

THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER
No. 73 April 1980
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:
April 2 - Kenneth Koch & Barry Yourgrau. April 9 - Janine Vega & Fanny Howe.
April 16 - Walter Abish & Ron Silliman. April 23 - Hannah Weiner & Steve Malmude.
April 30 - Homero Aridjis & Sandra Esteves. Bilingual reading with Eliot Weinberger
reading translations from Aridjis' forthcoming New Directions book.

Monday Nights hosted by Bob Holman: April 7 - Open Reading. April 14 - Larry Gilbert,
Robert Peters, Al Simmons. April 21 - An Evening of Jane Bowles performed by Joanne
Akalaitis & Ellen McElduff. April 28 - Deborah Allen, Tim Milk, Tom Savage.

WORKSHOPS AT ST. MARK'S: FREE*****ABSOLUTELY FREE*****WRITING WORKSHOPS*****

Note: With the exception of the Sunday Workshop, all begin at 7:30 pm and are held
at the Third Street Music School, 235 East 11th St., NYC.

Tuesdays- through April 8 - with Charles Bernstein.

Fridays- Poetry Workshop with Steve Carey.

Sundays- Poetry Workshop with Harris Schiff (6 pm in the St. Mark's Parish Hall).

SPECIAL ONE-TIME WORKSHOPS.

Thursday April 10 - with Fanny Howe.

Thursday April 17 - with Ron Silliman.

ANNOUNCEMENTS::ANNOUNCEMENTS:: ANNOUNCEMENTS:: ANNOUNCEMENTS:: ANNOUNCEMENTS:: ANNOUNCE

Newsletter Special Thanks: The Magic of March was brought to you by Shelley Kraut,
Greg Masters, Joni Miller, Tom Weigel-- originator of "Infantile Chic", Bob Holman,
Ron Padgett, Maureen Owen and Gary Lenhart.

DON'T FORGET!!! Tony Towle is editing the Spring 1980 issue of The World published
at St. Mark's. Manuscripts should be sent to: Tony Towle/ The Poetry Project/ St. Marks
2nd Ave. & 10th St., NYC 10003. The deadline for submissions is April 15th-- so don't
delay, mail today.

--FOUR DAYS IN BROOKLYN--- Basil King informs us that his studio at 50 Hudson Avenue
will be among almost forty work places open for BROOKLYN WATERFRONT ARTIST'S SHOW,
noon to five, the weekends of April 19 & 20 as well as April 26 & 27. All participants
can be found between the Manhattan Bridge and the Brooklyn Navy Yard, also known as
Dumbo and Vinegar Hill (near the Print Center!!). For maps and information call
Harry Spitz, coordinator: 201 Front Street, (212) 237-2219. This show is partially
funded by the Committee for The Visual Arts.

Paula North and Darragh Park are two of the "Five Realists" now showing their paintings
at the Hirschl & Adler Galleries, 21 E. 70 St, through April 12.

The new & improved La Frontera, starring Ed Friedman, will be performed at The Kitchen,
484 Broome St., NYC, April 12 at 8:30 pm.

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BOOKS RECENTLY RELEASED: p=paperback, h=hardback, npl=no price listed.

- **Z PRESS, Calais, Vt 05648: The Wonderful Focus of You by Joanne Kyger (\$3.50p). Moving Right Along by Kenward Elmslie. Cover by Joe Brainard (\$4.50p/\$10.00h).
- **MISTY TERRACE PRESS, c/o Michael Scholnick, 437 East 12th St. #17, NYC 10009: Cars and other poems by Elinor Nauen. Cover by Monica Weigel. (\$2.00p).
- **TOMBOUCTOU BOOKS, Box 265, Bolinas, CA 94924: Wild Cherries by Dale Herd (\$5.00p).
- **STATION HILL PRESS, Station Hill Rd, Barrytown NY 12507: THE PRONOUNS by Jackson MacLow (\$3.95p). Giving the Lily Back Her Hands by George Quasha (\$3.45p). The Cruise of the Pnyx by Robert Kelly (\$2.95p). The River Meance by Charles Stein (\$2.50p). The Assassination by Paul Metcalf (\$2.00p). LOST PAPER TWO, with works by Bernstein, Cheek, Karl, Kelly, Laufer, Malone, Quasha, Rasula, Reese, Stein. Published at least six times a year (\$11 to individuals for series/ \$2. single copy).
- **TUUMBA PRESS, 2639 Russell Street, Berkeley CA 94705: Tribute to Nervous by Kit Robinson (\$2.00p).
- **UNITED ARTISTS, Flanders Road, Henniker, N.H. 03242: UNITED ARTISTS NINE -- works by Bill Kushner, Ted Berrigan, Lewis Warsh, Bernadette Mayer, Clark Coolidge, Eileen Myles, Alice Notley, Andrei Codrescu, Bob Rosenthal, Harris Schiff (\$2.00 each/ \$8.00 for 8 issues).
- **BLACK SPARROW PRESS, P.O. Box 3993, Santa Barbara, CA 93105: The Masks of Drought by William Everson (\$4.00p/\$10.00h). Ask the Dust by John Fante (novel) (\$6.00p/\$14.00h).
- **HEIAN INTERNATIONAL, P.O. Box 2402, South San Francisco, CA 94080: Haiku Master Buson translated by Yuki Sawa and Edith Shiffert (\$7.50p).
- **THE FAULT, 33513 6th St., Union City CA 94587: in the search for a perfect poem (magazine issue #14) works by Michael Andre, Elizabeth Harrod, Richard Kostelanetz, Peter Churches, Ian Teuty, Terrence McMahon (\$2.00p).
- **HORIZON PRESS, 156 Fifth Ave., NYC 10010: The Clackamas by Jana Harris (\$3.00p).
- **YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, 92A Yale Stn., New Haven CT 06520: Film and Fiction-The Dynamics of Exchange by Keith Cohen (\$12.50h).
- **HOBART & WILLIAM SMITH COLLEGES PRESS, Geneva, N.Y. 14456: Different Fleshes, a novel/poem by Albert Goldbarth (\$4.95p/\$7.95h).
- **BC MONTHLY, BOX 48884 Vancouver, BC Canada V7X 1A8: Stooks by Rhoda Rosenfeld (\$4p). Annual Report by Gerry Gilbert (\$10.00p).
- **HAND BOOK, c/o Ratner, 50 Spring St., NYC 10012: Hand Book #3--The Spiritual Sword (magazine) works by Michael Lally, David Wilk, Vassar Miller, Rochelle Ratner, Harvey Shapiro, Jerome Rothenberg, Maurice Kenny, Rose Drachler, and many others (\$4.00 each/\$7.00 for yearly sub of two issues).
- **MISSISSIPPI REVIEW, Southern Stn., Box 5144, Hattiesburg, Miss. 39401: Fall 1979-- works by James Applewhite, Doreski, Foltz-Gray, Hansen, Miller and others (\$3.00p).
- **REVISTA CHICANO REQUENA, University of Houston Central Campus, Houston, Texas 77004: Latino Short Fiction, a bilingual anthology of short stories with works by Miguel Algarin, Andres Berger, Rolando Hinojosa and others. (\$5.00 single issue/ Quarterly subscriptions \$7.00).
- **SCHOCKEN BOOKS, 200 Madison Avenue, NYC 10016: Growing Up: Selected Poems and Pictures 1951-1979 by Michael Horovitz (\$5.00p).
- **HEIDELBERG GRAPHICS, P.O. Box 3606, Chico CA 95927: FOCUS 101 by LaVerne H. Clark. An illustrated biography of 101 poets of the 60s and 70s. (\$7.95p + \$1.00 shipping).
- **NEW RIVERS PRESS, SBD: Jeanetta Jones Miller, 1663 Ocean View Ave, Kensington CA 94707: the TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT of the ANGEL DEATH by Catherine Murray (\$2.00p).

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READINGS AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 West 53rd St, NYC, 6:30pm. March 31- Maureen Owen introduces Rene Ricard, Jamie MacInnis, Bill Berkson. April 7- Rochelle Owens introduces Robert Kelly, Janine Vega, Diane Wakoski. April 14- Carter Ratcliff introduces John Ashbery, Ann Lauterbach, F.T. Prince. Free Admission. No Reservations.

DEATH DRAG, selected poems 1948-1979 by John Clellon Holmes (The Limberlost Press, 704 S. Arthur St., Pocatello, ID 83201, \$3.50 paper).

I sat at the side of Kit's bed after she'd had her knee operated on for the second time in ten years; her surgeon had removed the Phillips screw made out of stainless steel that had been placed there in 1970, and he'd removed two lumps and some cartilage from her knee.

I'd just read Death Drag, and I kept thinking about one of the poems Holmes had written; it was titled "Too-Late Words To My Father (1899-1959)". In that poem John describes sitting by the bed of his father in a Camden hospital. John's father died, while my wife was going to be alright but, like Holmes, I felt: "All that I know is useless." And, too, "I talked on with awful pointlessness, / embarrassed by my breaking voice" as Kit lay in bed, counting the minutes between pain shots.

Almost all of the poems in Holmes' book deal with pain. In the best of them Holmes speaks to us directly, using his own persona. Despite the fact that few of these poems are happy or optimistic, Holmes ultimately believes the artist will prevail. In "Chinese Poets" he says: "I mend from last week's poisons--/ a middle-aged man making resolutions--." No matter how sick or disturbed he is, the fact remains: he mends.

Holmes once told Kit and me that he finds it difficult to give readings because of the somber nature of so many of his poems; and as one reads those in this book it's like sitting in a hospital room. Since Holmes is one of the most serious-minded poets writing today, the reader is never made to feel easy, never allowed to view relationships or events in a simplistic way.

The pages of Death Drag are soaked in bourbon and the smell of too many cigarettes. The book is ultimately as vivid as its subjects: a storm in the Ozarks or dawn in Fayetteville, where Holmes says he has "achieved an isolation/ too absolute for lonesomeness": yet at the end of the book Holmes declares: "Whatever moves, moves through everything."

These pages are rife with the contradictions of our lives.

-- Arthur Winfield Knight

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FRANK O'HARA: A COMPREHENSIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY by Alex Smith (Garland Publishing, Inc., 136 Madison Ave., NYC 10016, 323 pp., cloth, \$35.)

Alex Smith has constructed a dazzling, stunning, terrifying, monument to Frank O'Hara, and wonderful. In this exhaustive compendium of details, leavened with frequent quotations from O'Hara's works and letters, and from friends of O'Hara, Smith has given full reign to his own admirable mania for completeness and exactitude, and we are given full information on O'Hara's books, pamphlets, and broadsides, on books, anthologies, pamphlets, periodicals or newspapers that contain work by O'Hara, on O'Hara's playscripts, recordings on tape, videotape, and film, on films and tape recordings with music by or performed by O'Hara, on artwork by or in collaboration with him, on musical settings of his poems, on translations of his work (into 16 languages!), on writings, artwork, and music related to his work, with appendices on unpublished collections of his poems, his participation in art exhibitions, and a checklist of his manuscripts and unpublished materials in public collections. The volume contains 16 illustrations. It also contains more than the usual number of typographical errors, and one glaring pasteup error, neither of which could have been Smith's doing. Nonetheless, the Bibliography is a genuinely invaluable guidebook to anyone interested in a really involved study of O'Hara's work, and a "must" for every serious public and university library. But for the rest of us \$35 might pose something of a problem. No matter: we wouldn't be able to afford Mt. Rushmore either.

-- Ron Padgett

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Light, Airy Apartment to Sublet: Near St. Mark's Church, June, July, August (possibly September). Reasonable rent and you must be reasonable too! Call (212) 477-2487.

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Eye and Ear Theater presents for a limited engagement, April 17, 1980- May 25, 1980: "City Junket" by Kenward Elmslie. Sets and costumes by Red Grooms. Directed by Mac McGinnes. Playhouse 46 at St. Clements Church, 423 West 46 Street, 246-7277. Call for tickets at above number after April 7.

SELECTED POEMS 1956-1976 by Diane di Prima (North Atlantic Books, \$6.00p)
WHEN I WAS ALIVE by Alice Notley (Vehicle Editions, 238 Mott St, NYC 10012, \$5.00p)

There was a kind of beatnik poem around the Village in the 1950s; it seemed designed to let the tourists know how hip they weren't and the author was. Like the worst of "punk" and new-or-no-wave style, it was transparent in its self-righteousness, and ultimately "sell-out" in its aggressively intended-to-offend-or-avoid posturing. But here and there were some authentic "voices" that gave hope to those of us discovering the possibilities of a culture that might be ours after the initiation of rock'n'roll and juvenile delinquency. There weren't many teenagers hanging around the Village streets in the 50s who weren't either neighborhood natives or semi-sophisticated interlopers in-the-know. The rest of us were just hungry and looking for some satisfaction. A few of the poets, some of the musicians, and the most generous of the "street people," gave us an occasional hit on the possibilities. Among the poets, as I remember it at least, there was one who seemed the most direct link to realities we baby beats and hipsters, proto-hippies and punks, shared with the scene-makers who came before us. That was Diane di Prima. She seemed so much like one of us, yet related in time and imagination and evolution of style with some of them we dug as well but stayed away from righteously. I mean she was so easy to love. She shone out for us the possibilities of burning with the desire to experience it all and survive with some feelings still intact. She was cool but obviously cared about her roots and their extensions into a future we all expected to ignore. I mean she meant so much more than all the "famous" poets from those days. I can't remember where I first read her stuff or how it became so much a part of my own approach to what I wanted to say and do, but in my memory her voice as I read it predates all the rest, maybe just because it was so immediately accessible to me then. I had to fight myself to learn to appreciate and love O'Hara, even Ginsberg and some prominent others. But di Prima talked to me through her work like the best of the musicians I hung around and tried to emulate. Not everything she wrote knocked me out, like most of us her stuff is uneven. But it always seemed to be where she wanted it to be and it let me in on where that is upfront. Her collections captured times and relationships almost exactly as so many of us experienced them. They became instant "classics," like Dinners and Nightmares out of the 50s "hip" existence -- the kicks and the despair -- Kerhonkson Journal recording the back-to-the-earth-mother pioneering of the early and mid-60s. In Revolutionary Letters she became some kind of spokesperson for the late 60s avenging rebel times, and did it better than most who come to mind -- the stridency usually tempered by the intimacy of her personal vision and daily realities. In the early 70s she went all out for her own connection to the power of a universal sisterhood whose history she'd document in her research and imagination. The resulting Loba poems shocked me when I first heard them into a recognition of "realities" I'd never heard of but knew were there, and despite whatever straining it cost her, she still managed to kick ass here and there in images and lines that anchor her to who she really is, as well as introduce a female-shamanistic mode others soon adopted or extended (unfortunately, there's not too much from Loba in this selection, perhaps because the entire series is available from Wingbow Press, check it out). Like any "Selected Poems" there's ones missing, but there's also some I never saw before that were worth discovering. Like I said, it's uneven, but Diane di Prima deserves the respect of a lot of us who owe her for sticking to it without giving up on her own crazy hip humanity as okay by her and those of us who share it. If for no other reason than to see what it was like to be "hip" or "beat" without starrng -- or whatever the label was in the 50s, 60s, and early 70s these poems emerge from, check'em out. Or if you want a take on what it was like to have St. Marks Place as a location in your life and work without being associated with the "scene" that usually calls to mind -- to have known the cream of the poets on the scenes that make the 50s look vital in retrospect yet to have remained humanly proportioned and flawed and involved, a legend yet to be or having been, check it out. The early work especially locates the origins of much that seems distortedly paid homage to in current styles and trendinesses: "And we will sit upon the floor/ And watch the junkies bolt the door/ By one cool trumpeter whose beat/ Tells real bad tales for the elite.//

And I will make a bed of coats/ And dig with you the gonest notes./ You'll get a leather cap and jacket/ (I know a cat that's in the racket).// I'll get you jeans with straight-cut legs/ We all prefer them now to pegs/ And engineer boots for the snow/ The hightop kind that buckle low// A garrison belt, a flannel shirt/ And lots of horse for when you hurt..."

You wouldn't think the poetry of Alice Notley would come to mind in connection with Diane di Prima's, but it did to me. They both write what are often poignantly lyrical love poems and share a vocabulary of hope and pride and vision, yet their work also resonates in my head and heart as an unending -- though modulated with a range of human feelings and experience -- lament. Notley's lines seem more opaquely reverent toward a possible life glimpsed through layers of descriptive imagery that glows with vibrant colors and degrees of lived-in weather and perspectives! But she shares with di Prima the chronicling of the outlaw poet's life (though an obviously different version) as seen by one who faces the female side of parenthood and loverhood and aging. Both sometimes pay homage to favored poetic "traditions" by incorporating them wholesale into their own prosodic strategy. And though Notley too can be uneven, when she's fine she shines from somewhere no one else I've read has shone from. And in both there's something so familiar and inviting in the voice or poetic "flow," I can't resist pursuing it to wherever they take it, and when we get there I feel like I know where it is. There's all the regular and special shit of life passing by in Notley's poems, but more than that there's this basic connection to the need to see all of it together, to write from it when it hits but to address it all. Know what I mean? Notley's poems seem overflowing, even when they're as direct and concise as her rare biographical bits like "After Tsang Chih": "I was brought up in a small town in the Mohave Desert./ The boys wouldn't touch me who was dying to be touched, because I was too quote/ Smart. Which the truck-drivers didn't think as they looked and waved/ On their way through town, on the way to my World." That seems so tight and right and yet I keep on going when it's through. There's others like that, making jewels out of more contemporary moments of self-consciousness. And then there's the more imagistically expansive work, the juxtaposed archaic rhythms and syntax, old forms and phrasing, with the freshness of her poetic insights and intuitions about things that matter, like beauty and body and weather and "why me" etc. Notley's selected poems will be as accurate a picture of another kind of uncompromising existence for her times as di Prima's, perhaps for a different audience, though I hope they overlap. They're both tough, tenacious, and at the same time gracious in ways I can't help but see as feminine, and for that very reason more unique and present than so many male poets I also appreciate. Like the Hein period in Japan, our culture might end up living in some distant future through the work of the women, like di Prima and Notley, because they noticed the ordinary extraordinarily and with precision, yet left the struggle and the overreaching, or undercutting, in.

-- Michael Lally

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BIG POETRY PROJECT BENEFIT

The gala Poetry Project Benefit originally planned for New Year's Day has now been rescheduled for Saturday, April 19, at Town Hall, 123 West 43rd St., with a matinee performance 2-5 and an evening show 8-11. Performances will include John Ashbery, Taylor Mead, Larry Rivers, Andy de Groat, Rudy Burckhardt, Jane Goldberg & Charles Cook, Ralph Lee, Bob Carroll, Joanne Akalaitis, Kenneth Koch, plus many, many more: dancers, poets, jugglers, movies, elaborate costume masterpieces, a magician, and a wild round-up of wind-up canines. The most extravagant Poetry Project Benefit ever!

Advance sales of tickets at the Poetry Project office beginning April 1. Tickets: \$5 general admission; patron tickets available at \$25, \$50, & \$100, tax deductible. No reservations. Box office sales at Town Hall April 19 only. All proceeds from the Benefit go to the "Save St. Mark's Campaign" and the Poetry Project, which is sorely in need of funds. Your support is both urged and appreciated. It'll be a pretty great show, too.

Interview with Robert Bly (poet, translator, essayist, living in Minnesota).

Vicki Hudspith: What book have you been working on recently?

Robert Bly: I'm just finishing editing an anthology for the Sierra Club; it will be their first book of poetry. I've been working on that collection for a long time. It's a history of the poetry that grants some consciousness to plants, animals, and landscape. Poems that do that over the last hundred years or so. That's been very exciting.

V.H.: Is it an international anthology?

R.B.: Yes. There are about 170 poems: a lot of emphasis on the German poets of the 19th century; quite a bit of Rilke; some of the Russian poets; and then a general selection of poets in English. The anthology begins with poems written about 1750. In the 18th century, people really despised nature. I made a connection with Descartes' statement: "I think, therefore I am." Whatever he intended, Europe really heard that, because human beings think and because animals and plants do not think they are not. A century after Descartes, landscape, plants, and animals were considered by some to be dead or without consciousness. It's my opinion that Europe couldn't decide whether women belonged in the same category as men--creatures who had consciousness--or in the category with plants and animals. I think they decided women belonged to the latter category. Then everybody was in the soup! And basically that's where we still are. I don't think it's changed very much.

V.H.: Well, given then that you are now talking with a plant--

R.B.: Oh, yes, I hear you. Yes, indeed! (laughter)

V.H.: Which poets in the anthology are lumping together plants, animals, and women as dead material?

R.B.: I begin with Alexander Pope, Jonathan Swift and some German poets, Lessing is one. Almost all the 18th-century poets belong there, I think. Later, Novalis, Goethe, and Holderlin mounted a real attack on that position. We are not very aware of the attack they made because the English Romantics--with the exception of Blake--did not attack at all. But the tradition of Novalis, Goethe, and Holderlin was well known to Rilke. One reason that Rilke's poetry is much greater, say, than Auden's, is that Rilke had absorbed the strong psychic pro-woman poetry of Novalis and Goethe.

V.H.: What about your own poems?

R.B.: I've been struggling with the whole tradition that we've been talking about--that is, granting consciousness to, or considering the possibility that plants and objects have consciousness, ever since I wrote The Morning Glory. I think that the prose-poem predominates today partly because its form enables the poet to grant consciousness to objects more easily than the line-poem.

V.H.: In what way?

R.B.: I don't know. I just notice it. To some extent, the prose-poem appeared precisely because this step was needed. One of the masters of the prose-poem is Francis Ponge. In my new book, not out yet, The Man in the Black Coat Turns, I've mixed poems in lines with prose-poems. It's possible that the prose-poem allows for more natural speech rhythms than the poem in lines does. It's only when the voice rhythms are very calm and natural that we can really consider the possibility that plants have consciousness. The prose form has a terrific occult ability--to diminish egotism and allow one to come close to nonhuman things. Plants don't have any ego. To write about them requires a form with less ego. If you're sermonizing, using rhetorical, lofty language, you're going to leave out plants completely. If plants wrote poetry, you know they'd write prose-poems.

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V.H.: That's pretty amazing! But would they?

R.B.: Yes, because plants are just not interested in a Miltonic style. Their poems would be calm and ordinary, similar to the way plants put out leaves. I mean a plant doesn't send up neon rockets to the sky; it just puts out a leaf. You don't even hear it. Lately also I've become interested in something that has to do with what sound is.

V.H.: In what way do you approach the working aspect of sound?

R.B.: Well, this struggle is not specifically linked to voice rhythms, rather with the actual sounds in nature. I suppose it's an effort to understand that sound itself carries meaning. You know, in some way image carries meaning, tone carries meaning, rhythm carries meaning. When I look back at my work, I feel I've paid a lot of attention to image and to the kind of meaning that the image carries, but I'm embarrassed to notice that I haven't paid that much attention to sound, and to the kind of meaning that sound carries. Now I'm simply listening to sound in an elementary way.

Perhaps sound awareness will come back as people become more and more conscious of the difference between a poem with sound and, say, a poem translated from another language. Because I've done a lot of translation, I'm perfectly aware of how much is lost in the form when the great sound of the original is not there. The disadvantage of the prose form to me is that it doesn't sharpen one's appreciation of sound. There you have it. One can write a good prose poem without paying much attention to sound, and I've done it, and the danger is that the prose-poem seems easy and feels good. A poet may not notice that the sound is not being given much attention.

V.H.: Yet the prose-poem is a preoccupation with many writers just now, who are thinking about it in very particular but very different ways.

R.B.: There's another issue that's being debated all over the country, and that is the issue of form. Robert Haas from the West Coast thinks about these issues intensely, and his lectures are absolutely brilliant. This summer he asked: "Does anyone in this room still believe that free verse is revolutionary?" He believes that the preoccupation with form has a pendulum movement. There was one in 1945-1950 and then we moved away and now we're moving back again. American poetry has made two or three swings toward it since Whitman. We move away into free verse and then swing back again. No poets lead or follow, it just happens by itself. American poets often identify form with rhyme and meter, which, historically, come to us from England. Every time we swing toward form, we get involved in a regression to English infancy again or, from the more academic point of view, we make a progression! Then the water of form dribbles out, and it turns out nothing permanent has happened. The swing back toward meter always carries with it, in the social sphere, a movement toward the right wing. Haas made a remark. If you want, he said, to separate the idea of form from the idea of the right wing, get to work because the movement has already started; and there are "a lot of crows standing around on the fenceposts waiting". Isn't that a great image? The crows are standin' around, waitin'. If there's to be a movement toward form, some real thought should go into it! People shouldn't wait for the critics to decide about form. The poets should do it themselves! Therefore I agree with Haas that the whole issue is so important that we can't just slide back into a conservative position that reintroduces English form. The whole problem of the prose-poem appearing more and more complicates that in a good way. I have a feeling that the roots of form don't lie in meter or repetition, but lie rather in sound, but I can't formulate that yet.

I LOVE THIS PLACE

I noticed a few things on my street
a man in a new suit selling sheet music
the photograph of the front of the deli
on the wall of the deli next door
a smiling tin helicopter, falsies
a guy throwing dirt on a tiny carpet
I like the towers, the glowing red rooms
the sequence of fans
the river is made of steel
and has lots of grinning teeth
ice sails up the east river
young boys throw cans on the clinking ice
citizens pass in the corridor
but it is not the same as living on an avenue
an avenue
citizens, their eyes are dark, lashes like stars
if only you knew, my house is huge
the housework is out of hand
this is a jolly building
with loads of trash in the hallway
in front of my door
you don't understand how happy I am here
Happy Happy Happy eee eee eee

- Susie Timmons

St. Mark's Church In-the-Bowery
The Poetry Project
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