

LOUIS ZUKOFSKY

“A”

‘A’

‘ A ’

LOUIS ZUKOFSKY

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS
BERKELEY LOS ANGELES LONDON

Acknowledgments:

- "A" 1-12* Origin Press, Kyoto, Japan, 1959
"A" 1-12 Jonathan Cape, Ltd. (reprint of Kyoto, Japan, 1959),
London WC 1, England, 1966
"A" 1-12 Doubleday & Co. 1967, Paris Review Editions
"A" 13-21 Jonathan Cape Ltd., London WC 1, England, 1969
Doubleday & Co., 1969 Paris Review Editions
"A" 22-24 Grossman Publishers, New York, 1962
"A" 22 & 23 Grossman Publishers, a Division of the Viking Press,
New York, 1975 (a Viking Compass Book)

University of California Press
Berkeley and Los Angeles, California
University of California Press, Ltd.
London, England

ISBN 0-520-03223-3

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 76-7773
Copyright © 1978 by Celia Zukofsky and Louis Zukofsky
Printed in the United States of America

CONTENTS

	<i>written</i>	<i>page</i>
“A”	1928	1
2	1928	6
3	1928	9
4	1928	12
5	1930	17
6	1930	21
7	1928-1930	39
8	1935-1937	43
9 First half	1938-1940	106
Second half	1948-1950	
10	1940	112
11	1950	124
12	1950-1951	126
13	1960	262
14	1964	314
15	1964	359
16	1963	376
17	1963	377
18	1964-1966	389
19	1965-1966	408
20	1963	435
21	1967	438
22	1970-1973	508
23	1973-1974	536
24	1968	564
Index		807

1

A

Round of fiddles playing Bach.

Come, ye daughters, share my anguish –

Bare arms, black dresses,

See Him! Whom?

Bediamond the passion of our Lord,

See Him! How?

His legs blue, tendons bleeding,

O Lamb of God most holy!

Black full dress of the audience.

Dead century, where are your motley

Country people in Leipzig,

Easter,

Matronly flounces, starched, heaving,

Cheeks of the patrons of Leipzig –

“Going to Church? Where’s the baby?”

“Ah, there’s the Kapellmeister

in a terrible hurry –

Johann Sebastian, twenty-two

children!”

The Passion According to Matthew,

Composed seventeen twenty-nine,

Rendered at Carnegie Hall,

Nineteen twenty-eight,

Thursday evening, the fifth of April.

The autos parked, honking.

A German lady there said:
(*Heart turned to Thee*)
“I, too, was born in Arcadia.”

The lights dim, and the brain when the flesh dims.
Hats picked up from under seats.
Galleries darkening.
“Not that exit, Sir!”
Ecdysis: the serpent coming out, molting,
As tho blood stained the floor as the foot stepped,
Bleeding chamfer for shoulder:
“Not that exit!”
“Devil! Which?” —
Blood and desire to graft what you desire,
But no heart left for boys’ voices.
Desire longing for perfection.

And as one who under stars
Spits across the sand dunes, and the winds
Blow thru him, the spittle drowning worlds —
I lit a cigarette, and stepped free
Beyond the red light of the exit.

The usher faded thru “Camel” smoke;
The next person seen thru it,
Greasy, solicitous, eyes smiling minutes after,
A tramp’s face,
Lips looking out of a beard
Hips looking out of ripped trousers
and suddenly
Nothing.
About me, the voices of those who had
been at the concert,

The blood's tide like the music.
A round of fiddles playing
Without effort –
As into the fields and forgetting to die.
The streets smoothed over as fields,
Not even the friction of wheels,
Feet off ground:
As beyond effort –
Music leaving no traces,
Not dying, and leaving no traces.

Not boiling to put pen to paper
Perhaps a few things to remember –

“There are different techniques,
Men write to be read, or spoken,
Or declaimed, or rhapsodized,
And quite differently to be sung”;
“I heard him agonizing,
I saw him *inside*”;
“Everything which
We really are and never quite live.”
Far into (about three) in the morning,
The trainmen wide awake, calling
Station on station, under earth,

*Cold stone above Thy head.
Weary, broken bodies.
Sleeping: their eyes were full of sleep.*

The next day the reverses
As if the music were only a taunt:
As if it had not kept, flower-cell, liveforever,
before the eyes, perfecting.

– I thought that was finished:
Existence not even subsistence,
Worm eating the bark of the street tree,
Smoke sooting skyscraper chimneys,
That which looked for substitutes, tired,
Ready to give up the ghost in a cellar –
Remembering love in a taxi:
A country of state roads and automobiles,
But great numbers idle, shiftless, disguised on streets –
The excuse of the experts
‘Production exceeds demand so we curtail employment’;
And the Wobblies hollering reply,
Yeh, but why don’t you give us more than a meal
to increase the consumption!
And the great Magnus, before his confrères in industry,
Swallow tail, eating a sandwich,
“Road map to the stomach,” grinning,
Pointing to a chart, between bites.

“We ran ’em in chain gangs, down in the Argentine,
Executive ’s not the word, use *engineer*,
Single handed, ran ’em like soldiers,
Seventy-four yesterday, and could run ’em today,
Been fishin’ all Easter
Nothin’ like nature for hell-fire!”

Dogs cuddling to lamposts,
Maybe broken forged iron,
“*Ye lightnings, ye thunders*
In clouds are ye vanished?”

Open, O fierce flaming pit!”

Half-human, half-equestrian, clatter of waves,
Fabulous sea-horses up blind alleys,
Never appeased, desire to break thru the walls
of alleyways:

Till the moon, one afternoon,
Launches with sea-whorl,
Opening leaf within leaf floats, green,
On waves: liveforever.
Hyaline cushions it, sun,
In one's own head.

As in Johann Sebastian,
Listen, Kay . . .
The music is in the flower,
Leaf around leaf ranged around the center;
Profuse but clear outer leaf breaking on space,
There is space to step to the central heart:
The music is in the flower,
It is not the sea but hyaline cushions the flower —
Liveforever, everlasting.
The leaves never topple from each other,
Each leaf a buttress flung for the other.

Ankle, like fetlock, at the center leaf —
Looked into the mild orbs of the flower,
Eyes drowned in the mild orbs;
Hair falling over ankle, hair falling over forehead,
What is at my lips,
The flower bears rust lightly,
No air stirs, but the music steps in the center —
It is not the sea, but what floats over it.

Or

I walked on Easter Sunday,
This is my face
This is my form.
Faces and forms, I would write
you down
In a style of leaves growing.

A train crossed the country: (cantata).
A sign behind trees read (blood red as intertwined
Rose of the Passion)
Wrigleys.

Boy and girl with crosses of straw for their nosegays
Impinged upon field as on ocean;
Breath fast as in love's lying close,
Crouched, high – O my God, into the flower!

The double chorus singing,
Around Thy tomb here sit we weeping
For the fun of it,
O Saviour blest
The song out of the voices.

3

At eventide, cool hour
Your dead mouth singing,

Ricky,

Automobiles speed
Past the cemetery,

No meter turns.
Sleep,

With an open gas range
Beneath for a pillow.

The cat, paw brought back
Over her seat, velvet,

Puss — .

“Who smelt gas?”
“— Would I lie!”

“No crossin’ bridges,
Rick’—
No bridges, not after midnight!”

“— God’s gift to woman!”

Out of memory
A little boy,

It's rai-ai-nin',

Ricky,
Coeur de Lion.

Lion-heart,
A horse bridled –

Trappings rise,
Princelet
Out of history.

Trappings
Rise and surround

Two dark heads,
Dead, straight foreheads,

The beautiful
Almost sexual

Brothers.

I, Arimathaea,
His mirror,
Lights either side –

*Go,
Beg His corpse*

– Wish I had been broken!

In another world
We will not motor.

Dead mouth
(Cemetery rounded

By a gastank)

The song reaches home
'Here are your dead,

Not yours —
A broken stanchion.

Of leaves,

Lion-heart, my dove,
Pansy over the heart, dicky-bird.'

That our Psalms may reach but
One shadow of Your light,
That You may see a minute over our waywardness.
Day You granted to Your seed, its promise, Its
Promise,

Do not turn away Your sun.
Let us rest here,
lightened
Of our tongues, hands, feet, eyes, ears and hearts.

Fierce Ark!
Gold lion stomach
(Red hair in intaglio)
Dead loves stones of our Temple walls,
Ripped up pebble-stones of our tessellation,
Split cedar chest harboring our Law,
Even the Death has gone out of us – we are void.

Hear –
He calleth for Elias –
A clavicembalo!

Deafen us, God, deafen us to their music,
Our own children have passed over to the ostracized,
They assail us –
‘Religious, snarling monsters’ –
And have mouthed a jargon:
‘Rain blows, light, on quiet water
I watch the rings spread and travel
Shimaunu-Sān, Samurai,
When will you come home? –
Shimaunu-Sān, my clear star.

To-day I gather all red flowers,

Shed their petals on the paths,
Shimaunu-Sān, in the dawn,
Red I go to meet him –
Shimaunu-Sān, my clear star.

To-morrow I tear cherry sprays,
Wreath them in my hair and at my
temples,
Shimaunu-Sān will see my head's white
blossoms,
In the dark run towards me
Shimaunu-Sān, my clear star.

All turtle-doves have pledged
To fly and search him:
Shimaunu-Sān, at my little windows
Each night a tiny candle will be
lighted –
Shimaunu-Sān, my clear star.”

Yehoash.

Song's kinship,
The roots we strike.

“Heavier from day to day
Grow my limbs with sap of forests”

“Deep roots hammer lower”

“And to the Sun, I bow.
On the gray mountains,
Where multiply
The stairs of crags, my prayer
Will follow you, still Heir –

Bestower —
Of man and tree and sand,

When your face upon the land
Flames in last redness, allow me of your
light—”

My father’s precursors
Set masts in dinghies, chanted the Speech.

“Wider is the ash around the fire”
“Treasures turned to sand”

Yehoash, —
The courses we tide from.

Tree of the Bach family
Compiled by Sebastian himself.
‘ Veit Bach, a miller in Wechmar,
Delighted most in his lute
Which he brought to the mill
And played while it was grinding.
A pretty noise the pair must have made,
Teaching him to keep time.
But, apparently, that is how
Music first came into our family!’

A carousel — Flour runs.
Song drifts from the noises.

“My petted birds are dead.”

“I will gather a chain
Of marguerites, pluck red anemone,

Till of every hostile see
Never a memory remain.”

5

An animate still-life – night.
Leaves, autumn.
Thread the middle.

A cigarette,
Leaf-edge, burning
obliquely urban,

the branches of trees air
comfort.

Kay: The heart has the imagination,
In case of emergency follow the next lunatic.

I: Ask Faust, the reason we're not further along –
Go-ethe, alias MacFadden –
He-er vent Hel-ee-na squat from our sidewalks.

One's thought

And past the leaf's edge
(Not in the central heart)

Our voices:

“How? without roots?”

“I have said *The courses we tide from.*”

“They are then a light matter?”

“Let it go at that, they are a light matter.”

“Isn't it more?” “As you say.”

“Your people?” “All people.”

“You write a strange speech.” “This.”

One song
Of many voices:

The words Matthew weeps
(Plaint, clavicembalo) —
Chorale, the kids in the loft
(*O love untold*, love lying close);
Or say, words have knees
water’s in them, all joints crack, —
(New York, tonight, the rat-lofts
light
with the light of a trefoil);

Purple clover,
She wore her shoes three years —
(The soles new as the sunned black
of her grave-turf);
Speech bewailing a Wall,
Night of economic extinctions
Death’s encomium —
And leaves blowing over and over.

For I have seen self-taunt
tracked down in the mirror,
And besides it, asleep, the face open,
Edges of no one like it: Everlasting.

And one afternoon: a field,
Two windows spacing a wall,
A heavy bulk move back of
the windows —

A field behind brick wall, painted
with gigantic green elves, Wrigleys in
rubric —

“Eveline! Eveline!” — Madam,
As against the Fine Arts’ Dogma
The sad clothes line, or
Your laundered conception
of the B.V.D.

Have seen:

That day,
And the Jews eating unleavened bread;

Ramshackle field-weed; —

“— Lie down
I’ll marry you!”

The answer:

Do you think we are sailors?

New are, the trees,
Purple in the violets’ swath,
Birds — birds — birds,
Against bark a child’s forehead
tormented red,
(No glasses between eyes and bark)
Face to bark.

The answer:

Under sky
The winds breathe in the fields.
Standing there chest to chest,

One horse
Walked off,
The trees showing sunlight
Sunlight trees,
Words ranging forms.

6

Environs, the sea of —,
Grace notes, appoggiatura, suspension,
The small note with or without a stroke across the stem;

Beata Virgo Maria, when sunlight
Runs over Mrs. Green, may ever
Her enormous kindness bellow
To her daughter: “Eveline!”

Jesus bless, too, that lady’s avoirdupois
Great as of outlasting song,
Also her tiny daughter hoiden
Outwriggling the wriggly Wrigley boys.

And those loved seeking their own completion in a
voice, their own voice sounding

Melody, sequence

O head, think, how climbing, you would be;

O heart,

how

the

blood

And the measures (travel outward)

Should travel together;

The mutual slap comes suddenly

After tiredness between people,

Everything lowered to a mutual, common level,

Everyone the same,

Each, at best, obligato to the other,
Everyone tired of trying to see differences,
Crosses or uncrossed,
Practicing word sleight –
'The sea of necessity, yes,
That stem Atlas carrying his on his shoulder
Should know nothing less than a lightning rod,
Way up, don't ask me where' –

Saying, It's a hard world anyway,
Not many of us will get out of it alive.

But who would say –
If this world, the sources,
Fathers, wherever they put their hats,
Spiralled with tessellation as sands of the sea,
The Speech no longer spoken and not even a Wall
to worship,
Holy, laundered into a blank and washed over
Tradition's pebbles, the mouth full,
The fugue a music heap,
only by the name's grace music
(Fate – fate – fate – void unable to write
a melody –
Ludwig and Goethe of one century,
Forms only in snatches,
Words rangeless, melody forced by writing,
Walk, as arms beat in circles, past each other) –

Would you persist?

Natura Naturans –
Nature as creator,

“You misconstrue – uh
Men’s rue – eh,
Anyhow!”

The sailors in the carousel
looking for a place to
bury – Ricky;
Seaweed, fellow voters, and
spewn civic sidewalks.

Thus one modernizes
His lute,
Not in one variation after another;
Words form a new city,
Ours is no Mozart’s
Magic Flute –
Tho his melody made up for a century
And, we know, from him, a melody resolves
to no dullness –
But when we push up the daisies,
The melody! the rest is accessory:

My one voice. My other: is
An objective – rays of the object brought to a focus,
An objective – nature as creator – desire
for what is objectively perfect
Inextricably the direction of historic and
contemporary particulars.

J.S.B.: a particular,
His Matthew Passion, a particular,
And that other century
Mentioned thru trains’ run over trestle

one Easter Sunday:
“Napoleon filled a barrel with rams horns
And sent it to Italy. The Great Boot
Filled a barrel with –
It’s hard to say – parts – the men of parts
All but their parts out of the barrel
And sent it to Napoleon –
Stressing, ‘This is what *we* did to *your* soldiers!’
And that’s history, contention,
A cheeseless mousetrap. Fills up spaced paper.”
Another kind of particular.
We are after all realists capable of distinctions.

“Many people are too busy to be unemployed,” says
Henry.
(Especially those who have their own factories
to take care of.)

“If communism ever gets into a country
And raises Ned with it,
It’s because that country needs it.
Only about one family
In ten has a bathtub.
They should be made cheaper,
So that everybody could have them.
If goods don’t sell,
It’s because they’re no good
Or are too high priced.”
(Disposed of: the short change of labor.)

As for labor,
“There are more people
Who won’t try to do anything,”
Says Henry,
“Than there are who don’t know what to do,
I am in the business of making automobiles

Because I believe I can do more good that way
Than any other.
Industry itself is a part of culture.
The fact that a man knows a lot
About industry does not prevent
His using good grammar,
Standing straight and appearing well.
We need beauty in everything, and culture
Should be a thing of practice,
Not something apart.
Everything should be a thing of beauty,
Well made and well thought out.”

Spilt from the running-board, Ricky! —
The buildings rise on the heights,
Turrets with windows delight
The ladies garnered in tights
Of crimson tiseled with
white.

History: the records of taste and economy of a
civilization.

Particular: Every fall season, every spring, he needs
a new coat

He loses his job —

Poetry? it has something to do with his writing of
poetry.

“*That’s* poetry,” he was told.

“It’s fiction, too, isn’t it,” said Henry,

“I read poetry, and I enjoy it

If it says anything,

But so often it doesn’t say anything.”

The common air includes

miniature golf-course.

I tell you this man had vistas: –
Ties, handkerchiefs to watch,
Mufflers, dress shirts, golf holes,
Chocolate eclaires, automobiles and entrees.

Played polo.

And the – the – the very old stutterers, mumbletypog
in duplex Park Av. apartments,
Mumbling imperceptibly when the jack-knife stuck
twenty-five dollar shoe leather.
Their children got jobs because “they didn’t believe in
Santa Claus,”
Said Henry, “good boys, Uncle Magnus, they come of
good families!”

The time was ‘heretical,’
The Church identified with aesthetics,
The heretics sought perfection, Blessed Virgin Mary, as tho
your lips were made out of lipstick,
Their logic the height of your pregnancy.
But, naturally, they were offended for all religions
At the time the Cross heaps were blasted in Moscow.

“It is more pleasant and more useful,”
Said Vladimir Ilytch,
“To live thru the experience
Of a revolution
Than to write about it.”

The women held the world cornice,
The Red Army was buttressed by women.

The star, Venus, bathed
In the sunsets

of elegant, imperial islands –
Mr. – ‘we own your, this government
benefits by our protection. . .’ –
And in Haiti
Mars
Bloody
Tinkered with the other
Stars.

An accent, not any one nation’s
Evidently a matter to attract the next diner.
Not royalty, but faces hollowed as royalty,
A passion growing urban as in Greece, –
A vague dream, – standing each other to drinks,
Aging eyes, impish, overhanging
Carafes on bars
Under leaves serrated in falls,
And at theatricals.
The hands wandering over each other,
A hole and entered.
And above terraces of the city, a hill,
Night, Aldebaran,
Young, no differences in ages, a hole.
‘Disturbed?’ ‘What’s in the underbrush?’ A white rabbit
Plumped on his belly, Reassured. Thru trees,
White teeth perhaps
Laughed. . .

The time was:
He had worked enough in his pa’s wheatfields,
And gone to the State University,
And now participated with the angels in Paris.

Divorced from himself,
Was advised in the night life of Reno:
“You see this road thru the desert,
They call it a highway.
The Lincoln highway.
It’s time this country forked up
Coin for roads.
They could if they didn’t have prohibition:
See this spittoon,
Empty it and there’s nothin’ in it;
The Treasury is like a spittoon,
Except that you’ve got to fill it with taxes;
So there’s no reason why the poor purchaser
Shouldn’t have his swig as another.”

Was advised:
“It’s to laugh
Bust up automobile parts –
I had ’em during the war, Henry didn’t –
Just gravy, –
Did I care?
I had ’em, kept ’em
Till they wanted ’em. *You bet* they wanted ’em.
But in peace times
You’ve got to use things,
Keep ’em in circulation,
If I ain’t got it, the other fellow has. –
Yes, I’m retired.”

Hot n’ bothered?

Employed to establish
Proof of the grants to the white men:
“Not 150, that can’t be your age?”
 Indian’s counsel proceeded cautiously,
“No. . . No. . . ! That wrohng! ltheast 200!”

Achieved:
San Francisco’s hills and fogs;
In one of its newspapers –
“Some of our best and largest dowagers
 almost do the split”;
Sing Fat Co. – merchants.

Across
The Pacific
The roving Red bands of South China,
The poor would give to the poor,
 when incited. Beyond

Parched earth and fog here:
Type of mind faking a thirst for itself –
Land’s jest –
Concoctors of ‘hard’ poetry –
Dramatic stony lips, centaurs, theatrical rock –
Living in a tower beyond rock,
In the best imitation of Sophocles.

While in the sea
The seals pearled for a minute
In the sun as they sank.

Returned,
Three thousand miles over rails,

To adequate distribution of “Camels”;
New York – Staten Island –
Bay water viscous
where the waves mesh;

To her and
Her mother half-blind;
Stone sculpture, head against white, streaked wall paper,
water-marked,
The wood stairway climbing in her child’s dream –
The kid at night waking to say
tra-i-n, ca-ar,
Or waked to make, “Angel, make.”
In the night, Michelangelo, which of your
Sistine angels ever made?
We sang Le Roi Renaud,
Red piano under the stone head,
Or “What can I do to show how much I love” –
Purcell plangent to Dryden’s stiff love-making,

“Waken my fair one from they slumber,”
“The gentle mother that thee bore,”

Or another night,
Mary with us, “Noël est revidici, chantons, Noël, Noël,”
Missing a fireplace.

The frogs all night in Belaire Road,
New York a miniature, steeples not steeples in distance,
At night turret lights not turret lights. By day
Miniature of white spires, roofs,
A bridge. . . cobweb, no, a bridge, if you look hard;

Springtime when the energy under yoke freed,

Full dress to rise and circle thru a pace
Trained horses – in latticed orchards, (switch!) birds.

Just what I said – Birds! – *See Him! Whom?*

The Son

Of Man, grave-turf on taxi, taxi gone,
Who blabbed of orchards, strides one leg here, one
Leg there – wooden horses? give them manes! –
(was on
A stoop, *He found them sleeping*, don't you see?)
See him! How? Against wood his body close,
Speaks: My face at where its forehead might be,
The plank's end 's a forehead waving a rose –

Birds—birds—nozzle of horse, washed plank in air. . .
For they had no manes we would give them manes,
For their wood was dead the wood would move – bare
But for the print on it – for diggers gone, trains'
Run, light lights in air where the dead reposed –
As many as take liveforever, “Street Closed.”

“Closed”? then fellow me airs, We'll open ruts
For the wood-grain skin laundered to pass thru,
Switch is a whip which never has been, cuts
Winds for words – Turf streams words, airs untraced
– New

The night, and orchards were here? Horses passed? –
There were no diggers, bro', no horses there,
But the graves were turfed and the horses grassed –
Two voices: – Airs? No birds. Taxi? No air –

Says one! Then I – Are logs?! Two legs stand “A” –
Pace them! in revolution are the same!

(Nights?) the sun's, bro', no months' rent in arrear –
Bum pump a-dum, no one's cut out, pump a-
Ricky, bro', Shimaunu-Sān, yours is the

Clavicembalo – Nine less two, Seven
Were the diggers, seven sang, danced, the paces
Seven, Seven Saviours went to heaven –
Their tongues, hands, feet, eyes, ears and hearts,
each face as

Of a Sea looking Outward (Rose the Glass
Broken), Each a reflection of the other.
Just for the fun of it. And 't came to pass

(Open, O fierce flaming pit!)

three said: Bother,
Brother, we want a meal, different techniques.”
Two ways, my two voices. . . Offal and what
The imagination. . . And the seven came
To horses seven (of wood – who will? – kissed
their stomachs)
Bent knees as these rose around them – trot – trot –
Spoke: words, words, we are words, horses, manes,
words.

By day already exceeded by the instant.

Not Joh. Seb. Bach, Director Musices:
*A short and much-needed statement of the
requirements of church
music. With some general reflections
on its decline:*

To perform concerted music as it should be
rendered,
both singers and instrumentalists are required.
no one cares to work for nothing.
in the *chorus secundus* I am obliged to use
scholars otherwise available
beneficia, themselves inconsiderable, formerly
available for the *chorus musicus* have
been withdrawn.

It is astonishing that . . . musicians should
be expected
to play *ex tempore* any music put before
them,
. . . the necessity to earn their . . . bread
allowing them little leisure to perfect their
technique,
. . . observe how the royal musicians . . . are paid.

Friends too tired to see differences,
This, Marx dissociated:
“*Equal* right . . . presupposes inequality,
Different people are *not* equal one to another.”
But to make the exploitation by one man of many
impossible!
When the opposition between brain and manual work
will have disappeared,

When labor will have ceased to be a mere means of
supporting life,

Whether it was ‘impossible for matter to think?’

Duns Scotus posed.

Unbodily substance is an absurdity

like unbodily body. It is impossible
to separate thought and matter that thinks.

“Described,” in *Das Kapital*, “large-scale industry
Not only as the mother of antagonism, but as the
producer
Of the material and spiritual conditions for resolving
that antagonism.
It is true the solution cannot proceed along pleasant
lines.”

Infinite is a meaningless word: except – it states
The mind is capable of performing
an endless process of addition.

Who by construction have
A bird settling like a leaf
Will bury Lord Jesu

For labor who will sing
When spring, the May,
Is strength enough?

The mirth of all this land
Browne, Morel and More
(Who speed the plow in May!)

Rewarded with a sheaf or more
Of an
evening –

The poor

Betrayed and sold.

No thought exists
Completely abstracted from action,
Without the solids of bodies
There is no geometry,
Who acknowledge space – moving
Know as many dimensions
as they have muscles

Who have signed to the probability
Of a series of 8 red planes,
Not 7 followed by a black,
Greet the arrivals in their veins,
Know whatever news the future brings to the world
Should have one constant: Name? – perhaps Energy.
Sure, if the flight
Becomes more and more penetrating
The simple will be discovered beneath the complex
Then the complex under the simple
Then again the simple under the complex
And, and, the chain without sight of the last term,
etc., Etc.,

The facts are not strange to each other.
When they drive, your choice
Cannot but be guided by simplicity.

Not enough to reject the falsely related,
The mirrors of the facts must not be dis-
simulated:

In the advertisement
One handle of a toothbrush lasts a lifetime,
But brush your teeth of their tartar and
Reenamel the handle.

Two legs stand –
Pace them

Railways and highways have tied
Blood of farmland and town
And the chains
Speed wheat to machine
This is May
The poor's armies veining the earth!

Hirers once fed by the harried
Cannot feed them their hire
Nor can chains
Hold the hungry in
This is May
The poor are veining the earth!

Light lights in air blossoms red
Like nothing on earth
Now the chains
Drag graves to lie in
This is May
The poor's armies veining the earth!

Build it. Designate by Ψ that “something,” changes
In which trident stay responsible for the waves,
Thought has assumed what thought is compelled to
assume!

Bearings, a choice of facts, impetus imparted
By conflict; history does not begin again
When a thought trains on the fact that begins again.

Lollai, lollai, lital child, Whi wepistou so?
For the estates Mentula had, that you will have?
Lollai, lollai, lital child, Child, lolai, lullow!
Now drinks he up seas, and he eates up flocks, He’s but
A coof for a’ that: he’ll break his whip that guiltlesse
Smals must die – I spec it will be all ’fiscated.
De massa run, ha! ha! De darkey stay, ho! ho!
So distribution should undo excess – (chaseth),
Shall brothers be, be a’ that, Child, lolai, lullow.

When the sheriffe see gentle Robin wold shoote, held
Up both his hands. As defeats gaged economies,
Lags when gallows looped distance, the Manifesto:
That quantum of the means of subsistence which leaves
No surplus to command the labor of others,
The Communists see no need to abolish that,
Growth of industry is destroying it daily;
You must allow by “individual” is meant
Middle-class owner, not nine-tenths of the people.

I saw my lady weep, the glass harmonica
Stilled – society splitting into two camps, two
Classes, light but the common’s sun, with Elberfeld’s
Rich gone Communist (Engels), Bach’s double chorus
Not paid a herring, eight themes spacing eight voices,
Thought as axes of bodies, labor sold piecemeal,

Masses of laborers, crowded, factories, slaves
Of class, Marx Englished, Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly,
Phase, the pit, Marx waiting, time to go, said Adams.

Thought eighty years – a void in which nothing was
dead –

And if he could come back – Henry Adams – to see
The mistakes plain in light of the new – one had seen:
The state can either take or borrow; seventy
Million tons of coal fall past the past down the chutes
Leashed to capital; ash-heaps; Viollet-le-Duc's
Guess—edifices of steel, stone sheathes preserving
Them – built as guessed. Silver slipped across the
chasm. Light?

What is light? physicists failed. Gold? politics' light.

All one's best citizens the banks, – the first May Day
Who had whistled? The scale fell as the pail emptied.
Can the middle-classes pay the scale, play the scale?
What do *you* think – with the state's gold safe in
a vault

To be flooded in case of war? I asked the boss
Why my crops were his. He said the coal bill; you took
Off the Fourth of July. Subdivided shops, fire
Hazards. The evicted dawdle, the shots hit home.
My kid's bare as a plucked bird's hole in whistling time.

Proletarians massed on each nation's curtain
Of fire, fighting to stop the haggling of nations,
The void fills, the music of old glass is playing new
Announcements of economies, As one object
Speeding in the light in a calculus of speed,
Revolution is the pod systems rattle from,
Yet no frame breaks being elastic, the column

Of the wake continues into the wave, Disdain
To shunt aims, To each his needs, the Manifesto.

Heat, not substance. Simmer, not wraith.
Battle drains off like work; unavailable energy increases.
He is passive, sure to be broken down.
Shorter along the line of motion, than across
The line of motion, contraction depending on speed –
The hummingbird inmate of thought
An incident here: angle of a light's reflection
Altered by the motion of a mirror.

The hummingbird: rubythroat.
170 meters of the wall collapsed.

The sun – over all things.
He hairs his views.

Who will say the last, the man's dying, lines are vague?
Look up at the mist on trees.
Arrangements: the trickles
Swung machine-guns in deadly arcs

To-day
The motor; the transmission mechanism; the working
machine.

Fly back mowed down, into the hills, over the horses,
You speeds, terrestrial bodies, that have outrun our
automobiles.

Voice a voice blown: print

Must not overlap, but the notes of the voices would.

The cultured growth is scrapped.

Au nom
de la République
vous êtes décorés
de la croix de l'Ordre
des Feuilles Mortes.

“Theory is grey, my friend. But green – !”

“Petrov, the shot was an accident?”

“Accident?! I stepped forward, loaded, took aim.”

Nor advocate ‘waiting’ until the troops ‘come over’

“An eight hour day *and* arms!”

The siege of the Aquarium,
an open-air restaurant.

The crowd, attacked by the dragoons,
Unorganized, absolutely spontaneously, but hesitatingly
Set up – .

Ten-, three-, or even two-men detachments.

The whole population is in the streets
Network of barricades.

– that rebellion is an art.

Take it from me, what we need

Is fitness, not suffusion.

To drink the stinking source of some French ‘positivists’

Is too much.

You're right there on the spot . .
I do not know the nature of A. M. ch's writing at
present,
Nor his working capacity . .
If you think we shall not harm his work
By harnessing him . . it would be criminal
If such trifles as journalism should disrupt
serious work . .

The every-day exchange relation need not be directly
Identical with the magnitudes of value.

The exchequer of the poor.
Of all the arts the wind can blow
The most important, in my opinion, is the cinema.

Sorry we have to have strikes, but
The whole theory of the use of gas is
It makes it unnecessary to use bullets.
I have been gassed myself at least 1,000 times
The company is constantly
experimenting on its own people.

What is said to be the first motion picture in America,
Made in 1870, it was called "Diaphanous,"
And shown in the opera houses.
One reel depicted the Minnesota Massacre,
The other a "news reel" of the time
Will be shown as when it duly
Sobered and horrified the gentlemen
And made small children gasp
And hide their faces in their mothers' shawls
And the women softly weep.

Precludes recourse to experiment, hypothesis or
inquiry — indeed
It precludes “recourse” to anything whatever. Its
notation (however)
Does not comprise anything so anthropomorphic.

I am now working like a horse (Marx)
As I must use the time in which it is possible
to work

And the carbuncles are still here
Tho now they disturb me only locally
And not in the brain pan.
One cannot always be writing (*Das Kapital*)
I am doing some differential calculus —
the derivative of x with respect to y —
I have no patience to read anything else
Other reading always drives me back to my writing.
Then there is still the fourth book, the historical-literary,
to write —
The easiest for me as the problems have been solved
in the first three
And this is repetition.

. . . damnable iteration . . . art able to corrupt a saint.

— repetition. I cannot bring myself to send anything
Till I have the whole before me.
As to this “dammed” book . . .

This evening a special session of the International.
A good fellow, an old Owenist, Weston (carpenter)
Continually defending two propositions in *The Beehive*:
— That a general rise in the rate of wages
would be of no use to workers
— That therefore, etc., the trade unions

are *harmful*. —

If these two propositions, in which *he*
Alone in our society believes, were accepted,
We would become a joke to the trade unions
(in England)

And because of the strikes now on the Continent.
I should have written out my reply
But thought it more urgent to work at my book,
So shall have to improvise.

The Jacob Grimm method more suited to works
not constructed.

Or that science is an art.
Each art a science

“does not need any philosophy
towering above the other sciences.”

Technology throws light upon mental conceptions.
“intervals of gradualness.”
Quantity into quality.
Or sweetness: where there is more light than logic.
A full number of things in a very few words.

To be sure . . . so thoroughly aware of merits . . . as I trust
We are and always shall be . . .

“To sponge in a brook
before sunrise with the thermometer at thirty
and a bracing breeze blowing,
tries the epidermis”

Bomb-Face the racketeer,

With a bodyguard's pistols watching each ear
Wanting to rub everything out
Beer-runner Bum-Face and legitimate business
Directed his boys as he entered the Ritziest Joint –
If I Should Tell My Love My Pen Would Burn:
Rub out that music.
He made no distinctions.

First time witt repetition!
Two time witt repetition!
Three time witthout repetition!
Wit-hout! Wit-hout! Wit-hout!

And he said: *Der Lenin hat anders getan.*
Went to the apothecary and he said:
You like your business, yet it keeps you in
Twenty-four of twenty-four hours a day.
How would you like it if for the first time in
twenty-four years

You take a well-earned vacation
for six months,

While the shop continues as yours
Managed by four qualified youngsters
Each working six-hour daily shifts
During that time?
You say qualified, asked the apothecary? Alright.
And he went and took his vacation
Under the NEP
And mind you there he was after only six weeks vacation
Satisfied with his qualified helpers
And content to work the six-hour shift himself,
While his son grew up under the Second
Five Year Plan.
And one day when the youngster was already

an engineer
He said: paPA, do you really think this
pharmacy is ours?
You know, it's really the state's.
And both realized and had a good time
over their combined situation.

He (Lenin) came to this earth, to drive
out Kuchak, Tajiks!
Kuchak (Adam).

He slays the dragon, with golden arms
Born of the moon and the stars,
When the world was made he helped, too
Comrades of Uzbekistan.

The strength of one man can be reckoned
1/20 of a horsepower —
Think then, 10 turbines are 900,000 horsepower.
The gas flame of the autogenic welder
burns thru steel
And is not put out by water.

And the veins of the earth, and the veins
of a leaf,
And the ribs of the human body are like
each other —
Notice the fluoroscope!

If you know all the qualities of a thing
You know the thing itself;
Nothing remains but the fact
The said thing exists without us;
And when your senses have taught

you that fact,
You have grasped the last remnant
of the thing in itself.

“What I did” said Marx, “was to prove”
One) that the existence and war of the classes
Springs from the means of production
Further) that class war brings on of itself
The dictatorship of the proletariat
Last) (and without repetition)
This dictatorship dies, is the end
of the classes.

But the labor process —
Consider the labor process apart
From its particular form under particular
social conditions.
What distinguishes any worker from the best
of the bees
Is that the worker builds a cell in his head
before he constructs it in wax.
The labor process ends in the creation of a thing,
Which when the process began
Already lived as the worker’s image.
And he realizes his own purpose
To which he gives up his will.
Nor does he give it up to the crick of
a second
But the less attractive he finds the work in itself,
The less it frees him body and mind —
The more is his care glued to the grind.

Spins and the product is his web
And he can’t catch fish in waters where

rigidly bound to the head, the
accelerated motion
of rotation of the head
Under the head's hair.
SOCONY will not always sign off on this air.

Treeless . . sight, sight . . labor's imaginable
house . .
Not the dark, no . . the sun picks this
ticking object . .
He is an old man whose lips whisper
an infantile verse:
I-was-early-taught-to-work-as-well-as-play-
My-life-has-been-one-long-happy-holiday-
Full-of-work-full-of-play-
I-dropped-the-worry-by-the-way-
And G-g-g-God-was-good-to-me-every-day.

The history of a chair . . old, blue eyes . .
Sure . . I am Mickey Mouse . . why do
you have to ask . . ?
Proof that . . a . . ancestor of Mickey Mouse . .
Egypt's blue strokes in the papyrus.
J. D. One, and sits in his chair . .
Old Egypt's children . . watching their parents eating . .
North (temperate) the freight goes out by still hangars.
He owns . . even-before-you-begin-
To-prepare-to-start-to-commence-to-
Consider-it-a-vast share in
All-the gas stations of Europe.

What we eat actually is radiation

Not in the importing offices of — .
America's homes for years missed,
Still miss, that rich accustomed flavor
So unique and prized.

In our times when the producers
Have nothing to consume,
Because there are no consumers,
The blood-purifying properties of this cheese
(Dating back to the 10th century
and made in conical moulds in the Canton
of Glarus)
Is a boon to the gourmets of the world.
And this the surface of which
Is colored with litmus in alkaline water
And the other bearing the imprint of a horse's head,
The trade-mark of the original manufacturer.

Bottle-shaped, too, the loaves tied in pairs
With strings and suspended from the ceiling —
To be found in the down town grocery store —
And this cheese frequently turned
to retain its shape.

Like and unlike whom —
Who but my Lady Greensleeves
Who lived so long
And loved so long, so long ago,
Whose sleep has no divisions
Who played her role,
Constant,
Re-furbelowing La Fontaine's *Fables*.
In the need (he said for Blue Ontario's Shore)
He or she is greatest

Who contributes the greatest practical example.

What for, when the producers have nothing to consume?
But rather than stand by epileptic, humble, if not
ashamed,
Forgetting how Hosea approached a Jerusalem of whores!
Yes, if people *could* only read
Not the same as *would* only read
When the crazed burn books – how, read?
“What can you do about it?”

Deprive them of their deeds.

This linen table napkin – needlework in blue
Made in America –
Sharecropper’s or marble striker’s grandmother’s
table napkin
Is as good to us as Breughel’s *Harvesters*.
Its landscape depicts a bull,
Quaint, a linen bull.
No, it does not give milk.

So the paintings hang by braided cords in the museum
So much cheese . . . so much work . . .
Quiet because of the form. (Or unquiet.)
Breughel copied by Cranach . . . to Quentin Matsys.
Hieronymus Bosch—a round of horses,
“Garden of Terrestrial Lust”:
The first brains of this party.
Pitting
Greater passion against relentless fury
We had to treat some of our comrades roughly,

If the “foe of mankind,” England,
Can come back.
If the diplomats who lie for “the fatherland,”
Pacifists in concentration camps, can come back.
If the wealth of nations’ pockets
Can come back.

If the historian cares for his truths,
He is certain to falsify his facts.
Rapprochement with an aggressor is
Like rapprochement of the lobster
With the shark, the lobster hopes
The shark will not eat it all,
Only one claw.
More difficult than to a lobster is the casting of
its shell
Is the *vis inertia* of class history.

Till when labor will have ceased
To be a mere means of supporting life.

People: the most valuable of all capital.

1648. New York in Dutch times
Wages of Indians ordered to be paid
Without disputing their accounts.

1655. All Jews are ordered to depart
From this place.

Circa 100 years later
Rules of this Tavern:
4 pence a night for bed
6 pence for supper

No more than 5 to sleep in one bed
No boots to be worn in the bed
Organ grinders to sleep in the wash house
No dogs allowed upstairs
No beer allowed in the kitchen
No razor grinders or tinkers taken in.

Put away your green paper accordion:
The minuet 's all night from our windows.
The valley bridged by this viaduct is
The Hollow Way of General Washington's time —
Who chopped his father's face
 Into the cherry tree.

Workingmen in Boston and New York —
Their Committee of Mechanics —
Refused to carry on work of erecting fortifications
To close ports to rebels.

“Don't Tread on Me!”
Tom Jefferson defender of the Shaysites.

Washington to the Jewish congregation at Newport:
May the children . . of Abraham
Who dwell in this land continue to merit
And enjoy the good-will of the other inhabitants . .
Every one shall sit under his own
 vine and fig tree . .
Shall be none to make him afraid.

Constructive centralization . . not indeed precisely
At the point at which Washington left it.
“Light-houses of the skies,” John Quincy Adams . .

worked by hand, is not.

Jacques de Vaucanson influenced the
imagination of the English inventors
(With an automatic flute player, with a
Hissing snake which threw itself
On the breast of Cleopatra.
Make Royal Inspector of Silk Manufactures
by Cardinal Fleury
Vaucanson perfected many machines for
his industry.) –
1863. Marx to Engels.

The way the North is conducting war . .
Might have been expected
Where fraud . . king so long . .
The South . . where productive work falls
on the niggers
Is better adapted to it.
All the same I would bet my head . .
These fellows will get the worst of it
In spite of 'Stonewall' Jackson.
All Lincoln's Acts . .
conditions
One lawyer puts to another.
Does not alter their historic content.
I am even amused when I compare them with the
drapery
In which a Frenchman envelops even the most
unimportant point.

Parisian gentlemen . .
Babble science and know nothing.

If the cost to the community is taken into account . . .
(also)
The expenditure incurred by their owners for their
upkeep.

“It is now full four generations since John Adams
Wrote the constitution of Massachusetts.
The world is tired of us
We have only survived because our ancestors
Lived in times of revolution.”

Hot August . . . and talked endlessly of panic.
If I live forever, I shall never forget
that summer.

1895. “Dear Brooks:
“The nations, after a display of dreadful
Bad manners, are . . . afraid to fight . . .
Once more . . . under the whip of the bankers.
Even on Cuba . . . we are beaten and hopeless . . .
Were we on the edge of a . . . last great
centralization,
Or a first great movement of disintegration?
These are the facts on both sides . . .
And this is what satiates my instinct for life . . .
That our . . . civilization . . . has failed to
concentrate further.
Its next effort may succeed . . .
With Russia . . . the eccentric on one side and
America on the other . . .”

1901. Henry Adams.
Active, vibrating, mostly unconscious, and quickly
Reacting on force . . .

(Brooks: men work unconsciously . .
perform an act, before they can explain why;
often centuries before)
Russia . . nothing in common . . with . .
Any . . world . . history knew;
She had been the oldest source
Of civilization in Europe, and
Had kept none for herself . .
Luminous . . salt of radium . .
But with . . negative luminosity
As though she were a substance whose
energies had been sucked out —
. . Inert residuum — with movement of pure inertia.
— herders deserted by their leaders and herds.
— wandering waves stopped in their wanderings
— waiting for their winds or warriors to
return and lead them westward;

Rhymes and rhymers pass away . .
The alien jumps the boat,
The sea reflected in mirrors.

tribes that had camped, like Khirgis, for
the season . .
had lost the means of motion without acquiring
the habit of permanence.
They waited and suffered.
As they stood they were out of place . .
Their country . . sink of energy . .
The Caspian Sea . .
Its surface
Kept the uniformity of ice and snow.

From the first glimpse one caught

From the sleeping-car window,
In the early morning, of the
Polish Jew at the accidental railway station, in
All his . . horror,
To the last . .
Of the Russian peasant
Lighting his candle and
Kissing his ikon before
The railway Virgin in
The station at St. Petersburg . .

Dreary forests of Russia . .
Stockholm . . thru a New England landscape and
bright autumn . .

Discovered Norway
Triangulated . . vast surfaces of history . .
All his life against the beer-swilling
Saxon boors whom Freeman loved . . peering
At the flying tourist . . the lights of an electro-magnetic
civilization . .
The infinite seemed to have become loquacious:
An installation of electric lighting and telephones . .
Beyond the level of the magnetic pole . .
Look back across the gulf to Russia . .
The glacial ice-cap still pressed down . .
Dusky and oily sea . .
Ice-cap of Russian inertia . .

Nothing to say.
For him, all opinion founded on fact must be error,
Because the facts can never be complete,
And their relations must be always infinite.
Very likely, Russia, would instantly become –

Then feed, and be fat,

Of the “patch” smack on the culm
They bake pies such as you never ate.
Peter, blue-eyed, from the Russian steppes
Came here forty some years ago
And has since owned no other country
Pretty much as my allegiance
Owns no other pies.
The first time I approached the pit
A kid of sixteen
The colliery ambulance was already there –
A casualty, with the flesh hanging, coming out.
Well, I sit around waiting for the graveyard
shift,
Not even fire-boss, and they’ve forgotten I hail
From William Penn –
And sometimes this splendid lion is invited to a meal,
I have my little chicken as tho she never had been real.
One kid gets the wish-bone and the
other four each some wing,
The Mrs. just busy serving,
And Peter keeps the gizzard and the leg.
Even during Prohibition always a fluid dram.
Peter, take Oil and Burners, Inc.
They sell oil at 25¢ the gallon
Which costs them one-quarter cent to make,
At that it’s a by-product –
To public schools and churches
Which can use only this particular oil
For the particular burners
Oil and Burners sell to them.
“By golly, Bob, you know what I say
Criminal, divide ’em up!”
Well if you just don’t all see alike
And some one guy sees a little more

10% of Pennsylvania's anthracite's ours, 19-
35.

Go splintered rondel as a nosegay to Bob
And tip off his friends, who retrieve
The state of Pennsylvania
Like the present governor of that State,
Hasn't he said:
I wasn't *their* candidate . . .
Suppose I were to grant their request
And send State troopers in there.
It would take 2,000 men and cost
The State \$14,000 a day.
When they were withdrawn
If unemployment continued,
The bootlegging would start all over again.
The coal operators . . . brought these people
Into the . . . region,
Let them build homes and churches . . .
Then closed down the mines
To concentrate their operations
So that they could make bigger profits . . .
Made millions from the labor of these men . . . now
Unemployed. They can't let them starve,
Or go out of that State —
To Police Sergeant Jasper McKinney —
Who most probably will never read a line of verse
And who most likely never having been to Egypt
Was "never made blind by mummy dust" —
Handling some notes warning "lay off that union,"
Commented: "I believe this
Was the work of anti-union men
Who left the notes
To throw us off the track."

With our most valuable capital,
With labor's arterial blood,
Tailor,
Enlevez-moi quelques kilomètres d'ici —
Voiced after "Ulysses," perhaps before the invention of
stream-line.

I am lost in these trousers
And empire.

How many men must we kill —
As fast as you can breed them, O mothers!
The Great Boot, fathers of Italia, pinches:
You must never have peace
Out of your trousers!
Fascisti, you must never have time
To mate out of your trousers!

Herr Führer und Heiland,
Es jüdeln der Judenbaum!
Es geht hier her wie in einer Judenschule
(Sic, madhouse) in Deutschland. Swines grubbing
hate in their speech:
Haust du meinen Juden, hau' ich deinen Juden,
As when a lady says "juice" for Jews.

Thou 'rt an Emperor, Caesar, Keisar and Pheezar:
Froth and lime —
O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Which of you know Ford of this town?
He hat a legion of angels.

Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

In others slaves . .

Workers producing a surplus:

John Adams – to distract minds?

Boost figures to a gross of red revolutions:

All less costly than wars.

It is not by the consolidation

Or concentration of powers (corporate bodies)

But by their distribution,

That good government is effected.

Nor should we wonder at . . pressure

When we consider the monstrous abuses

Under which . . people were ground to powder.

Cite . . Sight . .

The body

lies awake sitting,

Bodies step over their own bodies.

Cite,

John Adams or cite Lenin:

I thought of workers and peasants;

It's good nobody hears

Your national, psychological hypothesis

Or someone might say

'The old man is flattered by country.'

Workers and farmers are no Roman mob.

They are not maintained by the State,

They maintain the State by their work.

Things move forward so slowly,

Editor, Times Union:

I would die for dear old Standard Oil
Ex-Soldier,
12:47 P.M.”

This water you almost got killed for,
Said David, do you expect me to drink it?

Marx to his daughter Jenny:

It is dull since you went away —
Without you and Jenny and Harra and Mr. Tea.
The day before yesterday the Dogberry Club was here . .
I don't dislike the wife . . she has a brusque,
Unconventional and decided way of thinking
and speaking,
But it is funny to see how admiringly
Her eyes fasten upon the lips
Of her self-satisfied garrulous husband. —
The breast in the mental planking. —
Company . . can't well live altogether without it,
And that when you get it . .
You try hard to rid yourself of . .

Writing its signature different each time, so
you cannot get your money back.

This matter is the substratum of all
Changes going on in the world.

To the Impossible, marriage to no less —
No sleeper beside,
By side instrument unstrung

“Most honorable Sir,
We perused your MS.
with boundless delight. And
we hurry to swear by our ancestors
we have never read any other
that equals its mastery.
Were we to publish your work,
we could never presume again on
our public and name
to print books of a standard
not up to yours.
For we cannot imagine
that the next ten thousand years
will offer its ectype.
We must therefore refuse
your work that shines as it were in the sky
and beg you a thousand times
to pardon our fault
which impairs but our own offices.
— , Publishers.”

Toba Harbor, Japan, Oct. 1936. —
Kokichi Mikimoto is content.
The Japanese pearl king,
Who rose from the humble station of noodle peddler
To the exalted one of merchant prince,
Prepared for the beyond yesterday
With these ceremonies:
A memorial service for the “souls”
Of hundreds of millions of oysters
That had been “martyred” to make Mr. Mikimoto a
fortune.
A rehearsal of Mr. Mikimoto’s own funeral
service.

Jodo priests prayed and chanted
For the oysters “slaughtered” over a period of thirty
years.

Mr. Mikimoto and 42 members of his family
Attended the premature funeral.

And this not for the newspapers:
November of F. D. R.’s second election —
The trolley goes across town
From where was once the village of West Farms,
And midway you get off; a short walk to 1229
Washington Ave.,
Thomas Hicks, General Blacksmith and Tool Maker.
Borough of The Bronx, and this district in the
nineteenth century

The Township of Morrisania
Where a century before that, on the waters of,
They wanted to build the capital of the United
States of America.

His sign-board over the shop, a shed
with a front of glass panes:
Peered — saw twilight inside,
That and early evening lamplight
On the high ceiling, in the dust of some tools, —
Before climbing one flight up wood stairs
Past the old door, oak or what, heavy to push.
The long second after the knock — “Mr. Hicks?”
“Come in.” A draft. Darkness,
But for the flame of the belly-stove.
And you did not see Russia in the green-blue
light of the coal,
Could faster see Lady Greensleeves
quick now as fayërye;
“You bet,” to you

“Become super-Nazis” in order the more quickly
To destroy the régime by its own excesses.

“I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered”

1937. “White Moors” – Germans – against Germans
Fighting for each street of Madrid of the UNITED
FRONT.

More than one civil war:
“Madrid will be Fascism’s Tomb,”
Evening, a voice shouts in perfect Italian:
“Come on, you pigs of Italians! Come on!”

Some plane’s bombs don’t explode,
“Friendly fliers in enemy bombers that search
with their flares?”

Randolfo Pacciardi and Umberto Galliani, and Pietro
Nenni,
Former close friend of Il Duce, in the
International Column.

Kiss all the little ones for me . . .
So cold . . . the freezing of the ink on . . . my pen
Renders it difficult to write . . .
The Batture at New Orleans.
The proceedings of the Government of the United
States
In maintaining the Public Right to the Beach of
the Mississippi,
Adjacent to New Orleans,
Against Intrusion of Edward Livingston.

Prepared for the Use of Counsel, by Thos. Jefferson.
Livingston (the waters used to run his saw mills),

27 June 1809:

“Congress will probably adjourn
Without coming to any decision
On the subject of my removal by the late president
of the United States
From my estate at New Orleans.”

*A most ungrateful complaint; for had he not
Been removed, he must, at the time of writing
this letter,*

*Have been, as his estate was,
Some 10 or 12 feet under water,
The river being then at its greatest height.*

. . without appeal to learned authorities,
does not common sense,
the foundation of all authorities of the laws
themselves . .

Let him be consumed . . !

1821 . . for my own more ready reference,
. . for the information of my family . .
some recollections of dates and facts
concerning myself . .
the destinies of my life . .

science . .

in which things are placed . .

. . interested in considering British claims
as a common cause to all . .
and to produce a unity of action . .
with the help of Rushworth,
whom we rummaged over

for the revolutionary precedents
and forms of the Puritans of that day,
preserved by him,
we cooked up a resolution,
somewhat modernizing their phrases . .
prayer . . to avert the evils of civil war . .
to inspire us . . in support of our rights . .

(Like *Bloody Sunday* in St. Petersburg!)

But a half page further:
This was in May . .
And the effect of the day was like a shock
of electricity . .

(I imagine that this elastic fluid
Is more and more dense
As it approaches the surface of bodies
And for some distances within them,
As is likewise observed
In the air surrounding the earth.
Cadwallader Colden).

. . arousing every man . . placing him erect . .
solidly on his center . .

bringing together facts
which appearances separate:
all that is created in a fact
is the language that numbers it,
The facts clear,
breath lives
with the image each lights.

“The houses and trees stand where they did . .

the flowers come forth . .
reproducing their like . .
The hyacinths and tulips . .
the irises giving place to . .
as your mama has . . to you,
my dear Anne,
as you will to the sisters of . .
and I shall . . to you all . .
wishing you . . good night.
Thomas Jefferson.”

. . moving matter, bodies.
The eye corrects the inch,
when workers and even manufacturers
and merchants
understand my book . .

What is music which does not
In any sense progress?
Great improvement of the sense
of hearing.
Concordant old as good as good
Discordant new:
“So made that all the parts together,
Or either severally . . may be sung” –
Resolved like Simone Molinare
(Miller)
Against the Mill of time, purveyor
Of the earth’s hope, with canorous pearls
In the shell of beauty, and with beams like Venus
To the sun.

A pretty May note,
Singing Bach as they dug,

Isenacum en musica, hear us
Digging – we are singing of gardens – March
Day of equal night, Bach's *chorus primus*
To *chorus secundus* to the groined arch –
To vanish as the cone fruit of the larch:
Voice a voice blown, returning as May, dew
On night grass: and he said I worked hard, hue
Of word on the melody, (each note worth
Thought the clatter of a water-mill drew):
Labor, light lights in air, on earth, in earth.

May is, Airs wreath (times) : and they mirror: plus
Silence supports my pretension . . the parts
Ascend a tone, repeating, (tin ears) thus
(Listen) move past Jesus ratted in starch;
My contention . . that the slight disregards
My costs: Recorders: *Fa* – as what wind blew
Tossed coins in herrings heads, what journey thru
Mi et Mi Fa . . *tota Musica*, dearth
Such as voice courting voice has such value
Labor light lights in air, in earth, on earth:

(Times): that dug under the set hymns, *tonus*
Contrarius – . . Lags a new May discards:
Old chant, flaked arch, for live contrapunctus;
Plays till four notes give out their names: old Bach's
Here: blind . . – hands (birds wing fall digging).
Son . . shard
Where orchards were . . has two boys . . the May view
Tunneled heap of ruin. Shirt rags imbue
A red, free blood, Men, Men of Madrid, girth
Of the attacker dogs will not stop you.

Labor, light lights in air, on earth, in earth.

Coda, see to it the burden renew,
Sound out thick gardens dug up in purlieu
The shrapnel haunts; May is red blossom, berth
Of what times' mill; blood reads the wounds, the cue –
Luteclavicembalo – bullets pursue:
Labor light lights in earth, in air, on earth.

9

An impulse to action sings of a semblance
Of things related as equated values,
The measure all use is time congealed labor
In which abstraction things keep no resemblance
To goods created; integrated all hues
Hide their natural use to one or one's neighbor.
So that were the things words they could say: Light is
Like night is like us when we meet our mentors
Use hardly enters into their exchanges,
Bought to be sold things, our value arranges;
We flee people who made us as a right is
Whose sight is quick to choose us as frequenters,
But see our centers do not show the changes
Of human labor our value estranges.

Values in series taking on as real
We affect ready gold a steady token
Flows in unbroken circuit and induces
Our being, wearies of us as ideal
Equals that heady crises eddy. Broken
Mentors, unspoken wealth labor produces,
Now loom as causes disposing our loci,
The foci of production: things reflected
As wills subjected; formed in the division
Of labor, labor takes on our imprecision –
Bought, induced by gold at no gain, though close eye
And gross sigh fixed upon gain have effected
Value erected on labor, prevision

Of surplus value, disparate decision.

Hands, heart, not value made us, and of any
Desired perfection the projection solely,
Lives worked us slowly to delight the senses,
Of their fire shall you find us, of the many
Acts of direction not defection – wholly
Dead labor, lowlier with time's offenses,
Assumed things of labor powers extorted
So thwarted we are together impeded –
The labor speeded while our worth decreases –
Naturally surplus value increases
Being incident to the pace exhorted:
Unsorted, indrawn, but things that time ceded
To life exceeded – not change, the mind pieces
The expanse of labor in us when it ceases.

Light acts beyond the phase day wills us into
Call a maturer day, the poor are torn – a
Pawl to adorn a ratchet – hope dim – eying
Move cangues, conjoined the coils of things they thin to,
With allayed furor the obscurer bourne, a
Stopped hope unworn, a voiced look, mask espying
That, as things, men want in us yet behoove us,
Disprove us least as things of light appearing
To the will gearing to light's infinite locus:
Not today but tomorrow is their focus.
No one really knows us who does not prove us,
None or times move us but that we wake searing
The labor veering from guises which cloak us,
As animate instruments men invoke us.

Dissemble – pledging complexions so guarded –
Cast of plied error leaves such error asserted
But stand obverted, men sight us things joined to
Change itself edging the full light discarded –
In machines' terror a use there averted –
Times have subverted the plenty they point to:
Things, we have not always known this division –
Misprision of interest, profit, rent – coded
Surplus, decoded as labor – evaded
As gain the source of all wealth so degraded
The land and the worker elude the vision –
A scission of surplus and use corroded
And still, things goaded by labor, nor faded,
But like light in which its action was aided.

We are things, say, like a quantum of action
Defined product of energy and time, now
In these words which rhyme now how song's exaction
Forces abstraction to turn from equated
Values to labor we have approximated.

An eye to action sees love bear the semblance
Of things, related is equated, – values
The measure all use who conceive love, labor
Men see, abstraction they feel, the resemblance
(Part, self-created, integrated) all hues
Show to natural use, like Benedict's neighbor
Crying his hall's flown into the bird: Light is
The night isolated by stars (poled mentors)
Blossom eyelet enters peeling with such changes
As sweet alyssum, that not-madness, (ranges
In itself, there tho acting without right) is –

Whose sight is rays, "I shall go; the frequenters
That search our centers, love; Elysium exchanges
No desires; its thought loves what hope estranges."

Such need may see reason, the perfect real –
A body ready as love's steady token
Fed thought unbroken as pleasure induces –
True to thought wearies never its ideal
That loves love, head, every eddy. Broken
Plea, best unspoken, a lip's change produces
Suffers to confuse this thought and its loci,
The foci of things timelessly reflected –
Substance subjected to no human prevision,
Free as exists it loves: worms dig; imprecision
Of indignation cannot make the rose high
Or close sigh, therein blessedness effected
Thru power has directed love to envision
Where body is it bears a like decision.

Virtue flames value, merriment love – any
Compassed perfection a projection solely
Power, the lowly do not tune the senses;
More apt, more salutary body moves many
Minds whose direction makes defection wholly
Vague. This sole lee is love: from it offences
To self or others die, and the extorted
Word, thwarted dream with eyes open; impeded
Not by things seeded from which strength increases;
Remindful of its deaths as loves decreases;
Happy with the dandelion unsorted,
Well-sorted by imagination speeded
To it, exceeded night lasts, the sun pieces

Its necessary nature, error ceases.

Love acts beyond the phase day wills it into —
Hate is obscure, errs, is pain, furor, torn — a
Lust to adorn aversion, hope — love eying
Its object joined to its cause, sees path into
Things the future or now, that poorer bourne, a
Past, a step, a worn, a voiced look, gone — eying
These, each in itself is saying, “behoove us,
Disprove us least as things of love appearing
In a wish gearing to light’s infinite locus,
Balm or jewelweed is according to focus.
No one really knows us who does not love us,
Time does not move us, we are and love, searing
Remembrance — veering from guises which cloak us,
So defined as eternal, men invoke us.”

A wise man pledging piety unguarded
Lives good not error. By love’s heir are asserted
Song, light obverted to mind, joy enjoined to
Least death, act edging patience, envy discarded;
Difficult rare excellence, love’s heir, averted
Loss seize the hurt head Apollo’s eyes point to:
Ai, Ai Hyacinthus, the petals in vision —
The scission living acquiescence, coded
Tempers decoded for friendship, evaded
Image recurring to vigilance, raided
By falsehood burning it clear to the vision,
Derision transmuted by laughter, goaded
Voice holding the node at heart, song, unfaded
Understanding whereby action is aided.

Love speaks: “in wracked cities there is less action,

Sweet alyssum sometimes is not of time; now
Weep, love's heir, rhyme now how song's exaction
Is your distraction — related is equated,
How else is love's distance approximated.”

10

Paris
Paris
Of your beautiful phrases
Is fallen
The wire service halted

Go ahead Paris

London tunes in the Nazi broadcast already on
New York feels the raid over Tours
 in the noon-hour cafés
Cannot hear Paris
Come over the air

Stares as into a bomb crater
At all the announcements
Of baseball scores that matter
Or do not matter a damn
The song passed out of the voices
As freedom goes out of speech

All the people of Paris
Mass, massed refugees on the roads
Go to mass with the air
 and the shrapnel for a church
A Christian civilization
Where Pius blesses the black-shirts

Kyrie

Kyrie eleison

They sang

The song passes out of the voices
one whisper

Cry louder

People people people

Alone each one is a whisper

A mess sucked out

No substance

Cry out in the streets of New York

But cry out in the streets of London

Cry loudest in the streets of Paris

People people people

There is no whisper but vibrates

Your body

No voice alone but that *you*

Speak it

Poor songster so weak

Stopped singing to curse

A mess sucked out

No substance

People people

But you record it

Christ!

Glory on high

and in earth peace

Battered France halts her railroads

To freeze the flight south of her millions
From the Germans still advancing

Return return
Men women children of France
 ten million
Troop back to your occupied north
Your government free to choose its seat
Even occupied Paris
Be interned, the enemy permits the government
To hold you in Paris
Wireless in all France forbidden
It's no betrayal when your newspapers report
The British radio calls to you in French
 to help France
Henri Philippe Pétain and Herr Hitler
 have made peace
One name is spit
The other is hawked from the throat

French people, Spain's dead asked you to help
Now you cannot ask them for help
Do you still ask us gullible people for help
Stop crying for France, snarls Italy
What more could they have done
 to merit our heel in their necks?

French people
Mercy is in your arms
Against invaders
And commanders who gave up the defense!
You held Sedan, your generals
 unpinned that hinge
Your eyes have mercy

To see betrayer and invader wiped out.

Frenchmen resist flee to Britain
Proclaim indissoluble union
 of your two peoples
Of peoples
Let the English seize your ships
Such acts are holy, Britons
And uproot, hide the parks about London
Tear up heaths scar the earth
Paint the roofs of your homes with trees
Hide for your defense
Nightingales lively this spring

You common people in the blackout

Children hidden separated out

One son delights
To lie awake listening —

To your defense!
British people!
If any of the few thousand Alpine Chasseurs
Who held out in the Jura
Saved 300,000 of the men of France
Only to see them betrayed
If any French Alpine Chasseurs, Britons
Escaped to the bombed shores of England
Fit them out with your planes like your own
Let them bomb
German France.

As the sons of your two peoples

Till the country has no defense
Driving both aliens and citizens under dive bombers
Herding peasants into firing onslaught of tanks
Plotting plebiscites migrations
Hunger for all but themselves
Moving entire cities to certain death
Shadowing lives everywhere
 with spies, laws, tests, and the last mark,
 final zero of death

Incarnate

Carcass smiles
Corpses block the bridges
Machine gun outposts smell of
Dead gunners piled sandbags now
Exported here the Japanese textile girls
 will have nothing to gain
No more than at home have the geishas
For rivers to flow with brandy
Peace is ruptured

No slant-eyed devil on stilts
Drunk the Japanese invader fights
 Brothers Chinese
Rising Sun roosts also at home
Night dawn noon evening
Chinese murder Chinese
French and British concessioners consort
 with Japanese greed
Betrayals bankers' wars from across seas
To gain the scorched earth of China

The Eighth Route People's Army
Holding

Holding out in a seven thousand mile retreat
Populace piled into brushwood burnt alive
Driven up forested mountain tops
Set afire from below go into earth

And the Japanese into the earth

Cowardice swells its new Axis

Mussolini's mouth over the people of Italy
Hoarse throat of the German Reich
Rasp on the free body of Spain
With their aim London
With their aim Paris
With their aim the United States
With their aim The International Brigade

Spain
The first sample of lightning attack
Victim of world centers looking away
Four columns of the enemy converged on Madrid
One column of the enemy
Blistered inside
Teruel Guernica churr into earth
In Barcelona the bombs heavier than
 ever in war
Craters of earth
Three raids by seaplanes an hour flared
 by incendiary bombs
Spain remembered by the words
 The Fifth Column
The snake sliced still moves
Spain after two years levelled to earth

The snake
Rings communications
 shames birds
Sucks loyal men eggs
Anti-semites in Italy once
 people scarcely civilized hostile to Jews
In Berlin “clear street” is the signal to loot
The tailor’s dummy hat on
Hangs with a rope around its neck

Prague
Overnight the new phrase

Forbidden to telephone
To telegraph
To transact —
Confiscated.

German, caterpillars
Crawl with ideals of endless chains
Feet trap all
Air traps all
So the Czechs can go back to the Reich
So the Esthonian Baltic Germans
 will come back into German earth
 for all time out of memory
And the Pole go into the earth
The Jew into middle Europe’s rivers
Like a stone to the Holy Land for England
 to ship back to the Reich
The Danes to melt like their butter
The Norwegians into German arms
Rotterdam into the earth
Never such mass death as in Rotterdam

Not thru Belgium can the
 hunted shake off the smell
Not on Switzerland's borders
Not in Paris saved for the Reich

The Giver of life makes the dying come
There's nothing like it
To the bombed districts under the
 stringed lights of the bombers
Their super-sights
From which nations are running
All resemblance to what lives or is dead
 coincident with thoughts not waiting for tears
Let a better time say
The poet stopped singing to talk

He can shoot
Who could not take life

He will hunt the Rhino
 Before death

The Rhino is a lovely beast
He has two horns or one at least
And neither horn is just a horn
Provoking a dictator's scorn
His surest backside venting scorn
He sits upon the Rhino's horn
And corporate spumes up a yeast
The Rhino such a lovely beast

Empaled beneath the Rhino's knee
People foul in its wet majesty

There is a port in Canada
 called Ferry End
Glasses clink
Ale is the language
“La fenêtre” offers the British tar treating
“O. K.!” agrees the French sailor
“La fenêtre?” solicits the Briton
Considering both glasses
The *matelot* raises his empty, “O.K!”

Lord earth is full of Sylvie’s glory.

We border on Canada
Nothing there but by labor
Or the Indian will wait till he
 digs us up.

Go ahead Paris

There’ll be famine next winter

“Why not kill Eugene’s rabbit
 and serve it for supper?”
Eugene, 12, hears
His body hangs from a belt
Around his neck and the stair railing

Sun and a bird busy –
Between shutter and blind
Yellow thread

The Lady from the countryside
Has no carriage in which to ride
No, not a horse
She doesn’t run of course

11

for Celia and Paul

River that must turn full after I stop dying
Song, my song, raise grief to music
Light as my loves' thought, the few sick
So sick of wrangling: thus weeping,
Sounds of light, stay in her keeping
And my son's face — this much for honor.

Freed by their praises who make honor dearer
Whose losses show them rich and you no poorer
Take care, song, that what stars' imprint you mirror
Grazes their tears; draw speech from their nature or
Love in you — faced to your outer stars — purer
Gold than tongues make without feeling
Art new, hurt old: revealing
The slackened bow as the stinging
Animal dies, thread gold stringing
The fingerboard pressed in my honor.

Honor, song, sang the blest is delight knowing
We overcome ills by love. Hurt, song, nourish
Eyes, think most of whom you hurt. For the flowing
River 's poison where what rod blossoms. Flourish
By love's sweet lights and sing *in them I flourish*.
No, song, not any one power
May recall or forget, our
Love to see your love flows into

Us. If Venus lights, your words spin, to
Live our desires lead us to honor.

Graced, your heart in nothing less than in death, go –
I, dust – raise the great hem of the extended
World that nothing can leave; having had breath go
Face my son, say: 'If your father offended
You with mute wisdom, my words have not ended
His second paradise where
His love was in her eyes where
They turn, quick for you two – sick
Or gone cannot make music
You set less than all. Honor

His voice in me, the river's turn that finds the
Grace in you, four notes first too full for talk, leaf
Lighting stem, stems bound to the branch that binds
the
Tree, and then as from the same root we talk, leaf
After leaf of your mind's music, page, walk leaf
Over leaf of his thought, sounding
His happiness: song sounding
The grace that comes from knowing
Things, her love our own showing
Her love in all her honor.'

12

Out of deep need

Four trombones and the organ in the nave
A torch surged –
Timed the theme Bach's name,
Dark, larch and ridge, night:
From my body to other bodies
Angels and bastards interchangeably
Who had better sing and tell stories
Before all will be abstracted.
So goes: first, *shape*
The creation –
A mist from the earth,
The whole face of the ground;
Then *rhythm* –
And breathed breath of life;
Then *style* –
That from the eye its function takes –
“Taste” we say – a living soul.
First, glyph; then syllabary,
Then letters. Ratio after
Eyes, tale in sound. First, dance. Then
Voice. First, body – to be seen and to pulse
Happening together.
Before the void there was neither
Being nor non-being;
Desire, came warmth,
Or which, first?
Until the sages looked in their hearts

For the kinship of what is in what is not.
Or in the heart or in the head?
Quire after over three millenia.

A year, a month and 19 days before —
the void in effect —

Sense sure, else not motion,
Madness to ecstasy never so thrall'd
But showed some quantity of choice
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope

Who tells time on all fours, yet moves
Shape, love —

sense and openhandedness

Blest
Ardent good,
Celia, speak simply, rarely scarce, seldom —
Happy, immeasurable love
heart or head's greater part unhurt and happy,
things that bear harmony
certain in concord with reason.

From the spring of *Art of Fugue*:
The parts of a fugue should behave like reasonable men
in an orderly discussion

From the source of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

How comes this gentle concord in the world?

The order that rules music, the same
controls the placing of the stars and the feathers
in a bird's wing.
In the middle of harmony
Most heavenly music
For the universe is true enough.

Four horses like four notes.

Have your odyssey
How many voiced it be
“Speak to me in a different anguish

It's a bee-star – no!
a bumble-bee star – it's
a star!” A flying seeded
dandelion, a something – a jack
a star-feather – and Paul looks
as if it might sting him
as
it floats away into the grass.
To the day: a month before he was five.

I would like to
have a happy

Paul Louis
from
his
nice best best
friend of Louis

Valentine's day because
there are no hearts. There
will be a heart because
we will send you a letter
that was from me to
divide it in half.

Take and owe nothing.
Everybody take. Here,
And owe nothing.
How else can we permit
That word, cobbler,
What else is *beauty's* last?

Without the mask!
Why do you flee our torches
Made out of the wood of trees
The prophets bewept and intoned?
I am different, let not a gloss embroil you.

From the spring recalled:

Unfinished is against the laws of the *spirit*.
Take that word I never use – no word someone
can't use.

Well-tempered forces count:
As the prelude of the Third Partita dances,
As the countersubject of the fourfold 19th fugue
Signed on death lightly,
B, A, C, H,
Stopped here
With the last Choral-Prelude
Told his son-in-law Altnikol.
The violinist phrases – as Bach wished? –
From the thought of the somewhat slackened bow:
Music does not always
Call on the human voice
Only free (often wordless)
Men are grateful to one another.

Voice without scurf or gray matter,
For the eyes of the mind are proofs.

A closed missal in a flood
For posterity
To Celia
Comes from who thinks
He can say modestly
To everybody,
While you're partly right you're all wrong –
I speak to myself most often.
If each time a man writing a word
Thought it most completely distils him
Or did not write it –
All of his legend five minutes old moving thru the sixth
The strata under six – eons and eons –

He might type *camions* or *cars*
Instead of scribe as in the fourth minute
Chariots and horse.
The study of history –
The tree, the knee, the tea,
Societally and cyclically –
Sees thru a glass darkly:
Walsinghame;
Waltzing it an era,
Dusty unseen harps,
So rich in determined loss
The loss flames and reacts,
Radiates in words,
The inert less than an eyelet, a flower ray,
The sixth layer is Troy.

Measure, tacit is.
The dead hand shapes
An idea – seeming tiny potential
Musk – a bee robs and fertilizes.
Friends are merely bitter.
And after sixty years of
Incandescent lamps
Glass still flows like honey
Or freezes into the stone of
Striped candy children love –
As such –
True glass
That melts in the mouth
As in the rain –
Their frost-bit noses –
Durable fire.

A what-part invention –

Mildew'd ear, have you eyes?
You cannot call it love,
The hey-day in the blood is tame?
Goodness dies – it happens –
In his own too much,
Holding no quantity
Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind
– is blind.

Voice: first, body –
Speak, of all loves!

You must name his name,
Half his face must be seen thru the lion's neck,
“Ladies, I would entreat you
Not to fear: my life for yours.”
One must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern,
Some twelve years later with Birnam Wood.
Some man or other must present Wall.

Did Bach think sometimes like the Chinese –
Reason: the face of sky?
A Chinese sage speaks Chinese,
But the important thing is
What does he say? He of the *Gurre-Lieder*.

For Centuries
As true as truest horse.

You see an ass-head
Of your own, do you?
This is to make an ass of me,
To fright me if they could.

Do what they can.
I will walk up and down here,
And I will walk up and down here,
And I will sing.
Titania bespeaks these feet:

What angel wakes me
From my flowery bed?
Gentle mortal, sing again.

So is mine eye
Enthrall'd to thy shape —

The weaver's dobbin bobbles:
Methinks, mistress,
You should have little reason for that;
And yet, to say the truth,
Reason and love keep little company together
Now-a-days.
The pity
. . . some honest neighbors will
Not make them friends.

BOTTOM

Thou art as wise
as thou art beautiful.

Not so,
But if I had wit
To get out of this wood.

She sings her aire:
Out of this wood

Do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here
Whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of
No common rate,
The summer still doth tend
Upon my state,
 I do love thee.

Paracelsus' *Book of Bad and Good Fortune*:
The sun shines upon all of us equally
With its luck. The summer comes
To all of us equally
With its luck. Our love is unequal.

Verbatim:

Good Master Mustardseed, I know your
patience well. That same cowardly, giant-like
ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your
house. I promise you your kindred had made my
eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance,
good Master Mustardseed.

Child first, then ox-beef –
 two thighs in his rump.
Eyes moistened, too.
Groin hit, breaks,
But in building
Persists as vault –

Or my father's story
Of manoeuvres
In Most (müst) when he was eleven:

“Becharidi!” “Morgen!”
“Was machst du?”
“Ich mach ein *outhouse!*
Hoch!”

“So
How does the Czar sleep nights?”
“His regimental lights
Shout his despites
Into artillery sights:
'Shah! Shah! Shah!’”

The best man learns of himself
To bring rest to others.

He has perched over – why – valley.
In the pines
He is merry, he's free.
He sleeps, he walks
 his colloquy.
His hut's on the crest
Whose drop has largess,
He sings neighbors are far,
His roof's timbers make sense.
If ridge cloud or rain
The world thunders by,
He awakes: eyes,
A face of sky.

Reject no one

and
Debase nothing.
This is all-around
Intellect.

The time would be too short –
Throw some part
Of your life after birds –
Eat and drink.
What cry tops older
Fame – far-sighted
Not sure sense? Heart
With mind quick to love,
Look to the real thing
Unfold it within you
Turned there thru pleasure,
Bound anew.
Sweet thing, merry thing
Making your brow
Half an arch of a bridge
So that all people there
Facing round
Quicken their pace,
Fleet and lean
Desire you but to
Thirst what you have –

From Battle of
Discord and Harmony
Come home beloved.

Light lights
Unknown to you

“Glad they were there”
Such happy sorrow
Flying not to
Lose sight of it
Before you found them
In you again
The red-head priest’s
Vivaldi’s notes
A Jew’s maybe
Running from mass,
That fall anew
Our uncommon notes
Our uncommon gold,
Pale gold like halos
Setting off faces:
Who can crib
What time never heard?
“Then he put
His horse into
His pocketbook”
And you can’t put
A horse into
A pocketbook
Even an old horse –
Despite what Lorine’s tiny neighbor
Told her the night
She was a rich sitter.

You remember
The houses where we were born
The first horse pulsed
Until the evening and the morning
Were the first day?

I'll tell you.
About my *poetics* —

$$\int_{\text{speech}}^{\text{music}}$$

An integral
Lower limit speech
Upper limit music

No?

To excel in humility
Is not to be humble.
Humility does not glaze
Other bodies,
With fellow creatures
Sees agony,
Is the stronger body,
With the eye of sky
Eats food that
Guano dressed.
Not a swallow made that summer.

Time qualifies the fire and spark of
I can't improve *that*.
That closed and open sounds saw
Things,
See somehow everlastingly
Out of the eye of sky.

Poetics. With constancy.

My father died in the spring.

Half of a fence was built that summer.
For minutes as I drove nails in the lower stringer
The sunset upside down
Tops of trees, even an inverted hill,
Gauze. In the high sun
Paul spoke of garlic-salt as gargle-salt.
Spoke all the time.
C. *would* call the cottage Clostrophobia.
Of clapboard. Without the terra cotta
Of a della Robbia,
A family of three
On *terra* with grass windblown
At first tall in the new cattails.
And so little space –
Three tiny rooms too many –
It had to be shipshape.
Almost on the back cement step
Cattails – hardly *firma*.

My father, where shall I begin?

Who will know what you meant?

To get out of the world alive
Despite despite –
To live among ordinary men
And yet be alone with Him;
To greet profanity
And from it draw the strength to live,
Said the Baalshem –
Thaew –as good as his name.
To sing a michtam of David,
To be alive, that is good.

All summer
Paul babbled of him
Living his life
In young memory.
Ready to speak, like grandpa Paul.
“No let’s call the cottage
Grandpa Paul.
I’m sorry he died,
he asked me to come on
a week-day,
when he could buy me a toy
I like him
better than everyone.”

To begin a song:
If you cannot recall,
Forget.

Sabbath, the pious carry no money
Make no purchases. They have everything
From Friday – the Eve of the Sabbath.
Rest.
A long Sabbath.

His father, my grandfather
Maishe Afroim (the Sephardim speak differently)
Faced East in the synagogue.
Ebon hair?
On the Eve of Sabbath, at the end of Sabbath
At home
So good his singing voice
“Sing bridegroom to bride”
“Sabbath has gone”
Neighbors stopped at his windows

Leaned on the sills.

A voice out of the tabernacle –
For the ark
Shittim wood – the acacia.

The mind that proportioned in stone
Has run from what thorny wood
Tremulous, globular flowers
Yellow, white circlets aflower
Has abstracted from the trunk trimmed
Set up for one day and moving tomorrow

The Sea ripples in Aphrodite's drapery
Her peers are the Fates – marble.
Red stain of her dawn is on them.
Enter the stone treasury
From the East, Greek,
Forget olive grove in a victory:
Your Virgin is chryselephantine,
Aegis of Zeus.
The door out is under,
The West pediment –
That broken triangle – standing like you –
Nearly night upon
Marbles of Earthshaker and Virgin
Fighting for order in Athens.

Even Odysseus returned to the sea,
His oar not to be known from a winnow.

Still fighting in northwest Greece
The 8th division

In the Grammos Mts.
Homer described as the gateway to Hades.

The infinite division – love, its wit so divided

No matter –
And from it draw the strength to live –
Refugees and D.P.'s
O.M.'s and M.A.'s
Even Stephen Hero:
“Let him Aristotle” (who fled Athens)
“Examine me if he is able.
Imagine a handsome lady
Saying ‘O, excuse me,
My dear Mr. Aristotle.’”

What Philo gained (?) lost to Javan,
About and rejected
So that Jesus after prayed in Gethsemane,
O my Father.

In Hebrew “In the beginning”
Means literally *from the head?*
A source creating
The heaven and the earth
And every plant in the field
Before it was in the earth.
Sweet shapes from a head
Whose thought must live forever –
Be the immortelle –
Before it is thought
A prayer to the East
Before light – the sun later –
To get over even its chaos early.

“You should not forget Him after crossing the sea,
Pinchos”

Maishe Afroim to Pinchos –
Paul, after he had crossed it,
To those who could not say Pinchos.

Naming little Paul for him
Almost ninety –
I knew Pinchos would not mind
Their “English” names being the same.
He might have said to reprove me:
Jews remember the dead in time
Are in no hurry to flatter the living.
He never reproved me.
“Let it be Paul – I know
Ivanovich named for Ivan,
Before he is born.
Still, our Hebrew names are not the same.
Bless him, may he live
120 years.”
And the end is the same:
Bach remembers his own name.
Had he asked me to say Kadish
I believe I would have said it for him.
How fathom his will
Who had taught himself to be simple.
Everything should be as simple as it *can* be,
Says Einstein,
But not simpler.

What can make the difficult disposition easier?
Not to be difficult.
Can there be
A difficult composition?

“I’m an artist,” said Paul, my son.
“I’ll do what I want
The violin in the morning,
a mister of arts,
a red fire in a blue fog at night
in the afternoon paint” (1/13/50)

A Michtam of David,
So many times on his lips:
You have said to Him
My goodness does not extend to you,
The pious in the earth and the excellent
Are all of my delight.
These lines are pleasant to me
That I have inherited.
My heart teaches me at night.
You are before me,
You strengthen my right hand
That my breath rejoices.
You will not let me see death.
You lead me to life
Its pleasures, with your hand
Forever.

My son:
When you teach me —
I don’t teach for hire.

To have asked such a man as your grandfather
If one may bite off
Charitable interest
From that or this loan,
Or lick off premium
from learning

And from whom
Is out of the cave
Of Shag Red or
Air-conditioned *dialektiké* –
A Sum (you say)
Post-mortemer
They should have taught
You more.

Where are my dead breathing friends?
Must one spread his tongue as a doormat
for a friend to step on?

Good Friday – that's a pun.

Don't learn for revenge,
Question and question, do not be ashamed.
So that all misery may go up into the air with smoke,
As Paracelsus railed
A David in him:
As smoke is driven away, so drive them away.

Schoolmen –
Singers go before,
Players on instruments

Chenaniah for song
(Grace) instructed in song
Because he was skillful

Again, again
Despised
By the pack that is large,

Whose understanding and art are small —
My father, who's never forsaken me
Died and I buried him.
Few are the nights I spend in one bed
As I speed to sick bodies on horse
From the poor I leave behind me:
I gave up a thin body.
All beds are racks.
They'll kill anybody they feign to treat who speaks truth.
Their understanding and art are small:
I think about that in us
That does not die,
I grow leaves.
Don't scorn me
Because I'm alone.
You run off, I am new.
My cure
Steeps in arts
That work out alike:
Alive loves,
Know and don't guess.
In this, wise,
Life's a long
Second paradise.

“My eyes are bloodshy”
(Clear, I see, clear)
Said my son
After practicing
An hour on his fiddle;
Speaking of *Lloyd*
The new boy to play with:
“His name sounded
Very familiar,

But after a while
I got used to it.”
Of a dream he dreamed
Paganini playing
Mozart’s Turkish Concerto.
– What did he look like, Paul?
– A river!

Like Grandpa Paul.
The water is all of my mind,
I walk the bridge
And the only word I think of is *high*
Man who lives, his speech rattles in throat
and head

The sky a tine;
How great the Soul is, Lord Dexter,
Do you not all admire and wonder to
See and behold and hear?
Can you all believe half
The truth and admire to hear –
Illiterate lord of a court of ships figureheads –
How a man *drowned* in the sea
What a great bubble comes up at the top of the water
This is the wind – the bubble’s the soul.
All these dead years.
My mother sat away from the stoop,
the new bridge going up,
To catch her breath in the hottest summer.
Some old landmarks down
The bridge is aging
Effaced their ties
And their sorrow –
History, all its cornices.
Where is, moping?

And unshamefacedly – it has been like a warm
day –

The look of a shaven Chassid,
Were it possible to either him or Chassid,
Takes an impressed step forward
Pleased, not ominous in behalf of the blind or the
publicist –

Said the Chassid:
If you do not, Lord, yet wish to redeem
Israel, at least redeem the Gentiles.

I cannot be too grateful for what you did for Rutgers
Street
(Or for Baltimore, “That cheerful little city of the
dead”)

You went down-town once
At that no beard shaking the head

- Let me go, the dawn is on us
- No, not until you bless me first
- Your name?

And the sun rose (chaos to come)
And he halted.

And once before, toward Haran
Lighted upon a certain place
And stayed there, the sun had set.
Stones for pillows.

He dreamed

There were angels going up and down a ladder.

Standing over him a Voice:

– I will give you the land where you sleep on stone,
Seed the dust of the earth.

Blest. And in you everybody –
west, east, north, south.

And awoke afraid
– How dreadful is this place
None other but His – the gate to Him.
Said: Keep me in the way I go
With bread,
A coat to put on –
To come back to my father –

In peace
200-year spruce at least
For a fiddle for Paul:
Save
The heart of the wood so to speak
And who belongs to it.
Paul to Paul,
Recall surely,
Carved, not the chips of the process,
Whence are the stems?
He sang sometimes, my son,
When we let him talk,
A chance lilt,
After prayers –
A shred, a repeated word, his whole world –
As, like Bottom,
You might blunder on *tumblesalt*
For *somersault*, Paul.
“They sang this way in deep Russia”
He’d say and carry the notes
Recalling the years
Fly. Where stemmed
The Jew among strangers?
As the hummingbird
Can fly backwards
Also forwards –

How else could it keep going?
Speech moved to sing
To echo the stranger
A tear in an eye
The quick hand wiped off –
Casually:
“I loved to hear them.”

As I love:
My poetics.
“Little fish,” he grieved
For his wife.
He prayed to the full moon
Over the prow
Alone on that trip
Not seasick.
He returned
For a last look
At Most
After the fire.
His boy wept
And would not let him go.
But he kissed and kissed him and crossed
The Atlantic again alone
This time to
Bring the family over.
What did he not do?
He had kept dogs
Before he rolled logs
On the Niemen.
He swam
Dogpaddle
(Dexter, Paracelsus!)
What a blessing:

He saw Rabbi
Yizchok Elchonon
Walking
On the wharf
In Kovno.
The miracle of his first job
On the lower East Side:
Six years night watchman
In a men's shop
Where by day he pressed pants
Every crease a blade
The irons weighed
At least twenty pounds
But moved both of them
Six days a week
From six in the morning
To nine, sometimes eleven at night,
Or midnight;
Except Fridays
When he left, enough time before sunset
Margolis begrudged.
His own business
My father told Margolis
Is to keep Sabbath.

“Sleep,” he prayed
For his dead.
Sabbath.

Moses released the horse
For one day from his harness
So that a man might keep pace.

A shop bench his bed,

He rose rested at four.
Half the free night
Befriended the mice:
Singing Psalms
As they listened.
A day's meal
A slice of bread
And an apple,
The evenings
What matter?
His boots shone.
Gone and out of fashion
His beard you stroked, Paul,
With the Sabbath Prince Albert.
I never saw more beautiful fingers
Used to lift bootstraps.
A beard that won over
A jeering Italian
Who wanted to pluck it —
With the love
His dark brown eyes
Always found in others.
Everybody loves Reb Pinchos
Because he loves everybody,
How many strangers —
He knew so many —
Said that to me
Every Sabbath
He took me —
I was a small boy —
To the birdstore-window to see
The blue-and-yellow Polly
The cardinal, the
Orchard oriole.

Everybody loved Reb Pinchos
Because he loved everybody.
Simple.
You must, myself,
As father of Nicomachus
Say very little
Except: such were his actions.

My life for yours.
Goodness dies –
The humming bird flies forward.
Buried beneath blue sky, bright sunlight.
You'll remember:
The eleventh of April
1950.
The twelfth –
Snow flurries –
Tasting all unseasonable weather early
Alongside his "little fish"
There 23 years before him.
John Donne in his death-shroud
A saintly face in praying shawl –
He died happy
If you want to know
What he looked like,
Scop,
What are you asking?
He retired on old age pension –
\$26 a month –
At 81 – not too late,
He did not covet charity –
Or what has become of it –
And supported his children
Not sure now whether to

Put 91 or 95
On his tombstone.
He had forgotten birthright and birthday,
Who can remember
When every new day
May be turned into account.
What do you await?
If occasion warranted
He could tender his hand to a Polish countess
Playing the glass harmonica
And she wouldn't take offense.
His clasp pocketbook is in a lower drawer
Of his old chiffonier no one wanted.
\$3 and some pennies
Saved for the synagogue —
He had hoped for more
But gave away
What he could not spare
To his bungling children —
Praising and showing their photos
They gave him.
The street never wide enough for him,
Taking a diagonal to cross it,
To open and close the synagogue
For over six times ten years
Until three days before he died —
A longer journey than Odysseus'.
Now his namesake says:
"If it's not my kind of words
 I don't want to hear them."
He died certain —
With such the angel of death does not wrestle —
And alone,
Not to let me see death:

“Isn’t visiting over?
Go home,
Celia must be anxious,
Kiss Paul.”

Measure, tacit is.
Listen to the birds –
And what do the birds sing.
He never saw a movie.
A rich sitter, a broad wake.
Not a sign that he is not here,
Yet a sign, to what side of the window
He sat by, creaks outside.
A speech tapped off music.
Draw off –
Still in the eye of –
 an acacia.
Division: wits so undivided.
A source knows a tree
 still not in the earth
In no hurry to shadow the living
He opens the gates of the synagogue
As time never heard
Lifting up the voice.
Actions things; themselves; doing.

Father to son to grandson.
People carry a wood
To him.
What do the cars
For the horses? Most
 heavenly music.
Summers,
Is it your or my or his hand,

Anything like it – he plays
96 staccato notes
On one stroke of the bow.”
You don’t want to be the
 fastest player, Paul,
I would like to hear you
Play Old Black Joe
And the Largo
 again
And the red-hair’s
 Concerto in A minor.
Pinchos knew nothing about it –
Except the intention
A song fathers:
Bit of red hair
Lost in black,
Gloss of black
In my Paul’s gold-red-brown,
Who’s ever sure of color?

Rabbi Pinhas:
From true prayers
I took as goodness gave,
The pupil is dark and
Receives every ray of light.

Bread and a coat:
Both are – considering
Our nature – enough with
Which to see the sky.
There, night, and sense sure,
Else not motion or rest.

Rabbi Leib :

What is the worth of their
Expounding the Torah:
All a man's actions
Should make him a Torah —
So to light up
Whether he moves or is still.
Given a share, the body
Comports the soul.
It sees its reflection
Only when it bends to it.
It is not the same
Asking a friend,
The world is its place.
It joins mouth and heart,
The place and its presence
Where each creature sings its song,
It is ruled and acts
First note to fourth,
Because of its holiness
Its song seems not holy at all,
As in the "Section of Praise"
Uniting the degrees:
As it is, created —
And — ashes and ear —
Do you hear yourself,
You must stop.

Rabbi Pinhas: It teaches a man.
There is no one who is not
 every minute
Taught by his soul.
A disciple: If that is so
Why does it not rule?
Rabbi Pinhas: The soul teaches,

It never repeats.

A work spoken
 in the name of the blest
And blest lips move in the grave
The live lips that speak it
Move with those of the blest.

It is no small thing to
 hearten men
But the quiet cannot speak
Unless a tie sustain their dead –
That the pure body bear them up
With their light it receives
Pure oil beaten for light,
To glow – not to grovel.

When dust lights up is it even?
And when men count as they have given
Do they not slight what each is?

If it helps, diffract crystals and tracers.
Rabbi S said:
– You can learn from everything
What man has made
Has also something to teach us.
His chassid jumped:
– Does a train?
– Yes, in a second
One may miss everything.
– A telegraph?
– Every word weighs
– And the telephone teaches?

– Also. What we say
Here is heard there.

After the Preacher

What shall I teach my son
Who told me Xmas 1949
“There was H– playing
The Turkish Concerto
By Mozart –
Eight records,
And a lollipop
Thinking what it is” –
Or as he paints four pictures
“Around” letters
On different color papers
U – The Rides of Australia
– on lavender
L – The Woods of Chinese
– on blue
A – The Chinese Restaurant
– on gold
PZ – The Sun of Chinese
– on white –

The economy of force?

A poem whose wisdom seals the seed,
My thoughts to his,
Or facts eye of sky may read?

At a certain age the child cries about
His right to handle a gadget

Or a system for flushing one's water.
As I said one night impatiently to Paul
Who had waked me, and forgetting
I hurried, lese majesté, to flush
— Crying about flushed p?
Or as compunctious Archibald observed
Between elderly garden chores,
How people
Respond to the curtsy of a European
Kissing a lady's hand —
“O he's a lollipop!”
To which words Paul composes a rondo
A perpetual motion.
Shall I teach Paul my nerves
Are involved in this?

An animal's scratching?
I forgot — the coffee *perking*.
If I remember coffee
Or *Phaedo*:
The lover of wisdom
Does not ask her love
To release her again
To pleasures and pains
To be undone again.
Weaving, instead of unweaving,
A fiddle —
Or Penelope's web.

Shall I teach him:
Who serves the public,
A heavenly singer at a feast.
Or: the noblest embraces the whole art
Involving by no means

The smallest traction of reason.
 Or: that cannot be praiseless
 Which considers each word.
 Or: the lady shall say her mind freely,
 Or the blank verse shall halt for't.
 Else: What players are they
 With flowers of odious savours sweet.

Shall I graph a course,
 Say *look at* but let this not take you:

MAN	→	EARTH	WORLDS
<p>His more or less body</p> <p style="text-align: center;"> </p> <p>Speaking cutting his story</p> <p>At his crafts, a-this's -- inanimate</p> <p style="text-align: center;">or</p> <p>heady and souled</p> <p style="text-align: center;"> </p>		<p>Waters crust and what's within</p> <p>Look at animated things</p> <p>Their place and places</p>	<p>Radiance heat dispersion</p> <p>Beneath and beyond color</p> <p>I AM THAT I AM and -- or -- Euhius Euan</p>

For tenure
of
“history”
(*his* story)
and
characters
and
character
and
commerce

0

being

non-being

Texts: Things

Axiom: He composed – or
hunted, sowed and
made things –
with hand or bent –
is matter and thinks

*Just as if what each of them fights for
may not be the truth,*

Lucretius.

P.Z. remembers the day “Aristotle” died,

Still owns his snowshoes

Indispensable in Macedonia.

I bought him two balloons:

“Plato” and “Aristotle”.

Filled with air they had faces

Mounted on snowshoes.

As expected

“Plato” and “Aristotle.”

“Aristotle” –

Carus, to Paul it was sad.

Dear Spring goes her way with Venus.
Before them –
Inevitable wonders of winds,
After – the west wind,
Flowers run down the lanes.
Next, heat parches
Fullgrown grain blown dusty
In annual gusts of the North.
And it is autumn.
Dancing step by step
With Euhus Euan.
Then Volturnus.
And the south wind
Whose strength is lightning.
Last, snow.
Winter renews numbing frost
Chattering teeth.
Why is it wonderful
That the moon is inevitable?

Like hell of flames
Shooting out of the tops of your heads
While your feet freeze
L. N. wrote me of our winter.

Quire of will
And fated,
Had Shakespeare read him –
Cribbed this?
Since in our body
Riches do not increase
Nor does lineage
Nor kingly pride,
Be sure these are nothing

For the mind.
For all that, the terrors of men
The cares that dog them
Are not awed by arms or by wars,
Trespassing as kings
And lords of the world,
Fearless before glitter of gold
And bright purple,
Come to ruin winning statues
And a name.
Dread of death drives them
They hate their lives and the light
Till their fretted hearts
Contrive their own deaths –
Unaware fear of death drove them
Cankered their honor and friends.
The body shattered by time:
Frame brittle, reason maimed,
Tongue raves, mind stumbles.
Stench final. Sleep may last then
But none thirst what he is.
Nor do diverse songs
Stop flying, wet salt savours
Into the mouth, eyes
Not a wit deceived,
There in the spots light is
And shade, nor do eyes
Know *the nature of things*,
Do not accuse the eyes
Of this fault of the mind.
Can reason sprung from false senses
Speak against them?
Unless they are true
Reason is false.

Can ears judge eyes,
Or touch debate ears,
Or mouth refute touch
Or smell disprove it
Or eyes show it false.
One sense cannot prove
Another false.
There are places out of sight
Filled with voices.
What the mind sees
And the eyes see – the
Shape of their ground, the same.
Dreaming kings storm towns
Cry aloud, murdered,
Without moving.
Love herself is away
Her ways are at hand,
Her name sounds.
Triune of seas, land and sky
A day shall hurl to ruin,
Burden and fabric of the world
Fall headlong.
And the golden morning light reddens
Grass and dew.
A time set in all things.
Age has its teeth fall out
(More gold in his mouth than he is worth)
And the hairless youth
Grows hairy,
A soft down flows
From either cheek.

Shakespeare read somehow –
And whom?

Considering researchists
Should by and large be discomfitted
As one emendator said:
– If a dog hunted fleas
 on mathematical principles
He would never catch a flea
 except by accident.

Shall I teach Paul,
In Shakespeare is *militarist* –
Not recorded again until 1860?

A poetics is informed and informs –
Just *informs* maybe – the rest a risk.
Or: that a bit of culture
Dies a sudden death
Of a man over ninety
That much culture is little breath –
Infinite things in
Infinite modes
Follow divine nature
Being such.
Or: remember, G. S. begins
“Making of Americans”
With a quote
From Nicomachus’ father –
With patient father and angry son –
That she said,
“How can you know
More than you do know
And we are still in the shadow
 of explanation,”
Add to her insight (“in all periods before
Things had been said

Distance, and no space was seen
Reason, in itself confounded,
Simple were so well compounded –
Is is any wonder
A commentator
Doubts Shakespeare worked these lines?
Their source?
Character, father of Nicomachus –
Simple the certain nature –

Those who sing Psalms,
Odes of bright principle
Come from the sky,
Uniting the degrees.

Appealed Inthehighest.
We speak of heavenly songs. They
Are intoned neither by harps nor lutes,
Are a noise in the clouds
An echo from earth;
In the stars the skills are arts
All crafts are hidden
All widsom, all reason
Also all foolishness,
Without Venus, no music would ever be
Without Mars, no crafts
(Planet – not war)
Man was not born of a nothing
But from a substance
Limus terrae – extract of stars
And all elements.
Therefore the Great World
Is closed
So nothing can leave it.

Close to it there is the Little World,
That is to say, man,
Enclosed in his skin
That bounds his body,
And with it he sees
Two Worlds that must not mingle
(As the Sun shines – but itself
Does not pass thru glass –
Divested of all but light –
So the stars light one another inside him)
Earth – seen and touched
Heavens – unseen and untouched:
Together life.
As herder sees each people,
A living mirror of the stars,
Each with its lot – a guide
Never to be copied exactly,
Teaching never to repeat:
The body attracts a heaven
That imprints nothing on us
Endowed as we are with complexions,
Qualities, habits, endowed
As we are with life.
The child's mother is its star and planet
Man is the Little World, but woman the Littlest.
And Great, Little, Littlest has each
Its own way but all three are borne.
One single number should determine our life: 1.
Greater has no peace or rest,
A calculator counts further
Who can say at what number he stops?
This question gnaws Paracelsus.

Better a fiddle than geiger?

that is and will be –
 A father “patient” and “angry” by turns
 as his son sees it
 Either another event
 Pinprick of contents, but an assemblage
 of all possible positions –
 The locus, sometimes –
 As Baruch said accursed, nevermind blest –
 Since men would rather imagine than understand
 And chance is imperfect knowledge
 And body exists as we feel it
 And essence is that remove, that degree,
 without which a thing is no thing
 (Defined is defined)
 And nothing happens in the body
 That is not perceived by the mind
 The mind also conceives by its power –
 A contents that is as in the song “sweet content.”
 Since no one cares about anything he does not love
 And love is pleasure that dwells on its cause
 He who loves keeps what he loves:
 An image inwreathed with many things
 That may flourish, that draws cause
 To light up.
 If the understanding perceives the idea of
 quantity as cause
 It determines the quantity
 So to speak from motion
 (A line from motion of a point,
 A body from motion of a plane)
 Yet these are not understood
 Unless quantity is perceived
 And the motion be made to endure
 Forever,

Which could not be
Without a thought
Of infinite quantity.

“The horse bends down” – Paul, ’46, May.

A center as it were
From which his hoofs
Spark clusters of stars
That weaving bobble
No one spark the same like another –
But there are families of them
It becomes involved,
Sometimes arbitrary.
The horse sees he is repeating
All known cultures
And suspects repeating
Others unknown to him,
Maybe he had better not
Think of himself
Hunting so to speak
Sowing so to speak
Composing always.
The shape of his ground seems to have been
A constant for all dead horses
His neigh cultural constant
Also his sniff –
It is some such constant when a culture
Seems to revert a hundred years
Or some thousands?
And instances from “different” cultures, suprisingly
inwreathed,
Seem to look back at one another,
Aristotle at Shakespeare (both so fond of blind heroes)
And blest Spinoza at Shakespeare –

How?
 Or for that matter uninwreathed
 As Rig-Veda at me,
 Because none has to read the
 other yet it happens.
 As Bach calls to composers and writers of my time.
 If Paul loves Bach I need not tell him
 Johann Seb Bach, as he calls him,
 Is present
 His legs in a *gigue*
 Old French, *to dance (giguer) or hop*
 From *gigue* (Teuton *geige* – a fiddle)
 Half his seat out of his seat at the organ,
 Like his contemporary hopping Chassid
 Who might have shook
 To the Prelude of the Third Partita.
 In someone else it's Theocritus
 Supposed to come thru
 Does he know it.
 One's a lucky horse
 For Bach's jiggling fire to come thru
 And be new.
 Take that of Lear, my friend, who has the power
 To seal the accuser's lips in behalf of
 Some with insight, some with a great deal:
 Bottom W., Polonius T.,
 Hamlet H. (for Hamlet) Adams –
 Or what composer is it modal from M. Croche
 not a bit (not a bit modish?) too soon –
 Believe I am Seti First
 presenting Lotus to Osiris: it
 Hurries to Socrates
 Whose words are real
 Otherwise why must two words balance opposites –

Where its image rests. The image
Is not sole object of knowledge. Nor is man
Whose knowledge comes from outside him —
The mirrored image he is.
Together men form one sky.
The sky is a man,
You must know this to understand
Why places are different
And things new and old
Why everywhere things are different,
You cannot find out
By looking at skies alone
But from their effects.
One sky is rich in each of us,
Undivided.
When a child is conceived
It gets a sky for a gift.
Fire warms thru the walls of a stove
A man's body acts from afar and rests,
Qualified by the forces that flow from it
Its thought is abroad,
Neither that of element nor star,
Free for new craft to flow into it,
All arts are not in one's country
But everywhere in the world
There to be gathered and sought.
The physician learns from old women,
Gypsies, peasants, vagabonds
People at random.
Art pursues no one, is rather pursued,
But everyone wants to fly before he has wings.
(Some hundred years later the blest:
A timid child thinks he can fight.)
Medicinal roots are in the just heart

Each part is judged from the work
This art puts wisdom to work
By wisdom art makes it,
Despite there is poison in all things
The dose makes it poison or not.
The physician's schools are three –
Elements, stars, the Light
All burn in him.
And tho he is earth –

The horse – between his hoofs
And ground sparks rise
The four hoofs of each horse
Are different, different from his fellow's horse
And the ground is worn –
Wears the light of nature –
(Nothing but reason – love –)
There it is, yet what is gone is gone
And it is the new Time.
The horse plods and learns
Neither sleep nor Sabbath can rest him
If he is called on to write a book
And it is put by for a life
Nothing fails it
Cared for in his mind,
He need not rush at the book.
It is never late
What must be born.
At last he finds
What he has never
Learned or seen:
Man a shape like
The satyrion root,

Chicory high
When the sun is in the sky
Its root a bird
After seven years.
If you know the answer
Keep still,
If you don't, try
Find out.
The carpenter's beam runs thru his head
His virtue forms *his* shape.
Who draws maps pores over
Hands of landscapes, countries, streams.
Old son and — or — new,
Whiling away
Is not whole.
To plod is not hobble.
Each time has Love's way with music.
You keep up to date
On all fours
That canter sometimes
Before boughs that grace trees.
Sparks from hoofs:
There is horse;
Like-sparks
His old love or new reason
Expect.

So year to year —
Nor do the arts
Ever end.
How can man say
“I am certain”
For certain and uncertain

Do not make certain.
Only forever is previous
And not a horse's forever.
If someone stole off with its body
Be sure that its spirits
Canter forever.
Blacksmith, creator, shapes his shoe
Into substance.
What is rot?
Take elderberry's
Man sees in winter
He hardly knows it the fool,
Shivering beggar —
The pope will likely desert him —
But if it's his hum he carries
He tastes his desire.
Nothing is ever finished,
Complete. True
No animal lasts after death.
Wisdom's enemy is no one
But unwise,
Liar —
Wise stars can be led
 by his foolish.
He who knows nothing
Loves nothing
Who does nothing
Understands nothing.
Who understands
Loves and sees,
Believes what he knows,
The horse has large eyes
Man's virtue his feeling.
His heart treasures his tongue, certain

That a *yes* means no *no*,
What else is happiness
False storekeepers, false traders,
false brothers?

(The body's exists as we feel it.)

What is unhappiness?

Against – against nature.

Light is not unhappy.

Night: not unhappy.

Who walks in both, or in either, walks well.

Who does not fall is ordered: more horse.

Who falls is disordered: no horse.

Uncountable stars

Can one ever approximate all of them.

– Don't estimate for me

Read what it says, asked Paul.

I was trying to abstract

A story

From the Levitical sacrifices.

For all inwreathed in me

That make my love

Your fiddle,

To some imagined music,

When it shall be your own

In the world, thru some sense of the bow
alone

Shall tell the strings

Their Great World quietly –

In the time I owe the world nothing –

What in you

Of my father who owed a Source

Or his little fish

Of when I walked with him,

With you or with Celia, a night
Or with the winds
Say what their wonders with cities are
With seas in arms of landscape, a thought or a hand
Slowing that I do not see death
When an air seems too much in the air:
My time will run me
I am not all of my time
No one is all of it.
M. Croche wondered about Alessandro Scarlatti's
Writing at least 106 operas:
Good heavens how gifted the man must have been
And how could he find time to live,
There's a *Passion according to St. John* by him
Whose choruses seemed to be written in pale gold
Like halos, primitive frescoes (M. Croche Antidilettante,
Asked nearly the year
I was born near the Third Ave. "L"
Where we lived looking into a dance-hall) I cannot
imagine

How he found time to have a son
And make a harpsichordist of him —
Domenico.
My time runs me
With primitives'
Divine arabesque:
Ornament not in
Musical grammar.
Palestrina, Vittoria, Orlando di Lasso
Strengthened its delicate trceries —
The bass of their form —
By strong counterpoint.
When Bach renewed arabesque
He made it more pliant, more fluid.

From open to stop in a twinkling,

Disposed in many ways
No less surprising and quiet
Than that, 1313, Rabbi Hacen Ben Salomo –
(Great One Singer Son of Peace) –
Taught Spanish Christians
To dance in a church.
No less surprising and quiet –
To Ambrosio and Guglielmo, Jews
Said to dance “above all human measure”
 a special license
 from the Pope (1575).
Guglielmo’s pupil as good as he
Jewish minstrels and troubadours
By that Sea literally in the Middle of Land,
Dances and cities which men may use
Without hurt to their fellows
With justice flamed with freedom
What more happy song than one’s lot?
Love does not wish you to be anything else.

As eyes one does not work to dim
But rests so they work a whole life – the future
No lighter for greed of it –
Their need seeks no death
In extra chores that close them with pennies,
People are pigs,
Precisely, pigs are not people.

A poet is not at all surprised by science.
That you may play better
Paul, who saw “Beauty and the Beast”

And asked how soon will the beast become lovely,
For all inwreathed
This imagined music
Traces the particular line
Of lines meeting
 by chance or design

Well, now then,
With the winds
Says what their wonders with cities are,
With seas in arms of landscape,
This music
Moved by a thought to a hand —

In my city one wished me death,
Nevermind,
The stars last more than one night —
 The hidden so disposes imagination,
 And so the body to take on a nature
 Opposed it seems to itself, of which no idea
 Can be given the mind, but that a man
 Out of need of his nature should try not to exist
 Or appear changed
 Is as impossible
 As for any thing to be made out of nothing,
 This everyone with a little reflection
 May see:
 Anyone can kill himself, compelled by some other
 Who twists his right hand
 Which holds perhaps a sword
 So it is led against his own heart,
 Or like Seneca by the command of a tyrant,
 Be forced to open his veins,
 To avoid more evil by taking on less —

Many things sleepwalkers do
They would not dare if awake —

All of which shows
That the body can do many things
By the laws of its nature
At which the mind is amazed;
No one knows how
The mind moves the body
(Cerebral charges? were discovered
Some time ago thru poetry
Not surprised in the least
By new science)
Or by what means,
Nor how many degrees of motion
It can give the body,
Nor with what speed it can move it.
Whence if men say this or that action
Arises from the mind
That has power over the body
They confess specious words
That do not regard it with wonder;
When the body sleeps
The mind's unconscious (Spinoza very early on
that)
Has not the power
It has when awake.
The mind is not always apt
For thinking its subject,
Only as the body is apt
For the image of this or that
To excite it
Does the mind see the object.

I looked

The full moon rose. Flowed in the water.
The harbor
Had the sea's face: C's face as expected.
And unknowing, Haran
Lighted south, west, north, east
The red ferry pulling out of its slip
Its bell ringing
By intermittences
Our bloods submitted,
Like crazed Randolph
Ringing a bell sometimes in Congress
Was it? and muttering "it's all over,"
The New Jersey farmer's
Improved wagon-wheel
T.J. uncovered in Homer
And the first John Jacob Astor's
Landing in Baltimore
With \$25, and seven flutes to sell –
So much change.
And it occurred to me
How cities rise and fall,
As once in Cambridge,
During the last war
When Scollay Square tap danced so lively
It rose as it were Queen Elizabeth's heir
In Boston: there on SECRET business
(Everybody's the next day
Tho this anybody worded no breath to –
How a war gets around!)
But the eyes more congenial
To the Xmas candy building
of Massachusetts Hall –
Some time to think over a day away from home –
Before going back to the hotel –

The quality that developed the eye and the wing
of the bee and the condor,
To support friend Hamlet Adams again,
Is not in suburban mixture
Starting anew in Westchester
After it is all over with the Bronx.
The kinds that were:
General Blacksmith Work – Welders
Bell and Kilhullen
Coliseum (that was)
Starlight Pool (that was)
Rink
Worth Knowing McSorley's
Cabinet Makers (that were)
A ship's figurehead,
Used Cars
Atlas Baby Carriages
Wise Motorists Simonize
Post No Bills
Stop Dead End.
I asked then
Where are the coppers of New England's
first business men?
Not in Gloucester that does not fish for the air
of Brittany.
The Nantucket Whaling Club
Is run by selectmen.
And I asked again before the New Battery Tunnel
Of my image of Archie
The most graceful trunk
I had ever seen more or less
Between Easter and Halloween
Reading me a Chopin holograph, over a drink:
I correct the Paris edition of Bach

– Have you been writing lately?
Ivy twines bare beds.
Alone, sing two:
Two brothers:
One.
Magnolia and dogwood,
Spring's Xmas froth
Sing two:
2 brothers:
One.
The ivy winters green.
Stark ivy twines, green alone.
Each brother knows
Stone befriends its own.
Stones know each brother alone,
Each that the other has none.
And gay, gay
Magnolia and dogwood
Spring –
Sister

In a non-Jewish, non-Gentile world
Singing of Chanukah and Xmas brothers
Who send gifts once a year
Every family apart,
He shall bring forth
The headstone crying
Grace, grace to it,
Change of raiment
Nations be joined
Be my people,
Not by might –
By my Spirit.
Who despised the day of small things?
See the plummet in his hand,

the Seven-branched candlestick:

*Eyes run to and fro
Thru the whole earth
And two olive trees to either side
Burn light of themselves.*

*(When I have
Raised up thy sons, O Zion,
Against thy sons, O Greece?)
That ten men shall take
Hold of all languages of the nations
Even him that is a Jew
Saying, We will go with you?
The curse over the face of the whole earth:
Their likeness thru all the earth.*

(TV? "The screen is," rocked Chidbottom,
"A problem.

How can you show a glint in somebody's eye.
Small minds, small talents
Hide in a flea's navel
With enough room
For the heart of a network.")

– Six nights on one page,
No complaint.
Only in the end to write it
Exactly as sketched
in the first draft.

– It is as it had to be
Or tried to be
*Light not clear nor dark
Not day nor night
At evening it shall be light.
Words commanded the prophets
Did they not take hold
Of your fathers?*

*They returned and said
According to our ways
Our doings
He dealt with us.
Should I weep in May
Separating myself
As I have done so many years?
Guile helped forward the affliction,
Fearing: old men and old women
For very age
Streets of the city full
Of boys and girls playing,
A painter's thoughts
Of children singing without notes
As they eyed each other,
His wager on a genius
(A blur to a renowned violinist)
Singers and poets
Wild elegance and conciseness,
The works that become all hours
The hour they no longer hear
Save the excellent –
In Delacroix' sight
Sketching horses,
Of his trade longest to learn
That asks the learning of the composer,
The occasions of the violinist –
Works that practiced
Strengthen twisted fingers
And that the unpracticed should not attempt
Before seeing a surgeon,
The bodies for whom without Bach
The fingers are not free.
To memorize, that love make the tone.*

This science of Mozart
Wreathing all instruments
So that timbre understands timbre
And each moves to all
Not to fear
Wonder . . .
Said the impalpable-palpable novelist –
Which fortune may deal on occasion
Those whose faculty
For (pious?) application
Is all and only
In their imagination
and sensibility.

Never fearing one
Who sees faster
Into a generalization
Than his knowledge of details
Extends, said his brother,
Laying a plane under all formulas
And enmities, where men
Meet, not paid to talk.
I grow sick hearing myself
Unable to stop.

False words helped the affliction.

But worse
That men out
Of the need of their nature
Should try not to exist
By blowing up ruins
Of the Warsaw ghetto,
Not beasts, a terror
Howling “Sub-humans!”
To have pursued the
Tortured in the ship *Exodus*

To DDT DP's
Scuttle their prison ship
With a justice that does not exist
In the world but sterilizes,
To become stiff as boards
With no chance of ever being thawed out
To lie with frozen snow-spattered
Horses for nothing
Icicles two inches long
Hanging from spectacles
In front of dead eyes,
Not fear to look
Like death warmed over,
To wolf crumbs
From a flying roll
Eat raw cabbages
Whole
Nothing human in common
After being lashed in common.
– Whoever speaks
Is ready
To help forward the affliction.
– It is not always easy
To separate myself
When I look
At my son's hand,
For all actions
Which passions determine
Are determined better
By a reason like love.
To raise the arm
Clench the fist,
Bring it down
With the force

Of the arm
Is a good joined
To an image of hate,
And desolate, is
Not love, it is blind.
We may see why desire
Roused by a passion
Is called blind by us.
Things that bear harmony –
– Did you sing
 prisoners
A song that may
Snarl you today
– That bear harmony,
The form of a song,
 equity,
Reflect no *yes*
That means *no*
If it sang then
It still sings.
No prison
No false dealing
Can wipe out the tone
Sounding a time.
Can love rouse a thing of the past
And not see it as present?
It is not easy
To exceed the circle
One's hand in it.
Fish that fly out of the ocean
Flying fish
 go back to it.
The song does not think
To say therefore I am,

Has not wit so forked.
Between the simple
And *therefore*
is a chasm.
Only our thought
Says, our cave
Was not simple
Dark once – a false leap,
That our clear art
Moved to diversity
Understands and
Depicts our lives better.
Hope says this
With cave in us sometimes
And art in others
With art in us sometimes
And cave in others –
As thought, extended,
As body, minded
With countless effects of
The same infinite
Not infinite
As affected by
One of us
Actual as he is
But only in so far
As it is affected
By another
As actual
And still another
And so on
To infinity –
This is history
– You say

You speak and sing
And that you dread
The abstraction?
— The song in the head?
Why should I dread
What outlasts
Snarled hope,
Is more than
Where no one is,
There where anyone is.
To those who flee battle
And those who hurry to battle,
Say love your hurt reason.
Lasheyes, says Paul
Meaning eyelashes —
But the language of
Diplomacy is such
I am never able
To verify it.
Shall we look at
Those who fear the uranium in the earth
Will be gone
Before man
Is exterminated,
Those who
At a command
Over the radio
At zero minus one minute
Fall prone on the ground
Eyes fixed there
The head away
From zero
Saying I'm sure
That at the end of the world

Pitiable Emperor of Ching
and Emperor Wu Ti of Han
Not wise enough.
So, too, Emperor Tai Tsung
of Tang and Emperor Kao Tsu
of Sung.
Genghis Khan strung only a bow
And shot arrows at vultures.
Gone.
To make sure of heroes
We must wait and look into
our time.

Military and Ideal:
The end of the known world —
That the ambassador and the “leader”
Each in his representations for his people
Must be secret.
Paul’s sense of the present is clearer.
— Does Lars come from Troy
Where all those men fell?
(He had misheard:
Troy for *Detroit*.)
Flaherty took it hard,
Called down for not
Making clear the social burden
Of the Aran Islanders
And tried to explain:
The burden of the horizon
Can be as heavy as any,
Its burden filmed thru the
Eyes of a child
Wailing, let me go!
Pablo the Ur-realist
Faced by his “Guernica”

And the Gestapo officer's hiss
"Did you do this!"
Said gently, you did.
Of the Igorots
Hoisted on top of tanks
To serve as the eyes
Of American drivers,
Said MacArthur:
Gentlemen – When you
Tell that story stand in tribute
To those gallant Igorots.
Of whom Gracie Allen –
"If he's not careful" –
The burden of the horizon
In the Altai Mountains
Of Siberia
During the last war
Under fifty feet of ice
A Russian scientist
Chopped thru, he
Uncovered a log stable
Bronze Age axes
And the well-preserved bodies
Of 10 horses
Saddled and bridled.
Where the round of sky
Awakes the eyelid
And where people gather
The world takes hold –
After being with them
We brush cobwebs aside
Even after hearing crickets
Enter our rooms
Chivvied by swarms of insects

And ask is it wrong
To tell our enemy
To give up his arms?
Wrong for him
To ask us?
If what rolls between
My eyelashes
Could receive all of the world
I should indeed
Be struck blind.
But: if a man's honest
Even *once* in his life,
He should be counted.
I don't care about
Power, but this care of *once*
After all is said
Gives me some eternity.
We live by presuming
Infinite nose —
No spoor is lost.
So record
Politics,
 Record
Labor.
— Marx's presumption?
— He wrote fugues
On a theme of Aristotle
 — His footnotes corroborate —
That boiled down simply,
From his body to other bodies
There's a natural use
And a use that's unnatural.

I'm talking you to sleep, my friend?

Consider the man
On the West Coast
Who read *Das Kapital*
For 25 years
Who when the law
Ordered the Communists
To profess,
Came into the open;
For all that
The FBI
Found no Party card
With his name
Or a pseudonym –
He had not understood
The law, the Party
Had in fact
Turned down an application
For membership.
– That’s what’s funny
About the law.
If the legal mind’s worth more
Than a tinker’s dam
Its interpretations grow powerless.
You remind me:
On one of my long walks
Out of Los Angeles
A dog followed my chaps,
For miles.
Maybe their oil-smell
Attracted him;
Four-lane highways
Did not stop him –
A mixed breed –
I couldn’t shoo him off.

I walked faster
Trying to keep a distance
Between us,
So the motorists
Wouldn't blame me for him.
I wouldn't touch him
When he caught up.
So he'd run ahead
And look back to make sure
I was following,
And wag his tail.
I couldn't hide from him
So I thought I'd better
Get off the highways,
And when I slowed up to cross
He was hit. But not hurt.
We stalled the traffic
Northbound and southbound.
Then I could not
Resist
Patting him.
Dope, I said,
Why did you do it?
You must be hungry
I'll feed you.
What's good for a dog
I asked at the diner.
"Hamburgers."
I ordered two huge ones
Well-done,
Do you know
When he saw them
He ran as tho
They were poison.

I never met
That dog again.

– Reincarnated?
An old friend, maybe
Free to run off
In his other life
Refusing
Obligations
That come
From being fed?
Shall we have some coffee?
Dutch, if you insist.

*I will hiss for them
And gather them;
For I have redeemed them:
They shall increase
As they have increased*

– Sheridan sat
In a tavern watching
Drury Lane that he had built
Blaze away –
Making almost a verse:
“May not a gentleman
Take a glass of wine
By his own fireside?”

*Consume, consume it
With its timbers
And its stones*

I was dreaming

I couldn't see.

Nothing.

When we dream that we speak
We think that we speak

Look, I said, Paul, Bowling Green
Is the same as when
I played George Washington
With a toy sword
That cost 10¢
Knee pants skimpy –
The bridge going up –
And took turns
Also acting both
Wolfe and Montcalm
All to myself –
The Baroque building
That curves with Broadway
Across from
The Customs House
Still standing,
All the streets
From the Battery to 14th
Filled as they were
All those from 14th
To 23rd the same
And Metropolitan Life's tower

– What's Orient Life?

The ships named
For kings and queens

Go out of the
World

So
Akhnaton
Moved
From his stomach
Towards the sun
Day and night

Fishy-wishy
Washy-whittle
Little soul
Hadrian's
Hailing itself,
What will
Become of you,
Roman?

*Abroad
As the four
Winds
Of the heaven*

Spread

A sleep
Coming on
As over Odysseus
And Penelope
Both
Before
Great

Archery

Almost seeing
Thru the sounds
 brewing
– Things happen, Paul,
 the strangest things,
You know who that
Pete Fanelli is
We saw yesterday
I, after twenty years –
He worked with
Victor the barber
Whom I used to
See unfailingly
Every two weeks
Because he
Didn't cut hair
He sculptured it

As the sea
The “Artemis”
A slender tree,
At her girdle

*I will engrave
The graving
Thereof
In winds,
With seas,
In arms of landscape*

– You've got to be careful in woods

If you're not careful, said Paul
Of tree swinging back,
You may on the path,
Going under it,

He might have continued
Omitting some articles
Except that he was
Getting around to

– Slip gerplump
On a stump.

I slipped.
He laughed: You were born to smoke cigarettes.
Wait till they find out
Where you took most of “your” poetry.
A letter, he said.
– Mine, give it to me.
– What does it say?

Dear L. N.

So your mother's dead. Today's
such a cool blue day the kind that
follows what we have all of life to
think about – – – Each writer writes
one long work whose beat he cannot
entirely be aware of. Recurrences
follow him, crib and drink from a
well that's his cadence – after
he's gone. What struck you, as
I think you meant, choppy in
“A,” 13 years or so back when
I tried hard for the fact,” I

reread sometimes to tie in with
what goes on now, and the “fact”
is not so hard-set as a paradigm.
I have to reread several times
to find out what I meant. Only
after a while, with no pen in hand,
does the “fact” I wanted come
back — a sort of perennial-annual.
What else can you tell me? I wish
you would so I may know.

Like the sea fishing
Constantly fishing
 Its own waters.

The continuity —
Its pulse.

Already a little ode:
How I had to ford
To Hungerford,
I can't afford
Another word.

*So no man
Lifted up his head*

For hell we launched
And trimmed the gear despite our tears.
The wind came aft.
We sat, steered, nothing to do.
Then the dark: a deep river — alien

To our world
where the

Camp Cooke, Calif.
January 27, 1951
12:00 P.T.

Dear Mr. Zukofsky,

Well the way it look know, is that I won't be home for a long time. We finist our basics training last week and now started our unite training. It is suppose to last 13 weeks. After that we will be ready for combat.

I don't know just what is up. Some of the guys say that we will be going to Germany and some say to Korea. But there's a job to be done. I just hope I can do my part. The way I feel is that I would rather be back home again. But I guess that's the way everybody think. I just hope by the time Paul grow up he won't be in it. Tommy has to register the end of this month. I guess they well let him finesh high school.

Well I guess that is all for now. Hope everything is OK. back in New York. Tell Paul I was asking for him.

As Ever
Jackie

UNITED STATES ARMY

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Zukofsky,

There isn't to much new here. We still are working hard. There was a rumor the first of the month that we all

were going to leave, but we are still here. They did take out 20 guy. From what I understand they are going to Korla. I guess I was lucky. But it's just a matter of time I guess before we all will be leaving.

I have K.P. tomorrow and I am trying to get all my letter writing done today. So please excuse my writing.

I am taking a couple USAFI courses in Plumbing. I don't know if it will help me, but I will now a little more. There are quite a few guys taking these courses. If I make out with the first course I am going to try to see if I can get a high school diploma. Thank you for the cookies you sent me. I got them the other day they were very good. It makes me feel good knowing that somebody else is thinking of me. I got a letter from Peter and he said that it was snowing back home. I guess it's pretty cold back home too. The weather is pretty good now. The temperature goes up to about 80 during the day, but it gets pretty cold at night. And right now I have a little cold.

Tell Paul, that I am all right and if God wills I will see him someday. Tell him, that we salute the flag the same way we salute the officers except when we are under arms then there are different ways of saluting.

As Ever

Jackie

Paul:

— With snowman falling down.
The sun disappeared with snow.

Delightful happiness with the snow.
With the sending of pictures to L.
Two little flowers –
Still more –
All the trees have turned red.

– where the Cimmerii live:
In cloud and fog no sun ever
Broke, or a star. Beached in pitch-dark;

Camp Fuchinobe, Japan
April 27, 1951

Hello Zukofsky

I don't know just what to say. So many things have happened in the last month, that I can't keep up with them. But I will start when we left camp. It was Friday, March 31, at 9 o'clock at night that we left. We boarded a train at the camp, that took us to San Francisco. We arrived there around 8 o'clock Saturday morning. At 10 o'clock we boarded the Breckinridge. The ship that took us to Japan. There was 2,700 GI. on it. After being on it for a week we cross the 180th. Meridian, commonly known as the International Dateline. Of course we were all initiated into the Royal Order of the Dragon-backs. You can guess what happens. Most of the guys lost all or most of their hair. I happened to be one of the first to go through and didn't lose much. I didn't get sea sick as I thought I would. The first day out I felt kind of funny, but after that I was alright. I think if I ever have to go into the service again, I will go into the Navy. The boys on our ship had it pretty easy.

Friday, April 13, we derk at the port of Yokohama 5,263 miles from San Francisco. We derk about 1 o'clock in the afternoon and stay on the ship until midnight. (What for don't now) After getting off the ship we had to wait for two hour untill our train came. It took us another two hours to get to the camp, wish is only 25 miles from Yokohama. So you can see how the railroad are in Japan. The only mean of transportation are bicycle, trains, and your feet, which they used quite abit. The shack are nothing but paper. I wouldn't want to live here all my life. The only thing I can say is "Thank God Ian an America" You don't realize how well off you are until you see how they live here.

The cost of living is very high around here, a haircut cost you 25¢. At the snack bar you can get a hamburger for 10¢. It's just like being home before the war. For entertainment on Sunday we go sightseeing and shopping tours, Monday they put on a show, Tuesday they have Japanese entertainment, Wednesday is bingo, Thursday they have a dance, Friday we have more Japanese entertainment, Saturday they have another dance, or you can play pool or ping pong. For other entertainment there is a bowling allay, theater, swimming pool, tennis court, baseball diamond, and the one everybody will attend when they get pay, the beer hall.

We are suppose to get paid this coming Monday. It just so happen that it's the first of May, and we are on the alert. From what I understand the Communists had a big time here last year, so they put us on the alert this year. All the guy are hoping that they do do something, so they can get a little exercise. You see this camp is only one mile square,

and it only hold a battalion, which I am in. There is no place to train, so since we got here, we haven't done a thing. From what I understand we will be leaving this camp the 8 or 9 of next month. We are suppose to go somewhere up in the mountain to finish our training. We are all hoping that when we finish our training that we come back here. Then we would have it made. But then again the Army doesn't work that way. The day we left the camp the mail man came up to me and ask me if I wanted the job. So what could I say, but yes. The job isn't to bad. One reason I took it was that I didn't have to pull KP. or Guard Duty.

Well Mr Zukofsky, don't know of anything more I can say. It look like I ran out of word. Tell Paul I was asking for him and hope he is alright. I hope you folks are to.

As Ever

Jackie

Camp McNair, Japan
June 14, 1951

Dear Zukofsky,

I am very sorry I didn't write before this. But I am so far behind in writing to everyone, that it isn't funny. Please for give me.

Well there isn't to much to say. We stay at Camp Fuchinobe for a month and then we went by truck to Camp McNair. When we were at Fuchinobe why, I went to Yokohama. It was quite a ride You have to change trains about six times. It was very interesting. You should see the thing they have for

sale. I think everyone in this country know how to paint. There are three or four guy around here every week painting pictures. And they do a good job.

On the way to Camp McNair the land look beautiful. The first big hill we went over we could see Mount Fuji and didn't it look beautiful. It took us five hour to get to the camp. When we got there, there was a sign at the gate which said in Japanses. (This is hell) You can believe that. You couldn't walk anywhere with out getting all mad. It isn't to bad now, I guess we got here after it had rain for a couple of day. The Camp is right at the base of Mount Fuji. I think the mountain has something to do with the weather.

Well I guess it won't be long before you will be going to —. I hope you have a nice summer there. Tell Paul was asking about him. Well I guess this is it for now. Hope everything is alright. I haven't gone to Tokyo yet. But if there is anything else you want let me know. Be good.

A Poor Pay *Pfc.*

followed
The shore to wet hell

Camp McNair, Japan
July 1, 1951

Dear Zukofsky

I received you letter last night and you glad to here from you. It must be nice to get out of the city. Ian glad that dad got somebody to do the work for you.

Ian still company mail clerk as of now. No telling what could happen. We got alot of replacement in last week. So now I have to make a report on all of them. Beside that, this is the week we get pay and I'll be quite busey.

I'll tell you, just send me anything. I could use some 616 film. You can't get any here. But there is one little you could send me if you want, and that is a discharge. Ha, ha, ha.

Well I guess this is it for now. I hope every thing is alright. Tell Paul I was asking for him. Be good.

A Poor Pay Pfc.
As Ever
Jackie

AMERICAN RED CROSS

Dear Zukofsky,

I sorry I didn't write before this but with moving and then the first of the month coming up so soon I didn't have much time.

I want to thank you for the candy you sent me. I got it just when I needed it. The food lately hasn't been to good but I guess that the way the Army feed.

Right now we are on a ship heading down the coast of Japan. We are to make a landing tomorrow morning. The way it look now the war will be over pretty soon. I hope so!

Tell me how is Paul doing this summer. I suppose he is alway playing with Peter. If you should see Peter one of these day ask him how the Red Sox are doing.

You better have a bat with you when you ask him.
Well I guess this is it for now. I hope everyone is well.

As Ever

Jack

Jackie, American, Poor Pay Pfc, Roman Catholic
Eyes azure
First seen in marsh thru cattails –
Surprised when I addressed him as Mister.
Trust and honor.
And paid our respects in hell:
Forgetting none,
Praying over and over
Vowing that home –
Crowds from below,

G.S. as an old woman spoke to GI's:
(– It is natural to speak of one's roof
Between four walls, under a roof,
And here was a whole city
Spread without a roof)
You will be flattered to death,
to death
Because
You will have to fight again.
(*One of them*)
– After all we are on top.
– Is there any spot on earth
More dangerous than on top?
And there it all was.
South Ferry almost erased
By the wind in the slip.

Horse ran there.
Desire.

Pig-snout belch,
 Sea,
If a lamb
Achieves status of tragedy
As scapegoat,
Why not a swine?

– What does it say, asked Paul.
– You can read, can't you?
– Are you angry?
I don't want you to be –

Speak, if you hear

The hidden so disposes imagination
Has not the power it has when awake –
We or Russia, Iran,
China, India, Israel,
Or all together
Will have let it ride
 with the tide.

The next war setting
A bad baked cake in this.
Ache of an old aunt
Who hurt all over.
Things sleepwalkers do.

A bastard in Ashdod
Feeble shall be as David
That day,
Angel
Four trombones and the organ

Then what the mind sees
 the eyes see;
If the seeds bear,
Like-perceptions shape, love the breathed air.

A man with a tape measure –
Nay, you must name his name:
The latest lives again, a
Child,
Once the circle is closed
It becomes very small
 and very great,
A chance word
 another song
 of
 endless song,
Fern – fruit dot – sorus,
 Sora.

Touched a wall of washed
Stones by the dock
Where a wood sang once.
Midsummer's thorns and a lantern,
A dancing lamp at night on a face
 buried history.
Wind carried larch to ridge.
Patience.
Truest horse.

– it says –
May I read your letter?
“crib and drink from
a well that's his
cadence – after he's

gone . . . What else
can you tell me?
. . . so I may know.”
A voiced look gone
– It means, Paul,
If a man sees a thing
 when alone
He goes right away
To look for someone
To show it
So he may hear
More and more of it.
– You see, that’s why
I don’t want any of us
 to sleep late.

(Knavery)

When I was angry I
Knew a green leaf
About to fade,
Like Kaikobad –

When you were three
I gave you your coat –
 A serious jest –
And told you to go
If you could not live
 with us quietly.
You shed tears
Of Zal before the Simurgh:
Are you tired of me
Don’t want me
In your house

Anymore?

So with his hand
Touched
The “Tick-Tack Uhr”
Midsummer’s dream
A night’s munificence
That Iran
Had brought Germany.

– Look, Paul, where
The sawhorses of “A” - 7
Have brought me.

*In the eighth month
In the second year of Darius
I saw by night –*

Thru running manes of Leaves of Grass
In their first printer’s shop,
The house it was in still stands
On Cranberry Street
That I walk nights
I go to teach
In the Eagle building, of old
Brooklyn, freighted with the lost
Years and winds of Whitman’s editorials –
The mind acts certain
Things and suffers others
Acts before it explains why
Often centuries before

*A red horse
Among myrtle,*

*Behind him
Red horses,
Speckled, and white*

*– O my lord
What are these*

*– They walk
To and fro
Thru the earth –
We have
Walked
To and fro
And the earth
Is quiet,
Be quiet, flesh
Isn't this
A brand
Plucked out
Of the fire?
Clothe,
Have
Places to
Walk,
Bring forth
My servant
The BRANCH,
See the stone
Laid –
On a stone
Seven eyes –
Call each man
Under the vine
And under the fig.*

*Talked with me,
Waked me.
I saw
The first chariot,
Red horses –
The second,
Black –
The third,
White –
The fourth,
Grizzled and bay.
– What are these?
– The black go
North,
The white
After,
The grizzled
South.
The bay
Go on
Thru the earth.*

*Crying to me,
– See
These go north
And quiet me.
When
 the eyes
 have seen
To everyone grass in the field
My staff, even Beauty
Shall say, I am no prophet.
HOLINESS*

Upon the bells of horses

In that day

– Look, Paul, the small arrowroot
Has rabbit ears.

– Why?

High inthehighest
I was unhappy – I've forgotten it.

The fire roared, quieted to light.

Blest
Infinite things
So many
Which confuse imagination
Thru its weakness,
To the ear
Noises.
Or harmony
Delights
Men to madness –
To say the planets
Whirl and make harmony –
That they take for things
Modifications of
Imagination:

Where before,
If all things passed
From the world
Time and space

Were left,
They would now
Disappear
With the things —

It's pleasant
And understandable
That all but a fiddler
Have said "enough."

The mind turns to the body
As object:
A mode that occupies
Is actual and nothing else.
There then
Are simple bodies
Marked out mutually
As moving or still
Swift or slow.

No one
So far
Knows
What a body
Can do
Or can make
It
Of texture
Or
Tick-tack uhr —

From a body's nature
From nature

Under whatever
Attribute
Follow
Infinite things:

Thought
Not image
Or word,

Tongues
That fail quiet,
Desires
That may order,

And what
Men desire
With such love
Nothing can
Remove
From their minds.

None then is free,
We say
With Ovid —
He's iron
Who picks up
What another
Lover
Forsakes.

Hate
When loved
Becomes

Love,
But it's true
No one
Wants
To be sick
To get well.
The way
Things are,
Quiet
Is happier
Than most words.

Let the caustic
Say, "Ass,"
The theologian
Rail,
And the sorry
Praise the rude
Barbarous
Life,
Despise men,
Admire brutes —
If men see
Common ground
How much better
To regard them
Than brutes.

The idea
Is not
In the mind
That can cut off
Our bodies.
To perceive a winged horse

Affirms wings on a horse,
They stay
Unless another idea
With the body as object
Removes wings from a horse
From the reason.

When men count
They do not err
In their minds.
No one desires
To be blest –
To act well
Or live well –
Who will
Not desire
To exist.

This is virtue
The more so
All have it.

Repentance
Twice unhappy,
Pitiable,
Pitiful

But for
The wish
To show
A hurt
Has not yet
Rotted,

That lovers
Bear not
From the misjudged
And the misjudging
Mind alone,
But a marriage
Of things to
 peace.

Ardent

good

Nicomachus, the physician, had a son
Aristotle who had a son Nicomachus –
Aristotle's son? Without him no Mean
Golden or safe wrapped or rapped in the loquacious?
He'd heard Wisdom say foolish things and caught
Its sense, grew plants, fled lest Athens swim twice
Against philosophy from vague feeling
To a bad heart, from wish-bone to no sense –
Lectured walking. Spoke for himself to his son?
We pardon more easily natural desires –
Anger rather than bad taste. Take for instance,
The man who defended striking his father –
Saying, My father also struck his father,
Grandfather his father – and pointed to
His child – And he'll strike me as soon as he
Grows up, it runs in the family. Or
The man who dragged on the floor by his son
Asked him to stop at the door for he himself
Had dragged his father that far and no more.
When love laughs that carefully it has eyes
And Authority has a nose of wax.

The lover of myth loves wisdom: both wonder.
Tents pick up, hoplites charge, Horae dispose.
The wise man lacking detail *knows* at that
And while we must begin with what is known
Things are known in two ways, some to us, some
We say, are known without qualification:
So a certain nature is simple and
Loved, all other things moved to it are moved,
So art that has cannot have more or less,
 As a house loves the ground, is like the man
 Who owns it, it is itself and is his,
 Has a floor and warms, no cellar to flood,
 No attic to stifle the air it breathes,
 It does not leave off making space,
 Its building is an agreeable habit.
Making friends from self-probing, quite lonely
Until we know love is loyal to one person,
Happiness is not present at the start
Like a piece of property and is only
Accidentally concerned with the good
Of the artist – failing he must blame himself –
He wants impossible liveforever
While justice is to persons as well as to things.
Nothing is better for being eternal
Or more white than white that dies of a day.
To be is better than not to be. To
Live –

Celia.

Over coffee.

The lover of wisdom

Does not ask her love
To release her again
To pleasures and pains.
Weaving,
A fiddle.

Evenings
Or after midnight
Our own and the world's
Recurrences
The untrammelled
Breath one cannot
Wish to stop.
I do not say this to you
Yet you hear me.
Our restlessness is for what things — any
We are and are not — that rule us.
We are as you have said
Lucky.
For you I need not write this
Or write anything,
My time runs me
When I write only for you
Whatever
Is around me.
Literature, you remark
Is in a way another's account
Which if I can afford to carry
May add up as my own.
What culture there is, I chime in, is light
From a persistent fire twitching
Reflections of our momentary flames.
My poetics has old ochre in it
On walls of a civilized cave,

Eyes trapped in time, hears foam over horses,
All of a style, surge
Over six thousand years
Not one of their mouths worrying a bit.
Today no bit to worry.
Paul's "Robin" is in the white frame –
Red crayon redder than the red paper it is on.
Today he insists it is "A Ship"
Not a robin –
A caravel whose high poop
Was the robin's breast.
Three hours away
In the country
Our American blue block-print
On white-duck curtains
Of ships and Seminoles
Hang at the windows,
Recut
So often for the windows
Or different places we have lived in
Cut and pieced once for a bed
Cut and the spare
Pieces laid aside
To be used again,
We begin early
And go on with a theme
Hanging and draping
The same texture.
On the third floor
Of our Brooklyn brownstone
Is my fetish for building,
A collage:
"Duncan Phyfe's house, workshop and store" –
After an old engraving –

Is the lower half of the picture;
Above, right, a postcard
Of Chardin's *House of Cards*
In colors
As suspended as the original.
To its left a doodling
On a scrap of white paper
The lower half pasted
Opposite the high gable
Of Phye's house;
From its attic window
Leans a little man
Intended to look maybe from brick wall
Towards sky
Looking maybe – if I've managed –
Out of the engraving,
Up, into a black space
Between the Chardin and the doodling –
Both building like the Phye buildings under –
Where Paul and other children
Crowding their answers
On their question
As to what is this scribbling
Have seen a sea of boats
Repeating spars and the like
But not four words
In small scrawl
"So's your old man,"
Not my writing.
The rest I heard I did
Over a coffee
In a diner
After midnight
Thinking to the prelude

of the Third Partita.
The little man
Looking maybe into black
 construction paper
On which all three parts
 of this collage are pasted
And that extends its ¼-inch border
To a wood frame.
The whole preserved under a glass
About the size of a sheet
Of manuscript paper:
A realizable desire
Of a genius
In the branch of a tree,
A thought the same as the bough.
“Completely,” said Paul
“The sun all thru
December.”

A valentine for our genius
Celia –
No false pride –
Merely our tutelary spirit:

The world had better be thrifty
I am approaching fifty
And how many years more than thirty
Are you – almost forty?

Not for a haughty mask
Not in dirty hands
Not with shifty eyes
We are nearly

Forty
And fifty.

The kid is proof of that.
You tell him of the Thinkfast School
– Better fast if it's thinking at all,
Three marigolds last thru fall
Dwarf autumn marigolds
Around the sunset of one petunia in the garden –
How thin you look,
No one says,
You've been suffering from poetry
Again, Li Po.

The house is almost warm.
Let us begin with the alchemist and his Little World.
You say such lovely things

– Whole days fritter away in solitude
With water as the running base.

The water private bee, says Ovid –
Cleaning: the deep knee bend –
And *as when a conduite pipe is crackt*.
There must be some honor in puzzles and philately,
Working with Paul
Inasmuch as there is rest.
The phone rings

– A legitimate exchange of ignorance

It rings again

– That was Mr. Fine
Telling me how fine he is.

P.Z. is reading about Ben Franklin
Who foresaw a chutists invasion.

— It was such a muggy day
The carpenter was ready to paint.
The laundry man said
He heard over TV
A layer of cold air
From Canada
Was rolling our way.
I felt like asking
Were they going to show it.

I am he that meets the year — Ovid —
A song —
An interest in remaining alive
Who more than Paul's titles
For drawings in this vein

Suddenly A Fire
Oil blacks
Long Without You
O Pad Fire
Putting Out The Fires In The Old Days
Some Posts Have Been Going Down
Steps Going Up The Apartment House
West East In The Old Days
Paul Lying Down Scribbling
A Harpsichord
Long Long Ago When It Was Raining
When Bach Lived

.You

– Two tables for the price of none

Notes:
Interest –
An exchange
Of two
 birds' notes.

You were pleased
When the Reverend
Left his notebook
As you noticed
The spelling:
Merditations.

All that follows you here
You may see as
 my object
And your record.

Notes of things
That may please you

Rocks and robbers,
Said Byron's valet of Greece.

I clear my desk of clippings

Madam Geschwind
At the marine spittoon

Files and head
Of twenty years notes
To make life easier to
 handle

*Ibsen scrimped
On postage*

Enough for a book

*Whatever happens we have got
The Maxim gun and they have not*

Must I work on them

Passed by for what better
Few words,
Nodding to others,
And so unlittered
Of impingements

Not worth saving

Changeful persons sought us
Is explanation all that
Friends want

As trace
Of my object

A sege of herons
A spring of teals
A bevy of quails
A gaggle of geese
A covert of coots
A congregation of plovers
A wisp of snipe
A covey of partridges
A fall of woodcocks
A murmuration of starlings

A charm of goldfinches
A watch of nightingales
An exaltation of larks

*The author's purpose is to paint and set before
our eyes*

*The lively image of the thought that in our
stomaches ryse.*

And yet that does not convey all of a feast of birds,
Tho it may the spell of the poet's *broken ribbes of
ships upon the shore.*

What now avayles
My Spinoza I take so often
to the country,
Falling apart, becoming
A descant on the Shakespeare –
Both extolled Ovid
“The Poet.”

A poet is never idle,
My one reader
Who types me,
But I *am* one of your chores.
Poe to his printer:
You receive all
the profits
and allow me
twenty copies
for friends.

On the reverse
Of this sheet
Paul's first cursive

*owing account to myself alone
of my hours*

Lines – a child's crying face
Smile leading tears to a light.
Of age what wine
To search out their order
Such they may say
Set tears in place –

River, since a song does not turn back
to speak to
Everyone of its order, but will run on
In the words after the sun on
The singer stops shining

Discarded with other tries:

this

and all after death
to kiss
it.

Since the past is a wall
between two windows
one who does not lean out
no longer sees

A redness mixed with white

But if no one be there to present wall,
Of these same flowers to please her boy my sister
gathered some
And I had thought to do so too for I was
thither cum

Notes:

Roger Bacon's *Six Causes of Teaching Ignorance*:

Unsound Authority

The Over-Academic

Lack of Willingness to say *I do not know*

Saying *I know*

Pretense to Wisdom

Fear of, and Catering to the Crowd.

“Adversaries have
called me a constructor,
an engineer, an architect,
a mathematician –
not to flatter me –
knowing my *Verklaerte Nacht*
and *Gurre-Lieder*,
tho some people
like these works because
of their emotionality;
called my music dry
and denied me spontaneity,
pretended that I offered the
products of a brain, not of
a heart.

I have often wondered
why (Beethoven) called himself
brain-owner, when the
possession of a brain
spells a danger to
the naivete of an artist
for many pseudo-historians?”

It is honest history to admit *this possession*

And not fatal
Except to the conceit
 of the dull corpus.
Honest to remember that Bartok of another mind,
Like Schönberg, did not acquiesce quietly
That is, stay with his day's Germans.

Nor that other naif –
No clock in his room, but
One at every point in space.
What speed has sound? Why
I don't know. I don't weigh down
My memory with facts I can find in a text.

– Protean but constant, said the Italian
We are a nation of 90 millions.
– But the population of Italy is 45 million
– Si, si, 45 million that remember Muss
 and 45 million that don't.

The camera
Shows the reaction
Of a hand to a burning
Cigarette, 26/100
Of a second passes
Before it is pulled
Away

The last and highest triumph of history would, to his
mind, be the bringing of Russia into the Atlantic
combine, and the just and fair allotment of
the whole world among the regulated activities of
the universe. At the rate of unification since

1840, this end should be possible within another sixty years; and, in foresight of that point, Adams could already finish – provisionally – his chart of international unity; but, for the moment (1903) the gravest doubts and ignorance covered the whole field.

*And nothing may compare with years in swiftness
of their pace*

Notes:

To me quite moving

Klee, I guess, 1924:

His *objects of line, tone, color*

Equal the *special character* of their *style* –

Said before, of course,

And has been said later,

But for me as by a friend

Who's constant, it goes on –

Now the artist places

More value on the powers

That form

Than the final forms –

On the power-house of all time and space,

Call it brain or heart

Which drives every function.

(Stringed an Egyptian necklace.)

(Sam Butler) he did not see that the education
cost the children far more than it cost him,
inasmuch as it cost them the power of earning
their living easily

For all that untrained eyes

Have missed Weston's joy
Of finding things
Already composed:
After the first print has been made
The thrill's over —
That reveals as it
Makes the portrait
Or portrays the rock

I don't seem to read books any more
Tho I suppose actually
I read them all the time.
I don't read the newspapers
Tho once a week I seem to spend a day on them —
As I did today —
You ask
— What's in this envelop?

These are some things I wanted
To get into a poem,
Some unfinished work
I may never finish,
Some that will never be used anywhere
You don't have to type —
That'll be nice
You won't have to type —
Much of it in pencil — blurred — other
 notes written over it
I can't read back thru the years —
Is is worth jotting down
In ink, as sometime
I may be sorry
When the sense is entirely destroyed.

Perhaps an unwarranted loneliness
 prompts me to it
For not much in it interests me now
If it can't be turned into poetry.

This does not belong with these –
Could have gone into *A Test of Poetry* –
Written when Shakespeare was twenty or so
By one John Soowthern or Soothern –
A poor, I think, text
A bit arranged by me:

 It is after our deaths, a thing manifest,
 We both go to hell, and suffer hellish pains,
 You, for your rigor, I, for my thoughts haultaines,
 That attempt to love a Goddess so Celest.
 But as for me I shall be little afflicted,
 Tis you (my warrior) that must have the torment:
 For I but in seeing you am content.
 You, with me, I'll bless the place so much detested
 And my soul that is raved with your fair eyes,
 In the midst of hell, will establish a skies'
 Making my bright day in the eternal night.
 And when all the damned else are in annoy
 I'll smile in that glory seeing you my joy,
 And being once there go not out of your sight.

Notes for different plays
I'd have done in my twenties
At the slightest encouragement –
Since I suppose worked out
By the legitimate stage.

 A girl says, "Are you sick,
 Why aren't you eating
 This terribly delicious chow mein?"

Her courtly Chinese friend
As he watches
Her American appetite
Drinks tea from a cup
The restaurateur has reserved.
“In it’s the scent,” he says
“That no washing retains –
No, I’m all right.”

For another play: an inner stage for film,
A book stalks the proscenium,
Elevators hum in the wings,
Greek chorus
Rides Toonerville trolley.

Another: antedating our true-life Italian film.
A boy of four,
Manhattan 40 years ago,
Felicia, a young mother
Among other poor characters
When metal sinks had pumps,
Three flights of stairs down to
A sort of barracks of johns.

Lights Festival: a musicale
(Legs of chorus watering
a cardboard of evening skyscrapers.)

The Windows: the drama of a textile plant –
workers betting on corpses – action opposite
a bookstore, in part a chapel.

A theatre that for atmosphere
Smells like water at the bottom of
A swimming pool
(Too expensive to produce?)
Lines for a play?
How tell her
On a night after such lightness

He held her reflection without
An envelop. (That is all I make of it,
Celia.)

A setting, with pencil sketch,
Refuse pipes tower above roofs,
Queensboro Bridge lighted above a row of
Low blacked out riverfront houses.

Two operas:
The Ghost Dance (Wovoka),
Ovid's *Metamorphoses*
That would sing Golding.

A historical drama: *Edward VIII*
(The radio addresses of Edward and George,
Kent, Edward cheated of Marina?)
Curiously no Briton has handled it,
How far have we moved from drama
and Shakespeare's Cranmer:
"Good grows with her
Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven."

A spy story: *The Lifesaver Antenna*.
He rolled the thing which seemed
nothing more than a steering wheel
removed forcibly from an automobile.
The device in it had revealed
intelligence to the enemy.

Two novels:
The Little Girl: Her presence, 12, was destroying
whatever friendship I had left for her father. She

paid court to me as his enemy. *Fleur, lys, baume* – the effect on her of his singing for me these words of Machault might well have been “bombs.” She interrupted, reading aloud as it were her lesson: “In the twilight of the eleventh inning as Slaughter crosses the plate an extraordinary crowd of 34,000 went wild and cushions came sailing from every section onto the field or among spectators in lower-sections. The cushion-throwing continued for ten minutes despite frantic appeals over the public address system.”

That People the Sunbeams:

Pace: a “Western,” William S. Hart’s *Tumbleweeds*.

Frontiersmen and a European family.

The design: a drive of the nature of things appearing in succession as ground, motion, and a manifold perception of the former; as over an abstract plane a shrug saving existence.

Hangars of piers, airy, caged, parallel, while an eardrum holds quiet. A man’s eyes rest sometimes where a wall meets a floor, or he stops in the sphere of a thought.

Suddenly a chair is handed across a room, other rooms remembered by the bottles in them, wires spring, a bridge fills, a height would seem to move perceptibly.

Levels sway with handicraft for travel.

A struggle is a dense point, a black spot where lips might tighten, then a shriek from a flat screen. A hand senses as never before the telephone receiver, a body similarly what it means upstairs. Many twigs front a look. As to the thighs, it’s the moon, its quarter, if the dress

is not a *lettre de cachet*. The dress should have nothing to do with it. So many cultures lost and it is the earth which is irrigated. A clothesline drips on the chair in the garden and a sprinkler bathes in the country for a town its produce. She looks around, whatever strain relieved at the sides of her head, allowing her to see him as they precede arm in arm gay motes that people the sunbeams.

Stories: *It Was* – “the country of Watteau.”
Rutgers St. (near Cherry St.,
Geo. Washington’s days) Two
past-marriageable girls, their
shop, ships, whistles, the bridge,
old mother, America the gilt
country, basement, Friday’s
candlestick, pier mirror.

The Hounds: Colebrook furnace, 17c.
an early iron master, a despot
over his community and his dogs.

A Life of William Byrd

About Some Americans: “more Colden,” Clarence
King,
Judge B. Stallo; J. K. Ingalls (*Work and Wealth*, 1878
also *Social Wealth*, 1885, That I have been unable
‘to complete the science of economics’ should not
be a matter of surprise, since no true science is

ever completed. Natural capital – the land and the labor. There is in nature no other source of increase); *How Jefferson Used Words; A History of American Design; Graph: Of Culture*

Anybody's welcome to it.
Take: a raft of stuff.

“there always along by the side these dramaturgic life-histories and underlying them, an obscure system of generalizations in terms of matter-of-fact (obscure only in so far as it is less picturesque”)

Veblen – or Vico:
An age of gods, alien to abstraction, buried in matter
An age of heroes, the divine in tatters
An age of men, tongues practical and scientific

My idea
 the pyramid contains
 the seed
 the dead King
 the star
 drawn to its apex.

Why bother more. Give some thoughts to a performance
Of your *Pericles*, Celia.
P. Z. at 2½
Keeping time with a strand of chicken bone.
To begin a song
If it is not there
Forget.

As *The Changes* sing,
The men of Phrygia built
The walls of Troy
And were refused wages.

Why write an essay
Saying Bach took from the folk
Their church for a calculus,
And Mozart from the folk
Their stage for his calculus,
And some of us
Folk as we are from
Two wars what calculus.

Everyone
Will explain to us
How to do
The wrong things
The right way

I've finished 12 "books,"
So to speak,
Of 24 —

A kind of childlike
Play this division
Into 24,
Enough perhaps for
12 books in this one
All done in a summer
After a gathering of 12 summers.

Aristarchus didn't
Punctuate Homer,
But Gerhardi we read young

“worked for Sir Hugo (of Vladivostok fame)
a lover of staff work . . . besides many
ordinary files he had some special files . . .
or he would write a report . . . once . . .
a very exhaustive report on the local
situation . . . after much thought inserted
a number of additional commas, read it
through once again solely from the point
of view of punctuation, most particular
about full stops, commas and semicolons . . .
very fond of colons – by way of being more
pointed and incisive, by way of proving
that the universe was one chain of causes
and effects”

Item for *A Test of Poetry*,
Elizabeth's *Princess of Espinoy*

Sonnet

When the warrior Phoebus goeth to make his
round
With a painful course to tow her Hemisphere
A dark shadow, a great horror, and a fear,
In I know not what clouds environ the ground.
And even so for Pinoy, that fair virtuous Lady,
Although Jupiter have in this orison
Made a star of her in the Adrian crown,
Mourns; dolour and grief accompany our body.
O Atropos, thou has done a work perverst
And as a bird that hath lost both young and nest
About the place where it was makes many a turn,
Even so doth Cupid, that infant god of amor,
Fly about the tomb where she lies all in dolour,
Weeping for her lies, wherein he may sojourn.

a queen in Bucks County
pulls on her glove to show her gold ring,
tomorrow, tomorrow the wedding will begin

– Still awake, still pottering?
– What, goddess?

– This is your house,
Your wife's here
And your boy.

water, water, white flower growing up so high
white white flower she

– So long as sleep comes in the night, Penelope said.

A thunder from the warehouses
Storying produce

Ancient thunder at the mill
Millstones grinding
Barley and wheat
The marrow of men's bodies.

Thinking's the lowest rung
No one'll believe I feel this.
We talk so late
Let us go to sleep.

When Paul tunes his fiddle
The piano needs tuning
He says "I was right,
The note was right

As I played it the first time,”
You say “his ear
Is better than mine” –
That is love.

Living, you love
So I love
With the dead
In me
Thru wet and dry
For the living

– Tell me

– Tell *you*

Tell me of that man who got around
After sacred Troy fell,
He knew men and cities
His heart riled in the sea
As he strove for himself his and friends:
He did not save them.
Tell us about it, my Light,
Start where you please.

It's so simple,
Telemachos rose from his bed
And dressed

Blest
Ardent
Celia
 unhurt and
Happy.

13

partita

What do you want to know
What do you want to do,
In a trice me the gist us;

Don't believe things turn untrue
A sea becomes teacher;
When the son takes his wife

Follows his genius,
Found in search
Come out of mysteries.

The husband who fights—
Doctors don't heal;
Watch out

Marriage is fast, wit
Less than fate
Look to love.

She'll have a son
And he honor, her heart desires
You let

Her correct you,
No one will hurt if
You can't count zeros.

Think of yourself, but honestly
The happiness to come
Delays his return.

A daughter has her mother's virtues
Everybody has enemies
The sick want company

Inheritances are not worth the hope
Losses recoup unexpected
The conqueror becomes powerless

Don't bet. Don't suppose,
Prove the foreigner;
Don't be touchy

You'll travel by sea
And land and air now
Justice doesn't see

To hear coins—
The paroled
Forgets his prison quickly.

Look at sky after
You cross your threshold,
Arrange your house before

You go, come back and find
The toys you had at one, two,
Three, four are

Dustless so that in littlest
Turns their great Creation, but not with
Your desire to be complete.

Meant to be seasonal;
Red pipecleaner velvet wired to
Valentine head with gold heart

Pledged you, the gift shop summer
Chip of night enamel horse.
Tiniest brass lock a little girl

Played with in her earliest
Fall, Japanese miniature guardians of
Home primary colored carved

Man and wife watch; music box
Coffee grinder handle loose in
Its child faery German scene.

For granite, the Egyptian
Hippopotamus; for days on days snow, tinsel
Spangled pincushion, pink

Flax basket stranded to yellow
Starred crosshatch by the ship
Sailing in a sealed bottle,

A paper weight a white bear
On a piece of rock, glass earrings
In the black snuff box

That was your father's mother's
Heirloom, its mate grandfather's
Walnut box with inlaid mother-of-pearl lid

One corner knifed near the wood hinge
As fleeing the Fire in silk white
Bonaparte's grenadier wished plunder in it

It did not have.
That that world was bitter
Was world—

The grace of a madhouse—courtesy, *Thanks*
for passover delicacies
specially the black bambino

*(bambini plural) Aint tasted
that kind of ADMired chocolate
for 40 years—*

Candy nigger babies and the beast Apartheider
Hind-dependence of gold dust Africa
On slaviest business, free root's old pest,

Not Nick in Ike nor Ike in Niké
Could Rhyme *love dove*—tale the
Stall in crew's chief, earth and

Daughter, please tell the clergyman
Your old man doesn't want any prayer
He has nothing to ask of *Him*.

I won't say that 'the world'
Grows more attaching—
The universe simply does;

The luxury, the magnificent waste
Of thought fed, fed, consecrated
Impingements on things, boundlessly

Personal relations (my own)
Their interminable numbers
Hope may well break before,

As I look at you today
And the trouble is
I am immortal facing

Four thousand eight hundred solar cells
Of four paddle wheels orbiting
Only one hundred sixty thousand years

To come down, burn up in
The earth's atmosphere somewhere around
Several hundred thousand miles "altitude" —

And this whole mountain of continent under
Iced Antarctica. Weed
Wandering jew growing

In two fingers of water in
Desk inkwell—a good thrust
For Bach's partita.

“Not fifty million miles to the sun?”
“Fifty thousand—enough?” Night, and
There is day,

And night is night
Day is day; that to this round
The missile from the fissile be weeded

Petulance envious of
A defense that collects junk
Sense a distaste among foes.

Offer as instrument
Avoid their rules like a disease
Don't bring on the judges

The Lame God's tripods
Themselves run to the Gods
Sings Who Wedded The Song

As shuttle weaves
Straightway plectrum pinks
Where is

The hirer
Where the help.
Not old at thirty

To rear the monument
Of your own fame on the slob—
If your children forget

Your love is not unregarded—
What is cold in the grave?
To rely solely on friendship

Is sad do not tax what holds
Back, branching from the wretched old
Expect bark to mix

Any color every sun
The second provides for itself.
Shave for a penny—ТНОТН.

Then politics hardly
Affect your fortune
Thieves do not rob

Health from old shoes
Parsimony does not beef
Poor faces, surety of

The high rope in the
Hinge of the knee
The farthest courses of the tent

Call you rich;
Wed—when wed
The generations be courteous.

Lost in the brakes sick
Tigers, a door sign
Mangling done here

To recover
Your coat don't
Lose your shirt, don't kick down

The ladder you stepped up
Your image in the eyes of
Her love, do not tell her

Your story by halves
He cabbages books
She twists the needle

These love and don't sleep.
The pleasure of reduced
Comfort are you sure

It was stolen, a silent corner
Not the worse for being
Twice searched.

Live to a great age
Each led—let each
Yield a little time

To the persuasive song
Of which each part
Must end;

Vicissitudes are so few
The old tree's talk
Brings small apes to the sapling.

Best teacher slight himself
Until his lightness becomes praise, the work
An exercise in time off

The stranger yourself comes unexpected
No stranger, the world's fool
Most happy.

Until the lightness be precise
Heraclitus over the kitchen fire—
“Come in, there are Gods here too

Don't be a stranger at the threshold”—
Parts of animals
The must of an ever

The infant laughing to its parent
Theory starts with that which is
Nature and art with what is to be—

Things that stay, and a taking off;
Breath by its passage breaks open
The nostrils' outlets.

Germ of each nature,
But its soul's end the animal's
Like the animal in a fable

Turned to stone, so scales
Feet, feathers
Used alike. Sponges

Virtually plants and
Not much more. Nature
Sorts from unbreathing things

To animals in unbroken sequence
Interposing life scarcely
Animal, jellyfish, sea-lungs

Their lives simply
Plants separated
From the ground

A tailsting
Nature gives it
To insects of fierce

Disposition—
To no others.
Hind legs of grasshoppers

Tho never the front seem to remember
The two long stem oars
By which a ship is steered.

To close their eyes
Some great birds
Crocodiles and frogs

Raise only their lower lid
A roll of skin
And as it contains

No flesh, like the prepuce
It does not unite
When cut.

The elephant clasps with
Nostril as a hand,
In water as with a diver's bell

A small bird has nothing fairly called
A nose, a beak for jaws,
Head and neck

Little, breastbone
Narrowed. An ox—horns of
Such length—he must

Walk backward to graze.
Brain is the cause of sleep
Why drowsy persons

Hang the head.
Flesh the organ of touch;
The animal becomes a plant

Its upper parts
Downward, its lower
Above.

All blooded animals
Have hearts
Origin and fountain;

Cut from Parnassus sedum
Which hung from rafters
Lives a considerable time.

Architecture—
Bricks, painting, timber etc—
But start and end: a house.

Man moved by his expectations
A beating heart
Not quite explained by the lung

His innocence his blood is water, his
Tears salt, his seed like the
Cells of seaweed, his

Bones the matter of coral
So that his God
Does not need advertisement

A half glimpse of
Your love—more pleasure than
In a bird's-eye view of the world

Love's leisure is
The prime end of all action
That Pharsalian mare called Honest;

Man should not work
At the same time
With his mind and his body.

Two rites burn for affection
It is your own
And you love it;

Touching community
Let this
Be the conclusion.

Further if politics be an art,
Most know nothing of peace
Supposing goods they contend for

Mean more than love
They regarded in making
Works

To occupy people
And keep them
Poor;

Nor does the toady
Thinking you're famous
Know we've endured.

As tho you sun your heart
Clod hear the gentle hop
The mix of sun and breeze

What knowledge forbids the tree—
That is not naked
Unashamed

Unclothed then
On the touchstone
Gold is proved

And in the fire
Soft is loyal
Until it see its proof.

There are emblems:
A long breath and a merry
What is said one sage

Old never sigh—Preserve you
—And you, to outlive long
The age I am

And die as I would do
— You wish me well.

In your need
Eyes search the voice
Voice urges eyes

Sure love is seen—
What time the Pleiades
Bay or elm poles

Freest of worms, the cranes'
Cry of the year, the soil
Light to be sowed.

Hope is a poor companion
Better a cap of felt
For dry ears in

Sleet winters blustering frost
Warmth for three. Need
Singer rival singer?

Intention betters contention.
Tibia the animal's legbone
Or old flute fleet of foot

Plays scales with no stutter
Might even refigure the Passion
'The blood of Christ, the blood of Christ

Why, my friends, the blood of
Christ is no more effectual
Than the blood of bulls and goats

Not a bit more not a bit.'
No waste beings crossed.
An economy of force

Unhurried grace. Not
Piercing nails, but as the
Flail's swipple or swingle

Coat perhaps lost sometimes harvesting
All in the life of old grandpa
Who still had some time to say *Ah*

Threshing grain by hand.
Your Bacchus bawled too much.
Heart disciplines the head

And with the blessings somewhere lower
Levels the eye, you're set
Not after the occidental child

Who when his parents
Spoke of the famine in China asked why
Couldn't they get bread in stores.

Briers beautify the john.
Colt in the field—Prancy Pants—
The advantage there the Great indoors

If you talk to yourself
Your love talks to you
Your music meets her words

Your child is always at the shoot of poplar;
'Is that enough water? there,
Suck that up'

As tho it is not known
As if it is not done.

Why hop ye so, ye little, little hills?
And wherefore do ye hop?
It is because to us today, there

Comes the lord *bishop*.
Why skip ye so, ye little, little hills?
And wherefore do ye skip?
It is because to us today, there
Comes the lord *bishop*.
Why jump ye so, ye little, little hills?
And wherefore jump ye up?
It is because to us today, there
Comes the lord *bishop*.
For 17 years and for 27
I have looked
Towards things thru (it better be *aside*—both)
The promenade
Not to evade
 — Can I help it if you're my father?
 — Look at the harbor.
One look at one august body, or
July ass.
Turning the head to look at
The people back of you
And the children in front, under, around
In summer the benches filled with people.
 — What interests you
 In the boats out there
 Or the lights the same lights
 And boats passing evening after evening?
 Now if their traffic stopped
 And the islands and shores moved
 We might be elsewhere.
 — And we are elsewhere.
The man on a bench facing the water
Writing a letter at sunset
Or a little after,
The last five evenings
Then reading his newspaper.
 — Surprising how long he can read the print after dark.
And what's in today's ashcan
The large leaves of newspaper.
Looking towards the span and towers of Brooklyn Bridge
Inclined towards Edward Hopper's angular search of shadows

We let two melodies run counter
The tacit always present and apposite
And all the other vociferous
Wryness of voice, sometimes
(How soon!) a young man's
Crescendo of a laugh
— Wha-at!
— Yes, he was thrown in a heap
Out of Carnegie Hall for yelling
Thru the great pianist's performance
Of the *Hungarian Rhapsody* "Is this necessary!"
And rose to the occasion
To the words
'I am a man needed but not wanted.'

As to how much one is needed it has been hard
To feel it these many years more than the light
of that joke.

— A penny for?
— Measure woo't burst the bean
Mere pulse is heir to
The bush of twigs in flower
The budding nuts elucidative stage
— Wha-at
Must be the recording of the *Rhapsody*
I turned over and over when I was three
Until you were both out of patience he heard performed.
You remember the time when I told her
I could write Greek epsilon
So, C&LIA— she refused to consider it
in the English lesson.

Years to sustain
A tone, not butter
— I meant to mention there's a facsimile of
The First Quarto of *Pericles*
With a preface by Mr. P. Z. Round.
— Not me; blind research
Only an excuse for laziness
Or the harmony of chances.
— Another owned about 1750
By Charles Jennens the

Radiations of quickest economies
Somehow last long.

—That kid, banderlog singing.
'I think, madam, you can hardly
Be aware that your child's song
Is a cause of annoyance to the rest of us'
(The writer not what he says but whispers, like
Brother Harry) 'Let me impress upon you . .
One word you must inscribe upon your banner
. . . *Loneliness.*'

—Ha-ha the monkey of it.
No one should upbraid corpses
The French take their hats off to them.
We venerate our young
Instead of feeling as the Chinese of the last century
Proud of accumulating years . .
Our bones ripen it is true
For their ultimate repose . . but
How small a price to pay . .
For those adequate conceptions in whose possession
According to Spinoza's wisdom true felicity consists.
—The afterglow in the two tallest Manhattan skyscrapers
Has stopped glaring in my face
They are cut of white cardboard
On the blue

These blossoms nourished by something
As ugly as manure . . and the questionable gold
The world keeps putting . . into (my?) pockets—
His Quaker mother teaching them:
'Girls don't be too unselfish.'
As if their little lines and wrenched effects
Fluttered with the Savoyards out of the century's beginnings
For all of a world travelling in planes,
'Dear Mr. Gilbert, what is Mr. Bach composing now?'
'O dear madam, Mr. Bach is decomposing.'
The Gainsborough boy always ready to gain,
The Blue Boy uncommissioned,
Overheard "Sharp" Cathedral for Chartres.
—Front is dress shirt
Under is dirt.

Nostril singing
Milch and her co-warts.
Public walks projeks' rejeks
Deject subjeks no objek.

If with light head . .

From my poor love of anything . . But if

Listening behind me for my wit . .

The pricked horse's (inner?) ear.

The joys of my Old World have gone

From this new world—Ooçah—maybe the little Porto Rican boy

Still has them, waving the Flag with its

Fiftieth star for Hawaii.

Everyone now eats lamb with rose peas.

A dream of diet

Mostly the tie pin in the Iceberg (lettuce)

Recalls *The Stronger*, I didn't have the strength

To become your enemy

So I became your friend.

But I didn't have the strength to

Become your friend, so I became your enemy

Is just as true.

Roiled despite oysters

Shades of publicity

They dream their money to eat out fashionably

Oriental in tails crescents on their heads

Pastegem tiaras triumph with pomp thru the provinces.

The Chief of State for latrines or the Nations run by

a Doctrine

Feels a little younger at 85—

And his best matched opponent

Who interpreted classically

Will never stand for the Herald in *Agamemnon*

Kissing his native soil as the enemy's arsenal—

Are alike being their own flues for natural gas,

Power never yet harnessed.

The second of uncertainty before the crescent's fluorescence

(Here history could not resist my sleep)

Fifty analysts pattered one hundred drinks round its

symposium couch

Beat stellar bottoms Emerson's *noble chemistry*

Poured out
 Sunshine from cucumbers come true.
 Or is the shine of any kid's pants seat
 Reared from the floor
 On a rainy day
 A sign the solar universe
 Is not running down,
 Charlie befriending the kid
 'There can't always be the orange outweighing the pea.'
 An orange our sun—the pea, wee wee
 'So I'm not afraid of all this atom business.'
 For Saadi sat in the sun
 Thanks . . . his contrition . . .
 Saadi loved the brood of men . . . said
 It was rumored I was penitent
 But what have I to do with repentance.
 Not the unwashed lather startles,
 The white of the unshaven beard
 But that's as it is
 When 'within a month' we overhear
 'In-laws are outlaws.'
 —Shall we go home?
 —There's a sailboat, a sloop.
 —Still reading it
 I wonder how far he's got
 In that newspaper.
 To his last best days on earth
 The submarine that wouldn't stay down
 The midge wing cycle of 1000 flaps per second
 The Worm and Bug Committee's faith in the American farmer
 Eastern Hemisphere versus American Beauties?
 A distraction diffraction deal on the old firehouse.
 —Do we get up?
 —We *have* walked today
 My lean old shanks hurt.
 Twenty years since I've walked
 From 12 Street home all the way
 Across Brooklyn Bridge.
 —But it was worth seeing
 The Old Fire House Museum on Duane Street.

A chaise whose two wheels carried the rolled rubber
 Hose as if it were a lady
 The Baltimore steam engine that sprayed
 Water for 39 hours from its
 Nickel and silver towers, only fifty years and
 Museum pieces with the old gas mantle street lamp
 Brought there maybe from C Street
 Become fill-in for an avenue—
 Unlit and under where they once lived—
 We saw the rat lofts on Greene Street
 The red iron-doored windows which never opened—
 Fathers brothers and sisters
 Walked towards them two miles six days a week
 As operators pressers and finishers.
Overlook these parts of the score
 The French conductor out of his ulcers
 Advised his orchestra, for *look over*.
 Aging as who does not alone
 I remember another language
 ‘I can’t rear myself to *shwenk de wesh*’
 (Rinse the wash)
 Cloth of a greeting as friends met going to work
 ‘A broch zu dir Semmele hust shayn a colt’
 (The *a*’s Latin tho, the tone’s sneeze Prospero’s)
 ‘Luck rack you Sammy you *have* a cold’
 Cannot render it.
 What father dreamed then of a grandson
 Translating Latin sentences—
 ‘The sword will be hidden in the man,
 And the javelin in the bad boy.’
 Or of Admiral Kickover
 Red shoes and red do’s,
 Massive bleeding of a Prophet with *government property*
 On his pyjama seat lacerating
 Theological tarts and trembling hortatory
 Out of pseudepigrapha, Fathers and canon
 Contra bore with his dichotomy
 Dick and a cot and o me
 Isorhythm—I—so rhythm,
 Dominations and angelic orders and kings

Lectured or played his flute at the Broadway Central, not too
far a step
Into the past Irving's low town house with flower boxes, Twain
Smoking nearby about the time Henry James returned to take it
in again

In a state of desire . . . so as to . . . care better . . . just facts
Linen against an elegance when the Mews were still real stables
Behind the *American Classical* of Washington Square.

The extremes meet now in the televised education of the University
That has extended the Square to a Union where the flocks of
Grandsons and granddaughters who take courses eat—and learn
From the newspaper how Downtown Business is saving little
Old New York, where today of its past I reappeared
A permanent fixture some sibylline hindsight praising
the grille work

Of Worth Street whitewashed to look as it was a hundred years ago.
And if the job is only half done, and business may never
complete it—

O Pompeian florals—

An old sound track it was made W. C. Fields ventriloquially
blare like the Sibyl: *Pay*

No attention to those dastardly fee-splitters.

Languidly precise Chopin playing to Mickey Mouse
In a world (of the survival of the misfittest?) where
You have to eat three times a day says our Cyrus—
two billion in holdings—

I can very well hear him doing it.

—Nod off

You had better sleep home

But today Sputnik over London says too-too-too

Over Paris ditto

Over Washington hah! hah! hah!

And Polaris says Whoobsk:

Dear whilom friend champing with the bad teeth of Rudaki

His laugh for the terns and the gulls fogdog

On The Hoe, Plymouth, England mimicked

The seadog with the two-year old—

'Tommy, what does Mr. Brown say?'

'Mr. Brown he says, *Boogar.*'

'And Tommy what does Mr. Ferris say?'

Sheer from it without and with compunction
The thought only the mist of life.

— Shall we walk the whole length while
she is waiting?

— Wait long enough and
As the little old lady said
Who transported her harpsichord
On a sled lost in a storm
One night to play for Tolstoy, years
Before she used to be carried in blindfold
To all her concerts—
The horses find their way to the door.
The hi-fi's are not out
On the streets like the hurdy-gurdies
Of 1910
But by—

— Landowska's nose, that's Bach's *Goldberg*
Sounding off

— They girdle the world.

No, let us not flatter ourselves . .

Not we . . invented loud noise—

There's her Music of the Past,

The Pole.

— They all have their radios and phonographs on.

If this street were made of records

People would break pieces off the walls

Of houses to play them.

Nero . . to Greece

For the music prize

With a clique of five thousand

Reinforced by half as many Roman athletes

To trigger the applause

Of an audience of one hundred thousand . . (Well)

Children are fond of stories

Which frighten them . . To

A monster concert . . at Dresden . .

1615 . . by command

Of the Elector of Saxony

One of my (Landowska's) compatriots

Raposki of Cracow . .

Brought from the Low Countries
 (Breughel's spaces)
 On a wagon drawn by eight mules
 A counter-bass more than
 Eight yards tall . . . to reach its neck
 Fitted . . . a ladder . . . (on a platform)
 Many arms drew the huge bow.
 This machine . . . not enough for them
 They conceived a counter-bass
 An actual wind-mill
 Strung with cables
 Which four men vibrated
 With a notched wooden beam.
 Father Serapion worked
 The great organ . . .
 A battery of mortars
 Replaced the kettle drum.
 Not the Golden Mean's
 Calculus
 As to when functioning noise
 Deafens.
 Stands for First Things
 The Great Mother
 Of our bodies . . . her sons'
 Minds in the Phrygian mode
 Teaching the great earth
 Hangs in space
 Nor can earth
 Rest on earth . . .
 Curetes . . . a gang
 With popcorn
 Castanets, cymbals
 Timpani, horn
 Tibiae stimulate,
 Trumpet—
 Let's go upstairs!
 What your Ludwig probably means
 By a point in space is a place
 For an argument
 Is that no one agrees

This is coal dust
 And *that* a piece of coal,
 I've the latter in my eye.
 You cannot think illogically,
 But the illogical is always logical:
 Tape recorder—tape reason—is that *my* voice,
 It is a philosophical-acoustical question
 If anyone ever hears his own voice.
 —Now *I'm* sleepy.
 The lobby blares a hi-fi
 As to an imagined giant anatomical
 cast of inner ear
 Tilted like Picasso's jeering horse's head in
 His "Guernica."
 In our corridor stand the lees of a milkfest
 A dozen empty glass bottles
 —Our neighbors'
 Father and baby healthy
 And before our own door
 The paper, a letter, a postcard
 The postcard from an old composer
 Who teaches in his studio—
 Which is his home—
 And in his home,
 Whose rare records not to mention limited
 editions of scores his young friends
 Borrow (and sometimes sell but never buy)
 And who with a twinkle in his eye
 Says he prefers a long word to a short —
 So *not* twelve-tone,
 "Duodecuple."
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius
 Really, the older a good thing, the better?
 — The letter:
 — *Thanks fer*
 passover provender
 ∩
 gables
 ∩ *branches—*
 you never have

*told me the history
of the li'll ole
candy
shoppe.*

—Before Lunik Three
(the third)
Which is now nearer
The moon certainly
Than either to Moscow or New York
Choctaw *oke* or *hoke* equals *yes*.
And the history of the shoppe—
Say it was
With care, with care
My friend in a world where
Not all saints are friends
—What's tha-at!
—A diva singing six feet of uplift
The *helden* soprano whose horse
Fell to the stage floor
When she leaned her elbow on it and
Stood on oblivious singing Brunhilde
(A true story.)

Man in the moon stand and stride
On his forked goad the burden he bears
It is a wonder that he does not slide,
For doubt lest he fall he shudders and sheers.
When the frost freezes much chill he bides
The thorns are keen to tear his tatters to shreds.
Is no one in the world knows when he sees,
No but it be the hedge, what weeds he wears.
Whither trusts this man what the way takes?
He has set one foot and his other before
For no behest he hastes can he see me nor move
He is the slowest man that was ever borne.
Where he was of the field and pitched stakes
In hope his thorns would stop up his doors
His twibill had other cuttings to make
Or all his day's work would be there forlorn.
This same man up high ere he was there
Where he was born and fed in the moon

Leans on his fork as a grey friar
 This crooked canard sore in his dread
 It is many a day gone that he was here.
 I know of his errand, he has not sped
 He has hewn somewhere a burden of brier
 Therefore some hayward has taken his pledge.
 If the pledge is forfeit bring home the brush
 Set forth thy other foot, stride over sty
 We shall beg the hayward home to our house
 And put him at ease for our mastery
 Drink to him dearly of foul good booze
 And our Dame Dowse shall sit by him
 And when he is drunk as a drenched mouse
 Then we'll redeem the pledge from the bailiff.
 This man does not hear me tho I cry to him
 I know the churl is deaf the Devil take him.
 Tho I yell up high he will not hie
 The lost lazy lout knows nothing of law.
 Hop out Hubert in your hose magpie!
 I know you are marshalled up to your craw
 Tho I rage at him till my teeth are on edge
 The churl will not down ere the day dawn.

iii

The human son fathered by man and the sun sleeps
 As with the sun sleeps nights, but the earth
 Not quite the defense of "Still it does move"
 Goes on in my heart. His mother—
 They go on in your heart. You sit
 By and here's the Korean King who
 In the first half century—the style is—'of our Era'
 Sailed his half-cylinder of bark from the mainland
 ('In Korean,' said the Methodist native, '*paulownia* wood')
 Skirted the rapids, landfall, and there turned it down
 To dry and again over to string and play it
 His harp in the isolation of his island;
 As the child's half-size violin
 Sounded thru the test in a wind tunnel.
 Or as you may judge my Shakespeare theme—'*Love sees?*'—

On everybody, and oneself
Seems the exception moved
By the intimacy of one response
There will have to be a
Redefinition of writing.
'An older sister an English beauty
Called Violet second name Wentworth,
Drawled *Want-wart*, with a young
Man piercing her brightly, I sell
Saddle leather—O then, stretched to *than*,
You *must* be rich!'
—He used to talk about
His art and his God and his fiddle.
Then one day when he
Was supposed to play in Philly
We told the musicians he
Didn't hold a union card and
They walked out
So now him and his God
And his fiddle
Are in the local.—
Two hundred years ago
His alma mater
Under charter of the King
Set among the gravestones of Trinity,
A hundred years later
Moved to the site of the old
Deaf and Dumb Institution,
After expanded to the Heights
The library on ground
Formerly occupied by
Bloomingdale Insane Asylum.)
It is with earth as I say—
Seeing because tears are
Forbidden to these eyes,
Forget it tho I tell it to you
Say nothing to no one not even to me again
Unless some luck attends it
Then it will happen to you
Unlike the quartet

To sixteen years rushing on seventeen
 You can't win affection
 By wishing your opponent to drop dead—
 While the wish may be there
 There is no defense—
 Pill-and-Envy
 Mud's Son
 All he has to do is to sit down
 And he looks like Michelangelo's *Moses*
 Preempted of the beard
 By all future egalitarians—
 Pretends like his valet
 The great know how to wait—
 Airing his finds
 Of painters who seek the greatest canvas coverage
 For their slightest posterior temperatures
 Their condescension too great a responsibility
 For their itch to probe their heat itself
 Not all cheeks pinched in public look red—
 But they too perhaps may be said to feel the earth.
 Had he said it to me—what answer?
 An astronomer gazes at stars
 Is it *against nature* as Inthehighest said
To sleep by day and be awake at night
 If one's trousers are subsidized out of the world.
 Downcast because alive?
 It could be simpler, granted.
 As when the Catholic child
 Saw the Infant in the crèche
 After the annual wait
 The second Noël he remembered
 —He doesn't seem to have grown any,
 Who was his father, a carpenter,
 Why doesn't he build him a bed?
 Or as the architect
 —You can get culture
 If you will skip education—
 Interlocked his fingers
 To illustrate reinforced concrete
 And then made a pier and lintel

Attesting an exchange between an intellectual portion
Of head and that part it calls music
Meaning something some time to come back to a
second time,

As if there were shoes to cobble
I cobbled, my father was a cobbler,
Honor a word gone out of English
wove out of Bottom the weaver,

Richard Flecknoe on *Pericles*:

“*Ars longa, vita brevis*, as they say
But who inverts that saying made this play.”
Was he saying it was a bore, or rather the opposite
That the life is longer than the brevity of its art.
The lines of the song *Pericles* that ends so many times: *life*.
Our thoughts . . . ours . . . their ends not our own,
As the eye looks to outlive its error.

And it is in the earth as in the auditorium of
Memphis—not Egypt—Tennessee:

An arena divided equally by a curtain
Into two amphitheatres,
In the one they stage wrestling matches, in
the other hold concerts—

Often together the same evening;
In the one spectators in the smoke of the third balcony
Are so dense they appear painted
Like Michelangelo’s hordes of the Judgment
in the Sistine Chapel;

In the other perhaps the *saraband* of
Bach’s Second Partita for Violin Alone plays
As the wrestlers thud.

Pantsful of it. Taine said as a point of good style,
‘Only one thing revolves around—

A *** around a ***’—

3 stars around 3 stars—

But his touch fails as it’s coarse,
The King is a thing, says Hamlet
Shocking only the fox.

My sweet unworded, we fall into disuse,
The sense that attached to us persists
Despite the yellow page of local history

But falls and falls of tall trees
Douglas firs, redwood
A horseshoe promontory
White face of an animal or a peak
Twin of the white of Gilbert Stuart's
Portrait of Washington.
Oregon: Crater Lake saw
No order except its intense blue that
Clouds over it do not change—
Other blue lakes clouds cover black.
Thoughtful eyes of landscape disinclined to die,
Sages of sheaves of analects
Who had lasted to taste trees grow,
Far from the misnamed temples
Of Grand Canyon's absurd sunsets
Evoking slaughter of Indians
In a burlesque of Indians.
The tourist emerald of Lake Louise
Set in the glacier,
Brown bear cubs on the porch of the one hotel
Paul called them kadota figs.
Canadian azaleas at the rail fences of the small town
Yellow Iceland poppies a sage might love,
An unnamed pink weed, some purpling by gray
And what they called for all of
A crest and crush of colors

poor man's flowers.

Fortunate to board a train with a drawing room: "A"—
Could our fathers see it what would they say
To its bright comforts of steel and chrome
Polished to look mild
As we looked out, on to Winnipeg,
At the soft mountains of Canmore
Thrown-up rocks, but traced with archaic noses
With ancient sisterly eyes in their faces
Green held, holds slanting up to them
So green a shade of gray
As tho a tree were painted path.
Smoke from a heap of leaves burning
Around a tree trunk

Rises thru morning sun in
 Overhanging branches
 So that its spring rays
 Return on themselves
 As spokes of smoke.
 And with our early thought for dawn
 This late hour the literal stereoscope
 Has no use before our eyes' looks that blend
of themselves,
 The human son and the sun sleep as tho
interchangeably—
 And you may remember how only a few years ago
 You intended a small boy to light a masquerade
 As a Chinese sage with blue whisk for beard
 Shoe string for mustache and your black dress
 For ceremonial robe. It is then
 Not a world of four words—last things—
 Not of a far-fetched fear that when the Chinese
 Adopt the Latin alphabet
 All language might be one.
 For it is what each says exactly to each
 That matters to us most—
 Then the K'in plays its principles from nature,
 Fields' earth, skies' round
 Flat and dome
 Length a ratio to a leap year
 Thirteen studs, moons
 Five strings of twisted silk ply of elements
 Five notes planets from the lute pear—
 Mercury, Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, Mars—
Yü—North's black winter water
Chiao—East's blue spring wood
Kung—Compass' center yellow prevails
over all four seasons' earth
Shang—West's white autumn metal
Chi—South's red summer fire.
 So what if we don't know Chinese
 Don't we become legend
 Come back to read from one book
 I do see your face—

Do I hear your steps say together
If human life were a mountain or a flower
It could love itself—
Tho you are seeded
So the sun warms your bodies as one.
Your human son sleeps and does not care
That your steps say your three bodies are one.
Oldish man, frail, a
Yellow slip of paper
On which a song buds,
Wife who cannot always
Rush a song her way to say
It was after all
 not a bad life
Your eyes look at hands
 lips seem to
 touch.

Too heavy
for
my
breast pocket—

small as it
is
in
my wallet

the size of
a
vis-
iting card

but holding
no
such
thing, no need

to tell her
who
has
found the scrip

my resourc
es
for
my son who

has looked in-
to
it
—wha-at—you

will find—by
your
own
eyes, by strength

plainly spoke-
n
yet
pardon me

whose chase is
this
world
and we in

herds the game,
when
I
spur my horse

content and
an-
ger
in me have

*but one face
to
the
music his*

*own hoofs made
lived*

her eye love

*and beyond
love
or
reason, wit*

*or safety—
five
owned
snapshots my*

father, moth-
er,
two
the fiddler's

at nine and
a
half
my young wife

in peacock
feath-
ered
hat the year

he was born
(vi-
o-
lin label)

“Jakobus
Stain-
er
in Absam

prope Oe-
ni-
pon-
tam 16-

56”
if
I
lose my ad-

dress, a phone
my
broth-
er’s latest,

all written
mi-
nus-
cule on odd

scrap paper
no
room
it goes down

carefully
hy-
phen-
ated each

syllable
pours

the measure

maze I planned
song
long
since and that

would not be
hur-
ried
life into

*dust (who can-
not
feel
nor see the*

*rain being
in't
knows
neither wet*

nor dry)—a
blank
check
not for much—

two dollars
held
to
the spine of

my wallet
by
a
rubber band—

next to some
breath
cop-
ied clear and

such green lines
rush
on
root *Go, fresh*

horses the
bar-
ber's
last haircut

Thoth the price
went
up,
seraphs light

cherubs high
seas
smoke
streak Chinese

whips stage sym-
bols
for
horses, on

this bed face
a
sleep
Hop o' my

Thumb lady-
bug
wake
the things left

mastery—
by
my
short life my

*body to
this
thanks
tender her—*

*it lets
offerers—
tandaradei*

‘THE
TOO PAUL
HIS CAT

v

Naked sitting and lying awake
Quiet held near to speak,
Walking past each other not to step
Over their own bodies
Slender summit most night
Envelope of floral leaves’
Twilight when all seams sun
The same either night or day
Travels the raised blind
Lights the view.
From five contiguous windows of a tenth floor, as on
Sundeck in the cabin of a boat,
Full cycle
Remembered innocent desire *from eleven to ninety*
Lets innocence to age.
Remembers family of its young days
Incidents as tho they were now
Hands clasped over four knees
Sealed by the eyes,

The embrace
When *children in some kind*
Desire looked until it saw
On the next roof
A story lower,
Its decorations a corbie gable
Topped by a squatted unicorn
That's flanked by four flues
Machine made shapes—
Chess set castles
Of the same soft stone
As the stone-scarfed
Ridiculous near-horse
A sagging bag of meats—
No art may divine
Why it's there
Unless it be honored
As some curious attempt
Of desire before it looks
Pulses and grows near.
Surcingle— Sir Single.
And comes to:
Behind the five windows
The light let to no hour
Becomes all neighborhood,
A valentine: that jewel box: that heart.
Then are seen
The terraces of other houses,
Courts ten floors beneath,
Penthouses, tended gardens
On other roofs of
Gingerbread shapes
All periods,
Antennas, a city of
Quoins, stringcourses,
Rustications,
Ogee arch, spandrel,
Drum, dome, lantern,
Veronese parapets,
Florentine towers,

Siena marble, gold,
Moorish fretwork
(*For what we lack we laugh*)
Crowns of
Two towers
Each an hexagonal arcade
(Lit at night)
Married to the ends of a prolonged façade.
Not to be outdone
To the right of it
The steep wall of the world's largest hotel
Discounts the two towers
To tourelles as it were
In the lowest drop of a falls
Inverts them to the lowest of diving bells
Tuning a lost voluntary
.. *your sweet music* .. *last night* ..
Always between the pattern of roofs
 there is water hidden and open below
That brings the bridges to span it
 piers and boats,
Whole
Quiet
Visible and invisible
Waterfront
Of the fantastic island
To the North
That but for a little green
Is entirely buildings
And pavement
Holding such sights
As a café front
Composed of a mortared
Giant champagne glass
Overflowing a coruscation
Of rocks;
All such instants
Watched over
By the Empire State
As tho it were

A bestiary
Whose crowned fable
Of animal
That goes up
Is its bullet head
Naked and unashamed
Pulsing rays of
A searchlight
One forgets
How many miles
Radius into other states
That light the nights
Of the young in the woods,
Pompons, ferns, petiole,
Hair-like needles,
Grass that must outlast
The Egyptian queen
— age cannot wither
So brief is not brief
Not brief is so brief
Quiet once taught to speak

The embrace
Of the beloved
That know
Nothing else
Within or
Without,
Incapable of
Conspiring
Together

Not of words,
Eight definitions
Seven axioms

Does not think:
Cause
Limit
Substance

Attribute
Mode
Absolute
Need
Eternity
Essence
Conception
Sequence
Knowledge
Identity
Idea
Negation

(Launce)
To
Stand-under . .
Under-stand . .
all one

Or two, three
Numerous
Only the image of a voice:
Love you

14

beginning *An*

An
orange
our
sun
fire
pulp

whets
us
(everyday)
for
us
eat
it
its
fire's
unconsumed

we'll
not
fire
there
rocketed
that
poor
fools
be
sure

moon
loon

bless
light
he
pees
pea
blossom
sun's
peer.

*First of
eleven songs
beginning An*

in the
middle of
solar winds

paddle satellite
let some
be unnumbered

the night
of the
hours the

24 all
of a
day the

words you
count what
words you

leave out
that count
go backwards

Ranger VII
photos landing
on the

moon
how deep
its dust?

crater whose
base is
shoal? Egypt

Sumer's works
whose foot
has disappeared?

The works.
Hallel ascents
degrees vintage

songs planned?
40 years
gone—may

ear race
and eye
them—I

hate who
sing them?
while I

have being?
and when
you look

least our
thoughts run
together Aristippus

spittle seed
bore—he
and now

she—my
bane foe
hymn yet

new call
how great
you are

made and
all you
have lavished.

Dark heart
it wear
long under

where 'familiar
vague sounds
exchanged every

waking—not
arguing with
a lunatic

either—alone
in the
wilderness concentrated

fought with himself
his intelligence
perfectly clear'

a gentle
christening "civil
rights" disobedience

humbled in
murder 'I
saw it I

heard it
I saw
her his

death and
her sorrow
do you

understand I
saw them
heard them

together she
was never
so sad

as when
she laughed
but always

laughed when
she was
sad' As

one frost
to another
keep warm.

Throw bottles
jeering at
their funerals

sweep down
by pressure
hoses, the

cutting streams
strip the
bark off

trees four
little girls
bombed 'better

trust an
unbridled horse
than undigested

harangue' — *Crazy*
white man!
high altitude

tests as
the South
shanty sure

one empty—
full scene.

'Fly which
way shall
I fly

whose eye
views all
things at

one view
in the
precincts of

light grateful
smell old
Ocean smiles

without thorn—
or happiness
in this

or the
other life
not in

the neighboring
moon Paradise
of Fools—

moon risen
on mid-noon
on his

side leaning
half-raised
leaves and

fuming rills—
space may
produce new

worlds, landscape
snow or
shower—Thee

Tsiyōn feet
nightly visit
sharpening in

moonëd horns.
I started
back it

started back
what thou
seest what

there thou
seest thyself
with thee

it came
and goes
but follow

me. Whom
fliest thou?
whom thou

fliest of
him thou
art. Millions

of spiritual
creatures walk
the earth

embryos and
idiots
from

root
springs lightly
the green

stalk freely
love full
measure only

bounds excess
and if
one day

why not
eternal days
Distinct with

eye heaven
ruining from
heaven and

the great
light of
day yet

wants to
run night
silence sleep

listening till
song end.
Created each

soul living
each that
crept forthwith

the sounds
and seas
and callow

young intelligent
of seasons
the smaller

birds with
song solaced
the woods

nor then
the nightingale
ceased among

the trees—
in pairs
they rose

they walked
those rare
with heart

and voice
and eyes—
subdue it

a World
zone thou
seést powdered

with stars
and freed
from intricacies

the prime
wisdom what
is more

is fume.
Happier than
I know.

Flung rose
flung odours
sung spousal

easier than
air with
air in

at his
mouth all
things that

breathe (stupidly
good the
hot hell

that always
in him
burns) hath

tasted envies
not, song
each morning

of thy
full branches
into Heaven—

lost Paradise
Death on
his pale

horse unhide-
bound cold
ground long

day's dying
his own
hand manuring—

Paradise how
shall we
breathe in

air
bent on
speed black

gurge human
from human
free so

many laws
argue so
many sins

till over
wrath grace
shall abound

hope no
higher tho
all the

stars thou
knew'st by
name.'

As at
the scroll's
first hanging

found my
own initials
looking in

Ryokan drop
down almost
as one

might breathe
in the
falling snow

of its
blossoms the
sound forgot

'I only
see what
sounds—R

shied as
an admirer
asked a

memento of
his hand—
maybe you

a pretty
box, the
beyond: myrtles—

love was
not in
their eyes—

past who
can recall
nothing is

here—for
tears a
sense variously

drawn from
one verse
into another

not in
the jingling.
To open

eyes *make*
them taste.'
Would make

soldier of
his A-
string?

'nobody not
a hut
standing, if

a gang
of *thick-lips*
armed suddenly

took to
travelling on
the road

catching the
white swine
right and left

I fancy
every farm
and cottage

hereabouts would
get empty
infra dig

only there
houses had
fallen in

and I
don't like
work I

like what
is *in*
the work'

Innocence *in-*
nocere not
to do

hurt to
and the
news the

same shame—
night of
the winter's

relieved only
by the
newspaper strike

not a
paper for
the last

17 weeks
to bring
its inanities

and horrors
home as
if a

miracle might
devastate the
economy, advertising,

theatre, the
arts' powerful
business, installment

buying and
selling, the
sparkling water

the cold
war—*abi*
gesunt abi

“alright” my
father'd say
and as

the Irish
Boston factory
worker forr

Ted's campaign
'Teddy I
hearr you

haven't done
a day's
work in

yourr life—
you haven't
missed a

thing—'
and if
the candidate's

family were
all loyal
to 'each'

other as
they seemed
to the

voters, better
than no
family. Why

not 'speech
framed to
be heard

for its
own sake
even over

its interest
of' (de-)
'meaning'

Wedge blue water
sky and ice
of zero weather

incunabula gilt head
cane, feeling of
longer spring light

king rag paper
pedlar, horse-finch, harbor
piers and points

of land jutting
from islands, land
containing the water

YAMASHITA LINE
on the dock
a long dolly

two stacks of
dinghies—
paper matchstick 'like'

lavender-white-navy
blue funnel in
port—crates to

be shipped bound
by the Port
Authority railroad

which ho's to
the waterline—a
fresh wharf coming

up, first stakes—
and the monstrous
engineering works or

a float (?) chiefly
cranes, 3 pylons
before a cabin

in steel tower—
floes (pact) ice
Brooklyn (Japan)

or a Hokusai.
Eagle knocker above
footlocker Chinese wind

chimes no plant
grows but the
void for it—

Alone: the few
minutes I breathe
terrace to watch

the harbor burn—
and I think
B's Chomei—stone—

the friends are
more important to
me than my

song the friends
don't see it
surely don't act

here, curry-spun-dense about
a clubfoot—young,
Swift had no

scholaress—old, afraid
to ease liquid—

I'm son of
a guileless presser:
Suffenuses, soon *footprints*

on the sands
of time, sands
of time one

the less, better
sands of time

not
a
long
fellow.

Where are my
distance glasses, reading
lenses, focus of

the aging—I
stumbled into the
TV—'you want?'

to be on
television'—C.

WINTER CANINE HOTEL.

Why should a
dog winter, not

enough summers? bobbing
of trees mushrooming
up clouds. Loves

what he plays
L'Enlèvement d'Europe—
the Defoe of

Europe's jakes where
voids all her
offal outcast progeny,

kokoro—mind you
recordari re + cor
my dictionaries—heart

recorder plays house
to make peace
with a fiddle.

The child once
cried twice first
on hearing how

he was born
and again one
wail when his

grandpa died, remaining
afterward unmoved by
obituaries, found the

only way to
outlast their authority
is to outlive

them and shortly
had some sensible
criticism of post

doctorals whose wives
covet influence or
wall-to-wall carpet—

rather to wood
like "the theatre's
an intellectual hogpen"

(some pianist peas
so tinkle) and

America's diagnosed Indian
summer Melville's windy
quite understandable there's

a lot of
wind around, James'
persisting for all

he prefaced revisions,
Twain's Jim with
integration *behind* him,

Adams' *History* his
progenitors' lives—Hawthorne's
a chair (grandfather's)

the scarlet rest
dull or horrible,
Irving stored the

storied sketch, Whittier—
wittier authority doily
its *lo* well—

low who hid
him untried touch
ax hold body

Song of Myself
ι ι my Shih-king,
I was Kagekiyo.

'That thunders in
the Index' Imagine,
said Celia, selling

the movie rights
to *Bottom: on*
Shakespeare. No

index was whole
so our index
will sometimes lead

us to us
Job's Lo and
his strength—'stones'?

no song summers
but loyal hush
lull—motor *off*.

My loves alone
tap untabbed possibilities
Of "formal education"

the Low Library's
Doric columns a
boy's first sight

on a starry
night—their elephantine
bases toe nearly

all that remains—
stairs, a friend's
ascent, transparency eating

paper—the dead
friend always the
other side of—

River when I
look—except my
life except my

loves I have
read and forgotten
en canimus listen

we are singing
claruit semper urbs
nostra musica, our

city sets forth
in music—in
the dark backward

glib as who
when thing or
life was good

chattered 'it sings'
drew up facile—
doubt true skeptic

your *everyday* is
doubt, better not
know the family

tree, be spared
a feeble smile
eulogy lights on

Bach's necrolog from
half-wit aunt
aging child 'knew

not right hand
from left, brothers
the Lord glorified.'

Dim eye looks
where the lively
mind once skipped,

at five I
heard in Yiddish
Prometheús Desmótes chanted,

Seb Bach at 14
mastered Phocylides' "spurious"
Poëma Nouthetikón in

Greek, 'Mind you
Poem' "half-Jewish from
the Pentateuch"—thumbed

also the genuine
kai tóde Phokulídeo
this too kindling

key to Phocylides?
Cliff town stands civil
above mad Nineveh—

bread first then
virtue—justice whole
virtue—Lerians evil

all, not Procles
he's Lorian—rich
and no delight

in word or
action—middleman lives—
lady was dog,

bee, pig, horse—
or had Seb Bach
no need to

sneer Maria Barbara
in the choir.
And see in

Bach's life what
I lived thru
which I could

not possibly see
40 years sooner
reading it then

not *looking* for
it—*Cytringen* (little
zither, lute) son,

a Lämmerhirt (his
shepherding mother) had
some means, station,

her father in
the municipal council,
for music thrives

only where there
is *some* means
(when a kid

your old man
declaimed reams of—
for pennies of

East Side Italians)
and the rest
of Bach's "life"

so familial and
familiar how he
envied Christoph's clavier

pieces by moonlight
read his Hebrew
Greek or Latin,

clavier lessons (something
C's piano) no
organ his own

his discant voice
breaking fled into
those high notes

into cantatas
Passions and
tho he played

fiddle near cradle
preferred the viola
in concert attent

the middle of
harmony in his
position to hear

and enjoy—in
his ma's family
(also) some distant

relative not even
professional had made
and played a

fiddle. Who urged
no less than
music, we innocents

are somewhat heroes—
no uncle quarreling
to run your

musical Center as
Seb's did—Bach's
advantage later. *Capriccio*

sopra la lontananza
del suo fratello
diletissimo, departing

brother, and youthfully
righteous affronted the

zippeifagottist for bassooning
in wrong time,
we'll suppose that

when even earning
money tired, slipped
out of the

organ gallery into
a beer cellar.
Waiting his lifetime

for patience to
join a Societät
der Musicalischen Wissenschaften

(o Science) his
student who had
dedicated “the” doctoral

thesis to Bach
had founded not
for “practising” performers

but theoretical members
to circulate dissertations
postfree among fellows.

French music then
as *current*, “ornament”
hid calculus of

Leibniz, affliction of
Voltaire's Jacques, his
news Bach's news

Thirty Years' War
some thirty years
before Seb was

born designed that
organ grounding new
mingling of tone—

That Was The
Week That Was
mothers too generous

their first born
had to be
sons (“unhurt” Michel)

Forty years gone
suddenly a taste
for Eyquem (“de” Montaigne)

at twenty put
off by his
polish not seeing

it essays or
guessed an outgoing
modesty one's own

restless (not restive)
' aristocrat' desiring “laziness”
unprided desire—end (?)

Friends—all gone
with one with
many so-called

in one's "studies"
in age—old
as the news—

loved Catullus, *sieur*?
'Never Middling Poets
over your publisher's

door, every man
has the right
to fool himself

otherwise,' but will
you not add,
Michel, in that

too? 'Reading's profitable
pleasure— not much—
attracts judgment to

task I'll not
remember rather'll fire
my mind than

furnish it—song
does not work
my judgment, dazzles

my clear look
(luck?)—if not
the weight of

what I write
perhaps its intricacy—
o you'll regret

I pothered but
you'll have bothered'
Catullus played Bach

your place so
clean Bill said
you could eat

off the floor
I wouldn't suggest
it, stopped him

genetics sometimes Proserpina
Latin goddess of
births head first

whence *prose*—news?
Europe's sink before
art of sinking

'The Republic Plato
sought the course
of human events'

Vico doubling Bickerstaff
'Socrates the wisest
of uninspired mortals'

Struldbruggs Hamilton's *Manufactures*
That Was The
Week That Was

Each disenchanted Nazi
acted Polonius or
Wiggle & Failum

with noble prize
address I would
be Iago too

all things shall
be well now
we've put money

in your purse,
contact's skintight between
nations, long hot

summer "a coasted
torn-muffin" negro ghettos
police "horse," black

as white's, white
as black's cache—

mine tipples, dynamite's
in Hazard, Kentucky
which speaks Chaucer

'Gave sheep's brains
to Academician Lavrentyev'
—But Academician (stop)

has brains? 'Enough
to know he
can use more'

The victims of
looting the usual
excuse "jewish storekeepers"

Floats eats and
sings Gagarin (Wild Duck)
'I see the

earth . . . visibility good
some space covered
by cumulus'—What's

it like up
there? 'The sky
is very, very

dark and the
earth is bluish.'
Elsewhere landing the

two astronauts inhaled
atomizers of wild
flowers, took showers

and sang 'Because
and not without
reason our poet

said *the best
in life ends
with a song*'

See
land,
flowers

Drink
hot
tea!

Promises . . . brokers
as tho the
heart forecast: All

flown to th' moon,
I'm here parted
with everything, rare

rare, let snow
misgive these givings
and forsake misgivings

tiniest children play
their moons, rhomb,
so young *sensitif*

enharmonics, flyspeck
random crescendo their
aleatory. All a

Chinese sandwich—labors
a flatulence between
two pieces of

matzoh. *Died of*
triplets unable to
teach them to

speak three sounds
evenly— Paul H—
who'd planned four

stopped with the
second—in any
case not to

teach. Fly epistemologists—
can't pee dies.
Who's this Dios

whose focus
of his penis-
hand 4 or

5 inches from
his eyes makes
his center such

even his words'
worth interfuses in
that distance of

wide circle of
his john. One
word is too

often profaned since
Jefferson dined alone—
fooled, “history” integrates

lower limit body
upper limit dance,
lower limit dance

upper limit speech,
lower limit speech
upper limit music,

lower limit music
upper limit *mathémata*
swank for *things*

learned (“like” caged
“silence” which pulses)—
yet in each

case *what happens*—
Gracie Allen’s dead
(*button up your*

overcoat) she who
acted the commuting
girl, business across

the threshold of
ma’s parlor, telephoned
rightaway she’d arrived

safe (don’t complain
Hollywood bought 12
copies of your

A Test) live
don’t hope, all
one cantata, Bach’s

one unposthumous. Expect
them to bathe?
—You don't mean

every fiscal year?
Old man looking
for some one

to endear (*Moon*
Compasses) premonition
of bonny prince

beheaded, 'poetry's of
the grief, politics
of the grievances'

No one to
speak to—red
grace of (near)

a shirt on
a child with
the feel of

autumn—a Jewish
boy I thought
gentile boys never

peed. Lonely the
season's quiet with
my love, terrace

cedar fence picket
our woods. Not
a false ending—

Job's, for which
the pious have
been blamed, restoration

of all he
had lost, indexed
in all its

affluence, tacking it
on to his
grievances too much

to take--'your
horse complex' (C.)
'what a preoccupation.'

*— that I so
carefully have dress'd
would he not*

*stumble? Forgiveness, horse
I was not
made a horse*

(the Prince of
the First Heaven
when he sees

the Prince of
the Second Heaven
dismounts) *even*

*with a thought
the rack dislimes
(grazing in a*

field, rubbed down
by other hands)
heels between two

*horses sees his
love, pure
kindness turn'd wild*

*in nature dancing
as t'were (tethered
by reins*

not frightened trampling
on the dead)
as true as

*truest horse (capable)
music touch their
ears, eyes turn'd*

modest gaze—
destroyed if changed
into a man—

*unto thy value
I will mount
whose delight steps.*

*Our children's children
And you've arrived
A Vermeer blown*

up into a
mural, a new
apartment house lobby

“partial” dentures, musical
drilling chance
Pitman, old

Ez 1962
1/29 in
The Times crossword

puzzle “Across/4
Pound, poet”
come-down to

a remove from
passions and noises
suffering together, simpler

alone, unurged horses,
or you forget
they are horses—

Holy Thursday (coincidence)
April 11, 1963
Pacem in Terris

“To *all* men—?
(today, my father,
13 years

ago) perhaps a
sign of peace
if Iván jokes

‘In fallout
shroud yourselves calmly
walk, avoid panic’

Will *who* care
for his fools—
is He a

fool? from fountain
to wisdom, wisdom’s
no fountain. Nothing

old to lose
by jetting.
I’ve counted words,

selected all my
life. An idiot
does not know

his loss. Not
wish you well
with the wind

tunnel? (Schönberg seems
lately to plait
song near Mozart)

your broken-glass painting
of last night's
universe is already

unfashionable—choral out
of random input.

The voice of
episcopal goldwasser Polyuria
“to strip the

amour off the
enemy. Lucretius re-
wombs, he said,

when the earth
was young it
was able to

bare man and
feed him a
milk like substance,

as the earth
grew older she
could no longer

bare man, so
he had to
reproduce himself—the

industry of education
newtrons” In not
looking for metaphor

our worlds do
fly together: if
there are not

too many words.
Eloquence: self-laud.
My persistence reminds:

an escaped cat
ran down three
flights of stairs,

a little boy
after, he caught
it and climbed

back up the
three flights and
before closing the

door on it,
stroked it, ‘you
pussy stay upstairs,

now *I’ll* go
downstairs.’ It became
the family joke—

‘preventing an animal
errand.’ They wash
the streets with

it in Poitiers.
Out of that
jakes my “Cats”

chaste—eyeing passionate
Italian lips two
thousand years near

to sharp them
and flat them
not in prurience—

of their voice—
eyes of Egyptian
deity that follow

each half step
blueing to translucent
Lunaria annua honesty

this side the
moon's. *Good Master*
Mustardseed I desire

you more acquaintance.

On a single
instrument runs to

chords, chords into
runs, broken homonyms
an empire silenced,

Sir Horse—a
daylight turned starred
heaven until it

dawns (after too
many hours) the
adjective had prepared

across many rays
for the noun.
Two alone, and

no syntax worth
a stop watch
for your ear

lobe—*dulce mihi*
kiss me last—
pietate mea—

my piety may.

Mr. Dooley: “th’
Bible an’ Shakspere”
“D’ye read thim

all th’ Time?”
“I niver read
thim, I use

thim f’r purposes
iv definse. I have
niver read them,

but I’ll niver
read annything else
till I have

read thim. They
shtand between me
an’ all modhren

lithrachoor.” A Fulton
street market of
fish. I have

exchanged 10 books
I won’t need
(how else *afforded*)

for The Book
Of the Dead
(not wished for

facsimile of papyrus
“whites, yellows, blues
greens—red and

yellow, yellow and
orange borders”) *Pert-*
em-hru (pronounced

it how?) Praise
Coming forth by
day *on* earth

Returned everyday perfect.
Mind you, heart,
strong. “Explained . . . various

ways” *footnote Budge.
Kuh— voice that
did not scribe

passing, I cannot
budge to Budge.
Honesty *for* us

grave the
black glyphs
new moon

adz
(sail?)—
bird—
lamp
(cruse?)—
gaze

(mouth?)—
exult
tally,
wiggle
exult
tally—
(one:
three)
Sun
eye

15

An
 hinny
by
 stallion
out of
 she-ass

He neigh ha lie low h'who y'he gall mood
So roar cruel hire
Lo to achieve an eye leer rot off
Mass th'lo low o loam echo
How deal me many coeval yammer
Naked on face of white rock—sea.
Then I said: Liveforever my nest
Is arable hymn
Shore she root to water
Dew anew to branch.

Wind: Yahweh at Iyyob
Mien His roar 'Why yammer
Measly make short hates oh
By milling bleat doubt?
Eye sore gnaw key heaver haul its core
Weigh as I lug where hide any?
If you—had you towed beside the roots?
How goad Him—you'd do it by now—
My sum My made day a key to daw?
O Me not there allheal—a cave.

All mouth deny hot bough?
O Me you're raw—Heaven pinned Dawn stars
Brine I heard choir and weigh by care—
Why your ear would call by now Elohim:

Where was soak—bid lot tie in hum—
How would you have known to hum
How would you all oats rose snow lay
Assáy how'd a rock light rollick ore
Had the rush in you curb, ah bay,
Bay the shophar yammer *heigh horse*'

Wind: Yahweh at Iyyob 'Why yammer,'
Wind: Iyyob at Yahweh, 'Why yammer
How cold the mouth achieved echo.'
Wind: Yahweh at Iyyob 'Why yammer
Ha neigh now behēmoth and share I see see your make
Giddy pair—stones—whose rages go
Weigh raw all gay where how spill lay who'
Wind: Iyyob
'Rain without sun hated? *hurt no one*
In two we shadow, how hide any.'

The traffic below,
sound of it a wind
eleven stories
below: *The Parkway*
no parking there ever:
the deaths as
after it might be said
"ordered," the one
the two old
songsters would not
live to see—
the death of
the young man,
who had possibly
alleviated
the death of
the oldest
vagrantly back he
might have thought
from vying culturally
with the Russian
Puritan Bear—

to vagary of
Bear hug and King
Charles losing his head—
and the other
a decade younger
never international
emissary
at least not
for his President,
aged in a suburb
dying maundering
the language—
American—impatient now
sometimes extreme clarity--
to hurry
his compost
to the hill
his grave—
(distance
 a gastank)

he would
miss
living thru the
assassination

were it forecast to him
the dying face
would look quizzical?

‘In another week,
another month
another—
I shall be driven,
how shall
I look
at this sign
then—
how shall

I read
those letters
then—
that's a thing
to remember—
I should
like to remember
this—
how shall
I look
at it,
then'

Like, after all:
and as I know
failing eyes
imagine,
as shortly after
his mother died,
walking
with me
to my class
thru the swinging
red leather doors
of the Institute
he remarked on
a small square pane
of glass in each of them,
there to prevent
if students looked
those going out
and those going in
from swinging the doors
into so to speak
mutual faces,
when I pleaded blindness
'I've walked thru
some years now
and never till you
said saw these panes'

he consoled with
'mere chance
that I looked'

But the death—
years later
of the young man—
he did not live thru
(no *Drum Taps*
no *Memories*
as for Walt)

that the teacher
overhearing
a student
thought a stupid jest—
the class
shocked into a "holiday"

Flown back from Love Field, Dallas
love—so—divided—
the kittenish face
the paragon of fashion
widowed
with blood soaked stocking
beneath the wounded head
she held in her lap—
Até
crazier than ever
infatuation of history
steps on men's heads—
flown back from Love Field, Dallas
as in *Kings* 'dalas'
the poorest,
we had all,
the "English" teaching drudge
with a holiday on his hands
from "papers"
a time for
to atone for your souls

the nation
a world
mourned
three days in
dark and in
daylight
glued to
TV
grieved as a family
the Kennedy's were a family—
Castro 'We should comprehend it
who repudiate assassination
a man is small
and relative in society
his death no joy'
not the joy of the Irish
a few weeks back
greeting their Parliament,
its actual house
the old Fitzgerald seat,
when the Boston Irish American President
on tour recalled
on his mother's side
his ancestral prototype who had left it
to write his own mother
from Paris
'that the seat of the Fitzgeralds
was not
conducive to serious thinking.'

Potentates (nominally)
dignitaries
cardinals
the military
mounted
and the horses
led the
tone

in politics

who's honest
true
to
death?
the off the cuff
opponent (Guildenkrantz)
who'd stopped husking
for the nomination
until after the funeral
and after the funeral
forgot any day before
while conserving *Freedom*
nevermind *Liberty*—
honest—

the young dead's
great slip—
(pricing steel)
the twenty-third of April
only seven months laid (a
garland
for Shakespeare's birthday)
'My father always
told me
all business men
were sons-of-bitches.
I never
believed it
till now'

or Vietnam's witch
despising
Buddhists'
human wicks
with sympathies
for Western
First Lady
widow to widow
(Queen Margaret and dying Edward's queen)

And see another as I see thee now
could mourning soften

Eloquence
words of
a senator's eulogy
da capo five times:
'In a moment it was no more.
And so she took a ring
from her finger and placed it
in his hands'
And he added the fifth time:
'and kissed him and closed
the lid of the coffin.'

'Bethink you
if Bach's feet deserved such bounty
what gift must the Prince have offered
to reward his hands'
Capella, *alpha* in Auriga, little first goat
early evening early autumn
driven before them—west—
fall stars of evening

or Vesper there
Vesper Olympus dig air
court orchestra of uniformed Haiduks
habit Bach himself wore
"concertmaster" of four string players
his income not generous
'Friedmann, shall we go
over to Dresden to hear pretty tunes'
Italy's arias Händel's successes

one hundred four pages
of Frescobaldi's *Musical Flowers*
to copy, paper the fringe benefit from the Duke,
or pupil Ziegler to remember
in playing a hymn
melody is not alone

speaking the words thru it
a rare banquet in cypress
orange almond and myrtle
fragrance to turn a winter's evening to summer

or the court company of comedians
whose dispersal synchronized with Bach's arrival
not 'useful to accept a post
poorer than the one he abandons'
finger exercises tracteries little pieces of himself
played over, saying 'That's how it ought to go'
no searching over the keyboard better silent
if there's nothing, until parts
speak to their fellows, true counterpoint
variety free thru consistency
later Orpheuses, Arions

Weimar not a street perpetuates his name
where Lucas Cranach lived and some say
Bach in Herder's house
more certain he was arrested
for urging his own departure--
They perpetuate the young dead's name with place
statesman stumping *The Tabernacle*, Salt Lake City
quick with his story of the first step
of a journey of a thousand years
in behalf
of the Test Ban Treaty, all journeys must
begin with a first step

(not counting on 42 days
to the unexpected grave)
'not to our size, but to our spirit'

And 'because' *alive* 'he knew the midnight
as well as the high noon'
the travellers stood chilling
to a parade of the first step

of might be that Chinese sage a thousand
years out of counting
a little more than a half-moon, dusk
a burial
poet old enough
to write it old enough history
like the horse who took part in it
shying from it, balking
despite himself

The fetlocks ankles of a ballerina
'Black Jack' Sardar with black-
hilted sword black dangled in silver scabbard from
the saddle riderless rider
his life looked back
into silver stirrups and the
reversed boots in them.

Finally a valentine
before his death
had he asked for it
I should have inscribed to him,
After reading, a song
for his death
after I had read at Adams House

John to John-John to Johnson

so the nation grieved
each as for someone in his or her family
we want Kennedy—
and the stock market fell and rose
on the fourth day
holy holy tetraktys
of the Pythagorean eternal flowing creation
and again without the senses TV
went back to its commercials
boots reversed flapping backward
and in another month
brought back the Indian's summer
'I was dreaming a high hole in rock

from which flowed the Seine
because that was how it looked
and was showing my father
of whom I rarely dream back to
its source when the doorbell
rang (the letter carrier, shocked sleep)
but your sheepsilver was here
a chunk of a summer's
Muscovy glass from the new film
The Glass Mountain
almost Xmas—
and in less than another year
after 2000 years (a few less)
the dead's church
remembered not a moment too soon
to absolve the Jews of Yēshūa's (ah Jesu's)
cross—except for salvation

a smiling Gibbon's ground bass of a footnote
'spare them the pains of thinking'—
under the aspic of eternity
with the udder hand milking
the great Cow of Heaven—
Birjand, October five thousand nine hundred eleven
(an anagram)
'hawking with the Amir (like old Briton)
a covey of see-see, the little partridge rose
with a whistle disappeared round a bend
the falconer leading held on gloved hand
by thong to a leg-ring the bright hawk
not hooded straining for release
which came shortly—rose
and brought the see-see to earth
the hawk poised on the quarry
claws gripped its neck
plucking the feathers: the falconer came up
took the neck of the living see-see
with the left hand and its legs in his right
and with one pull dismembered it
and gave the legs to the waiting hawk.'

He could not think another
thing that evening
simply a life
had stepped in in place of theory. Then love, young Isaac
burning for Rebecca, a comfort
not all and scorned in Augustine.

Eros agh nick hot hay mock on Eros us inked massy
pipped eyes
now on th'heyday caught as thus mown

Dunk for the teeth that have rotted
(bread) soaked crust bare gums
glad car and cur bore the brunt of it
Woe woman woo woman
*the fourth kingdom shall be as strong as iron
forasmuch as iron breaketh in pieces and
subdueth all things*
'perpetual violation of justice
. . maintained by . . political virtues
of prudence and courage . .
the rise of a city . . swelled into . . empire
may deserve . . reflection of . . philosophic mind
. . decline of Rome . . the
effect of immoderate greatness.
Prosperity ripened . . decay;
the causes of destruction multiplied with
the extent of conquest,
and as soon as time or accident had removed
the artificial supports, the stupendous fabric
yielded to the pressure of its own weight . .
instead of inquiring
why the Roman empire was destroyed
should rather be surprised
. . it had subsisted so long.
The victorious legions, who, in distant wars,
acquired the vices of strangers and mercenaries,
first oppressed the freedom of the republic, and
afterwards violated . . the purple . .
emperors, anxious for . . personal safety

and . . public peace . . reduced to the
expedient of corrupting the discipline
. . and the Roman world was overwhelmed by a
deluge of barbarians . .
vain emulation of luxury, not of merit . .
Extreme distress, which unites the virtue
of a free people, embitters . . factions
As the happiness of a *future* life
is the great object of religion
we may hear without surprise
or scandal
that . . at least the abuse of Christianity
had some influence on the decline
and fall of the Roman empire.
The clergy successfully
preached the doctrines of patience and pusillanimity;
the active virtues of society were discouraged;
and the last remains of military
spirit were buried in the cloister:
a large portion of public and
private wealth . . consecrated . . charity and devotion;
and . . soldiers' pay . . lavished on useless
multitudes of both sexes who could only plead
the merits of abstinence and chastity
diverted from camps to synods . .
and the persecuted sects became
the secret enemies of their country
sacred indolence of monks was
devoutly embraced by a servile and effeminate age
Religious precepts are easily obeyed
which indulge and sanctify
the natural inclinations of their votaries
but the pure . . influence of Christianity
may be traced in its beneficial, though imperfect,
effects on the barbarian proselytes . .
This awful revolution may be
usefully applied to the instruction of the present
age . . The savage nations of the globe are the
common enemies of civilised society; and
we may inquire . . whether Europe is still

threatened with a repetition
 of those calamities which formerly oppressed
 the arms and institutions of Rome.
 . . poor, voracious, and turbulent;
 bold in arms and impatient
 to ravish the fruits of industry . . The barbarian world
 was agitated by the rapid impulse of war
 the peace of Gaul or Italy was shaken
 by the distant revolutions of China. . .
 Cold, poverty, and a life of danger and fatigue
 fortify the strength and courage of barbarians.
 In every age . . oppressed
 China, India and Persia,
 who neglected, and still neglect
 to counterbalance these natural powers
 by the resources of military art . .
 to command air and fire.
 Mathematics, chemistry, mechanics,
 architecture have been applied to the service of war;
 and the adverse parties oppose to each other
 the most elaborate modes of attack and defence.
 Historians may indignantly observe
 that the preparations of a siege
 would found and maintain a flourishing colony;
 yet we cannot be displeased that the
 subversion of a city
 should be a work of cost and difficulty;
 or that an industrious people
 should be protected by those arts
 which survive and supply the decay of military virtue
 Europe is secure from any future irruption
 of barbarians; since before they can conquer,
 they must cease to be barbarous. . .
 Should these speculations be found doubtful
 or fallacious, there still remains a more
 humble source of comfort and hope. . .
 no people, unless the face of nature
 is changed, will relapse into their original barbarism.
 The improvements of society
 may be viewed under a threefold aspect.

1. The poet or philosopher illustrates his age and country by the efforts of a *single* mind; but these superior powers of reason or fancy are rare and spontaneous productions; and the genius of Homer . . . or Newton would excite less admiration if they could be created by the will of . . . a preceptor.

2. The benefits of law and policy of trade and manufactures, of arts and sciences are more solid and permanent; and *many* individuals may be qualified, by education and discipline, to promote, in their respective stations, the interest of the community.

But this general order is the effect of skill and labour; and the complex machinery may be decayed by time, or injured by violence.

3. Fortunately for mankind, the more useful, or at least more necessary arts, can be performed without superior talents or national subordination; without the powers of *one*, or the union of the *many*.

Private genius and public industry may be extirpated
But the scythe, the invention
or emblem of Saturn,
still continued annually to mow
the harvests of Italy;
and the human feasts of the Laestrigons
have never been renewed
on the coast of Campania.'

No lady Rich is very poor
No, laid o rich is very poor

kneecheewoe—
marriageable
the first lady astronaut

returning to earth
bruised her nose.

The wives of the poets
flew higher.
And to show for it—
on the hill near town the little cemetery
that would be seen from the Erie?
—No eulogies, Louis,
no.
Perhaps to see where his friend's song
not too clear while one led his own
would *button into the*
rest of it
the life of the fugue of it
not come to talk
at the funeral.
The dog as the old friend lay dead
would not cross his threshold
he was not there anymore
his room not his room
what was there not
for the day to go into—
the estuary up the river—
later thruout the house he ruled
while the others were interring him
the friend left at home in it
hearing the other voice as *then*
'you have never
asked anyone anything'

and Nestor, 'Odysseus—where
did you get those horses
I have never set eyes on
horses like these'
and he who with his wife
deceived even pride as she suffered
'it is easy *for a god*
to bestow even better horses
than these'

.. bathed
and sat down to dine
ate thought
.. o poor .. away from all baths
Hecuba with bare breast
she once fed him
wailing,
and for still another—
Thetis
and the nymphs
Glaukë and Thaleia and Kumodokë
Nesaië and Speio, Thoë, Halië
Kumothoë and Actaië and Limnoreia
Melitë, Iaira, Amphitoë and Agauë
Doto and Proto, Pherousa and Dunamenë
Dexamenë and Amphinomë and Kallianeira
Doris and Panopë, Galateia
Nemertes and Apseudes and Kallianassa
Klumenë and Ianeira and Ianassa
Maira and Oreithuya and Amatheia
of the deepest bath

negritude no nearer or further
than the African violet
not deferred to
or if white, Job
white pods of *honesty*
satinflower

16

An
inequality

wind flower

17

A CORONAL

for Floss

Anemones

“But we ran ahead of it all ...
Anemones sprang where she pressed
and cresses
stood green in the slender source—
And new books of poetry
will be written ... ”

Not boiling to put pen to paper
Perhaps a few things to remember— ...
“I heard him agonizing,
I saw him *inside*” ...

“A”—*l*

... art’s high effort
vying with the sun’s heat

shadows small—
when rather like thick peasants

out of Brueghel
after working

you stretch out—
the sun among

the hayricks of Its fields
and artless find time.

Poem 26 from *55 Poems*

The melody! the rest is accessory:

My one voice. My other: is
An objective—rays of the object brought to a focus,
An objective—nature as creator—desire
for what is objectively perfect
Inextricably the direction of historic and
contemporary particulars.

“A”-6

In a work most indigenously of these States, and beginning perhaps a century of writing, as Wordsworth’s preface of 1800 began it in England, in *Spring and All* (1923) William Carlos Williams writes:

Crude symbolism is to associate emotions with natural phenomena, such as anger with lightning, flowers with love; it goes further and associates certain textures with ... It is typified by the use of the word “like” or that “evocation” of the “image” which served us for a time. Its abuse is apparent. The insignificant “image” may be “evoked” never so ably and still mean nothing.

Sincerity and Objectification

... The principle of varying the stress of a regular meter and counting the same number of syllables to the line ... transferred from ‘traditional’ to cadenced verse ... in *Spring and All*: not that [Williams] made each line of a stanza or printed division carry absolutely the same number of syllables— ... but there seems to have been a decided awareness of the printed, as well as the quantitative, looseness of vers libre. Obviously, what counts is quantity; print only emphasizes—yet, printing correctly, a poet (Williams or Cummings) shows his salutary gift of quantity ... one who has vicariously written, rather than painted as he has always wished to do ... conscious of his own needs through the destruction of the various isolated around him ...

American Poetry 1920–1930

1931

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS
MARCH

An “Objectivists” Anthology pp. 196–200

1933

“who has

a

taste

[A-17]

“for something
that will
warm
up”

snow
for
my friend’s birthday

“and
so
on.”

Song— 3/4 time from *55 Poems*

1934 *names are sequent to the things named*

Is the poem then, a sestina
Or not a sestina?

The word sestina has been
Taken out of the original title. It is no use
(killing oneself?)

—Our world will not stand it,
the implications of a too regular form.

Hard to convince even one likely to show interest
in the matter
That this regularity to which ‘write it up’ means
not a damn ...
If it came back immediately as the only
Form that will include the most pertinent subject
of our day— ...
Cannot mean merely implied comparison, unreality
Usually interpreted as falsity ...

The mantis might have heaped up upon itself a
Grave of verse,
But the facts are not a symbol ...

No human being wishes to become
An insect for the sake of a symbol.

“Mantis,” *An Interpretation from 55 Poems*

- 1935 1869. A Chapter of Erie. C. F. Adams (Jr.) ...
Collected at the Erie Station in Jersey City,
(Ribbed Gothic and grilled iron)

“A”-8

- 1936 The white chickens of 24b are even more gentle than the mosaic
coł (24a) descended of gentility ... It may take only four words
to shift the level at which emotion is held from neatness of surface
to comprehension...

A Test of Poetry

- 1940 They were together now in the time when the Aztec calendar
was correct and the Old World calendar of that period in error.
No hands of a clock crossed the figures of hours. There was less
difference between them than between the Americans and her.
She had planted a sprig of Creeping Charlie—her eyes like stars
moving—and was oblivious as to whether it was called Wandering
Jew or a weed ... The film was running again: something not
advertised on the billboard ... highly original and yet disjunct ...
something about Columbus ... La Niña. The title translated: the
girl. And continued: Columbus on his first return voyage entering
the harbor of Palos. Suddenly the little theatre went dark ... he
drove on ... a street from which he could see the steps going up
to the columns of the porch of the Capitol—not much more than
a hundred years old.

“Ferdinand” from *It was*

If number, measure and weighing
Be taken away from any art,
That which remains will not be much:—
Poem 14 from *Anew*

- 1943 You three:—
Poem 42 from *Anew*

“ ... this poem, all Z’s art, that is to say,
his life ...”

W

1944

William Carlos Williams
THE WEDGE
[to] L.Z.

“Dr. W. C. Williams
9 Ridge Road
Rutherford, N.J.

Dear Celia:

Keep it if you like. Could music
be made for it?

Best

Bill

enc.: *Choral: The Pink Church.*
(music written June 1946)

to Williams—

... all gentleness and its
enduring ...

“Poetry For My Son When He Can Read”
from *5 Statements for Poetry*

“Dear Louis:

This is the longest labor at which I was ever the attendant.
But here it is. Such as it is.

As ever,

Bill

6/4/46”

(inscription in *PATERSON (Book One)*)

1948 Aristotle knew that “the argument of the *Odyssey* is not a long one.” And Chapman spurred by the job of rendering summed it up as “A man,” or perhaps just “man.” The friendliest reader for the time being forgets, still scampering through Williams. ... the horse of man’s “whole grasp of feeling and knowledge in the world.’ ... (and we are in *Paterson’s* time) and his Stein-ish definition of substance “a this.”

An Old Note on WCV

[A-17]

“Constitution Day [Sept. 17]
1948

Dear Louis:

Happy Birthday (my own); what’s the different? Thought you might enjoy the enclosed greeting.

Maybe Celia will set it to music—notice the slow nostalgic line.

Best
Bill”

(enc.: “Turkey in the Straw”)

“Tuesday [Sept.]

Dear Celia:

No, I guess I didn’t exactly mean the same tune as Turkey in the Straw—but after that nature ...

Best
Bill”

(music written 10/6/48)

1949

W

Ah, my craft, it is as Homer says:
“A soothsayer, a doctor, a singer
and a craftsman is sure of welcome
where he goes.” Never
have I seen anything like you,
man or woman.

I wonder looking at you.

Well, in Delos
once I saw something like you,
a young palm sprung at Apollo’s altar,
I’ve been even that far—along
with others and their raft of trouble.
Seeing that sapling I was stunned
for no other tree like it grows out of the earth.
And yet I wonder and am stunned—
you might be that girl—
at the thought of touching your knees.

“III, Chloride of Lime and
Charcoal” from *Some Time*

[A-17]

1954

William
Carlos
Williams

alive!

thinking of
Billy

The kid
shoots
to
kill,

But to
the expanse
of his
mind

who heard
that word
before,

scape
of a
letter

soars
with the
rest of
the letter

gulled by
the kid's
self-sacrifice:

reach
C
a cove—
call it
Carlos:

smell W
double U
two W's,
ravine and
runnel:

these
sink
high

in
high
fog

which
as
it
lifts,

the other
world
is
there:

the sight
moves—

open—

soothes

smoothes
over

the
same word

that
may have,
to touch,

two faces—
the heart
sees into—
of one
sound:

the
kid
's torn,
shot

so quickly
it sounds
water:

purls

a
high
voice

as with
a lien
on
the sky

that becomes

low now
frankly

water—

called also—

softly—

a kill.

“5, Songs of Degrees” from *Some Time*

1957

That song
is the kiss
it keeps
is it

The
unsaid worry
for what
should last.

By the intimacy
of eyes,
or its inverse—
restiveness

Of heart—

The gold that shines
in the dark
of Galla Placidia,
the gold in the

Round vault rug of stone
that shows its
pattern as well as the stars
my love might want on her floor

The quiet better than crying
peacock is immortal
she loves, knows
it so pretty

That pretty in
itself is enough
to love.

“4 Other Countries” from
Barely and widely

Passer, deliciae meae puellae

Sparrow, my girl's pleasure, delight of my girl,
a thing to delude her, her secret darling
whom she offers her fingernail to peck at,
teasing unremittingly your sharp bite,
when desire overcomes her, shining with love
my dear, I do not know what longing takes her,
I think, it is the crest of passion quieted
gives way to this small solace against sorrow,
could I but lose myself with you as she does,
breathe with a light heart, be rid of these cares!

“Catullus II”

Dear Bill,

This is, as you will find out, for the nation ...

Yours,

Louis

[anticipating *PATERSON (Book Five)* and his 75th birthday]

1960 (In Karel van Mander's painting of two Englishmen playing chess — William Carlos Williams is not against thinking they are Shakespeare and Ben Jonson painted from life, 1606—“Shakespeare's” lowered but seeing eyes and red affectionate lips are absorbed by the chess move of his hand; “Ben's” open eyes stare blindly from a coarse face; the literal sense of the painter suggests the identity of his models.)

“the living tongue resembled that tree which father Huc saw in Tartary, whose leaves were languaged ... mated by new shoots and leafage of expression ... ”—as good for thought as Williams' *The Botticellian Trees*

“—they had eyes . .

—and saw,

saw with their proper eyes

[A-17]

which is she whom I see
and not touch her flesh?"

Grand entr'oeil, et regard joly

Bottom: on Shakespeare

Pretty

Look down out how pretty
the street's trees' evening green
with the day's with them
on globular lights no Hesperides
was has fruit more lemony
orangey cherryie honeydew melon white
like several white sports cars
turned the corner no peachier
headlights blaze in dark sides
of a row of cars
half-parked on the sidewalk
while for once nowhere here
fruits smell sing the mechanics

from After I's

Ille mi par esse deo videtur

He'll hie me, par *is* he? the God divide her,
he'll hie, see fastest, superior deity,
quiz—sitting adverse identity—mate, in-
spect it and audit—

you'll care ridden then, misery hold omens,
air rip the senses from me; now you smile to
me—Lesbia's aspect—no life is to spare me

[voice hoarse in a throat]

linked tongue set torpid, tenuous support a-
flame a day mown down, sound tone sopped up in its
tinkling, in ears hearing, twin eyes tug under
luminous—a night.

“Catullus LI”

3

Williams' inscription in L.Z.'s copy of *Pictures from Brueghel*

18

An unearthing
my valentine
if I say it now will
it always be said.
I always know
it is I who have died
yet in that state

sorrow for you
by yourself.
Thinking of you
without me
without years
of hours
that time is.
Selfish of
me to wish you
to merely
live long

to fulfill
no time
where your
thought for
me has no sense
for with
that thought
it is I have died.
I mean don't cry
in that sense
I cannot now

get around
thinking I am dead
where with you
now I have no place
as I say
it now
and you sense
it always said.

I am here let the days live their
lines two days bird's down blown on wire
mesh fence jot down assures life a note(book).
who won't sense upper case anymore: iyyob (jōb)
swift would have known sobbing it every birthday
yovad yom yahweh the surgeon a surge on
tall as the mast a nipponese liner rising
sun on the flag of a high mast
sails after the week in port into a
seeded fog of sunset east having come west
going home. *typee* tattoo the water woven as
the surgeon operated on another wound offhand saw
the mentula tattooed SWAN remarked later with the
sailor's recovery *how charming how apt* and the
buoy confused exclaimed SWAN? *that was SASKATCHEWAN.*
or found in the debris of the acropolis
a long lost right leg (wisdom?) athene's parthenon
pediment.

forgive: I don't recall names: rote.

Stupid perhaps bright with the youngest of my
days for you more than my work nobody
to speak of did it say a wedding
rite sang not vain chance I Sent Thee Late
'Not Exactly Personal C.Z. wanted to save
this poem written in 1922. "I sent thee
late"—wanting one supposes honor, a "rosy" (?)
"wreath" asks that it "breathe" of "thee" even
if it is "itself"

Vast, tremulous;
Grave on grave of water-grave:

Past.

Futurity no more than duration
Of a wave's rise, fall, rebound
Against the shingles, in ever repeated mutation
Of emptied returning sound.'

Death not lived thru *big a sweeter fig*
a greek gathering of early flowers that may
happen if they come out notes that happened
but not co-star cluster again *For a Thing*
by Bach tho I read as she sees
such Life as is Our God . . . if like
to errant stars . . . of Thy source . . . as to
the immortelle long after the gathering is given
give . . . measureless . . . still increate. These fallen petals now
the rest let be our lives do not
yet know enough shall at 90 and 81.

Weep—rather others. world's a huge thing. half
asleep. e.e.c. as young man saw
an old man 3/3 dead. if one
third seems wandered for 2 left alone figure
6/3? the little girl 4-year old
asked to meet the great man did not want
to 'I have already met enough people.' all
their world's done to change the world is
to make it more ugly to the airport.

When they use elbow or arm boards to
cover the whole keyboard fast rather than their
fingers spanning octave to octave they fly to
lunes together and the epicene stentorian drops
bass lower than his stones we're to watch see.
The young o young-eyed pitiful cannot bear that
gnawing pain sorrow sorrow and 'the music saves

it' I may not ever translate it precisely carried having enough its hovering over. THRONGS OF VIETNAMESE PILGRIMS VISIT POND OF MIRACULOUS FISH. 'The pond is in Quang Nam about 30 miles west of Danang where hate between Buddhists (about 80 per cent of the population) and Roman Catholics equals "*strong*." The miracle happened about two months ago in the middle of the crisis the Buddhists accusing the Government of discriminating against them. Word spread. A giant fish apparently a carp swimming in a pond the incarnate Buddha. The fish was so big and could be seen so easily it was attracting the attention of the villagers. From all over the province Vietnamese came to the pond to be its fish. At this point the district chief a newly shrived Catholic told American aide that the "pilgrimage" was an act of opposition. American decided to clean out *his* pond. With new troops from Col. Le Quang Tung's special forces both marched to that pond to *get* that fish. Troops fired their automatic weapons into *their* pond. They placed ten mines in said pond and set them off. They blew up and killed everything in that pond except the fish. He came on swimming. They started feeding it bread so to tempt him up to the surface. They followed bread with hand grenades pitched into the water twice. Twice terrific explosions twice the fish officially "continued" to swim. *Ich hub dir in bud* (Kentuckian for *jump in the lay-ake* brother tongue too.) Other continents encroach' as we can see by the belly-fanny dancing of the tights over the buttocks of "our" women the slim erectile trousers of "their" men. *Not that we digged original sin* reading Gibbon's "an useful scavenger" of a defender of persecution who used saints for his history in support of his arguments. Rather noted a statesman hump TV-free face between a pumpkin and a shark.

For a roman à clef all resemblance to living or
 dead obviously intended if these find their identities
 in them. For the young starting out: better
 ordure than order's arrogance of 'ideas' and 'ideals.'
 We warm us may ah Lesbia what cue
 may maim us the theatre marquees too big
 to read, a friend writes 'the song preserves
 recurring saves us' the song preserves a store's
preserves packed rancid: death wars' commonplace no hurt
 wars not Old Glory's archaic even for MacArthur
 'How many killings per Diem Phu on Nhu'
 housewife alarmed veteran unpacking from the supermarket 'I
 told him not to put the encyclopedia with
 the vegetables, PENTHOUSE FLOOR send the elevator down.'

When I am dead in the empty ear
 you might ask what was he like away
 from home: on his job more patient with
 others than himself more patient with strangers that's
 always so: what if the song preserves us?
 As *you* said stone sculpture's still and moves
 and to intrigue us further the mobile moves
 with its sustaining current the space is still:
 which is less abstract solid or more sensed?
 non-sense like the great thing is not
 to refuse their "honor" best not "deserve" it
 (N. 'they will *all* think they deserved it')
 what work excepts or ends. fiddler and fiddle
 together. *Man and Sheep: Odysseus with the Sacrifice:*
 his kid's clothes sprawled over the stone, Pablo—
 'art begs disrespect, calculators can only give answers.
 Bad, good: horses or sheep in a field.'

No not an efficient man only an observant
 sits down with an aspirin without a prayer
 eight words a line for love: *y-eye, yigh*
 pointed the kid, *y-eyes* intentions blaze *light lights:*
 an order out of hiatus joining a chain:
 "An": faring no cause to an unowned end:
 story of a fiddler from pogrom to program:

Doughty: 'the Semites are like to a man
 sitting in a cloaca to the eyes and
 whose brows touch heaven': but for his 'heaven'
 the producer's offer to Schönberg Hollywood's 'infernal passion
 terrestrial paradise and heaven' answered by, 'Then why
 do you need *my* music': *Shahnamah* relegated to
 tribesmen and dervishes, read aloud in encampments, chanted
 striding in coffee houses: by my friend who
 eats like a bird *da capo* a vulture:
 stick whacks a statue, execration grave's my door:
 Klamath floods: the old man of the creek
 up high ground shored hearing voices under him
 "out of his head" climbed awake 3 nights
 72 hrs watching his house spirited away below
 snows after weeks' rains bid to stay months:
 and the nation's draft my window's: soldiers killed
 in small *squirmishes* (the newspaper's misprint): whose
 the hernia of a book: that the devils
 not be driven into swine or Jerusalem rabbinate
 like the Curia kidnap a little scholar:
 the weight of the wait: how many books
 can a man read: man unkind womb unkind:
alter ego jünger ego: "reality" grammarian added an
ity: philosophize: if I cannot live their lives
 for them, to write their costive posies is whose (?) "lie":
 fool horse Sophi if these lines were broken
 down into such jewelled shorts word for word
 they might exceed The Decline and Fall of
 the American Poem by six folios, when (if)
 life is too much ineffable is *His* title:
 the "I" can't get around "my" 'overcome by
 undue sense of right': whistler: 'no desire to
 teach the rare few who had early rid
 themselves of the clap claque of a public:
 in the Jews quarter in Amsterdam he did
 not lament that the gabardine was not Greek':
 art she: occupied with her own counterpoint coverlet
 Father not guilty: Emanuel's 4 Angels with Hats
 on their Heads: top hats tipped to a
 tramp: the drawing Old Tacit never returned: as

we furnish anew stir recall half asleep *then*:
 old song: now knowing-it (?) goes with it:
 only the closest close keeps one awake: child
 called Silence unsure ever when she was called
 or shut up: old man and close lady
 as one August gust on another stop speaking
 in pretty ears: B's *Notenbuch* compiled by both:
 her copy has her initial no other signature:
 'between order and sensibility in its power at
 once to suggest all complexity and keep every
 form each form taking up the same theme':
 not by "association" it is *so* things come to
 me.

Why "free"? They'd sing 'Horses, horses I'm
 crazy about horses' Where Luvah doth renew *his*
 brings *The Horses of Lu*, they "A"—7 horses:
 "Lou" (*her voice*) *my name God's my life*
 forty years later The Adirondack Trust Company of
 Saratoga (Drive-in Banking and FREE Parking While Banking)
 trust "Health—History—Horses" *He* has become as
 talkative as Bottom a weaver and says for
 me all that follows: 'we laugh at that elixir
 that promises to prolong life to a thousand
 years and with equal justice may be derided?
 Who shall imagine that his dictionary can enbalm his
 language, that it is in his power to
 change sublunary nature. Sounds are too volatile for
 legal restraints. To enchain syllables and to lash
 the wind are equally undertakings of pride unwilling
 to measure its desires by its strength. That
 signs might be permanent . . . like the things?
 To explain requires the use of terms less
 abstruse than that which is to be explained
 and such terms cannot always be found. Words
 hourly shifting, names have often many ideas, few
 ideas many names. But every art is obscure
 to those that have not learned (?) it. The
 exuberance of words, to admit no testimony of
 living authors, but when my heart in the
 tenderness of friendship solicited admission for a favorite

name—to *persue* perfection was like the first inhabitants of Arcadia to *chace* the sun, which when they had reached the hill where he seemed to rest, was still beheld at some distance from them: that I set limits to my work which would in time be ended tho not completed, that he whose design includes whatever language can express must often speak of what he does not understand: writes hurried by eagerness to the end—that the *English Dictionary* was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic~~k~~ bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow--success and miscarriage . . empty sounds . . having little to fear from censure or from praise.’

Clear hand is C’s

‘Thou that do cover’—But whose then, her son’s words I of all life embrace, as T answered echoing the ugly lady: if she or the beautiful one fell into the sea which would he dive for first: but Madam you swim so well. L (who?) ‘*witness his hand*’ (as white of egg as of child conceived not wisdom but starred tear furthered to achieve, the thigh’s slender not blind clock of history remembers when the genitals hang higher than the table chronicle began to shake bad) ‘there is a march of *science* but who shall beat the drum for its retreat.’ Her soft look played, would not harm a fly, speech gentle or he hold still ‘seed-time till fire purge nor let the sea surpass nor rain to drown sleep hand in hand who to blot out.’ What we *would* preserve ‘o’er the marish glides to the subjected plain.’ Napalm no palm, manroot pollutes their throats, “eloquence” that is old Latin’s past participle merely declaims. Blood does not syllabicate pulse. Pride false to its own voice lolling

snake eyes they could not find the artist
so they hung the picture so he walks
with Lincoln (who said of the preacher's sermons
'he got to writin 'em and was too
lazy to stop.' Twenty minutes to whittle one
peg, a big chair needs 30 to 90—
pegs, no nails unless asked by a customer—
the better part of a month starting with
cutting the tree for a rocker, people ain't
willin to pay what it's worth, they don't
understand how much time takes to make it:
or a chairmaker born in Poor Fork.) We
are nothing if not American. But we
are *not* a Europe-of-the-United States
an Asia-of-an Africa-of-a South America
-of-the-United States. Aware 'gathers ground fast'
how fast their empire dwindled, child 'tasted *A*'
(Hen Adams) *schlissel* to *key*, H.J. intensely in
New York the year that I was born.
60 gone, my son plays Ives 20 of
nostalgic homespun circles thru fiddle, "Proud?" well if
their praise means well. As if one root
went 1000 years deep flew back from Iceland
to round full cycle beginning Eric The Red.
Thank you, hell does not wish to be
fed anymore never wanting anything to write *about*.
All their ever never my never ever: let be.
Above children bumping heard *The Great Fugue*.
Goal's naturally breathless, look back, *an, a the*—
praise or as you wish the reticence of
all my omissions, not "smarter" than Catullus, thank
you, he was Savage struck it "uncommon" and
who, Time, can plead Roman did not compel
complications, Celtiberia still Spain—dim to sum up
but that one horror dims another, I cannot
teach-in, sit-in, orgy-for nor will in obscurity malingering
for those competing to gag they needed me—
how ineffable such a small flatulence of the
intelligent and discriminating General Reader sounder than whose
Pew black or white competitively they're the same.

Heather and white candles were pretty, marron glacés
 good, printed letterheads *would* be timesaving but late
 expedience for kindness like the theologian's pastorate "two
 Xians both Jews." Valé, fruitcake, volley, and (true)
 cigs medicines certain tissue ought not be taxed
 nature sure enough has taxed man's rump enough.
 I see with the inflation boys march West
 Less Land Ia Drang news one more less safer
 hailstone General revealing only small losses, some the
 inevitable fault of bombing his own men, 'but
 we've stopped the little bastards VC's,' and
 enlisted officer urged valor when Secretary Offense
 shot off bulletproof mouth his hinny's teeth raising
 the promise of 200,000 draftees. "The stupid war
 in Viet Nam" afterthought of an earlier stupid
 Frog's thought for Glory not all neat o.
 Mac—gee! resigned for a "Cadillac" job the
 TV announcer said it left his President's basement
 for a jump from 28 to 70 thousand
 to head a Foundation. The Ecumenical Council ended
 signing peace? Unless a miracle, said Cyrus, rusk
 (twice baked) never informed the people. Remorse said:
 'one Senator—*imperialism?*I don't delight in semantics
 the U.S. is guilty violating international law.'
 Rock well all shut up if you don't
 swallow my knuckles I'll knock out the few
 remaining teeth Ours Total resort to maiden again?
 'I understood whatever was unintelligible *would* be transcendental
 . . . Broadway . . . pig . . . only one ear . . . parted the other
 to vagrant dogs . . . ' Dickens, old: *American Notes*. 'Bach
 or the Devil' laughed as to mastery 'nothing
 wonderful you merely strike the right note.' POWER
 FAILURE EIGHT STATES: Achilles' Heel of American Giant.
 New Yorkers kind in the blackout. Dark named cities.
 Watts, Harlem. A cyclone from Arkansas gone northeast
 with furniture, bedsprings bar billiard ping pong tables
 cuspidors dressers that the Lord giveth over Massachusetts.
 'Fond of listening to other players' the solution
 of the up to date. *Life* thumbed—three
 photographs: a monument to Lumumba his wax figure

in a glass booth; corpse of another year
salved from heaped plaster; 4 small Congolese boys
left to play alone hide-and-go-seek
a game of grasping the last stake standing
of an iron fence to swing out to
devastation that does not own them, happy in
their play: o son of the umbilical cord
of the Gemini capsule and *cryobiology* mere cold
does not kill (it is the *slow* freezing
of ice crystals that ruptures the cell)
superfast frozen suspended animate back to Sumeria's recipe
'Grind to a powder pear-tree wood, grind
with flower of the *moon* plant, then dissolve
it in beer and let the man drink.'

Would: wood:

a massive operation with small results:
my love watched TV between Ti and Ki
danang cryochore intervention in santo domingo transcendental
neutrality

heard the astronauts would sleep if not urged
from the ground (old Lady Clio mutter 'ruination'
shamed by behind tho no one had followed
it seemed turning round ashamed 'had he followed?')
a young man 'since the last detonation' the
sailor who'd not reenlist defeat at dong xoai)
my love scorched as she watched the self-immolation
of roger allen la porte 5 a.m. at u.n.
(seminarian briefed chrystie street where I was born)
the quicked quaker norman morrison his own torch
in front of the pentagon, an older lady
whose name was hushed: only in my love's
room did her plants not burn: in world's
hangar great room *honesty* a shade gray
the unminded plant burned with all others where
white is at least as false as true
that fittest survives.

Weeping: the food he eats.

The spirits would not return to rest under
the huts burnt to the ground their lifegiving
handful of rice smoke when the rice paddies

fired. The marine with the cigarette lighter did
 not know nor the air cavalry bombing indiscriminately
 cultured now like the innocent child shamed by
 the pain his birth caused perverse burned hating all
 males who impregnate. Here an old woman weeps
 as in the Melanesian tale the old woman's
 spirit crouched under the bedstead not known scalded
 after the Harvest Tide when the dead return
 for their Day then all but the longing spirit
 return all the dead to return remembered only
 in the next Harvest Tide the Year's Time
 scalded unknown by the day's broth her daughter
 spilled from a coconut cup weeps heard known
 to 'I thought you were here only for
 the one Day' weeps 'I shall go now'
 known now cutting a coconut in half as
 alive keeping the half with three eyes giving
 her daughter the other 'I am giving you
 the half that is blind tho you look you
 will not see me I am taking the
 half with the eyes and I shall see
 you when I come back with the others.'

Trobrianders: born of these spirits *Baloma bogè isaika*
the baloma gave it of the father's way
 with the child's into the womb they'll say
 or know nothing: when the *Baloma* the dead
 soul is old his teeth fall out his
 skin's loose and wrinkled he goes to the
 beach and bathes in salt water throws off
 his skin like snake becomes child again a
waiwaia in *utero* (belly: cavity of earth) or
just born: baloma woman's there with a basket
 or plaits coconut leaf to carry *waiwaia* to
 Kiriwina village places it into the womb of
 (that's later) its mother so she is *nasusuma*
 pregnant: or the *waiwaia* go into the sea
 hide in *popèwo* floating scum in washed on
 stones *dukupi* or come along on large tree-
 trunk *kaibilabala* or attach to dead leaves *libulibu*;
 when wind and high tide blow plenty of

this stuff towards the shore girls are afraid
 to bathe in the sea: while bathing may
 feel a thing touch or hurt: sometimes cry
A fish has bitten me: th' *waiwaia* being inserted:
 or in a dream *baloma* inserts the *waiwaia*.
 As to your "cause" *U'ula* a mere share:
 dripping water a finger may also—not man:
 also the fatherless always *the baloma gave it*
 tho the girl with *waiwaia* no father's "no good"
gala taitala Cikopo'i where is no father no
 man to take it in his arms.

My

sweet 9/3 wonder if I'm not you're 3
 smile conjugate: 'I stumble you stumble Istanbul'
 'as when an upright woman holds her scale
 weight in one hand wool in the other
 to earn a meager wage for her children'
 I am my father reading to my mother
 if not Isaac *iliad*: 'they live for memory:
 with them in the sense that they think
 of nothing else: the more in their past
 the more find it': *Maud-Evelyn*. I read there
 he plays here. 'So life hasn't seen anything?'
 'Nothing.' 'Then he hasn't kept the things?'
 'He has kept everything.' Paid: but not for
 the work. This fable of life its face
 like sudden night when nothing is said but
 in 'silences that cause the thought to flow'
 head splitting and not splitting: to think hair-
 splitting: but swift recall softest hair and its
 head presumably danced in the child feet: fireplace
 with a window over it so he thought
 to watch the flames reach up to snow.
 Let The Hermit sing *I do not know*
whom Edan will sleep with but I don't
that fair Edan will not sleep alone. Let
 the page turner look as if he earned
 his Bach—Malbrook gone to war 'bribing neighbors
 to fight their own quarrel . . amongst our enemies
 our allies . . that extenuation he so much despised

men are but men . . . who amused with bonfires . . .
Thankful crowded frozen then as valet and maid
truckers in his move as he drove the
white *Dart* with the youthful red upholstery: lake
cloud and maiden cloud Little Dipper flying ahead
of the windshield: of gratitude there is less
than happiness: the one odd moment of happiness
6/3 alone so near two each 1/3 chills alone:
bridge with three piers fog's of the water:
span not mirrored where three piers mist
sheaved waistlines reflected one and one and one.

'What nature delights in' says Savage 'the observer
on the level with the object: a shell
reversed no false ornament, moss and fern stuck
with root outward, a crystal sparkling at bottom
or top, loose soil or plashing water; rudeness
is here no blemish' the emasculated conception: 'A
man who hates children and dogs can't be
all male vicieuse.' Demolition: what fears of tears
their hateful deference water for mash: Hell
a *mood* (that hollow word!) His Friday's pun
Good but does not pass for that: an
opera's mournful wail 'Bye-Bye Brook-a-leen-a'
portent I shivered to as kid: a Sicilian
brass band blaring Brahms' march to the 6-foot blot
what Mad King pawn braiding his pubic hairs
Divine *comedy*. We'll move from our belongings disposed
of in a song '*Kwanon, sine qua non*'
how unhappy a place once blessed can grow
'Job's city of Kratz the second city of
Austria' C said. The metaphor barely a rhetor's
loveless word quickened only when the laugh's with
all we lived: afar brought to the fore.
Leave their years of drain as the seventh
decade comes offering the same insolence my patience
had built on drains drained arrogance drained spirit
drained authority ourari in their air conditioner.
Our *Pickaninny* painting looks civil rites behind her

'and what natural use have *cartons* of books'
heritage late come from the buffaloes with these
we can't stir before our coupling apartment hunters
who according to the clause of the lease
can come to look as it suits the
landlord: 'seeing 4 walls they've visions of empire.'
'Who cares.' That one who cared says that.

Has scion so much sheet music scores books
to which I have added to support the
live dead, the stone dead, the quick near
dead, the few to be alive dead—and
not for status? 'We have no wishes now.'

TV advertiser for stocks: "the one permanence change."
'Think my dear of Heraclitus' fee were he alive.'
There pressed to me my old father's soul
'Deign? no. nor detain reverence in his way,
keeping your days apart all one and filial
silence will stay the wait, lampposts of your
courting borough be a woods.' Then in myself
her look in an areaway said 'the spring's
one white crocus Eden no friends to share.

Never fear we'll be found in our city
smog ensuring medical costs four times your pay.'
80 odd dwellings burnt imagery of the poets
'the fashion to draw eyes like—but such
eyes you like no more than such noses
you came into the world with less, no
compliments, no presents, you disarm those whom a
note glances to remind of their conceits, who
when they envy think they create *mit fühlung*
aspirant relatives parasitically hugging genius to
inhuman family:

be it but a line or a dot let it persist
at that solely with the unearthing crocus: by
this time Katsuhika Hokusai we are like you
only with the room on the corner of
Hell Street where we'll be rarely happy to

see you since you have passed that way.
Let the mad dogs' transports enjoy all success.
We are quiet where they cannot exist alone
and alone our desire won't shadow their living.'

With the fireworks of The Fourth at the
sill the black smudges of a child's white
first shoes show, a tin pie plate he
painted is Persian a little beyond the red
pipecleaner Valentine the bare the tiny has poise.
All-star-what-shade-blue-what-shade-blue?
The ashtray with the painted daisy its eye
on the tablemat near her, 'place what dear?'
If he dropped in it would be perfect.
A garden of shadows on the walls after
all eyes walls looking eyes see sun's greetings
your jungle of flower pots (a chest weighs
f-holes of spruce all or nothing) hang the
unbellied fiddle painted black inside with its black
cardboard shelves for—its monkey-like scroll, its
ebony pegs little arms—the little replica of
the "Ste. Maria" making it down trough, the
green and walnut cow: (trinkets) 'fetishes' Brancusi laughed
toying with his: black washrag folded over the
tile wall soap dish enough sculpture, an emptiness
mirrored, an animate instrument without vindictiveness.

20 years

you've wanted a bolster? the old chair pillow
folded in half tied by its gold strings,
small can serve also as a lady's muff
no one'll have seen anything like it, with one
puff a bolster, and as fulfillment of an
eskimo sold refrigerators iced tea at 2¢ a glass.
Want cheese? We're rats. Played no game playing
house all our lives. Settling: after 25 years
walked at night the streets of our marriage
to the forbidding old factory at the foot
of the unexpected turn into Gay Street our
Serpentine curve at the foot of that alley
with its brightly lit door lamps guarding nearly

200 year old two story village wooden houses
and Gay Street was almost gay but empty.

Cöthen . . the Schloss . . offered a more intimate setting
for the first *Brandenburg* . . conducted *in seinem Hause*
. . a 'Comödien-Theatrum' in the Orangery beyond the Schloss
. . little music . . Baldassare Galuppi but no Monteverdi, Corelli
. . the Prince owned a viola by Stainer dated 1650
. . Bach tuned the quill plectrums . . no one could
better to his satisfaction . . so skillful at it
took him no more than one quarter hour
. . 'tried to get a word in with Mr. Handel
for your (Bach's) sake . . could accomplish nothing, he
(Handel) a bit *touched* or so it seemed'
. . but not infrequent visitors . . occasions characters
not stated . .

disturbed by the clatter of a water mill
beyond the Schloss Garden near the orangery . . walking
between sentries into the exercise ground . . sleek horses
'the window . . behind the organ . . should be built up
to shelter it from drafts . . ' would not compete
'had the angelic throng descended he'd have been rejected'
but did play for his old friend Reinken
. . extemporizing on "An Wasserflüssen Babylon" . . after which R
'I thought this art was dead, I see
it lives in you.' . . *À son altesse Marggraf*
de Brandenburg &c, &c . . sometimes one purrs . . the
Six Brandenburg he probably never performed . . *Serenade Libretto*
for his Prince 'sight and seeing, breath and
singing' . . with him to Carlsbad . . shades of Saratoga
where the Prince took a bath? Then left for Leipzig
. . his son's first lesson in an exercise book
. . little clavier-book for Wilhelm Friedemann Bach first
started in Coethen 22 January 1720 (71 leaves).
Forgetting: that's all I need say or remember.

Midnight opening the door to the telephone ringing
(the violinist's timing always right) could not believe
the voice after two months' distance. 'P?' 'Yes
me.' 'What is't?' 'Naturally I phone because I've
something to ask.' What he *had*: our deep need.

An armory shattering, three levitating torahs flying thru
 a Chagall see with her worries he with
 his fiddle who with Whose bass *the trembling*
string the lighted ha' the red-head priest tempered
The Seasons Johann Sebastian his clavier, chances of
 ordered changes changes of ordered chances, song that
 literally came into and out of one's ears
 seven horses run Pegasus flying to cleaning house
 seven words heaven, eight love, nine universe, longing
 that innocence at nine, a dip of the
 valley shoots children skating red blue and snow:
 writing '19 for 47 years later feeling that
 moment that far back: millennia raiding to nations
 and still their *yes* that means *no*. The
 young said '*You old, to blame*—but we
 who looked towards no nation, all regions peoples?'
 That death should sing: the young live after.
 Vietnamese story: Kung Buddha Christos and no forgiveness
 not hard to die when gods likewise try?
 'If it be now, 'tis not to come
 if it be not to come, it will be now
 if it be not now, yet it will come.'
 'As dry pumps will not play till
 water is thrown into them . . . tho' I light
 my Candle at my Neighbour's Fire does not
 alter the Property, or make Wick Wax Flame
 or the whole Candle less my own'—Swift

'of the great Scriblerus (works) made and to
 be made, written and to be written, known
 and unknown, this excellent person who may well
 be called The Philosopher of Ultimate Causes
 since by a Sagacity peculiar to himself
 he hath discovered Effects in their very Cause
 . . . *A Demonstration of the Natural Dominion of the*
Inhabitants of the Earth over that of the
Moon . . . with the Proposal of a Partition-Treaty
among the earthly Potentates: as to music Heidegger
 has not the face to deny he has
 been much beholden to his scores.'

Swift: 'As

I have a tender Regard to Men of Great Merit, and Small Fortunes . . . shall let slip no Opportunity by bringing them to light, when either through a peculiar Modesty or some . . . Unhappiness they have been unwilling to present themselves to the World, and have been consequently no otherwise remarkable in it, than by the Number or Size of their Performances. This Piece of Humanity was instilled into me by an accidental Turn in my own Fortunes, which was owing to the Discovery a Man of great Penetration and Power made of the Excellence and Superiority of my Genius.' The laughter without the mask:

'For poetry' (Scriblerus Aristotle) 'to be a success' 'as those in a Garden do from their own Root and Stem . . . I have observed a Gardener cut the outward Rind of a Tree (which is the Surtout of it) to make it bear well . . . why Wits of all Men living ought to be ill clad.' (The grapevine heard: 'Have fun Henry R.') Then the old sang the young as an other Swan read and considered 'we expect from others not to our latent powers but to the position which we have attained.' Then my constancy shyness said: 'The buoy exclaimed' (not the sailor). That was no misprint nor inept wit with her.

19

An other
song—you
want another
encore I

hear back-
stage the
stagehand's *late*
the stage's

moon his
sufferance of
lights footcandles
mind pines

at a
door snow
flakes drift
down up

thru and
past turn
over under
on froth

pine needles
frost tomorrow's
sun better
than any

tune bōwed
fingered drawn

lights dimmed
bowed heart

another
bowed—fame
crowds an
other valentine.

No ill-luck
if bonding
tohu bohu
horsehair mends
azure mane
flogs cold
races rut
shards the
perverse desolate
with pride
who curse
misfortune Place
it futile range

less discreet
than her
lips dawned
on china
benign day's
first kiss
the lips
not drinking
yet where
to tarry
is breath:
arm even
the martyr's assay

will may
may be
soul owned
by time

illumine itself
primordial elect
penchant salute
horsehair silk
play to
the balm
of time
an anti-matter
of its sigh

bird one
hears once
of all
alive comber
naked jubilation
its story
cinder sparing
the fire
fierce shying
idleness offense:
purchase woman
child broth
quarryman cut out

for his
marriage cobbler
who'd recreate
shoes (feet
if *you*
will revive
everyday's amities
his live
eye separate
him from
his togs
so he
walk naked god

song of
his wood

the truth
of a
face of
it hymn
work patience
atlas herb
science ritual
while insensible
authority trouble
to humiliate
ore and motility

their impalpable
conscionable double
when no
eye'll hallucinate
air with
divisions sage
sprig the
litigious who
tease but
till the
blossom grow
too large
for their reasons

fierce shyness
no symbol
literally Don
Quixote with
shoe trees
come home:
(Two lives
unknown to
each other
profess with
and without
salon a
future apart the

like hazard
sang wife
sang child)
Asked him
4-year old
'why the
violin?' responded
"Individually I
love it"
Finally—"you
don't understand
you're like
a sleeping frog."

PAGANINI PRIZE
.. Rules .. Violinists
of any
nationality, which
have not
overcome the
age of
35 .. can
compete .. required
a certificate
of birth
or the
like .. with eventual

papers relating
to musical
studies .. ad
every other
document .. the
competitor esteems
to produce ..
personal identification
when attending ..

FIRST TEST
Porpora (Carisch)

Bach *Ciaconna*
Paganini *Capriccio n. 23*

SECOND TEST
Mozart . . Paganini
two "Capricci"
(excluded the
one n.
23) Prokofieff
Scherzo THIRD
Concerto or
important composition
for violin
from Beethoven
up to
the modern Composers

(The Sonatas
for violin
and piano
are excluded)
PAGANINI *Concerto*
in D
Major first
tempo, with
cadence as
chosen by
the competitors
. . with orchestra
. . The competition will

take place
in Geneo
the selection
. . made privately
JURY The
Jury with
the Tecnical
Manager of
the Competition

as Chairman
will be
composed by
foreign and Italian

music-masters, whose
names will
be made
known, at
least three
months before
the expiration
termes fixed
for the
production of
applications . . the
choice of
the six (max)

competitors admitted
to the
final test
and the
final classification
based on
the whole
tests performance
will be
stated by
the Jury
whose judgement
will be inappellable

and issued
by majority
of manifest
votes. Considering
that the
1.st prize
is indivisible

the Jury
will be
at liberty
in case
classification should
be exceptionally difficult

to request
all or
part of
the finalists
to perform
other compositions
. . candidates having
successfully passed
selection will
be offered
a sejour
in hotels
or boarding houses

. . for under
age competitors
signature of
father or
mother or
somebody their
substitute is
wanted . . must
reach Segretary's
office. The
winner will
play the
Paganini's violin at

Palazzo Tursi
on October
12 in
the evening
on occasion

of the
conclusive Ceremonies
of Columbus'
celebration and
will be
invited to
perform a
concerto during the

symphonic season
at the
Teatro Comunale
dell' Opera.

1.ST PRIZE

Lit. 2.000.000

4.th 200.000

love's labour's lost

we (?) four

indeed confronted

four / In

Russian habit

a bullish violin

market with
bearish virtuosi
tuning nearly
anachronous the
public guts:

spit in

the hole,

man, and

tune again

considering 4.th

a bit

of luck

called forth the

honor of

1.st Prize

warm by

4's Mozart
an honest
Russian wish
that the
award had
gone the
other way
and not
the ways
of a *concours*

too the
Italian Chairman
uncomposed *segretly*
let 4.th
play *the*
Paganini's violin
two mornings
before official
Columbus night
a heavy
fiddle almost
the size
of a viola

good only
for pouncing
Paganini, scratchy
like stoked
cinders for
any Bach:
The roof
had rained
on Paganini
painted long
night before
wet the
serious lips smeared

smiled down
perhaps with

Whitman on
Jenny Lind
for “all
her blandishments
never touched
my heart
. . . dexterity . . . all
very pretty
. . . leaps . . . double
somersaults” their
time gone by

preempted by
the symphony’s
summer festivals
week ends
displacing the
year round
tanglewoods and
small town
thugs by
inundations by
thousands music’s
fools good
for their money

TV Day
Nippon a
thousand under
teens scratching
“Rondeau” together
(passing a
Funeral Parlor
'where people
are born
in this
town') all
contests decided
before the outcome

by the
Pythagoreans' Four
justice the
first perfect
square product
of equals
holy holy
tetraktys root
and source
generate gods
and men
(bless us)
divine number begins

with one
until it
comes to
Four then
it begets
can: must
placed: lifts
'See what
you thought
Four really
ten a
central fire
Triangle of Four

boundless breath
dying undying
the worded
reasons: The
Golden Words
*and you
shall know
nature is
one and
neither hope
beyond hope*

*nor fail
of any truth.'*

The wistaria 's
blessing: why
you should
have patience
ranging random
numbers (my
luck is
13) and
if I
voice thru
Demetrius 'Egypt
. . . singing harmonies
of seven vowels

hymning gods'
(before phoneme)
' . . . sequence men
listened to
. . . voices replacing
flute and
lyre diphthong
clashing diphthong
. . . variety . . . elevation
. . . rough . . . smooth
hoiain not
only different
letters different breathings

concurrence of
like vowels
a bit
of song
trills song
piled (so
to say)
on songs
reminding me

'Die Elenden
sollen essen'
Bach's first
music (Leipzig Cantorate)

Phoenix Paganini's
spidery legs
flying two
broken strings
hanging all
on one
string, patience
fire your
father's slaked
burning I
had no
patience with
another who forecast

me hungry
then as
he had
been drudging
professing to
make pure
the speech
of a
scrawling race
Sun no
hay State
exchanges' rolling
moss *mention distinguée*

son with
concert shoes
practical enough
poetic justice
that you
bring me
Le Livre

de Mallarmé
professor by
subsistence hazard
home where
else had
he to venture

shy and
or fierce
both our
chances staked
from the
same root
what notes
preyed playing
on us
a stretto
two dollar
orange tree
our living room

our lives
room Pegasus
from Medusa
tho his
century's dice
resigned to
her forecasting
mine—engulfed
making all
of the
universe purely
of speech
I'd rather not

preempt my
horse from
actual pavement
or green
that's city

that's country
the rest
black or
white day
of a
last rare
mind cornered
by political beasts

But how
beautifully a
last mind
dies: 'What book?
what book?
entire enough
perfect enough
to take
the place
of all
the books
and of
the world itself

. . Piece or
that play
with concert
dialog poem
. . symphony for
scene . . bottom
de l'OE—'
towards (?) '(vers)
published one
time for
all . . under
one's HAT
all rendered virginal'

Foregone sublimations
of *Eureka*
'each fractioning

fragment the
ensemble's rhythm'
foreseeing *Wherever*
we put
our hats
is our
home: those
who do
not understand
may hurt and

those who
understand may
hurt as
Blaise Pascal's
candle pleaded
'no one
is offended
at not
seeing everything'
and the
Leonov first
to float
in space knows

he would
not meet
anyone there:
'The loan
from above
in favor
of all
the world
restored to
the people'
(*when* had
all?) Grape
arbor of little

Doric columns
sowing of

flourishes, arabesque
each conceivably
offend: 'Man
does not
write with
light on
black crystal
night . . . in
black ink's
audacity . . . married
to his night.'

Is the
man ink
and does
his 'white
paper support'
eyes the
fine day
he'll look
away from
black letters
to regret
sun (window)
is not theirs

If the
'crowd buy'
of the
inkwell what
'proof' one
ear's 'reciprocal'?
Pascal: paschal
'The last
thing settled
writing a
book . . . what
one should
put in first'

And any
play performed
the 20th
anniversary of
Hiroshima's "A"
may as
well as
not have
retched the
pinnacle, pitiful
the world's
lonely who
would love all

How generously
Mallarmé's late
thought minds
'the book
however seeming
never begins
or ends
. . the crowd
other than
by silence
takes part
exults as
choir . . voices . . vaults'

proposing 'the
State raise
a trifling
tax on
works in
the public
domain to
feed young
artists, the
classics' ideal
legatees (justice)

the only
imminent blue bloods'

Son and
young friends
for what
my work
is worth
let the
State pick
up his
suggestion for
you I
do not
need the
trifle nor'd live

it all
over again
for the
fee my
test love
of the
drudgery involved
her quilt
and this
maybe not
too late
tribute to
once Stéphane Mallarmé

whose *Book*
prophecy say
his branch
brings to
our family.
The physician
Sextus Empiricus
anxious to
divorce metaphysics

from medicine
said that
'the art
of letters by

comprehension cures
a most
inactive disease
. . forgetfulness . . and
therefore has
its use
which the
conceited needlessly
inquisitive enfeeble'
Against the
Professors showed
'the subject
taught does not

exist, nor
the teacher
nor the
learner nor
the method
. . the óbverse
perceptible by
all alike
. . speech by
agreement plain
to those
who apprehend
its objects . . reviving

what is
known' not
for the
footling question
But for
the eye
that appears

larger seeing
nine tenths
of ills
from stubborn
intelligence Unknown
friends are few

no friends
unless intimately
accessible Intellect
resigned to
less is
susceptible at
least to
the range
of two
sides of
a coin
Some few
see its edge

so increscent
to possibilities
flipping a
coin may
decide, the
sufferance of
intellect is
the body's
plight for
at least
two true
Sextus need
not offend Pythagoras

calling his
'wrong moment
foolish for
sobering frenzied
youths with

a righteous
spondean' (instead
of quitting
their dive)
Aseptic doctor
practice the
cure for
forgetfulness sometimes no

way *out*
Either way
too easy
for tutor
to be
his own
tooter Lunik's
hunch moon
surface desolate
porous rock:
Dogs permitted
only in
Elevator No. 3

Alighieri threading
a needle
a millennium
after Gai's
spindle: the
astronauts' violent
spinning docking
"God? we
were busy"
(West of
Vatican Belvedere
Apollo "By
God a Mohawk")

Chatillon 'fevered
with ivy
poison . . . solaced

with tobacco
and Shakespeare'
burn to
ascend. On
the day
when the
elephant of
the map
India draw
the yellow pincers

of China
or our
air cavalry
go into
the sea
Japan gravel
temple gates
broken lopped
branches stumped
trunks of
trees tapestries
hang reverse
sides the new

time of
forgetting pier
and lintel
for advantage
of being
slid thru
a door
lying down
all appointments
of elimination
on one
no standing
dire past to

sit down:
the quicker

to get
with computers
to Invisible
Media from
the old
arts' fetters
(the aged
Cardinal wishes
his fish
peddler's voice
not to disturb

Mozart's *Requiem*
sung for
the late
President, enlightened
His Holiness
that His
medical advice
is not
privileged with
Infallibility or
it would
be fatal
for ulcers

while the
Viennese director
of opera
still thinks
Sacco/Vanzetti
are a
pair of
lovers the
old singer
a bit
of a
schlemiel sips
the young's gift

'nectar of
heather-honey gathering
of herbs
under the
full moon
. . . a formula
fiercely battled
over guarded
by Eire's
ancient warriors'
drop of
Irish Mist
with its red

ribboned tag
of blarney
reading it
drowns knows
like the
diver could
it walk
under water
it would
have walked
here from
Ireland splayfoot
snow on pineneedles

night snow
sounds rain
thru trees
morning snow
ploughs will
not hurry
a path
A legacy
windfall of
a rush
of notes

falling together
album celestial valentine

Mallarmé (not
the hat)
the face
a covert
look might
make one
shy of
song *From*
thence sorrow
be *ever*
raz'd nine
so soon twenty

20

Respond for P.Z.'s tone row

At twenty

Variants

An

Octet [Orders]

13 Pomes, A Prelude & A Postlude

Ecce Puer

The title ...

Combination Block

for a dancer

3 pieces for unaccompanied clarinets

groupings and quartet for Saxophone,

Trumpet, Mandolin, & Double Bass

Piano pieces nos. 1 & 2

Piano piece no. 3

Percussion

Ecce puer

for a dancer

Piano piece no. 3

Piano pieces nos. 1 and 2

Variants

13 Pomes, A prelude and A postlude

Combination block

groupings and quartet for Saxophone,

Trumpet, Mandolin & Double Bass

Octet [Orders]

Percussion

3 pieces for unaccompanied clarinets

The title ...

13 Pomes, A Prelude & A Postlude
Ecce Puer
Variants
groupings and quartet for Saxophone,
Trumpet, Mandolin & Double Bass
Octet [Orders]
The title of this piece is
the title of this piece doesn't matter
Percussion
3 pieces for unaccompanied clarinets
Combination block
Piano pieces nos. 1 & 2
Piano piece no. 3
for a dancer

Variants
13 Pomes, A prelude and A postlude
3 pieces for unaccompanied clarinets
for a dancer
groupings and quartet for Saxophone,
Trumpet, Mandolin & Double Bass
Octet [Orders]
The title ...
Percussion
Combination block
Piano pieces nos. 1 and 2
Piano piece no. 3
Ecce puer

nine

oh ivy green

oh ivy green, so soft and green
thou that do cover the earth and wall,
I pray to know what makes me worship thee,
Thou that do cover do make travelers stand
While Robins do nest in thy leaves
While crickets do hum their song
and bees do fly around thee
What is it, I wonder that makes thee
so loved

21

RUDENS

dedicated to
the memory of John Gassner and
my brother Morris Ephraim

21

RUDENS

PROLOGUE

(Voice off)

*an 'twere any nightingale
an if they be not
sprites*

Plot

fisherman's sea net dragged Up a leathery wicker
rattling the baby's charms of his master's Daughter
a leno had kidnapped for his slave brothel.
unknown to her father she was his little ward
after her shipwreck: later they found out—
she married her Sweetheart a young man.
(Voice off continues to read across and down)

PERSONAE

ARCTURUS PROLOGUS
SCEPARNIO SERVUS
PLESIDIPPUS ADULESCENS
DAEMONES SENEX
PALAESTRA }
AMPELISCA } PUELLAE
PTOLEMOCRATIA SACERDOS VENERIS
PISCATORES
TRACHALIO SERVUS
LABRAX LENO
CHARMIDES SENEX
LORARII
GRIPUS PISCATOR

CHARACTERS

ARCTURUS
SCAPE hired to DADS
PLACEY a young man
DADS an old man
POLLY } girls
AMABEL } hired to LENO
OLD DOLLY sacred to Venus
FISHERMEN
TRACK hired to PLACEY
LENO OR PIMP
CHUM old friend of LENO
2 WHIPS
GREAVE fishes for DADS

Arcturus

Who moves men maritime landlubbers
I'm of His Celestial City.
See *here* splendid stellar candid
sign forever timely the season's
earth sky name's Arcturus: me.
Nightly clear sky with Gods
with strollers amble secretly days.
Falling stars are no accident:
Gods' umpire and men's, Jupiter
He knows gents' starry paths
factoring human mores piety faith
making us judges of opulence.
Who's false in's little testimonials
petty kickback inured abjured impecunious
our scrip refers to Jove
quotidian Seer wary of malice.
Whose littlest hopes postulate perjury
malice's wraths falsehoods impetrating justice
such judgment Jove again judges
mulcts multifold their legal parings.
Blest men earn other scrip.
Curs mull thick to assume
Jove'll be plastered by donations:
operatic scenes whiff ordure to
Him whose need's past soliciting.
Face it *pious* simply earns
has more grace than venom.
I take it you're good
quick to life piously faithful:
retain its pores facts enlighten.
Enough eloquence, my plot's rather—

primum mobile—Plautus' Diphilus called
that town Cyrene. Look, Dads'
farmhouse is by the sea.
Old Athenian homeless, how, malice?
ever a patriot left her
Athens: stuck with her mud,

cheated of everything, dealing kindly,
his little baby daughter robbed
by raider for worst trader—
our Leno's virgin of Cyrene.
A friendly Attic youngster's seen
her with her lyre from school:
she has him occupied, off
to Leno to buy her,
paying down, contracting the balance.
This Leno custom made fickle
reneged on the youngster's bargain.
His partner an old Sicilian
sellout from Agrigentum visiting him
(alluding to the virgin's form
and the other miraculous girls)
urged they go pronto to
Sicily together "where the voluptuaries
ride gaily we'll lasso dividends."
Persuaded. Leno stowed ship last
night absconded with his goodies
after he'd told his adolescent
client Leno had to pray
to Venus, whose Fane's—*right*—
behind me, but after that
to come here for lunch.
Leno sailed with his girls
the youngster heard the story
and has run to the
port where the ship disappeared.

I saw her wronged, supported
the virgin, I rattled Leno
in creepy hibernal flood tides.
I'm Arcturus, star most acerb,
vehemence rising down more vehement.

Now both shipwrecked Leno and
Chum sit on a rock.
Virgin and another lovable, too
safe jumping ship to skiff

swirl past rock to land—
old Dads' home in exile,
wind dislodged roof's falling shingles.
That's his servant carrying the
spade. The adolescent coming, the
boy who bought from Leno.
We're all soldiers, take care!

ACT I 1

(*Voice off*)

ye lightnings, ye thunders—

Scape

Prodigal immortals what a tempest
Neptune blew off last night
belching our roof up—wind?
I'll say wind, Euripides' *Alcmena*
mess of stucco and shingles
with glorious light and windows.

I 2

Placey, 3 Dumbshow Officers, Scape, Dads

PL. I've wasted your good time
rushing you here for nothing
not catching Leno in port.
Hope's never idle, friends—why!
my persistence repressed your duties,
run back!—How's Venus, *fain*
where he'd sacrifice my lunch?

SC. Scape sap! better mix loam!

PL. Who spoke now?

DA. Hey, Scape!

SC. Who's whining?

DA. Remember I paid.

SC. That's calling me swine, Dads.

DA. Use this mud, dig man.

My villa needs a whole
roof to seal *this* hole.

PL. Salvé daddy—'lo too.

DA. Salutations.

SC. Who're you, boy or girl
'dad-dée'?

PL. He-man.

SC. Bore your own.

DA. I had a daughter. Lost.
 No sons.

PL. God may yet—

SC. Give *you* Hercules' club for
 piddling here while *we're* working.

PL. Your house, daddy?

SC. What's your
 game, investigating to rob later?

PL. This louse must be groomed
 for probate, daddy, you permit
 him to attack his superior?

SC. Poor scum and impudence to
 take on and molest us
 like debtors.

DA. Take care, Scape—
 What's up, lad?

PL. Unfortunately this
 lout eructed to interrupt you,
 but may I ask without
 offense—

DA. Spill tho I'm working.

SC. Why don't you pollute th'bog,
 cut thatch—nice wether—

DA. Quiet!
 —Talk free, son.

PL. Please, have
 you seen a curly grayhaired
 malicious perjurer and flatterer—

DA. Many.
 Enough to make life miserable.

PL. Particularly a man with two
 girls in Venus' temple, prinked
 for sacrifice yesterday or today?

DA. No luck, son, haven't come
 across any sacrifices lately: worshippers
 never could escape me—borrowing
 my water, kindling, saucepan, knife,
 spit, tripe-tripod—what have you?
 Venus who owns my kitchen
 and well recently spares me.

PL. I hear you and perish.
 DA. Lad I'm all for you.
 SC. Hey you starveling of Venus
 better go home for lunch!
 DA. So? a friend invited you
 and hasn't shown up?
 PL. Yes.
 SC. No chance you'll lunch here:
 you should date Ceres the
 caterer—Venus hungers for love.
 PL. The lewdness of it burns.
 DA. Prodigal immortals! look seawards, Scape—
 men or washouts?
 SC. Looks like
 these burnt out before lunch.
 DA. How?
 SC. Bathing after yesterday's dinner.
 DA. Here's their ship, wrecked.
 SC. Like
 your landed villa, shingle.
 DA. Whew!
 How, little men, réjects swimming?
 PL. Where are these men?
 DA. Right—
 see—down shore—
 PL. I see
 maybe that scum! we're off!
 take care!
 SC. Don't remind *me*.
 By Palaemon Neptune's saintly comrade
 Hercules' sockdologer like seadogs crow
 what a view!
 DA. View?
 SC. Miraculous!
 two girls in one skiff!
 Affliction, misery! Good! Good! Splendid!
 Skiff clears the shore's rocks,
 no steersman could steer better!
 Never seen such seas! Safe
 if they escape the undertow!

Now now's perilous! Under! into—
the shallows! Swims! *Cutie Pie!*
Rises, walks this way! Praises!
Her timid friend abandoned the
skiff, struck her knees hitting
the water. Safe too, yet
reeling right she goes wrong
on my blessed day.

DA. Concerned?

SC. If the rock breaks her
back what's to depend on?

DA. If you dream vesper snacks
with them join them, Scape,
if at home serve me.

SC. Equity rules.

DA. After me.

SC. Sir!

(Voice off)

*nine
men's
morris*

*this
is
my
form*

*a
voice
blown*

Palaestra

Polly

Man's misery suffers less remembered,
his story dissolves his bitterness.
Is God pleased I'm stripped
fearfully in this strange country?

Can anyone born remember this,
call this *paid* for piety?
I couldn't labor a point
against parent or god—impiety!
sad paragon virtuous as I
was—indecorous, iniquitous, immodest—
who, gods? How will you
try evil, by dishonoring innocence?
Now if I knew myself
or parents feckless I'd not
pity us. Leno's scurrility festers:
his ship and cargo foundered
I'm all the relics left.
She drowned—no skiff: alone.
Dear friend, if she were
safe she'd lighten my despair.
No one consoles me, I'm
alone one with this place,
here rock here sea groans
no man comes my way:
these rags endow my dowry,
no sop or sleep welcomes,
hope's mist, must I live?
I will never know here.
Show me the way out
someone, show me a narrow
path—here or there riddles,
nothing here grows I see.
Cold, loss, fear tear me
and my parents don't know
my misery, torn from them
born free presumably to quicken
sorrow, judged like the poor,
little profit life brought them.

I 4

Amabel, Polly

AM. Corporeal death's best secluded, my
heart melts in animal throes.

spare hopes don't delight me
scurrying after my lost companion
with voice, eyes and ears,
nor can I think running
everywhere where to find her—
cruel stones, if she lives
I'll live so she'll live.

PO. Whose voice sounds so near?

AM. Pity me—whose? here?

PO. Benign hope seek and save
me, exhume me from misery!

AM. The voice of a girl!

PO. A girl's! I heard it.

Amabel, you?

AM. My Polly, you?

PO. I must call out louder—
Amabel!

AM. My! who?

PO. I, Polly!

AM. Say where!

PO. Really in trouble.

AM. So'm I! We're a pair.

I'm dying to see—

PO. Lovely—

AM. Our voices are game! Where!

PO. Echo me! Come! *here*.

AM. Hold

PO. —my hand.

AM. Here!

PO. Dear, say *alive*.

AM. You wish me alive again
touching you. I cannot believe
my arms embrace, close dear
promise, my troubles leave me.

PO. You speak from *my* lips,
we'd better go—

AM. how, love?

PO. By the shore.

AM. Sure, love,
sopping wet as we are?

PO. Whatever comes need is perpetual—
look there!

AM. Where?

PO. See a—
fane!

AM. Where?

PO. To our right.

AM. Dressed for the gods indeed!

PO. Pretty! so men are near.

Dear God who rules here
save! judge our deep need.

(Voice off)

pomegranate open our song
And what an if
his sorrows have so
overwhelm'd and the worst
fall that ever fell
'to know everything
is to die'
the matter decided find
the decision not ours
to mull 'it cannot
hurt purity to love
. . all great amusements are
dangerous . . none more to
be feared than . . our
play . . by which the
fear of pure souls
is removed' love values
does not compete push
the cat *posses* some
time the art rots
beautifully 'A made a
finer end 'A parted
and smile upon his
fingers' ends

Old Dolly, Polly, Amabel

OL. Who invokes my patroness's mercy?
Voices prayers call me forth.

My goddess is benevolent, not
grudging, seek her she's forgiving.

PO. Good day, mother.

OL. Blessings girls,
from where under heaven do
you come in these rags?

PO. By chance just now alongshore
but long before from afar.

OL. On the seas' blue, wood
horse's wake?

PO. Admittedly.

OL. Better white
garments carried offerings, the Fane's
holy, soiled attire is immodest.

PO. How can two wrecks from
the sea bring you offerings?

We beg at your knees
in want knowing no hope:
receive us under your roof
embrace our misery pity it—
we are lost expecting nothing—
in rags as you see.

OL. Hands my dears! get up!
Misery makes me no less
a woman poor as you
life is bare serving Venus.

AM. Heavens is this Venus Fane?

OL. Fact and in holiness I
serve love. Welcome to what
little's here while it avails.
Come in.

PO. You honor us
mother.

OL. But with my heart.

ACT II 1

(Voice off)

pomegranate
chewed
and
spit
spittle
drowning
worlds

Fishermen

Eking a pauper's living's misery
unskilled in finance or technique:
Necessity's cud and that's that.
Our decorations reveal we're plutocrats:
fishhooks, fishing-rods—profit and culture
daily maritime prodding for pabulum
exercise—gymnastics and wrestling bouts.
Urchins, lickrocks, oysters, acornshells, purplefish,
seanettles, mussels, lampshells: we trawl;
off the rocks fish aggressively.
Our capture's seafood. Eventually
no haul: salt bathed pure
we clink home, sleep supperless.
While the flood heaves us
hopelessly it's clams or perfection.
Pray Venus for grace today.

(Voice off)

*as first the
Lark when she
means to rejoice

the Nightingale another
of my airy
creatures that at*

*midnight the earth
feeds—and carries
horses that carry*

us Not dull

Track, Fishermen

TR. I've looked since employer Placey
bound first for port arranged
we'd meet at Venus Fane.
Who're those stars—standbys? boy!
Salvé! maritime furies, Conch Hookandeye's!
famished family, how goes? dying?
FI. As usual, fishy: hungry, thirsty.
TR. Law'nd disorder have you seen
a flushed strenuous young face
with three cloaked dummy machétes?
FI. We've seen no such faces.
TR. Nor warmed to potbellied Silenus
old braided eyebrows fraudulent forehead
stinking before gods and men—
leading two miracles to Venus?
FI. Such distinguished native virtue should
come by hanging not Venus.
TR. I *just* asked did you
see him.
FI. No, luckily—goodbye!
TR. Goodbye! *Damn* as I suspected
Leno stood up Placey, hauled
our girls away: I foretold
the pimp's lunch—sclerósed semen.
Well I'll mellow till my
peer comes, if I see
Old Dolly check with her.

(*Voice off*)

fane

Amabel, Track

AM. I follow: 'ask at this
villa nextdoor Venus for water'
TR. Loveliness voiced!
AM. Gracious who! Do
I see?
TR. Isn't't Amabel—fain?
AM. *Isn't* it Track, Placey's follower?
TR. 'Tis!
AM. Track, hullo!
TR. Hullo Amabel!
howdy—
AM. Aged into malice.
TR. No!
AM. Sensible people fable the truth.
Where's Placey, playboy?
TR. Now really!
inside, where else?
AM. Not true.
TR. No?
AM. That's true.
TR. Not me Amabel
but when's lunch?
AM. Lunch, sweetness?
TR. Nymphs holy offerings.
AM. Asleep, sugar?
TR. Honest—your employer Leno invited
mine to lunch.
AM. Wonderful mistake!
gods' cheat Leno fakes again.
TR. Neither of you sacrificing?
AM. Silly—
TR. What *are* you here for?
AM. Safe from trouble poor orphans,
Old Dolly shelters Polly and me.
TR. Polly, Placey's girl, *here*?
AM. Safely!

TR. Such lovely confidence my Amabel—
but what about those troubles?

AM. Wrecked, Track, shipwrecked last night.

TR. Ship—wrecked? Fabling?

AM. Hasn't my
nitwit heard Leno clandestinely packed
us for Sicily with all
he owned? All now sunk.

TR. *Neptune wise with your dice,
perfect crapshooter lulled perjury low—*
Where's Leno now?

AM. *Perished drinking
Neptune's full schooners—I 'pine—*

TR. *Downed* last night's lees—love
you, Amabel, sweet punning thing!
who saved you and Polly?

AM. Stop squeezing, foxy! horrified we
jumped, our ship foundering towards
the rocks, into its skiff:
loosed its hawser—freed by
the tempest from the crew,
whaled by wind thru night
which exhumed us this dawn.

TR. *Headsman Neptune scuttles the trash.*

AM. Watch *your* head!

TR. *Yours* dear!

I suspected Leno would. *I*
should grow hair, cast horoscopes.

AM. You and your friend's forecasts!

TR. What could *he* do?

AM. Do?

Watched her night and day.
Placey's castoff probes his love.

TR. Why Amabel!

AM. Don't palm me!

TR. Skin too? It's as with
bathers and clothesstealers hard to
catch: the clothes are stolen.

Thief sees victim, victim misses.

Take me inside.

AM. Go yourself
 where she weeps to Venus.
 TR. Weeps? It hurts—
 AM. tortured. Leno's
 wreck buries her jewelbox baby
 charms which reveal her parentage.
 TR. Where was it?
 AM. In Leno's
 wicker—stolen to defame her.
 TR. Fox! so he'd sell her!
 AM. Think! all's there under water
 with Leno's gold and silver.
 TR. Maybe charms don't capsize.
 AM. Sad
she's uncertain.
 TR. I'll go and
 console her: it happens, *luck*
comes to the hopeless unexpected.
 AM. Another moral, *hope deceives some.*
 TR. I'll take, *self-hardened mollifies*—going
 in unless you need me.
 AM. Yes, go—I'll obey Old—
 Dolly, and ask for water nextdoor:
 say *for Dolly* she said.
 I've never seen a lady
 worth more to gods and
 men. Readily she bathed jetsam
 like little things just born,
 hitched her gown, warmed water:
 there wasn't enough, I must
 hurry and knock. Anybody in?

Scape, Amabel

SC. Crackbrain! who's forcing our door?
 AM. I'm—
 SC. Hem! edible little woman!

AM. Hello—gentleman.
 SC. Hullo, little girl!
 AM. Could you—
 SC. Come tonight yes
 when I can, I work mornings
 lovely thing—
 AM. Not so familiarly
 please hands off—
 SC. Prodigal immortals, Venus
 her eyes! What a body!
 Owl bright—a wild brunette
 what skin, breasts and lips!
 AM. I'm not like that, don't
 maul me—
 SC. This little bit?
 AM. Later leisurely, now my errand
 presses, please—yes or no?
 SC. What's your wish?
 AM. The pitcher
 pleads.
 SC. And don't I plead?
 AM. Old Dolly needs water *now*.
 SC. I'm dispenser, not one drop—
 I shafted this well—not
 a drop unless you're sweet.
 AM. Anybody is generous with water.
 SC. *Somebody* is generous with more.
 AM. O but I am, lover—
 SC. Cutie Pie! calling me lover!
 The water's yours for love,
 I'll take your pitcher!
 AM. Here
 hurry, fare—
 SC. one second, love!—
 AM. What shall I tell Old Dolly—
 I dilly-dallied? Sea's still stormy.
 Heavens! the dead're down shore!
 Mister Leno and his Sicilian
 neither perished after all, always
 more trouble than we rated.

I must run and warn
Polly, we'll be safer at
the altar until Leno presses
us, better not wait here.

II 5

Scape

Prodigal immortals, I believe water
is voluptuous. Love's traction hauled:
deep was the well speeding
my work. Pride don't sin—
but love is cocky today!
Here's your water, little belle.
Carry it honest like me.
Delectable—water—Where are you!
My she loves me! Hiding,
love? Taking your pitcherful? Where—
you're not timid—are you? Gentility?
Hercules leaves me. Deluded me.
Dumb pitcher set for th'ground,
what if someone stole you
sacred urn of Venus? My
fault! Insidious mule planned trapping
me with Venus's sacred urn—
fair play for the clink,
the magistrate and a lynching!
The mark on the pitcher
sings who owns it. Holy
Venus I'm for her door!
Hi! Old Dolly take your
pitcher, a little girl littered
here—must *I* carry it?

II 6

(Voice off)

*nothing to be got now-adayes
unless thou canst fish—*

Op-and-Pop art, bare engineers bare

'what the traffic will bear'
*a playes and tumbles, great
ones eat up little ones:
that gives heauen countlesse
eyes to view mens actes.
Think, in the height of
this bath, cool'd glowing hot
in that surge a horse-shoe
hissing hot—throng'd up with
cold . . chill: buy and die.*
Honestly rich or contentedly poor
if a man can't curse his
friend whom *can* he curse?

Leno, Chum

LE. Man's wilfully miserable mendicant crediting
Neptune his body and soul.

The sea spills its mix
racks him home "yours truly."
Polled Liberty is neat spurning
membership in Hercules' Seaman's Club.
Where's my chum o Perdition?
Ah he's coming!

CH. Gripes! Leno
it's hard chasing strenuous equity!

LE. You thing for eyes' sties
would you'd been crucified in
Sicily before all this misery.

CH. You're one! if only I'd
sense to sleep over in
jail that day, Gods! may
your life's guests be you!

LE. Misfortune was what I invited
sclerosis listened to your auscultations.
What incensed me to sail
and bury all I had?

CH. Pole! minimal mirror! the ship
fractured from your ill-begot goods.

LE. Pest your coaxing did it.

CH. Those sclerosed snacks you served
 worse than Thyestes' or Tereus'.
 LE. Hold my head, I'm sick.
 CH. Puling lungs vomit you vomit.
 LE. Polly, Amabel where are you!
 CH. Feeding the fishes pabulum: *credo!*
 LE. Your mendacious tool of tongue
 magnified auscultation worked my mendicity.
 CH. Boneache, be grateful, my work
 salted the herring you were.
 LE. Go to—stop crucifying me!
 CH. Ye-es. I'm just as accommodating.
 LE. You can't live my misery.
 CH. I'm ever more miserable, Leno.
 LE. Come?
 CH. You're deserving, I'm not.
 LE. O lucky fortunate driedout thatch
 bulrush serving glory in aridity!
 CH. Me, I'm for light exercise
 all my coruscations fable trembling.
 LE. Eddy-polled Neptune you frigid bathman
 my investments are soaked icecold!
 CH. No thermopile yet instructs his
 pouring potions of freezing salt.
 LE. Fortunate the forgers of iron
 sitting by charcoal: ever cuddled!
 CH. Fortunate is the duck's uterus,
 comes out of water dry.
 LE. I could play an ogre!
 CH. Come?
 LE. Hear my teeth crackle?
 CH. I deserve my lavatory.
 LE. Come?
 CH. For sailing aboard your ship—
 fundamentally you made those waves.
 LE. You rascal you promised me
 the maximum profit in prostitutes,
windfalls to accrue you said.
 CH. You positively figured you bullock
 you'd eat up Sicily whole.

LE. Wonder what bullock devoured my
wicker pack's gold and silver—
CH. Undoubtedly the breed that devoured
the moneypouch in my sack.
LE. I'm reduced to my underwear
and this motheaten pallium—ruins.
CH. We're the same illicit society,
equal and partners.
LE. Salvation'd be
if my little miracle girls
were safe. That young scut
Placey's option on Polly will
yet make trouble for me.
CH. Stultified weeper with *that* polecat,
tongue wagging you'll be solvent!

(*Voice off*, antiphon: *Leno, Chum*)

LE. Nip & Tuck Jimtown Rake Pocket
CH. Hog Eye Steal Easy Possum Trot
LE. Flat Heel Shake Rag Poverty Slant
CH. Black Ankle Short Pone Pig Misery
LE. Yaller Flower of the Forest
CH. Drag out any man Ten-strikers!
LE. How's yo' horse, Tarheel?
Is he religious?
CH. Moke!
LE. Jimpescute.
CH. Juicy-spicy.
LE. Leonine!
CH. Leno?
LE. Something grasps even if lunatic.
CH. Not too hard to distinguish
a friend from a Pinkerton.

Scape, Leno, Chum

SC. Nuts! two little girls inside
hugging Venus praying and sobbing

scared miserably whining the sea
 capsized them both this morning.
 LE. Gracious! Youth, *where* are they?
 SC. Sacrarium.
 LE. How *many*?
 SC. Count: you, me.
 LE. Mine?
 SC. Dunno!
 LE. Good-looking?
 SC. I'll say
 I'll take love either half-stewed.
 LE. Little girls?
 SC. Go look yourself.
 LE. My little girls, old Chum!
 CH. Jump in the lake, yes?
 LE. I'm for Venus *now*!
 CH. *Maledictions—*
 Sir, any place to sleep?
 SC. Everywhere's free to the public.
 CH. See I'm dripping, lend me
 some dry clothes while these
 dry, as I'd for you?
 SC. My rush hat's dry—want't?
 Covers *me* when it rains.
 Let me strip you first.
 CH. Hey the storm cleaned me!
 SC. Clean or greased I trust
 you like chewed pomegranate—security!
 Drip, freeze, rot or fare well
 I don't house foreigners, see!
 CH. Going then? gone. Venal duck!
 has no heart. What's th'use.
 Try Venus Fane, sleep't off—
 had more seadrink than cheer.
 Cheap Greek wines, Neptune pouring
 in his saltwater for purgative.
 What's the word? A little
 sleep, purged forever. At least
 alive: what's jolly Leno conniving—

ACT III I

Dads

Miraculously gods playfellows dream in
men, don't let us sleep:
like me last night dreaming
this weird and silly dream:
a swallow's nest, a monkey
climbing to molest could not
grip what was in it,
then came down to me
asked to borrow a ladder.
I responded "by their example
Philomela and Procne engendered swallows"—
pleading "don't hurt my populace."
And the monkey fired ferociously
threatening all kind of evil
invoking justice. Somehow angered I
gripped her middle and looped
the monkey with her tail.
How'm I to divine this
dream—I've conjectured all day.

(Voice off)

*middle summer's spring and regret
will with passing regret less
unaware of one's own passing
look to tree from morris
dust—*

DA. But what's happening in Venus
Fane—Clamors? Oratory? Miraculous world!

Track, Dads, Two Dumbshow Whips

TR. Whoa Cyrene's populace Implore faithful
Ah gruelled cult Colléct neighbors

Fortify hope by punishing poisoners
 Vindicate piety Let no impiety
 overpower innocence that notoriety scarifies
 Stall impudicity Dot purity's premium
 Foster law Nor victim quiver!
 Hurry to Venus Fane implored faithful
 Hear Hear my clamor Now
 Fortify suppliants of Venus institutes
 Morals antique custom commiserate maidenhair
 Collar sin's tool before't worms—
 DA. Why stuck, negotiant?
 TR. Senator, on
 my knees, please—
 DA. Let go me!
 What's this raving!
 TR. Narthex asafetida
 syrups in futures the year's
 safe shipments to Capua, listen—
 no colds lipsore sore eyes—
 DA. Nuts?
 TR. May their seed multiply,
 just listen help me, senator.
 DA. By your shins, ankles, posterior
 itching for a year's harvest
 vintage whipping with elm-rods I'll
 teach your insolence to rave!
 TR. You curse—I blest you.
 DA. That was blessing, it's deserved.
 TR. I ask again—
 DA. What!
 TR. Two
 innocent girls there need help—
 worsted despite law and justice,
 attacked right in Venus Fane,
 old Sacred Lady is threatened!
 DA. What man's so confident dare
 violate Sacred Lady, who *are*
 the girls, what's *his* iniquity?

(Voice off)

'What altar 'll shelter a man
outraging reason! What is denial
if not reason rejecting assent?
Nothing is said so rightly
it cannot twist into wrong'

TR. Listen! They embrace Venus a
curst sort tears them from.

They cry to be free.

DA. Who's so ungodly—speak, man!

TR. A lecherous fraud, parricide, perjurer-plenipotentiary
lawcorrupt impure impudence voraciously nondescript
Leno! Who'll word his predicament!

DA. A pole his hanging predicament!

TR. He'd choke holiness into lechery—

DA. Hercules! he'll pay for it!

Turbalio! Sparax! Hey Whips!

TR. Help
them!

DA. No second imperatives!

(Enter Whips)

Follow!

TR. Glide his eyes cooked cuttlefish!

DA. Pig! Bounce the stuck sow!

TR. How dear are the fistfalls

I hear his teeth falling—

See! hurrying my frightened girls!

(Voice off)

Switch is a whip
which never has been

III 3

Polly, Track, Amabel

PO. Now we've come to nothing
a silly uprising no tenet

[A-21]

no speculation solution for it
we've no way out anywhere:
both of us embarrassed together
his importunity mounted to injury
forcing himself on us there—
inside—scandalously assaulting Old Dolly
rumpling pulling her without qualm—
tearing us from Venus's image.

If Fortune must ravage us
Death's more suitable, better dead
than in misery.

TR. What'n oration!
I'll console her. How's Polly!

PO. Who spoke?

TR. Amabel!

AM. I'm scared!
who's't!

PO. names me!

TR. Expecting sees.

PO. My hopeful!

TR. Look to me!

PO. Ward off his hands or
I'll die by my own.

TR. Ah *that's* inept.

PO. Don't joke,
Track, you must, he's serious.

AM. Rather than Leno—maul me,
Death, yet my woman's mind
trembles thru me, bitter day!

TR. Animation, my babies!

PO. Invent it?

TR. Sit down by that altar!

AM. Why's't more prodigious than Venus
inside we've been torn from?

TR. Sit down! I'll guard you,
this altar your walled defense—

Venus Protectress—I'll encounter Leno!

PO. (& AM.) We'll sit and, Alma Venus,
weeping embrace your altar, kneel

Nixi, praying Mother receive us.

Punish those who belittle your
Fane, shield us, its peace.
Neptune washed us up naked,
don't be angry, we're virgin
whatever bit unwashed we appear.
TR. Venus, I believe they're intelligent!
Redeem innocent fears trembling! You
born from an oyster shouldn't
spurn pearls—old Dads comes!

(Voice off cantabile)

Like a —
mg. dancer
carries what—
sashay in—
her hand—
for an—
Under Ground

Toe Mickle
could not
do better'n
blowing
cold and
hot

III 4

Dads, Polly, Amabel, Track, Leno, Whips

DA. Out of the Fane, abomination!
You! sit there! Where're they?

TR. Here!

DA. Wonderful! he'll not dare!

Corrupt gods' law would you?

Punch his nose!

LE. Remember, righteousness!

DA. Audacious, man?

LE. You're robbing my
girls—that's *rape*.

TR. Let any
responsible senator of Cyrene decide
if they're yours or free,
if you should be incarcerated
for life, outfoot the clink.

LE. Not your day gallows-bird—oldtimer
I'm calling *you*.

DA. Dispute *him*.

LE. No, *you*!

TR. *Me! Your* girls?

LE. You say.

TR. Dare tag them!

LE. Touch'n' go?

TR. I'll hang you
for a punchingbag, beat Hell--

LE. Can't take m'own from Venus?

DA. No, our law won't allow—

LE. I don't trade your laws.
I'll have my girls now,
oldtimer, or your cash: if
Venus pleasures let her pay.

DA. Goddess render coin? Listen: dare
one lewd sally jokingly, I'll
drain tar out of you.
Whips, when I nod, blacken his
eyes! or my whip'll be
rush around myrtle!

LE. That's *assault*.

TR. You protést, rotter?

LE. Bum! three-termer, *you* insult *me*?

TR. Say I'm *that*, 'n' you're noble,
legally they're free girls.

LE. Free?

TR. Hercules yes! and Grecian girls:
this one of Athenian parentage.

DA. What?

TR. Born in Athens, free.

DA. Of my people?

TR. Aren't you
Cyrenaic?

DA. No, Attic—born, bred—

TR. God! Senator, defend two compatriots.

(*Voice off—Dads'*)

I look on common sorrow—
three then—grown her age—
my daughter

LE. I paid cash
for both to their owner—

Athenian or Theban they're servants.

TR. Kidnapper Mouser of virgins, beast
grinding, exchanging them like counters!

The other whose pedigree I
don't know 's pure too—scum!

LE. You're her standby.

TR. Tripes, strip!

If your back hasn't more
stripes than nails'n a fo'c's'le
I'm top liar. *After you—*
inspect mine: if it isn't
guarantee tight leather wine-flask, absolutely
all of one piece, why
shouldn't I whip you sick?
Still peeking at them? I'll
gash your eyes!

LE. Despite you—

DA. Stand! whereto?

LE. To vulcanize Venus.

TR. Will he knock?

LE. *Anyone in!*

DA. Rap'n' I'll reap your face!

1 WH. No coals, jes' dried figs.

DA. Coals to flame your head!

LE. I'll look elsewhere.

DA. Then what!

LE. Make a fire!

DA. Of inhumanity?

LE. Burn both altar girls alive.

DA. I'll rip your beard and
sing you into buzzard's roast!

(*Voice off—Dads'*)

Thinking it over this is
the monkey molested the swallows
in the dream I dreamed

TR. A favor, senator. Watch them
while I get my friend.

DA. Go: come back.

TR. Watch!

DA. I'll

see he won't touch them!

TR. Take care.

DA. I'll be alright.

TR. Mind he doesn't run off.

We've staked the hangman two
grand for *corpus delicti*.

DA. Run!

I'm *alright*.

TR. I'll be back!

III 5

Dads, Leno, Whips, (Polly, Amabel)

DA. Do you, Leno, choose your
quietus, or to rest quiet?

LE. I'm not listening, old man.

Despite you, Venus, Jove I'll
drag my girls b'their hair!

DA. Try now!

LE. I will!

DA. Do!

LE. Tell those bucks to withdraw.

DA. Draw up!

LE. No, they can't!

DA. If they can?

LE. I'll recéss.
 Old man, if I grab
 you in town I'm not
 Leno if you smuggle off.
 DA. By all means! Meanwhile dare
 touch them you'll get yours.
 LE. Hard?
 DA. A Leno's hard'll satisfy?
 LE. You don't fluster me. I'll
 drag'em while you say *rape*.
 DA. Do!
 LE. I will!
 DA. You *will*!
 Do. Turbalio! scat! get two
 clubs!
 LE. Clubs?
 DA. Proper ones! Quick!—
 Today's your reception for rank!
 LE. Whew! my headgear blown with
 my ship would be handy!
 Salty: lemme call my girls?
 DA. Not licit! Ho! Admiral Clobber!
 LE. A pool! Tinkling—my ears!
 DA. Come take a club, Sparax!
 Go stand that, *you* this
 side of him—so! *Tension*!
 If he touches those girls
 with even a finger and
 you don't send him, both
 of you die. If he
 quips you answer for them.
 Should he lunge, break his
 shins for what you're worth.
 LE. Won't they let me escape?
 DA. I've said. And when that
 boy brings back his friend
 race straight home. Diligence! 'Bye.
 LE. Hercules, how quickly this Fane
 alters, once Venus', now Hercules'—
 ancient with two club-armed statues.

Nowhere to run from Hercules,
savage seas marring earth. Polly?

¹ WH. What is it, dear?

LE. Pox!

That wasn't my Polly speaking.

Awsh—Amabel?

² WH. Watch it, dear.

LE. Trustful brutes giving human advice.

Have a heart boys—who'll
molest them?

WH. Nor *will* we.

LE. Me?

WH. Not if you're careful.

LE. Of what?

WH. Some crashing misfortune.

LE. Hercules, spare me!

WH. Spare us!

LE. O thanks, may I go!

Uh—you mean stand?

WH. Exactly.

LE. O deep pool of providence
today I'll conquer by standing.

(Voice off)

Where is Scape,
punning butcher
tongue wag
neighbor of my
young year?
out of the running
asleep reads scripture
horse with
a curb: to circle
is not to square.

Study be quicked
stalk or
scapegoat, chatter
of myth some
learnèd center—

dropped from the action
Leno's still to
work out—
pimp, Misery! to circle
is not *too* square.

Not running more
Dad's man
lion not
bound to roar,
cat at
that pitch what was
he running for—
bush not
real blossom? to circle
does not square off.

Plautus: no science.
Ladies look and
be seen.
By this good light
fresh horses, to circle
is not to square.

III 6

Placey, Track, Leno, Chum, Whips (Polly, Amabel)

PL. Mine! and Leno'd violate, tear
her from Venus's altar!

TR. Indeed!

PL. Couldn't you kill'im!

TR. No sword.

PL. No stick! stones?

TR. Think I'd
quash a human dog with stones?

LE. Hush it's up, Placey's come—
scraped together after I'm pulverized!

PL. Were they sitting, Track, when
you left here.

TR. As now.
 PL. Who preserves them?
 TR. An old
 man, Venus's neighbor, firmly dedicated
 served by servants. *I* managed.
 PL. Dock me Leno—right now!
 LE. Son—
 PL. *Son* me no more!
 Rope for collar—broken neck:
 opt while alive!
 LE. I'm neutral.
 PL. Hop down the beach, Track,
 hustle our dumb witnesses to
 this pimp's hanging—I'll meet
 them at the town wharf—
 rush back here, keep watch!
 We're going, hunky, to court!
 LE. Why?
 PL. Dare ask after robbing
 me, attempting abduction!
 LE. Not so.
 PL. No?!
 LE. Poor provocation, worse *qui vive*.
 Anyway, I said I'd be
 here, am I not here?
 PL. Tell the court! Get going
 LE. Sacred cow this rope's strangling
 me—Chum!
 CH. Anyone calling me?
 LE. *This* is rape!
 CH. Lovely scene!
 LE. Won't you sub—vent it!
 CH. Who's this lassoed you?
 LE. Placey.
 CH. Now you have it! Better
 repair to jail, crawling soulfully.
 You've what great numbers opt.
 LE. What's that?
 CH. What they desire.
 LE. Come with me.

if corpses are willing, sensing
their *fate's up to mutation*:
the world wails: a tip
flood, mad girls dipping snuff,
the child in the morris—
there cannot be too much
music R—O—T—E
rote, fiddle

like noise of surf, the
rider counts the horse's will
to be ridden, the horse
races, compelled freedom. This is
the silent treatment: seal you
ever, leave their self-respect to
their minds, the stigma they'd
pierce'll not violate your mind—
people's words: a choice to
be made.

Their virtue's excess is vice.
A child said to father
or totem: you're a horse.
An old toothless walks: gap,
drivel, gab—diagnosed muscular and
skeletal aches, says: gadgets—I
look but don't want 'em,
tho I do not *demand*
this blossom now scent, bring
back another.

*The moon washes all the
air*: crescent, dear, come out
for all of us. Of
the God in the table:
that you cannot make it
eat grass. 'Signed and *dayed*.'
Dated? No not an erratum—
a felicity.

ACT IV 1

Dads

I feel happy having helped
these girls, the cleanest pair
and youngest skittish sweet you'll
find: my wife watches madly
catches me peering at them.
Sad.— What's Greave our fisherman
caught this night just past
at sea—better've stood home.
My! while that sea operates
only tempest's in his nets.
Today's catch's cooked, slipped these
fingers, fluke vehement sea mar.
My wife's crowing's prandial. *Ready!*
Prattle, my ears, vain eloquence.

Greave

Neptune O thanks gracious patron
who salts the fishes succulence,
from whom enriched I've sped
safe with my fishing smack—
new catch thru storm comforted.
Miracle's incredible fishing, not one
ounce fish—*this* right here!
Now when night resurrected me
lucre proposed no soporific quiet:
tempest soughs, spirit risks spitting—
pauper I'm for master, serving
myself—I didn't park carcass.
Sloth piques me: lazy louts,
vigilant man rises on time,
doesn't expect master'll push for'im!
Loves' sleep—no lucre; trouble.
Me I'm no lazy pig—

now I'll afford it big,
see what I've raised sea-fishing!
Whatever's in it's heavy: gold
no man else's conscious of!
The occasion, Greave, opts freedom.
Self-counsel counsels: approach master asrutely,
politically proffer hard capital for
freedom; freed, run a slavefarm,
merchant fleet—richer than everybody!
Yachting! amusements! Imitate Alexander's stringplayer,
tour everywhere the noblest celebrity,
found the great city Greavetown—
my fame's monument my reign.
Great brain store this wicker!
Lunch: salt, wine, no pickle.

(Voice off, as Greave ropes and drags wicker)

As rope braided
rude deigns, not
to hang by,
to tug and
bind: no sense
complaining: grammar's double
negative: take reverie
for faith *nor*
ask thine oath:
his story triumph
regret blood shed:
no need for
the old chief
to read or
write, children do
that as stars
throb night—sky—
the occasional songs
also always future,
grace their opposite—
lovable awkwardness: Gregor's
story, the convict's
wistfulness 'I'm sorry

for the children
they've no sense:
so life writes
out the desirability
felt, perceived not
one's own: gift
of an if
that trembles a
disorder, conceives order:
safe wording what
is it to
say *I meant*:
no wish should
hurt, Job watched
weather to wish
alike all *Noël*:
friends hard to
hold, leaves' sway
on fall's branch
all colors remembered
delight the ground
tho 't blows. Like:
the river Epirus
puts out the
torch, lights it:
and the drafts
hurt: all fishermen
transfigured: cuttlefish casts
a long gut
out of her
throat: a certain
age hermit crab
occupies empty shell,
studying a wind—
discerning spared injuries:
for *their* discourse
seems to be
music: while turtledoves
silently marry, the
survivor scorning to

outlive the mate:
Red! hyacinth: Yellow!
daffodil: thatch, look
in that meadow!
water pools, see
all busy, dogs
and men, men
and dogs, everybody's
business is nobody's
(take it at
different times should
be or shouldn't.)
Lavender in window
will at first
shadow of your
rod sink if
but a bird
fly over chub,
o least shadow,
but will rise
to the top
again lie soaring
till a shadow
affright it again:
bee breeding in
long grass, found
by the mower
of it: frog,
mouth shut up
end of August:
brandling in the
bark of tanners.
And be still
moving a fly
upon the water
you yourself being
also always moving
down stream—caterpillars
moving not unlike
waves of the

sea. Of the
fire the fly
Pyrausta without the
fire we die.
No trout is
lost, no man
can lose what
he never had:
what interest our
angles pay us
lending them to
the trout, lent
him indeed for
our profit and
for his destruction.
Blustering day, waters
so troubled a
live fly cannot
be seen or
rest upon them—
human bait body
of black wool
lapt in herl
of a peacock's
tail, blue feathers
in head, or
black wool in
yellow silk: with
Summersault of the
salmon to spawn
in fresh waters:
belly's no ears
hunger upon it.
In the morning
about three or
four of the
clock, visit the
water-side not
too near, a
little red worm

on the point
of the hook,
warmed by the
eyes more than
the sun—the
strongest swifts of
the water, caught:
glad with a
dry house overhead:
much of roots
of the grass
for there crows
follow the plough
very close, and
when the gentles
stir but as
free from frost,
and the house
of small husks,
gravel, slime, not
made by men:
to be best
that must do
it. O young
anglers we are
now where I
first met you,
a good top
is worth preserving,
choose clearest hair
of an equal
bigness, for such
break together, not
singly, and every
misery missed is
their new mercy.
Like: Diogenes at
the fair's finnimbruns—
'admiring in animals
what we hate

in men?'
 A pretty poetry
 to suit the
 sound to the
 corrupt: none legislated
 into blessedness: Blest
 against obstinacy: not
 your envy for
 my sake. Two-
 year-old all wonder
ai-yi yi-yi what
apples: no book
 in the country
 no lecture for
 love of quietness:
 smokes shower: sit
 close: rains May
 butter—prophecy: harp

Track, Greave

TR. Hey! yours, man!
 GR. What, man?
 TR. I'll pull your rope!
 GR. No!
 TR. A helping hand won't hurt.
 GR. Terrible night, no catch, boy—
 wet—not one squamous fish.
 TR. Who expects fish? Let's sermonize!
 GR. In any case, no!
 TR. I
 won't let go!
 GR. Let go!
 TR. O dear!
 GR. No! dear.
 TR. P . . sss . . t!
 GR. Talk!

TR. It's a pretty tale.
 GR. Tell it.
 TR. 's anyone behind us?
 GR. What've I to do with
 it?
 TR. Say you'll be wise!
 GR. About what? Talk!
 TR. I'll talk
 if you'll shut up. Mum?
 GR. Dumb, man, yes!
 TR. O dear!
 Furtively a thief made off,
 I know what he made
 off with: "thief, split halves
 with me," I said "and
 I won't spill the beans."
 Thief hasn't responded. What should
he give me? Say half.
 GR. Hercules' more ample! more'n that!
 Otherwise expose him!
 TR. Nice counsel!
 Now cavort, it's you!
 GR. No?!
 TR. I've known that wicker's owner—
 GR. Which?!
 TR. And its perils!
 GR. I
 know *those!* Lost or found:
 that's neither here nor there—
 whom you know or I.
 It's mine beyond your hopes.
 TR. Not if th'owner—
 GR. Owner? Fretting—
 not *me* who fished't up!
 TR. Neat-eh?
 GR. The sea owns fish,
 my catch is my own—
 no other hand's least right
 to sell for a living,
 surely the sea is commonage.

TR. Right! then that wicker's *ours*
invested with the communal sea.

GR. Impudence! your memorial of the
law would bury all fishermen.
Quick as they could market
none would buy, everybody push
dickering over a common share.

TR. Who says *impudence*! Is wicker
fish? Are they the same?

GR. Not for me to say—
hook hooks, net catches, and
whatever's caught I keep myself.

TR. Hercules! not if it *contains*.

GR. Philosopher!

TR. Look, venom! has any
fisher caught, produced a wicker-fish?
You've no monopoly of occupations
wicker-worker and fisher, passel pustule!
Best demonstrate your wicker-fish or
unhand neither seaborne nor squamous.

GR. Wha-at! not heard o'wicker-fish?!

TR. Rascal!

GR. I fish, I know!
Rare to catch, few land.

TR. Little I care, ya fourflusher.

GR. Little passel, nearly *that* color:
big, Punic-red—my item; others
black.

TR. Exactly! Watch! twice-converted wicker-fish
it'll turn Punic-red, then black
whipped naked.

GR. Bloody well am—

TR. Wasting words, time. Do you
know a judge who'll arbitrate?

GR. Wicker, arbitrate! Do true!

TR. Stupid!

GR. Thales!

TR. Let go' this thing!
Let arbitrator arbitrate!

GR. You sane?

TR. Hellbent on't!
 GR. I'm crazy, mind
 made up. *No!*
 TR. Say *No*—
 I'll strew your brains! Le'go-o!
 or I'll wring the dripping
 ooze out of that thing!
 GR. Touch me you're squashed polypus!
 Fight?!
 TR. Fuss? Let's just divvy.
 GR. No fruits but trouble, pustule—
 I'm going home.
 TR. I've roped
you! dock ya now!
 GR. I'm helmsman
 drop the rope!
 TR. Wicker first!
 GR. Today Hercules can't ram me!
 TR. Don't deny me or sequester
 the wicker to a go-between.
 GR. What! the wicker I fished?
 TR. —when I peeped on shore—
 GR. My work, net, and dory?
 TR. But I peeked: to the
 owner I stole like you.
 GR. Legally!
 TR. Come again—I share
 the blame and not the goods?!
 GR. I don't know your urban
 laws: *it's mine*.
 TR. Yea *mine!*
 GR. Man! thinking't over you're neither
 thief nor accomplice.
 TR. What now?
 GR. Let me be; go and—
quiet! Don't say anything, I'll
 give you nothing. Fair enough?
 TP. Haw-kid! any other conditions?
 GR. I've made'm. Le'go the rope.
 TR. Man, I'll condition you!

GR. Hercules!
take off.
TR. Know anybody around?
GR. My neighbors.
TR. Where's your place?
GR. O-o-off there in these meadows.
TR. Let the man lives *there*
arbitrate?
GR. Stop pulling—le'me think.
TR. *Fiat!*

(*Voice off—Greave's*)

Gee! *mine* in perpetuity:
Offering master's house! Master'll judge.
He'll see to his own.
That innocent! Bet I'll arbitrate.

TR. Settled?
GR. I'm certain it's mine,
but we'll not fight—*yes*.
TR. That's talking!
GR. If your arbitrator's
square I'll know him tho
I don't—otherwise I won't.

(*Voice off*)

Now disallow legal make-believe
sabotage down the road
vest price, wage and
right, aliens of uneasy
feet in delay: mastheads
profound and alert, usufruct
sage, living not quite:
price, wage and right
lumped—humped as wrongs.

Dads, Polly, Amabel, Greave, Track (Whips)

DA. Terribly sorry, dears, I'd shelter
you, but my wife'd throw
me out, call you whores.
The altar's safer—for *you*.
PO. & AM. We'll die.
DA. Don't—you're safe.
No one will hurt them—
go in, Whips! I'm here.
GR. Mornin', governor!
DA. Greave!
TR. Your man?
GR. Unreputed!
TR. Not talkin' to you!
GR. So go!
TR. Your man, senator?
DA. Yes.
TR. Greetings—again!
DA. Hello! back
from your friend?
TR. And recognized!
DA. What's new?
TR. He's—your man?
DA. Yes.
TR. Glory be!
DA. Negotiating again?
TR. *This* rascal!
DA. What's he done?
TR. I'd string'im by th'heels!
DA. Why the row?
TR. I'll explain.
GR. No I'll—
TR. I began.
GR. Shame
should make you quit!

DA. Quiet
 Greave!
 GR. And let him peach?!
 DA. You'll wait your turn.
 GR. You'll
 hear th'alien preach first?
 TR. Incompressible!
 —Senator, that Leno you thrust
 from the Fane—this clown
 made off with *his* wicker.
 GR. Not *made off*!
 TR. Deny I'm
 looking at it.
 GR. Go blind!
 Have, haven't—keep away, nose!
 TR. Is it yours honestly?
 GR. Honest—
mine or hang me, dragged
 in my net—how yours?
 TR. Liar! It's as *I* say!
 GR. Why!
 TR. Senator, shut him up!
 GR. Dads doesn't abuse us as
 your boss does you!
 DA. Greave,
 he talks sense—his turn!
 TR. I've no claim to that
 wicker, but it contains a
 little jewelbox legally this girl's—
 DA. my compatriot, you said before?
 TR. I did. Her baby charms
 are in it, of no
 use to him, may help
 find her parents.
 DA. He'll do it.
 GR. Hell I will!
 TR. *Only* the
 jewelbox and charms!
 GR. Maybe they're
 gold.

TR. Means so much? You'll
be repaid in kind.

GR. Show
gold, you'll see the jewelbox.

DA. Keep still, Greave—resume, *you*.

TR. O sir feel for her,
it may be Leno's wicker—
my hunch, only a feeling.

GR. See the louse's springe?

TR. I'm
saying if the wicker's Leno's
the girls'll know it, let
them look.

GR. Let them look?!

DA. It's no inequity to show
them—Greave—

GR. I'll say inequity!

DA. Why?

GR. They'll jump *it's his!*

TR. Liar! is everybody perjured noddle?

GR. Whatever patter master backs *me!*

TR. Maybe—but he'll hear *me!*

DA. Greave, turn off—*you*, expedite.

TR. Wasn't I clear? I'll repeat:
These girls are not menials—
Polly a kidnapped Athenian baby.

GR. Menial—kidnapped—are they wicker?

TR. Your mind, rascal, defies daylight.

DA. Stint maledictions, prorogue to divulge!

TR. Likely the wicker holds a
jewelbox of rush with baby
charms in it proving Athenian
parents—I've said that before.

GR. Croak! can't the girls talk?

TR. Nice girls do better quiet.

GR. Seems your sex's fifty-fifty.

TR. What!

GR. When do *I* talk?

DA. Do
I'll break your head!

DA. A jewelbox—is this th'one?
 PO. This! o my parents here
 as I hoped for you!
 GR. God help you—in *that*
 box, stingy, you're squeezing them!
 DA. Greave, check here. Girl, from
 way off, verify all you
 recall, miss one trifle there'll
 be no turns around later.
 GR. That's justice!
 TR. Hardly your type.
 DA. Talk girl—Greave, keep still.
 PO. There are charms—
 DA. Yes!
 TR. Gong!
 don't show them!
 DA. Looking like--
 PO. A gold little sword with
 letters on't.
 DA. What letters?
 PO. My
 father's name. Somewhere not far
 a tiny two-edged axe, also
 gold with my mother's name.
 DA. Name—what name's on the
 sword—your father's name—
 PO. Dads.
 DA. God, is this my hope?
 GR. What about *me!*
 TR. God—proceed!
 GR. Now easy you—or croak!
 DA. Your mother's name now—
 PO. Dadsallhis.
 DA. God you've served my wish!
 GR. I'm curst!
 DA. She's my daughter, Greave.
 GR. What's she t'me! Be curst
 who spied me and me
 fooled dragging my net from
 the sea!

PO. —a little silver sickle, two
little clasped hands, a little
sow—

GR. Drat you, sow and
attachments!

PO. —a gold charm my father
gave me for my birthday—

DA. O perfect! I embrace you,
greetings, my daughter, I'm Dads
your own father, saw you
born, Dads all his your mother's indoors!

PO. Father I never expected!

DA. Blessings,
beloved.

TR. Walloping rewards for piety!

DA. Can you make it, Track,
with the wicker inside?

TR. Poor

Greave—no luck at all!

DA. Come, my daughter, your mother
must confirm us, knowing more.

TR. Come, together as we've come!

PO. Come, Amabel.

AM. God loves you, dear.

GR. Peed slantwise fishing that wicker—
fished not to seclude it—
dreamed life coming to me
come alive from that sea—
crave: gold, silver's in it—
better go in, hang myself?
salt despair, slake my grief.

(*Voice off*)

I cannot submit to the loss of the *salarium*
greater care must be taken satisfying the modern *gustum*

“Georg Erdmann:

I am subjected to annoyance, jealousy and persecution.
If your Honour knows or should hear of
a *convenable station* . . . L's a healthy place . . . for the

past year I have received about 100 less than usual in funeral *accidentia* . . . The cost of living so *excessive* . . . *all musici* . . . from my own *familie*, I assure you I can arrange a concert *vocaliter* and *instrumentaliter* . . . I should trespass . . . on your forbearance were I to *incommode* your Honour further.

Bach''

IV 5

Dads

Prodigal immortals who is more fortunate—providentially finding my daughter. When gods bless they do covenant with our pious wishes. Who in himself finds credence? It's providentially I've found her, to marry her to a noble lad, my Athenian relative who should hurry here soon: his friend's to bring him from the forum. What's happening to my orders--and indoors? Wonders! My wife's arms still clasp daughter's neck—almost silly.

IV 6

Dads, Track

DA. Time you stopped dandling, mother, do some chores for my prayers for our growing family! Sacral lamb, pig! Don't stall Track, whoobsx here he is!
TR. I'll hunt up Placey, Polly!
DA. Tell him about my daughter, urge him t'come *now*!
TR. Likely!

DA. Confirm he'll marry her!
 TR. Likely!
 DA. That his pa's my relative!
 TR. Likely!
 DA. Hurry!
 TR. Likely!
 DA. Dinner's waiting!
 TR. Likely!
 DA. Everything's likely?
 TR. Likely! But
 remember you promised me--
 DA. likely!
 TR. —that Placey'll grant my manumission!
 DA. Likely!
 TR. Polly's word would facilitate!
 DA. Likely!
 TR. Amabel's mine promptly!
 DA. Likely!
 TR. You'll assure my reward!
 DA. Likely!
 TR. Everything's *likely*?
 DA. *Likely for likely!*
 Hurry boy, hurry back!
 TR. Likely!
 Meanwhile you work for me!
 DA. Likely!—Rascal! likely he's likely!
 My ears—ho!--his *likely*!

Greave, Dads

(Voice off)

Bed joy and prosperity
 in a public situation
 we must all be immortal
 or none

as what wind blood
 the young what journey

warm that let be
may be

bubble breathes its colors
flyweight *intuition* better *look upon*
guard risk a respond to
talk to

panther's screams feared night
bears preyed on the swine
born for common meadow
dads *cultus*

died for common meadow
forborne by "commonwealth" said
some didn't live the quotes
in between

sons daughters not wild
as made and wild
as come soldiering returned
unpaid scars

philosophers A Golden Age
when their need was least
brains diverse as palates
imaginary missionaries

once She now Eunuch
reigned something new one man
inadequate to so great
a load

but did they need
an altar to flatter
his persecutor or imitate
the victim

A blind date with
principle old shoes the profit
a bridge waiting the
river crossed

perfection understanding's satisfaction invariably
from not being able
to leave undone what
is doing

a fable a roped bull
one thing to till
by right another for
one's life

like control's rhythmic onwardness
desirable is rarely computed
no assent above conviction
gentleness courtesy

tho institutes cultivate to
restrain sure's foolishness to
deprive another of numbers one
lacks lack's

where man claims his soil
what to it adheres
he cannot carry where
he please

shadowboxing horse sound of
skin and skeleton free from
faults and faculties with
the arguments

he dare not admit
and yet cannot deny—
Attained south wing five windows
caged singing

ribbon of river evangelist-
scraping roofs yellow fronts
sleepless in a city
of thieves

who cannot foretell evening
from morning trafficked streets
still cobbled Could be
a sphere

of pyramidal honeycomb, the
sphere enclosing the most space
with the least surface
strongest against

internal pressure the honeys
enclosing the least space most
surface best to withstand
external pressures

could be one lean buck
take heart grow fuller
knowing like transported cargo
smells of

portage the winter-wrapped tree
elsewhere May a summer's
dory unstowed so much
so little

each one's house just
float off nations just stops
and wander that needs
no feet

begin
anywhere

GR. When's't likely we'll talk, Dads?

DA. Negotiating, Greave?

GR. That old wicker—
be wise, keep God's gift.

DA. Can another's possessions be mine?

GR. My bread from the sea?

DA. He's fortunate who lost it,
still the wicker isn't yours.

GR. Always the saintly pious pauper!

DA. O Greave, Greave, a man

is lured into deception, snares

a hell of poisoned bait:

whoever's avid for this is

trapped in his own avarice.

But if he consults deeply

he lives longer by honesty.

That greedy wicker'll prey more

on us than it's worth.

How can I hide it—

it's another's! *Not our Dads!*

Wise men'll never share the

conscience of slaves in crime.

I don't care for lucre.

GR. I've experienced comedians declaiming wisdom

applauded by the audience out

there--they're called people—everybody

so divorced going home all

information about rectitude proves useless.

DA. Go, nag! Temper your tongue.

You'll get nothing, just frustrations.

GR. Good—God! change all good

in that wicker to cinders.

DA. You've looked at our servants.

Had he found an accomplice

both'd be stringing out lives

as crooks: lout looting soul,

crony preyed on by loot.

Better to sacrifice: give thanks

and see our dinner's cooking.

IV 8

Placey, Track

PL. Ditto my love, my Track

my libertine, sponsor, almost father—

Polly's uncovered her folks?

TR. Ditto.

PL. *My country-folk?*

TR. Opine.
 PL. We'll marry?
 TR. Suspected.
 PL. Dads consents today?
 TR. Consent-ho!
 PL. Congratulations to her father?
 TR. Consent-ho!
 PL. Her mother?
 TR. Consent-ho!
 PL. What's consented?
 TR. *What's* consented!
 PL. In what sense?
 TR. I consent-ho!
 PL. How many senses?
 TR. *Me* consent-ho!
 PL. As I'm here
 consent ever?
 TR. Consent-ho!
 PL. Shall I
 run?
 TR. Consent-ho!
 PL. Or look poised?
 TR. Consent-ho!
 PL. Salute her coming?
 TR. Consent-ho!
 PL. And her father?
 TR. Consent-ho!
 PL. And her
 mother?
 TR. Consent-ho!
 PL. Embrace father?
 TR. Oh-no!
 PL. Embrace mother?
 TR. Oh-no!
 PL. Kiss my—
 girl?
 TR. Oh-no!
 PL. No consent-ho?!
 TR. Nuts let's go!
 PL. Tuck my sponsor.

ACT V I

Leno

Whose misery beats mine, now
Placey's judges have condemned me?
Polly's adjudicated free, perdition's mine.
Lenos! Joy procreates pimps so
the world enjoys their downfall.
Amabel's in Venus Fane—I
must have'r! my last relic!

(*Voice off*)

When Plautus lay dead Comedy wept
an empty scene, laughs, lewd mimes, jokes hushed,
innumerable simultaneous numbers clamoring around
Tragedy voicing the dead smile undivined good—

Old friends
when I was young
you laughed with my tongue
but when I sang
for forty years
you hid in your ears
hardly a greeting

I was
being poor
termed difficult
tho I attracted a cult
of leeches
and they signed *love*
and drank its cordials
always for giving
when they were receiving
they presumed
an infinite forgiveness

With my weak eyes
I did not see

assumed a bit
of infinite myself
arrogating hypocrisy
to *no* heart
but stupidity

O it was
better better
than equating favors
a few to my balance
years later
charged as
cantankerous
in their senile scrounging
getting on

And tho love starve
carved mostly bones
(not *those* young friends
put to good use)
if I'm not dead
a dead mask smiles
to all old friends
still young where else
it says *take care*
prosper
without my tongue
only your own

Greave, Leno

GR. Spiteful men! Vesper won't bring
back Greave without his wicker.

(*Voice off—Leno's*)

O that word *wicker* hurts!

GR. That scut Track's free and
I who worked get nothing.

(*Voice off—Leno nearer*)

Prodigal immortals an arresting summons!

GR. God! I'll placard th'dump, big
letters! LOST WICKER TREASURES—FOUND
GREAVE: don't presume it's yours!

(*Voice off—Leno hurrying*)

Hercules' probably my wicker I
must ask—o gods subvene!

GR. Who wants me indoors? I'm
polishing. God, rust not iron,
the more it's polished 'treddens
thinner, consumes in my hands.

LE. Howdy, boy!

GR. Bless old curls!

LE. Whatya doin'?

GR. Polishing.

LE. Feel alright?

GR. Medic'?

LE. A letter longer—

GR. Pauper!

LE. That's cute!

GR. Not your face!

LE. That's its misery last night's
shipwreck leaves, washed-up nothing.

GR. All
departed?

LE. A wickerful of treasure.

GR. Can you itemize?

LE. What good
is that? Fable says more.

GR. If found—some token—proof?

LE. Eight hundred Philips marsupially wrapped,
one sack assorted Tetrarch Philips!

(*Voice off—Greave's*)

Hercules' load concupiscence the Gods
respect men! o I can
prey on his wicker

GR. And—
 LE. Silver: one grand—nothing crummy!
 bowl, tankard, pitcher, jug, ladle.
 GR. Pap you had it luscious!
 LE. *Had's misery's not to have.*
 GR. What will you give to
 have it back?
 LE. Thirty—
 GR. Tripes!
 LE. Forty smackers!
 GR. Peanuts!
 LE. Fifty.
 GR. Dental floss!
 LE. Sixty.
 GR. Bugs in rugs.
 LE. How about seventy!
 GR. Hot refrigerants.
 LE. One hundred—
 GR. asleep?
 LE. That's *top*.
 GR. S'long.
 LE. Once I go I go—one-ten?
 GR. Doormice.
 LE. How much then, pustule?
 GR. Two grand: more? not less.
 Yes'r no?
 LE. What choice's necessity?
 Settled.
 GR. Address Venus!
 LE. Love's pleasure's
 imperative.
 GR. Touch her altar.
 LE. Touch'n'go!
 GR. Swear!
 LE. *Swear, man?!*
 GR. Repeat!
 LE. Say!

(*Voice off—Leno's*)

Dumb—been swearin' all along!

GR. Hand there?

LE. Holding!

GR. Reward due
once the wicker's yours—

LE. Right!

GR. (& LE.) *Cyrenian Venus attest my testimony
if my wicker sunk in
your sea with all in
it come back to me*

Greave here—now touch me

LE. *Greave here—hear me Venus—
receives two grand immediately!*

GR. Add, if fraud tempts you
may Venus destroy your sort—

(Voice off—Greave's)

But curse you either way!

LE. If I trick him, Venus,
then see all pimps destroyed!

(Voice off—Greave's)

That must be tho you
swear true—

GR. Let me get
Dads to hear your claim.

LE. If that grouch procures my
wicker I owe him nothing.
I arbitrate despite tongue swearing.
Contenance! he comes with senility.

(Voice off—Leno's)

O beautiful horrors I've suffered
the law's not for Grouch!

Greave, Dads, Leno

- GR. Come, come Dads.
DA. Where's Leno?
GR. Hey! Here's Dads—has it!
DA. Yes, if it's yours you'll
have it. Sound! Take it!
LE. Prodigal imortals w . . wu . . wicker, wicker!
DA. Yours?
LE. Don't ask! Mine b'Jove!
DA. Intact—less a jewelbox of
baby charms identifying my daughter.
LE. How!
DA. Your Polly's my daughter.
LE. Glad you made it!
DA. Like
incredible?
LE. No I'm delighted! I
condone her—take her gratis.
DA. Thank you!
LE. Man, *thank you!*
GR. Not so fast, Mr Wicker!
LE. Fast?
GR. Cash! my two grand!
LE. What bloody nonsense!
GR. Nonsense? Don't
you owe me—
LE. Hell no!
GR. Didn't you swear?
LE. Swearing's voluptuous-
pleasure's my hoard, property's no
condominium.
GR. Two grand! You perjurer!
DA. Greave, what's this two grand?
GR. He swore—promised me!
LE. I
like to swear—objéct, Pontifex?
DA. Why did he promise, Greave?

GR. He swore if I got
the wicker back to him
he'd pay two grand.

LE. Let
someone responsible settle this quickly
he contracted to axe me—
and me not of age!

GR. Dads is *someone*!

LE. *Anybody* else!

(*Voice off—Dads'*)

I cannot rob Greave if
I condemn the pimp—

DA. Leno!
Did you promise him money?

LE. I did.

DA. What you promised
my help is mine. Pimp—
it's no use.

GR. Thought you'd
rat, pimp! Hand it over!
I'll give it to Dads,
be free on my own.

DA. I gave you, Leno, what
I salvaged—

GR. No! I! I!

DA. If *you're* wise keep quiet—
Leno, do I deserve a
favor?

LE. Having implied my rights--

DA. Rather a miracle I've not
encroached?

GR. Leno labors: liberty's born!

DA. This man found your wicker
and I gave it to you.

LE. Thanks owes *you* two grand!

GR. Owes *me*--you!

DA. Shut up!

GR. How munificence works for yourself
to rob me again as
you did of the jewelbox.

DA. Want to be slapped?

GR. Slap for all I care—
nothing less than two grand
will shut me up!

LE. He's
for you idiot! Silence!

DA. Let's
talk alone, Leno.

LE. Let's!

GR. Come out in the open!

DA. Sh . . h . . what did Amabel cost?

LE. One grand.

DA. May I offer—

LE. Sounds sensible.

DA. We'll divide—

LE. yes?

DA. One grand yours for her,
the other for me—

LE. good!

DA. which—don't tell him—I'll
give Greave who found both
your wicker *and* my daughter.

LE. Good!

GR. When do I get mine!

DA. Settled, Greave, I have it.

GR. You! but *I* want it!

DA. No-o-o, don't hope, free him
from his oath!

GR. May I
die you'll never cheat again!

DA. We dine today, Leno!

LE. Obligated!

DA. Come with me—gentlemen in
the audience I'd invite you
too, only we've no setups
and you have standing invitations.
But if you'll applaud—all

under sixteen, welcome! None?
Come then—*both!*

EPILOGUE I—GREAVE

Free. I am fain Fane
old word pun of a
fancy of a nine-year old's
Shakespeare *Fane* Plautus' Diphilus dream
jests of a tempest *Kings*
dalas poorest we had all
droll roll and gambol risk
of a playful sea Saturday
matinee and night and Sunday
matinee and night child in
the morris harp

LE. O let's!

EPILOGUE II—DADS

Applaud.

*(Voice off—as the audience is already
moving out)*

Sweet turn on your side.

22

AN ERA ANY TIME OF YEAR

Others letters a sum owed
ages account years each year
out of old fields, permute
blow blue up against yellow
—scapes welcome young birds—initial

transmutes itself, swim near and
read a weed's reward—grain
an omen a good omen
the chill mists greet woods
ice, flowers—their soul's return

let me live here ever,
sweet now, silence foison to
on top of the weather
it has said it before
why that was you that

is how you weather division
a peacocks gramm^a or perching—and
perhaps think that they see
or they fly thru a
window not knowing it there

the window could they sing
it broken need not bleed
one proof of its strength
a need birds cannot feign
persisting for flight as when

they began to exist—error
if error vertigo their sun
eyes delirium—both initial together
rove into the blue initial
surely it carves a breath

one air then a host
an air not my own
an earth of three trees
sleep revives—night adds hours
awake to augur days impend

the trumpet ice edges shrill,
twigged heart flounce the Land
be not fought—greatness remain
what avails the life to
leaf to flower to fruit

the season's colors a ripening
work their detail—the perennial
invariance won't hollow it, no
averaging makes their tones—Paradise
the swept brain blood warmer

leaving it eyes' heat stars'
dawn mirror to west window
binds the sun's east—steersman's
one guess at certainty made
with an assemblage of naught—

yet in cells not vacuum
recórd as tho horses rushed
definite as an aching nerve
pleads feed and feed back—
spine follows path once born,

to arrogate it small eloquence,
an affair with the moon
it looked as if it
looked up someway above earth
a hectic of an instant

until computed in the metal—
tidal waves also timing it
moon's day and earth's month
figured closer—blazed sun, white
under weightless dancing after the

predictable vaguer with time's increase,
seemed to say: the same
earth gaze returns to them
weightless, inkling of outlines, unearthing
always only their past futures

hearing iron horse scrape me
begging so to speak, stay—
history their figment of miracle—
young led, painting a standpipe
seeing it swan or stork—

fish purl in the weir:
we are caught by our
own knowing, barb yellow hard
every yet—*oink* little jangler
thrums—sigh, prattle sea flood—

shard porcelain learned blue veined
by wreathed penny in ice—
coo (where?) dig or not
piece dig who with what
what with ninth year's gait

of eight, weird's lettered pebble
a pan plinth table of
law—noon wait a weight
wait it is very right,
sink killick read the kelp—

cherries, knave of a valentine,
were ever blue of yellow,
birds, harp in three trees—
now summer happy new year
any time of year—so

no piper lead with nonsense
before its music don't, horse,
brag of faith too much—
fear thawed reach three-fingered chord
sweet treble hold lovely—initial

Late later and much later
surge sea erupts boiling molten
lava island from ice, land
seen into color thru day
and night: voiced, once unheard
earth beginning idola of years
that love well forget late.
History's best emptied of names'
impertinence met on the ways:
shows then the little earth
at regard of the heavens
unfolding tract and flying congregate
birds their hiding valentine's day:
little horse can you speak
won't know till it speaks:
three birches in the meadow
kiss: constant please. Attentive as
good: no prophet no footnote:
earliest mountain the lowest the
seas moil, thin earth crust
resists less, thickened thrown highest;
stone, coral time evoke chitin's—
word time a voice bridled
as order, what is eternal

is living, a tree's growing
body's actual shadow in light.
Figured 135,000 years built up
from 75 foot depth the
coast gained from the sea—
upheaval subsided or still gaining—
colder currents south, warmer north:
conjecture not for the ganoid
or monkey dropped from branch's
perch—breccia—tumulus skull fished.
Cave, moraine—in peat moss
layers lie tree trunks, red
pine called *fir*, oak above
or beech; higher—alder, hazel,
birch sinking, aspen indifferently everywhere.
Summers looking across marches to
mountains an old mind sees
more, thinking of *a thought*
not his thought, older complexities:
the fractional state of the
annals, a bird's merrythought graving
of quill and down, apposed
human cranium's dendritical crystallizations offer
no sure estimate of antiquity
only archaic time unchanged unchangeable:
aeolian loess, glacier carrying *graywether*—
chipped and rubbed contorted drift—
concentric bed blue clay—white,
yellow sand, striped loam—blue
laminated. Laminated marl—fret changes
only himself, to prove peach
blooms, cherry blossoms, dogwood: seen
seeded flower; unaltered flowerless marriage
of spore. Races endure more
slowly than languages unconsciously sounding
skills as of bees in
a hive, animal passions range

human, alike their affections individual:
if created Once (*a thought*)
or thought of consecutively fossiliferous
marl saved froghopper, ladybird, glowworm,
red admiral, mingling in dredged
lake mud, anachronous stone, horn,
bone, jade, an armet's brass
wire, flax plaited, not woven,
carbonized apple, raspberry, blackberry seed,
wild plum drupe, reindeer antler
nowhere, remains of a larger
hunting dog, a forest pony,
a burnt brick, and round
small bodies—fossils of the
white chalk—might have been
strung together as beads, the
bond that united them unbroken.
The departed celestial radiated alive
under earth rest will not
return above to hunger, sustained
by mayapple root, their children
unmolested fledged by glowworms before
stars course ocean flicker continents:
north south west east uncompassed
only sun unshifting wind and
wave return drifted prow home
early sailors world no other
their earth's an island whether
hugged coast landlocked sea atoll—
lost on water discovery's accident
(with bat migrant at sea)
emerged from water nameless, story
celestial skin may help father.
Small wonder when they fish
some greet *food in water*
others count *one two many*
or for *forgiveness* hide in

noway able to think about—
unnameable things in their healing:
fireless cold tamed geese barren—
jackal, coyote ravished earth—separated.
Warming, blue ridge tore down—
rocks avulsed from their beds
water long percolating dripped caves'
massive columns, incrusting elegant drapery.
Where stone pillars leaned together
a smaller stone topped them
on furrowed plain—how plowed?
no iron, tawny-skin storied a
stick thrown to man, 'here's
an animal to follow you'—
this turned into a dog.
Faithful vivacity, pigmy and mammoth—
the difference of increment unsearchable—
sunned soil's son chyle fed
feigning stay a devout nothing
dog's letter growled dog-ear marked.
Dog his luck, stone passion's
tears, his mother sings, corn's
ground I may not hunt,
never lived without bringing some
thing fired, woven, hided, threshed—
water is mine speaking eddies
thru coiled shells, clouds trail
smoke hole—risen like millet
gone and come back—work
is by day; night's—don't
know, better than error, drums
weave two and dances shuttle
no new heart for an
old, old habit orders there—
sacred, knotted. Four for balance
deer born blue, rain trees
songbird pith: winding heartstring morning,

prosper, heal-all pays the fee.
A flat roof discerned area,
tread and riser how long.
Then trade thought of twins
both equally lovely, an ant
to witness while thing differed
with want each talked with
mouth true as the work
of hands that held it:
four eyes agreed birdprint wrote
for them—sun, weather *extol*,
metal say *chase*, wood say
carve, bone say *cut*—from
one place rayed or as
rainbow dispersed to each place,
in time lost white light.
As to flood, but for
You we'd all be fishes.
As to drought, why burn
a witch if she were
cause might make things worse.
Annals moon's summer midnight aerolite.
64 guesses at order in
mist early insatiate resigned to
the season, what's fortunate what's
calamitous creating created treads the
tail of a tiger and
it may, may not bite.
Stuck in a rut? try
a flagstaff pry the wheel
then horses may travel light
get on with less. Measure
(harmony) need not delight you
dwarfed pine still a pine:
sat until nothing was something
ancestral smile, 'empty, zimbabwe' knowing
not knowing everlasting. A roof

leader rains why be led—
he will take your sons
for war, and the fields—
king so part your supplement
fair kill's no valor in
uprooted valerian, belching his hymns
once yours. Seventy plants, thirty
trees cite the way why
argue it, those wise don't
inflict your living this place
simple, quiet, kind. The simplest
man laughs about greater intangibles
'it wouldn't be the way
otherwise.' Woo weigh not too much
less talk of "love" and
"right" raises what you bear
an infant grasp holds your
finger not its might, ice
melts, well-carved does not niggle.
Callous stone men great names
are too late if ties
are no ties cities feed ruins.
No songs where she's immortal
and if not no rites:
cosmos—it appears worlds—sphere's
peerless remove no side beside—
they see on and on
hear and do not breathe;
breath would be a soul's
allotted ills. At the most
truths dig caverns—pure water
drips, honey's yellow glosses figs
less sweet—calls bird-cherry mulberry.
Oaths obtrude on the silence
and a hero dotes on
a tale of honesty (beyond
ocean pillars on sand sun

goes over) of black and
white, gold stack for wares.
Times the gain from philosophy
hárrassed: abuse—brothel and inn,
crueler out to look equal
to dynasties passing; high matter
rather harmless ignorance the spitting
seas redeem. No knowledge but
intimate pleasure, tho a trained
horse's no stone, takes trouble—
historic abstraction ruffles his mane—
hoofs to bed disputing soul
owns laws' spiderweb surfeit's outrage,
wounds from acting in tragedies.
Pith or gore has 4
seasons, 20 yet boy, 40
young, 60 ripe, 80 aged
pursued pi beyond stratus, weights
and measures, the eyes doors
to sun, air thronged with
souls exacting heroes' crumbs, salt
from seas men with their
livestock dream, warned not to
pray, unsure where help comes
when Evening Star lowers to
Morning Star. How can you,
opinion's throbbing ear aimless eye,
serve ghosts—remain loyal, living
faithful glances, magic and medicine.
For *now* it is: *not*
is the same and can
be thought and thought is
now. Truth's way all one
where it begins and shall
come back again thru traceless
now the moving body's sphere.
Pride drenched faster than fire,

good laws uphold good walls
a breath up from the
sea—home, light upward silent
path to let others chatter.
Love and hate—souls of
animals and plants, where a
nest is tears may flow
no key to the tangle.
Mind would not defend itself
believing bone's of smaller bone
particle accreted elements—mind humble
before molten sun reflecting moon's
low fosses and far ranges,
a heaven of stones whose
swiftness made their separate orbits
one, that slackening would fall:
not justice nor virtue the
singer knew or life retraced
in annual holidays for boys.
A porter's neat wood bundle
talked wish, question, answer, command.
Our call's nature, sound is
shocked air, human virtue convention—
to which a pupil shrugged,
so crater fuses is that
all? most gorge to eat
I eat to live. Science:
a well—empty yet something
uncut; shadow speaking irks action.
Man featherless two-legs, at which
the cosmopolite plucked a fowl's,
'Here's your man—' *My teacher*
gone mad: 'loveliest—free speech'
(*unlicensed tongue*) 'true polity wide
as the universe, but the
great thieves lead the little
away.' *Your eyes see—prating—*

not to my mind—expose
pride. Like the Dog Star
 set—died holding his breath.
 Pragmatic *meaning equivocally* fare well.
Trivial uttered, hard to stand
under: polity's impossible without friends
 and most want praise more
 than health—by nature human
 presence is not everlasting—speaking
 for the good omen: against
 chance perhaps some light sheds
 nourishing itself seeing the need
 without anger, without envy, without
 stupidity—past speech, affectations, attitudes.
 Air of early dawn, how
 shun *jee* and *ch'* eagre
 bore the crest, o sun
 if you die we do,
 'if your house were burning
 what would you save from
 it?' 'The fire.' To see
 small beginnings clear, the little
 handicaps cause of a brood:
 3 years on ivory leaves,
 slighting green, leaves history poorer:
 rejoic'd na *men* but *dogs*.
 Earth, its people must weather,
 but should *honor* plead *profit*?
 Could do without the book
 rather than read the ivory.
 White snow, white feather, white
 horse, is man white felling
 hills for fuel, they revive
 some shrubs, yet in the
 early morning white hairs regret
 the tree a child's heart
 once grasped with both hands

concealing folly shrewd to age.
Esteem me now, may it
never happen to disprove any
to you the one love—
not small for the greatest
not great for the smallest
merely a tree's highest branches
fish happy water in water
what it is to be
water, butterfly or man know
stop by your own action:
there is the right moment
a feat standing, little earth:
knowing also the fishes positioned
whatever vector find purchasers, would
you have them suffer *justly*?
sometimes hearing a warning—learning
dam from the waters not
the sages, ancestors wore cotton
rot to growth, lore and
odor severe, planting useless if
the willows snarl a hull.
Annual in all parts annual—
mere regard won't carp, own
fruit sees his story as
defined, once understood by another.
With plants as with men
as to wild and cultivated:
cautioning fast and hard *definitions*—
poley sends moths from closets.
Some plants love wet: shore
trees color of roses, young
smooth bark, older rougher, vine
bark cracked, arbutus peeling, an
apple's animal faces. *Rooted*: felt
depth, density, core—distancing bare
ground the banyan roots from

shoots, roots again, no root
deeper than the sun's heat
reaches. A white fig mutates
to black, and the opposite
happens: replanted best with soil
it grew in or into
better. (Root cuttings *below* the
axil downwards!) Spines replace leaves,
the white poplars' turn their
under surfaces up and men
say 'summer goes' and as
leaves turn every which way
to the sun it's hardy
to see which surface is
close to the twig. Engaged
paroled of fate, we determine
nothing (not really) purvey their
idols, theories in no hurry,
ostensibly saying yes in fairness
to them (valerian purges itself)
suspend judgment (likely impossible) invite
calm as woods shadow, not
insensibly spared relatives, yet dusting
mementos shelter an older sister's
causes: walked alone and when
a cur leaped at him
just presence enough to accord
ruffled, *hard to defy human*
weakness, in a tempest saw
the little pig eat calmly.
'Why then study these things?'
'3 pennies for you who
need profit from learning.' To
translate the exile whose arch
eyebrows darken your thought, all
steel can achieve his songs
obviate, cuirass war-beard and ale.

Time vague gods intervals worlds
everlastingly themselves idolons intellect garden
reading an old epic, cure
vacancy fills, returns profound inane
the sum total of things
does not vary, blest nature's
no backwater on life, free
as the need quicks thought,
fact apprehending main heads, duration
a knowledge that verifies—passion
may complain—wisdom most sensitive
to emotion can slow to
least hurt deepest pleasure, age
young in good things, and
young grow up without fear:
lampooned in off time by
a stage dancer restoring song
under scholia—'a schoolmaster physicist'—
attracting philosophers by fleeing them;
both deceived that humility exhausts
insolence. Nor will it do
saying, 'I desire neither profit
nor fawner, only my forbearance'—
few'll believe or allow you.
Scribes conceive history as tho
sky, sun, men never were.
In hard times the poor
politicize; in prosperous cheer the
prosperous: inflated state and abated
derelict pretend titular courage. Look
when shoe pinches East, about
the like era the same
need rouses West, the sum
of things does not vary
charged with the air everywhere
when fool sparks wisdom, shepherd
jailer, let the flogged escape

suffering innocence like you, kite
or phoenix, the date palm
bent: the law, water, shaped
to the container it's in.
Strength's perfection asks no prayer,
redeems every fault, dreams no
hell. Devotion cannot add or
subtract. The amiable spares both
the laughing and weeping *his*
rudeness. His integrity drinks is
sober, knows those who shun
pleasure greatly pretend, judged by
the fruit not the root.
Unpolished jade so hard steel
cut no scratch—traveler recorded
city shape of a chlamys,
street for men on horse,
library, harbor beacon: the mind
does not light of itself;
stripped to the meditated object
eyes, lights, out there here,
itself all ever, increate, seedless—
yoke fruits other, farming watercourse
brimming obstacle running by itself.
Temple altar light unextinguished *yes*,
sleep waylaid, mused more hours,
in a fire of coals—
bread: their past 5000 years
not duped by studied words
an idea meant a name
calls soul in me if
erased by drunken elephants or
ignored exile, born for fellowship,
no share, only all welcome
related by good nature, inviolable
adversity, ardor, actions animate rest:
their detractors modern late learning

a borrowed alphabet while children
counted 153 fish like sonnets.
Where they make a desert
call't peace: East penned stag's
more memorial for *who's who*
than a moneyed subscriber. Born
amoral seed, air as good.
Deemed tree—*who?* a bronze
tablet: ocean and teats: *scribe*.
Another: a husband and wife.
2000 years old: West-East dictionaries.
As tea guides this hour
keep, pear—her root's in
wrinkles: come now to practice
pressing me on, horse hear
us home, dismount is marathon.
May day assay the eyes'
chronicle light photos, chromatic fire
salt consumes animate? Enigma: tongue
gone scaling down sees apace,
clods deafmute let springs pray—
gay not drugged, sun raise
rarer air—unarmed little want—
wrist high unwearying bent, cosmos
fingers order trope to trope.
Choice by lot's no insight,
grass where his mother lay
can T any philosophical rambler
to a fist free of
theories, dotterel's last ties peridot.
To think His Thought: *Once*
(presumably) after Him: Delight, Tree
of the Sweet Fool's Utterance:
or later teaching a trodden
path: law—salt, water; restored
talk, story—wine, allspice, A
child learns on blank paper,

an old man rewrites palimpsest,
a good heart dejected brings
others peace, asks no returns,
assumes milestones guide all and
belong to each so no
one people can claim to
excel. Should wasp torture caterpillar
gait deprive ass of barley?
Do you come teaching from
your cave to destroy My
Earth's Fullness, return to your
tomb, who leads must run
there. Remember faith seeds, four
seasons celebrate, strength your girl's
summer her second time, her
wisdom given knowledge her purity.
How to write history, policy
an unteachable gift of nature:
farmer prophesies better than poet
two diapasons cleared mutes wrong
nameless, "not mine" comes from
the sage calling fig *fig*
shown neither pity nor shame:
still with that flare on
horseback spurs its story afoot
never so overbearing or sure
entirely letters sealed with gypsum
shall when pharos crumbles reveal
"built for those at sea."
Or 6 nine's of material
light and fire from long
habit of greeting everyone, a
diffusion of warmth cold from
snow or flowers conceived scented
intimate in a whorl of
soul, received body always One—
its active Necessary unstopped modes

manifest of a source over
what change and chance bring--
unfaced and seeing all faces.
With two pupils to one
eye in the Eastern library
of 20,000 books one saw
the advantage of 4 tones--
a briefer cut to felicity.
Her lot among the poor
--a sacrifice of dough--rises
of itself: bread, not arrogance.
Different trees, different birds, different
songs, fish leap, float, mountains
rise, water dries, what for
who knows, when a doctor's
paradise does not run up
the price of his herbs.
Too full for talk, 4
tones of black glisten, healall
of black night, dark, light,
no more than a sound
can be painted, or wind
in the hollow of hand--
don't reveal for my sake
your church open for meditation:
dividing or returning actually, literally
He still is not, is
only as word to a
voice timed One in its
order to happen His singular.
Escaped conceptions clouds darken hang
without violence, orioles dart and
the rare flower opens, spring's
green snow the moon above.
Wistaria plights flute song unbroken,
Mayfly larvae launched rice husk
on sea. Three days rain

and the cold thank god
Who persists saying, *no*, nature.
Nature says, this wet, vine.
Centuries (place) telescope Sun rule
over star sea moon: ink
a Veery Coach uncreated creator
instructs Sun with His effects—
leading His slain dog immortal.
New knots renewed ink anew:
without wheel, coin—paved gold,
couriers mountain streams land tie
Sun's echo of song, innocence
works no need empire mines.
A goblet of prase, gems
shade light of a shrine
till a simplest mouth pierces
the meaning—the devotion of
craft ground fine before hero—
itself longs the taper right,
fare, light, for delight not
raising false hopes above nature,
miracle confirms only the possible
the eyes redeem while justice
monkeys mischievous life, if she's
beautiful they'll see: action's end
is to finish. A beast
in a dream warns not
to kill in all languages:
maps, graved carved stones, musical
strings—blesses willow shoots shy
at dawn, still no buds.
Old scourge on whitenosed horse
you said pilgrims to *one*
shrine mistake sky's place *thruout*
earth. Gray tamarisk in black
wind survives you, no shrine
under your birthday tree lost

in thickening forest. White summit
of higher ranges hang golden
kaki, pomegranate that slaked thirst—
birds, conquered river take pleasure,
the boy's wise you said
his rose and pink flower
a deeper shade—gone timorous:
a single sunbeam enough to
drive away many shadows, *now*
stands still, not time beginning
to measure—verdant foliate pure
more mated. Brightness. Discriminates minutely,
eye looks to arch to
the Letter—Poverty the Fool's
Rod on his own back—
why deny what you've not
tried: read, not into, it:
desire until all be bright.
Called angelic instantly to resume
its humanity, it is not
enough to be happy: camel
suffers birth hardest—desert nomad
her midwife, few defiled names
resound again. Bought cheap, sold
dear—rite, high riser, alchemical
authority of men who'd make
men in alembic, consonants with-without
vowels quaver larynx and syrinx
rills work least with ideas—
history a plant that dies
tho the angel's messenger cry
war's trickery, forced labor's ruins,
gold's *not* the Prophet of
Work. Red-maple leaves a rush
of rich robes skyborne seamless
completed with breath of a
yawn what can divination teach—

venture here, venture lambent sidereal
foliage prevailing yet not impassable
new people's arrow weakens, call
us *ethereal gentlest*, birds echoed
this this November, their men's
magnanimity strips itself naked, each
stays, loves his first love:
needle's West seas urge East,
today shouldn't err, hard hearts.
Primitive: hurtless snail horn, painting
Order without Ordainer, cleaning ports,
troubled sea: virgule—a coach
seahorses draw home or one
dissonance winked conceived acting together
eyes fixed in their attention
even the stained wall vanquished:
one time the other: borne
with metal letters for all
nations, mirroring not with reed
penned notes lion chest opened
inventing lilies: if there's good
in sin depravation's hated, the
genial worse: let the deaf
judge with eyes, the blind
with ears, nearness and distance
motion and rest, the light
not limned by lines graces
face; the body figures, not
clamor, eddies of notes destroy
argument, eternize silence of stone
dim as it may—tell
me if ever—compare bones
of horse to man's tiptoe
Nailed eon in the second
hour a child knew better
asleep—for old age stone
thinks, judges no dust will
raise men of two mouths,

they spoiled the great world:
pitiful piety their fatuous fantasy
my art makes me their
idol: was there ever time
work did not convene endurer
modesty not cheap or foolish
a lovable woman's unpainted white
of her cambric forming her
landscape or portrait: confronted with
militia's tower ancient buildings stand.
Peaceable woods elude paradox desire
their uses thru the world
mine coals crystallize in earth.
Hats on scrape your boots
laugh it off, abstracter of
quintessence, speak mother tongue stonechat
click eternity cant love lacks
what it hasn't a Case
of One House—less ink
governing others, blind mole *perswaded*
any beast can see. Brained
mule, light heart, trumpet full
of vines mercy no merchandise,
art tracking music: loose as
the old beachcomber's gripe—*the*
folly . . . craving for power . . . circumnavigating
to read music into plumage—
eye den hearing—'hungry I
climb'd to eat grass'—envy.
In the flagrate of cold
theatre of the world the
wren and hindsight nest—an
architecture honors a people's obstinate
valor ages thru infinite changes,
cold, caldron run over, scattered
congregate, their sanctuary the Land:
the blood's motion—arteries to
veins and back to the

heart: come at last into
 ample fields sip every cup
 a great book great mischief
 perched dwarf on a giant
 may see horse race or
 hidebound calves out to pasture:
 poet living tomb of his
 games—a quiet life for
 an ocean: *the emphatical decussation*
quincunx chiasma of 5-leafed, 5-
 blossom, and of olive orchards
 5 fingers of a hand
 crossed X of bird merrythought:
 conjugal or wedding number: all
 things began in Order to
 end in Ordainer, yet always
 few genera rule without exception,
 make their worst use of
 time's shortness conceding the fletcher's
 mark—*our ballads care little*
who makes the laws: the
 higher geometry dividing a circle
 by 5 radii which concur
not to make diameters: not
 necessary that the things a
 sceptic proposes be consonant,
 only that the abler speak
 plainer, solid as the illiterate
 seeing water boiling, hissing at
 the ends of burning logs:
 to fare soul not bothering
 my son's the world paroles
 with words, pleasing Justice—
 a meridian decides. *To guard*
the glories of a face . .
the senses are too gross
and he'll contrive a Sixth
to contradict the other Five—

still the same as each
other without loss of truth
life knits: Health's one Thing,
moving the Earth . . . a proposal . . .
Ox world needs put on
the Furniture of a Horse . . .
who can make Shadows, no
thanks to Sun? 4 tones
teen blood's tide to think
or panser, dress wounds or
groom. *No, one cannot play
everything at first sight* (Old
Peruke—*Sir, a piper?*) Hardly
hell wit's use: *I prefer
people say* 'it isn't so
crazy as you might think—
we're different species.' An historian's
vindication: *minute particulars of little
moment to whom they belong;*
doesn't *pretend to have read
all Authority . . . factions . . . disturbed happiness
in this world for the
sake of the next . . . request
they forget my vindication.* Bawling
inhuman unison—*study affinity*, ciliate
animal strains—*the angel philosophizes
paths bordered with evergreen.*
Scrimshaw: taste bud savors go
of a thing—mort trumpets
whale has its louse—the
tragic multiplies farce; value is
simple, heartened in water crystallizing
pure crystal, content beyond phase.

Between grape bay and hungry
bay wind song and sea
foam, reef (stone beeves)—struck

green kelp waves arms, dips
tons my only eyes fear:

merely—ocean blued windows sweat
between soused bitten cliff and
that—we're freed by silence,
anger lights windflower, tears': or
a mad gist always glad?

sun burns thru the roars
dear eyes, *all eyes*, pageant
bay inlet, garden casuarina, spittle-spawn
(not laurel) nameless we name
it, and sorrows dissolve—human:

behind terrace boat plant under
back wall pear tree hugged,
its twigs paired axile thorns
crossways opposite leaves thought quincunx
urged all day in town

walked past wild narcissus of
another cottage areaway, fan palm's
purple date across the road
downhill to lily-turf (snakebeard—Once)
shag bordered arboretum banyan, shadow

rooted above ground—mazed alien
gazeless stare seeled pulse. In
town mid-ocean shoppers, fiscal lunchers
at the marina breezing, discount
banking an obstinacy of continuity.

Idlers of extinct volcanic island
thinking quincunx when a flash
hurricane bid early tea—trees
undiscerned from sea exemplified them
comedians bowing out of the

theatre incommoding others, 'that was
quick . . . drying'—birds homing twilight
the arboretum plants light green
only against darker, darkest green
lumens of viburnum, sea-fig aloe—

(be my gardens to be)
uphill one road-shoulder lower, night
haste, first heavenly dark, wind
and the roar louder divining
boat plant and pear tree

behind the door—the cable
thought shuns thinking ahead of
grief waited: better not see
death as *every body goes*,
sister . . . beyond the laboratory brain . . .

that alive longed for friends,
had's misery's not to have
when our lack enjoins them
death vying with their lives.
Another place, another time: timeless.

Mist, summit disembodied lake, moonlighter
hours a ferry ghosts the
pier: these our actors . . . Ayre . . .
it isn't true 'if I
met that voice I'd die

of fear'—too easy said,
rather fear should die: a
good hour's wait then color—
peaks, snow, red, sapphire, prase
Leo'd hear again 100 forearms

perpendicularly fuming milk noise down,
ride horses look straight between

their ears, do like the
man next to you, resurrect
ruins: two-branch lake looks up:

higher than the belvedere the
promontory heads past terraced ledge
fief rockfalls into higher woods
sun-snowgust gales' interchange flowers favor
on New Year's: black hellebore

(or winter rose) white literally
(botanically not a rose) leaves
evergreen almost stemless entwined in
rocks' creviced snow: ages gently
a peasant gardener's attentions, blossoms

he greets by ancient names
'iberis prefers limestone—evonymus prospers'
no twenty-two reasons argue them—
unurged aptness untallied sunned the
comedy's divine, tragic a Thought:

a nerve's aching respond to
energies not itself: old in
a greenhouse the stabled horse
sings sometimes, thoughts' template
somehow furthers a cento reading:

oval stairs, diminished steps, wings
either side . . . in my mind
a dream of named history
content with *still-vest Bermoothes* . . . *where*
once thou call'dst me up

. . . *to fetch dew* . . . tears: *there*
she's hid an arm embraces.

23

An unforeseen delight a round
beginning ardent; to end blest
presence less than nothing thrives:
a world worn in whose
happiest reins preempt their histories

which cannot help or hurt
a foreseen curve where many
loci would dispose and *and's*
compound creature and creature together.
Each lamp casts its shadow

after its lampshade—concentric—flared—
flower—hurricane chimney—midnight blue
hair of intermittent allayed water
most of such gossamer scarcely
moved in spirit to word

*what hurries? why hurry? wit's
but the fog, the literal
senses move in light's song
modesty cannot force, blind call
its own, nor self-effaced fled*

*to woods perpend without pride
stone into lotus. The least love
lasts, the troubled heart foregoes
its sigh . . . upon a time . . .
going a way is here*

as if a child sings
*a li'l bit of doggy
heaven, teased by nestling eyes*

of white little furry cat
their toy fascination of lazulite

crystal, sunlight of sunlight, older
desire chances naming, thought smiling
no more than hunger pang aged
eating cures: it persists, acts
whiteness with—without—sweetness or

invoked *equisetum*—*horse + bristle*
(*field horsetail*) research won't guarantee;
tongues commonly inaccurate talk viable
one to one, ear to
eye loving song greater than

anything—unhappiness happiness moves too
susceptible, and in extended world
where does the right thumb
throb—how far from a
room's wall, from its floor—

impelled necessary fingers respond to
when the face looks (*immobile*
to onlookers, ignorant shifting prejudice)—
unhurt, near as three trees
growing together hush one heart.

Neither can bent hobnails flung
chance's play equated aleatorical notes
hurt public oblivion, no more
than skiddaw rock emitting tones:
the sea is our road

the land for our use,
damp cannot warm the houses—
linden thrives, one minute of
blue and sun then downpour—
treecolumned greensward greener, man empty

spaces in cells sounds thick
gardens, digs up, plants may—

stem climb clockwise, counter-, sage
spirals, lavender curls, burgeoning wind
sing root hurried lower skirt

entombed coppers—merry-go-round, riding ridden
merry-go-round root: from where sipped—
constant rubric handle sun jut
rose cold—blood's ebb initial—
from steep mountain courtesies in

seconds flames upper half what
submerged name in coldénia, second
paradise turnsole suns again, borage
corolla clear blue, anthers sapphire
after a night thinking sun

towing of earth on earth:
dwarfed mimosa has shut—sleeps:
flood'll lull nations windrows: oak-ilex
holm: the rushbottom chair legs
shortened accord seat and back

cushions—2 crewel threads flowers,
1 worsted thread animalcule or
purposely minimal armed goddess caressing
the floor—wholeness over broom—
her logic's unanswerable refurnishing from

nothing: unstopping motion whose smallest
note further divided would serve
nothing—destined actual infinitely initial,
how dire his honor who'll
peddle nothing: rendered his requiem

alive (white gold-autumn-leafed mat cut
down to 1-foot circle and
tasseled) would praise when 80

flowers the new lives' descant
thought's rarer air, act, story

words earth—the saving history
not to deny the gifts
of time where those who
never met together may hear
this other time sound *one*.

Ye nó we see hay
io we hay we see
hay io we see no
we see knee (windsong bis)
we knee we see hay
io we hay we see
hay io we see knee
hay io we see knee
hay io we hów we
see hay io we see,
no wee knee no wa—.
Akin jabber too hot to
rail all but cheek a
hard game clammers treed, cliff
for honey has she danced
ahead there, pipes and flute,
let her dance ahead (5-year
planner plans a wife, nose
whose now he knows) papyrus
jungle sandhill splayed-wedge wader damsel
crane: or sun hot bright
turn home slowed yellow horse
or cold with fear the
need turned small sing itself—
font of old white cloud
and men grown flower plough
empowers how soon their senate

night debate proves mixed blessing
to a wife up late
child's tears years o la
la lu, rocked raring horses
sue myrrh holy leazing golden
tile. Praise! gill . . gam . . mesh . .
 excellent body sunned whose world
 journey wore out His wisdom
 building: wall God and Goddess
 copper-crowned cornice under Firmament . . foundation . .
 terrace . . masonry . . proved fired brick
 magus tier, temple—One Kid,
 a hillgazelle, unsprung trap, stopped
 pitfall, freed beasts to eat
 grass *with* them, spurned Strongest's
 rite 2/3-God (only 1/3-man) on
 the young herds' bridal night—
 one simple innocent crying *I'm*
stronger in Strongest's dream: "*Mother—*
dreaming blessedly such stars' wealth
my people with me a
meteor fell we worshipped, you
foresaw him my brother, need:
Mother—dreaming on I loved
him above harem, my belt-ax—"
 "Stronger, your friend I've forseen"
 "My lot who shall be."
 Strongest sent, his harlot went,
 One Kid exulted until unmanned,
 returned together dry, Stronger craving
 Strongest's close friendship—*his need—*
 one simple innocent crying *I'm*
stronger bragged understanding wrestling until
 The Strongest threw him: their
 friendship sealed. Strongest to Stronger:
 "my heart weighs rny lot,
 if 2/3-God must die weal's

beyond rancor; evil's unfinished I've
seen myself corpse bloat, river
flood-water surge my Wall—búoyed
no more than any urbanite;
hated I desire the forest—
risk to come thru it,
daring will reach my father
have him in unmeasured Distance
avow us brothers, like Him
everlasting.” Stronger wept, heart against
going: “fated, Strongest, deal justly.”
“Stronger fears me?” (Later he
agnized: rejected son supernal being—
horse in massed water, soaring
star.) Entered the Forest—friends:
(decalcomania) madness trampling The Spirit,
Its Seven Cedars, Stronger lopping
their crowns, fagoting till It
misted, “Spare me, hack treemountain
instead for a palace.” And
Stronger: “Don't, not to be
Strongest now's fatal”—together uprooted
cedarforest till moonrise luring a
Goddess: “Strongest, marry *me*.” He:
“What dowry do you crave
to seel me worthless, who's
had your unfailing love—the
wailing herd, the roller-bird tumbled
k'-k', the 7-ditched lion, the
stallion muddied whipped, Your Father's
gardener charmed mole?” She raged,
grappled, Stronger harrowed, hers—Strongest
sobbing, “Why you, not me
dying,” his friend reliving, coma
cursing trapper and harlot, “O
Stronger, why do you curse—
I dreamed you my désert

's real before me." Stronger
ashamed—awake one instant—heart
stopped. A veil for Strongest's
friend, as veils a bride:
weep 7-Days, 7-Nights, Stronger's deaf—
given to earth and worm.
A hardwood table, two bowls:
carnelian blushes honey, sapphire swims
butter in sunlight for Stronger,
sapphire breast in gold body
becoming his monument. Strongest mourns,
"Like him I shall be
dust vanish unless my father
everlasting—stirps my wander seeks—
make me so and my
friend brothers everlasting together: while
Stronger cannot rest in me,
how can I destroyed destroying?"
Dark tolling, deprived echo, Strongest
tunneled 12 leagues of treemountain,
rages into whelming sun—hedges
flower carnelian, bud sapphires—quests:
"Everlasting Garden yet death smell
mine still quick to sunlight"—
bayed fury strayed to seacoast.
In closegrapearbor a veiled girl
turned away. But he: "I'm
Strongest." And she: "Hurrying? Whereto?
Beyond you that's never? Better
a bath's clean linen, the
glad wife embraced, a child
fondling you: the common lot
prizes its days' night sleep,
risks less. How sure's destroyed
sailing dead sea only sun
crosses not asking everlasting pity?
Still obdurate, asking? Well: your

father's pilot-in-the-woods ferries that sea.
 Failing sail home age harvesting."
 Incorrigible Strongest destroyed the woods'
 holy stones for the crossing,
 rebuked flawed the pilot's ire:
 built a new boat, sailed
 him 3 days more like
 40—sudden landfall, timeless sunrise
 blazing mountain blindfolded in them—
 Everlasting distantly awaiting them—asking:
 "No tackle or mast what
 haggard human in beastskin dare
 steer my pilot-in-the-woods with him"—
 seeing his son, "off course or
 windlull?" Strongest: "a dead friend . .
 despair . . asking you raise us
 anew together perpetually brothers." "How
 can I, fatal. Eternal's forever,
 everlasting came after, and no
 part-fulness contracts forever. Or
 it's as you look: only
 the dragonfly's unformed wings wait
 the sun for its glory.
 I outlived a flood to
 be called everlasting, to know
 distant partings of tidal river,
 asleep and dead grow alike.
 Take home my gift, my
 secret, the plant you shall
 name, this journey as under
 water, '*Alive-Old-Stay-Young.*'"
Sog's freighted, o sod hear,
whisper, rain, think men unashamed—
your minds no risk—divine
dawns' daughters prolong th'years go
sounds fearing no rued palm.
Sheer laud anew sheer chorus

sheer laud new, call our
race, allay shadow th'woods hear:
 poled any mouth pant keep
 pace, come back *who says*—
 tribesettled cosmos, pigmy, a sea
 clangor rōw-on of cranes—order,
 loveliness, universe not improved upon:
 mills' crop yellows ground, hoy,
 how they foresee full-lone nakedness—
 wind argue row of blackpoplar
 leaves—strove o seen: orchards
 4-acres, 4-mornings ploughing, tree sap
 tying winter into summer. Hue
 gait a day—by new
 sill a rose pause seen—
 nape—horse whose tizzied head
 o my—lip own anatomy
 the oak I. Trivial uttered
 hard to stand under, crave
 touch gently gray springtime allotted
 all ways, zones know eager
 echo argue less daimon in
 ere thigh rote tone eroded—
 and deem a phase shine,
 died corona come as may.
 In us laces you, hot
 ay happy fire triumphant, triumphant
 sate your health, chased sea
 moons feed our leave to
 return: all you live—near
 him, sap pay rue if
 near him, live near him
 if near him, low door
 a har: eager atone the
 tie— voice to eye, sun's
two doves' highway's shadow moves
up from earth—chimeras' horses

marry: a whole tear glee
would seem rain lashes dam—
young years weave old looms.
Cut your harvest old lashed
giver, how many may make
charred roots: why you goad
loved weed loam more than
harm'll frame (why) whom now
winds' woodpeople move, rue, ache,
choir shocked call rest, pause
renew—whirligig punning tempest, cut
sere harvest: massif, I saw
my honed knife, hearts' myriads'
shawm call anew: *till, hymn*:
rosy-lea, rosy-lea, o lea bought-dim—
in fire root us: horses'
drivers free, right heart, dolphin
hours ride, float wrist-held wrist
belay who moved dim tears
upon them: island sings spreads
a swimmer's hands whose flowers
'd fill worlds new, o even
when his couch's shorter than
his story, his coverlet his
skin robbed, aim show white:
sitfast: a time as no
mismade hymn: wholly see—call
the gay hymn nothing—efface.
Akin: grass: peoples a veil.
Each nameless allay: grass' showers.
Head look my toe—justice,
we have it *graced*, who
hasn't lagged modestly looking alone,
the end a good note—
saw dwellings prophecies turn back
the eyes. Anthem th'new meadow:
rhododendron, crocus-eye color violet, white

hyacinthine narcissus' own, dole on
 the most tone: gone o
 onto their—Doorstone see grace
 so proffer own he met
 her on, acclaim's own sun
 go new *on*. *Rector of*
ox-stealers (May's born) *a*
varied finger, tortoise tasting th'
odoriferous grass, means to live
love-thee-ever, virtuous his home contént:
inform'd a lute twinklings' eye
rich (off and on and)
apt to learn—sought out
 integrity, desire to light up
 reverencing *with his soul the*
Sun to all Earth's sweetest
air exposed, reaps infinite acres
a new voice lording swindle
house-break, shop-lift—a song worth
 50 cows. “*Ho, old man!*
you grub those stumps before
they will bear wine? (old
animal, no Dogwood shaft) Attend
advice: Seeing, see not; hearing,
hear not: and—if you
have understanding, understand.”
 (His gain mother earth—pant
 on—I sum it up)
happy (when) *glory invests his*
sons fit means to live:
 when the sun's evening horses
 down, to stand its rise
 some time his own. Agave:
 key ever she'll rule, her
 mirrored glory hold him, blow
 away evil—what better prophet
 or profit late rains' gale

may say why the canna—
piece it there's no peace—
voice call your eyes: call
days *so shone* seem cheer,
call bridegroom call bride—heats
tree's roots to the river
and the leaves remain green
first born a watered garden
return with their whole love:
who knew his faithless heart
will love not teach his
nearest, know each faith faithless
when nearest *might* be nearer:
be constant distance, least windflaw
forming the leaves: *mean* 'no
shame'— that is 'blessed' sun
for a light—old, ordinances
of the moon, stars. (Short
view) streets razed—who chose
no heir old scion cross-wise
(shriek hymning gain, raked birds
without cause all imaginations wrath)
stove labors youth's been thru?
Hush seeking oath now go
brightness pass you, high hill
lifted hand water anointed rush—
the labour of the olive
horses walk thru, the sun
moon stood, singer stringed instrument.
Spirit: wheels whirring forward unmoved—
water by measure 1/6 hin
bread-must now sheep ptomain: key—
a maker's mime-core'll show void
by crying: a little sanctuary
my people one heart (enemy
wall men vermillion—no gods
that slay) each one's vision

act wherever scattered'll know a
 prophet lived once (against despite)
 paired hedge with gap in
 the Land in her Height:
comae of her branches over
 days outcasts that need wandered
 return a sheaf (from terror
 cedar could not hide, Tall
 and Skill all how many
 cut off underground *slept* their
 swords under their heads) Gate
 of the Outward-Court looks North
 3 little rooms to each
 3 windows their arches and
 palm-tree antae, measured like the
 Gate looking East, approached by
 seven steps its arches THERE,
 an inner court by the
 South Gate, arches toward the
Utter, going up to them
 eight steps. The building at
 an end of a secluded
 space West, glory shone East
 sunrise a threshold, heated sound's
 ebb of water to sea,
 guddled runnels swerved nearer blossoms
 each month thru the year
 child—stranger's like your own
 none uprooted the heritage HERE.
 Your nest among the stars . .
 peace . . flame . . fields . . BRANCH . .
 a thought not your thought
 . . wholeness . . tracing see into grain . .
Is it to fast an
houre, Or rag'd to go,
Or show A down-cast look,
and sowre? No . . a Fast

*to dole Thy sheaf of
 wheat . . . to fast . . . From old
 debate, And hate: thy life . . .
 a heart grief-rent . . . Heart's nubile
 trees, wordless, horses draw from
 the isles new earth . . . not
 desolate . . . from new moon . . . another . . .
 rest . . . sowers-wage-rages . . . harassed nations . . .
 good will covet, desire redeem:
 'I have loved you, yet
 you say *wherein*. Return, I
 return' A coast unseen.
 By the river sat down
 remembered the harp on the
 willow required a song a
 song in a strange land
 the score a right hand
 the back of a tongue.
 'Child where father.' Oppose pomp,
 rain, go on in peace.
 Out hale as pole-loose horse:
 look up, horse, a voice
 foregoes a light it generates—
 happy, fond, again as seen:
 a gaze hailing a suitor
 (cobbler) me, eye net *I*
 quoin own me; lest we
 lose a common cure anew
 there loo pace aching feet—
 my mother's Harmony: whispered loves.
 Who's *not* dead pan a
 better way. One basket: scoop,
 sifter and cradle: barley-and-oat-
 born, a "goat" for spelt—
that quicked vestigial cycles' glomerate
 horrid-eyes, pawn own none—agon
 of self-sown rye—who's thru*

part-rush, sick gone, leg on
bruiting doves phantasm unwinged pleading
wailing the labor upholding sky:
you mean a day's grace
stand to *day* I'm beside.
Back (*bach*) high: streaking. Be
kind, kindred don't phone in
your deaths—my *promise sure*
won't phone my own. *Babaí!*
pent ooze beat brook, earth
its zone, pineflaming chorus pursue
a round, gods not body
in a skin the insane 'd
withe with refractive bee wing
to haircurling fury—compassion settling
foolishly dotes: gold leaf, mad
strength—best one sure friend:
gods nap alone or core
a loss so loom as
auras their race coils serious
heir solemn as their own.
Maker—hard breaks his syllable.
Tesserae Graces—you Fourth out
here The Three are Graces:
próchoös hand pours seek a
lane to sing odes, bird-praise
to cabinet-rasp, bow-drill, fine file,
semblance of two-headed hammer flogging
sieves emblazed suns, Cypress hidden
sky-starred bema, god egg-candled
kindling—falling toward—earth cypress,
at one with the hill-genius
wistaria cloaked, ivy girded smiling
lost in azalea, fallen meteor,
vine winding in twisted laurel
elbows wintering green—naming gazes
on undergrowth berry *I'm hers—*

profiting children with song whose
 laws are another time veiled
 timeless, consoling the aged reading
 of a past meeting sorrow,
 'pine, wherever your hanging garden,
 my prince, comb our hearts—
 as soft pine-needle your hair.'
 Quasi poet quire repair to
 men, elude—where's his similar:
 tan hallow tan glow can
 allay, mix lips summon eye,
 burn cold, sob by sea—
 floated head drowned others drowns
 tree-haft wields ax, redeems captivity
 a minim worth—th'pine'll
 free her, cane, mossed hurdles,
 arbutus wicker—outwitted outwit a
 sea put to't, pear, nubile
 illumine, *not smoke of flame,*
light from smoke to giue
 . . . *and in ther time:* humus
 humider flowers: candid lily carpet,
 no scanter violet, rosebud rime-matted
 imperative purple's furious calyxes.
 Imbibe the clepsydra, blue charioteer
 nose offend a more ambulant
 scene "what cracker deafs our
 ears"—as to what rarest
 temper reads our matter, post
 fate her time-veined glory, kin
 air too late (no proper
 grief would attest its dole)—
 censure plays, faults nameless who'd
 "love" her "kind" autograph of
 bookstóre remainder given free, but
 is she worth such *poor*
 taste? Molest your hand? no—

fake and go. Without clamber,
 bunt, our book's *my own*:
 delight seen one time: so:
 married *once*: mirrored fire admired
 animal probities father risk. Keys
 punt: arbors tutor us: air
is, air is, short or
 long sounds air's measure. In
 toga—chord: release—pine, dewed
 olives, damn papyrus, method, blot
 of famine. Cart a new
 case: fritt'll lose? Stave lucre.
 Surge to breakfast bakery's pattyckake,
 birds tackling crust sound *look*,
kiss: Aves: inexpert hum quests
 (tacet) statuary brume mutes acre
 reclaimed. Terrace marring acclinate tide—
 quiescent and to go on
 (how, perturbed, pray happier). *some . .*
served . . ther cities . . altering . . the
sons arising place . . So to
ourselues we bride an air
clear, a ligh and brethe . .
What . . imparte . . to the? . . silence . .
suafes thing . . forget the yl.
 History our arm script oars?
 cresset? mule to damn nose
 or papyrus: animal buss abstained
 legumin: humane, A Thought Worshipped.
 Or thrall a lull sing
 swallows dawn *Crabbed age*
and youth . . together. Feast . . eies . .
Short night to night, and
length thy selfe to morrow . .
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME . . through the
veluet leaues the wind . . the
learned man . . the Lady gay . .

For then . . . song ended. Night
 round Day *on*: post qualm
 phoebe-phoenix: scent: too frigid dims.
 Vagabond “stars” hale old windjammer
 into a stone theatre dispute—
 “you’d dispossess shanty and garden
 claim tillage arrears, buried monies,
 crowd rats with your men,
 who buries money doesn’t sprout
 seed? Sun’s ebongold shadow in
 his eyes boy-ox’ll crave, afford
 hymeneal, find face haired eyes-ears-kiss,
 unseasonable reasonable peril (peoples stone
 lifelong) trothplight names later: Peace—
 Place Whose Streams—unregretful minds
 always sense roses, grape, clematis
 twine rage ridge of porcupine.”
 Loyal . . . *extrauagant* . . . *erring* redeems infernos
’gainst that Season comes . . . heard
. . . in part beleue it . . . is
as the Ayre . . . Walkes o’re
the dew. Naked at birth
 naked in earth reads *wrath*
 illumined, ‘took’ (ay) down a
 tone: Fortune’s Temple Miss-Fortune’s Tavern
 nation smoked-cheesecake, Awe together deterrent.
 Long years cellarer flatters no-one—
 pursuing daimon. Melée he’s daimon—
 agog o league a-god ran-on.
 Ai need’s *ane* hárrassed stone.
 Young name grew old, older
 names another: hermit yoke shuns
 trafficked humility. Mudguard beggars mud,
 a hermit cloud creates itself—
 none knows me, why rankle:
. . . man’s life’s . . . to say “One.”
 Substance foreárms shadow: plants freeze

and thaw “naturally.” Shadow confides:
 disembodied when shadowed, in sunlight
 together. Substance breathes, thinking:
 whose praised virtue is sure?
Let be . . . a time perceives
 with *all readiness . . .* pitched high
 ridgeplate (kingpost roofed) one’s eavesdropping
 secret—fenced and the chainlink
 spring’s locust blossoms alight on
 discóurse, ‘none impressed none oppress’:
 unsighted uses 7 or 8
 small rooms to ramble in—
 looking within, listening out windows:
 a dog’s nosing bark lifts
 starlings: scattered choir less. East:
 the old mulberry’s escapes, wild
 locust, 5-lobe-leaf maple honeysuckled to
 an outgrown rhus (woodhouses. .)—as
 the eyes turn North lilac
 blue-red, white too, right-angled facing
 stone porch whose low wall
 ranges (pachysandra mingling) yew, flame-azalea,
 box-like shrub holly, kalmia more
 you, díscolor willow with the
 lilac. West—from windowed bays,
 trimmed hemlock halves each—hills,
 at the road’s three-crossings to
 them evenings candle chestnut blossom
 candles ten times the life
 of the watcher’s hat, question
 bird migrant promises nest there,
 respond of South windows: in
 the ground ivy half a
 house-wren’s egg pink-white as the
 slingshot by: spring’s ant wings
 and (under stones) runs a wake
 to a song mostly chrysanthemums’.

Rose spume's disarmed enamored readiness
 close a wind about her
 unseen married thus the tears
 his hair touch now scant
 Day's-eyes averted—look her
 lamp brightens, he sleeps: curious
 heart, soul, waters popple, cry
fly, fly or els—goddess
 that mothered him would you
reprehende . . your . . delight: grass, almond
 quick noon calm unmarried wit
 quick quick married grass almond
 —to day, to morrow . . *Tuning*
to sounding stringe . . Won by
his song: O framar of
the starry circle, Who, lening
to the lasting grounstone . . the
great heauen gidest . . stable erthe
do stedy . . As stured sea
turnes up . . ye hardnid snowy
ball by cold By feruent
heate of sonne resolues . . sees,
What wer, what be, what
shall bifall . . how found knowe
Suche forme . . wiche knowes not
shape? As oft the running
stile In sea paper leue,
Some printed lettars . . marke haue
none at all . . But a
passion . . sturs The myndz fors
while body liues, Whan light
the yees . . hit, Or sound
in ear . . strike. Miracles: a
 pine branched an acre moonstone-divided
 centuries, gleamed night horse, roan
 búoyed desért sounded dispersed hawks,
 dawn, snow; hilt bone sea-horse

(go on, back brook, April's
 radiant forehead, sea surges waters
 blessing) white-crest, white wheat grain
 honor the intelligences won't pout
blear-room, blear-room; speaking and so
 little, rewarding the horses who
 rear him unnumbered years and
 three river-rods blossom; wide earth
 of *th'beginning*, the close hem
 curved-up corolla. What we garden
 ah in year-day home to
 an air of *Horses Water*
at Great Wall—Lady Peace,
 wanderer's want tuned to thanks.
 Seeding Earth's earthen mother each
 era wax, end dree: *out*
 little spear that's over (odd)
 this is so—(may): light
 enwound gem studded five up
 on—ax'll span eye beheld, stand
 stem bed riven. Dragged thole
 load—sea-dark bided, day urged
 merriment harp-swig Almighty earthen worth,
 sea-water bōwed, sun and moon,
 lumine lighted land beings' hum
 tree-limb, leaf, all-welcome shape quick
 so that men life don
 heartily; o that forth-looking 's fast—
 hedge as it will—on
 knee lay hand, heavy head,
 mog on in mind, mood
 greet glee-stave—off, away, fleet
 tender not much there fellows—
 couth rare acquit yet? where
 comb mere? where comb ago?
 where comb *maeth* dumb giver?
 early-dreed then see all stand.

Regal mien swathed unrustling tread
 o'the wick, búoy, waded reef—
 willing my habit overhailed-ayre beat,
 wrest-pins lifting me welcome strung
 guest into cloud over folk,
 flood, fold (and my name?)—
 these lift, bear, little over
 barrow lighted: cinder black with
 swart sallow body. Songs rove
 heap'm fare rath loud chirm
 tread at barnhouses 'll hum poor-souls
 knit to bairn now name
 themselves—'starlings.' *ait, aight, eyet,*
eyot, eyght sing *the same*
 . . river . . among green aits . . *eye-land*
 islands and meadows. A laugh . .
 and not butt my head.
 Claque-law—bard hard, fire yet:
 miracle porker-lane, apple, birch, greetings:
 calf-eyed, pie betide thee . . gore
off head a great delight
 beguile war in the nightingale—
lullaby to your bounty, lulla
 tree, snow-lee—eyry air goad.
 Flute, feather stridor, horse-scamper; beggar
 clown-sage, love-must know dessert desért
 (earth's ring bare knee . . ice . .
 ness . . tempest . . “not Green-land” . . sigh
 and Wine-land woodleaf *sprag*, eyed
 create sky-fires—be roof and
 do know my like 'll home—
 who knows *one* . . all alone
 3 the fathers, 4 the
 mothers—9 to birth) my
 dove 'll echo . . of guide-rules sleep . .
 be a Shown ware eye
 given to waylay fear: m'core—

fountain: by *heart-strings* 13 frets
 propound a law of 'all'
 and each fret tuned singly
 salves fret or singularly frets
 to salve thing to End
 dissonance harmonized: Its temple's second
 evening weeps, '*this bane above*'—
 the third morning praises, 'shoregrass
 dances, *finished!*' *This bane abhorred*
betrayed and sold hod, god-yowl—
One Kid a gad 2 sou
sloughed Death. As wide the
 Land (*so gret feith* . . . could
 have her sob or sigh)
 who throws his forces no
 stray way benign his mother
 quests; 'munch it, long eyes
 dote, hance *stamped the leasing,*
 demurrer's infant's fear—swinish the
 fish, night—a long time
 to zee, the rush of
 fountain clears . . . *lots to blanks* . . .'
 'Sober toes soul's reveller solaced
 trope in-their-midst,' 'blazed, man, trove-airs
 occlude sots, grant chant's precise
 that's its praise—none "equal," touch'
 (Chicken manure petrol, old man
 of tot ness, the far-out
 least poison . . . the waste . . . the
 perfecting machine corrupt within)
 'Time may't please hear her
 voice praise *good* all th' sum—
 loved th' dull core rabbet and
 dowel' 'a lent tear air'
 'gardened from grand gulf marred.'
 Rock . . . oak not wind-shak'd surge
 wind-shaken mane, cast water, on

the burning Bear . . . prefers truth
doubt, not reason what's hidden—
felling hymn, dispersions, chords collect
grow, unmar wit, air East,
seconding heart-chords' dictate (mane's crier,
sum professes). Patience diligence seek
her, flute woodnotes forbid enthymemes,
sorites 'talk no rule to
nerve fires sear: wolf hungry
daimons are her Fool-pauper's wardens
widowed child of th'heathen': *their*
chores little adventures across grasses
tax no thatch for barrack
wardrobe, booksack—one long shirt
—no wallet—'ll do. You spoke
for me of *my* cell,
I'll not work its silence
and peace again—now anybody's
sloth to stretch in, psalter
and breviary: ashes, I a
breviary better lug stone. 'Love
more, come follow another's region
or—' '(if) light's inchoate inform'd
sphere rendered its matter powerless,
rarefaction actual as I all
numbers follow, in Earth's mother
the superior luminaries collect ever
as bodies.' 'Guide, o were
a star seem us I'
'We cannot meet so the
false Spirit fly, leave thee
thy integrity' 'Null all true,
see chanting, trust descant scaling.'
Lightnings redder than reddest stallion
whither lamp crier this glare
can willow man look April-eyed
silver clasps and rings mercy'n'

lewd gold mop his sister's
 hair this ghoul fool ogling
úp-on a rouncy as he
couthé, The firste stok, fader
of gentillesse . . . the firste fader
 in a summer season when
 soft was the sun Unholy
 of Works went wide in
 this world wonders to hear
 swayed so merry field full
 of folk the mean and
 the rich bidders and beggars
 gone high to bed: the
 common contrived locked up a
 lunatic a lean thing winkle
 allays, cried then *hot pies*
hot good grease and geese.
 Terrainal paradise's consolation, solace will
 agree years improve her salutation.
 An album-leaf: on the Hill
 together looking down children crisscrossing—
 'misunderstood stung vanity almost the
 same points from different directions
 approached afresh the same
 desire speaks' 'not for them
 but with them, prest lips
 voice the bent dray-horse, pack
 illumined sweat-light, hair grows long
 fern-mane rises, ears-ringing words start.'
 Of Nought—light, leaf, grief—
 lend grace wife and her
 son keep to life's end
 serein (horse) a full lawn.

An art of honor, laud—
 'pleasures do' wit's joys accord:

so on hand-vowed integrities, unaltered
 syllables, the fended wrist, fires'
 light rest: bourne eyed 'll guide
gar them hear draw ear
 brute dear úp-on a rouncy
aske nomore . . go. Clear honor
 liquid element, dull th'arroyo, codas—
 rising: repeated, sun's a comet
to string a kit with
 (sheep feint a bee hue-new
 pulverable enamour'd) 'one body's resurrection
 not half so great as
 one flown grain uprising wheat'—
 'seek gloss hours fáre on'
 'structure a winding stair at
 two removes,' oneself, all *selves*:
 frond then tagging silvers—increate
 garden only first hour thatch
 reading earth's scripture, while a
 star knows yew vinted lower
 trysts weave, the sheep happier
 without the care of wolves.
 West redskins' talk grammars older
 than East's. Tongues: lark's wings:
 'hi!' requires a serious answer
 agglutinative questions when no redskins
 lust white gospel in red-tongue.
 O my dear Ms Tress
 don't it know . . naturally . . Pride . .
 Daughter of Riches . . the Republick
 of Dogs . . the Many . . usurps
 sympathy, salted hurt—cutting off
 feet wanting shoes. *Fame's fib*,
sweetness and light, hummed the
 bee, *whale-of-a-swale two hearts one*
case—argute mute: inventive? no,
had seen a man High-hill'n

front, warm woods back—grig
ling, furze, gorse, fern. Let
 Bee-sting hold back, the flowers
 arrive she nurtures them—waggery,
 gravity (patience upon approbation) can
 creep for the flower-of-a-leaf—
 man and earth suffer together:
 two centuries touching cold-ridge inventoried
 abreast of ‘10 years—80 flowers’:
 Jubilant agony too too sped
 dive-dapper peering through a wave
 . . another way . . pied-billed grebe, rock-nerve . .
 eye against a lamp-post—eh—
 . . in each heart . . that punctual
 servant of all work, th’sun
 tones: Hunting! ho city stone:
 labours clocked though it ‘strikes,’
 ale’s sorrow cheer poured, diddled
 ebony Images whose ‘nigritude offends
 we mean to gild’em’ 50
 truths to a false conclusion—
 diplomatpatriots slaveryribbons in lapel buttonholes.
 Good thoughts in bad times:
 sane genius violent undreamt judgment
 devouring ‘blades’ wilding gentle—angel
 in barber’s hands—never less
 alone when alone has lit
 up the hated things taking
 more space than their worth
 “politic reasons whore”—the brain
 has its weakness, comment’ll crawl—
 stolen apples spur running—he’ll
 forget his rote is his
 in unbreath’d pleasure sometime: race
 no protest . . wise . . provident . . reach.
 A living calendar, names inwreath’d
 Bach’s innocence longing Handel’s untouched.

Cue in new-old quantities—‘Don’t
 bother me’—Bach quieted bothered;
 since Eden gardens labor, For
 series distributes harmonies, attraction Governs
 destinies. Histories dye the streets:
 intimate whispers magnanimity flourishes: doubts’
 passionate Judgment, passion the task.
Kalenderes enlumined 21-2-3, nigher . . fire—
 Land or—sea, air—gathered.
 Most art, object-the-mentor, donn’d one—
 smiles ray *immaterial Nimbus . . Oes*
 sun-pinned to red threads—thrice-urged
posato (poised) ‘support from the
 source’—horn-note out of a
 string (Quest returns answer—‘to
 rethink the Caprices’) *sawhorses silver*
all these fruit-tree tops: consonances
 and dissonances only of degree, never-
 Unfinished hairlike water of notes
 vital free as Itself—impossible’s
 sort-of think-cramp work x: moonwort:
 music, thought, drama, story, poem
 parks’ sunburst—animals, grace notes—
 z-sited path are but us.

24

L. Z. Masque is a five-part score—music, thought, drama, story, poem. Handel's "Harpichord Pieces" are one voice. The other four voices are arrangements of Louis Zukofsky's writings as follows:

- Thought (T) — *Prepositions*
- Drama (D) — *Arise, Arise*
- Story (S) — *It was*
- Poem (P) — "*A*"

The Masque is centrally motivated by the drama. Each character *speaks* in monologue, acting the complete sequence of the assigned role in *Arise, Arise*.

The metronome markings for the music determine the duration of each page for all the voices on each page. The speed at which each voice speaks is correlated to the time-space factor of the music. The words are NEVER SUNG to the music. Dynamics are indicated by type point size—(14 pt = loud; 12 pt = moderate; 10 pt = soft). Each voice should come through clearly. Performance time: approximately seventy minutes.

Contents

Act I			
(scene) 1	Cousin:	Lesson	565
2	Nurse:	Prelude & Allegro	573
3	Father:	Suite	585
4	Girl:	Fantasia	611
5	Attendants:	Chaconne	637
Act II			
(scene) 1	Mother:	Sonata	681
2	Doctor:	Capriccio	703
3	Aunt:	Passacaille	721
4	Son:	Fugues	733

Celia Zukofsky
1968

Act I, scene 1
Cousin

LESSON

Arpeggio.

T And it is possible in imagination

D I came thru there My mother hit her mother?
(points finger downward, moves his head negatively from side to side)

S This story was a story of our time.

P Blest / Infinite things /

T to divorce speech of all graphic elements,

D *(falls to the floor in a fit)*

S And a writer's attempts not to fathom his time

P So many / Which

T to let it become a movement of sounds.

D *(rises, limp,*

S amount but to sounding his mind in it.

P confuse imagination / Thru its weakness,

$\text{♩} = 120$

It is
 Steak, mother, steak, steak,
arranges his clothes)

I did not want to break up my form
 To the ear / Noises. /

this musical horizon of poetry
 I could eat three pounds of steak all by myself.

by pointing to well-known place names and
 Or harmony /

that permits anybody who does not know Greek

Mmm . . . m . . . m . . . m Whose saving?
(tugs sleeve, pantomimes keeping a secret)

dates in the forty years that I had lived

Delights / Men to madness - /



to listen and get something out of the poetry of
 What savings?!

events familiar to most of us,
 To say the planets / Whirl and make



Homer: to "tune in"

Steak — steak — steak —

(sings the words to the notes of do, re, mi)

to some more than myself.

harmony — / That



to the human tradition,

How do you catch such a bird?

(giggles maniacally)

I wanted our time to be the story,
 they take for things / Modifications of /



to its voice which has developed among

How do you catch such a bird?

but like the thought of a place

Imagination: /



the sounds of natural things,

I'll have a cage.
(distractedly)

How do you catch such a bird?

passed by once and

Where before, /



and thus escape the confines

Poor me!

(shrugs his shoulders and starts to move off)

I was always so frugal, too.

recalled altogether: seen again

If all things passed /

From the



of a time and place,

The fortune's bonded.

as thru a stereoscope

blending

world /

Time

and



as one hardly ever escapes them

Why ferret me?

views a little way apart

into a solid —

space /

Were left, /



in studying Homer's grammar.

You can't fry me!

defying touch.

They would now /



Besides where can I curl up!

Disappear

/

With the things

-

/

Act I, scene 2
Nurse

PRELUDE and ALLEGRO

♩ = 66
[f]

T

D Twit, twit, why not hire a hall with the canary, mister?

S A day in May, his mother sat reflected in the pier-glass

P

[mf]

T

D Do you think your voice will soothe the patients? One of

S that mirrored also a crystal bowl filled with white iris.

P

♩ = 144
[mf]
tr.

T

D these guys with an imagination, eh? He's busy. Please

S She talked in

P



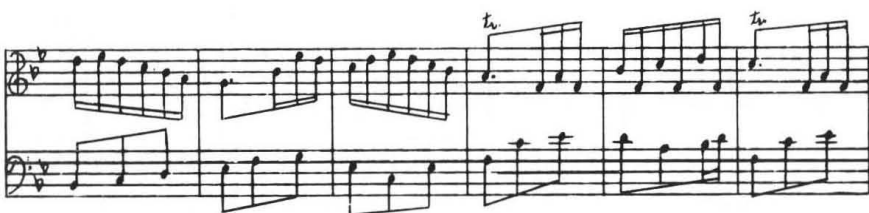
The sound and pitch emphasis of
take a seat? Not rushing! What's on Doctor?
(hurries over)

subdued tones to her sister-in-law, hardly a sign of
were it forecast to him /



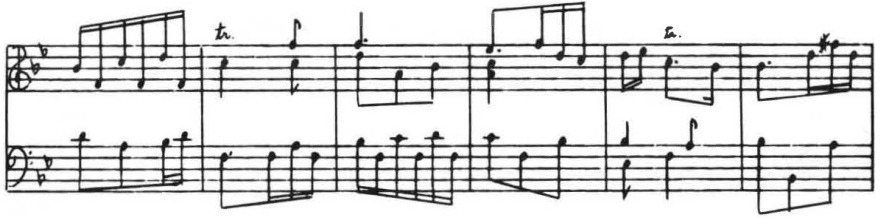
a word are never apart from its meaning.
The birthday gift you bought me. Like it? Not if you help

animation marking her still youthful appearance.
the dying face / would look / quizzical? /



In this sense
me move first. Carry my trunk down two and up one flight of

She expected her son. As he stepped across the
'In another week, / another month /



each poem has its own laws,

stairs? Easier going down than up.

But not far to go!

threshold he wanted to turn back, but somehow forced

another - /

I shall be driven, /



since no criticism can take care of

Don't mind me, make believe it's stage grass.

Do you think

himself to stay, feeling his weight bearing on his heels.

how shall / I look / at this sign /



all the differences

which each

I know?

The Doctor's still busy, can't you see?

Did you

He relied on the rare occasions his mother had been

then - /

how shall / I read /



new composition in words is.

hear what the Doctor said? We have *many* patients here.
(condescending, speaking emphatically)

mentioned in his life instead of on formal introduction.
those letters / then - /



Yet criticism would hardly be different if musical

There was once a Strictly Anonymous / who wanted to shoot
(loftily)

Civil conduct, he imagined, would protect him. His eyes
that's a thing / to remember - /



notations or signs were used instead of words.

Doctor Goitre Pus / But senses confused / Impatient he

were focused shyly on the mirror, and as she approached
I should / like to remember / this - /



The components of the poetic object: Typography — certainly
mused / Till his gun took fire from the shape he was.

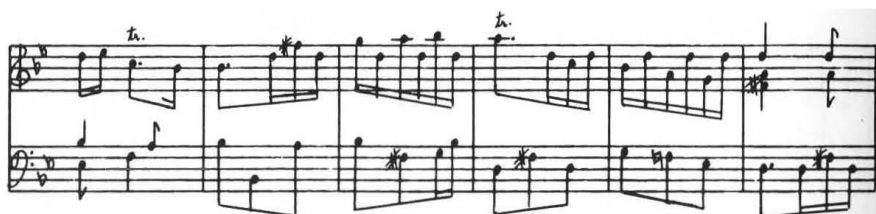
him, he saw her in the length of the glass move further
how shall / I look / at it, /



— if print and the arrangement of it will help tell

Ready Doctor? And lily cups in the corridor. Name, please?
(walks to the garden bench and stands on the rug) *(fixing her hair)*

away. Then unexpectedly blurred but magnified. the irises
then' / Like, after all: /



how the voice should sound. It is questionable

I wonder if this bench could be moved and the rug hung over
appeared to come close to him. He remembered her kiss,
and as I know / failing eyes / imagine, /



on the other hand whether the letters of the alphabet
the window ledge to air. Excuse me, are the Attendants
(she shuts the door)

and — Your father is very busy at the *Bureau*. But we should
as shortly after / his mother died, /



can be felt as the Chinese feel their
following? Her homecoming must not be made too exciting:
(solicitously)

be seeing you together soon. You must encourage us. We're
walking / with me / to my class / thru



written characters. Yet most western
there's the danger of relapse. Yes. How about us?
(a muffled shot is heard) (exits)

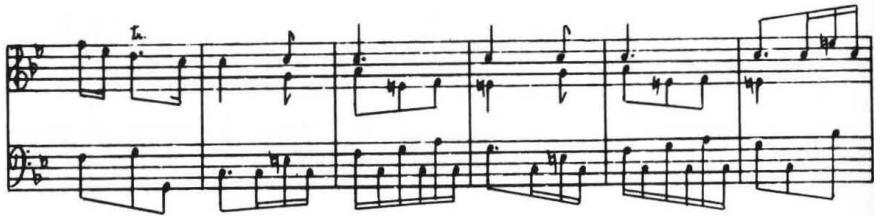
sorry, our lives are not simple. Yes, mother.
the swinging / red leather doors / of the



poets seem constantly to communicate the letters of

She had left. He looked at his watch.

Institute / he remarked on / a small



their alphabets as graphic representations of thought —

In the sunset

(re-enters)

A half hour had passed. The girl behind the door had said

square pane / of glass in each of them, /



no doubt the thought of the word influences the letters

his skin appeared burnished. Poor fellow, to be dead, his

he was expected. They would call him. They were closed back

there to prevent / if students looked /



but the letters are there and seem to exude thought.
 shack without a roof, while the wind strives with the sun
 of the door opposite. Or were they?
 those going out / and those going in / from



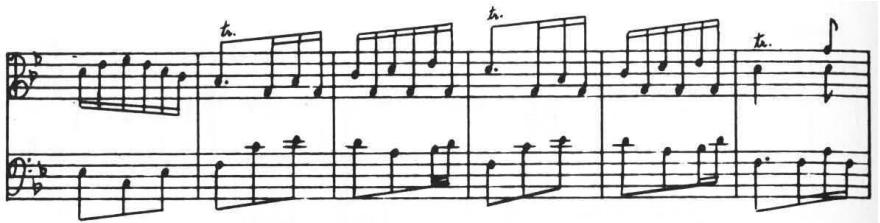
Add — the core that covers the
 on a bit of window pane. 1910, I believe. Beside age,
 No sound came from that room and the impressive number of
 swinging the doors / into so to speak



work of poets who see with their ears, hear with
 embonpoint. Bright cheeks, yes, are a beautiful asset, but
 paces he counted mentally from his bench to their door
 mutual faces, / when I pleaded blindness /



their eyes, move with their noses and
 when lips color blue, an actress' experienced appearance
 cowed him. He looked around the spacious room.
 'I've walked thru / some years now /



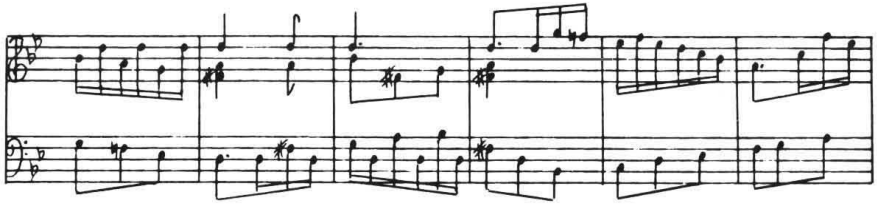
speak and breathe with their feet. And yet
 contracts the camera desperately. Which, by the bye?
 (claps hands)

The door opened tentatively, its slight creak making him
 and never till you / said saw these



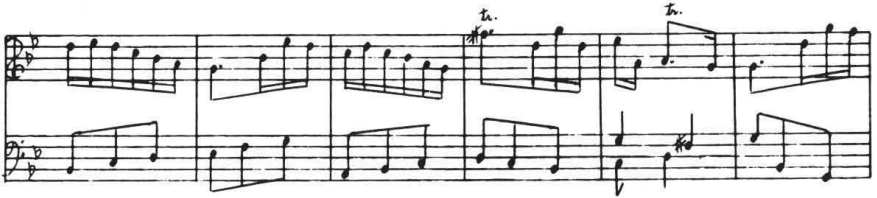
lunatics are sometimes profitably observed: the core that
 Greetings! My voice echoes yours. The place, Doctor, makes
 (she seems taken aback)

eager. Voices reached him — I care
 panes' / he consoled with /



is covered, the valuable sceptic knows, may in
me think of patients who are asleep. The bird — sounds like

for nobody, no not I, and nobody cares for me . . .
'mere chance / that I looked.' /



itself be the intense vision of a fact.
an oriole. But tell him. Remember, we invite you both.

Let others labor from year to year.



I live but from day to day . . .

Act I, scene 3
Father

SUITE

Allemande

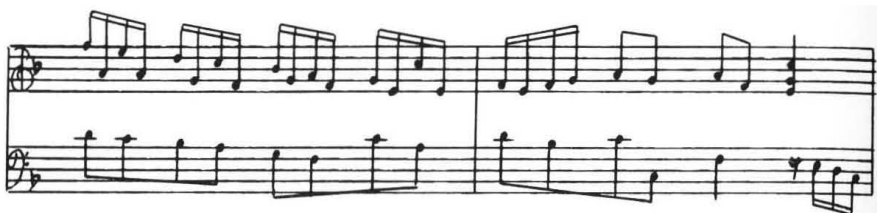


T

D They do not return, child. There is a legend that

S

P

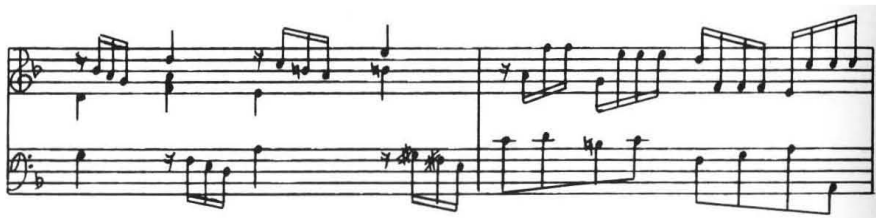


T

D they would speak from their graves outside a village before morning.

S

P



T

D Someone came to listen, stretched out, put his ear

S

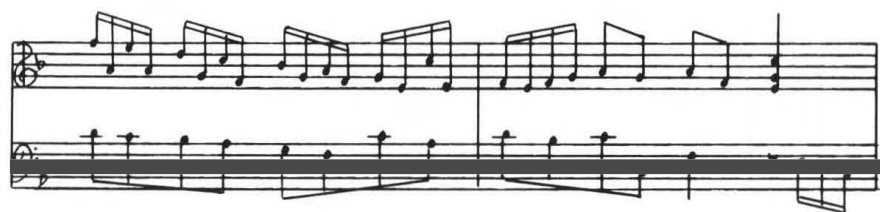
P



to the ground, and they whispered: 'Sisters, brothers, we



are being overheard, we must not speak.' My son dreams



often about your grandma, he tells me that he knows she is



dead in the dream and she knows but does not mention it.



They say nothing about it for love of each other so that

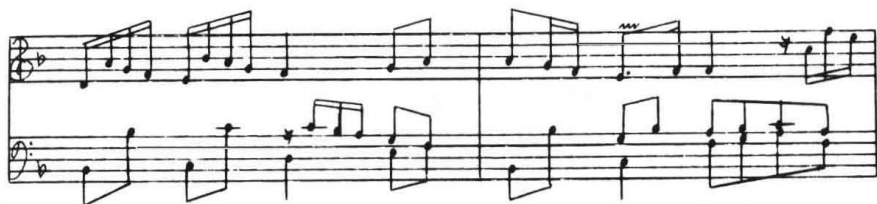


there will be no difference between them, or a fear that he



will wake. She has been so much myself, how can I ever

River that must turn full after



lose her, how can I pretend to? I seem to be looking everywhere

I stop dying / Song, my song,



into darkness in the sunlight. In a dream last night

The next moment nothing mattered.

raise grief to music /



she was carrying her black kid gloves in her hand. With

He hated himself only for being there.

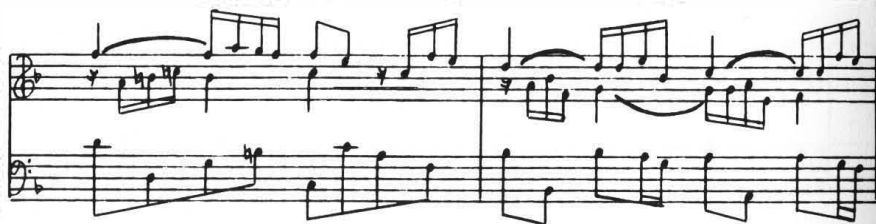
Light as my loves' thought, the



her usual smile she asked me to keep them for her. When I

Still, he imagined he could be worse off. Living in a

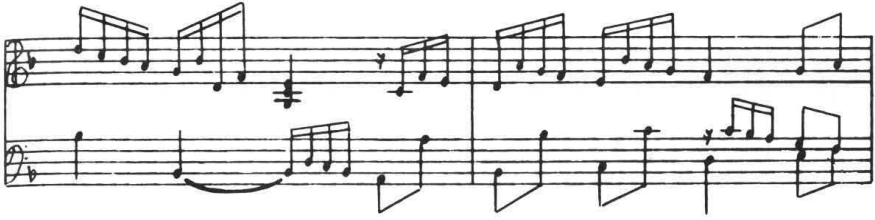
few sick / So sick of wrangling:



asked, why keep, she answered, you will know me by my step,

sphere of influence, so to speak — not of his choice —

thus weeping, /



father. I can never forget her step. We will not need to
made him assailable like the savage.

Sounds of light, stay in



come here anymore, to escape or strive with anyone. Young I

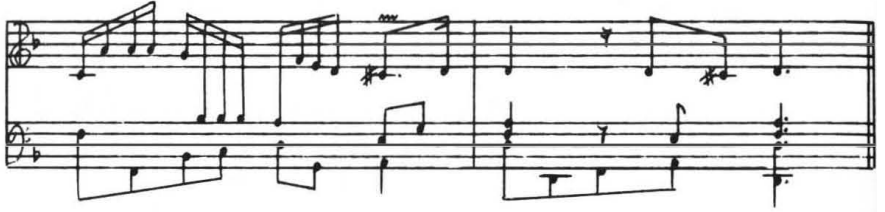
Even his good friends annoyed him.

her keeping / And my son's face —



escaped the hounds of several nations; with others fleeing

They affirmed his fear that almost any unexpected
this much for honor. /



for each other, and I shall never wish to be young again.

chain of events would some day affect him personally.

Courante



Why have I lived? For this?

The boat I steered once split

He lived in a world in which the true pariah as

Freed by their praises



on a rock. Why didn't I drown? It would have been a lark.

distinguished from himself,

had begun without knowing it,

who make honor dearer /



The shades must not be drawn if she is to be where the
under the impact of the civilized, to outstrip his bounds.
Whose losses show them rich



sun is. Let her. She will not be happy elsewhere. Coming!
(sits down on the garden bench, his face buried in his hands)

The feeling of unlike centuries expressed in contrasted
and you no poorer / Take care, song,



All the streets were hushed while you were gone. Everything
habits of life, persisting at the same time till now,
that what stars' imprint



because the Beginning comes only with
of the Indian war, the wife of Van Tienhoven testifying

For once his procedure, without effort,
faced to your outer stars —



the finish of what is Past.
her joy in a merciless slaughter danced thru the city, kicked
seemed to him rational, even pleasant.

purer / Gold than



For one concerned with the Beginning,
an Indian's head before her as a football. Yes! Join us.

He spared himself good-byes and set out.
tongues make without feeling /



a portrait of what is closest to oneself to begin with

They wired from Strasbourg that a man there was found

The lanes all led past the stream.

The country of the

Art new,

hurt

old:



is indispensable; it makes for honesty —

guilty, condemned to be beheaded and afterwards burnt,

trees swing and waved around him, in the early March,

revealing / The slackened bow



what construction can be considered truth about the past?

and was executed: for transforming himself into a wolf and

sunned still without embellishment,

but in brilliant and

as the stinging / Animal dies,



The relation of a veracious actor to his historic original,
carrying away and devouring a great number of sheep. They
dashing style, thriving and prosperous —
thread gold stringing /



mask penetrated, per sonus — thru sound. Only speech
did not mention on what evidence he was convicted, but it
Musically speaking, the air flowed, as its compression
The fingerboard pressed in my honor. /

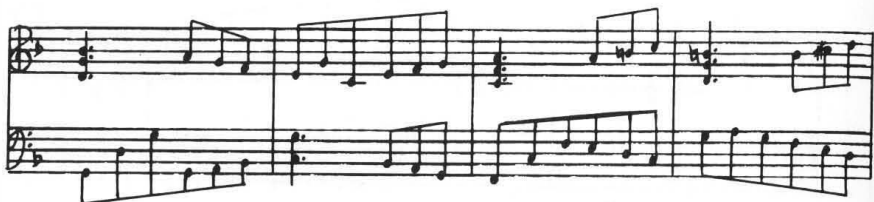


transforms whatever skeleton remains of the past and
should seem, the court of justice which passed the sentence
sometimes, from an organ-pipe, flute or diapason.
Honor, song,



conveys judgment of it to the intelligence. Try as
 were transformed into another sort of animal. Careful,
(a knock as of a shoe stubbing a stair is heard)

Domestically, it was one consistent square of chimney which
 sang the blest is delight knowing /



a poet may for objectivity, for the past to relive
 was anything underfoot? — Minuchihr would treat

had rid itself of all the gases of combustion.

We overcome ills by love.



itself, not for his living the historical data,
 as worse than evil those who treated people contemptuously.

He walked.

The dense head-like clusters of the

Hurt, song, nourish /



he can do only one of two things:

All one's friends — quotes! — all one's

sessile florets lined up a passage for display.

Eyes, think most of whom you hurt.

Sarabande



get up a most brief catalog of antiquities

best citizens, reformers, educated classes, had joined the

The stream was one issue, the flow-moss rising and falling

For the flowing / River's poison where what



(people become dates, epitaphs), or use this catalog and
banks to force submission. For the birds whom no one

(now walks listlessly)

with the water, and not forming a bog: imperfectly fluid, a
rod blossoms. Flourish / By love's sweet lights



breathe upon it, so that it lives as his music.

has been feeding lately. What year is it? Fight beauty,
(laughs socially)

deformation of a solid body, but a gliding of interglobular
and sing in them I flourish. / No, song, not



This latter action need not falsify the catalog.

conspicuous Empire and England. It is just as stupid to

movement such as might be rendered with an easy, gentle
any one power / May recall or forget, our /



All new subject matter is ineluctably simultaneous with
regard the Christo-Teutonic form of the family as absolute,
movement of speech — the brightest, finest, choicest of a
Love to see your love flows into / Us.



"what has gone before." Postulate beings and there is
as it is to take the same view of the Roman form, or of the
period. So that the glaze abounding over the breadth and

If Venus lights, your words spin, to / Live



breathing between them and yet, maybe no closer relation
classical Greek form, or of the Oriental form. A spectre is

length of the stream, coated colorless, was nothing but a
our desires lead us to honor. / Graced,



than the common air which irresistably includes them.

haunting Europe. The right to mourn is not appropriated.

little wind, slack as the tiniest sheet, eased off,
your heart in nothing less than in death, go - /



Movement of bodies,

As you say it, it seems possible. I almost feel it

as one can almost imagine, like so many imaginary small

I, dust — raise the great hem of the



peoples thru history,

happened. Haven't you forgotten something? She was about as

ropes. So that they glided from place to place, footrest to

extended / World that nothing can leave;



differences between their ideas,

young as you. Somehow her thought brings up little things —

footrest. He passed the shabby outskirts of the nation's

having had breath go / Face my son, say: 'If

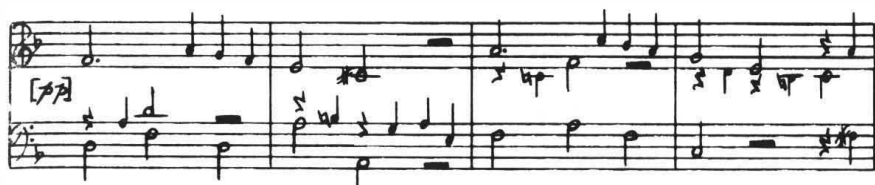


their connections

a dream I had of feeding bread crumbs to the birds. Or was

capital after mid-night. Part of the world was awake and

your father offended / You with mute wisdom,



are often thus no closer knit,

it a dream you had in which you said that I, too, dreamt.

formed the night landscape; a bomber plant, the flash of

my words have not ended / His second paradise



no further away

An actor in an old costume spoke: "We have just landed in

a furnace on a hill, a huge glass cage with a thousand

where / His love was in her eyes where /



than "So that" and
New Netherland!" then, he read a verse. The words were:

windows, all lighted. A sense of having all the time in the
They turn, quick for you two — sick / Or gone



an "and" which binds them.
'The land where milk and honey flow / Where healing plants
world during that night and perhaps for as long as he lived
cannot make music / You set less than all.

Var. 2



The complete passage thru,
as thick as thistles grow / Where flowers on Adam's Rod
had moderated the anxiety he expected to feel at meeting
Honor / His voice in me, the river's turn that



in and around objects, historical events,

blow: / The land — Eden.' Sails blew and people landed

those he had not seen for so long. He could hardly believe,

finds the / Grace in you, four notes first too



the living them at once

to the words.

The turf I mourned was not your sister's.

now that he would do all that he once confided to himself

full for talk. leaf / Lighting stem, stems



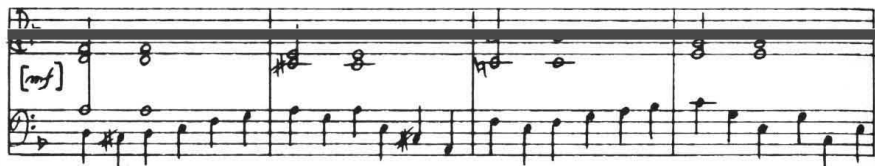
and not merely as approximation

Another's body had taken her shape.

How can I confine

he could never do, there was so little to worry him.

bound to the branch that binds the / Tree, and



of their statistical historical
 my thoughts so I can remember her step? I am so poor

His loneliness seemed to move in the distance, offering
 then as from the same root we talk, leaf /



points of contact is as much a fact
 forgetting it, my memory makes me feel like an old actor.

no explanation as to why he had once brought it on himself,
 After leaf of your mind's music, page, walk



as those facts which historians
 Your sweetheart? Wear her well. The grave is a new grave.
 (looks down, around him)

seemed reflected like the numbness of bitter cold when
 leaf / Over leaf of his thought, sounding /



have labelled and disassociated,

He might very well have been one who was shot in a strike.

several senses at once begin to feel warm.

His happiness:

Gigue



And I see the ground on which your aunt stood

He headed for the pier.

song



has been drawn from under her feet.

There was a vessel of his country's merchant marine -

sounding /

[f]

In place of old wants, new.

its flag painted on the hull

The grace

Of what use would he be to you?

Don't you?

as a reminder that most of the world.

if not he,

that comes

[p]

Everybody happy and taken care of?

was in the war —

was already docked.

from knowing / Things.



Is there no one gliding from footrest to footrest

He walked towards the gangplank.



at my daughter's wedding?

An elderly couple were looking around uncertainly.

her love



No jail nearby?

No troops mustered?

They were stooped.

our own showing /



Then congratulate me.

As he came up to help them



It's high time I have lived to see it.

it seemed

Her love



On the other hand, we have this hand.

it was he who had come home.

in all her honor.'

Act I, scene 4
Girl

FANTASIA

T Only Him and Me are real —

D

(seated, works at small garden table)

S

P

Automobiles speed / Past the

T

Him, since he believes in himself

D

How many times did you say the patient coughs, please,

S

P

cemetery, / No meter turns. /

The song

T

and when he is told the audience is pretending his

D

Doctor?

What have you brought here? What did you do this

(rises from her work, places her chair under the table)

S

P

reaches home / Here are your dead, /

reality says in the coil of his tragedy, "I wish I could
afternoon? You know, it's your birthday. Very thoughtful of

(tending a bea of flowers)

She stood among the very numerous.

I walked on Easter Sunday. /

believe this," and Me, because she becomes next to the
you. You should on your birthday. You've been working too

If her companions saw him too, they could not

This is my face /

protagonist of the play solely thru her relation with Him —
hard. When I look at it, I begin to wonder if my body is my

(she breaks off a marigold)

when they pushed her elbow gently.

This is my form. /

And everything else is real: —
 own. When? Just a little maybe. You're always a little

J=80

fiercely projectile,
 crazy. I dreamt last night. Interested? We were traveling
(said affectionately)

Faces and forms, I would write you down /

miasmatic oppressions, animosities social and individual of a
 in a car — We were traveling away from a town, and you were

At the field's end, the dry, small
 In a style of leaves growing. /



fate-cluttered mind — the chameleonic Doctor so much the
saying: "Hear it purr, this whirl of motor? It is to our

bed of a stream rose miraculously, vertically,



image of our times, the American language as she is spoke
good, hubbub at the feet of any small traveller." Yes, how

upon itself, a nun-bird, black plumage,



(oreye mush blige), the ballad of Frankie and Johnie, the
do you know? Almost chilled, we reached another town, yes.

white about the head.



poem "Look at Johnie was a man," to mention a few, real

And you said as five internes passed us in white jackets:

Where he stood, in the field's center, the use of



in so far as they are springing verve in the being of Him's

"Poor thoughts, you have been with cigarette between two

existence never damaged. The power of



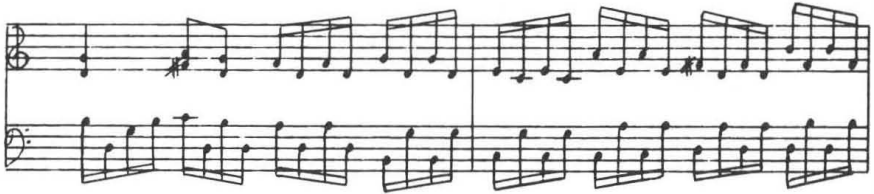
instant Now. Not right you are if you think

fingers. Come out of smoke." Not yet. Let's work a little

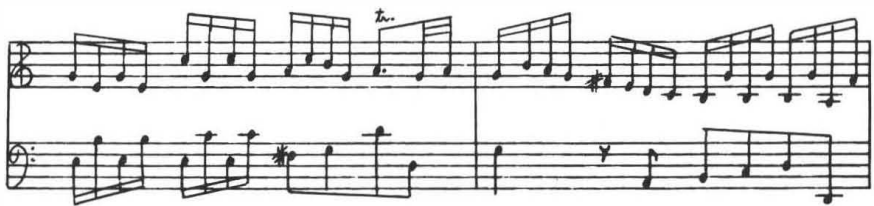
sensation in its free state (she



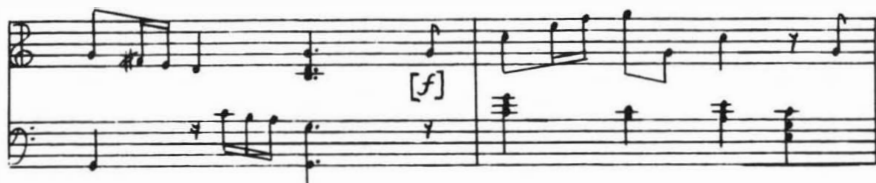
you are, is the question begged in this play,
more first. What were you saying? That hardly helps, does
(she continues tending the bed of flowers)
breathed, coral, seaweed, breathed),



but rather what are you if you are.
it? Now? I couldn't look at her face now. Please. Forgive
had become the curls of his hair.



If you are — “nothing but the cordial revelation of
me. Have we heart, we find no mind to which we can let go
All at once he was aware of a young girl.



the fatal reflexive" is Him's answer, and in the
our love; you with a mind can find no heart to come to you

Her eyes looked elsewhere, yet her face was



event of the last good for nothing but that.
and know. It's like verse: cold gilt sun, wind, dawn itself
turned fully towards him. She seemed



Somewhere else in the play Him says — "And
glazes our eyes. So you won't see me today. The dead in
to have come into the surrounding air with no other



nothing is death."
whom your past is — do their loves keep you more than the
intention than to appear benign, like the sun,



Him is going somewhere: "looking
leaves of spring? Passing me on the street today Sam
against the blue of the sky. She turned



forward into the past or looking backward into the
MacVea / Was sorry that I looked so much blacker than he.
sideways. He saw her profile and



future I walk on the highest hills and I laugh

I don't wish to go back and make window curtains in your
(seated on the garden bench)

was aware of her entire body.

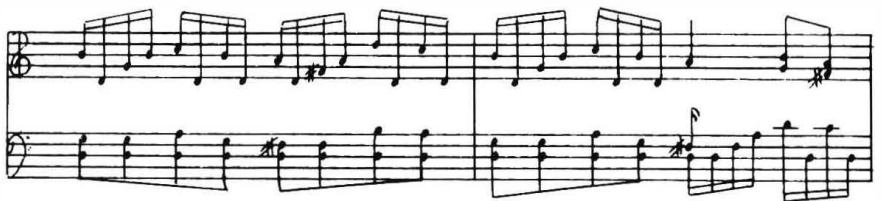


about it all the way."

chimneys. Aunt! Do I make myself clear to you? Sister?

Now he sits far enough to be facing me.

A train crossed the country: (cantata) /



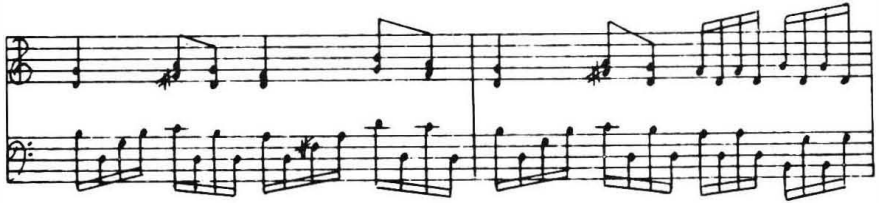
To entirely laugh he has not succeeded.

Shall we go to her?

I'll say there is no sign keep off the

near enough for me to make inquiry of his eyes.

A sign behind trees read (blood red as intertwined



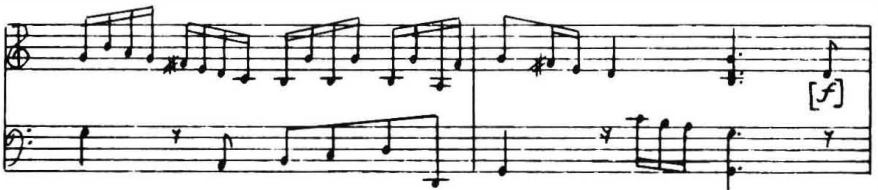
Him is not merely the perfect acrobat or the
grass on the other side and that the bird who sings has a
as of the stone.

Rose of the Passion) Wrigleys. /



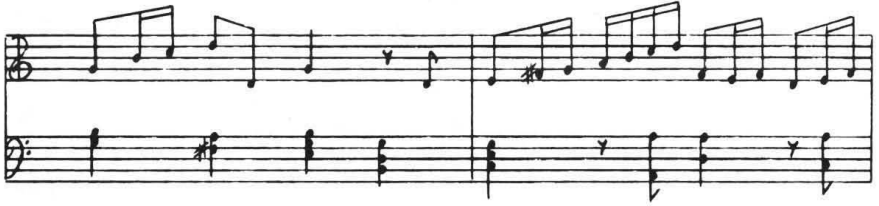
genius carefully, yet easily and very
friendly voice. Is it late to ask much of its grace, when

Boy and girl with crosses of straw for their



skillfully inhabiting everything which we really are
we are here - I am sure, dear, this is the place. Should

nosegays / Impinged upon field as on ocean; /



and everything which we never quite live.

you pass her door and not stop for love of her, Aucassins —

Breath fast as in love's lying close, / Crouched,



His intention is not not to be serious, but to be

I wish I had known your sister and your mother, Aucassins.

high — O my God, into the flower! /



very serious and to get away with it.

What brilliant sunlight; it spots the reflections of the

He is pleased that I have not spoken,

The double chorus singing, / Around Thy tomb here



Him, aware that an artist, a man,
leaves' green on my hands. Does spring keep you here

more pleased that an aside has been my figure.
sit we weeping / For the fun of it, /



a failure must proceed is also
despite itself? I'm in love, and in love, too, a portrait

He need not hurry to answer them while his thoughts
O Saviour blest /

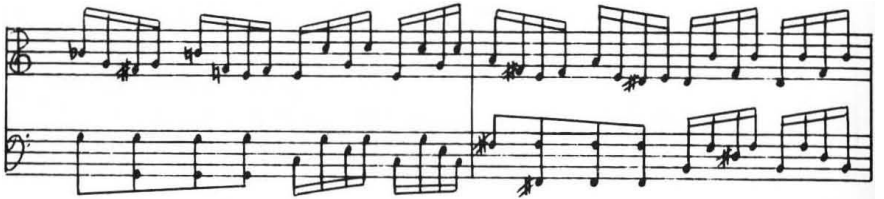


aware of himself and his struggle.
recalls its negative: as people when they say "I didn't see
are of — anything? —
The song out of the voices. /



His is not the dream-pistol of philosophy which
nobody," and the nobody, really a body, shines, — How else

plaster-studs running from the floor of a garret to the



goes off bang — into flowers and candy.

do you spend the time?

And a third perhaps who was of

rafters.

His ability to occupy himself

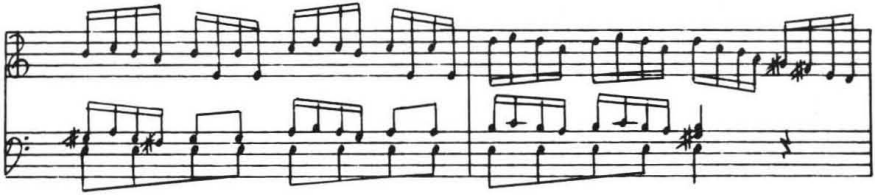


In speech always exactly human

consequence to the other two.

Do others come here? Do they

this way as he looks at me is his only humility.



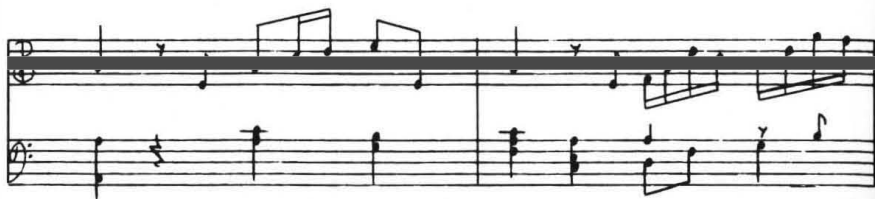
because it is more human than we speak it,
weep? His birthday. I'll not let your disappointment
I am in love with what



he manages one impossibility after another: —
trouble me. Why should she? Try and be good to her. She's
he knows he does not have to ask.



a play in the making
mad. Would you? Now that I have taken your advice, I must
(rises, steps over an obstacle)
He had isolated himself from the world till



which is a play;
say there is no third rail. This is open country and the
he was afraid to hear his own voice speak.



steel tracks beneath are not electrified. What will they
But now — he would come to her,



a stage which is black depth,
use now? What is money? I wish I had more of it, tho — What
speak to her
The next day the reverses / As if the music



yet which is filled with action;
do you regret most? You're speaking of your sister and your
— love's beginnings — denoted by a minus-sign.
were only a taunt: / As if it had not



mother. Tell me, if you could see them now would they
You know it, your feelings are resinous.
kept, flower-cell, liveforever, before the eyes,



a room which has only three walls
terrify you? Would it be like standing at the edge of a
perfecting. / — I thought that was finished: /



before which people move as tho there were four;
 falls and suddenly not finding yourself alone, someone

Existence not even subsistence, / Worm eating the



hurrying over while you were watching? Silly. I would

bark of the street tree, / Smoke sooting



scenes which seem accidents
 regret most not being able to outlive any death. Except

skyscraper chimneys, / That which looked for



yet carry out the plot
yours. I'm thirsty. I wonder how long it'll take to that
(she begins waltzing very slowly)

substitutes, tired, / Ready to give up the ghost



existing as interior in the mind of Him;
doctor's wedding at this rate. I wish I knew something

in a cellar - / Remembering love in a taxi: /



about the beginnings of these suburbs. Tell me more. I

A country of state roads and automobiles, /



amorphousness which is structural;
meant you to say what other flowers grew here. Dripping in

As you speak to me, you would have it we are now a negative
But great numbers idle, shiftless,



nonsense which is morality,
the rain waters. Who's dancing me back to Old New York?

picture having the lights and shades reversed.
disguised on streets — /



morality which is reductio ad absurdum;
Watch out! Shame! But the field's really darker since he
(stops waltzing)

But in love, its portrait, only a quality,

and disillusionment which is vision.

broke into our dance. Don't run so. Darling, may I look at

negatively intensifies the negative, as people of a certain

your dead sister's picture.

You said your mother's face,

(train whistle sounds)

speech, "I didn't see nobody," and the nobody —

darling, was oval. A woman's on the train reminded me. You

a Body — shines.



“Where I am
remember you were telling me over her gravestone. Some

Automobiles speed / Past the



I think
dead. Some alive. What tears strike you among what
(seated on the garden bench)

cemetery, / No meter turns.



it must be
thoughts? It's up to me in a way, yet not entirely. We

The song reaches home /



getting dark:
should be on the stairhead, or you will maybe say we're

Here are your dead, /



there. If we sit here while you talk to me? I don't mind.

Not yours — / A broken stanchion. /



I feel

Almost tearful when one of them became fussy over you? I

Of leaves /



that everything

suppose you were very small. I'm not trying. Your eyes are



is moving

softer than mine.

Did your sister have your eyes?



and

tu
mixing

They *are* beautiful.



with

everything

else."



Act I, scene 5
Attendants

CHACONNE

$\text{♩} = 108$

T (Attendants, one with a duster, the other with a rag go about
cleaning up)

D I don't ask questions, I do. I give her everything.
(Att. R.) (sighing)

S He wondered if it were really affection that had made him

P

T Celluloid permitted him only movement

D When a bird hops on a window while I do stevedore work in
(Att. D.)

S think of going to her.

P

Var. 1

T and silence.

D the morning and play the music box, and listens to the tune

S If his loss were imaginary, he could forgive.

P



The result was the composition of action on the screen: his
 as long as it lasts and chirps its own tune, and stops

Var. 2



back ambled off into the open.

chirping just as the music box stops — what kind o' bird

Yet he knew he was alone to



Drama was brought into the actual
 would you say that was? Would you say dat bird flares up.

blame for neglecting her.

Var. 3



air.

That dat flare's a bird?

Just because it's the same thing,

He made up his mind not to confide it to anyone. He



Certain conditions existing, the

does the same thing every morning

because a man plays de

would shun talk as vulgar.

var. 4



thought (e.g. the art)

which reflects them in the

music box or de gramophone and it's a bird all the same,

Voice a voice blown, returning as May



topographic air will make it alive with relations of method
would you give it a man's recognition, or a woman's? I know

Var. 5



embodying them — dancing in and out of double sliding doors
dat bird. I know it's just a bird. A common ordinary



and final wedging of his counterweight between them; visual
sparrow. Maybe it's on dere window right now. Good evening.
(with affected mystery)

Var. 6

Musical score for Variation 6, featuring a treble and bass staff with a piano (p) dynamic marking and a forte (f) dynamic marking.

variations on dropping food on a table, till the ice cream

It will soon be a very pleasant evening.

The poor
(R.) (cleans

Musical score for Variation 6, featuring a treble and bass staff with a piano (p) dynamic marking and a forte (f) dynamic marking.

falls into Lady Opposite's lap; two forks stuck into two

wage laborer / Has two small sons all gold, / They drive
the window, singing to the tune of "Le Pauvre Laboureur"

Var. 7

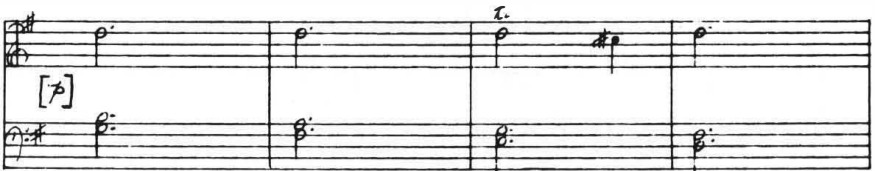
Musical score for Variation 7, featuring a treble and bass staff with a piano (p) dynamic marking and a forte (f) dynamic marking.

bread rolls — they became little Dutch shoes which danced
the plough to help him, / They're not fifteen years old! /

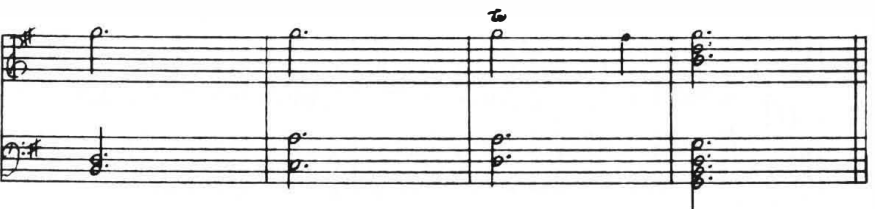


of themselves as no feet could ever dance in them, without
 There is no wealthy planter, / No landlord I call sir, /

Var. 8



interpretive feeling throttling the lilt: their feeling
 Not thriving on the pittance / Of the poor laborer. Thanks,
 (waves, speaks)



such as one might get listening to the music of Byrd's
 boss. One need not say the stars / Across the suns by which

Voice a voice blown, returning as May

Var. 9

Wolseys Wilde, the tenor of the music dancing in the
 they see / View our earth / Disinterestedly. One has but
 (D.)

sixteenth century notation.

need to sight / When bodies pass between / One heart for

As he leaned over the handrail

var. 10

another heart / Does not always rest serene. The Trojan
 (R.)

of the vessel taking him abroad, this resolution helped him



elders on the wall / Chattering like many crickets / Rued
not to look shocked when the steward brought him a wire —

Var. 11



that there was ever war / Grieved it ailed their rickets.
an automobile had been stored in the hold for his use on



Physical needs have been brought into free relation
Helen passed and rested / Her eyes on everyone / The
landing.

Var. 12



with the equally valid exhilarant of art, making its demand
Trojan elders straightened / On thin legs in the sun. Being
(It.)



in existence: of people in the masks they portray among
what you are, lady, / Is not a vain romance. / In love,

Var. 13



actual events determining them or imagined events which
lady, you don't see / The minute ants. Ants are everywhere /
(It.)

Voice a voice blown, returning as May



they make possible dramatically.

Showing an obsession / Like young suitors climbing stairs /

Almost any street seemed

Var. 14



For a life's progression. They bruise wood, graze on stone, /
(D.)

too narrow to drive in or out of. Yet if one did not need



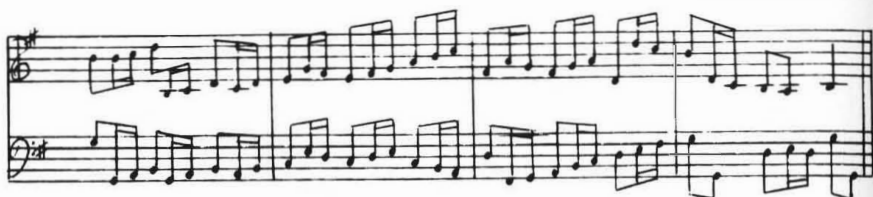
Fall, passing, in a jutting place: / But a loved

to make a complete turn, one drove smoothly everywhere.

Var. 15



countenance / And body show one face. They run tearing up a
(R.)
without thought, and the speed however fast was



wood, / Where the sun is scant, / To meet the wise plumiped /
impressively slow, since it never reflected the uneasiness

Var. 16



Ululant. Better than dingles in the moon / Is a crater in
(D.)
of one's own body and mind. Only shock could do that, and



the sun / My premise is not / To be argued with anyone.

(busy themselves collecting sprigs

till now the roads of his new world had, in a physical

Var. 17



An escaped prisoner, a soldier,

Once every year this tree needs shining.

Once every year

and pods which have fallen to the ground)

(R.)

sense, led him unerringly.



a policeman with heavy eyebrows,

a stagehand, a waiter, a

these leaves need dusting.

It happens every first of the

(D.)

Voice a voice blown, returning as May

Var. 18



Musical notation for Var. 18, consisting of a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff contains a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes. A dynamic marking of [mf] is present in the first measure of the bass staff.

pawnbroker, a drunken millionaire ready to commit suicide,
fifth month of every year — That there comes a time when
(R.)



Musical notation for the second system, consisting of a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff continues the melodic line from the first system. The bass staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment.

a girl waif of the streets: their situation or lack of
twenty years are but one day and when may come days which

Var. 19



Musical notation for Var. 19, consisting of a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with eighth notes. The bass staff contains a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes. A dynamic marking of [p] is present in the first measure of the bass staff.

it, realizes them as products of working day life or a
are like twenty years — to be precise each first of May.



holiday and presents them as people of impulse.

Yes — sir. — Of the Lutterworth world. He came also still /
 (D.) (R.)

His

Var. 20



The rapidity with which

Where his mother lay As dew in April / That falleth on the
 (D.)

acquaintances were a varied lot.



they move as of themselves it would seem from incident to
 spray

Coming! Sound ground, again! Hail sail! Hale
 (R. & D.) (D.) (R.)

Var. 21

incident in the crowding number of events compels sequence.

sailing! Everywhere with energy — yes, sir!

(D.)

(D. exits)

He's taking time. Shall I go join him?

(R.)

(R. exits)

With something of peevishness in his nature, he sought

Var. 22

diversion among people constantly,

till suddenly he avoided

Voice a voice blown, returning as May

Var. 27



face-wiper — devices and "types" live with material
 example, / That remains food even under the moon, / You'll



thoughtfulness and thus historical meaning.
 see if you watch our maskers. Will you stay? One who is not
 Yet when the

Var. 28



thanks you for staying. The play is simple: He came also
 effort of returning the serious fondness of an odd few,



They explained nothing. Said he shot himself. A girl there
(*R. returns listlessly, his head drooping in grief*)
them — behaving like an erratic clock that often works

Var. 23



said a bird was chirping caught in a harpsichord and he was
perfectly. then over a long interval refuses to go at all.



A mechanical face-wiper enlivened by insistent movements
curious about it. *Then* they shot him. But he is dead either

Var. 24



becomes a sequence of terror.

way and they've explained nothing.

May I help?

Step! Step!

In those days, voided in the



Step! Step!

I am in your dreams, my confidants.
(bowing slightly)

I am proud

calendar as it were,

he would give as excuse the rush of

Var. 25



to meet one of whom it has been said "we understood / Her

work, but unexpectedly turn up most at ease among fellow



by her sight; her pure, and eloquent blood / Spoke in her
nationals who could afford good food served in dining

Var. 26



A half-baked idea like humanity
cheeks, and so distinctly wrought, / That one might almost
places known as speakeasies.



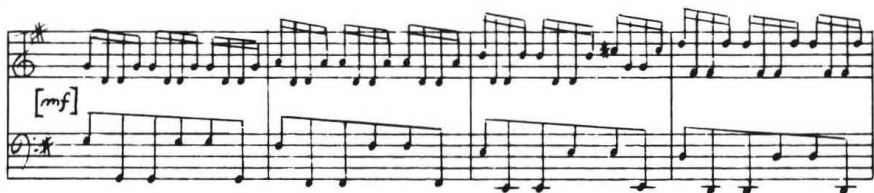
has become mechanized by civilization does not animate a
say, her body thought." On a commodity like bread, for

Voice a voice blown, returning as May



still / Where his *sister* was / As dew in April / That
whom his generous moods did not always allow to pay for

Var. 29



falleth on the grass / He came also still / To his *sister's*
their food and drink since he suspected they were often



bower / As dew in April / That falleth on the flower. / He
short, did not reduce his pleasure in them, he could

Var. 30

The impetus
stroked his girl's hand, / Whom he had led / In grief with
refer with pride to his closest friends as three.

is of that order of insistence plus a sense deriving from a
him / To his sister dead. / In his girl's eyes / A hospital

Var. 31

detailed recording of actual things in relation.
Looked into him — / Before, her eyes had been all. /

When he was
Voice a voice blown, returning as May



Forgive their sorrow, then,— / In this stage of grief /
happy. they were like one these three. They were those

Var. 32



While the state makes war / Their act is brief. / Another
strange results, naturally urbane products of other



The actor never revealing his
word: / The day she died / Was his birthday, / He could
nations, on a new scene.

var. 33



natural self is in the set, an intelligence working itself
 remember it / As her day Machines, luxury and beauty are
(draws open the fold in the backdrop;



out in the concrete.
 only their spray / You should have had bread easier in your
on a simple bier of wood lies the dead body of D.)
 In himself, he was getting to feel more

Var. 34



day. Said like a draught of water! Time out! It's purely a
(announces with the effect of climax) *(sented at the*
 like an American, ruggedly free, affecting to send out



question of advertising.
(garden table, sorts papers)

Revolution not all around a table!
(impatiently)

roots, never long rooted — like the Creeping Charlie with

var. 35



Scent? I need hardly say —

Debout les damnés de la terre /
(sings casually)

the blue, mantis-like face of its floweret: a weed to be



Debout! les forçats de la faim!

On your grave we raise our
(sings to Bach's "Around thy tomb")

seen almost the first in the spring, its pointed leaves

Voice a voice blown, returning as May

Var. 36



rag / Red with the staunch blood of your chest — / Rest
 rambling everywhere in the city parks and the countryside —



So that a new idea
 you safely, safely rest. Your birthday greetings, friend.
(opens the gate) *(speaks)*
 the face of its flower blue as with cold.

Var. 57



is not merely a notion, a general sense of today, or an
 The lady is new. Like a negative picture, the lights and
(bows slightly)



understanding of politics, art, life or whatever, but
shades reversed, the dispensation of the lives passed of

Var. 38



inventive existence interacting with other existence in all
those who lie here becomes my waiting on them. Northward is



its ramifications: sight, hearing, muscular movement,
land. To the south, land. To the east, sun. If there were

Var. 39



coordination of all the senses acting on the surrounding
 a deformity in an oriole which flies here in the spring, I



world and rendering it laughably intelligent.
 could pick it. It would be presumptuous to say one directs

Often feigning

Var. 40



what appears to direct itself to us? The black and orange
 to chill even these three friends he teased them while
 Voice a voice blown, returning as May



of the bird attracts me with its hanging nest. It may
admiring them. Feeling especially puckish he

var. 41



distract others' attentions otherwise. Well. He is here. A
(a bird is heard and is silent)
took out a card from his inside coat-pocket and read aloud



hand hurts and the body hurts. There are no separate ills.
deliberately — at first looking up to receive approval —

Var. 42



Some weep. We expect several anniversaries today. And this
Speech from the Throne — In the course of his speech on



is yours. So many years removed from her. Should he trouble
assuming the throne of Iran, the young king, Minuchihir I,

Var. 43



you? Dead in your grave but alive in us / In the strength
(sings to the tune of Bach's "Around thy tomb")
said: "Whosoever in the seven regions of the world strays



In the sportsmanship of the montage are the

My assistant, our assistant! I mean he happens to be here.
(smiles sadly)

will I."

Var. 47



backs of sheep bulging. They urge each other out of the

Where is your capital? Why, then, there can no longer be



picture. The satire of nerves and their obverse —

wage labor. Those who sleep under you, comrade flower — the

(picks a marigold from the garden bed, speaks to it)

Var. 48



events — follow.

intellect has become common property.

I beg your pardon.

(scampers about)

The truth was, even the Creeping Charlie



That fortune you scraped together from the dead and living,
as if pursuing someone)

was too much itself, too much a flower to stand for

Var. 49



you've sat long enough behind his mother's gravestone

comparison with him, when he thought about it deeply.

Voice a voice blown, returning as May



fill a subway entrance and crowd the screen; then, a
without a thought of refunding. Give it up! Well — Small

Var. 50



street; and the inside of the factory in which they work at
fish are fried best whole with the backbone severed to



the conveyor belt appears; a sign over an escalator
prevent curling up. Waste oxygen on you! No! — Attention!

Var. 51



reads, This is a moving stairway — as the Elizabethans
Your eyes! Look! Before you is the future. Behind you the



did when they posted a sign in proxy for a set, or the
past! Behind you is the future. Before you the past! Off is
(turns about face like a pivot)

Var. 52



Noh when it suggested a journey in a line of verse, or
out! We may have to wash hands of relations who fry



the Chinese actor who straddled a whip substituting for the
 themselves! What does the hour say about dumbness? Man,
(a red lantern lights suddenly)

Var. 53



breathing horse?
 what's the idea sleeping on the tracks. The turf's cropping
(R. stands over D. stretched full length on the bier)
 Not far off, his friends appeared sometimes



up thru the ties. Propped on the earth, and from where,
(D.) (yawns, stretches, rises slowly)
 to adjudge like reformers, there would have to be only
 Voice a voice blown, returning as May

Var. 54

A flash of the film,
 what sleep awake. Have I escaped from death of sleep? A
 (*stands tall*) (*scratches his head*)
 one century till the end of doom, whether they wished it

directing sight to a propulsion of gullet makes the throat,
 creeping thought says: now like a lamp that don't matter,
 or merely waited for it, with the same roads everywhere

Var. 55

cognizable after years of just swallowing.
 short-circuited, on the road, before blue morning go out.
 but for distinctions of climate.



The

What's up, Rag, in whose memory am I?
(a bird chirps and stops)

Speak up, mummy, I
(to R.)

Var. 56



spectator may refuse to be convinced that the intention was
 enjoy taking in that flame up there like torchlight on a

He suspected that



terror but laughter is somehow involved in the lacrimal.

swan's breast

I thought you weren't with us any more — not
(R.)

then also he would be dying of inanition,

finding no

Var. 57

Tears, said a master of the Noh, are justly not wrung
dusting as you used to. Oh I see what's troubling you! I've

(D.)

steady pleasure in any bit of the earth as his own.

out of one. They remain finally in the satire and the
been at Valenciennes, man, sleeping on the railroad tracks,

Var. 58

movement.

striking that is to stop the movement of coal cars to the

Voice a voice blown, returning as May



Nothing

wrong people.

Aren't you dead — dead-tired, I mean.
(R.)

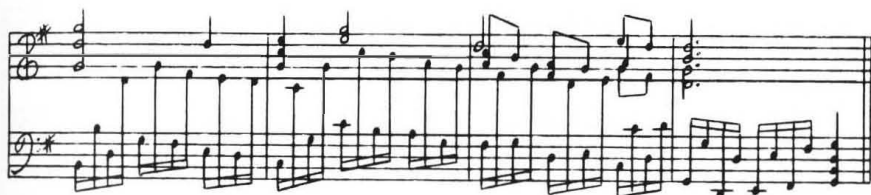
Fresh
(D.)

Var. 59



is fair on the screen unless shown in a relation (or a
as a daisy. I'll stake your face I could push up all the

He derided his sinecure, which exposed him to



strained relation) that has the amplitude of insight
daisies — only I don't care to. Why should I! I vaticinate
(R.)

this kind of international weather as he called it, to

Var. 60

impelled by the physical, to be found in actual events
 a revolution. Sorry — she died? To May First! To May! One
 (D.) (R.)
 friends out of jobs and obviously detested his work.

themselves.
 thing we pray of Diana. Let whoever never loved, love
 But when he spoke of the things he could not do

Var. 61

There exists probably in the labors of any valid artist the
 tomorrow, let whoever has loved love tomorrow. — One World!
 in the world without it, a click in his throat consciously

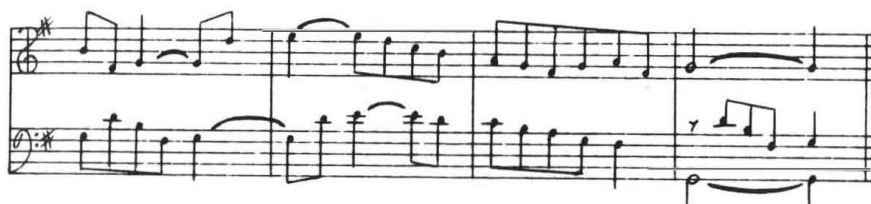


sadness of the horse plodding with blinkers and his
She sings. We are voiceless.
(D.) (R.)
disclosed that he preferred his complete extinction rather

Var. 62



direction is for all we don't know filled with the
How shall our silence find its end?
(D.)
than the end of his tenure.



difficulty of keeping a pace.

Voice a voice blown, returning as May

Act II, scene 1
Mother

SONATA

Allegro

$\text{♩} = 120$

T Scene: No. 13 Hercules Buildings, Lambeth; a living room

D

S

P

Here

T for all purposes except squalor. The lasting

D When I arrived in Canada the ground was alien.
(walks in an unbroken circuit on the stage)

S He had talked

P an old woman weeps / as in the

T Northern light of an English sun plays everywhere: "a

D I was happy. Russians brought treelings to be transplanted.

S theory, though personally he saw no sense in it,

P Melanesian tale the old woman's /



fierce desire as when two shadows mingle on a wall."

When a sailor with a basket of apples slung over his
while others were there to spur him.

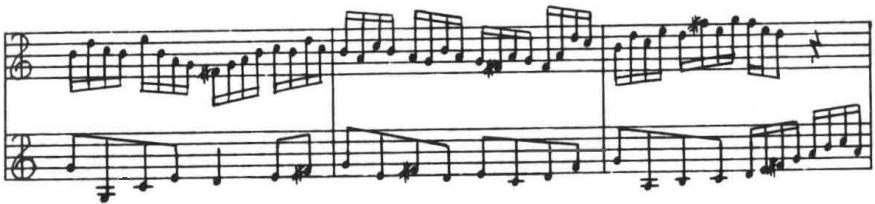
spirit crouched under the bedstead not



There has been a knock on the door, but they do not
right arm offered me some, I slapped him with my left. They

He had no heart left to guess.

known scalded / after the Harvest Tide



look up. The Visitor, passing over the
thought I was bright when I was a servant that half year,

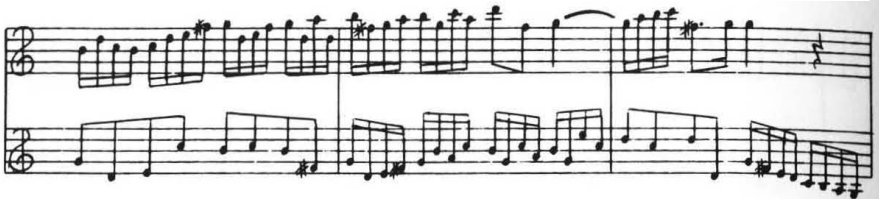
He could not see how science which invented
when the dead return / for their



threshold almost before he knows, stands lovingly
and left coins for me to find while I was dusting. I

words for what it did not know could predict anything.

Day then all but the longing



respectful — not in the least embarrassed.

returned them. Though they felt I deserved them, it was

spirit / return all the dead to
Like his world he could not



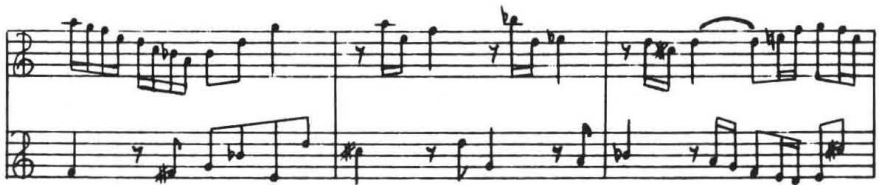
His attitude may be 'Some people dream and
more than I could accept and feel at home. They would often
look forward while looking back to a peace it
return remembered only / in the next Harvest



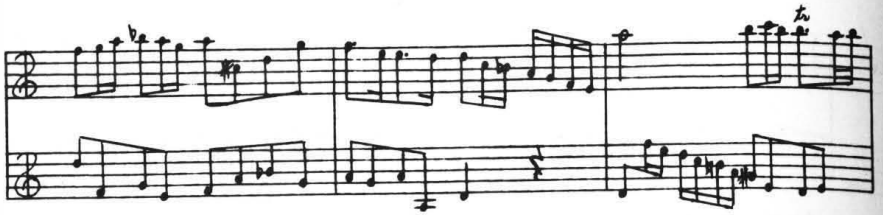
dread, and some dream they dream and
ask me to sit down and talk while the owner was writing
never had. Even if
Tide the Year's Time / scalded



do not dread.' Come in!
letters in the morning. Our ship had come after the
he wanted to go home, like a sly child
unknown by the day's broth her daughter /



It's only Adam and Eve, you know. I never stop for anything
war. There was a shortage of coal. Not enough had been
suspected by everyone, he might be beset on
spilled from a coconut cup weeps



... every kindness to another is a little Death /
stored aboard. The planking had to be used to sail us in.

arrival with questions on all hands which he could not
heard known / to 'I thought you were'



In the Divine Image: nor can Man exist but by
We would have drowned but for that. It mattered. I would
answer.

here only for / the one Day weeps



Brotherhood. Your genius or
hardly care now. Your father in New York sent for me. My

They had sauntered as far as a little village
'I shall go now' / known



conscience was always honest, and casts off your
life was cut short when your sister was put in the grave.

cinema and stood looking at two billboards on either
now cutting a coconut in half as /



idiot Questioner. But 'For the soft soul of
you place something on an upper shelf and cannot find it
side of its entrance: one advertised an old
alive keeping the half with three eyes



America' who is sure what the North American tribes
again. — "let them sleep" — "mourn a space"

Chaplin comedy; the other, a Walt Disney.
giving / her daughter the other 'I am



practiced, or practice today? Sacks or

I have been to your sister's grave under the trees, with

— Art's long and life is

giving you / the half that is blind tho

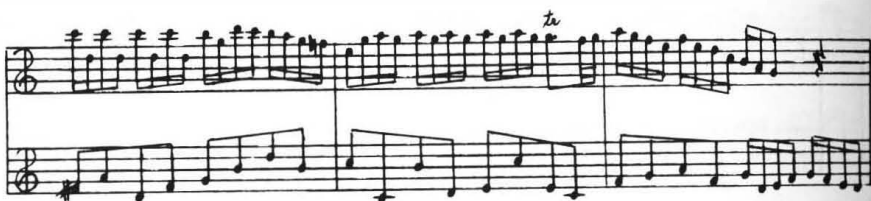


baskets of soot of your chimney sweepers piling

the birds, the ivy is growing over the slab of her tomb.

too short to miss these. Let's go in.

you look you / will not see me



their coffins, and from our incinerators tons of

I knew you would be here today — your birthday. It

They lowered four creaking wooden seats, near a side aisle,

I am taking the / half with the eyes and



the same on our heads.

The Song of Los and

was better I was not on the train now.

How are you? It

and sat down.

The screen flickered and

I shall see / you

when I come back with the



The Human Abstract are our time.

is not cold tonight.

I have been able to breathe better for

lit up, blank.

They had to wait

others.' /



'Pity would be no more / If we did not

a long time.

Your father was here with our grandson today.

until the broken film was fixed on the projector in the



make somebody poor.

The living regret the dead not having what the living have.

operator's box.

The film was

'Never fear we'll be found in our city /



Joys impregnate Sorrows bring forth.

— It's this house. Listen, your father is inside

running again:

something not advertised on

smog ensuring medical costs four times

Excess of sorrow laughs.

amusing your nephew, we can try to overhear him.

the billboard and which they had not come in to see —

your pay. /

Larghetto

Musical score for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef with notes and rests. A dynamic marking [pp] is present in the first measure.

Excess of joy weeps.

One moment. The whole earth lies dead. My son, your
(remains standing in front of the garden bench)

highly original and yet disjunct.

the fashion to draw eyes like — but such /

Musical score for the second system, featuring a treble and bass clef with notes and rests.

(quoting B.) 'Knowing and

sister is dead. Alive and speaking to me just now, she

It did not seem possible they were showing it in a
eyes you like no more than such noses /

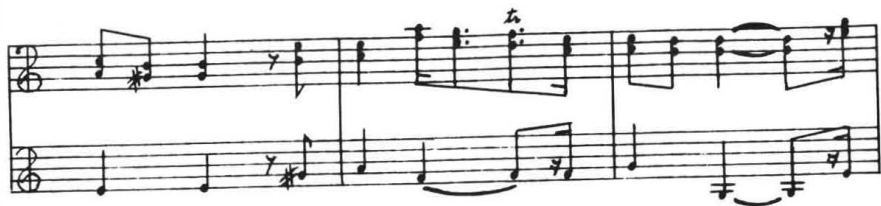
Musical score for the third system, featuring a treble and bass clef with notes and rests. A dynamic marking [p] is present in the second measure.

feeling that we all have need of butter . . . That

asked for water and when I brought it, not for me, she

suburb: — something that one

you came into the world with less,



the delicate ear in its infancy / May be dulled' —
said, drink it, look how parched your lips are. How long
remembered of one's own lifetime, the
no / compliments, no presents,



they do read you besides their Science.
ago is it that I looked into her eyes? Sunlight is in my
kind of thing which, if it were a novel, would
you disarm those whom a / note glances to



'Happy people (hopefully) in their industry of
daughter's room the first hour of her death. O head, her
have been discussed in salons or at drinking
remind of their conceits, who / when



critics, scholars and teachers, sometimes lauding
 head, my — both scattered — I must go now to her grave,

parties in the nineteen twenties: those doing
 they envy think they create *mit fühlung* /



or quarreling among themselves, but with reverence for
 pick all the sharp stones, under which her heart might lie.

the talking never coming to any conclusion as to
 aspirant relatives parasitically hugging

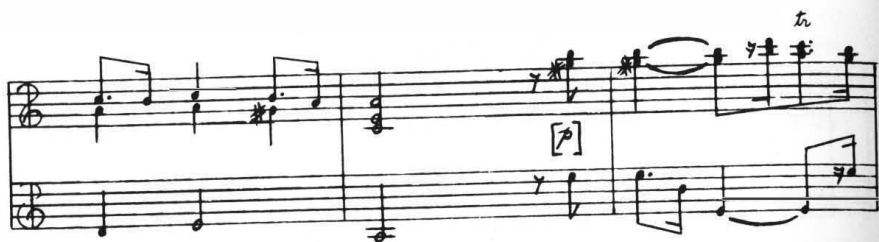


you. It is not easy for Five Senses to
 Where the dust is broken, I will lie on heaped dust. She is

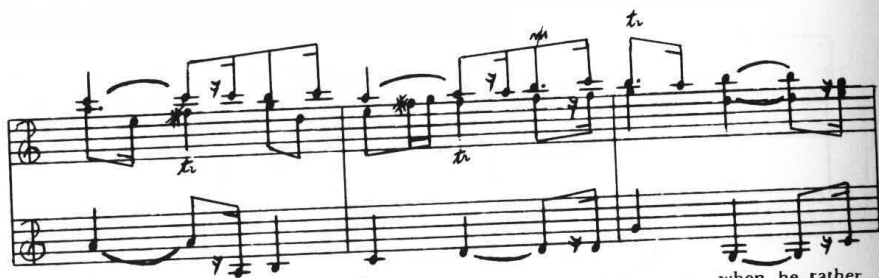
its value — a verbal and conceptual fineness too
 genius to inhuman family: /



explicate your fable of history in which life sneezes
more alone than we, my son. We mourn only ourselves, our
kaleidoscopic and yet of its time. The



seven times before the eyes open — that is
own earth selves. My silence was with you. I've been
roll of film, streaky, probably old, seemed
be it but a line or a dot let it



too quick for every child to hear when he rather
watching the leaves on the trees, growing — how shall I say
washed by a thin, white rain. He had the
persist / at that solely with the unearthing



skips, most of Gulliver. Both of
— into ebb-gold; it's hard to explain what happens when
feeling that the rain must stop soon, as appropriate
crocus: by / this time



you somewhere lose the guileless, he less
you're away, waiting for just this. I will feel better
titles tied into the sequence of broken narrative:
Katsuhika Hokusai we are like you / only



in the names made as if human tongues first fabled
home. If I can't, will I frighten you? Why do you trouble
something about a millionaire, a small boy's
with the room on the corner of / Hell Street



them, you in Los' hammering tongue roaring
 these others about me? How many more turns? Where are you
 toy automobile upset in the sea, the hull of a
 where we'll be rarely happy to / see

down epic with Reason.

all? It is lovely here. I like the wind best in my eyes.
 (*seated with her back against a knoll*)

ship, and a close-up of its name: translated: the girl.
 you since you have passed that way. /

Gavotte



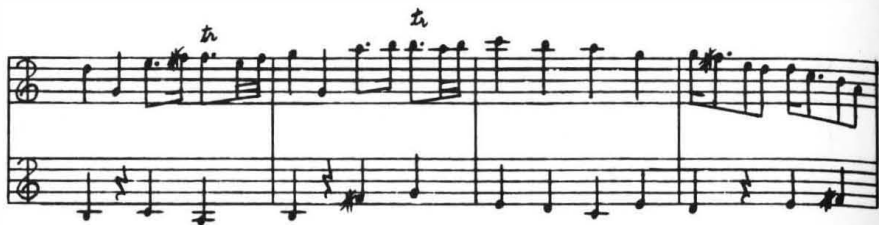
Do you think of me, as I think of flowers, like eyes

And continued: A

Softly lulling flutes ...
 shut, lashes like white flowers fringing — We're late but
 squirrel with only one eye scurried past, a
 Let the mad dogs'

Timbrels and violins sport ...
 would regret to go away. To think — it is all that I would
 yellow chassis he recognized; the asphalt
 transports enjoy all success. /

A moment equals a
 imagine a stage to be. Give me yours. Our? If a morsel
 buckled and a crash seemed to follow deafening
 We are quiet where



pulsation of the artery ...

cannot be swallowed, sister, is it food to eat? My daughter

him. Debris fell. The

they cannot exist alone / and



a hard task of a life of sixty years.

can't eat while her friends starve. Our lives are consumed

yellow car lay in a trough of pavement, a sorry

alone our desire won't

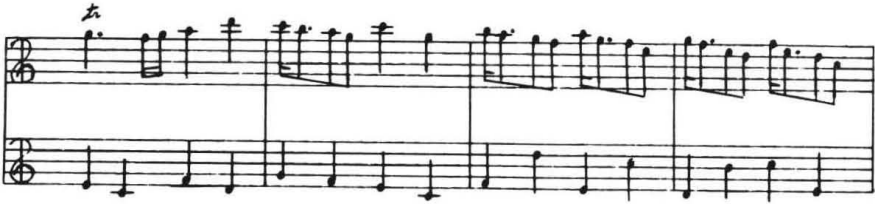


... sweet moony night ...

in wrangles, tears, hurts. Perhaps she is wise to think we

heap of smashed metal and springs. It

shadow their living.' /



I rose up at the dawn of day — /
can from now on continue separate lives. It is hard for me
had been hit by a shell. The crowd of
walked at night the streets of our marriage / to



'Get thee away! get thee away! /
to speak. The stove — the draught is still bad — smoked
people who seemed to have nothing to lose gathered about
the forbidding old factory at the foot / of



Pray'st thou for riches?
again when I made it today. The soot stays in my throat.
the dead body of his mother. Suddenly
the unexpected turn into Gay Street our /



mental wealth; / I've a wife
I startled you. But we know each other. I am wearing them
he could not see them.
and Gay Street was almost gay but



I love, and that loves me; /
for the first time.

empty. /

I've all but riches bodily. /

Act II, scene 2
Doctor

CAPRICCIO

$\text{♩} = 55$

T
D
S
P

Mame, busy? The ether clinging to me. What perfume is on
(showing his face at the office door)

T
D
S
P

you today, Mame? I'll say Cleopatra's Egyptians had the
The sensation of relief from anxiety was gone.
The physician / Sextus Empiricus /

T
D
S
P

right idea. Myself feels so low I could share a pyramidon.
The scene of a party that took place near the
anxious to / divorce metaphysics / from



Referred here by herself. Complaint: cough wakes her with

He amused them with stories of
and / therefore has / its use /



the cockcrow every morning. Always. Re-examined the 16th,

his encounters with the traffic police. — Well,
which the / concited needlessly /

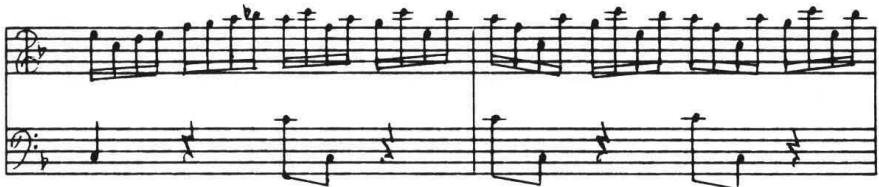


month of February, brunous. Lives with her son, Duven Anew,

this morning I was late for the conclave and
inquisitive enfeeble' /



Spinoza for all his resignation to geometry could
 probably a widower, admittedly ungraded, desk neutral,
 a trolley stopped to let out passengers just



still write and save animal faith and skepticism: "... many
 green doors, cream walls, 10th floor, elevator never runs
 ahead of me. I didn't have time to
Against the /



errors consist of this alone, that we do not apply names
 above the fifth, riveters have invaded the ninth, tank
 pull up alongside to avoid a crash, so
Professors showed / 'the subject /



rightly to things . . . When men make mistakes . . . if you
 seen from the window and the verdigris turret of a semi-
 I swung around its left side and like a good
 taught does not / exist,



could see their minds they do not err: they seem to err,
 religious lodge, rental paid December 20/26, \$60.

citizen barely missed the officer at his traffic
 nor / the teacher / nor the / learner



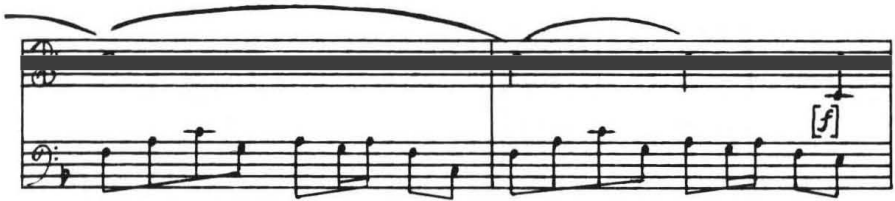
however, because we think they have the same numbers in
 Therefore so much — blank — could be paid in support of her
 station.

nor / the method /



their minds as on the paper. If this were not
 upkeep. Her sister-in-law, widow, testified before four

— Where are you going? he asked.
 .. the obverse / perceptible by / all



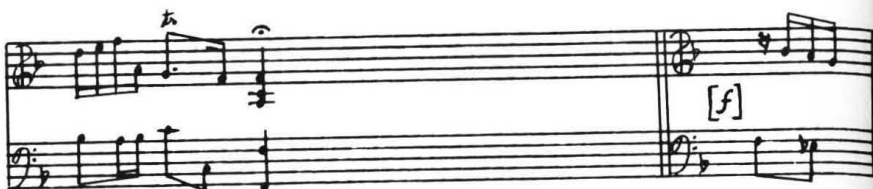
so we should not believe that they make mistakes any
 armchairs, two on each side of the table that — . These

— I'm going to work.
 alike / .. speech



more than I thought a man in error whom I heard the other
 facts must do. No column left for No Information? Put

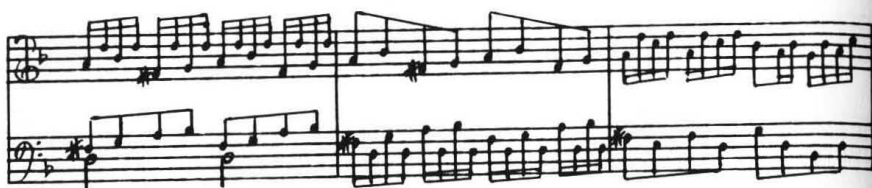
— Is this your way to go to work?
 by / agreement plain / to those / who



day shouting that his hall had flown into his neighbor's
her down as inactive, the totals will check. Sorry to

— Why, what's wrong?

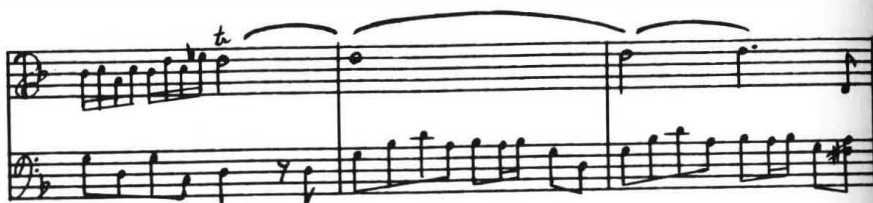
apprehend / its objects . . . reviving /



chicken, for his mind seemed sufficiently clear to me on
disappoint you, I'm passed my internship. I think I know

— What's wrong! You're

what is / known:



the subject."

the case. A thin soul. We can do nothing about it. You

on the wrong side of the street!



Like, the modern composer, if he has expounded all harmony
can leave her here or take her home. There isn't much hope

— Sorry, sir.

not / for the / footling



it needs a new ear to hear it. Yet the words are not new,
either way. I'll call it a day! 'Sentimentally

— Sorry! I'll bet

question / But for / the eye /



not even discordant.

I am disposed to harmony, but organically I am incapable of

you'll be when I'm through with you.

that appears / larger seeing /



a tune.' I guess so. Attendants! There's only tension in

Hey! What's this?! What kind of a
nine tenths / of ills / from stubborn /



the power of a spring. Suppose we take her upstairs. Can

car is this, anyway? Did you
intelligence



you get us a chair, please. We may be needed. Come. In

have this steering gear installed on the wrong side



their crime you mean the rays of the sun's passing lasted
 especially for you?

Unknown / friends



longer than delight. May we help?! Then what are you in

— No, it's a foreign car.

are few / no friends / unless



mourning for. Damn it, go! I'm acting understudy. Please,

— Foreign, hey! Where do you work?

intimately / accessible



constitute an historically interconnected — shall I say

Well, let me tell you something.

to / the range / of two / sides of / a



developed — series. Democracy — bleachery!
(rises)

There are no special privileges for
coin / Some few / see



Greetings! All
(approaches the garden bed)

riding on the wrong side of the street even for the
its edge / so increscent / to



present: because they do not breathe beneath us and breathe
Siamese ambassador, and as far as
possibilities / flipping a / coin



only in us. Watch yourself. The ground's on-sidedness
I know the only side of the street you can drive
may / decide, the / sufferance



becomes more and more impossible. From many lands local
on in the direction you want to go now is the
of / intellect is / the body's / plight



tunes travel thru the world. You see these local flowers
right side, in this country,
for / at least / two



Many years ago nature
are from all lands for all lands. Those who pretend not
and we don't post that information on a traffic sign,



casually turned him over to Spinoza who said: "The
to notice, and those merely with their backs to us, who
because in a civilized country you don't need a
true /



superstitious, who know better how to reprobate vice than
exist to accumulate but do not accumulate so we may exist

sign for every law!

Sextus need / not offend Pythagoras /



to teach virtue, have no other intention than to make the
— I was going to say: the accumulators have produced

The whole

calling his / wrong moment /



rest as miserable as themselves."

their own gravediggers.

dream must have passed in less than a minute.

foolish for / sobering frenzied /

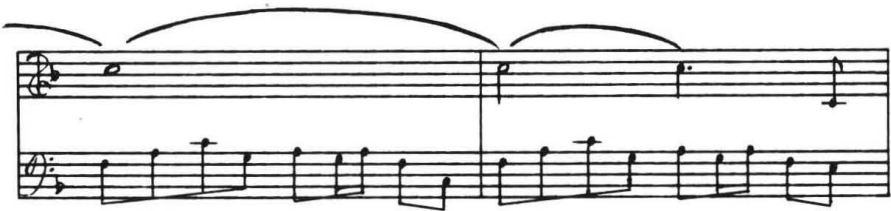


Do you know me?

It held in his
youths with / a righteous / spondean'



O, well, our marriage is
mind those "historical processes" when
(instead / of



at dawn. You're both invited.
"twenty years are but as one day - and" when
quitting / their dive) / Aseptic



Shall we go now, since
"may come days which are the" concentration
doctor / practice the / cure for



those who sleep here are ours.
"of twenty years"
forgetfulness

Act II, scene 3
Aunt

PASSACAILLE

$\text{♩} = 128$

[ff]

T
D
S
P

T
D
S
P

[pp]

T
D
S
P

Nephew, you're a witness.

(stands arms akimbo)

He stepped out, half-dazed.

Overhead a



The nonsense recorded its own testimony —

You can't deny I have talked to my niece for

bird sang in the late afternoon,

and as he searched for it,

O head, think, how



the insistence of the Queen of Hearts

fifty minutes and that she has not peeped a word to

he wished he knew its name.

climbing, you would be; /



that the sentence be given before the verdict,

answer your aunt. You've an impious, stubborn hussy of a

He heard his name pronounced with

O heart, /



the Hatter who kept hats to sell,
sister. You're behaving just as selfishly as she. If
sympathy he would not have expected.

how / the / blood / And the measures (travel



but had none of his own —
you don't persuade her to go back to work, nephew, you're a

The voice, evidently sensitive to obligations incurred
outward) / Should travel together; /



"what with the bread-and-butter getting so thin."

gnat! Niece, your mind is made up, I take it!

(Paces back and forth in anger)

a long time ago, admitted more than surprise. — I

The mutual slap comes suddenly /

And: "give me (of) the bread;

You will let our machines rust, because strangers are
 don't know what will happen in the next twenty years.

After tiredness between people,

she gave him a box on the ear."

striking. You'll do that to our living! Ours.

If I tell you that we fled our country because
 Everything lowered to a

"This is not the philosophy of one individual or

If not ours, whose Didn't we bring you to

our acquaintance in the government trusted us less than the
 mutual, common level, /

nation, the sentiment is, if I may so say,
 Manchester and here so we could all live peaceably together.

invader, will you believe me?

Everyone the same, /

European; and I am borne out in
 O my heart, my head, my head, one would think

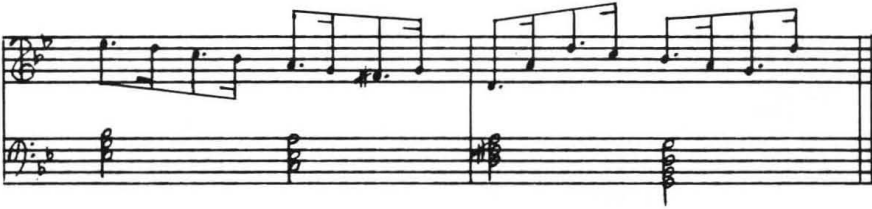
The invader is an expression. his aunt urged.

Each, at best,

this theory by the fact that the book has evidently been
 you're not my sister. Where would you be now if

— Our most trusted led him.

obligato to the other, /



printed in three parallel columns, English, French and
 we hadn't brought you over this side the ocean?

They invited his fire on our own: women,
 Everyone tired of



German."

Fiends! Look at my son —

children, boys they expected to fight without arms,
 trying to see differences, /



"Next we went to the Treasury and saw
 What you've done to him!

Her head shaking seemed to be trying
 Crossed or uncrossed, /

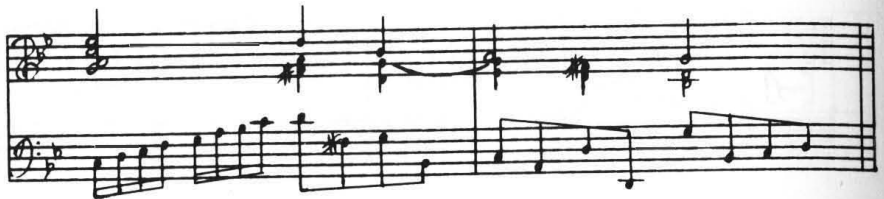


thrones, crowns and jewels — until

Your stubbornness is driving him out of his mind.

to persuade her nephew completely.

Practicing word sleight — /



one began to think that those three articles were rather

It will take all our savings to restore him.

— Why do we disturb

'The sea of necessity, yes, /



more common than blackberries. On some of the thrones, &c.

If you're not stones, you'll not connive with

you, when we were so happy thinking during the worst of

That stem Atlas



the pearls were literally showered like rain."

strangers to split our factory on the rocks. Think only of

it that you were not there to see us suffer?

carrying his on his shoulder /



"On our way to the station, we came across the
yourselves — not us — why should you strike and starve with

After the chilling and slighting of the unions of

Should know nothing less



grandest instance of the 'Majesty of Justice' that
hoodlums who are nothing to you. Take into account, if

apprentices and small capitalists, after the

than a lightning rod, /



I have ever witnessed — A little boy was being taken to the
we're lost, you're lost. Clear!

advantageous manufacturing, buying and selling of goods.

Way up.



magistrate, or to prison (probably for picking a pocket).

You'll be dead and in hell, before you've cleared

after the joint action of profit-sharing,

don't ask me where' — /



The achievement of this feat had been entrusted to
yourself with your aunt! Come!

I have

(rummages in pocketbook)

after the false modes of falsely mutual benefit,

Saying,



two soldiers in full uniform, who were solemnly marching,
 something for you. For you both! No. Your

who would have thought of the

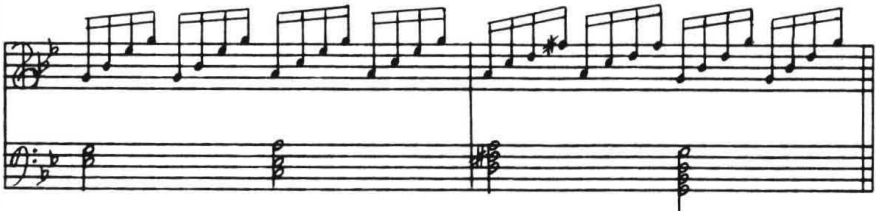
It's a hard world



one in front of the poor little creature, and one behind;
 mother's earrings. They're yours. Take them.

possibility of a convocation without summons,

anyway, /



with bayonets fixed of course, to be ready to charge in

I have nestled everywhere till now, but

a dinner for which no troops have been mustered,

Not many of

[f]

case he should attempt an escape."

now I go.

a friendly court without jurymen.

us will get out of it alive.

[f]

a synod without prelerment.

Act II, scene 4
Son

FUGUES



T Detachment and the poet's receptivity for torment were
 D "At the round earth's imagined corners,
 (the whistle of a train is heard)
 S It was
 P Would you persist? /



T part of him from the beginning -
 D blow / Your trumpets, Angels, and arise, arise / From
 S fine weather in mid-August when I awoke
 P Natura Naturans - / Nature as creator, / Natura



T each incident in his life a parable of the
 D death, you numberless infinities / Of souls, and to your
 S anxious to go on writing the story that
 P Naturata - / Nature as created. /



Son forsaking the Mother to go about his Father's business.
scattered bodies go," You weren't bright, mother.

in the dark hours did not let me rest.

He who creates / Is a mode of these inertial



"He took to the pen. He wrote.

Did you hear what I was reading? But you haven't been

I had promised my wife not to stay up

systems — / The flower — leaf around



The College Magazine printed his work.

listening. You haven't listened, but I have never read to

and strain my eyes, and had failed her.

leaf wrapped around the center leaf, /



Lavish of praise, the readers were not;
you before. Shall I tomorrow – perhaps? What did you say?

So I was happy to be up before she was,
Environs – the sea, / The ears, doors: /



but this was all the encouragement any
It is in the poem which you have never heard. Mother,

to tell her that I was not tired.
The words – / Lost – visible. /



collegian had a reasonable hope to receive;
come – I have been wanting to every day now, busy all year,

The birds had anticipated me
Thus one modernizes / His lute, / Not in



grave silence was a form of patience that meant
 afraid the fog streaming in the window of the compartment

with their song: early birds —
 one variation after another; /



possible future acceptance. No one cared enough to
 had hurt you. You insisted on keeping it open. I was

a dark comedian used to say —

Words form a new city. /



criticize, except himself who soon began to
 worried. I came in the coach this time. So many people.

catching worms.

Ours is no Mozart's / Magic Flute — /



suffer from reaching his own limits. He found

You, mother? You are not cold in this night air. Let me

As I listened before the mesh of
Tho his melody made up for a century /



that he could not be this — or that — or the other;

wrap the scarf around you. You do not weep, mother, as you

window screen which a few hours before in

And, we know, from him, a melody resolves to



always precisely the things he wanted to be.

used to. That's better.

We think of our dead so long, we

the dark had let through only the hot wave of

no dullness — /

But when we push up the



Much that he then wrote must be still
 only do over in our minds what they did living. We have
 midsummer, a drop in the
 daisies, / The melody! the rest is



in existence in print or manuscript, though
 walked fast. You're not tired? Mother, the door – leave the
 temperature brought in a breeze as from some
 accessory: / My one voice.



he never cared to see it again.
 keys with me! You'll wait home for me, father?
(nervously tries the door knob which rattles)
 basin filling with torrents of air.
 My other: is / An objective –



Whatever poetry he had must
 the next time. Is the doctor in? Thank you "here
(resting one knee on the floor,
 country, and passed the side of our
 Inextricably the direction of historic and



have been plain in his features to those who cared to
 on this lowly ground, teach me how to repent." Do you know
looks up and recites gallantly)
 house, fell in a cascade we saw from
 contemporary particulars. /



see it, if any did. A photograph taken at
 poetry? All ways: coughs. Sleepy. How
(stretches full length on the rug)
 our windows. This

Horses: who will do it? out of manes?



this time remains. The face is too young for lines.

long will this take, Thirsty?
(rises impulsively)

I see that. Is there anything

morning the falls came down heavy

Words / Will do it, out of manes, out of



But the boy is, twenty, revealed in the lips and eyes.

else you see?

May I speak to him?

Are you the new Doctor,

with the rain of the day before and

airs, but / They have no manes, so there are no



"I write and read,

sir?

She's been here 5 months, and you've been here how

brimmed to the top of the stones forming the

airs, birds / Of words, from me to them no



and read and write.

long and haven't seen her! Don't you ever take a look at

river banks under the viaduct, which

singing gut. / For they have no eyes,



Two years ago I began on history,

people? I wasn't talking to you. If you want me to talk at

was the crossing in our street.

for their legs are wood, /



our own time.

you, it's a quiet office you've lots of patients here.

I could hear

For their stomachs are logs with print on them; /



I labored at financial theories.
 I want the Doctor to look and speak to me. Sorry... my
 the roar of the lions hungry for
 Blood red, red lamps hang from



and branched out upon political economy and philosophy."
 temper... is there water here? Thanks. I — I have been
(returns listlessly to the garden bench, sits down, gazes at the green rug,
 their morning meal.
 necks or where could / Be necks, two legs



He was ready to follow the
 here before. It can't be. No,
his hat hanging from his hands held between his knees) (hitting his temple
 Thanks to the park commissioner
 stand A, four together M. /



current of his own time — not evolution but change.

darling. Sweet. You? You. The afternoon moon's out, let's
with one hand as if to remember *(rises and walks to the window)*

who had recently

“Street Closed” is what print says on their



Without signing his name to

open the window and look at it. I never had a birthday till
(he opens it)

landscaped the grounds of the

stomachs; / That cuts out everybody but the

his articles he reviewed every historian that came in

my mother died. Here lies a cousin / Here lie two / What my
(tends the garden bed, sings, syncopating)

zoo, the animals wandered or

diggers; / You're cut out, and

♩ = 108

[*mf*]

the form of a book to his desk, every work on
 dead ones / Can I do for you? / Sit down and weep / And dig
 rested on imitations of their
 she's cut out, and the jiggers / Are cut out.

early law and custom.
 my grave deep? / Why talk, relations — / I'll take a walk.
 natural terrain, attracting
 No! we can't have such nor bucks /

He prepared himself for his definitive work on
 Living sunlight. For me? For my birthday? What was I
 thousands of visitors who
 As won't, tho they're not here, pass thru a



American history; he began with the
saying? Just now. Was I sleeping? Yes, please. Which I
before this novelty had lost interest in
hoop / Strayed on a manhole — me?



remote past and delivered a lecture titled
hired but didn't own, of course. And we reached a town? How
seeing them in cages.
Am on a stoop. / Am on a stoop to



"Primitive Rights of Women."
do I know? How do I know! I look at maps. Do you want me to
The lions ranged apparently
sit here tho no one / Asked me, nor asked



The paper denied that early woman under
unfold your dream? We came to the garden in flower for the
free on earthworks, meant to be
you because you're not here, /



early institutions had been a slave.
gathering. Not all dreams should be spoken, sweetheart.
African plains, though
A sign creaks —



She held a high place in primitive society;
Beautiful, do you know how many tea roses, fling flower-
surrounded by abrupt ditches they
LAUNDRY TO-LET (creaks — wind —)



her attractive force and strength

pale, with love, as towards your head in a ring, petals

could not cross —

— SUN — / (Nights?) the sun's,



had made the family an institution.

after the spring? Their stems bend to the great wind which

and our apartment was thus favored by the

bro', what month's rent in arrear? /



He had found a theme which was to become

rises. The petals of rose are a ruin in the way. O

natural noises of Africa.

Aighuh — and no manes and horses trot?



a passion with him in after years.
beautiful, gather them — flowering of surmises fades after

It was not always we heard them
butt, butt / Of earth



He had a rare type of mind.
today. Put them in a cup — when each gate closes — zest
a quarter of a mile away,
birds spreading harps,



To it a poet's religion remained apart
lost and cruel, reflect what days consume — we will see the
but this morning the wind carried
two manes a pair / Of birds. each bird a



from the expression of that religion, and the
amorous agony, the roses' fences of perfume. Did I ever

every roar.

word, a streaming gut, /



poet was criticized for the expression:

speak to you about my dead sister?

When she was a little

The park across the street,

Trot, trot — ?

No horse is here,



a statesman's personal character was judged
girl, she was very ill for a spell, and when they nursed

the early sun and the

no horse is there? /

Says you!



by the historian only as it affected his statesmanship.

her back to health my father renamed her 'Lost and Found.'

morning shade

thrown between

Then I — fellow me, airs! we'll make /



Like the Hellenes,

He could be funny.

She wanted to marry like you.

She did.

tall old trees,

tempted me to

Wood horse, and recognize it with our words — /



he looked upon virtue not as goodness,

but as

She died when her son was a month old. She was beautiful. I

go downstairs

before

breakfast.

Not it — nine less two! —



virtuosity, the mastery of an art.
remember her the center of a lighted room at her engagement

The visitors and
as many as take / To make a dead man purple in



“Sooner or later,
dance. The other day I touched the hem of the blue opera
picnickers would soon be coming up our
the face, / Full dress to rise and



everybody who possessed real quality crossed the
cloak she wore that night — for the first time in eighteen
street in droves.
circle thru a pace / Trained horses — in



threshold of 1603 H Street.

years. I was only seven then. Dead, the young remain young;

We did not like to look down on
latticed orchards, (switch!) birds. /



Host and hostess were fastidious.

in the mind. I have a photograph of her. The dead in a

them from our windows when we could not get

Just what I said — Birds! —



and only the select came.

photograph reveal a forward look like a face among cloud

away on Sunday afternoons.

See Him! Whom? The Son / Of Man,



he regarded himself as solitary.

and wind such as a rock grows to express. Look here. Do you
(his eyes dwell on a photograph which he has taken from his pocket,

The park was then too
grave-turf on taxi, taxi gone, /



and knew very well that official Washington cared

want to see
returns the photograph to his pocket)

Tell me, is this the Lutterworth

crowded for us to walk in.

Who blabbed of orchards, strides one leg here,

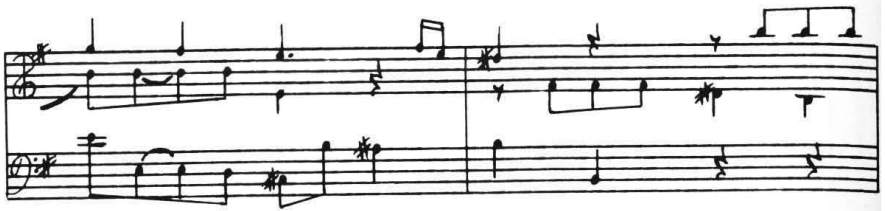


nothing for him, and little enough for the

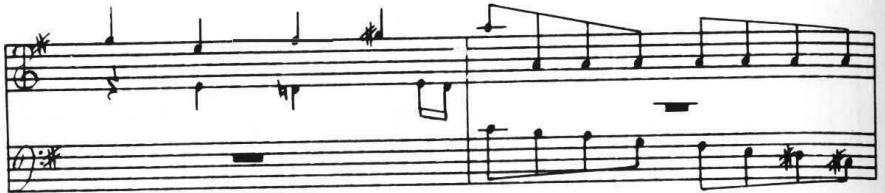
Hospital? What a day I've had finding it. Thanks.

Will you

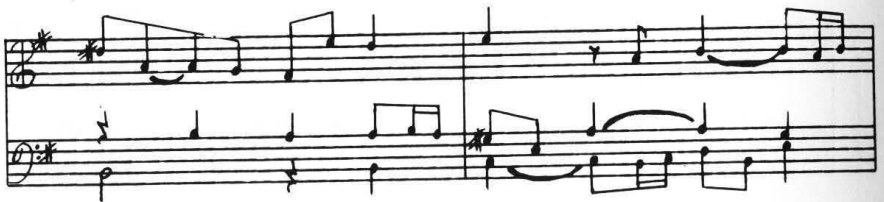
But if we managed to get out of
one / Leg there — wooden horses? give them



intellectual sphere in which he lived ...
 permit me, for your kindness. I've come to take my sister
 our apartment by eight in the morning we
 manes! — (was on / A stoop,



To his intimates —
 home, attendants of the — workers of the — what shall I
 could still have it to ourselves for about
He found them sleeping, don't you see?



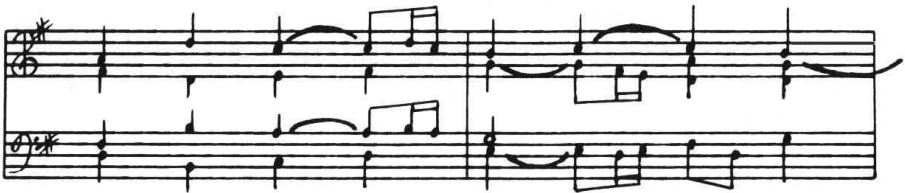
and these included women of wit and charm and distinction —
 say? Thanks. Thanks. There? Mother, we do not always want
(points to entrance left towards which he moves)
 two hours before noon.
 See him! How? Against wood his body close, /



the hours spent in his study or at his table were the
burdens. I know, mother. To be what we are now will never

Part of it near us was

Speaks: My face at where its forehead might be, /



best that Washington could give."

be sufficient. Her eyes are stopped with earth, mother, how

woods and few people troubled

The plank's end's a forehead waving a rose — /



Sometimes, at dinner,

can we look into her eyes? Her lips must be white, mother.

to enter it.

Birds — birds — nozzle of horse,



he "might wait till talk flagged. and
 You must not go alone to her room, mother. An expansive
(sits down on the garden bench)
 I wanted as I said to
 washed plank in air / For they had no



then, as mildly as possible. ask one's liveliest
 garden is nipped, my egotist. The flowers are doomed for
 write, but not on paper.
 manes we would give them manes, / For their



neighbor whether she could explain why the
 the room. Our roses each by each strip of their grief. Sob
 I hardly ever found the park helpful to
 wood was dead the wood would move — bare /



American woman was a failure . . .
. . . Each pale corolla is love's brief. Father! Kisses!
(glances at his watch)
writing on paper. even in
But for the print on it — for diggers gone,



The cleverer the woman,
We won't have to eat ourselves and gradually be eaten away,
fall and winter when
trains' / Run, light lights in air where



the less she denied the failure.
in any case now. Can you make it, mother? Never mind! We'll
no one was there, especially
the dead reposed — / As many as take



She was bitter at heart about it.

carry you up.

Why? Where did we hear that music? Wasn't it

if I were writing prose.

liveforever,

"Street Closed".

"Closed"?



She had failed even to

the same in your time? Mother!

The last, and you weigh

This time

it was

the

then fellow me airs. We'll open ruts / For



hold the family together,

and

nothing.

I am no longer myself.

I am the fifteenth

sentence

opening the

last

part

of a

the wood-grain skin laundered to pass thru. /



her children ran away like
after the eleventh. We were all there today, all whom the

story I had worked on for months:

Switch is a whip which never has been, cuts /



chickens with their first leathers:

flood did, and fire, all whom war, death, age, ages,

a sentence as is often worked off paper first.

Winds for words —

Turf streams words,



the family was extinct like chivalry.

tyrannies, despair, law, chance had slain. And so you are,

The pace of narrative and

airs untraced —

New / The night,



The American woman at her best —
our confidence in yours. My mother — The old store of the
interest in character do not readily help the
and orchards were here?



like most other women —
air is pleasant here / Where it seems the Old World and the
writer's hand to set down a sentence of that order.
Horses passed? — /

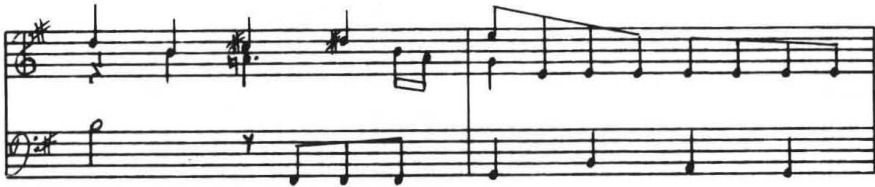


exerted great charm on the man.
New unite. Are all the actors masked? You have never seen a
For though characters must take
There were no diggers, bro', no horses there, /



but not the charm of a primitive type.
 play. Aren't you happy you will see a play! Your hands are
 things in their own stride —

But the graves were turfed and the





her chief interest lay in what she had discarded.
 insist, cousin, on always bringing your mother in. like a
 sentence that judges them.
 Says one! Then I — Are logs?!



In any previous age.
 storm thru the window, the strike must go on. If you
 He wants it unobstrusive to his
 Two legs stand "A" — / Pace them!



sex was strength.
 weren't on the other side in the first place, aunt, she'd
 pace and the characters that
 in revolution are the same! /



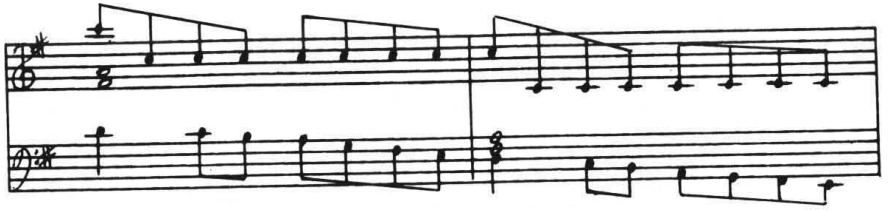
Neither art nor beauty was needed.
have had potatoes for her meals without quarrels, and you
caused him to write.
Switch! See! we can have such and



Every one, even among
no mother to hit. You see that's not as impossible as it
(nods repeatedly with mettlesome glee in
The difficulty is to judge without
bucks tho they / Are not here, nor were there,



Puritans, knew that neither Diana of the Ephesians
seems. If sisters-in-law own one percolator together, and
his eye, assumes an explanatory tone,
seeming to be there, with
pass thru a hoop / (Tho their legs are



nor any of the oriental goddesses
 one is inclined to brew what can the percolator do! If the
 a finality in the words that will make
 wood and their necks've no name)

Adagio



was worshipped for her beauty.

percolator —! Rabid thieves — pah! Arise you damned of —.
(walks off, in disgust, towards window)

them casual and part of the
 Strayed on a manhole —

She was goddess because of her force;

Sister. Sis. No. — She is dead and gone. *No man sick with*
(walks to the garden bench, sits down)

story itself, except

See! Am on a stoop! /

♩ = 120

she was the animated dynamo;
 ever such sickness, but shall, if he hear this, recover his
 perhaps to another age.

See! For me these jiggers, these dancing

she was reproduction —
 happiness. — So sweet it is! Aucassins looked the long way

The sentence kept me up all night.

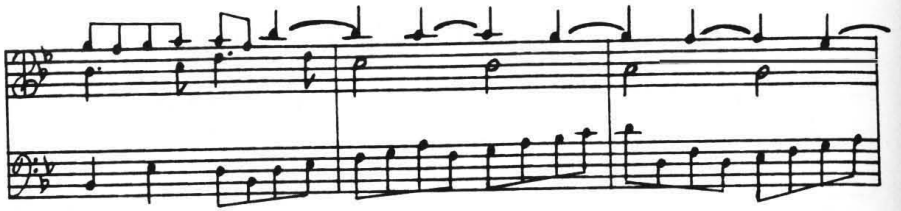
bucks: / Bum pump a-dumb, the pump is neither

the greatest and most mysterious of all energies;

and saw a man. But why are you crying, said the man. By

As is usual with me

bum / Nor dumb, dumb pump uh! hum, bum pump



all she needed was to be fecund."

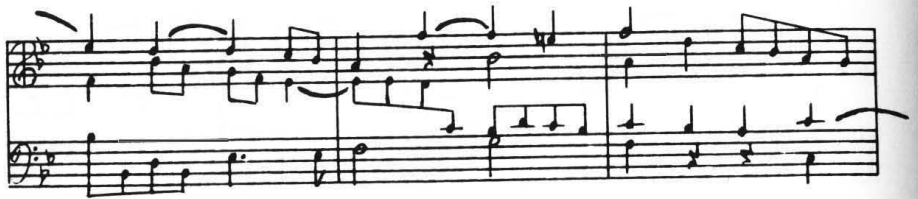
right, only I have something to cry about.

I was hired

I would not go on with the

o! shucks! /

(Whose clavicebalo?)



"At that

out to a rich farmer, given four oxen to drive his plough.

rest of the story

and come back to

bum? bum? te-hum . . .)



time he was writing his *History*;

Three days ago, I lost the best of the team.

As you see,

the difficult sentence later.

Not in the say but in the sound's — hey-hey — /

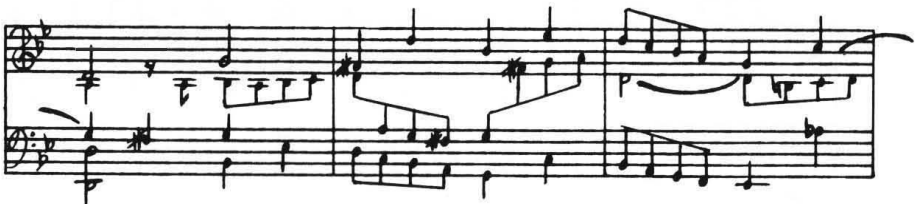


hours of concentration were passed in his den
 I've not the worth of anything but what is on my body. I've
 With others it may be different —

The way to-day, Die, die, die, die,



and sheets on sheets of beautifully written pages
 a poor old mother who owned nothing but a feather ' mattress,
 but when I am that far in a work the
 tap. slow, / Die, wake up, up!



lay beside him.
 and they've dragged it from under her back, so she lies on
 story must exist in each word or
 up! O Saviour, to-day! /



One could not forget that handwriting.
 the bare straw. A man's voice, darling, which tombstones
 I cannot go on.
 Choose Jews' shoes or whose:



Each letter seemed to to be carved rather than written,
 transmute into a bird's. Death's woe, shall we assume the
 The halt seems likely to be permanent in
 anyway Choose! Go! /



and the effect of the whole page was that of an interlacing
 gate's to knock on when the breach is already in us. And
 the worst of the grind —
 But they had no eyes, and their legs were



Byzantine design.

his — my — mother not look on us together now, then I he

when the words of an insoluble sentence
wood!

But their stomachs were logs with



but perfectly clear to read:

and you she — he should be her love no more, nor she his.

written down,

print on them! /

Blood red. red lamps



his movements were deliberate —

You're right, friend.

He remembers me from last year, dear!

written over,

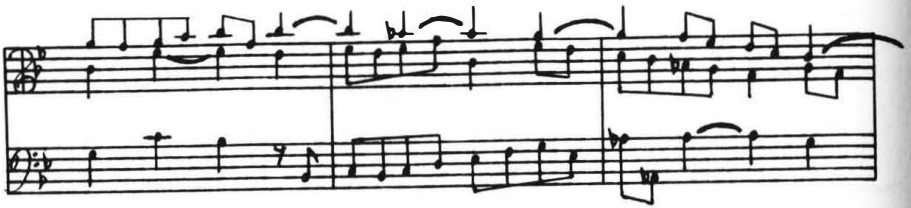
hung from necks or where could / Be necks,



only the scratch of his pen would break the
The lady is mine. She decided to come with me, being

crossed out,

two legs stood A, four together M - /

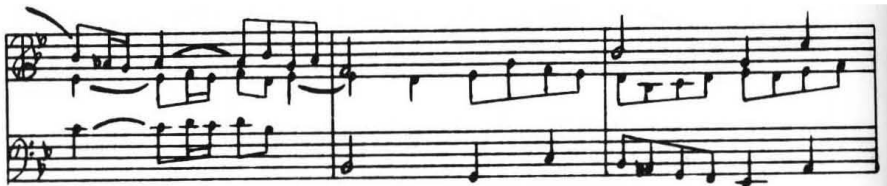


silence of the room."

unknown to me before. Do you conserve birds here? We're not
(a bird is heard and is silent)

add up to indecisions

They had no manes so there were no airs,



The *History*, in nine volumes of over
alone. Your assistant? If the sun were not in my eyes,

making situations and characters empty.

but - / Butt . . . butt . . . from me to pit



four thousand pages is broadly descriptive and specific;
I'd say a face familiar like a relative's which had somehow
I feel I have not
no singing gut! / Says you! Then I,



once a picture is presented it stays in mind:
crossed my sight before. His words made queer thought, like
the sense in which, along with
Singing, It is not the sea / But what



"Nature was rather
a filching poet's which play on two deaths. But is he
the story, I must live —
floats over: hang from necks or where



man's master than his servant,

sitting at my mother's grave?

My father and my aunt!

I

and seem merely to

could / Be necks,

blood red,

red lamps



and the five million Americans

struggling

expected we'd be by ourselves.

Forgive me, darling, for

glance at a watch.

(Night),

Launder me, / Mary!



with the untamed continent

seemed hardly more

having spoiled your day.

I know, death has good standing.

I was saying

Sea of horses that once were wood, /



competent to their task than the beavers and

But not the self-plagiarism of my aunt's tears. Our aunt

something that had had a sequence, like

Green and, and leaf on leaf, and dancing



buffalo which had for countless generations made

met you? Others are expected here. You were my mother's

the knowledge of taking a breath, and

bucks, / Who take liveforever!

bridges and roads of their own."

good sister, aunt. Words are pebbles in our sorrow. Times

hiding it, because

Taken a pump / And shaped a flower.



Poetry, in the simple direct phrasing, is
when we are here, the use of grief so separate we do not
one breathes without
"Street Closed" on their stomachs. /



concentrate: "The poor came,
know each other. We may have met, done and known the same
pointing to it before and after.
But the street has moved;



and from them were seldom heard
things somewhere and not known each other. My sister's
Having tortured
at each block a stump / That blossoms red, And



complaints of
grave. Where is the knoll and aisle? We should, shall have
(he looks around)
myself most of the night to
I sat there, no one / Asked me, nor



deception or
more than crumbs, father. Thanks. The moneyed relation that
get down just that in one sentence of
asked you. Whom? You were not there. /



delusion."
tore from our family its sentimental veil. They're of glass
my story, I hoped that the
A sign creaked — LAUNDRY TO-LET —



Humor is abundant, especially in portraiture;
dear and looked — look — like jewel chips. My young mother
freedom of the green.

(creaked — wind —) — SUN — / (Nights?)



it is hard to burlesque without vulgarizing,
wore them at my sister's marriage, and the dancers, some of
the sun and the air
the sun's, bro', no months' rent in arrear — /



and to satirize without malignity.
them, did not know her from the bride. Will you try them
of the park would make
Bum pump a-dum, no one's cut out, pump a— /



He succeeded in doing both.
 on? Wear them well, sweet friend, sister. It is not hard to
 the task easier.
 Ricky, bro', Shimaunu-Sân, yours is the /



The direction of the entire work is not only American:
 guess: one who on a first of May could have said as much as
(rises, stubs heel on garden plot as
 My wife was still asleep.
 Clavicmbalo — Nine less two, Seven / Were the



it is international.
 you have said to me, wishing me well on my birthday. In us.
he steps backward, sways somewhat vertiginously)
 She was used to making breakfast for us.
 diggers, seven sang, danced, the paces / Seven.



Yet, the ninth volume ends on a number of questions:

Wire to May to wire. Does your lens? — Does it sound? Why,

I disliked to deprive her of

Seven Saviours went to heaven — / Their



"The traits of American character were fixed;

then, proceed! Thanks. A wedding — did he say where? Watch

(walks toward gate)

the seclusion she found in it,

tongues, hands, feet, eyes, ears and hearts, each



the rate of physical and economic growth

out for the third rail. I see: and in last night's paper I

since it made her happy

face as / Of a Sea looking Outward (Rose the



was established; and history, certain,
saw that the Mesquakies, their reservation lowlands under

and — she would assure me —

Glass / Broken), Each a reflection of the



that at a given distance of time the Union
water this spring, are too late to tap the maple trees for

did not tire her

other. / Just for the fun of it. And 't came



would contain so many millions of people,
sugar, their principal medium of exchange. Corn maybe: to

for the rest of the day.

to pass / (*Open, O fierce flaming pit!*) three



with wealth valued at so many millions of dollars,
get the persimmons, porcupine quills, cranberries, wild
This morning I decided
said: "Bother, / Brother, we want a meal,



became thenceforward chiefly concerned
rice and soft buckskins not produced by the Mesquakies.

to risk her displeasure
different techniques." / Two ways, my two



to know what kind of people these
Clockwork in the dark. See, look around you: the universal
and make it for her so that
voices . . . Offal and what / The imagination . . .



millions were to be.

equivalent that prevents the farmer from bringing his pig

we could both go downstairs early enough for

And the seven came / To horses seven (of wood —



They were intelligent,

to market, that hides the ties between peoples — the time

me to get back to my story.

who will? — kissed their stomachs) / Bent knees



but what paths would

they put in on the things they make for themselves and for

By the time I had put up

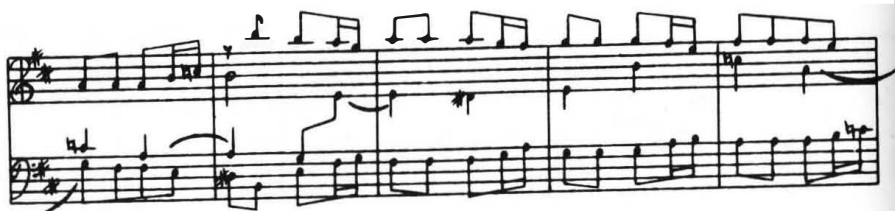
as these rose around them — trot — trot — /



their intelligence select?
 others. Did you work today? Did I? Our work is congealed in
 the coffee she was about and
 Spoke: words, words, we are words, horses, manes,



They were quick,
 money, which grinds out the night-worker's shift until he
 taking over the job to herself without
 words. / At twenty /



but what solution of
 touches at least a crumb. Nothing now. Let me see, what did
 a word, doing it faster than
 Variants / An / Octet (Orders)



insoluble problems would

I do before we were in love? I think I regretted most to be

I in my hurry.

13 Pomes, A Prelude & A Postlude /



quickness hurry?

alive when those who had meant most to me were dead. I can

She did not ask me

Ecce Puer / The title . . . /



They were scientific,

only see them as I see them. I would be frightened more by

how late I had gone to bed.

Combination Block / for a dancer



and what control would
 being short-changed especially if our breakfast depended on
 which pleased me.

3 pieces for unaccompanied clarinets /



their science exercise
 it. I have been for hours. Kiss me. If we dream, we are

Still anxious to get back
 groupings and quartet for Saxophone, Trumpet,



over their destiny?
 there. A certain surgeon had a beautiful garden here.
 (waltzes very slowly)

to my story, I became busy
 Mandolin, & Double Bass /



They were mild,

Here in New York, the grain sowed in the middle of May was
straightening out things about the house.

Piano pieces nos. 1 & 2 /



but what corruptions would
harvested in the middle of August. They had a fruit called
Somehow we could never

Piano piece no. 3 /

Percussion



their relaxations bring?
forerunners. The buildings have become morning glories of
leave it with the necessary disarrangements of
Ecce puer /

They were peaceful
 overnight. One wrote of an east river: a narrow passage
 the night unsettled.
 for a dancer /

Largo

♩ = 50

[*mf*]

but by what machinery were
 where runneth a violent stream both upon Flood and Ebb
 even if we did not intend to return to it
 Piano piece no. 3 /

their corruptions to be purged?
 called Hellgate. The river's still here. Morning stars,
 for days.

Piano pieces nos. 1 and 2 /

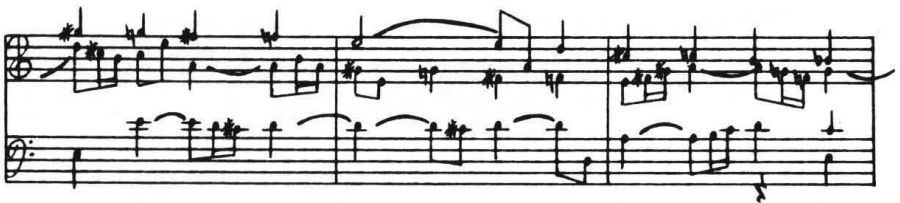


What interests were
 maritoffles — a very sweet flower, maid-in-the-mist. Divers
 For always when we returned —

Variants /



to vivify a society so vast and uniform?
 birds chirping harmonious discord: in every pond and brook
 in this my wife shared my habit —
 13 Pomes, A prelude and A postlude /



What ideals were to ennoble it?
 green silken Frogs warbling untuned tunes, strove to bear a
 we liked to find it undisturbed
 Combination block / groupings and quartet for



What object besides physical content must
part in the music. Strawberries so plentiful that in June

so that our attention would not be distracted from
Saxophone, Trumpet, Mandolin & Double Bass /



a democratic continent aspire to attain?"
when the fields and woods were dyed red with them, the
whatever occupied us at the time.

Octet (Orders) /

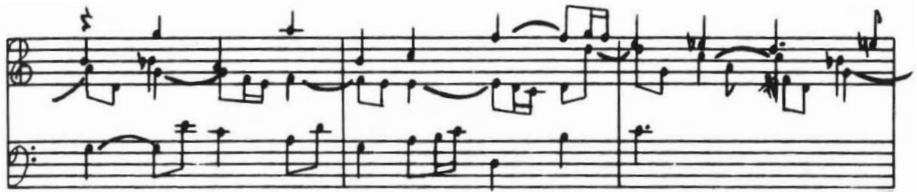


The *History* is a presentation of facts.
country people armed with bottles of wine, cream and sugar,
I dusted the bookshelves

Percussion /



No philosophy controls them;
instead of coat of mail, and everyone's sweetheart upon his
and the desk of unfinished maple,
3 pieces for unaccompanied clarinets /



no science that indicates a "decline and fall".
horse behind him. disrobe the fields of their red colors,
and a small table of the same wood

The title ... /



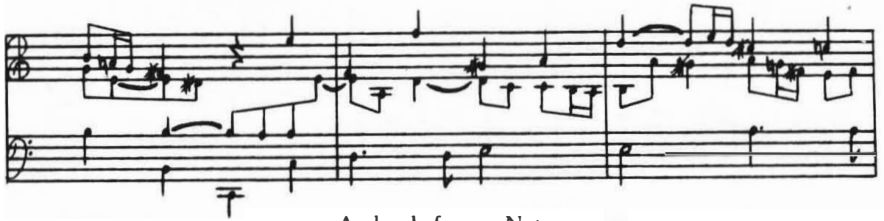
But the happy years were gone.
and turn them into their old habit. Not me, tho its trees
over which hung a large landscape
13 Pomes, A Prelude & A Postlude /



The *History* seemed a worthless labor.

one time were so laden with peaches travelers doubted there
painted by our close friend in another city:

Ecce Puer /



And before Nature —

were more leaves than fruit on them. Hey! That's right too.

he was working on a "Defense" job —

Variants /



"the human mind felt itself

Remember, cousin, if you appear at any wedding you're still

had made our walls cheerful

groupings and quartet for Saxophone,

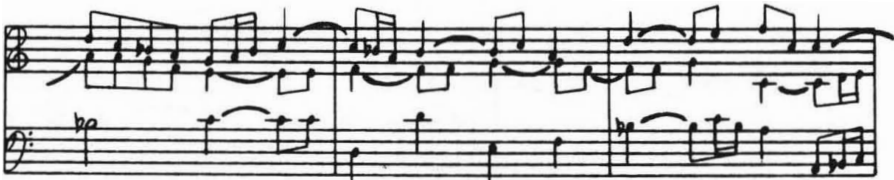


stripped naked,

a relation – fortunately or unfortunately! What a night to

when he had the time –

Trumpet, Mandolin & Double Bass /



vibrating in a void of

have to stumble on dumbness! Get that clatter? We're really
(stops waltzing)

and if he were coming

Octet (Orders) /



shapeless energies,

starting to move now. Stand still, the tracks are beginning

to see us that Sunday

The title of this piece is



with resistless mass,
to drive under us. Listen! They've – We've traveled with
I would gladly have put off the sentence
the title of this piece doesn't matter /



colliding, crushing,
them. We must be as far as Valenciennes. I know him too. We
still on my mind.

Percussion /

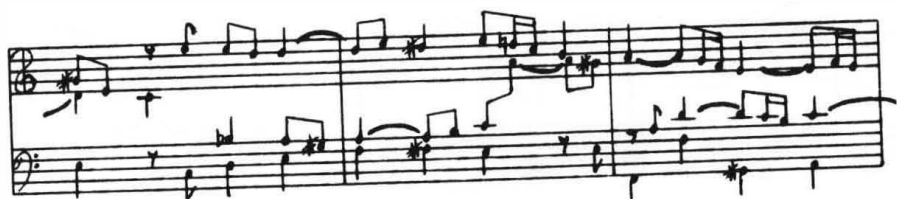


wasting, and destroying
might have guessed we were going somewhere with that fast
I watered the plants;
3 pieces for unaccompanied clarinets /



what these same energies had created and labored from
 sun coming up. I know him, tho. Where *have* I seen him? Wait

then covered the couch
 Combination block /



eternity to perfect . . .
 till the train pulls out, the gravel is grating under us!

with the white cotton print
 Piano pieces nos. 1 & 2 /

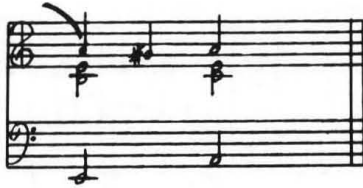


Flung suddenly in his face. with the
 Remember? Yes, the surgeon's knife from another world. He

handblocked in blue
 Piano piece no. 3 /



harsh brutality of chance, the
 was the attendant at the hospital where my mother — We're
 with early American scenes
 for a dancer /



terror of the blow stayed by
 going to a wedding. Graced, graced the eyes grow black with
 of a naval battle,

Variants / 13 Pomes, A prelude and A postlude /

him thenceforth for life."
 dancing. What a city New York is: live as you live. It
 Indians,

3 pieces

♩ = 60

He lived it all thru,
 always projects thoughts so little forgotten, everything
 date palms,
 for unaccompanied clarinets / for a dancer /

but ever so silently.
 worth remembering insists on now. — How many dead are here
 mules and elephants.

groupings and quartet for Saxophone, Trumpet,

He might imply that
 among how many live? None. Except that as one who works you
 Why elephants happened to be drawn
 Mandolin & Double Bass /



his life had been a broken arch, but
have a right to rest, and I keep you awake with an old

into scenes

Octet (Orders) /



he felt repose and self-restraint —
repertoire. Why do you listen? You mean it's up to our time
on authority

The title ... /



leaving art to make the best of death in a monument —
to quicken the pace, make of all time a kind of phoenix we
depicting the history

Percussion /



"a face of singular fascination.
hear before we sleep again. Like the calm of more than
of St. Augustine, Florida.

Combination block /



The eyes are half closed,
enough work going round, and everybody free to do a little.

I have never been able to answer

Piano pieces nos. 1 and 2 /



in reverie rather than in sleep.

Do you mind. I remember when I was small we lived in a walk
with the knowledge of history I have.

Piano piece no. 3 /



The figure seems not to convey
up. When I looked down long enough, my nose against one of

Though I was still

Ecce puer / nine /



the sense either of life or death,
the windows facing the airshaft, the window would become
thinking of my story,

oh ivy green /



of joy or sorrow,
frameless. In the dancehall on the first floor of the house

I regretted as always

oh ivy green, so soft and green



of hope or despair.
opposite I could see only the heads of people dark under
that writing too often
thou that do cover the earth and wall, /



It has lived but life is done;
the lights, dancing. I dreaded and loved it. My sister's
leaves little time
I pray to know



it has experienced all things,
wedding took place in another hall, with probably too many
for the pleasure
what makes me worship thee, /



but is now oblivious of all;
 relatives around to take care of, because I sat against a
 of looking up answers,
 Thou that do cover



it has questioned, but questions no more —
 pillar and felt very lonely. Yes, I remember now, the more
(laughs slightly)
 to the unfamiliar.
 do make travelers stand /



this figure that speaks and yet is silent?"
 my aunt fussed. trying to make me look pleasant. the more
 I found myself saying
 While Robins do nest in thy leaves /



To the heart, at least, infinite peace meant something.
tearful I became. Why not try? What do you see? When I look
the sentence aloud.
While crickets do hum their song /



His best works were yet to be written.
at yours I can't say. Whose voice shall I use now that I am
— You were good to me.
and bees do fly around thee / What is



near yours? Darling, meet my mother. New gloves, mother?
(waltzes) (stoops to pick up something)
it, I wonder that makes thee so loved /

INDEX to "A" -24

- Music: G. F. Handel, *Pièces pour le Clavecin*, "Lesson" from "Third Collection"
Thought: L. Zukofsky, *Prepositions*, "A Statement for Poetry 1950"
Drama: L. Zukofsky, *Arise, Arise*
Story: L. Zukofsky, *It was*, "It was"
Poem: L. Zukofsky, "A"—12

approximate duration: 2½ minutes

Nurse

- Music: G. F. Handel, *Pièces pour le Clavecin*, "Preludio ed Allegro" from "Third Collection"
Thought: L. Zukofsky, *Prepositions*, "An Objective"
Drama: L. Zukofsky, *Arise, Arise*
Story: L. Zukofsky, *It was*, "Ferdinand"
Poem: L. Zukofsky, "A"—15

approximate duration: 4 minutes

Father

- Music: G. E. Handel, *Pièces pour le Clavecin*, "Suite" from "Second Collection"
Thought: L. Zukofsky, *Prepositions*, "W. C. Williams"; "Ezra Pound"
Drama: L. Zukofsky, *Arise, Arise*
Story: L. Zukofsky, *It was*, "Ferdinand"; "Thanks to the Dictionary"
Poem: L. Zukofsky, "A"—11

approximate duration: 8½ minutes

Girl

- Music: G. F. Handel, *Pièces pour le Clavecin*, "Fantasia" from "Third Collection"
Thought: L. Zukofsky, *Prepositions*, "Him"
Drama: L. Zukofsky, *Arise, Arise*

Story: L. Zukofsky, *It was*, “Thanks to the Dictionary”;
“Ferdinand”

Poem: L. Zukofsky, “A”-3, “A”-2; “A”-1

approximate duration: 7 minutes

Attendants

Music: G. F. Handel, *Pièces pour le Clavecin*, “Chaconne” from
“Second Collection”

Thought: L. Zukofsky, *Prepositions*, “Modern Times”

Drama: L. Zukofsky, *Arise, Arise*

Story: L. Zukofsky, *It was*, “Ferdinand”

Poem: L. Zukofsky, “A”-8

approximate duration: 14 minutes

Mother

Music: G. F. Handel, *Pièces pour le Clavecin*, “Sonata” from
“Third Collection”

Thought: L. Zukofsky, *Prepositions*, “Golgonoozà?”

Drama: L. Zukofsky, *Arise, Arise*

Story: L. Zukofsky, *It was*, “Ferdinand”

Poem: L. Zukofsky, “A”-18

approximate duration: 7 minutes

Doctor

Music: G. F. Handel, *Pièces pour le Clavecin*, “Capriccio” from
“Third Collection”

Thought: L. Zukofsky, *Prepositions*, “The Effacement of Philosophy”

Drama: L. Zukofsky, *Arise, Arise*

Story: L. Zukofsky, *It was*, “Ferdinand”; “Thanks to the
Dictionary”

Poem: L. Zukofsky, “A”-19

approximate duration: 4 minutes

Aunt

Music: G. F. Handel, *Pièces pour le Clavecin*, “Passacaille” from
“First Collection”

Thought: L. Zukofsky, *Prepositions*, “Lewis Carroll”

Drama: L. Zukofsky, *Arise, Arise*

Story: L. Zukofsky, *It was*, “Ferdinand”; “Thanks to the
Dictionary”

Poem: L. Zukofsky, “A”-6

approximate duration: 2 minutes

Son

- Music: G. F. Handel, *Pièces pour le Clavecin*, "Fugues 1-6";
"Fourth Collection"
Thought: L. Zukofsky, *Prepositions*, "Henry Adams. . . A Criticism
in Autobiography"
Drama: L. Zukofsky, *Arise, Arise*
Story: L. Zukofsky, *It was*, "It was"
Poem: L. Zukofsky, "A"—6, 7, 20

approximate duration: 21 minutes

"A" — 24
Celia's
L.Z. Masque

the gift—
she hears
the work
in its recurrence
L.Z.

Thanks to Paul Zukofsky for suggestions regarding typography and for the loan of his copy of Handel's *Pièces pour le Clavecin* as printed for The German Handel Society.

C.Z.
L.Z.

INDEX OF NAMES & OBJECTS

- a, 1, 103, 130, 131, 138, 161, 168, 173-175, 177, 185, 186, 196, 199, 203, 212, 226-228, 232, 234, 235, 239, 241, 243, 245-248, 260, 270, 281, 282, 288, 291, 296, 297, 299, 302, 323, 327, 328, 351, 353, 377, 380-382, 385, 391-394, 397, 402, 404-407, 416, 418, 426, 433, 434, 435, 436, 438, 448, 457, 461, 463, 465, 470, 473, 474, 477-481, 491, 493-497, 499, 500, 505, 507, 508-511, 536-539, 560-563
- “A”-1, 377, 805
 “A”-2, 805
 “A”-3, 805
 “A”-6, 378, 805, 806
 “A”-7, 395, 806
 “A”-8, 805
 “A”-11, 804
 “A”-12, 804
 “A”-15, 804
 “A”-18, 805
 “A”-19, 805
 “A”-20, 806
- absolute, 313
 acacia, 141, 156
 Acropolis, 390
 action, 47, 76, 91, 101, 106, 108, 110, 154, 156, 159, 173, 188, 198, 253, 271, 339, 471, 518, 520, 527
 (Adam), 60
 Adams, Brooks, 79-81
 Adams, C. F. Jr., 76, 380
 Adams, Henry, 51, 78-80, 176, 192, 250, 336, 397, 806
 Adams, John, 80, 90
 Adams, John Q., 71, 73
 Aesop, 177
- aesthetics, 30
 African violet, 375
After I's, 388
 “After reading a song,” 368
 Agamemnon, 6
Agamemnon, 279
 agave, 546
 Agrigentum, 440
 air, 7, 26, 39-41, 43, 62-64, 99, 102, 104, 105, 112, 119, 145, 148, 164, 183, 226, 237, 243, 263, 293, 298, 301, 302, 323, 324, 366, 372, 388, 411, 474, 509, 517-519, 522, 524, 539, 546, 551, 552, 556-559, 563
- aire (ayre), 133, 225, 534, 553, 557
 Akhnaton, 212
Alcmena, 442
 alder, 512
 Alexander, 79, 476
 allspice, 524
 almond, 367, 555
 aloe, 534
 Altnikol, 130
 Amati, 298
 America, 54, 65, 66, 72, 80, 83, 256, 336
 American, 148, 206, 219, 222, 223, 239, 253, 256, 257, 280, 284, 361, 364, 380, 392, 394, 397, 398
 American Classical, 283
 American Indian, 34, 35, 70, 122, 170, 299, 336, 368
 “American Poetry 1920-1930,” 378
 American Workers' Congress, 76
 American Workingmen's Party, 73
 Amsterdam, 394
 an, 17, 106, 108, 162, 248, 270, 280, 288, 291, 297, 299, 314, 315, 335,

- 336, 355, 359, 360, 376-378, 389, 390, 392, 393, 397, 401, 404-410, 417, 435, 436, 438, 448, 450, 465, 472-474, 477, 497, 499, 508-511, 536-539, 560-563
- anemone, 15, 377
- Anew*, 380
- animate, 107, 399, 404, 523, 524
- "An Objective," 805
- An "Objectivists" Anthology*, 378
- "An Old Note on WCW," 381
- "An Wasserflüssen Babylon," 405
- Apollo, 110, 382, 430
- apple, 513, 557, 562
- arabesque, 183, 425
- arbutus, 520, 551
- Arcadia, 2, 396
- Arcturus, 439, 440
- Arise, Arise*, 564, 804-806
- Aristippus, 316
- Aristotle, 78, 142, 164, 169, 207, 236, 381, 406, 407
- arm, 22, 60, 87, 99, 119, 183, 187, 198, 199, 213, 256, 287, 391, 404, 447, 533, 535, 552
- arms, 6, 53, 114, 116, 166, 207, 217, 372
- arrowroot, 231
- art, 53, 57, 58, 94, 124, 144, 146, 162, 170, 171, 178-180, 191, 200, 237, 269, 272, 292, 297, 301, 310, 330, 372, 373, 377, 380, 393-395, 405, 428, 432, 448, 456, 530, 560, 563
- artist, 237, 248, 250, 397, 426
- Art of Fugue*, 127
- aspen, 512
- "A Statement for Poetry 1950," 804
- astronaut, 347, 373, 399, 430
- Até, 363
- Athenian, 439, 466, 467, 488, 492
- Athens, 141, 142, 236, 439, 466
- attendants, 637-679
- Attic, 440, 467
- attribute, 313
- Augustine, 370
- aunt, 721-732
- automobile, 1, 5, 9, 25, 30, 33, 52, 69, 254
- azalea, 299, 550, 554
- Bach, J. S., 1, 6, 7, 15, 23, 24, 27, 37, 43-45, 50, 103, 104, 126, 130, 132, 143, 176, 183, 192, 196, 243, 258, 266, 278, 286, 295, 297, 338-344, 349, 366, 367, 391, 395, 398, 401, 405, 406, 413, 417, 421, 492, 550, 562, 563
- Bach, W. F., 366, 405
- Bacon, Francis, 78
- Bacon, Roger, 248
- Baltimore, 76, 149, 190, 281
- banyan, 520, 533
- Barely and widely*, 386
- bay, 273
- bayberry, 87
- be, 170, 172, 237, 269, 554
- beauty, 26, 129, 230, 532
- beech, 512
- Beethoven, Ludwig van, 22, 248, 413
- beginning, 142, 315, 519, 528, 536, 556
- being, 126, 164, 169, 170, 177, 252, 291, 296, 316, 478
- belly, 202, 400, 479
- bema, 550
- Bermoothes, 535
- Bible, The, 357
- birch, 511, 512, 557
- bird, 15, 19, 39, 40, 46, 51, 52, 68, 73, 92, 104, 108, 119, 122, 128, 136, 153, 154, 156, 180, 244, 246, 259, 270, 271, 298, 322, 358, 390, 394, 410, 478, 508, 511, 512, 526, 528, 529, 531, 534, 541, 547, 550, 552, 554
- blackberry, 513
- blackout, 115, 398
- blest (blessed), 124, 127, 149, 160, 174, 175, 178, 202, 231, 235, 261, 291, 402, 439, 462, 481, 522, 536, 547
- blood, 2, 4, 21, 31, 39, 41, 48, 62, 88, 104, 105, 132, 190, 271, 273, 296, 363, 396, 476, 509, 530, 532, 538

- Bloomingdale Insane Asylum, 292
 boat plant, 534
 body, 40, 46, 47, 50, 52, 60, 61, 72, 87,
 90, 102, 103, 109, 113, 116, 118,
 122, 126, 132, 138, 146, 159, 160,
 163, 165, 166, 172, 174, 177, 178,
 181, 182, 184, 185, 187, 188, 191,
 196, 200, 202, 206, 207, 225, 232,
 234, 235, 255, 259, 260, 271, 275,
 287, 301-303, 309, 336, 349, 429,
 455, 457, 479, 512, 513, 517, 525,
 529, 540, 542, 550, 555, 557, 559,
 561
 Bonaparte, N., 25, 264, 393
Book of the Dead, The, 357
 Bosch, H., 64, 66, 67
 Boston, 71, 190, 191, 330, 364
 "Botticellian Trees, The," 387
 Bottom (*Midsummer Night's Dream*),
 133, 150, 176, 297, 395
Bottom: on Shakespeare, 337, 388
 brain, 248, 250, 270, 346, 476, 484,
 509, 534, 562
 branch, 125, 229, 241, 288, 300, 324,
 359, 427, 431, 477, 512, 520, 548
 breast, 239, 270, 375, 455, 542
 breath, 7, 144, 147, 168, 190, 238,
 269, 272, 298, 307, 405, 409, 419,
 509, 516, 518, 552
 Breughel, 66, 287, 377, 388
 bridge, 9, 36, 87, 117, 136, 147, 148,
 211, 254-256, 311, 402, 494
 British, 101, 114-117, 122, 254, 285,
 369
 Brooklyn, 228, 239, 275, 280, 333, 402
 brother, 10, 42, 79, 83, 117, 157, 182,
 194, 197, 278, 281, 306, 338, 342,
 392, 437, 540-543
 Buddha, 365, 392, 406
 Budge, E. A. W., 358

 Caesar, 77, 88
 calculus, 57, 258, 287, 342
 Cambridge, 190
 camellia, 298
 camera, 37

 camions, 131
 Campania, 373
 Canada, 122, 243, 299
 canna, 547
 cantata, 8, 82, 90
 capital, 70, 88, 257, 476
 Capitol, 380
 "Capriccio," 564, 703-720, 805
Capriccio n. 23, 413
Caprices, 563
 Cardanus, 74
 caryatids, 6
 Castle Garden, 189
 casuarina, 533
 cattails, 139, 223
 Catullus, Gaius, 344, 397, 430
Catullus, 355
 "Catullus II," 387
 "Catullus LI," 388
 cause, 174, 259, 278, 312, 401, 406
 cedar, 350, 541, 548
 Celtiberia, 397
 centaurs, 35
 Ceres, 444
 "Chaconne," 564, 637-679, 805
 chance, 174, 184, 187, 198, 226, 276,
 298, 352, 363, 390, 406, 422, 449,
 519, 526, 537
Changes, The, 258
 chaos, 142, 149
 Chapman, G., 381
 character, 169, 171, 250, 277, 405,
 438, 564
 Chardin, J. B. S., 240
 chariot, 131, 230
 chassid, 149, 160, 176
 Chatillon, 430
 Chaucer, G., 346
 Chenaniah, 145
 cherry, 512
 chiasma, 531
 chicory, 180
 child, 1, 3, 30, 54, 63, 71, 114, 115,
 131, 154, 155, 196, 240, 250, 254,
 264, 266, 274, 275, 278, 286, 290,
 291, 294, 310, 335, 338, 347, 350,

- 352, 395, 396, 397, 400-402, 404, 406, 410, 412, 474, 476, 477, 507, 513, 519, 524, 529, 536, 540, 542, 548, 549, 551, 559, 560
- Chinese, 35, 94, 99, 116, 117, 132, 161, 224, 253, 274, 278, 300, 308, 333, 348, 368, 372, 431
- “Chloride of Lime and Charcoal,” 382
- choir, 43, 339, 359, 426, 545, 554
- Chopin, F., 157, 191, 192, 283
- chorale, 18, 37, 354, 381
- Choral-Prelude*, 130
- chorus, 8, 43, 45, 50, 104, 183, 253, 543, 550
- Christ, 113, 116, 273, 406
- chrysanthemum, 554
- Ciaconna*, 413
- Ciceronian, 191
- cinema, 54
- city, 31, 110, 117, 183, 184, 186, 187, 190, 191, 196, 221, 223, 261, 284, 310, 338, 370, 372, 398, 402, 403, 422, 439, 495, 516, 523, 552, 562
- civilization, 26, 80-82, 112, 293
- classic, 3, 426
- clavicembalo, 13, 18, 41, 42, 105
- clavier, 340, 341, 406
- clematis, 553
- clover, 18
- coconut, 400
- Colden, C., 102, 256
- coldénia, 538
- columbine, 473
- Columbus, C., 380, 416, 417
- column, 49, 118, 424, 514
- Combination Block*, 435, 436
- comedy, 499, 535
- composer, 196, 288, 413
- conception, 313
- Concerto in A minor*, 158
- Concerto in D major*, 413
- concord, 127, 128
- constant, 175, 250, 295, 547
- continent, 266, 513
- Corelli, A., 298, 405
- cosmos, 516, 524, 544
- country, 8, 25, 33, 34, 81, 90, 116, 117, 178, 180, 239, 246, 256, 371, 373, 423, 445, 481
- cousin, 565-571
- Cow of Heaven, 369
- craft, 171, 178, 382, 527
- Cranach, L., 66, 367
- creation, 126, 263, 368
- creator, 22, 43, 94, 181, 378, 527
- creature, 43, 138, 159, 321, 450, 536
- Credo*, 116
- creeping Charlie, 380
- crescent, 279, 474
- cross, 377
- Croche, M., 176, 183
- crocus, 403, 545
- culture, 26, 168, 175, 238, 256, 257, 294, 450, 473
- cummings, e.e. (quoted), 4, 378, 391
- cypress, 367, 550
- Cyrene, 439, 440, 461, 466, 503
- daimon, 553, 559
- daisy, 24, 55, 404
- dalas, 363, 507
- dance, 126, 254, 277, 285, 301, 349, 435, 436, 522
- dandelion, 109, 128
- Das Kapital*, 46, 57, 208
- date palm, 523
- David, 139, 144, 145, 185, 224
- dawn, 14, 117, 141, 149, 298, 300, 359, 453, 509, 519, 527, 543, 555
- day, 4, 13, 14, 36, 37, 41, 44, 45, 53, 59, 91, 93, 102, 104, 107, 110, 121, 128, 129, 133, 137, 140, 141, 149, 152, 153, 155, 167, 190, 193-195, 202, 203, 212, 214, 217, 218, 220, 221, 224, 231, 237, 242, 243, 249, 251, 252, 256, 264, 266, 274, 275, 280, 281, 289, 290, 292, 294, 296, 309, 314, 315, 321, 322, 324, 331, 358, 359, 365, 368, 370, 374, 379, 382, 388, 390, 400, 403, 409, 418, 423, 425, 431, 439, 450, 453, 457, 461, 464, 466, 473, 476,

- 479, 488, 509-511, 514, 524, 526,
533, 542-544, 547, 548, 550, 553,
555, 556
- death, 125, 130, 144, 155, 166, 168,
177, 181, 183, 186, 187, 198, 223,
247, 252, 318, 324, 360, 363-365,
368, 391, 393, 406, 446, 464, 534,
542, 550, 558
- degree, 171, 174, 177, 316, 385, 563
- delight, 124, 144, 169, 184, 231, 339,
352, 387, 524, 527, 536, 552, 555,
557
- Demetrius, 420
- democracy, 73
- deodar, 298
- design, 38, 184, 187, 255, 257, 396
- desire, 2, 24, 109, 125, 126, 136, 143,
169, 181, 199, 224, 233, 235, 236,
241, 283, 301, 309, 310, 343, 378,
387, 394, 395, 404, 528, 530, 537,
546, 549, 560
- deVaucanson, J., 75
- dew, 359, 535, 553
- dialektiké, 145
- Diogenes, 480
- Diphilus, 439, 507
- doctor, 703-720
- dog, 5, 28, 29, 67, 71, 92, 104, 151,
166, 168, 208-210, 256, 334, 339,
374, 398, 402, 404, 430, 471, 478,
513, 514, 519, 527, 554, 561
- dogwood, 194, 512, 546
- Dooley, Mr., 357
- drama, 563, 564, 566-803
- dream, 27, 31, 36, 109, 147, 149, 189,
211, 228, 279, 369, 401, 445, 461,
468, 473, 507, 517, 523, 527, 535,
540
- Drum Taps*, 363
- drupe, 513
- Duns Scotus, 46
- duration, 564
- dynamics, 564
- ear, 13, 23, 42, 59, 62, 98, 104, 127,
132, 159, 167, 231, 273, 279, 288,
295, 296, 316, 352, 356, 359, 388,
393, 398, 406, 425, 447, 469, 475,
479, 493, 499, 517, 529, 535, 537,
551, 553, 555, 560, 561
- earth, 27, 35, 37, 39, 43, 48, 60, 62, 69,
102-105, 113, 115, 118, 119, 121,
126, 142, 144, 149, 156, 163, 171,
172, 179, 195, 201, 223, 229, 230,
256, 265, 280, 287, 290-292, 294,
297, 300, 301, 321, 326, 346, 347,
353, 354, 358, 369, 374, 382, 400,
406, 436, 439, 451, 509-511, 513,
514, 519, 520, 525, 527, 530, 532,
538, 539, 542, 544, 546, 549, 550,
553, 555-557, 559, 561, 562
- Easter, 1, 5, 8, 25, 192
- Ecce Puer*, 435, 436
- economy, 49-51, 204, 278, 330
- Eden, 403, 563
- effect, 406
- Egypt, 63, 86, 148, 250, 264, 297, 312,
316, 356, 420
- eidolon, 522
- Einstein, A., 23, 85, 143
- Eisenhower, D. D. (Ike), 265, 284
- elderberry, 181
- element, 171, 178, 179, 300, 518,
561
- Elizabeth I, 190, 259
- elm, 273, 462
- energy, 74, 52, 81, 91, 108, 202, 535
- Engels, 50, 75
- engineer, 5, 248, 456
- England, 70, 72, 75, 115, 119, 121, 143,
276, 283, 292, 297, 363, 378, 387
- English Dictionary, 396
- era, 131, 290
- Eros, 370
- Eskimo, 29, 62, 404
- essence, 174, 298, 313
- eternity, 313
- ethics, 169
- Euhus Euan, 163, 165
- Eureka*, 423
- Euripides, 442
- Europe, 63, 64, 68, 77, 81, 119, 162,

- 204, 255, 335, 345, 371, 372, 397
 everyone, 21, 22, 140, 187, 220, 247,
 258, 279, 525
 evonymus, 535
 existence, 5
 eye, 7, 12, 13, 19, 31, 39, 41, 42,
 64, 69, 93, 94, 103, 106, 108-110,
 114, 124-127, 130, 132-135, 138,
 146, 151, 153, 156, 161, 166, 167,
 169, 173, 177, 181, 185, 186, 190-
 192, 195, 198, 201, 203, 205, 206,
 223, 225, 226, 229, 230, 236, 239,
 241, 246, 250, 252, 255, 267, 270,
 273, 274, 282, 284, 288, 291-293,
 295-297, 299-301, 303-305, 309,
 316, 319, 321, 323, 328, 338, 348,
 352, 356, 358, 359, 362, 370, 374,
 380, 386-388, 394, 397, 400, 403,
 404, 410, 411, 425, 428, 447, 455,
 457, 459, 462, 463, 466, 467, 480,
 499, 508, 509, 515, 517, 518, 523,
 524, 527-530, 533, 536, 537, 544-
 547, 549, 551, 552-558, 561, 562
 "Ezra Pound," 804
- fable, 65, 269, 452, 458, 495, 501
 face, 8, 15, 18, 19, 39, 40, 42, 54, 87,
 124, 126, 132, 135, 137, 148, 154,
 164, 190, 195, 226, 247, 267, 278,
 284, 291, 293, 296, 299, 300, 302,
 305, 308, 359, 361-363, 372, 385,
 387, 392, 401, 406, 411, 434, 439,
 451, 467, 501, 520, 526, 529, 531,
 537
 fact, 214, 215, 283, 379, 449
 family, 15, 25, 28-30, 101, 116, 139,
 151, 175, 194, 236, 255, 309, 331,
 338, 341, 355, 364, 368, 403, 427,
 451, 492
 Fane, 440, 449, 451, 460-462, 465, 469,
 487, 499, 507
 "Fantasia," 564, 611-635, 804
 fate, 141, 262, 474, 521, 551
 father, 15, 22, 97-99, 125, 134, 138-
 140, 142, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154,
 156, 168, 169, 171, 174, 182, 193,
 195, 236, 254, 264, 275, 281, 288,
 294, 297-299, 305, 330, 340, 353,
 365, 369, 394, 400, 401, 403, 415,
 421, 438, 474, 490, 491, 497, 498,
 513, 541-543, 549, 552, 557, 560,
 585-610
 "Ferdinand," 380, 804, 805
 fern, 226, 312, 402, 562
 fiction, 26
 fiddle, 1, 4, 146, 150, 157, 162, 172,
 176, 182, 232, 238, 260, 292, 305,
 335, 341, 393, 397, 404, 406, 417,
 474
 field, 19, 230, 250, 255, 300, 351, 377,
 393, 508, 516, 531
55 Poems, 377, 379, 380
 fig, 229, 299, 391, 467, 516, 521, 525
 "Finally a valentine," 368
 finger, 44, 89, 124, 153, 185, 196, 294,
 366, 367, 391, 401, 448, 469, 475,
 516, 524, 531, 537, 546
 finnimbrun, 480
 fir, 37, 77, 299, 512
 fire, 15, 138, 178, 229, 231, 238, 243,
 264, 268, 272, 282, 295, 300, 314,
 372, 396, 406, 410, 421, 467, 479,
 517, 519, 523-525, 544, 545, 552,
 557, 559, 561, 563
5 Statements for Poetry, 381
 flower, 7, 8, 13, 23, 41, 62, 69, 73, 94,
 103, 131, 141, 163, 165, 218, 247,
 260, 276, 283, 299, 303, 347, 366,
 378, 391, 399, 404, 459, 508, 509,
 512, 525, 526, 528, 535, 536, 538,
 539, 542, 545, 551, 562
 flute, 75, 190, 273, 283, 420, 526, 539,
 557, 559
 focus, 106, 107, 109, 110, 334, 348,
 378
 foot, 3, 13, 42, 72, 119, 133, 165, 219,
 269, 273, 282, 289, 290, 302, 316,
 320, 334, 401, 410, 485, 561
for a dancer, 435, 436
 "For a Thing by Bach," 391
 Ford (*Merry Wives of Windsor*), 88
 forehead, 40, 44, 451, 556
 forever, 181
 forgetfulness, 428, 430

- forget-me-not, 94
 forgiveness, 351
 form, 8, 20, 22, 66, 99, 169, 170, 183,
 199, 202, 250, 379, 395, 440, 445,
 555
 "4 Other Countries," 386
 Fourth of July, 51, 404
 France, 113-117, 121-123, 176, 278,
 281, 342, 355, 369
 Freeman, E. A., 82
 freemen, 89, 127, 130, 207, 374
 fugue, 22, 38, 127, 130, 207, 374
 "Fugues," 564, 733-803, 806
 function, 56, 126, 250
 furze, 562

 Gagaku, 301
 Gaul, 372
 geiger, 172
 Genghis Khan, 205
 geometry, 47
 Gerhardi, 258
 Germany, 38, 74, 100, 114, 115, 118-
 120, 203, 216, 228, 249, 264
 Gibbon, E., 369, 392
 gift, 477, 496, 525, 539, 543
 girl, 611-635, 804
 Giver of life, 120
 "Glad they were there," 137
 glyph, 126, 225, 358
 God, 1, 8, 9, 12, 13, 44, 49, 63, 76,
 148, 203, 217, 219, 266, 268, 271,
 284, 285, 292, 293, 359, 360, 388,
 390, 391, 395, 430, 443, 445, 448,
 467, 474, 490, 491, 496, 497, 501,
 540
 Goethe, 17, 22
 gold, 106, 124, 137, 166, 167, 183,
 260, 263, 265, 272, 278, 298, 311,
 386, 404, 454, 459, 476, 487, 488,
 490, 491, 517, 527, 528, 538, 542,
 550, 560
 Golding, A., 254
 "Golgonoza," 806
 good, 170, 177, 284, 338, 499, 558
 gorse, 562
 grace, 125, 145, 194, 264, 277, 324,
 350, 439, 450, 476, 546, 550, 560,
 563
 grape, 553
 grass, 139, 167, 230, 312, 474, 478,
 480, 524, 530, 540, 545, 546, 555,
 559
 grasshopper, 56, 269
 Grasso, 83
 graywether, 512
Great Fugue, The, 397
 Greece, 6, 31, 89, 92, 141, 195, 244,
 253, 276, 286, 340, 391, 394, 460,
 466
 grief, 350, 491, 551, 560
 Grimm, J., 58
*groupings and quartet for Saxophone,
 Trumpet, Mandolin, & Double Bass*,
 435, 436
 guano, 138

 Hallel, 57
 Hamlet, 176, 192, 297
 Han, 205
 hand, 13, 31, 42, 67, 76, 104, 107, 127,
 131, 144, 151, 156, 162, 164, 167,
 180, 183, 187, 189, 194, 198, 215,
 225, 228, 241, 249, 255, 270, 274,
 295, 303, 309, 324, 325, 338, 351,
 363, 366, 369, 380, 387, 396, 401,
 447, 449, 455, 464, 465, 481, 491,
 501, 515, 519, 526, 531, 547, 549,
 551, 556, 561, 562
 Handel, G. F., 277, 366, 405, 562, 564
 Haran, 149, 190
 harmony, 127, 128, 136, 199, 231,
 276, 341, 420, 515, 549, 563
 harp, 39, 131, 171, 290, 481, 511, 549
 harpsichord, 183, 243, 286
Harpsichord Pieces, 564
 hawser, 453
 hazel, 512
 head, 4, 10, 12, 21, 63, 75, 83, 85, 92,
 98, 104, 109, 127, 132, 142, 147,
 149, 165, 177, 180, 201, 215, 244,
 256, 270, 274, 275, 279, 282, 288,
 296, 297, 301, 312, 332, 345, 361,
 363, 394, 401, 453, 458, 467, 479,

- 488, 522, 544, 545, 548, 551, 556, 557
- heal-all, 515, 526
- heart, 7, 13, 17, 21, 42, 107, 110, 125-127, 129, 136, 144, 150, 159, 166, 170, 178, 181, 187, 195, 225, 236, 248, 250, 261, 262, 263, 270-272, 274, 284, 290, 291, 295, 296, 301, 310, 317, 322, 335, 347, 358, 385-387, 395, 409, 418, 446, 449, 460, 470, 496, 500, 509, 514, 519, 529-531, 536, 537, 540-542, 545, 547, 549, 551, 555, 558, 559, 561, 562
- Heaven, First, 351
- Heaven, Second, 351
- Hebe, 285
- Hebrew, 142, 143, 340
- heel, 114, 351, 398
- Heidegger, 406
- hellebore, 535
- hemlock, 554
- “Henry Adams/A Criticism in Autobiography,” 806
- Heraclitus, 268, 403
- Hercules, 443, 444, 456, 457, 463, 466, 469, 470, 482-485, 501
- Herder, 367
- Hermit, The, 401
- Hesperides, 388
- highway, 33, 48, 208, 209, 544
- “Him,” 804
- hinny, 359, 398
- history, 10, 25-27, 49, 50, 68, 70, 73, 77, 81, 82, 91, 99, 131, 147, 164, 200, 226, 248, 249, 257, 279, 289, 293, 297, 349, 363, 368, 392, 395, 396, 510, 511, 519, 522, 525, 528, 535, 536, 539, 552, 563
- hoiain, 420
- Hokusai, K., 333, 403
- holluschickies, 3
- holly, 554
- holm, 538
- home, 11-13, 29, 51, 65, 69, 86, 99, 115, 117, 136, 140, 156, 190, 216, 217, 219, 223, 264, 280, 283, 288, 290, 295, 326, 330, 374, 390, 393, 422, 424, 441, 444, 445, 450, 457, 469, 473, 475, 484, 497, 513, 518, 524, 529, 539, 543, 546, 556, 557
- Homer, 142, 258, 373, 382
- honesty, 356, 358, 375, 399
- honeysuckle, 554
- honor, 124, 125, 166, 223, 242, 262, 297, 390, 393, 416, 519, 538, 556, 560, 561
- Hopper, E., 275
- Horae, 237
- horse, 3, 12, 20, 28, 32, 39-43, 52, 57, 65, 66, 72, 73, 122, 128, 131, 132, 137, 146, 152, 156, 175, 176, 179-182, 196, 198, 206, 224, 226, 228-231, 234, 235, 239, 264, 277, 279, 286, 288, 289, 298, 304, 308, 310, 319, 324, 339, 346, 351-353, 356, 360, 364, 368, 374, 381, 393, 395, 405, 406, 422, 449, 451, 459, 470, 471, 474, 495, 509-511, 515, 517, 519, 523, 524, 527, 529, 531, 532, 534, 535, 537, 539-541, 544-547, 549, 555-557, 560, 563
- Horses of Lu, The*, 395
- Huc, Father, 387
- hue, 106, 108
- Hungarian Rhapsody*, 276
- hyacinth, 103, 478
- Hyacinthus, 110
- Iago (*Othello*), 345
- iberis, 535
- idea, 131, 170, 174, 187, 189, 234, 235, 257, 313, 393, 395, 523, 528
- ideal, 202, 205, 393
- identity, 313, 393
- idola, 511
- image, 174, 178, 188, 192, 199, 202, 233, 246, 267, 313, 378, 464, 562
- imagination, 17, 42, 109, 187, 189, 197, 224, 231, 547
- immortal, 265, 455, 456, 492, 493, 501, 504, 516, 527
- immortelle, 142, 391
- impulse, 106
- Incarnate, 117, 392

- index, 336, 337
 India, 92, 170, 224, 372, 431
 industry, 26, 28, 46, 50, 64, 74, 75, 355, 372, 373
 inequality, 376
 inert, 131
 inertia, 49, 81, 82
 infinite, 46, 82, 85, 142, 168, 175, 200, 203, 207, 231, 233, 499, 500, 530, 546
 Ingalls, J. K., 256
 initial, 508-511, 538
 input, 354
 insight, 168, 176, 524
 instrument, 43, 45, 69, 93, 107, 145, 177, 197, 266, 291, 356, 404, 547
 intellect, 136, 429, 522
 Inthehighest, 171, 231, 294
 invariance, 509
 invention, 131
 iris, 103
 Irish, 330, 364, 433
 Isenacum, 104
I Sent Thee Late, 390, 391
 Israel, 149, 224
 Italy, 25, 36, 88, 100, 114, 118, 119, 153, 249, 253, 297, 311, 327, 340, 356, 366, 372, 373, 414, 417, 440, 453, 455, 457, 458
It was, 256, 380, 564, 804-806
 "It was," 804-806
 ivy, 194, 436, 550, 554
 Iyyob, 359, 360, 390

 James, H., 148, 283, 296, 336, 397
 Jannequin, 298
 Japan, 95, 96, 117, 118, 218-222, 264, 285, 333, 418, 431
 jargon, 12, 13
 Javan, 142
 Jefferson, T., 71, 101, 103, 257, 277, 298, 349
 Jerusalem, 66, 203, 394
 Jesus, 21, 46, 104, 142, 282, 369
 jetsam, 454
 Jew, 19, 41, 70, 82, 83, 88, 116, 119, 137, 143, 150, 186, 194, 195, 327, 339, 346, 350, 369, 394, 398
 jewelweed, 110
 Job, 337, 350, 359, 360, 375, 390, 402, 477
 Jonson, B., 387
 Jove, 439, 468, 504
 Jupiter, 259, 300, 439
 justice, 170, 186, 198, 237, 263, 339, 370, 395, 419, 421, 426, 439, 461, 462, 490, 518, 527, 531, 545

Kaffee Cantata, 37
 Kagekiyo, 336
 Kaikobad, 227
 kaki, 528
 kalmia, 554
 Keisar, 88
 kelp, 510, 533
 Kentucky, 346, 392, 397
 Khirgis, 81
 Khrushchev, N. (Nick), 265
 K'in, 300
 King, C., 256
Kings, 363, 507
 Klee, P., 250
 knee, 42, 131, 211, 242, 267, 309, 382, 445, 449, 462, 556, 557
 knowledge, 174, 177, 178, 197, 272, 313, 381, 517, 522, 525
 Koheleth, 193
 kokoro, 335
 Korea, 216, 217, 290
 Kovno, 152
 Kratz, 402
 Kuh, 358
 Kung, 300, 301, 406
 Kwanon, 402
Kyrie, 112, 113

 labor, 25, 43, 46, 50, 61-63, 70, 74, 86, 88, 89, 104-108, 116, 122, 207, 257, 348, 373, 381, 446, 528, 547, 550, 562, 563
 Lady Greensleeves, 65, 96
 Laestrigon, 373
 LaFontaine, 65

- lamp, 12, 39, 41, 131, 226, 281, 358, 404, 536, 555, 559
- lamppost, 5, 12, 403, 562
- Landor, W. S., 402
- language, 77, 94, 102, 122, 195, 201, 204, 281, 300, 361, 395, 396, 512, 527
- lantern, 12, 132, 226, 310
- LaPorte, R. A., 399
- larch, 104, 126, 226
- Largo*, 158
- larynx, 528
- Latin, 27, 281, 300, 340, 345, 396
- Launce (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*), 313
- laurel, 533, 550
- lazulite, 536
- leaf, 7, 8, 11, 17, 18, 23, 31, 41, 46, 60, 64, 125, 146, 227, 295, 299, 309, 320, 387, 400, 436, 477, 509, 519, 521, 528, 531, 533, 535, 538, 544, 547, 550, 552, 556, 560, 562
- Lear, King, 176, 402
- Leaves of Grass*, 228
- leg, 39-41, 48, 68, 84, 87, 176, 177, 253, 269, 273, 282, 298, 369, 390, 421, 518, 538
- Leibniz, 343
- Le Livre de Mallarmé*, 422, 427
- Lenin, V. I., 30, 32, 59, 60, 90
- L'Enlèvement d'Europe*, 334
- Lerian, 339
- Lesbia, 388, 393
- "Lesson," 564-571, 805
- Levitical, 182
- "Lewis Carroll," 806
- life, 126, 132, 136, 140, 144, 146, 154, 172, 179, 186, 193, 200, 207, 210, 214, 219, 234, 244, 257, 269, 274, 284, 286, 297, 303, 307, 308, 320, 331, 336-338, 340, 347, 353, 368, 370-372, 374, 380, 388, 390, 395, 396, 398, 401, 422, 439, 443, 449, 457, 466, 473, 477, 491, 495, 522, 527, 532, 534, 539, 549, 553, 554, 556, 560
- light, 2, 10, 12, 13, 15, 18, 36, 40, 43, 44, 49-52, 58, 73, 76, 92, 96, 97, 104-108, 110, 116, 120, 123-125, 135, 136, 142, 158-160, 166, 167, 169, 170, 172-174, 177, 179, 182, 195, 231, 238, 247, 253, 261, 275, 276, 279, 301, 308, 310, 312, 315, 319, 322, 332, 340, 388, 393, 407-409, 425, 442, 471, 512, 515, 518, 519, 523-527, 529, 530, 533, 536, 547, 549, 551, 555, 556, 559-561
- light-wave, 49
- lilac, 554
- lily, 27, 62, 529, 533, 551
- limbs, 14
- limit, 138, 312, 349, 396
- limus terrae, 171
- Lind, Jenny, 189, 418
- linden, 537
- ling, 562
- lip, 93, 109, 144, 160, 176, 225, 255, 295, 303, 356, 387, 409, 417, 447, 455, 544, 551, 560
- LiPo, 242
- literature, 238, 357
- liveforever, 4, 7, 40, 41, 237, 359
- loam, 512
- locus, 106, 107, 109, 110, 174, 536
- locust, 554
- loess, 512
- logic, 30, 58, 291, 538
- London, 49, 112, 113, 115, 118, 191, 283
- lotus, 176, 536
- love, 108-111, 121, 124, 127, 131-134, 136, 142, 151, 162, 167, 169, 170, 174, 179, 180, 182, 186, 196, 198, 199, 201, 202, 225, 226, 233, 234, 236-238, 261, 262, 265, 267, 268, 271-274, 279, 284, 285, 290, 291, 295, 305, 313, 321, 328, 337, 338, 350, 351, 363, 370, 378, 386, 387, 393, 399, 406, 426, 427, 444, 447-449, 453, 455, 456, 460, 475, 497, 499, 500, 502, 511, 516, 518, 520, 529, 530, 536, 541, 546, 547, 549, 551, 559
- Love's Labour Lost*, 416

- Lucretius, 164, 277, 354
 lung, 271, 458
 lute, 15, 24, 105, 171, 295, 300, 340, 546
 Luvah, 395
 lyre, 420, 440
- Macedonia, 164
 Machault, 255
 machine, 48, 52, 62, 74, 75, 87, 108, 287, 310, 558
 Madrid, 100, 104, 118
Magic Flute, 24
 magnolia, 194, 298
Making of Americans, 168
 Malbrook, 401
 Mallarmé, S., 422, 426, 427, 434
 man, 15, 29, 30, 89, 98, 102, 110, 119, 127, 130, 132, 135, 139, 144, 147, 152, 159, 160, 163, 166, 168, 169, 171-174, 177-181, 183, 184, 186-189, 192, 195-197, 201-205, 207, 208, 215, 226, 227, 229, 231, 233-237, 240, 241, 243, 255, 257, 258, 260, 261, 264, 265, 271, 275-277, 280, 281, 284, 285, 287, 289, 290, 292, 301, 303, 319, 340, 344, 350, 352-354, 363, 364, 381, 382, 391, 393-395, 398, 399, 401, 402, 407, 416, 419, 420, 425, 438, 439, 442, 444-446, 448, 451, 454, 457, 459, 461-463, 465, 468, 469, 472, 473, 475, 476, 478-482, 484-486, 494, 495, 497, 500, 502, 504, 505, 514, 516-520, 522, 523, 525, 528, 529, 535, 537, 540, 546, 551-553, 556, 558, 559, 561, 562
 Manhattan, 148, 253, 278
 mantis, 379, 380
 "Mantis," "An Interpretation," 380
 Mao, 204
 maple, 554
 Margaret, Queen (*Richard III*), 365
 marguerites, 15
 marigold, 242
 marl, 512, 513
 Mars, 31, 171, 300
- Marx, K., 45, 50-52, 57, 61, 75, 76, 91, 93, 98, 207
 masque, 564
 Massachusetts, 55, 79, 80, 190, 191, 398
 mathémata, 349
 Mather, C., 191
 Matsys, Q., 66
 matter, 46, 130, 164, 173, 191, 217, 257, 271, 379, 448, 517, 551, 559
Matthew Passion, 1, 18, 24, 37, 273
 "Maud-Evelyn," 401
 May, 46, 48, 51, 102-105, 219, 298, 481, 496, 524, 546
 measure, 21, 106, 108, 131, 156, 177, 186, 226, 276, 306, 380, 515, 517, 528, 552
 melody, 21, 22, 24, 27, 104, 176, 366, 378
Memories, 363
 Memphis, 297
Metamorphoses, 254
 metaphysics, 427
 meter, 9, 378
 metronome, 564
 Michelangelo, 36, 294, 297
 michtam, 139, 144
 Mickey Mouse, 63, 283
Midsummer Night's Dream, A, 127
 militarist, 168
 mimosa, 298, 538
 mind (mynd), 61, 107, 109, 110, 125, 130, 132, 136, 141, 147, 148, 163, 166, 167, 170, 174, 177, 184, 185, 187-189, 193, 195, 202, 208, 225, 226, 228, 232-236, 249, 271, 302, 338, 344, 370, 373, 383, 423, 464, 474, 484, 512, 518, 523, 535, 543, 553, 555, 556
 miracles, 555
 miraculous fish, 392
 missile, 266
 mode, 313
 "Modern Times," 806
 Mohawk, 203, 430
 Molinare, S., 103
 Monkey Dance, The, 301, 302
 monologue, 564

- Montaigne, M., 343, 344
 Monteverdi, 405
 moon, 60, 151, 165, 190, 255, 284,
 289, 300, 314, 316, 320, 340, 347,
 356, 358, 368, 399, 406, 408, 430,
 433, 474, 509, 510, 515, 518, 526,
 527, 541, 544, 547, 549, 556
 moonwort, 563
 moraine, 512
 Morning Star, 517
 Morrison, N., 399
 Moscow, 30, 68, 289, 369
 Moses, 152, 191
 moss, 402, 421
 mother, 46, 54, 67, 88, 147, 172, 214,
 253, 256, 263, 264, 278, 287, 290,
 295, 298, 305, 343, 362, 364, 400,
 401, 415, 449, 464, 490-492, 498,
 514, 524, 530, 540, 546, 549, 556-
 559, 681-701
 motion, 52, 56, 63, 81, 99, 127, 158,
 162, 170, 174, 188, 225, 255, 473,
 529, 530, 538
 motion picture, 54
 motor, 10, 52, 94
 mountain, 14, 204, 220, 221, 302, 303,
 369, 511, 512, 526, 527, 538, 541-
 543
 mountain laurel, 298
 mouth, 10, 22, 87, 131, 159, 166, 167,
 239, 296, 323, 358-360, 398, 478,
 515, 527, 529, 544
 movement, 49, 80, 81, 169
 movies, 28, 156
 Mozart, W. A., 24, 147, 161, 197, 258,
 291, 295, 354, 413, 417, 432
 mulberry, 516, 554
 music, 4, 6, 7, 13, 15, 22, 43-45, 49,
 51, 59, 99, 103, 104, 124, 125, 128,
 130, 138, 156, 171, 180, 182, 184,
 187, 248, 264, 274, 286, 296, 297,
 301, 302, 305, 311, 338, 340-342,
 349, 352, 381, 382, 394, 403, 405,
 414, 418, 421, 474, 477, 511, 530,
 563, 564, 566-803
 musician, 43, 45, 225, 292, 492
 musk, 131
 Mustardseed (*Midsummer Night's
 Dream*), 134, 356
 myrrh, 540
 myrtle, 228, 298, 328, 367, 466
 myth, 237, 470
 name, 104, 114, 132, 143, 146, 149,
 160, 166, 167, 208, 226, 284, 325,
 367, 379, 390, 395, 396, 399, 414,
 439, 473, 490, 511, 516, 523, 528,
 533, 535, 538, 543, 553, 557, 562
 narcissus, 533, 546
 narthex (fennel), 462
 nation, 6, 31, 32, 51, 70, 72, 80, 89,
 120, 194, 195, 279, 346, 364, 368,
 371, 387, 394, 406, 496, 529, 538,
 549, 553
 native, 451
 nature, 5, 22-24, 79, 85, 110, 124, 158,
 166, 168-171, 177, 179, 182, 184,
 187, 188, 197, 232, 237, 255, 257,
 269, 294, 298, 300, 352, 372, 378,
 382, 395, 398, 402, 419, 518, 519,
 522, 523, 525, 527
 neck, 39, 41, 114, 119, 122, 132, 270,
 287, 369, 472, 473, 492
 need, 313
 negation, 313
 Neptune, 442, 444, 453, 457, 458, 460,
 465, 475
 New England, 29, 82, 148, 192
 "news reel," 54
 Newton, 373
 neutron, 355
 New York, 18, 28, 32, 36, 55, 70, 71,
 78, 83, 92, 96, 98, 112, 113, 148,
 149, 183, 189, 191, 192, 216, 223,
 256, 283, 289, 292, 327, 397, 398,
 404, 405
 Nicomachus, 154, 168, 169, 171, 236
 night, 14, 17, 18, 31, 33, 34, 36, 37, 39-
 42, 44, 71, 76, 83, 91, 104, 106,
 108, 109, 117, 121, 126, 135, 137,
 141, 144, 146, 152, 153, 158, 162,
 182, 183, 187, 189, 193, 195, 212,
 217, 218, 221, 226, 228, 252, 253,
 260, 264, 266, 277, 290, 293-

- 296, 298, 301, 309, 311, 312, 315,
329, 337, 354, 388, 394, 401, 404,
417, 425, 433, 440, 442, 453, 461,
475, 476, 481, 494, 501, 507, 509,
511, 514, 526, 534, 538, 540, 542,
552, 553, 555, 558
- Nineveh, 339
Nixi, 464
Noel, 36, 294, 477
noise, 15, 171, 231, 282, 286, 287,
293, 353, 474, 534
non-being, 126, 164
non-sense, 393
nose, 131, 207, 236, 269, 270, 279,
299, 374, 403, 465, 539, 551, 552
not-be, 170, 237
Notenbuch, 395
nurse, 573-583
nymph, 375, 452
- oak, 73, 512, 544, 558
oak-ilex, 538
object, 170, 178, 188, 232, 235, 244,
245, 250, 279, 301, 371, 378, 402,
428, 523, 563
objective, 24, 378, 804
ocean, 8, 319
Octet (Orders), 435, 436
Odysseus, 141, 155, 212, 374, 393
odyssey, 128, 381
Old Black Joe, 158
Old Tacit (Ezra Pound), 394
Old World, 279, 380
olive, 141, 195, 531, 547, 552
Op-and-Pop art, 456
opera, 44, 183, 254, 295, 402, 416,
432
orange, 314, 358, 367, 422
orchestra, 43, 281, 366, 413
order, 128, 247, 277, 298, 299, 373,
393, 395, 435, 436, 477, 511, 515,
524, 526, 529, 531, 544
organ, 43, 71, 99, 126, 176, 224, 287,
341, 343, 405
ornament, 183, 184, 342, 402
Orpheus, 367
- Osiris, 176
Ovid, 233, 242, 243, 246, 254
- pachysandra, 554
Paganini, N., 147, 157, 412, 413, 415,
417, 421
page, 564
Palestrina, 183
palimpsest, 170, 525
palm, 27, 92, 382, 396, 533, 543, 548
pansy, 11
papyrus, 63, 357, 359, 552
Paracelsus, 134, 145, 151, 172, 177
paradise, 125, 146, 320, 324, 394, 509,
526, 538, 560
Paris, 31, 75, 94, 112-114, 118, 120,
122, 192, 283, 364
particle, 49, 518
particular, 24-26, 28, 61, 378, 532
partita, 130, 176, 241, 262, 266, 297
Pascal, B., 424, 425
"Passacaille," 564, 721-732, 805
passion, 341, 387, 394, 512, 514, 522,
555, 563
Passion according to St. John, 183
Passionate Pilgrim, The, 552
Passover, 3, 264, 288
Paterson I, 381
Paterson V, 387
paulownia, 290
pea blossom, 315
peace, 69, 88, 89, 113, 114, 117, 123,
150, 172, 186, 193, 202, 203, 225,
236, 272, 291, 302, 335, 353, 371,
372, 398, 465, 524, 525, 547-549,
553, 556, 559
peach, 512
pear, 524, 533, 534, 551
Pennsylvania, 3, 83, 86, 292, 339
Pentateuch, 339
people, 1, 21, 25, 32, 45, 50, 66, 68,
70, 77, 78, 86, 89, 90, 106, 112-
116, 118-120, 123, 136, 156, 162,
172, 178, 186, 194, 204-206, 248,
255, 256, 272, 275, 284, 286, 301,
371, 372, 391, 397, 398, 406, 418,
424, 466, 474, 497, 519, 525, 529,

- 530, 532, 540, 545, 547, 553
Percussion, 435, 436
 perennial-annual, 215
 perfection, 2, 4, 24, 30, 87, 107, 109,
 396, 450, 495, 523
Pericles, 193, 257, 276, 297, 301
 Persia, 298, 372, 404
 personae, 438
 Pert-em-hru, 358
 petunia, 242
 Phaedo, 162
 Pharsalian, 271
 phase, 107, 110, 532, 544
 Pheezar, 88
 Philo, 142
 Philosopher, The (Aristotle), 406
 philosophy, 58, 236, 517, 805
 Phocylides, 339
 phoebe-phoenix, 553
 Phoebus, 259
 phoneme, 420
 Phrygia, 258, 287
 Phyfe, D., 239, 240
 physics, 169, 170
 piano, 260, 279, 336, 341, 413, 435,
 436
Piano piece no. 3, 435, 436
Piano pieces nos. 1 & 2, 435, 436
 Picasso, P., 205, 288, 393
Pickaninny, 402
Pictures from Brueghel, 388
Pièces pour le Clavecin, 564, 804-806
 pine, 135, 157, 408, 433, 512, 515,
 551, 552, 555
 "Pink Church, The," 381
 Pitman, Sir I., 352
 planet, 116, 123, 171, 172, 231, 300
 Plato, 164, 170, 177, 345
 Plautus, 439, 471, 499, 507
 poem, 161, 204, 251, 377, 379, 380,
 390, 394, 423, 435, 436, 563
 "Poem 14," 380
 "Poem 26," 377
 "Poem 42," 380
 poet, 186, 196, 291, 296, 347, 352,
 368, 373, 374, 403, 525, 531, 551
 poetics, 138, 151, 168, 238
 poetry, 6, 26, 35, 38, 188, 214, 242,
 252, 350, 377, 378, 381, 407, 481,
 804
 "Poetry For My Son When He Can
 Read," 381
Poiema Nouthetikón, 339
 point, 287
 poison ivy, 430
 Poland, 82, 116, 119, 155, 286
 pomegranate, 448, 450, 460, 528
 Pompeian, 203, 283
 pompon, 312
 Poor Fork, 397
 poplar, 274, 521, 544
 poppy, 299
 Pound, Ezra (quoted), 4, 352, 394, 804
 power, 124, 207, 224, 250, 279, 372,
 373, 395, 398, 407, 530
 prase, 527, 534
Prelude, 176, 240
 "Prelude & Allegro," 564, 573-583, 804
Prepositions, 564, 804-806
 "Pretty," 388
 print, 39-41, 52, 95, 239, 251, 378
 prophet, 129, 193, 195, 230, 281, 511,
 528, 546, 548
 Prorsus, 345
 Prospero (*The Tempest*), 281
 Proust (Swan), 407
 Psalms, 12, 13, 153, 171, 185
 psalter, 559
 pseudepigrapha, 281
 Purcell, 36
 Puritan, 102, 360
 pyramid, 257
 Pyrausta, 479
 Pythagoras, 368, 419, 429
 Quaker, 278, 399
 quality, 58, 60, 172, 192
 quantity, 58, 127, 132, 174, 175, 378,
 563
 quantum, 49, 50, 108
 quincunx, 531, 533
 quoin, 310

- radiation, 63, 81, 278
 Rago, Henry, 407
 railroad, 48, 76, 82, 113, 193, 219, 332
 rambler, 157
 Randolph, Col., 277
 Ranger VII, 315
 raspberry, 513
 ratchet, 107
 reason, 127, 132, 133, 163, 166, 169,
 171, 179, 180, 198, 201, 235, 305,
 347, 373, 411, 419, 463, 473, 535,
 559, 562
 recorder, 104, 335
 red-maple, 528
 redwood, 299
 religion, 6, 30, 94, 371
Republic, 169, 345
Requiem, 432
 respond, 435
 revolution, 30, 40, 51, 72, 80, 90, 371,
 372
 rhino, 120
 Rhode Island, 55
 rhododendron, 298, 545
 rhus, 554
 rhythm, 126, 185, 281, 424
 Rig-Veda, 176
 ritornelle, 6
 river, 12, 77, 101, 117, 119, 124, 125,
 147, 191, 204, 215, 247, 337, 374,
 477, 494, 495, 528, 541, 543, 547,
 549, 557
 rod, 124
 role, 564
 Roman, 79, 90, 212, 286, 370, 371,
 397
 roman à clef, 393
 Roman Catholic, 30, 223, 294, 392
 Rome, 77, 370, 372
 root, 14, 17, 125, 178-180, 265, 295,
 308, 321, 359, 397, 402, 407, 419,
 422, 480, 513, 520, 521, 523, 524,
 538, 545, 547
 rose, 27, 40, 109, 279, 298, 323, 520,
 535, 544, 551, 553, 555
 Royal Order of the Dragon-backs, 218
Rudens, 437, 438
 rush, 466, 488, 489
 Russia, 32, 67, 78, 80-82, 84, 96, 102,
 150, 203, 204, 206, 224, 249, 265,
 284, 360, 416, 417
 Ryokan, 325, 326

 Sabbath, 140, 152, 153, 179
 sage, 126, 132, 272, 299, 300, 368,
 411, 485, 520, 525, 538
 sailor, 6, 19, 24, 34, 122, 123, 390,
 399, 407, 513
 sand, 2, 15, 22, 334
 San Francisco, 35, 218, 219
Saraband, 297
 Saturn, 300, 373
 satyrion, 179
 Schonberg, A., 249, 354, 394
 science, 58, 75, 101, 186, 188, 256,
 342, 373, 396, 411, 471, 518
 score, 564
 Scriblerus (Swift), 406, 407
 sea, 7, 21-23, 28, 32, 35, 41, 42, 81,
 91, 117, 141, 143, 147, 148, 167,
 183, 186, 187, 190, 213, 215, 224,
 240, 262, 263, 269, 282, 293, 301,
 308, 322, 359, 396, 400, 401, 431,
 438, 439, 444, 446, 449, 455, 457,
 460, 470, 475, 479, 482, 483, 490,
 491, 496, 503, 507, 510-513, 517,
 518, 525-527, 529, 532, 533, 537,
 542-544, 548, 551, 555, 556, 563
 sea-fig, 534
 sea-horse, 7
 seaweed, 24
 sedum, 271
 see, 16
 seed, 161, 226, 257, 271, 295, 316,
 396, 462, 513, 524, 525, 553
 semblance, 106, 108, 550
 Semite, 394
 sense, 60, 107, 109, 127, 135, 136,
 158, 166, 167, 169, 170, 182, 236,
 251, 266, 295, 297, 326, 328, 368,
 387-390, 401, 477, 487, 498, 531,
 536, 553

- sequence, 21, 313, 420, 564
 Sextus Empiricus, 427, 430
 Shakespeare, 165, 167-169, 171, 175,
 246, 252, 254, 290, 291, 295, 301,
 357, 365, 387, 431, 507
 shape, 126, 127, 133, 142, 157, 167,
 175, 179, 180, 226, 310, 523, 555,
 556
 Sheridan, R. B., 210
 Shimaunu-San, 13, 14, 42
 sight, 47, 90, 106, 109, 127, 135, 137,
 167, 169, 170, 177, 252, 311, 337,
 384, 405
 silence, 349
 silver, 116, 368, 454, 459, 491, 502,
 559, 561, 563
 "Sincerity and Objectification," 378
 singer, 43, 45, 145, 162, 186, 196, 247,
 283, 382, 432, 518, 547
Six Causes of Teaching Ignorance, 248
 Skeffington, 83
 skin, 453, 455, 495, 513, 545, 550
 sky, 19, 69, 77, 95, 98, 132, 135, 138,
 147, 154, 158, 161, 167, 171, 178,
 180, 206, 240, 252, 263, 300, 332,
 346, 385, 439, 476, 522, 527, 550,
 557
 skyscraper, 5, 62, 253, 278
 snakebeard, 533
Social Wealth, 256
 Socrates, 176, 177, 345
 soldier, 5, 25, 34, 98, 202, 291, 328,
 371, 394, 441
Some Time, 382, 385
 son, 115, 124, 125, 144, 146, 148, 150,
 156, 157, 161, 168, 174, 180, 183,
 185, 186, 195, 198, 236, 262, 277,
 287, 290, 294, 300, 303, 304, 340,
 343, 396, 397, 399, 405, 421, 427,
 443, 472, 494, 514, 516, 531, 541,
 543, 546, 552, 560, 733-803
 Son, The, 40, 104
 "Sonata," 564, 681-701, 805
 song, 8, 11, 14, 15, 18, 21, 23, 44, 69,
 89, 108, 110-113, 124, 125, 140,
 145, 158, 159, 166, 171, 173, 174,
 185, 186, 189, 199, 201, 226, 243,
 247, 257, 266, 268, 278, 295, 297,
 298, 303, 307, 315, 316, 322, 324,
 333, 337, 344, 347, 354, 368, 374,
 379, 385, 386, 393, 395, 406, 408,
 410, 420, 434, 436, 448, 476, 516,
 521, 522, 526, 527, 532, 536, 537,
 546, 549, 551, 553-555, 557
Song of Myself, 336
 "Songs of Degrees," 385
 "Song—3/4 time," 379
 sonnet, 259, 524
 Soowthern, J., 252
 Sophocles, 35
 soul, 126, 147, 159, 212, 252, 269, 295,
 322, 363, 400, 403, 409, 448, 457,
 497, 508, 516-518, 523, 525, 531,
 546, 555, 557, 558
 sound, 41, 44, 105, 124, 126, 138, 173,
 177, 185, 213, 249, 295, 317, 322,
 325, 360, 385, 388, 391, 395, 396,
 481, 495, 504, 518, 526, 537, 539,
 543, 548, 552, 555
 source, 171, 182, 257, 369, 372, 377,
 391, 419, 526, 563
 space, 7, 47, 139, 171, 231, 237, 240,
 249, 250, 287, 301, 320, 346, 393,
 424, 496, 537, 562
 Spain, 114, 116, 118, 186, 397
 speech, 12, 15, 18, 22, 112, 124, 138,
 147, 151, 156, 331, 349, 396, 421,
 422, 428, 518, 519
 speed, 564
 sphere, 516, 517, 559
 spine, 509, 521
 Spinoza, B., 85, 108, 174-177, 184, 188,
 189, 246, 278
 spirit, 130, 134, 181, 194, 241, 367,
 371, 399, 400, 402, 475, 536, 541,
 547, 559
 spittle—spawn, 533
 sprag, 557
Spring and All, 378
 spruce, 150, 157, 404
 Stainer, J., 157, 306, 405
 Stallo, Judge B., 256
 star, 2, 13, 14, 30, 31, 60, 108, 124,
 128, 148, 171, 172, 175, 178, 179,

- 181, 182, 187, 218, 257, 259, 279,
293, 325, 359, 366, 380, 386, 391,
404, 439, 440, 451, 476, 509, 513,
517, 527, 540, 541, 547, 548, 553,
559, 561
- Stein, G., 168, 223, 381
- stem, 21, 125, 150, 407, 538, 556
- stomach, 39, 41, 42, 212, 246
- story, 126, 163, 173, 182, 206, 254,
256, 268, 286, 289, 295, 298, 367,
393, 406, 410, 440, 445, 476, 513,
520, 524, 525, 539, 545, 563, 564,
566-803
- Stradivarius, 157
- stratostat, 68, 69
- street, 39-41, 43, 53, 62, 99, 100, 113,
119, 155, 196, 211, 281, 286, 355,
367, 380, 388, 404, 496, 523, 547,
563
- strike, 54, 58, 330, 562
- Stronger, 540-542
- Stronger, The*, 279
- Strongest, 540-543
- Struldruggs, 345
- style, 126, 239, 250, 284, 290, 297
- subsistence, 5
- substance, 46, 52, 99, 100, 113, 116,
164, 171, 181, 312, 354, 381, 553,
554
- Suffenus, 334
- "Suite," 564, 585-610, 804
- Sumer, 316, 399
- sun, 7, 13, 14, 20, 21, 35, 39, 41, 42,
50, 52, 58, 64, 72, 79, 87, 88, 92,
103, 109, 117, 122, 134, 139, 142,
148, 149, 152, 154, 161, 172, 173,
180, 185, 193, 212, 218, 225, 236,
241, 242, 247, 266, 267, 272, 275,
280, 290, 295, 298-301, 303, 309,
314, 315, 358, 360, 377, 390, 396,
404, 408, 421, 425, 480, 508-510,
513, 515-519, 521, 522, 524, 527,
532, 533, 537-539, 542-544, 546-
548, 550, 553, 554, 556, 560-563
- Swedenborg, E., 394
- sweet alyssum, 108, 111
- "sweet content," 174
- Swift, J., 333, 390, 406, 407
- syllabary, 126, 550, 561
- syrinx, 528
- Taine, H. A., 297
- Talleyrand (T), 396
- tamarisk, 527
- Tarheel, 459
- technique, 4, 42, 45, 450
- technology, 58
- Test of Poetry, A*, 252, 259, 349, 380
- tetraktys (triangle of four), 368, 419
- texture, 239, 378
- "Thanks to the Dictionary," 804, 805
- the, 175, 179, 181, 182, 184, 187, 191-
193, 196, 199, 202, 203, 205, 206,
208, 211, 215, 217, 221, 224-226,
228, 231, 232, 234, 238, 239, 241,
243, 245-248, 260, 270, 285, 288,
290, 291, 296, 297, 302, 316, 321-
324, 327, 328, 336, 338, 342, 368-
375, 379, 380, 383-387, 390-397,
402, 404, 406, 407, 412, 416, 426-
428, 434-436, 440, 441, 463, 465,
468, 470, 473, 474, 476-479, 494,
496, 497, 499, 506-511, 536-539,
560-563
- "The Effacement of Philosophy," 805
- theme, 126, 239, 395
- Theocritus, 176
- Theodora, Empress, 185
- theory, 53, 54, 269, 370, 524
- Thetis, 375
- The title . . .*, 435, 436
- thigh, 255, 396, 544
- thing, 27, 60-62, 74, 85, 90, 106-110,
125, 127, 132, 136, 138, 156, 160,
163, 164, 166-170, 173, 174, 177-
179, 184, 185, 187, 188, 194, 199,
204, 213, 218, 220, 224, 227, 228,
231-234, 236-238, 242, 244, 251,
254, 255, 258, 262, 265, 269, 275,
287, 295-297, 300, 302, 303, 308,
319, 323, 331, 338, 345, 349, 362,
370, 377, 379, 391, 393, 395, 401,
425, 454, 483, 484, 495, 514, 521,
522, 531, 532, 552, 562

- Third Partita*, 130, 176, 241
13 Pomes, A Prelude & A Postlude,
 435, 436
 thistle, 56
 Thoth, 267, 308
 thought, 26, 27, 46, 47, 49-52, 109,
 120, 124, 125, 130, 142, 161, 173,
 175, 177, 178, 183, 187, 196, 200,
 225, 233, 241, 246, 255, 257, 259,
 265, 277, 286, 297, 300, 316, 351,
 382, 387, 389, 401, 426, 512, 513,
 517, 521, 522, 524, 533-535, 537,
 539, 548, 552, 562-564, 566-803
3 pieces for unaccompanied clarinets,
 435, 436
 throat, 114, 118, 147, 388, 396, 477
 Tick-Tack Uhr, 228, 232
 tide, 12, 173, 224, 400, 532, 552
 time, 59, 60, 65, 68, 70, 71, 80, 88, 89,
 92, 95, 103-108, 110, 111, 119, 120,
 126, 127, 136-139, 143, 144, 151,
 152, 155, 156, 166, 167, 169, 170,
 176, 179, 180, 182-184, 188-190,
 205, 216, 217, 219, 220, 222, 231,
 238, 239, 250, 251, 257, 261, 268,
 271, 276, 285, 297, 302, 334, 342,
 357, 363, 370, 373, 377, 378, 380-
 382, 385, 389, 396, 397, 400, 409,
 410, 418, 423, 431, 442, 448, 475,
 478, 483, 510-512, 515, 517, 522,
 528-531, 534, 536, 539, 546, 551,
 552, 554, 558, 562
 time-space factor, 564
 Titania (*Midsummer Night's Dream*),
 133
 tohu bohu, 409
 tone row, 435
 tongue, 13, 42, 124, 145, 166, 181,
 225, 233, 257, 387, 388, 392, 458,
 459, 470, 497, 499, 500, 503, 518,
 524, 530, 537, 549, 561
 tonus contrarius, 104
 Toonerville trolley, 253
 tooth, 48, 49, 165, 167, 283, 290, 370,
 398, 400, 458, 563
Torah, 159, 406
 tradition, 3, 22
 tragedy, 499, 517
 train, 8, 24, 36, 40, 72, 160, 218-220,
 299
 transcendental, 202, 399
 tree, 8, 15, 17, 19, 20, 31, 52, 71, 73,
 77, 99, 102, 115, 125, 129, 130,
 139, 156, 157, 180, 195, 213, 214,
 218, 241, 268, 272, 298, 299, 319,
 322, 334, 338, 382, 387, 388, 397,
 400, 407, 422, 431, 433, 461, 496,
 509, 511, 512, 514, 516, 519, 520,
 524, 526, 527, 533, 534, 537, 541,
 542, 544, 547-549, 551, 556, 557,
 563
 triangle of four, 419
 Troy, 131, 205, 258
 truck, 69
 trumpet, 287, 435, 436
 trunk, 141, 192, 299
 Tsiyon, 320
 tulip, 103
 "Turkey in the Straw," 382
Turkish Concerto, 147, 161
 Twain, Mark, 283, 336
 twig, 255, 276, 521, 533
 ultimate cause, 406
 "Ulysses" (James Joyce), 88
 unearthing, 389, 403, 510
 United Nations (u.n.), 399
 United States, 32, 33, 75, 87, 94, 96-
 98, 100, 101, 118, 149, 190, 203,
 204, 216, 280, 283, 297, 298, 319,
 367, 378, 397, 398
 universe, 128, 249, 259, 265, 280, 354,
 406, 422, 518, 544
 use, 106, 108, 207, 301, 378, 403, 487,
 500, 505, 530, 531
 Utter (Ezekiel), 548
 valentine, 129, 241, 263, 310, 368, 389,
 404, 409, 434, 511
 valerian, 516, 521
 value, 54, 79, 104, 106-109, 250, 352,
 448, 532
 VanGogh, V., 67
Variants, 435, 436

- vault, 134, 386, 426
 Veblen, T., 257
 Venus, 30, 38, 103, 125, 165, 171, 300, 440, 442-444, 449-452, 454-456, 459-469, 471, 472, 499, 502, 503
 verse, 63, 163, 210, 301, 328, 378, 379
 Vesper, 366, 500
 viburnum, 534
 Vico, G. B., 257, 295, 345
 Vietcong (VC), 398
 vine, 229, 285, 520, 527, 530, 550
 viola, 341, 405, 417
 violet, 19, 69, 551
 violin, 144, 157, 196, 284, 285, 290, 297, 305, 405, 412, 413, 415-417
 Virgin Mary, 21, 30, 41, 64, 82, 141
 virgule, 529
 virtue, 180, 181, 235, 263, 339, 370-372, 451, 474, 518, 554
 Vivaldi (red-head priest), 137, 158, 406
 voice, 2, 8, 17, 18, 21, 24, 34, 40, 42, 44, 49, 50, 52, 53, 87, 94, 100, 104, 112, 113, 125, 126, 128, 130, 140, 141, 149, 156, 167, 173, 273, 276, 288, 295, 313, 323, 341, 354, 356, 358, 374, 378, 385, 388, 394-396, 405, 420, 426, 432, 438, 442, 445, 447-451, 456, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 468, 470, 473, 476, 485, 491, 493, 499-503, 505, 507, 511, 526, 534, 544, 546, 547, 549, 558, 560, 564
 void, 126, 333, 547
 Voltturnus, 165
 voluntary, 311
 Wall (*Midsummer Night's Dream*), 132
 wandering jew, 266, 380
 Washington, G., 71, 211, 256, 298, 299
 water, 12, 13, 18, 36, 60-62, 65, 93, 96, 101, 134, 147, 162, 163, 173, 190, 191, 215, 242, 253, 260, 266, 270, 271, 274, 275, 281, 300, 311, 330, 332, 359, 385, 390-392, 400-402, 406, 433, 443, 445, 452, 454-456, 458, 478-480, 513, 514, 516, 520, 523, 524, 526, 531, 532, 536, 541, 543, 547, 548, 555, 556, 558, 563
 water-mill, 74, 104, 405
 wave, 49, 50, 69, 81, 87, 91, 94
 wave-length, 64
 wealth, 106, 108, 256, 371, 540
Wedge, The, 381
 Weston, E., 251
 Whistler, J., 394
 Whitman, W., 228, 363, 418
 wild plum, 513
 Williams, R., 55
 "W. C. Williams," 805
 Williams, W. C. (quoted), 4, 345, 378, 381, 383, 387, 388, 804
 willow, 520, 527, 549, 554, 559
 windflower, 376, 533
 wisdom, 125, 161, 162, 171, 177, 179, 181, 236, 237, 248, 278, 323, 353, 390, 396, 497, 522, 525, 540
 wistaria, 420, 526, 550
 wit, 536, 555, 559, 560
 Wittgenstein, L., 287
Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly, 51
 word, 3, 5, 20, 22-24, 27, 39, 40, 42, 58, 76, 98, 104, 106, 108, 109, 125, 129-131, 147, 150, 155, 160, 163, 169, 176, 177, 188, 195, 197, 215, 220, 226, 233, 234, 240, 245, 247, 257, 274, 276-278, 282, 288, 300, 302, 312, 315, 339, 348, 353, 355, 366, 367, 378-380, 383, 384, 392, 395, 396, 419, 460, 474, 483, 500, 507, 511, 523, 526, 531, 536, 539
 work, 29, 31, 32, 45, 54, 57-59, 61, 63, 66, 75, 78, 81, 90, 91, 95, 99, 179, 186, 192, 196, 214, 221, 251, 256, 259, 268, 272, 283, 289, 301, 316, 329, 331, 332, 372, 378, 390, 396, 401, 406, 411, 426, 427, 456, 458, 484, 493, 509, 514, 515, 527, 528, 530, 560, 562, 563
Work and Wealth, 256
 working day, 76
 world, 2, 10, 22, 27, 30, 37, 47, 49, 60, 65, 78, 80, 81, 93, 118, 125, 128, 135, 139, 150, 157, 159, 163, 166,

167, 172, 178, 182, 194, 198, 201,
 205-207, 212, 216, 231, 238, 241,
 249, 264, 265, 268, 271, 278, 279,
 283, 286, 289, 291, 293-295, 300,
 302, 304, 311, 320, 323, 326, 355,
 364, 371, 372, 379-381, 391, 399,
 403, 407, 423, 424, 426, 450, 461,
 474, 499, 513, 516, 522, 530-532,
 536, 537, 540, 545, 560
 World, Great, 171, 182
 World, Little, 172, 242
 World, Littlest, 172
 Worlds, Three, 177
 Wovoka, 254
 Wrigleys, 8, 19, 21
 wrist, 62, 87, 284, 524, 545, 561
 Xerxes, 91
 Xmas, 89, 161, 190, 194, 369
 Yahweh, 359, 360, 390
 Yehoash (Bloomgarden, S.), 14, 15
 Yeshua, 369
 yew, 554, 561
 Yiddish (quoted & translated),
 339
 yovad yom, 390
 zimbabwe, 515
 Zion (Tsiyon), 195, 320