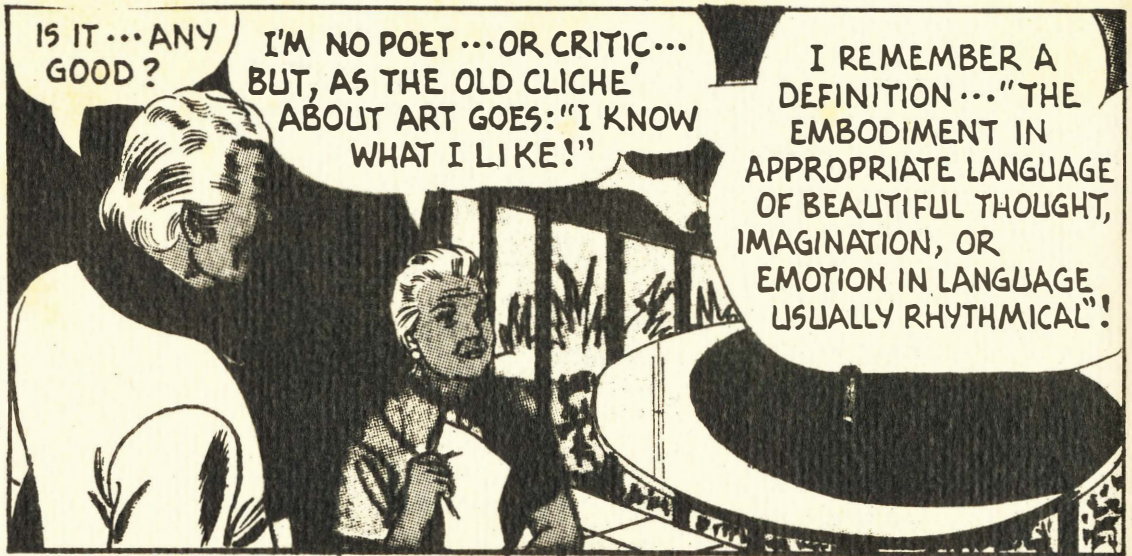
full of sticky
pine cones
and whorled chunks
of obsidian

they are full
of cold reptilian
creatures and
warm quivering birds

black insects twitch
in some in others
soft-bodied mollusks
stare

in each
there is a frag-
ment of
my final name

I will go through
them one by
one
until I find it all



FOUND POEM: NYC SUBWAY

Larry Zirlin

Business School

I didn't want to be a complete waste

I wanted an education

I took typing and shorthand

I soon found my current job

I love it

I'm now training to get my high school
equivalency diploma after work

I couldn't ask for more.

JAZZ SEVENTY-TWO

Don Levering

you like the songs
we wear on our feet
jass up our ass

back home now
drums patter village to village
brown men seeking soul food

we climb saxophones
then the trapeze
swinging freely secure by the ankles

WHERE I'M GOING

Richard LeMon

Where I'm going
they don't have poetry.
They got "po'try,"
which is the same as "poultry"
which, in fact, like poetry
is six of one, half dozen of the other -
50% feathers
and 50% chickenshit.



THE CROW-MAN

Joe Hutchison

The lone man peddles his old bicycle, its chain squeaking like the terrified mouse we found in the trap with his smashed tail stiff and already full of death. He is an old man. He peddles slowly. He is careful not to let his black baggy pants get caught in the chain. As he peddles, his knees rise lazily and each skinny leg in turn bends almost double, like a long, jointed wing. Yes! How could I not have noticed? His face is a crow's face! His sagging old nose a beak. His body a lithe, scrawny crow-body!

He is rolling down the gently curved breast of the continent. It is evening. He comes to a deserted road and his legs fold up. He lifts slowly, quietly into the air, flapping great black wings! His bicycle crashes against an old broken down fence. He is like a shadow now, rising over the sleepy moonlit farms, the deserted barns, ecstatic and strong.



A

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R

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C

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D

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Richard Kostelanetz

R

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Richard Kostelanetz

FUSE

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washing instructions

North African colors run faster than gazelles
over embroidered plateaus cold water
may be too hot only dry cleaning
is wet enough to hold the colors fast
St. Nicholaas takes his bishop's robe
to the cleaners every week

however you wear it

lines intersect at the center
the ankh the cross of life
the cross of Venus of
our love Jesus Christus' kruis
ornately crafted in Byzantium
imitated in this cold land

a silver chain

attached to an old cross
suspends it
across your chest
as you breath

the African salesman on the Heiligeweg

wearing a red & bright yellow dashiki
said this necklace was made in Tunisia
of beads & amber & smells of sandalwood
perpetually

LOCUSTS

Daniel Magnuson

There they are
stripping the entire orchard bare.

Anything for a smile.
After they're through you can hear them laughing
as they fly back into town.

Filthy robbers of the earth,
if one could catch them in the open
a good torch would do the trick.
But they are everywhere.

Without a care for even their own kind
except as a pack,
all hardness and stuttering,
vacant as air
except for a joy in making skeletons.

After they leave, all you have are shells.

PLANTING GOLDFISH IN THE BIG PONDS BEHIND MY HOUSE

Mark Wangberg

I There were millions of them,
 all sparkling; five, six inches long.
 The old man sold them to us cheap
 in Mason jars.

II There was a spring back in the woods.
 The water came bubbling up from the ground
 like explosions. We drank from folding cups.
 The water was sweet and good.
 We drove home filled with spring water
 and Mason jars.

III The next year I got a waterplane
 and lost it in one of our ponds.
 My father told me the goldfish ate it.

I moved on to frogs. They were big and fast.
I was slow. I didn't catch any frogs.
The frogs didn't catch any fish.
The fish ate my airplane.

THE GOURDS

Ron Janoff

they love to rub each other
massed in baskets
a gaudy crowd of dwarves

proud of their own green flesh
their orange flesh
their pimples and warts
their stripes and protrusions

they sun their bodies shamelessly
amusing themselves
with vegetal chatter

anything makes them chuckle
especially roses

frivolous and absurd
like emus
mushrooms
blowfish
auroras
popcorn
love between men

they do not advance the race!

even the word is hard
to get the mouth around

JACK OF CLUBS

Ray DiPalma

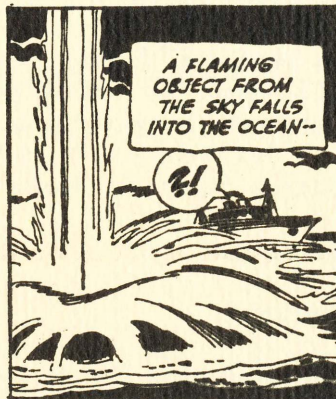
My father's name was Factory Knee
He liked the light in his eyes
Milk would do in the coffee

He drank to the dead the
Nights the machines could agree
The collarless factions had it coming

There went an arm
Here came a leg and a hand
Can easily take what it knows

Atremble & busy surviving
Tidy angels in the steady
Realm of unreliable tortures but

The lion squinting on payday
His ear shoved toward affliction
Don't bite or sing the blues



LINES WRITTEN UPON SIMULTANEOUSLY FINISHING
THE CANTOS

JOHN WOODS' SELECTED POEMS

A PINT OF SEAGRAMS

AND AN M.A. AT STANFORD

Richard LeMon

"got to move on" -

H. A. Norman

Leland Stanford, king of conductors,
drove a gold spike where it hurts the most.
Now he mines a Golden Shaft
in the heart of California.

Well, even Mussolini could train a train
though Pound forgot to put that down.
Stanford drains the good swamp of my mind.

But thirty miles north, I hear
a different engine -
where the police are used to finger cymbals,
where, timely as an oil slick,
the currents carry a cargo of zen,
washing it up onto North Beach.
Half of San Francisco sleeps
on a mattress of crunchy granola.

But meanwhile, back at the farm,
I've celebrated Halloween for two years.
Someone poured poetry into my gas tank;
I stole a horse with hooves
that changed to winged iambic feet:

nogó nogó nogó nogó nogó

I'm moving for a freight
that no one owns,
a boxcar filled with desert
with a swamp safe in the cooler.
I'm moving for a war of metaphor.
Because Mussolini was no war baby!
Because Stanford wasn't either, baby!

LOUISE, 8; ME, 15.

Arthur Vogelsang

After lunch, Mommy and Daddy
Having gone till night to see dying friends,
The rain smashing so hard we watched it occasionally,
And just you and me, Louise, amusing ourselves
Through all the lingering day,
We decided, after you tired of play,
To have a competition
Wherein we would each write a poem so Dad
Could pick the best. The real reason
Was that I made you eat your whole sandwich, bread
And all, and you were mad.
And you knew in school your poem
Was the best twice. So against me you wrote,
"The sun and the moon/ And the stars
Don't mean/ As much as mv sox/
Or a swift red fox. Louise, 8."
I held off in pity and just wrote
How the blond rain was like your white hair
And used the word "mutability."
When dark dropped, and I had to explain
The size of the sun and that it was fire
And a star too, they came home,
You ran jumping to them showing each poem,
And our father smiled bitterly
Seeing our soft, slow words among all
The quickness of the deadly world.
As the rain, and your hair, like you
Continued to bounce and fall.

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A NOTE ON LLUROSCIAN CULTURE

Data compiled by Norman Daly.

The true origins of the obscure culture called Lluros are unknown. Until the anthropological historians have disentagled legend from fact, it will remain so. Meanwhile, the compiler, who does not recognize it to be his task to establish an origin or synthesis, feels it is not premature to present tangible evidence of that culture.

The following description of a Llurian rite is from the translation made by Dr. Chai Lung Lee, Director of the Institute of Paleography at Kiochow, China. This is excerpted from a partial, expurgated text which has been tentatively identified as autobiographical writing of a Royal Mace-Bearer.

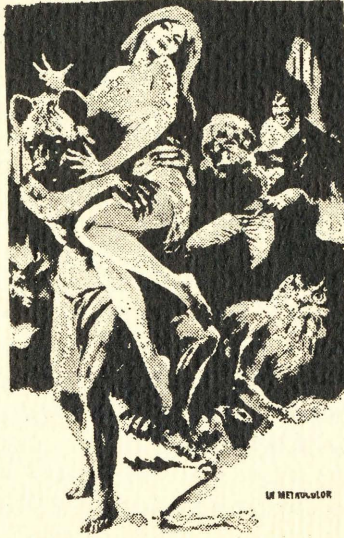
"With low sweeping circles of sea gulls spraying the evening air with golden dung and calling the crab snakes to their destruction, the Sacred Procession of the 'DARKDOW'¹ Festival begins with its Royal Noise-Makers pulling long carpets of invisible bells and shaking great bark-balls filled with crystalized sea-foam, its Armless Women in shell tunics and feathered masks lurching in unison astride giant turtles, its fasting, penitent Bazaar Merchants.....² and stinking like a reservoir of sheeted bones, its sniffing packs of whining hound bitches clearing paths for Boy-Beggars whose blistered backs are covered with a salve of green pollen and locust legs, its naked Astrologers on miniature horses with manes plaited with live black eels and reading aloud from texts written on long, thin white leaves of the Giant Bestos plant, its Dwarf Monsters riding wheels of painted pottery tumbling and falling in the direction of the Temple, its white oxen crushing flowers and small birds as they bear forward the empty Effigy Chairs made of the skins of the rare Pruii stretched on tall grids of Viben bones adorned with the blue nests of the Night Birds and flaked with bubble milk of the sea-cow and at the end of the Sacred Procession come the black-teated Temple Virgins, festooned with bloody whipping cords and helmeted in meshes of

stained ivory ringlets, released from their wet, grass cages and finally, the procession closes around the circle of the sighing parents of the 'DARKDOW' who step forward to silently watch sinless Old Rope-Makers under tallowed leather work aprons publicly sodomize the limp 'DARKDOW' while the Tokens of Holmeek are lowered into the Sacred Fires fed by the unborn of Horse-People and burned with the month cloths of the Holy Whores."

¹ 'DARKDOW' - Small girls of the 'orteth' caste (tomb washers) who were starved to death in advance of this festival. See H. F. von Bleichmann, "Necrophallic Practices of Llurhia", March 1964, J. Anth. Arts and Sci., London.

² Expurgated by the translator.





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A SOURCE OF ENTERTAINMENT

David Hilton

"Listening to the Blue Oyster Cult now. And the rain. We hope to make everything a source of entertainment. Like having a lot of children without having to babysit or wipe shit."

Begins a letter from Iowa City in August 1972. I love Iowa City because 1967 seems to live forever there. Remember getting so stoned you got worried and putting on Aftermath to fill the room with the only sound that could hold you up? Mrs. Elsie Cheatham, born into slavery 104 years ago in Hattiesburg, Miss., admits to being an ardent Bob Dylan fan and sums up her secret of longevity as follows: "Ev'buh mu' g'stone"

1967, trying to "turn people onto grass" Groovy, just hold it in. Give me all you got, she gasped, moaning for release, straining toward the ultimate liberation, thrusting her ass a foot off the bed to meet his madly pummelling pole of flesh

hard as a steel girder on the world's longest bridge.
Unngh, he grunted, and came and came until...

We hope to make everything a source of entertainment--
D. Gray

Get stoned, blast the stereo (Derek & the Dominoes 1972)
loud as an enraged horse, dance and dance with beer in
both paws while the air conditioner of America gets all
gooped up and we sweat and swat lost mosquitoes. Only way to
escape drifting into the nixon-warp.

Year of acid saints, 1967, a thousand mikes by the riverside
Answer: there is no why, there is no because. No if and
or but. Country Joe and the Fish really did whisper LSD
and you didn't have to play the record upside-down to
hear it! We didn't think things could break up then,
except the air into bright sound-crystals, etc., but
nothing else. 0 light-years of innocence gone Lovin'
Spoonful!

Begins a letter from Iowa City: "We hope to make everything
a source of entertainment." And they do. I think it was
Ernest Hemingway, winner of the Nobel Prize, who called
Iowa City "a moveable feast."

So ask your mother to get you the following munchies, boys
& girls, by two poets who, notwithstanding escape-plans
for S.F., live, for the nonce, in Iowa City. But FIRST
PLEASE NOTE that they are not workshop Poets, no no no:
those Workshop folks try to make nothing a source of enter-
tainment, and they undergo rigorous training indeed at
that West Point of Poetry. If Nixon were a poet he should
certainly have been a verse cadet at the Iowa Poetry
Workshop. How dismayed Santa would be at this Workshop:
scores of somber dwarfs pounding away at little irony toys,
ambiguity dolls, personae puppies. A Workshop communique
recently fell into my hands, like a memo leaked from the
Pentagon. It is partly devoted to explaining "publication"
as the concept relates to the "professionalism" that,
asserts the directive, distinguishes the Workshop. (Just
what we need--more 20-year-old professional-minded poets!)
The document's labored logic contrives the following:
if someone is making money on it, it's publication; if
not, it's not. How do you detect a "publication"? Well,

it carries paid advertising, it pays so-much per line, it recurs on schedule and profitably, or it rewards with an advance and royalties--like it's into MONEY--fuck. Thus the Workshop casts into limbo the early and even mature work of most of America's greatest poets--a facile paragraph informs us that a good deal of poetry by Whitman, Robinson (his first book), Pound, Williams, Oppen, down to Baraka (L. Jones), Gary Snyder, Creeley, Stafford, all found its way into print without, somehow being published! This attitude is worse than foolish. It is despicable, destructive; and the people who are indoctrinating young would-be poets with it are abhorrent. When I read the piece, I flashed on Ron Ziegler refusing to grant the existence of "what the Enemy refers to as Bach Mai Hospital." Indeed, it was his professional responsibility at that point to suggest that Hanoi itself is little more than a rumor. The Workshop's communique--an annual alumni bulletin--was unsigned. As a poet, I hope only that it was perpetuated by one of the prose hackers currently staffing the Workshop, and that it was slipped by the faculty who are poets--poets being, it is said, the chief caretakers and regenerators of the language. But enough of the Workshop.

The two fine poets I'd like to give their first big breaks to are Allan Kornblum and Darrell Gray. A few people have heard of Darrell (a few people heard of Satie) and a few more will hear of him if Paul Carroll ever publishes his second anthology of Young American Poets, so I'll let Opportunity knock on Allan's door first, since he's just married and with a growing family can probably use the millions of dollars that success brings to help make the furniture and insurance payments and meet other obligations.

TIGHT PANTS, BOX 546, WEST BRANCH IOWA, ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS

and worth every red cent of it, comarados!!

Allan is in love in this book, with Cinda, and it shows fully, wonderfully. "These poems are for Cinda Wormley" they sure are!

Like an English muffin perforated
by accidental indentations I
love you with my teeth and tongue

And elsewhere a litotes as complex and moving as any to be found in Wyatt or Shakespeare:

i wouldn't want to talk forever of science
either, neither would you. i'm blue.
i'm bored is what's the matter and i
feel as if i ought not to be

as i'm in love with you.

as above, an unlearned mastery of native idiom and cadence
throughout TIGHT PANTS, with the beautiful implications of
such woodnotes warbled clearly, as below:

Staring at the photos I've taken and printed
Of men at their work in banks, taverns and
"Repair" shops...everybodys up to something,
And we sometimes see them all as beautiful.

A wondrous affirmation because, you see, thousands of
"poets" would find it so simply irresistable to "see
them all" (publishably) as horrible and wheel out the
anal irony catapults, etc. But Allan is a real American
poet, thus the native speech rhythms are not merely a
"williamesque" technical program but much more a release
into the freedom of feelings of the people who speak that
speech, himself here so richly in this book included.
"Let's listen to the Mothers of Invention and dance,"
concludes Kornblum in one of his poems--contemplate that
invitation: strange, difficult, but inevitable joy.

We hope to make everything a source of entertainment.
1968, lames Don't you remember your little brothers?--how
as long as you were smoking those locoweed cigarettes it
must be ok and thus they fell forever into the power of
Mad Doctor Dope. Iowa City: easily said, a spinoff of the
nye o'hara necrology, but much more and now pretty much
an independant disturbance benignly whirled by Captain
Beyond, otherly known as Darrell Gray. It is impossible
to demonstrate my conviction that Darrell is one of the
best poets in the U.S. of A. Darrell's poetry absolutely
resists conventional exegesis: "explications" of his
poems are like pre-einsteinian construals of the universe.
Darrell's works offer wonderfully intuitive simplicities,
apprehended only when their clarity (light) is simply seen.
A modern allegory of the cave applies: all the reader need
do is remove his industrial safety goggles and the poetry
shall shine forth as the veritable verity:

for
there is no place in the mind
for the death of poetry

the books are THE BEAUTIES OF TRAVEL, DOONES PRESS, DEPT OF ENGLISH, BOWLING GREEN UNIV. BOWLING GREEN OHIO 43403, ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS; and SOMETHING SWIMS OUT, BLUE WIND PRESS, BOX 1189, IOWA CITY IOWA 52240, TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS.

Darrell is like a chessmaster. If he were not such a friendly generous fellow I'd call him the Bobby Fischer of poetry: every line like a move--accurate, with a discipline of imagination that is almost clairvoyant, above all economy as a chessmaster will attain in his first 12-13 moves, the precise steps accumulating into an unbreakable continuation. A typical Gray opening:

Let us take a walk with the poem.
You will not find it

white like a duck, or
shivering, dew-covered, among
the long flowers, or the one
girl who would give you
everything, her dress blowing out
across the Milky Way, after
the party.

No,...

and the poem continues to its inevitable victory. Here is a complete Gray poem, called "Shower":

The hours disappear
Carrying a new bar of soap
I too am on my way
to the water world

*

The bathroom is full of attachments
There is some unconscious steam
And tremendous bubbles

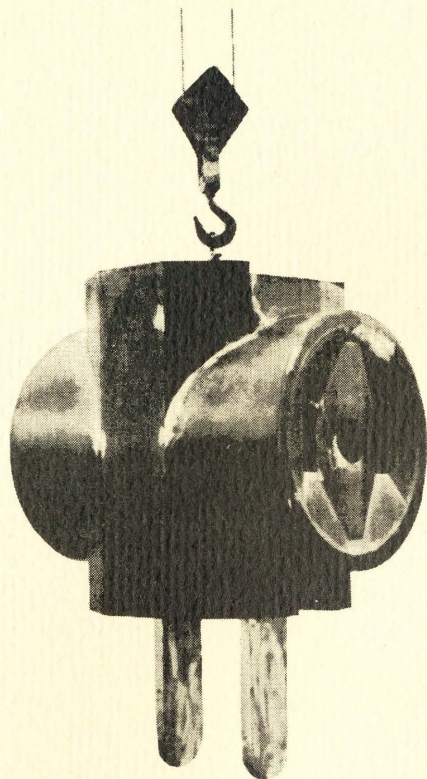
I feel the energy inside the soap
I know what the soap knows
Though I don't dissolve

*

And there's no money here
There's only the music
The pipes make
From water that comes
Out of walls

Well all I can say is that if you pretend to be at all "involved" in poetry you must acquire the works of these two poets, Kornblum and Gray. And you find other good poets in Iowa City, like finding sixpacks you forgot you bought. Tim "Genius" Hildebrand. George Mattingly. Dave Morice. John Sjoberg. Steve Toth. (Just giving you a plug over nationwide little magazine, fellas.) Fans and trees go crazy when the sun goes down in mid-September. Whoops I nearly forgot to mention the brilliant and bizzarre Ms. Joyce Holland. Everything is a source of entertainment.





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MORE POWER TO YOU - SOME RECENT BOOKS

SENSATION NO. 27, Anselm Hollo, The Institute of Further Studies, Box 482, Canton, N.Y., no price listed.

Anselm Hollo's poetry is big sky writing. It moves freely through numerous languages and across the seas. He has The Whole Solar System in His Hands, and refuses to be confined by time or place. Hollo can always step up to see beyond. Here is part of "touring":

one remembers the cider junkies of somerset england
exceeding pale eyes in exceeding pale faces
the weird sheen in the paintings of samuel palmer
back in room nine one's brain scanner flickers and zooms
across these endless heartlands of the heart
(el corazon)
the telephone does not function (no functiona)
after the hour (la hora) of eleven p.m.
back in new york & london back in iowa city
back in ciudad de ibiza & paris
one then goes dark
in the collage city motel
in northfield minnesota

Hollo would make a great sci-fi writer. He is fearless
of the Twilight Zone.

later, i go out & look at the sky.
it is one great asterisk.
& there are ships sailing in it
with lights & joyful singing,
the dwarfs' charter flight to earth
a mighty flotilla
come in to land
this giant night

(From "(for anne waldman)"

It is often hard for me to tell where one poem ends
and the next begins, but here it is unimportant. The poems
continue.

BREAKING IN THE HOUSE, George Swoboda, New Erections Press,
Box 705, Iowa City, Iowa 52240, No price listed.

George Swoboda is the most natural poet I know. When
he writes, the lines and images flow as smoothly as water
over worn stones.

Soon the sky will be too bright

already
Venus is far
too feeble

Streetlamps are
starting to fade

TV antennae
stretch
feel
for test
patterns

(From "A Dawn At Twenty Seven")

This collection is his first since Sideshow (Abraxas, 1969) and contains his best poems. The poems run from humorous ("Gosh"), through scared ("Peace") to final hope ("The Light"), and represent the changes which Swoboda has undergone in the last four years. Swoboda writes primarily about discovering himself, as in "To A Tear": "All those years!/ The morning I found I'd been wearing the wrong face/ for over twenty years." His insights are often unsettling:

I notice a tree
with no leaves
and the birds

the birds
argue
over it

I wonder what is wrong

already I
feel
too old

(From "A Dawn At Twenty Seven")

But the poet and the poetry survive.

I have been lying naked in a dark room for two hours
it has been raining most of the night

there is a beautiful woman in the room with me

she has been feeding me pieces of perfectly cooled
muskmelon

her hands have stopped my headache

(From "Peace")

Finally, love is the answer, but it is a closely-
guarded secret, a magic trick, that only the lucky
discover. Here is all of "The Light".

It is the great light
It is the great light that breaks in on the black room

It comes to the man in the cartoon, crawling over the
desert

It comes to him, and there, before his very eyes, a
perfect waterfall!

It is the great light that comes on
And the slab of cold slate, big as the universe
Is really green mothwing movements, delicate kite breeze

It is the great light
And the two-ton safe about to fall out the window and
kill us

Is an innocent diaper

It is the great light
the joy, the answer, the start

THE SOUTH ORANGE SONNETS, Michael Lally, Some of Us Press,
4110 Emery Place NW, Washington, D.C. 20016, \$1.

Poems that go far beyond simple nostalgia to recreate
the ridiculous, painful world of the 50's. The twenty poems
are each scenes from the poet's youth that he tells with
unflinchingly clear, hard lines. The Teenqueens never sang
it like this.

My cousin was an artist but no one knew.
 They thought he was only a work of art
 like a pinball machine made of marble.
 When someone deliberately broke the first
 two letters of the ESSEX HOUSE sign, my
 cousin did the same to a new kids head.
 he grew bigger than any cousin and more
 gentle. Eddie no, I said, I never did
 have a ladys cunt wrapped around my head.
 I knew Eddie was an artist when he ate
 the aspirin. Girls from *THE KRAZY KITTENS*
 played EDDIE MY LOVE eighteen times in a
 row that night. Eddie looked at me and
 said Whadja do, come out of a horses ass?

PATRIOTIC POEMS, John Knapp II, Westigan Review, c/o Chem.
 Dept., W. Mich. U., Kalamazoo, Mich. 49001, \$1.

Found poems have a limited audience at best - possibly
 because the immediate hit of the find is difficult to trans-
 mit. Patriotic Poems succeeds alot. The found poems included
 come from deep in the poisoned wells of advertising and
 politics, and will keep their bite no matter what corners
 nixon slips in and out of. To not slight Knapp's "own poems"
 included in the book, here is all of "Gathering Groceries":

I sneak slowly
 down the pet food counter to study the cans of mustang
 wondering at how much horsepower
 in under this tin. I am surprised
 that all the dogs on the labels have no genitals.
 However,
 their ears are all perked up to the Muzak. It is weird
 how those cats and dogs rivet their eyes
 on the round mirror overhead.

Of a sudden, I jerk up into a stare over a bulbous
 nose
 in the glass. A butcher
 with a cleaver stands hands on hips unashamed
 at the blood on his apron.
 His olive eye scans my body.
 Up zing my arms and I
 shitinmypants
 as a whole weeks' cuisine tumbles out of my parka.

RED OWL, Robert Morgan, Norton, 55 5th Ave., NYC 10003, 1.95, paper.

It is always good to encounter a book by a poet who has stepped out of the whirlwind of Cosmic Abstraction and is writing about real things. Robert Morgan is such a poet, and Red Owl is the best book by a young "nature poet" I read last year. (I still hesitate to use the term "nature poet" because of its lingering "praise the daffodils" connotations. Perhaps "natural poet" is a better way to describe poets who concern themselves with real landscapes and objects encountered in natural settings.) Many of the poems are excursions down back-country roads and excavations into the past. In many poems, Morgan looks at the work men have left behind. On an abandoned farm, he discovers a well:

The well was a root they sunk
to maintain their hold here, a mineshaft
strong as the battlement of a buried city
for tapping the secret passages.
As you look the reflecting lens
imposes your silhouette on the stars.
This tree with its leaves of men
died from the top down.

(From "Well")

Morgan is at home with his images as a mountain man with his gun and traps. He knows how to describe what is there, and how to imagine what was. Here is all of "Whippoorwill":

The dead call at sundown from their places
on the mountain and down by the old mill.
They rise from the cellars of trees
and move up and down the valley
all night grazing like deer.
The call:
a rusty windmill creaks on the prairie.
Bats dipping and rising on ski jumps
are antennae
receiving and transmitting the code.
The whippoorwill interprets the news
from the dead, the unborn.

AVAILABLE FROM ABRAXAS PRESS:

Clinches by Ray DiPalma, 0.25.

The Part-Time Arsonist by F. Keith Wahle, 0.25.

Cross-Country by Warren Woessner, 0.50.

Return to the Rat Planet by David Hilton and Warren Woessner,
(ABRAXAS 8), 1.00.

\$1