



Scorpio

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Book design by Wesley Tanner

Arif Press

SCORPIO, SCORPIO RISING

Scorpio

beastie in the bunghole

bugaboo of bugaboos

mite in the middle of the third root race

big eight of the cycle of life

maggot of the mind's eye

mistake, abortion, infection, crablouse

error of the raised eyebrow

O deadly persuader

O propagator of corruption

O comic of crimes not yet committed

O gutless guttersnipe

O diddler at the door of destruction

let me fall with you into generation

FEATHER

unicorn

canker

Ketchikan

the moon

the axis

the exasperation

what can I say?

I saw them on the slope.
I saw them
climb Deer Mountain.
I called my friend
and he gave me
no answer.
I entreated him
my mouth
god
suck
flower

EYE OF THE SCORPION

is issuing from the brain
shinning upon us
to block our knock off
in the 13th week
a pearl in wine
the web of life, and a worm
are weaving deep in the earth
a wooden bowl
is being filled with blood
to make bread
as the cauldron boils
gold and more gold
is issuing from the brain
white is holding a corpse
in the east of the brain
red is holding a banner
in the west of the brain
yellow is holding an arrow
in the south of the brain
black is holding a bowl
in the north of the brain
as the worm weaves

the web
in the 13th week
in the eye of the scorpion

EVIDENCE

whereas a fortress
whereas a jade pagoda
whereas a river
of diamonds, a river
of blood
whereas the fortress
is the pagoda, whereas
the river is blood, whereas
men and women are diamonds
I ask what is there
where imagelessness prevails?
whereas some cosmoses are being
transformed, whereas some are
being transfigured, whereas
some metamorphosis continues
I ask how is this possible where
there is no imagination?

TANTRIK TUNE UP

Wheel your rig into *DICK'S*—
you'll get a square deal.
Dick distributes *Punch Products*.
Punch protects your transmission
parts. Perfect parts
produce the proper frequency
to transcend planetary interference.

Pour *Punch* in your crankcase, it'll be-
come a peacock with 6 heads and 9 tails.
After this rite, things will be right on.
Stick it in your gas, it'll swell
until there's a tiger in your tank.
Stuff it in that stash behind the dash.
Rub it on the hood or slip it in your ear,
Punch stops heat, sludge, jerking

and the formation of calluses
on your eyes

PRINTER'S DEVIL

When I is
a sentence
and e is
a sentence
followed by
a sentence
and H is
a sentence
followed by
three sentences
Hell will be
a sentence
in more than
one sense

AT IAMBIC FEET

there is a hamburger such that
there is a prime mover such that
the prime mover and

the hamburger are the same,

and whatever *Beta* may be
(Beta is a cow mine.)

is true when and only when
the prime mover is prime rib.

OAKLAND SHOULD BE

abolished.

She's an early bird
that catches the worm
on MacArthur at Manila,
an intersection, a branch
of Oak. O police love her.

City of Merritt,

your lakes and hills
are eyes and thighs.

You lay in asphalt splendor.

Your ways are littered,
and pigs are chased by panthers
orbited by angels dancing
on the tips of your limbs.

City of the Raiders,

what's it like blasted?

Are you made of aluminum?

Where is London square?

Wolves aware of the sea's tear
wander in rose gardens
and eucalyptus groves.

Joaquin Miller Amphitheatre
is dedicated to California's writers,
dead ones.

PHANTOMS OF THE FAYUM

I see a man with two birds in one hand
and a snake in the other, walking upon
a bridge above fishes

I see a woman in the background
I see flowers like bird tails

There's a butterfly landing on the man's foot
The butterfly is larger than the man's foot
The man is broken like the land
The woman looks the same as the man

DIAMOND HANGING J FLOATING I

I mend the fences.
I tend the herd.

The shit is ten feet deep,
and the shitters play for keeps.
What are you after, they ask,
a hoof in the mouth?
The shit is ten feet deep,
and I can't eat or sleep.
Coyotes yap all night
below the blown moon.

The shit is ten feet deep.
Shine on, shine on.
Hold it down, you buggers,
or I'll rope your ass, I sing.
The shit is ten feet deep
and dear.
Hay has more than doubled in price.
There's no market for feeder steers.

The shit is ten feet deep
and clings like it's alive.
Pour on gas. Set those doggies afire.
Give those cows a kick in the udder.
The shit is ten feet deep
and thick.
Chew your cud, mama,
let those juices flow.

The shit is ten feet deep,
and sometimes it hums.
The shit is ten feet deep,
and here and there a head protrudes.

The Angus are black—
purgatorial beings.

The Herefords are red—
mythological monsters.

The Charolais are white—
easy to spot against the dung.
The shit is ten feet deep
and covers the fences.
The shit is eleven feet deep,
my shovel is hooked to coke.
The shit is beginning to climb,
making inroads through the hills.

O, the shit is infinitely deep
and running still—running.