

THE POETRY PROJECT  
St. Mark's Church  
2nd Ave & 10th St  
NYC 10003

First Class Mail



THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER

No. 34

1 Apr 1976

Ted Greenwald, editor  
St. Mark's Church, 2nd Avenue  
& Tenth St. New York, NY 10003.

Moving right along. The Wed readings for April are Apr 7 No Program, Mon Apr 12 (Co-Sponsored by the Poetry Project) at the 92nd St YMHA Basil Bunting, Apr 14 Glen Baxter & Kenward Elmslie, Apr 21 Jean Boudin & Audre Lorde, Apr 28 Robert Duncan. Monday programs are Apr 5 Open Reading, Apr 12 (Concert) Jay Clayton & The Voice Group, Apr 19 (Concert) Peter Gordon & Keshevan Naszlick, Apr 26 Richard Friedman, Darlene Pearlstein, & Peter Kostakis. All workshops meet at 7:30 pm Tues (Paul Violi), Thurs (Bill Zavatsky) and Fri (Ted Greenwald).

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The St. Mark's Preservation Project, reconstructing and renovating the whole church, has started to revamp the balconies (look better already) and has begun redoing the clockfaces on the steeple. This project needs everyone's support.

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CAPS deadline for the 1976-77 grants period Apr 19, 1976, info and applications to CAPS, 250 W. 57 St, NYC 10019.

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Danspace, on Apr 27 at 8:30 pm, presents Cynthia Hedstrom dancing at St. Mark's Church.

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READINGS: At Museum of Modern Art, 6:30 pm Apr 5 Rochelle Owens, David Ignatow, Jackson MacLow, Apr 12 Charles North, Maureen Owen, Gerard Malanga, Apr 19 Joe Brainard, Larry Rivers, Claes Oldenburg. . . Dr. Generosity, 2nd Ave & 73 St, Apr 3 Milton Kessler & Al Levine, Apr 10 Robert Kelly, Apr 17 Wm Meredith, Apr 24 Olga Cabral & Eunice Wolfgram.

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BLUES OF THE EGYPTIAN KINGS by Jim Brodey, published by Big Sky Press, 131 pp.

After a dozen-plus years on the scene, Jim Brodey continues to startle and challenge fellow poets with the extremes and intensities of his poems. Few People, however, own his mimeo books, Indentikit and Fleeing Madly South, but now Bill Berkson's Big Sky Press has published what is, in effect, Brodey's "selected earlier poems," surveying his writing of the early and mid-'60's briefly, continuing with poems from the psychedelic rev on to the early '70's, and concluding with a brief mellow sheaf of poems that bring us virtually up to publication date, '75. Altogether there are 68 poems, chronologically arranged.

The first poems in the book show us Brodey's skill at relatively parochial N.Y. styles-- that is, Brodey as Franco-American bohemian. "Mswaki" is your nonsense poem given ominous direction, so that the made-up lingo becomes like an Afro-Japanese folk mass. "2/11/64" is a still-life painting talking, "Reverdy" captures well the namesakes' description of empty landscapes. "After Hart Crane, Somewhat" reminds me of Brodey's affinity to Hart Crane (read H.C.'s "The Air Plant" again), and "Poem (Back at San Francisco Grayhound (sic))" sets up the

O'Hara-Mayakovsky facade before, in the second section, indicating where Brodey goes on his own, toward extremely subjective descriptions and narrative notations. At roughly this point in the book, Brodey's penchant for image fragments, for arbitrary contingencies that create almost imperceptible structure and associations, and for tone poetry, steps out front, and the body of the book--between the introductory few poems and the mellow short out-theme--is Brodey at his themes, distributed all in the same poem in mysterious balances, of sex, dope, death, and rhythm (change). Not only are these his subjects, they are also his opiates, as he handles them. Many poems contain obscured dealing with these subjects, and the threads of continuity from image chunk to image chunk are often totally open to speculation. The dynamic of each poem often seems left open to chance, as in "2-Egg Cake" where the accretion of observations overloads the momentum, but with familiarity one sees that Brodey's principle structuring device is the shifting of his own mood from line to line, emptying himself out. When the mood-references are too all-inclusive ("Second Honeymoon Poem") one doesn't know what to make of where it comes from, and in other poems ("A Little Lyric", "Baby Ray") death is shuffled out in the last image zone lest we forget, lest the poem be incomplete.

In short, none of these poems is weak on imagination, surprise, or ingenuity, but the poems that appear most indiscriminating ("Cement State") reflect their vagueness and inconclusiveness upon those that read more coherently. The poems lay as they fall, heavy on the arbitrary, but often they appear to be beyond Brodey's rein, too. Non-classical unity--gratuitous shape--is clearer in free jazz than in English, and experimentalism at some point cops out on the equal drive of the poem as gestalt.

By comparison, there's a high proportion of poems in which Brodey stokes up a solid groove. In "Peking Blues," Brodey's "Wasteland," the grim/melancholy imagery confines the tone shifts, as the poem progresses from bleakness to an almost amorous sensuality. In "Ballid," a psalmic transcendent tone accompanies the content, of music as drug, of Brodey as wandering Ulyssesberg. "Sky A La Mode" is a stoned meditation of rhythm and music as cathartics, carrying one ultimately to the primal condensation--'where water/ was first discovered/ fucking in the air'. "Homeward Bound" shows off Brodey's art-blues style, and "Stone Free" is a candid revelation of his writing process as sensation--'feverous collection/ of images/ stamped with breathing'. "Poem in F" begins scattered, slowly falling into Brodey's energy-coded word-drug exaltation.

Brodey is a voracious post-lysergic romantic. Not only can he read nature as if it were a painting--like many New Yorkers, he has a nostalgia and talent for shrubs--he consistently expresses longings for less brutal environments--see "Red Eyes." He is as misanthropic and sexually materialistic--see "Sonnet (The eyelash of tears...)" for an elegant cunnilingus poem--as any romantic, and the nostalgia for sensation that comes through from his images of music and stonedness reflect somewhat McClure's "substrate." Most of all, Brodey's self-image is of Buddha-hood, dead to the world so that it is seen across a vast Promethean gulf, not unlike derangement. The last poems of the book, from "At Peace" on, deal most forthrightly with his feelings of post-humanness, his transcendent identification with nature's predictable life-death cycles, and his feeling of space flesh as his flesh.

The best poems in this book are tremendous achievements, and, being privy to his recent works, I can say that the book's conclusion hints at the clearer power Brodey will have in his next collection. My overriding impression is of Whalen crossed with Crane, of lonely sensuality brought to the doorstep of a sun that may or may not be on. (John Godfrey)

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BOOKS ETC: Michael Brownstein, Strange Days Ahead, Z Press, Calais, Vt. 05648, \$3.50. . . Neo Neo Do Do & Gegendchein Quarterly, Phil Demise, Gegendchein Vaudeville Placenter, 291-293 7th Ave, NYC 10001. . . Three new books by Bernadette Mayer (about time!): Memory, North Atlantic Books, Book People, 2940 Seventh St, Berkeley, CA 94710; Studying Hunger, Big Sky/Adventures in Poetry, Serendipity, 1790 Shattuck Ave, Berkeley, CA 94709; Poetry, Kulchur Foundation, 261 5th Ave, \$3.50 (soft) \$7 (hard). . . The Spirit That Moves Us, Vol 1, No 2, Jan 1976, PO Box 1585, Iowa City, Iowa 52240, \$1. . . Fanny Howe, Bronte Wilde, Equinox Books, \$2.95. . . Richard Price, Bloodbrothers, Houghton Mifflin Co, \$8.95. . . From Release Press, 200 Carroll St, Bklyn, NY 11215, Bill Knott, Rome in Rome (\$2.50) Mercy Bona, Sleeping Ob-sessions (\$2); Jack Anderson, City Joys (\$2). . . From New Directions, 333 6th Ave, NYC 10014,

Edwin Brock, The Blocked Heart (\$2.45) & Paul Van Ostijen, Feasts of Fear and Agony (\$1.95) & Eugenio Montale, New Poems (\$2.95). . . From Mulch, PO Box 598, Northampton, MA 01060: Mulch #7: Harry Lewis, Home Cooking; Judy Aliesan, Soul Claiming; T.E. Porter, King's Day; Paul Blackburn, Halfway Down the Coast.

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#### NEW YORK BOOK FAIR '76 -- Underground at Lincoln Center

Maybe you knew it, maybe you didn't. But that venerable old cuss of American poetry, Walt Whitman, set the type, paid for the publication himself, and had a hand in distributing his first book of poetry, Leaves of Grass, 'way back in 1855. (Later, he even ghosted a couple of reviews of it, but that's another story!) And of the two "abysmal failures" (Perry Miller) that Henry David Thoreau published in his short lifetime, one of them, A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers (1849), was paid for out of his own very slim pocket. Later, Thoreau would boast that he owned "a library of nearly nine hundred volumes, over seven hundred of which I wrote myself."

The fact that much the same situation obtains for the contemporary small press doesn't seem to matter much. Poets and writers each year turn out enough books to fill a good-sized library. And most of the books published instantly have a larger audience than Whitman and Thoreau could have dreamed.

Unfortunately, Walt and Hank had no New York Book Fair to back them up. But anyone interested in the small press in America can trot over to the 3rd exposition, which will be held on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of April 30, May 1, and May 2, from 11 AM to 11PM. Where? Why. . . underground, of course, Underground at Lincoln Center, 66th St. and Broadway. (Just follow the signs.) Admission is free, and you can wander through the productions of over 200 presses and magazines--literary, feminist, third world, gay. You can hear poets read their work. You can thumb. You can even buy!

Let's face it. The big publishing houses have pretty much turned their backs on the publication of poetry. A few years ago when the economic squeeze hit the industry, "marginal" publications like books of verse were among the first to be cut. "Blockbuster" bestsellers that can rake in millions in movie-rights sales, and which conform to massive corporations' notions of "book"--that's what we're getting. Why publish a skinny vol. of poems that nobody's going to turn into a towering inferno of cash? Jaws, that metaphor for big-business publishing in the berserk stage of development, devours everything in sight, including the audience. No time to pause and observe a spear of summer grass, camarado? No time to note down the flowers at Walden Pond in your backpocket journal?

But, you say, all this falls into the Pity-the-Poor-Poet boo-hoo-hoo category? Not so. Not for a minute. In fact, the egress of Big Publishing from the nickel-and-dime world of poetry is a ravishing gust of fresh air in disguise! The kind of steady breeze that Whitman and Thoreau would have welcomed with total epidermal glee. Why? Because poetry has never ceased to be the poet's bailiwick--especially the publication of poetry. Do I have to tell you that Gertrude Stein published her own books, that Charles Reznikoff published his own books. Do I have to list the names of all those famous writers who were first Published in Paris by other writers who also published themselves? The simple fact is that new presses have been springing up in the U.S. of A. in staggering numbers, and for that we must thank those wonderful publishers RCA, CBS, Gulf + Western, et al.

So get yourself over to Lincoln Center that weekend. Walt Whitman will be reading on Saturday afternoon at 2 PM, and I have no doubts that Henry David will be lurking, somewhere, with a funny smile on his face.

(Bill Zavatsky)

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ERROR: In Charles North's "Life in (Mis-)Prison" last month a couple of errors were made. In the third from last paragraph "by Auden, de Chirico, as well as (I'm guessing a little)" should be inserted after "Stevens)," and before "Mallarme." In the last Paragraph, insert "has some catching up to do, not only with modern poetry, but with the best art criticism" after "lit. criticism" and before "for example."

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I REMEMBER, Joe Brainard, Full Court Press

I REMEMBER is delightful. It is also an "underground classic", an original and compelling memoir, a catalogue poem (maybe the basic poetic form: The list or litany), and a beautifully made piece of history, poetic and otherwise. The cumulative effect of these memories, in order and in context, is almost symphonic! (This edition is actually the collected, expanded and revised version of what originally appeared as several books published by Angel Hair.) It is a completely satisfying contemporary poem, making something new and different out of something so familiar it could have been routine. It's also entertaining: the wit is sharp but not aggressively so, and though the humor is often personal Brainard's precision gives it a universal glow that illuminates our private history as well. He takes his personal experience and shares it with us in terms of products, fads, public events and personalities, private embarrassments, half forgotten perceptions we thought we had matured beyond, or wished we had, or are suddenly happy we didn't, etc. And he does it with such directness and clarity, as well as exhaustiveness, we come to see through the obviousness of what often seems trivial to the poignancy of what we have in common that can stand a second look, and more.

(Michael Lally)

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More Books Etc: Hot Water Review, 42 W. Washington Lane, Phila, Pa. 19144. . .Galen Green, You're Never the Same Person Twice, Fireweed, Box 9888, Columbus, OH 43206. . .A Journal Entry of Hannah Weiner, Diana's Bimonthly, 71 Elmgrove Ave, Providence, RI 02906 (\$1.75). . .The Impossibilist Manifesto, 2180 N.W. Irving, Portland, Oregon 97210. . .From Lucy & Ethel, 1437 Rhode Island Ave, N.W. #608, Washington, DC 20005, Tim Dlugos, Outline's for 3 Works (\$1). Michael Lally, Sex/The Swing Era (\$1.25). . .Jack Collom, Squirrel Tails, Lodestar Press, 1704 Grove, Boulder, Colo 80302. . .Tottel's #14 (Bruce Andrews), #15 (Larry Eigner), 3028 California, SF, CA 94115. . .Personal Injury Magazine #2, 628 E. 14 St/#3, NYC 10009. . . Charles Bernstein, Parsing and Asylums, from Asylum's Press, 464 Amsterdam Ave, NYC 10024 (@\$2). . .The L.A. Review, 6128 Wilshire Blvd, Suite 208, LA, CA 90048. . . From Bookmark Press, Box 2901, 8700 West 63 St, Shawnee Mission, Kan 66201, Thomas McLfee, The Body and The Body's Guest (\$3.25). . .The Newsletter is partially supported by a grant from CCLM.

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Poems of William Bronk

Two new books of poems by William Bronk have been printed by James Weil of the Elizabeth Press: Silence And Metaphor, a group of more than fifty eight line poems of unusual intensity, and a reissue of Bronk's first published book, Light And Dark, with a new drawing on the title page designed by the artist Eugene Canade.

Light And Dark was originally published in the 50s by Cid Corman for Origen Press and has been hard to find since. It is not Bronk's first composed book of poems: that is entitled MY FATHER PHOTOGRAPHED WITH PICTURES; it was submitted only once for publication (to my knowledge) and withdrawn, and will finally be appearing later this year, also through the Elizabeth imprint. Also scheduled for publication by Elizabeth are a volume of 4 line poems, Finding Losses, and The Meantime, a volume of poems of various lengths.

Elizabeth Press books are costly; they are also very beautiful, printed in Italy, wrapped in Fabriano, with lovely clear type and pleasant white spaces. They may be ordered through Serendippity, Berkeley; or direct through book stores. Bronk's prose essays on Mayan Civilization, The New World, are now in a second Elizabeth Press printing, and very beautiful, in places.

Bespite this, the audience for Bronk's very admirable and serious poetry remains small. His only book of poems, The World The Worldless, to receive larger than small press circulation through New Directions, is out of print. Copies are scarce. Bronk is not a difficult poet; his candor is startling, disarming, and he is more often than not very clear.

That would seem to be one of the problems he has in finding the audience he deserves. Bronk speaks so plainly. An appreciation of his poetry demystifies much that is merely poetic, or pretty, or cloudy, or jazzy tit-arsey. Bronk sometimes has the good sense to say the

obvious:

"What we praise  
when we praise the world is not the world. What we feel  
is like pity, but it isn't pity we feel:  
it doesn't need our pity. It stays the hand,  
is beautiful....." (The fragile Endurance of The World from  
Silence & Metaphor)

Bronk's language is so flat out that the music exists in the words as articulated felt thought; one can fill their spaces and fallings, weight (not because of any hyped meters or cadence imposed against them,) and sometimes he is also dilligently impolite as when one of his recent short poems ends with a horny scrotal cry "BOIL BALLS BOIL..."

Increasingly in recent years Bronk has worked in shorter forms, but he has, at his best, neither sacrificed sense, or pushed significances. At present he is writing three liners, and I look forward to a day when one or perhaps two words can be shaped by him in his costly isolation to produce unique sensual human utterances. Meantime he makes such beautiful poems over and over again out of the simplest experiences or reverance, awe, and wonder, through a very wonderful process of ruminative thought.

There's a manuscript presently circulating of Bronk's critical readings of Whitman, Thoreau, and Melville that is over thirty years old but wonderfully lambent and fresh with the breath of life, the touch and feel of these authors words, and Bronk's apprehension of them, but I am moved most by his brief lyrics nowadays, when they really make it, as in this again from Silence & Metaphor entitled THE LOVER AS NOT THE LOVED:

"What am I then, because in a sense, I am  
though clearly not? Compared to what there is,  
there could never be comparison because  
I am wholly absorbed in it, am nothing more.

Something other, though, something apart.  
A feeling instrument. How else?

Tonight, in April, I stood on the bridge by the T  
in the late, faint light, worshipping.

I find in many of these short poems pieces of time declared that other more long-winded poets cannot bring off probably because they do not listen to themselves very well, much less to others. One thing I've learned from Bronk as a poet and a friend is to listen. He's one of our finest readers and when I was going through a bad period and could not concentrate for more than flashes Bronk used to read to me a lot. In fact, he would sometimes command me to listen by shouting his poems at me at the top of his voice across a kitchen table.

Listening to Bronk's words has always paid off for me. I don't write like him, I think, but I have sometimes found ways through listening to him say his words to find and say my own. Reading and listening to Bronk taught me how to concentrate again, after years of distracting myself, one way or the other. It became a matter of following up leads, impressions, and, of course, saying the obvious.

Obviously I believe Bronk is an important writer. There ought to be a good one volume paperback collection of his work around at a popular price so that he can reach lots of people who want to stay in touch with their own thoughts, and not be jammed by others.

(Richard Elman)

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INFO & HERE & THERE: CAMBRIDGE - The Grolier, 6 Plympton St, Apr 23 Stratis Haviaris & Bill Corbett; Blacksmith House, Apr 5 Kathleen Spivack, Apr Thomas O'Leary & Helene Davis, Apr 26 Charles Simic. . . BOSTON - Stone Soup Sundays (Cambridge St) Apr 4 S. Fox & Eero Ruuttila, Apr 18 E.H. Eglin, Apr 25 Sal Fainella & Miriam Sagan & Geoffrey Cruikshank - Stone Soup at

Peoples Theater, Inman Square (Cambridge) Mon Apr 5 John Wieners & Alan Davies, Apr 19 Leo  
Donnellan. . .Franklin Furnace Bookstore, 112 Franklin St, NYC 10013, (212) 925-4671, special-  
izing in selling & distributing books only by artists. . .George Montgomery giving poetry  
workshops for info (914) 338-1386. . .SAN FRANCISCO - Poetry Center, Apr 7 Richard Duerden &  
Dan Langton, Apr 9 2 Charles Olson films at Hansen-Fuller Gallery, Apr 21 Grace Paley, Apr 28  
(with New College of Calif) Ed Dorn & Ed Sanders, Apr 29 (with SF Mus of Art) Basil Bunting. .  
DETROIT - WDET, 101.9FM, 6 or more hour long programs focusing on poets & artists who were at  
Black Mountain College. . .CHICAGO - at the Body Politic, Apr 5 Paul Hoover & Bill Zavatsky,  
Apr 12 Betty Codell & Rochelle Kraut, Apr 19 Peter Kostakis & Bob Rosenthal. . . At the Crea-  
tive Writing Center, 3307 W. Bryn Mawr, Apr 5 Bill Zavatsky, Apr 7 Phylane Norman & Arnie  
Aprill, Apr 14 Bob Rosenthal & Art Lange, Apr 21 Terry Jacobus & Maxine Chernoff. . .AUSTIN -  
Apr 11 at Laguna Gloria Art Museum, Joanie Whitebird, Robert Grant Burns & Michael Prochoroff.

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Skyliner, by Merrill Gilfillan, Blue Wind Press, Berkeley, 1974

To Creature, by Merrill Gilfillan, Blue Wind Press, Berkeley, 1974

"Eddie walks into the room with Get it in his eyes"

thus we know that the author is ambitious (this from the first  
line of the first poem in Skyliner, One.)

"This is the intoxicant speaking."

Thus also in the poem One we meet  
the poet's ally, and his enemy.

#### IMAGES.

Charles Olson said "Of rhythm is image, of image is knowing." Merrill Gilfillan has the in-  
disputable talent of making images, without which poetry is snoozing, its readers dozing off  
cliffs. But rhythm, huh? I mean how does he make the images, say the lovely poem called  
May, from To Creature:

MAY

Gypsies  
paused in a clearing  
at the smell of new levis  
and onion grass, drive on.

This is mental poetry; that is, everything from what Chogyam Trungpa would call "neurological  
buzz", to the flash of total genius, which is insight, which is image, which is literally the  
link between the charge of light that creates substance, "our" sun, and "our" selves."

In an old issue of The World (New York City), there's a section from a journal Ted Berrigan  
was keeping one winter in Southampton; and at one point he quotes Gilfillan as saying "It's  
incredible to write these works which really say something about yourself, & still meet all t  
the requirements."

Which I think is why I'm so interested in this poet-person. I think he  
went to the good schools, at least in the infancy of his imagination. He knows the tradition,  
he cares about the craft of poetry. You know, so he's a good carpenter, has learned to use  
his tools. But sometimes the moon steals 'em and he's willingly surreal (stoned crap).

I dig it special when he just says regular things that he sees and does:

"I have just delivered a very important



letter to the moonlit 2nd story offices  
of the San Francisco Opera House"

(from "Starry Night")

or

"The twins' nipples stiffen together"

(from "Halo")

I hate it when he says things like "Friday I fly to the lowlands to sample some 2,000 year old Brie." If there's anything worse than psychology, it's surrealism (European cloning).

"One of these days there'll be no one left but you  
and me chasing you city through city."

("One")

Either before or after Will locks in, the poet is medium. That is, his proposal (post-eternal) is that he speak oracular. He prepares himself daily with bhang say, or flat-out meditation, to transmit or conduct the messages. I do not have to tell you how Muscular is this act. I obviously don't have to tell Merrill either, so why am I saying it? Because I like these lines from his poem "In Memory of Albert Ayler"

"The spirit opens  
by complete surprise because it's muscle."

I like fixing the spirit with the physical body, while the body lasts.

"Japanese swordsmen throw their brains  
a thousand miles in every direction twice a day to do  
knuckle exercises beneath it."

("A Head At The Window")

while the

"Police arrive in a chrome ball."

(from "Rings")

In To Creature Gilfillans's starting to take on the challenge of much longer, one might even say narrative works; that is, it's very difficult, if your mind is flashing with the almost strangulate intensity of tetrahydrocannabinol visions, to stretch out. There's a line I'm feeling between the works of Mr. Ed Dorn, and this Gilfillan. It's real hard-bit wordslinging. thinking of Dorn in The North Atlantic Turbine. There are two such longish poems in To Creature. The first, called "Aout 72" starts out

"Limousine

I thought I was unloved,  
alone at last, then a friend  
of my mothers arrives  
in the brain fields

and continues to my body"

etcetera etcetera. A mysterious intensity is introduced. A Mr. Bertoni meets a Mr. Khan. Rubies are melted on a hotplate, tv chords disappear across the ice, etcetera, & the poem, although technically extremely efficient, kind of meanders away from the reader (me) to who.

Another thing Charles Olson did (let me recommend to you the Journal of the Charles Olson Archives, George Butterick editor, U. of Connecticut Library, Storrs 06268) was to decry mysteryism and mystics, "those who love mystery for its own sake."

Merrill G., you are too good just to settle for effects. Mayakovsky, Georgia to NYC in 8 1/2 seconds is too damn fast! And we don't really need no more marijuana poetry that is elegant hairsplitting. One might inquire of the poets' sign. Is he libre?

Merrill Gilfillan projects an elegant cool, and in poems like "Charles Spand, the Paramount, Richmond Indiana, 1929", or "A Garden in Las Cruces" a savage intensity. One hopes his poems will grow a little more expansive, as Dorn's have. There seems to be a probability of that happening, as Gilfillan seems to have an elaborate and generous nature. But you will have to pay this gent some close attention, as you will probably not get what Gilfillan calls "sheer spiritual volume."

I have been amongst several crowds of poets at different times who have spoken of the poems of Merrill Gilfillan with the kind of awe tinged with jealousy that bespeaks the real thing; i.e., he has the gift (people talk about John Godfrey of New York sometimes this way. And Jim Carroll of Bolinas). Will they use it, the gift, to illuminate the world, to distinguish the particulars, to burn through? It's very hard, because Merrill G. (& Godfrey & Carroll, too) are handling very big talent. One wishes them Will to drive beyond, because then

"We'll be there  
in the whole impossible heart one sleep  
and a rising smoke,  
light roots dangling  
above and below"  
(from the last poem in To Creature: "A Vision")  
(Lewis MacAdams)

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Welcome, Ada Calhoun Schjeldahl, 8 lbs. 15 oz., born Mar 17, 1976.

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#### DAWN RAGA

Wake up breathing  
To music baby dawn. Clear  
Clouds rise in breezy air

Stormy vacant blue shining  
perfect empty skies,  
Ash vapor skies whorl coyote jazz.  
Morning, here again, back in  
my human form, that  
with thoughts confer  
beauty upon gargoyles. As  
In a dream, I step from this  
spiritual meat to embrace  
all those lotus mayas,  
nose-ringed and purple-  
skinned flames, touching  
this torso that now reclines,  
mildly aching blue fever.

Truly to be ascended, by breathing took,  
to meditate as one loosens his skull  
and cleanses knowledge with

a little peace.

Jim Brodey