

POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER

QUESTIONNAIRE

Before you break out the lemonade or tequila sunrises or whatever your favorite summer drink is ... we'd appreciate it if you would take a few moments to respond to the questions below regarding The Poetry Project Newsletter. We really want to know what you want to see in the Newsletter, what would be interesting to you and reflect your needs as a reader. Any suggestions you can make will be invaluable in constructing next year's Newsletter.

- 1) Did you receive the Newsletter promptly every month? Did it arrive in time to serve as a calendar of events guide? Is that an important feature to you?
- 2) What do you think of the layout of the Newsletter? Suggestions.
- 3) What do you see the function of the Newsletter being? A calendar of events guide, forum for critical essays on books recently released, listings of recent publications, forum for publishing poetry or other (please list).

4) Please consider and check the following:

| | <u>TOO FEW</u> | <u>TOO MANY</u> | <u>GOOD BALANCE</u> |
|----------------------------------|----------------|-----------------|---------------------|
| Number of poems in each issue | _____ | _____ | _____ |
| Number of reviews in each issue | _____ | _____ | _____ |
| Number of book listings | _____ | _____ | _____ |
| Number of events/readings listed | _____ | _____ | _____ |

- 5) Did you find the reviews of books, too long, not long enough, or JUST RIGHT?
- 6) What did you like most about the Poetry Project Newsletter?
- 7) What suggestions would you make for future issues? Article ideas, format arrangements, areas of interest....
- 8) Please list any other comments, complaints, adorations, below:

(Please fold and mail: return address on reverse side. THANKS!)

FROM:

Stamp

TO: THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER
St. Mark's Church In-the-Bowery
2nd Avenue & 10th Street
New York, N.Y. 10003

THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER
No. 65 May 1979
Vicki Hudspith, Editor
St. Mark's Church
2nd Ave. & 10th St., NYC 10003

READINGS AT ST. MARK'S: Wednesday Nights, hosted by Ron Padgett & Maureen Owen: May 2--Rochelle Kraut & Art Lange. May 9--Allen Ginsberg & Kenneth Koch. May 16--Bob Callahan & Robert Kelly. May 23--Marty LaBare & Paul Violi. May 30--Charles Bernstein & Stratis Haviaras. Monday Nights, hosted by Bob Holman: May 7--Open Reading. May 14--Steve Carey & Bob Rosenthal. May 21--Rhys Chatham & Annabel Levitt. May 28--Steve Benson & Alfred Milanese. All Readings begin at 8pm. Contribution.

WORKSHOPS AT ST. MARK'S: FREE / Writing Workshops / Free.

Tuesdays: Writing workshop with Ed Friedman, 7:30pm at Third St. Music School. (Workshop runs through the end of May.)

Sundays: Poetry workshop with Harris Schiff, 6pm at St. Mark's Parish Hall. (Workshop runs through the end of May.)

May 3--Art Lange will be giving a one-time workshop at the Third Street Music School, 7:30pm.

May 17--Bob Callahan will be giving a one-time workshop at the Third Street Music School, 7:30pm.

READINGS AROUND TOWN: WEST END, 2911 Broadway, NYC, 2pm-Contrib.: May 6--Bill Corbett & Joe Brainard. May 13--Armand Schwerner & Jackson MacLow. May 20--Play Reading & Discussion of "Phantom Limbs" by Charles Borkhus. VIRIDIAN GALLERY, 24 West 57th St., NYC 7pm - \$2: May 3--Quincy Troupe & Tony Towle. May 17--Janine Pommy Vega & Vicki Hudspith. EAR INN, 326 Spring St., NYC 2pm - \$2: May 5--Keith Waldrop & Barbara Barg. May 12--Diane Ward & Tony Towle. May 19--Marshall Reese & Kirby Malone. May 26--Bernadette Mayer & Lewis Warsh. NEW YORK CULTURE REVIEW OF BOOKS, E. 4th St., 8pm: May 12--Debbie Allen & Danny Krakauer. SNUG HARBOR GALLERY READINGS, 914 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (take S1 bus for 2 miles to Snug Harbor): May 3--Catherine Murray & Betty Bressi. May 17--Jayne DeLynn, reading and panel discussion on "Women's Fiction." May 24--Harris Schiff & Maureen Owen. (All readings will be held in the New House Gallery, 7pm, free, except May 3 which will be held in the ABC Gallery, same location.)

COMMUNITY MEETING: The second and final Poetry Project Community Meeting of this season will be on Saturday, May 19th, noon til 2pm, in the St. Mark's Parish Hall. Everyone is invited. Everyone is welcome.

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Carol & Steve Malmude are looking for a summer sublet May--Sept 1979 in Downtown Manhattan. Call collect 207-772-2639 or write to them at 118 William St., Portland, Me. 04102.

The Cultural Council Foundation Artist Project has hired the following writers for the 1979 Project Year: Jeff Wright, Robert Stokes, Michael Scholnick, Neil Hackman, Rose Lesniak, Sharon Mattlin, Chris Kraus, Roland Legiard-Laura, Nathan Whiting, Zoe Best, Janet Bloom, Daryl Chin, Charles Doria, Arthur Flowers, Robert Hutchinson, Elouise Loftin, Juan Valenzuela, Dale Worsley.

SPECIAL THANKS in helping with the April Newsletter to: Rose Lesniak, Bill Kushner, Madeleine Keller, Frances LeFevre, Maureen Owen, Ron Padgett, Harvey Lillywhite & "Howard".

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He spilled the beans
and the sardines.

---Regina Beck

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BOOKS RECENTLY RELEASED:p=paper, h=hardback, npl=no price listed
SWOLLEN MAGPIE PRESS, RD.2, Cedar Ledges, Putnam Valley, N.Y. 10579: Works on Paper by Tony Towle; cover by Larry Rivers (\$3.50p). LITTLE CAESAR PRESS, 3373 Overland Ave., #2, Los Angeles, CA 90034: Little Caesar 8 (magazine) New Wave Rock Theme including photographs by Marcia Resnick of Joey Ramone, Brian Eno and others, portraits by Gerard Malanga of Mick Jagger, Taylor Mead, Keith Richard, John Cage, Alice Cooper, Allen Ginsberg, Andy Warhol and others. Poems by Elaine Equi, Rene Ricard, Peter Schjeldahl and others. (\$1.50p). THE SHEEP MEADOW PRESS, distributed by Horizon Press, 156 5th Ave., NYC 10010: Collected Poems by F.T. Prince (\$9.95h). ANDREA DORIA BOOKS, 515 East 6th St., NYC 10009: A Hot Little Number by Michael Scholnick and Tom Weigel (\$1.50p). L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E, 464 Amsterdam Ave., NYC 10024: Number 7, Mar 1979, writing by Bill Berkson, Steve McCaffery, Ted Greenwald, Susan B. Laufer, Douglas Messerli, Alan Davies and others, (four issues for \$4p). UN POCO LOCO, published at The Poetry Project, 2nd Ave. & 10th St., NYC 10003 by Larry Fagin: Mar 1979, poems by Sam Kashner (npl/p). GUT (Mag) 68 Sumach St., Toronto, Ontario, M5A 3J7: reviews, poems, cartoons, listings and reporting on events in and around Ontario. (\$4 for 6 issues p). PRIMER, 216B W. Marion St., South Bend Indiana 46601: works of Ted Enslin, Daisy Aldan, Ivan Arguelles, Keith Wilson, Joanna Thompson and others (\$1.50p). SHANKPAINTER 18, 24 Pearl St., Provincetown, Mass 02657: Winter 1979, Lyn Lifshin, Ai, Diane Wald, John Witte, Keith Althaus (npl). OINK! PRESS, 7021 N. Sheridan, Chicago, Ill. 60626: The Ministry of Me by Peter Kostakis (\$2.50p). MERGING MEDIA, 59 Sandra Circle A-3, Westfield, NJ 07090: Grace Notes To The Measure of the Heart by Dorothy Rudy (\$2.50p). POWER MAD PRESS, 156 West 27th St., NYC 10001: Tear To Open (This This This This This This) by Bob Holman (\$3p). SUN & MOON PRESS, 4330 Hartwick Road #418, College Park, Md 20740: Cuiva Sails by Ray DiPalma (\$3p). Sun & Moon A Journal of Literature & Art--Winter 1978/79--fiction/narrative issue with works by: Keith Abbott, Ray DiPalma, Lewis Warsh, Lyn Hejinian, Eleanor Antin, Douglas Messerli, Terence Winch, Tom Veitch and others (\$4.50p). Also: Nurse's Notes by S.W. BLISS (Box 304, Lewisburg, OH 45338--\$2p).

The Golden Book of Words by Bernadette Mayer (Angel Hair Books, Box 718, Lenox, Mass 01240. \$3 paper).

As in all of her works, The Golden Book of Words—Bernadette Mayer's new collection of poetry—is autobiographical; the focus is upon Mayer herself. As she writes in the dedicatory poem, "every word doth almost tell my name". But in this book there is a slight but important shift in that focus. Since she wrote the poems of her previous collection, Mayer, with her husband Lewis Warsh, has moved from NYC to New England, and there, with their children, they have had to shape a new life. With this inevitably has come a sense of greater personal responsibility, as well as a new dependence upon self and community--the community of the family and beyond. Thus, although there is still a confessional tone to many of these poems, in their subject matter there is a constant moving outward. These new poems are not merely self-reflective, but are as much about Lewis, Mayer's daughters, New England and New Englanders. The private images of her earlier poetry have evolved into more public ones.

This may present some difficulties for the admirer of Mayer's earlier work. For, there is something terrifying in the seemingly impenetrable surfaces of Mayer's version of New England, in this opaque landscape where the snowbinding winters are punctuated only by a transitory spring. In its power to transform language, to break words away from their traditional syntax and, in so doing, to bring them to new life, Mayer's last collection, Poetry (Kulchur, 1976) is for me one of the most important books of poetry published in the last few decades. But in The Golden Book of Words the language is so much more direct, so straight-forward that it occasionally loses some of its transformational quality. As Mayer herself writes of the effect of New England upon her poetry: "No anxious commitment to poetry transforms the wilderness/ Of frozen emotion to something that is warmly offering me/ An environment in which to feel free to sing" ("1978"). And, ultimately, one must ask the very question that Mayer asks of herself in "I Imagine Things": is the language free enough?

In such a seemingly superficial landscape Mayer has had to rely more on the sentence and phrase than upon the word; she has often had to depend upon a juxtaposition of incidents rather than of language; and this, in turn, often leads to a situational transformation rather than a linguistic one. It is as if in such a frozen world the dominating surfaces speak for themselves; it is only by presenting a series of disparate surfaces, haiku-style, that she can show us that a whole other reality lies beneath the ice. In such a climate, Mayer notes, the heart becomes "sheltered," the emotions which make for poetic transformation are temporarily buried in the minutiae of survival:

Tomorrow's Monday maybe we'll do laundry
Clean clothes for one night in New York
I've got to hardboil some eggs for lunch on Tuesday
Pack a compact bag and stay healthy ("The Heart
of the Hare").

And, in that sense, the book presents a world of surfaces. As the book's title belies, it is the world of a child's book.

Yet, as in all of Mayer's work, the astute reader will not be disappointed. Like the character in a recent Mayer poem (not included in this collection) one stands by the open door and says, "Astonish me Bernadette, after you.../ The walls here are not just luxuries/ For your permanent jet black eyes to see"; and astonish, she does. If the minds of the New Englanders of Lenox, Mass. are dense and obtuse, are bound "by the presentiments" of daily tedium, Mayer's poetic vision pierces that surface; in such a frozen world, Mayer finds portents of fear, hope, hate and love everywhere. A woman runs "through every alley in town," keeping "close to the warm sides of houses", a man "mumbles into his

cigarettes imitating different stars...", a boy sets "his house on fire to murder his grandfather." Such a world, as I previously suggested, is terrifying. Mayer discovers herself turning inward, "dreaming twice as much as before." Her fears and doubts surface: a cracking tree may fall upon Lewis, she has lost her poethood--there are ghosts at the door.

But at the same time, it is this very turning inward which is the energy behind her love. As the survival instinct prevails her fears become transformed into a vision that is directed outward to the family and the world at large. A family from Bashan Hill comes down into town shouting "Hoo! Hey! The snow!" "Have a piece of chocolate! Open your eyes!" A man leaves church shouting "It's beautiful out!" The simplicities gather, What becomes important is the love between Mayer and her husband, their love for their daughters. The stories Mayer once told of madmen, she admits, have become a repetition of herself "like a smooth mothering wind..."

There is a danger in this too, a danger that she will loose the "superstitions that sustain" her: "I'll forget how I look and love only New Englanders/ I'll assume their pale brown frown/ My yellow eyes will assess/ Only the feeble crops of the government in the fields/ I'll say to my children, now sentient/ But still less complex/ This world is lost..." ("Easy Puddings"). There is always a danger in approaching experience through a language less complex.

But, at the same time, it is her directness of vision, that crystalline-like vision which permits the thaw:

I'm upright and so are you, I'm shaking your hand warmly
I haven't seen you since mid-winter and even before, it
might be safe to kiss
Yet I'd hope I wouldn't suddenly collapse or cry
And then my heart is sharpened and can be faster, is
thawed, and it's the last thaw
So it's safe to greet the rest of you

("The Heart of the Hare").

A new life has been forged. As Mayer writes in "Passover Pleasure," "Elijah's in the house/ Don't close the door". Thus, the directness, the simplicity of this new poetry has been worth whatever linguistic sacrifices Mayer has had to make. The Golden Book of Words is clearer-voiced, and because of it, is more honest and more mature than any of Mayer's previous works.

--Douglas Messerli

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Working On A Building

Flashing the wide gutters
over a block of Eleventh Street's
unique shadow

An old man shakes a gingko
and a hundred yellow leaves
fall to the sidewalk

Cars angle in and out like toys
from this height
I see pretty girls

and the way they walk
the way they hold their heads

and the sight of a breast
in an unbuttoned shirt
makes me dizzy, hold on

--Reed Bye

SINCE 1964: NEW & SELECTED POEMS by Peter Schjeldahl. (Sun, 465 Riverside Drive, NYC 10027. \$3.50 paper.)

Once I accepted the fact that among all the names he mentions throughout this collection mine does not appear, I thoroughly enjoyed Peter Schjeldahl's Since 1964: New & Selected Poems. The book is divided into three sections, chronologically, with the most recent poems (1972-'77) first and vice versa. Made up of previously uncollected work, the first section is like a new book of Schjeldahl's and as such is totally impressive. Schjeldahl had pretty well "mastered" several approaches to "the poem" by the time these works were written, but for the most part they all reflect a single voice and its direct and articulate expression of the perceptions of the mind it belongs to.

The poet "talks" to us, his readers, as though in strict confidence about what he thinks about the ways he feels and the world that causes or effects or reacts to his feelings and thoughts about them: "The point is, I realize suddenly/ I love the art world and/ everyone in it" or "trying to remember what I like about myself, my life" or "on occasion I mistook my hand-me-down taste/ for the light of election, and poured ink on the worthy./ I still blush, hotly, for those occasions,/ yearning for a large bomb to fall directly on my head." Yes, there's a lot of "tongue in cheek" ironically campy distancing from the obvious "reality" of the poet's feelings and reactions etc., but nonetheless Schjeldahl parodies the "confessional" style so well the poems are completely convincing, even the opinions and conclusions I disagree with were convincing-- there is a hard-edged clarity to them, as well as a deep-rooted confidence (despite the obvious honesty of the second thought, self-doubting, seemingly self-undermining postures) that gives his voice an authority, a strength of conviction that is almost overwhelming. Schjeldahl is a successful art critic (the subject of several of the poems), so perhaps the arrogance necessary to succeed in that profession feeds the voice of these poems with their aggressive anxiety to be not only understood but correct from all perspectives. But what is overwhelming is not overbearing in this case because of Schjeldahl's wit, which is sharp enough to make us want to "get it" and therefore prove our own to be as sharp (O'Hara has a similar effect), and fine enough to entertain us while engaging us and at times enlightening us in the process.

Also contributing to the availability and even warmth of this work, the seductiveness of it despite its strong opinions and judgements and its often sardonic tone, is the obvious vulnerability the poet exposes if for no other reason than to share the culpability some of his judgements assign, to acknowledge a common confusion, even among "the elect." So you end up, or at least I did, feeling like the poet is really a total sweetheart, a "pussycat" as they say, the cynicism and resolution as much a part of the posturing inherent in that kind of refined wit as truly a reflection of his nature and intelligence. After all, he's hard on himself too, his origin, his life, his ways of living and even loving, and even in the accuracy of those self-criticisms (an accuracy of language that I assume reflects some "truth") there is a self-congratulatory tone -- it is clear that no greater love has a man for himself than that expressed in opening himself up for criticism by leading the way. What better defence than the appearance of none, or perhaps better yet, the appearance of being part of the vanguard of the offence that may attack. What I mean is, you can't help but like the guy despite his confession of his faults along with his condemnation of faults we all share, or some of us do.

And in between the opinions and witticisms is a lot of brilliantly economical yet lyrical writing that addresses itself to topics as sentimental as love for one's child, or as unsentimental as one's lover snoring. And that ain't all. The other two sections of the book are extremely well-edited selections from previous successful collections of Schjeldahl's: "Dreams" 1971-'72 is from DREAMS (One of the few collections of a writer's dreams that ever "worked" for me, again thanks to Schjeldahl's wit and confidence in it and himself, as well as his ability to transcribe them cinematically rather than surrealistically, my dreams never could live up to "surrealism" anyway -- I only wish more of his "Dreams" were included), and the last section, 1964-'71, includes the best poems from White Country, Schjeldahl's first book, and An Adventure of The

Thought Police (I missed one or two from the latter collection, e.g. "The Poet Assassinated"). So, most of the best of early and recent Schjeldahl work seems to be here, the perfect introduction for those unfamiliar with this poet, and the perfect collection for those already fans of his.

Among the obvious Schjeldahl "classics" are the opening poem "Suburbs Circa 1946-'50," the definitive comment and judgement on the spawning grounds of much of what had subsequently become known as "popular culture"; "Dear Profession of Art Writing," which includes comments on contemporary artists, poets, and art critics, like some year-end or decade-end roundup of brief reviews or revisions, as well as an enlightening inside look at an insider in a "business" that determines much of the social and career politics on the New York scene; "Drink," one of the most entertaining pieces ever written on that subject, a drug that may best define the sensibility of the late 70s, despite the media interest in more esoteric intoxicants; and among the early work such hits as "Che Guevara Dead" and "Ho Chi Minh Elegy," the former seemed arrogantly flippant at the time but perhaps in retrospect both are more expressive of the true consciousness of the 60s as well as of a real reverence and respect for these notorious symbols of the idealism of those years than all the self-righteous sermonettes disguised as poems that were so prevalent back then; and more.

In fact, there's hardly a piece in this collection that isn't delightful or satisfying in some way. Reading Schjeldahl's poetry is like getting more for your money, besides the revelations and ideas and the admission of some commonly held but rarely expressed fears and delights, there's enlightening news and reviews and unusual gossip -- all with the ease and directness of a letter from an honest friend who trusts your generosity to accept him with all his crazy but upfront faults and uneasiness with his fate. I like the poems and the poems made me like the man even more. What else could you want from your work? I'm sure Schjeldahl would agree: money, fame, revenge, beauty, true love, security, unlimited sex, the Nobel prize, etc. etc.

-- Michael Lally

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Here At The Door by Janine Pommý Vega (Zone Press, Box 194 Bay Station, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11235, \$1.50 paper)

Emily Dickinson, in one of her accurate, majestic lines, wrote: "After great pain, a formal feeling comes." Here At The Door, a book of seven poems by Janine Pommý Vega, is written from the "great pain" of loss: the death of the poet's father. They attempt, sometimes with great success, to exert the "formal feeling" over the disconsolate and incoherent passions of grief. The key to all fine elegies, it seems to me, is tone, the peculiar tone of containment, of the impossible distance between the excess of emotion and the constraints of language. Without this formality (which has its origins in rite and ritual), poems which want to express extreme emotion, particularly grief, can be bathetic and embarrassing. Since poetry is innately transformational, the success of its effects has to do with the poet's ability to choose the right materials, the adequate means to transform, in this case, "the terrible details of loss." I have sometimes thought that poems of this type are not so much a means to release, as in therapy, as a way to retrieve: to replace absence (experience) with presence (the poem).

These seven poems are not exactly progressional. Each is a new attempt to find a way through "the door" of the book's title. The first poem opens with a simple recollection of a conversation with the poet's father in the kitchen: "We talked of death/ I didn't know it would be/ you, your tired gaze over the table." It is economical and poised. The poem moves through a moment of regret which is somewhat non-specific: "wishing now perhaps that I had stayed/ and glanced back in complicity/ and didn't", the "complicity" being the charged word. It gives way to full meaning in the next stanza, with a burst of declaration: "You know/ in a passion I have loved you." The poet here recalls a literal fantasy of erotic embrace with her father, couched carefully in adolescent memory. She moves swiftly from it to a transformational image: "I feel like a river/ a wide river in the morning", the river here subsuming both the erotic moment and the flooding moment of grief (with a nice play on "mourning"). The

poem then recedes back to the ordinary, domestic landscape: mother, hospital, room. The last stanza opens with the accute statement of the poem: "Death leaves us so dishevelled." The remark heightens the entire poem and flares back over it, connecting up the disparate parts: the tired father, the confused memories, the immediate fact.

As with this first poem, the next six move back and forth between direct recollection and heightened language. The poems are not always balanced, and sometimes Vega allows the wrong kind of distance to intrude. In the third poem, "The Lovesong" (some of the poems are titled individually, which struck me as unnecessary), for example, the passage "the public/ grief turned toward a body/ made suddenly our property" seems to me a bit awkward and clumsy, too prosaic. As is, I think, "the barbaric feast of eyes", which has the desire for description but comes across as somehow unfelt. There are other places where there is imbalance between the external, descriptive mode and the internalized, felt voice; between the journalist and the mourner. "Lovesong" has some fine moments in it, including the surprising appearance of "The splendid/ journeying of the soul" which is beautifully placed, and the last nine lines, which are the true, lyric lovesong.

These poems are in constant search for a means violent and passionate enough to meet the occasion. The poet is enraged at the "tepid theatre piece/ vague sermons" of the scant funeral. In the fourth poem, she finds the right image, invoking theatre: "The great tragedians/ knew how to wring the necks of swans/ You could hear the cracking of bones/ from the seventh row." This is fine, as is the passage, in the same poem, that speaks of "old chinese insomniacs", with bleak humour, sure wretchedness. The fifth poem, "Masonic Rites," does not work for me: its references seem stilted and unfree, not half as powerful as the murdered swans of the previous poem. But the sixth poem, untitled, comes through with a truly perfect conjunction, a moment of pure poetic insight, one of many that occur in this moving book:

Your body
burned in an upright furnace
on a sunny day

The stick
that held up your window
lays on the sill.

-- Ann Lauterbach

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SOMEBODY KISSED THIS

PERFUME by Michael Scholnick (Remember I Did This For You/A Power Mad Press Book, Box 1030 Peter Stuyvesant Stn., NYC 10009/\$2. paper).

What you see is what you get - verbal boomerangs for you for me. Collaboration is clearly drawn between the words and their space. Inspirations that permeate those velocitous regions & their space that is blocks that aren't blocks. Who leads each line by its music and by the line. Lines like a cockroach on a silver platter that back into a surprise. Perfume affects your sense of scale with out curfew, a trail, an aroma goddess's nightgown & this like being taken out of the rough and being back on the fairway. Irresponsibility's exclusive files are here laid bare without keys.

This is new lasting and unguessed work. No way you can't tell it's completely written layers that smooth their terse shape like all those lizards leaping backwards into the log.

An inner logic declines its spray. Spray some of this on your generous screen.

--Bob Rosenthal & Jeff Wright

DATED MARCH

Fall falling lingers, a nest of miniature butterflies
over the lake. When the lake turns red
you know it's spring, an air of lust
like unused nails. Up they spring to
cocoon us into dread activity. "These gay men
are hard to work for. They demand a cook."
Ice melts strangely in these parts, I mean
forms streams, little tributaries to our lives
of course, they'll disappear. The anxious breakfasts
in the hot city's heart, muscled back of a truck
our hearts break here. Love has become a noose
or, not tight enough, we hang to our black booted feet
in a public display. In a fit of dark eyes
you see them at the marts, downtown the malls
the smart shops, the subways. The Elks do meet
money gets raised, doesn't money always get raised?
"I was off on an excursion that was bigger
than that" you complain (writing as if no one
so then you try to describe the thing, describe it
simply describe. This is the part where your fist
gets into your face, where fanged language splatters old walls
with Red Devil paint. You clean an odd window, you wonder
the disappearance of the tubes. Where nothing and everything
matters: a quake in Mexico, a man writes from jail, a boy to school
old clothes fall quietly, yet everything everything makes a thud
"I would have you know it, what life here is like, if I only could"

--Bill Kushner

St. Mark's Church In-the-Bowery
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