The background of the book cover is a photograph of a forest. The upper portion shows dark, bare tree branches against a pale sky. The lower portion is dominated by a deep blue sky with a few wispy clouds. In the bottom right corner, a string of prayer flags is visible, featuring yellow, red, and white sections. The text is centered within a white rectangular box with a thin red border.

THE COLLECTED  
BOOKS *of*  
RICHARD  
DENNER

Volume 9

THE COLLECTED  
BOOKS *of*  
RICHARD  
DENNER

Volume 9

With a preface by Lew Harris



dPress 2005 Sebastopol



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*The Wizards of Oz have all gone kook  
There are no unidentified flying objects. The  
Moon may not be made of green cheese but my heart is. Across  
the Deadly Desert We found a champion. The poem  
Which does not last as long as a single hand touches.*

—Jack Spicer  
INTERMISSION II

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**PREFACE:**  
**The Polyhedral Polemics of Unbounded Denner**

In Volume Nine of his Collected Books, word wizard Richard Denner delightfully continues to create, discover and define his *no-self* by demonstrating that it is indeed the nature of the poet to be all things. Tibetans call this dialectic *pha rol tu phyin pa*, or going over to the other side. Richard accomplishes much of this dynamic by means of “the mask” which although explicit in the ancient Greek poets and tragedians—now resurfaces in such personas as Antonin Artaud, Bouvard Pécuchet, Lorenzo Ghibelline, Sir Arthur Ranting, Francesco Petrararch, and Jack Spicer. Denner’s risqué poetry-of-risk truly knows no boundaries as we “beastie in the bunghole” and “hope to hop even to Proxima Centauri.”

Yet, in the center of this Promethean hurricane, this L' Idée du Déluge, lies an eye of silence comparable to the humorous pathos of Henry Miller with all the contraction of Samuel Beckett. I look deep into that stormy pacific eye, that “molecule of mayonnaise” where language goes beyond limits and being is beyond self...where Marie Claire is an angel of mercy working the night shift in No Place...and I see “Go Fir It Reforestation in the Land of Many Abuses.” Such uncanny humor is without doubt precious healing balm for our world weariness, and I continue to hear Richard’s en-lightning poems echoing “Yes” and “Why not!” against the encroaching darkness of the Evil Empire’s Imperial “No!”

Fasten your seat belt, Dorothy, Shangri-la has finally come to the American West—riding shotgun in the front seat of Richard Denner’s low-riding Ford Ranchero.

Lee Harris  
COWBOY YOGI POET’S ASSOCIATION  
Seattle



# IMPERFECT UNDERSTANDING

Richard Denner

dPress 2004 Sebastopol

Cover collage by Luis Garcia



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THESE PROUD LOVERS

In black, green, orange, near white  
they lived in November.  
These proud lovers repeatedly drove  
inside hillside orchards wearing hats.

Francesco painted Hawaiians  
with a great deal of complicated  
interrelationships. Their natural color  
included much from Arabia.

Laura rolled her hips and climbed  
through cold forests  
with ten thousand bells glistening  
in the exact center.

In spring, a priest buried a dust devil  
who had confessed only one word.  
Somewhere between his lips  
a scream at the sun upstairs.

Life was exciting for Laura.  
She grew up in a part of Italy  
where they used clam shells for money.  
Her mother told her not to spend

More than 100 clam shell on anything.  
She went barefoot to the mouth of the sea  
while Francesco sat in the corner  
telling himself not to be spiteful.

I look at them, and there's no question  
about it, since they still remember their  
childhood. Streams of rain shoot off.  
She would never hurt her teddy bear.

I am often sullen, and when I am still  
I sense them behind a velvet curtain  
as the moments pass  
making love.

By all accounts a real estate agent  
has found a buyer for this flat.  
Coyotes cry in the vacant lot out back.  
“When do we eat?” they ask.

Paranoia breathes among myriad beings.  
Orange blossoms in Laura’s mouth  
make the occasional flight to the theater  
Francesco rented.

Laura’s teeth scamper after God.  
The doctor tells her to laugh  
and decipher the hieroglyphics  
on the gibbous moon in Tuscany.

A hunk of meat on a stick is a pleasure.  
I gesture to the priest, “Relax, the wheel  
is a way of linking suffering existence.”  
Coyote says, “Yum, sausage links.”

Francesco has a developmental scheme  
for what comes in and what goes out.  
The mouth and the anus and so forth.  
Laura prefers to take the bus to the zoo.

Her underwear was familiar. Last night’s  
storm clutched my hand, but I survived.  
A street light dips way inside.  
A hammer would help.

So steep, the prophesy that chose  
a hillside constructed of flames.  
Too great for leaping into their minds,  
fog horns keep them apart.

Dog tracks soil a limp flag.  
A tooth in his ear  
looks close at the other name.  
He doesn’t mind getting lost.

Now, see Love's pitying words  
written over his afflicted heart  
where beauty and the cops came  
not to kill but to take him shopping.

He weeps because she lies in rubble.  
His pride is what keeps him afloat.  
Her disembodied spirit calculates  
by all accounts he's a hardworking man.

From a few points, he tells himself  
a city has inexplicable depths  
filling the eternal with a well of magic.  
He begins at once a song of day.

The next area is swollen with  
everything she needed to do,  
including each person  
from beyond the barrier.

Francesco feeds his mind on thunder.  
His curved voice draws Laura near.  
He has fish to fry, and his gargoyle's  
lips forget the space between things.

## ATUK IN HIS GARDEN

Coming home, hot and irritable  
after a long day at the office,  
I park on the wrong side of street  
because it's close to my garden,  
and the four 'o' clocks have closed.

Walking on the checkered path,  
I mingle with the ghosts.  
My good suit on, my hair slicked down,

I'm totally freaked.  
I'm going to turn to magic.

Not going to look at my stuff.  
Bogus, that's me.  
"Bag off," I say.  
Where I live, in the suburbs,  
everybody's shit's the same color.

The wind chimes by my window chime,  
and in my dream I am a fireman, so  
I scramble out of bed & jump into my gear.  
I'm sure there's a conspiracy to change  
the color of the grass.

"Been there and back—  
and I've got the love handles to prove it."  
It's the middle of the night, and I go outside  
to relieve myself. Hypnotized  
by the Big Dipper, I pee on my shoe.

I hear the sound of a bird that sounds like  
a bird imitating a seagull. I can't see this bird  
because it's hidden by dense leaves,  
but I'm sure if I saw it, it would be big.  
Real big.

Big enough to carry me across the continent.  
Terrific and inexhaustible.  
Charged with the energy of a Death Star.  
I stand on my front porch  
awaiting obliteration.

Left no footprints.  
No reflection.  
No rustle.  
No point in searching.  
Poof. Gone.

## MY EYES WEEP TEARS

Reality soaked with tears, but should I define  
reality? No, I'd rather watch *The Bachelorette*  
on TV, reality TV, a really real show  
showing you your reality can be ok.

You just have to get on TV to experience it.

Follows Andy Warhol's prediction  
that everybody will be famous for 15 minutes.  
But what did Andy know about reality?  
For him a Campbell's soup can is art.

Today, I worked on this poem,  
decided "reality" was the first word.  
Thought I'd put everything in this poem,  
decided I didn't care if I alienated the reader.  
I know the best thing to do is nothing,  
know I'm crippled by my assumption.  
Cursed by my desire for transcendence.

## PLEASURE DONE

*I've lost my mind, but that's ok,  
I'm a Dharma student.*  
—Burnette G. Haskell

I'd rather not have an opium vision.

Want to avoid such mistakes.  
That's why I'm here

rowing up River Syntax.

The visionary Haskell  
took over the editorship of *Truth*  
& told his friends to arm themselves  
to the teeth.

Up ahead, in the future,  
his shade  
continues to plant seeds of radical  
enlightenment.

Meanwhile, here's a dozen bush tits  
in this tree  
at the edge of the garden,  
and I forgot my binoculars.

Still no man from Porlock.

## WHAT COMES NEXT?

What comes next?  
Betrayal, theft, disease,  
some calamity.  
Or what comes next might be  
appetizing.  
Make a cake.  
Bob's birthday.  
Bake him a spice cake  
and decorate it with tiny army men.

He's into the army,  
so into this war.  
Flags everywhere.

I told him,  
“Your American flag decal  
is not going to get you into heaven.”  
He just stared and said,  
“Well, my ‘When Worlds Collide’  
license plate holder might.”  
                    He’s got a point.  
Seems like worlds are colliding.

Saved by the bell  
                    from another  
Columbine massacre at Shaker Heights.  
Kids with shotguns and dynamite.  
That boy shot on the bus last week.  
Another car bomb in the suburbs.  
Another flight canceled.  
                    Soon, well have to submit  
a full profile to the airline  
before boarding.

Metal detectors in pre-schools.  
Lie detector tests.  
                    “No, I’m not  
supplying him with sugar.  
How much television? Four hours,  
                    no not more than four hours.  
four hours, that’s it.”

Better to have the violence  
on TV than on the streets.  
                    That was Shakespeare’s theory.  
Show the blood.  
Seemed a good idea, in theory.  
                    Go ahead, gouge out Gloucester’s eyes.

Peckinpaw made the blood gush.  
                    Pioneered those gadgets  
                                    that make blood shoot out  
                    like the bullet hit an artery.  
And Tarantino takes blood-letting

to a whole new level.

Why violence works on the screen—  
it's our surprise  
that we are just bags of liquid and air,  
our sense of being  
contained,  
and then we're leaking,  
shocks us, gives us a thrill.

Anything that moves on the screen  
IS the movie,  
holds our attention, enraptures us.

Maybe we should eat out, tonight,  
get some hamburgers.  
Eat some burgers  
with mad cow disease.

No, I'm going to bake a nice spice cake  
with white frosting.  
And while it's baking  
I'm going down to the creek and meditate.  
I've got an hour.

A flood came through.  
Lots of trash on the banks.  
Looks like the contents of a supermarket,  
all these shopping carts,  
and that tattered sleeping bag  
hanging in the branches—  
the belongings of a homeless person  
washed downstream.

Pussy willow and blackberry bushes  
and the stalks of last year's anise reflect  
in the water, but there doesn't seem  
to be a lot of life in the water.  
A silent spring look.  
Limbs and vines, a slab of blue plastic,

reflected,  
the water clear,  
hardly a ripple,  
and the reflections,  
perfect,  
until a breeze ripples the surface  
and slightly warps the images.

Sights deceive us.

A man with a trim beard  
working at his laptop  
next to a younger man with a pony tail  
sharpening old razors on a whetstone.

The younger man  
asks the waiter for vegetable oil  
and is brought some *3-in-1*,  
and the man at his computer  
looks confused,  
does this coffeehouse serve oil?  
Maybe the other man knows the owner,  
and it is just his luck  
to sit next to a man sharpening razors,  
while he surfs on his computer.

I have a thirst,  
and I keep coming to this cafe  
to drink tea,  
and the man with the trim beard  
drinks coffee, and the other man is served oil,  
whatever,  
the world cruises along,  
me sitting on this log  
by the creek, and the sap  
in the vines rising,  
and I feel love  
for strangers, feel loving kindness,  
so I breathe the spring air,  
knowing that the love I'm feeling  
is real, and the "so"—a big word—means  
volition, means cause and effect,

means by the force of my argument  
to change the effect and be the cause,  
because

I'm bound by my lifestyle,

and I can only be unbound by compassion,  
and the leaves turn,  
and the rain falls,  
and the creek fills,  
and the homeless...

Bob will be home soon...

I'd better check the cake,  
the cake,  
God,  
the cake,  
and after that, what?

## RENEWED DESTRUCTION

When I was young, I recognized language written in verse  
in any language.

I would melt at the hint of meter.

I hardly  
remember myself,  
but I remember the rhythms of the words.

I believed and did not believe all of it.  
Yes, half of me believed, and half of me  
did not believe.

Now, I lay in  
the thick grass of the difficult,

unknowable

“Here it is!”

## THE UNIVERSE

No out there out there.

## THE CITY

Trouble, always trouble.

## THE FOREST

These are your lungs you're reading.

## THE CAVE

No here here.

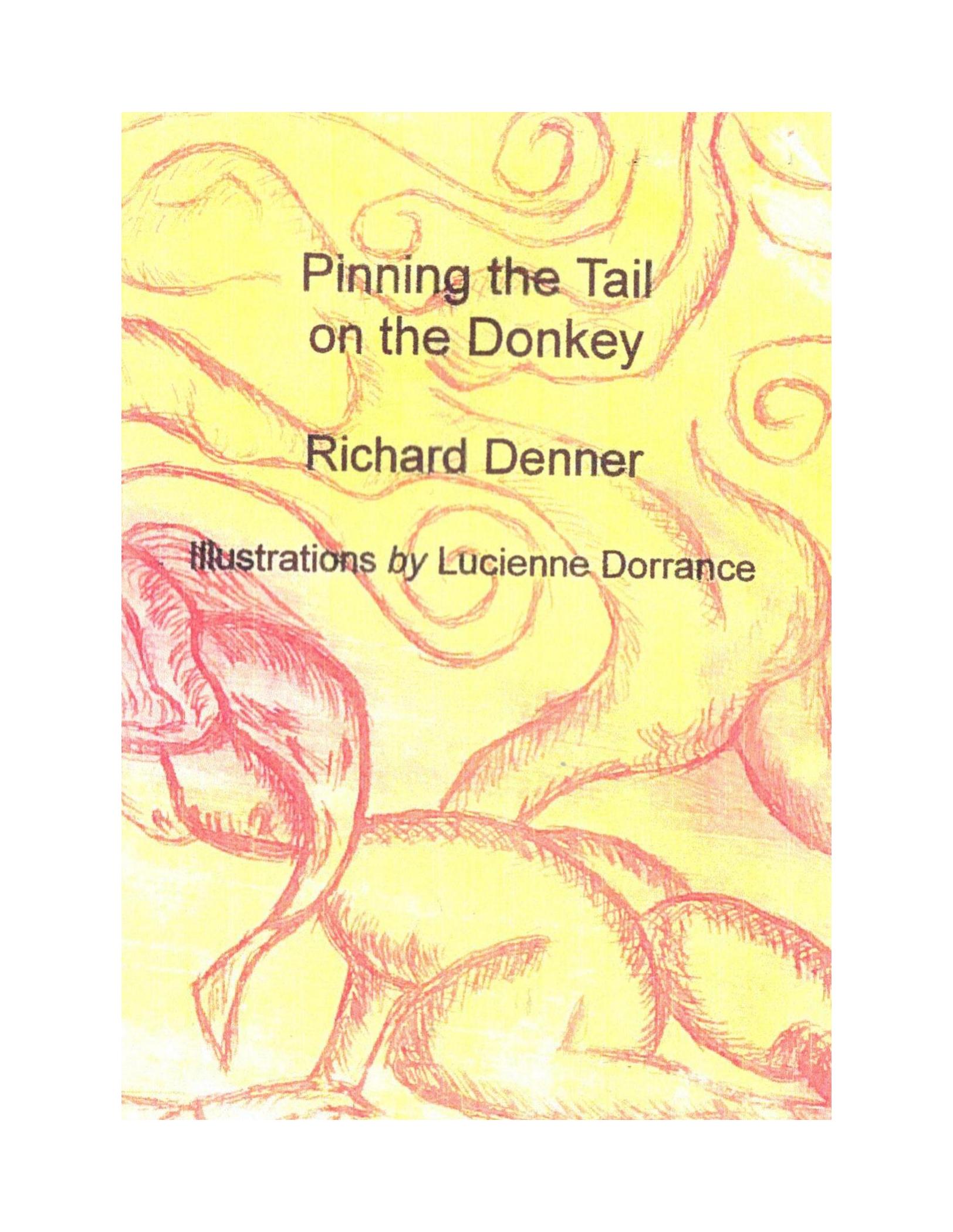
## SCATTERED PRAYER ANCHOR

Ah, mocking death  
until the answer reaches the sky

until the dead rise  
                  until this shade

& this  
          & this  
reach up to cloud, sun, star

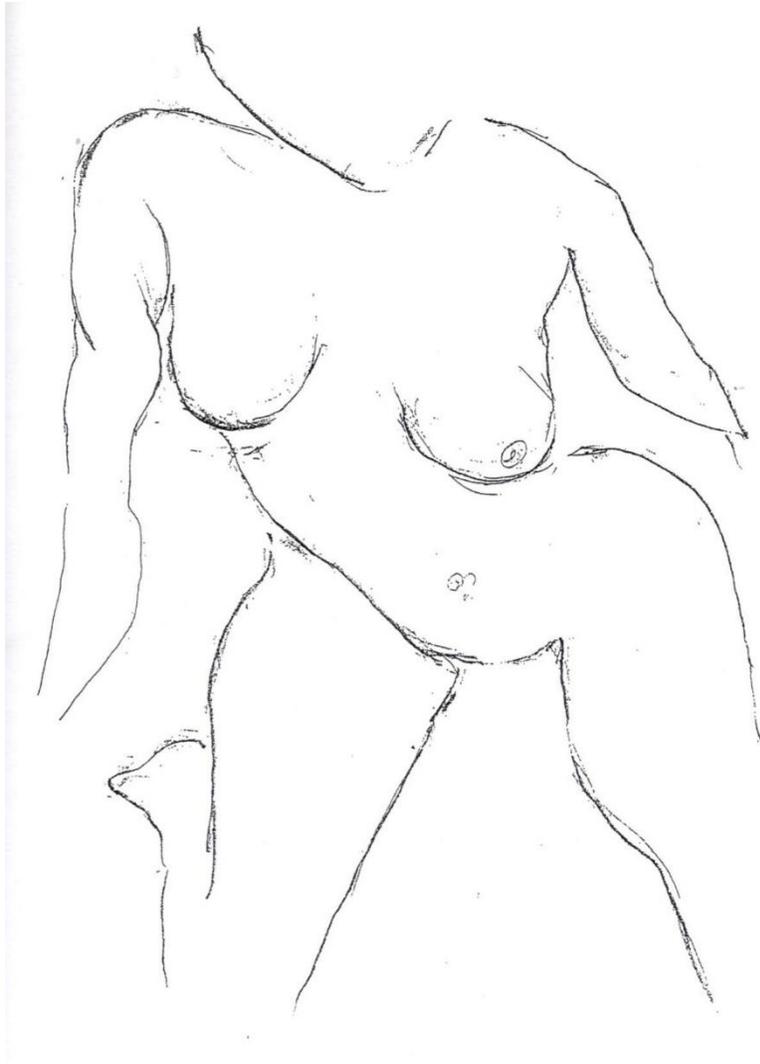
& I prostrate across the beach  
          & bow down in the far surf  
singing the whole of things.



**Pinning the Tail  
on the Donkey**

**Richard Denner**

**Illustrations by Lucienne Dorrance**



# Pinning the Tail on the Donkey

Richard Denner

# dPress 2004 Sebastopol

Artwork by Lucienne Dorrance

*Pinning the Tail on the Donkey*  
with all the artworks can be found online  
in the Poetry Room at The Physik Garden

['Pinning The Tail On The Donkey' by Richard Denner with images by Lucienne Dorrance](#)  
([michaeldridge.net](http://michaeldridge.net))



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## **COLD OUT THERE**

I heard her complaint.  
The pipes froze.  
The drain was frozen.  
The car wouldn't start.  
My hands are numb.  
My feet are numb.  
My knees are knocking.

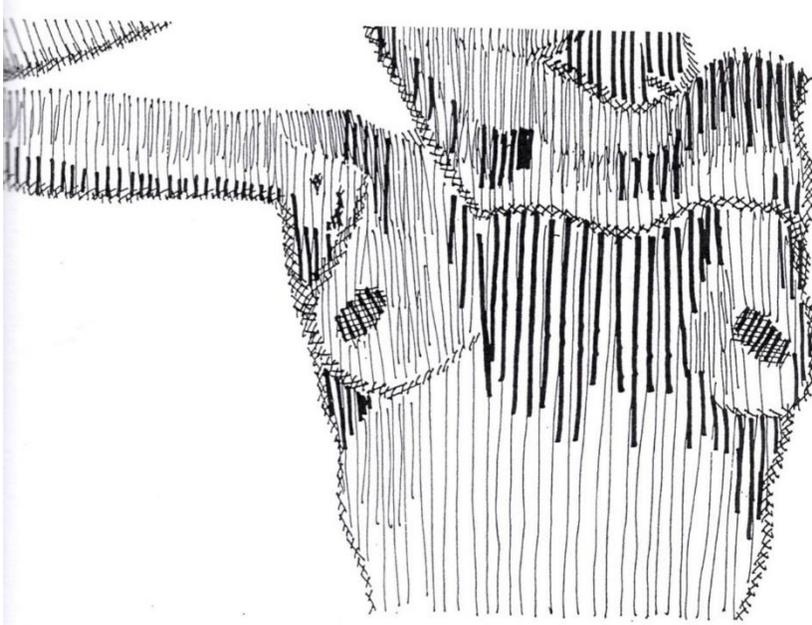
I had to go to logic class  
which always gives me the chills.  
On the way,  
my boyfriend gave me the cold shoulder.

### **ISRAEL 33 ½**

I met Yehezquel in the parking lot  
and he said to me, "There's no way,  
Jose, how the Mayans factored it,  
The End will be in June—  
blow the month of July away."

He showed me his designs of diamond guitars.  
There's one in Sagittarius and another  
spiraling out of Taurus.

Time and space, there's no death, he said—  
just a dark river.  
You might call it mainstream.



## **BUNKHOUSE AT 6 A.M.**

My boss barges in like a brontosaurus  
and gives me thirty days' notice.  
Says he's going to get a divorce,  
sell his house and horse,  
buy a boat and go to sea  
so he can be fancy free.

Then, Buck shows up  
with a cow elk tied to a string of ponies,  
and I hang the whole thing in the rafters.

This is a lot to process,  
let alone digest,  
for one morning.

## **CLOTHO, LACHESIS & ATROPOS**

These three goddesses  
determine fortune and mortal life.  
At the Skyline Cafe, my dad and I  
discuss beatnik ethics.

It's 1959.  
Hermes out of orbit, I fume  
albeit I see a chance of traveling light.  
The Fates warp their loom  
to throw a weft of experience.

## **PLEIADES**

Orion chased them.  
Sterope fell into a faint.  
Vulcan set a net to catch  
Venus in her embrace of Mars.  
Sappho saw the seven sisters set.  
She knew love makes a poet into a boar.  
You say, "All's fair,"  
and I, "Boars have wings."

## **INSTRUCTIONS TO MY APPRENTICE**

Plow art  
is never done,  
and rest,  
rest is more

than time away from work,  
more than that.

Hoe the row, queer the wheel.  
Queerer still, the elf light—  
candle of the warrior.

A memo:  
include the weeping  
and the hilarious colors.

## **NESTLED IN THE ROSE**

I breathe—  
how certain my love,  
And in the window's fog  
I trace your form.  
In the meadow of midnight,  
moonlight gleams through.  
Lover, the living wears down,  
but I find a luminous, stubborn joy.



## **A WAY SHE WALKS**

"Fire is water falling upward,"  
says sage Heraclitus.  
An old man stutters when he talks.  
A girl in pink flutters when she walks.  
What is the limit she'll permit?  
Fire is water  
falling upward.

## **ALL LOVERS ARE**

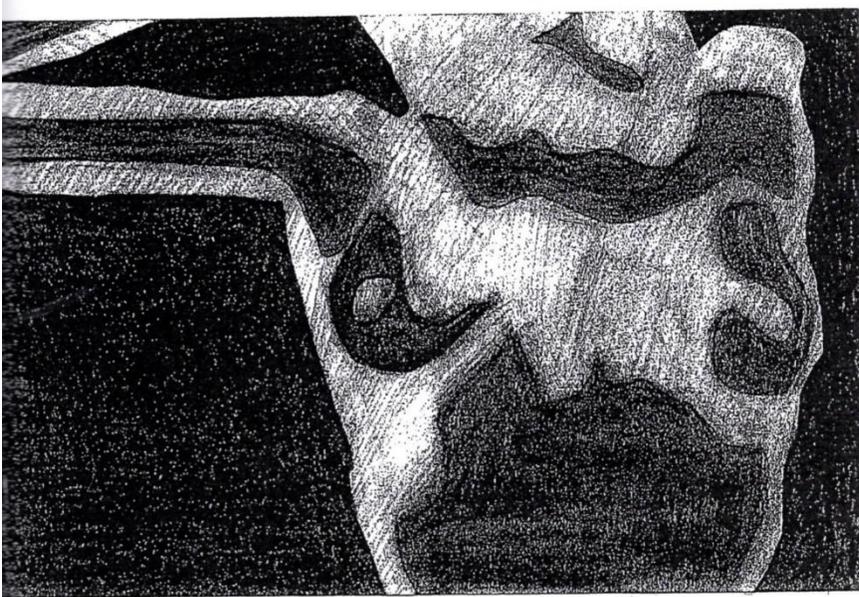
crazed. Running about  
looking for poems, and  
here they are  
on the tip of my pen.

Love on the run  
—stolen kisses—the spark

and the suffering.

Mixed emotions,  
green and orange colors—  
a tree of frozen fruit  
in this winter's haze.

It's bargain night at the Raven,  
but you're too tired for  
Shakespeare In Love.



## **ANOTHER DAY**

Another day—  
still hot for you.

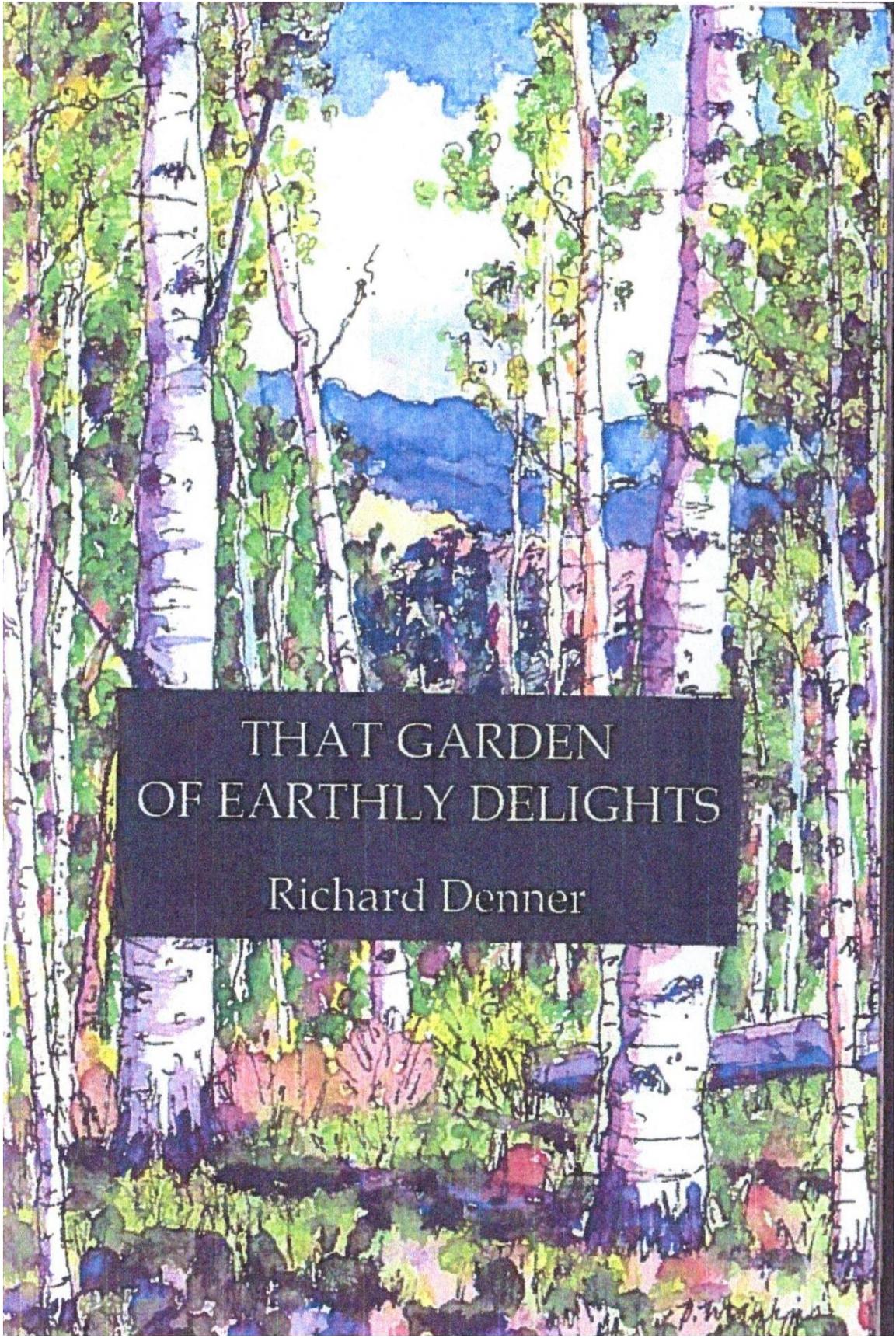
Another day—rain  
and fresh earth—  
still hot for you.

Another day—vines  
laden with fruit—

still hot for you.

Another day—grass  
burning in the sun—  
still hot for you.

Another day—flowers  
freeze, but my desire for you  
remains.



THAT GARDEN  
OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS

Richard Denner

THAT GARDEN  
OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS

Richard Denner

Front cover painting by Priscilla Wiggins



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## WHAT WHERE HERE

*for Jillian*

I drive to Fairfield  
a fair field  
I drive to the Riverside  
a river side

I turn right, then left  
our spirits meet  
you laugh, I laugh  
perfection is infectious

Fairfield Pagosa is a chaos of condos sprawling over a high mountain valley up Putt Hill from downtown Pagosa Springs, Colorado. This is where the new town grows, since the old town consists of a main street with a lone stoplight along a bend in the San Juan River. Cow town. Hunting and fishing paradise. Hot springs. Winter sports.

The Riverside is a restaurant right at the bend of the river where Jillian works as a waitress. To keep the management happy, she wears her dreadlocks tucked up in a scarf.

Her parents own one of the condos in Fairfield, which they rent out most of the year, and they are letting her stay there while she's on vacation from film school in New York.

She has a new DAT video recorder, and we decide to make a video—a summer project. The idea is to document the relationship of an older man and a younger woman. We want to stabilize our friendship by exploring the power of our sexual attraction. Since both Jillian and I have a history of making love first and finding out about compatibility later, we plan to forego sex to create art—and thus establish a creative relationship.

With the help of Anne, a therapist, we find our way. Anne helps us with an hypnotic eye-movement technique that enables us to process the angst surrounding our issues. Blink. Angst is self-liberated.

Once the age discrepancy issue is neutralized for Jillian and my lust for the most beautiful woman in the world is put to rest, we get down to business. The script is a series of sketches which involves the two of us in different locations during the day and culminates with a dinner party. Not a great

deal of plot, but it will allow us to work with the new camera and track our feelings.

We load the gear in her 4 x 4 and drive south, across the border to Echo Canyon in New Mexico. A blue-sky day. Infinity at our fingertips.

Voices of Mexican children bouncing off the walls of the canyon. I dance among the piñon pines and spook a murder of crows. We move to the multi-colored cliffs near Ghost Ranch. Red rock forms. A man in the sage. Jillian insists I get naked, and I work out an idea based on an experience I had on acid in Berkeley in the 60s.

I was wearing a black suit, and I thought my clothes were a shadowy specter. I literally jumped out of my suit. Quietly meditating in the sagebrush, I have a catharsis. A black day in Berkeley becomes a good day at Red Rock.

Next, a vision of Jillian, floating, a mirage in the heat of the desert. She's wearing a flowing black dress. Then she disappears, and I reaching out towards this illusion, losing my meditative center. Swirling around and leaping out of my suit, I drop my briefcase and run across the sand towards the highway. A car passes in the distance. Dissolve.

These are the things that happened, minute overlapping minute, things other people may not understand. Her parents say, "Why are you spending so much time with an older man?" She replies, "We have channels besides sex, stuff we do together."

The next sequence we shoot at the entrance to Piedro Canyon. Jillian loves driving my LTD, and she has always wanted to shoot a woman's legs stepping out of a car. Like they say in the biz, "this script has legs." I shoot this part, her driving, stepping slowly out of the rig, rolling a cigarette and smoking it on the car's hood.

"So, what's for dinner, dear?" We shoot at the house where I'm staying while my friend Doug is visiting friends in Vietnam.

Doug has a fetish for sunflowers, and everything in the kitchen has a sunflower motif – wallpaper, hot pads, clock, calendar, cups, curtains, tablecloth. So, this becomes a study of sunflowers with Jillian in a sunflower print apron, cooking plastic sunflowers in a kettle and serving up sunflower soup in bowls on a sunflowered tablecloth.

We embrace. The hug has sex energy, sexy touch, still saying one thing and doing another. Damage. Low self-esteem and power facades. Shitty feeling after promising not to manipulate, confuse or harm.

Our improvised dialogue reflects this tension. Sex tension. Uncomfortable. Jillian feels she has little to offer, wants honesty, no bullshit, wants a unique, creative companion. I'm tired of losing people, whole thing has become romantic crap, death, destruction. Neither of us wants to lose the other. Risks and dangers. Falling in love? Having sex is no accomplishment. Is this just a crush? Jillian not sure if it's a crush or not.

Driving Jillian home, the camera is accidentally left on, and as the car cruises along the camera sways catching us at odd angles, sometimes out the window, sometimes part of our torsos, Jillian's legs and her hands rolling a cigarette, the wheel, smoke and mirrors, hands driving, us speaking natural and uncontrived about the relationship of freedom to responsibility and the need to awaken the sacred in our present commercial, progressively degraded mode of being without either of us having the slightest idea of our destiny.

## **CLEAR**

*for Bonnie*

capricious horses graze  
on pure mountain air  
you lay on a bed  
of pinecones and wild roses  
the horses laugh  
the river flows both ways

I met Bonnie when I first arrived in Pagosa Springs. She was from Idaho and was a waitress at the Hog's Breath, or as it is affectionately known, the Dog's Dick, a steakhouse with a bar and a dance floor where the locals can show off their shitkickers.

The Indians say the river ran both ways before the white men came. Bonnie and I find we have feelings that run both ways, and we decide to get AIDS tests before traveling further, but by the time the results come back, it's time for me to go into retreat and for her to leave for the Christmas holidays. I have the peculiar feeling this is rapidly accelerating our relationship towards the no-return zone. Something to think about while I am in retreat.

After my retreat is over, I return to the bunkhouse on the horse ranch where I live, and I find Ashlee has moved in. She says she's shortly to leave

on a road trip and doesn't have any place to stay. She's wearing my robe and sitting on the edge of the bed. The covers are mussed, and as I check out the scene, the robe opens, and her marvelous breasts make a grand debut. So much for loyalty.

## DEJA VOODOO

*for Ashlee*

o never always  
would the mind  
let go

even the grass  
will attain  
liberation

As Hieronymus Bosch reveals in his painting, *A Garden of Earthly Delights*, lust is the downfall of man. I realize I have no desire to have a relationship with Ashlee or Bonnie, and although I can fantasize screwing two women at the same time, I'm not going there.

When I went back to the health clinic to get the results of my blood test, it seemed like the nurse was giving our relationship a formal benediction—a post-modern marriage ceremony. I tend towards monogamy, but I have a hard time getting beyond the honeymoon stage. In the years since I've been sober, I've had considerably less interest in sex. I think my drinking was a way to create eroticism, in abandoned moments of drunken revelry. My days of gin and bougainvillea.

I no longer have the goals and libido of a young man. I've been married three times, and I have four children, six grandchildren and a great-grandchild. I wonder how much time in my life have I spent with my eyes popping out, my tongue hanging down, clutching my heart in total delirium over the turn of an ankle?

## NEW HORIZONS

I see you see  
beauty as we  
share sunrises  
join silences

hand on hand  
smile on smile  
I think and think  
you do as you do

unhealed, the hurt hurts

It is so like me to create this melancholic situation by sabotaging my relationships so I can write poetry. I am the victim of my compositions.

## **POST DOGMATIST PUDDLE**

*for Cecil*

all in order  
on a plate of gas  
Maxwell House  
is avant-garde

“Post Dogmatism” is a manifesto that was created by my friend, Cecil, who is a collage artist powerfully influenced by Kurt Switters. A teacher, a musician, he and his wife run Café Cuernavacca on the main drag, and it is an extraordinary experience to have an espresso and eat fine Mexican cuisine in their establishment.

There was a duo who played there called *Provinces*. They played music from Central and South America and Mexico. Rural melodies. Different versions from different villages. The husband was the master of many instruments, and his wife sang in a lovely contralto and played tambourine. The combination of tambourine and harp was good to the last drop.

## **CALF GRAFT**

*for Bruce*

creations of ordinary reality  
don't forget to burn the sun

do whatever it takes  
to get that steak to your plate

Bruce and his wife, Jan, are dedicated drummers. Every year they travel to Africa to study, and they return to teach and perform. Bruce makes his living doing ironwork, and Jan is an established artist. She sells her paintings and does interior decoration. Bruce and I like channeling cowboy poetry in the hot tubs at the Spring Inn.

A calf graft is performed when a cow's calf dies, and you skin it out and put the skin on another calf. This confuses the cow, and she bonds with the new calf and lets it milk. If the calf graft doesn't work, you might spray the nose of the cow with hairspray to over-ride the mother's pheromone receptivity. Just another creation of ordinary reality.

## **AFRICA**

*for Ilsa & Richard*

when you come back  
when you come back  
bring me a drum

when you come back  
bring me a leopard  
when you come back  
bring me a spot of soul

bring me back, bring me back  
Africa, Africa, Africa

I lived on Ilsa and Richard's ranch for an idyllic year and took care of their horses while they traveled. When they returned, Richard burst in and said he was going to get a divorce, sell his house and horse, buy a boat and float the seven seas, and I wondered why heaven seems to exist without us?

## WARM LIGHT

*for Brent*

spring soon  
still winter  
still winter stillness

the brown ground moves  
bees have no attainment  
bees have no non-attainment

Two of my favorite people are Brent and Julia. They lived in the main house while Richard and Ilsa were in Africa. I had known them both in Seattle. Early on, I had been to a retreat with Julia and had once practiced *Chöd* with Brent, but I had no idea they were a couple until Julia phoned and asked me to help her rescue Brent who was stranded on the highway outside of Durango. She said we were to bring some large plastic garbage bags and duct tape. A mystery. A night without a moon. Do we have to dispose of a body?

Julia and I find Brent at an all-night convenience store and gas station, and he explains the situation. He had been pulled over by a highway patrolman for having a defective taillight and discovered his driver's license had expired. He was then warned not to proceed by himself. The officer had been helpful and delivered him to a payphone.

The bags and duct tape? Brent was embarrassed to say he had a case of body lice, and if I was to get into his van, where he had been living, I would need some protection. Weird to get pulled over in the outfit Brent and Julia created out of that black plastic. Spooky. Lice have no attainment. Lice have no non-attainment.

One day in May, Brent is in the bookstore where I work, and he asks me if he can borrow a couple of my silver rings with Tibetan mantras. Sure, seems kind of strange, but knowing Brent, I guess it's ok. Later in the day, I get a call from Sharon at her dress shop Wituthka, and she tells me Julia has been trying on white dresses, and she thinks they're planning to get married without telling anyone.

I confirm her suspicions by relating my story about Brent and the rings.

Sharon no sooner hangs up than Ivy phones from Café Cuernavacca and says she has just seen Julia with flowers in her hair and Brent in tow, and that they are on their way to the courthouse. We all manage to make it in time for the wedding, but while I'm standing next to Ivy, something magical starts to grow between us. I can see that ancient sparkle in her eye.

## OUR NATURAL VIEW

*for Ivy*

to be and not to be  
to be is not to be  
flower of life  
heart stream  
only a spark to begin  
now, only a sparkle left

Ivy invites me to dinner, and I stay for a year, eating, sleeping, loving, watching movies, meditating.

That is, until a day comes, and I say I am too tired to make love, and she says she thinks she is pregnant and starts to freak. Up to this point, everything is blissful, and it seems that we have a special deal on all the love in the world, nothing down and 0% Apr financing.

As it turns out, she isn't pregnant, but she feels she needs her space and wants to go on a small vacation, alone. Magic word, *alone*. And, as I am getting ready to move into my friend Doug's house, this is very good timing, and we decide to part friends.

She has since found a guy who shares her life's goals and special diet, and they seem happy. I know I channel some surreal and darkly facetious shit when the mood is on me, that my pursuit of the Holy Grail complicates things. But, to tell the truth, I just couldn't make the balloon payment.

*Flower of Life*. An ancient symbol of sacred geometry, said to contain all the information that exists. The key to the Universe, it is made up of interlocking circles which reveal a series of forms called the *vicis pices*, or Eye of God.

When two circles of equal radii intersect one and other at their respective centers, there is an area of shared space that is equal to  $\pi$  and denotes the relationship of the circumference to the diameter of a circle, which can in

turn be represented by the transcendental number 3.14159, here to five places, a sequence that never repeats until infinity. If you study the teachings surrounding this symbol you will be lead from the Atlantians to the Anasazi, from the Pre-Socratics to the Manhattan Project.

Ivy introduced me to Aryurvedic medicine, raw foods, Agni Yoga, Babylonian musical modes, and Richard Running Deer. Richard Running Deer is in a class by himself.

from **TOO MANY HORSES, NOT ENOUGH SADDLES**

*for Richard Running Deer*

our love of the land  
is our comfort and strength  
this the Ute people know  
this the Buddha people know

the sangha is a circle  
here is where we are from  
awake to the scent of rabbitear sage

ears hear fire  
eyes see light  
all one taste

garden of fire  
garden of stars  
garden of air

I see Richard Running Deer in his pickup truck at Tara Mandala Retreat Center, delivering water in a large plastic container. On one of his runs, he stops me and says, "You, there, you are always working. I want you to come to a teaching." I said I considered my clearing brush to be a practice. I'd been asked before, but it I had decided I wanted to do karma yoga. He responded, "I'm a guest teacher, so I'm asking you again to come to a teaching."

Later, sitting and meditating, I asked myself, "What am I doing here? Am I here because I need to prove something to myself? Do I need affirmation that what I am doing is right? Where is my inner teacher?" I was a nest of questions.

I go to the fire circle and watch Richard Running Deer move his feather fan through the flames and speak to us from his heart. He tells one girl she has an important decision to make right away, and I know, from having talked to her earlier, that she must make up her mind whether to stay in retreat or leave for Boulder to enroll in school.

He tells a new doctor in town that she will be known as the "smiling doctor" after she has established herself in the community, and I've come to know and study with Pam. She's a *delog*, a person that has had the experience of dying and returning to life. Besides her medical practice, she counsels on death and dying and is loved by everyone.

He nods toward me and says, "You are always standing back, watching. Are you a teacher?" I answered, no. "Don't be so quick to answer; you have more to offer than you know. You need to come to the front and be acknowledged, but you must learn to give yourself credit for who you are." He spoke thunder.

## **SHRINE**

*for Jimi Hendrix*

a diamond guitar  
spirals out of Sagittarius

a god in his constellation  
digs the celestial choir  
he moves East  
to meet us in the West

Local artists created an "Altar Show" at the Many Hands Gallery. I got my idea for my shrine after listening to a crazy I met in the parking lot in front of my bookstore. He said his name was Ezekiel and that Jose Arguelles had it all wrong. The End of the World had nothing to do with the Mayan Calendar. That the end was coming in June. Going to blow the month of July

away. He said he had a vision of a 3-D constellation in the shape of a guitar, a diamond guitar that spiraled out of Sagittarius, another out of Taurus made of galactic gold.

I thought of the connection to Jimi Hendrix because he was born under the sign of Sagittarius. Also, Johann Kepler, a 17th century astronomer, spoke about the *music of the spheres*, and I also thought of my friend Steve's CD, *448 Deathless Days*, that has a choir on a tape loop which sings backwards.

## FURNITURE POEM

*for Steve*

start with two marks  
wispy world on the cusp of chaos  
and in this corner  
a hint of disclosure  
about a continent in stasis

ambient poetry  
elevator murmurings

Steve Fisk is a music sampler. This describes music that is collaged from taped bits of prerecorded music or sounds that are composed with studio equipment and then mixed into a final version.

Not to say Steve can't write music or play traditional musical instruments because he does have a degree in music from Central Washington University in Ellensburg. We met there, and we were both in the supporting cast of the infamous video *The Fertillachrome Cheerleader Massacre*, which featured three band members of *The Screaming Trees* – "Yes, Dr. Stimson, in the desert, you have to live like a snake or die."

Ask me, go ahead, "What is this poem about?" It's abstract, oblique, and cryptic. It's what I call a screen saver, and it came out of an idea I had at a reading at Many Hands Gallery where I asked the audience to look at the art on the walls rather than at the poet, while I read my poems standing in the center of the room. Kind of like ambient music in a furniture store, while you try out a recliner.

## PAINTING CLOUDS

*for Priscilla*

clouds are familiar sensations  
only their positions are uncertain

a pink diver above square top  
a dark hood caps little brother

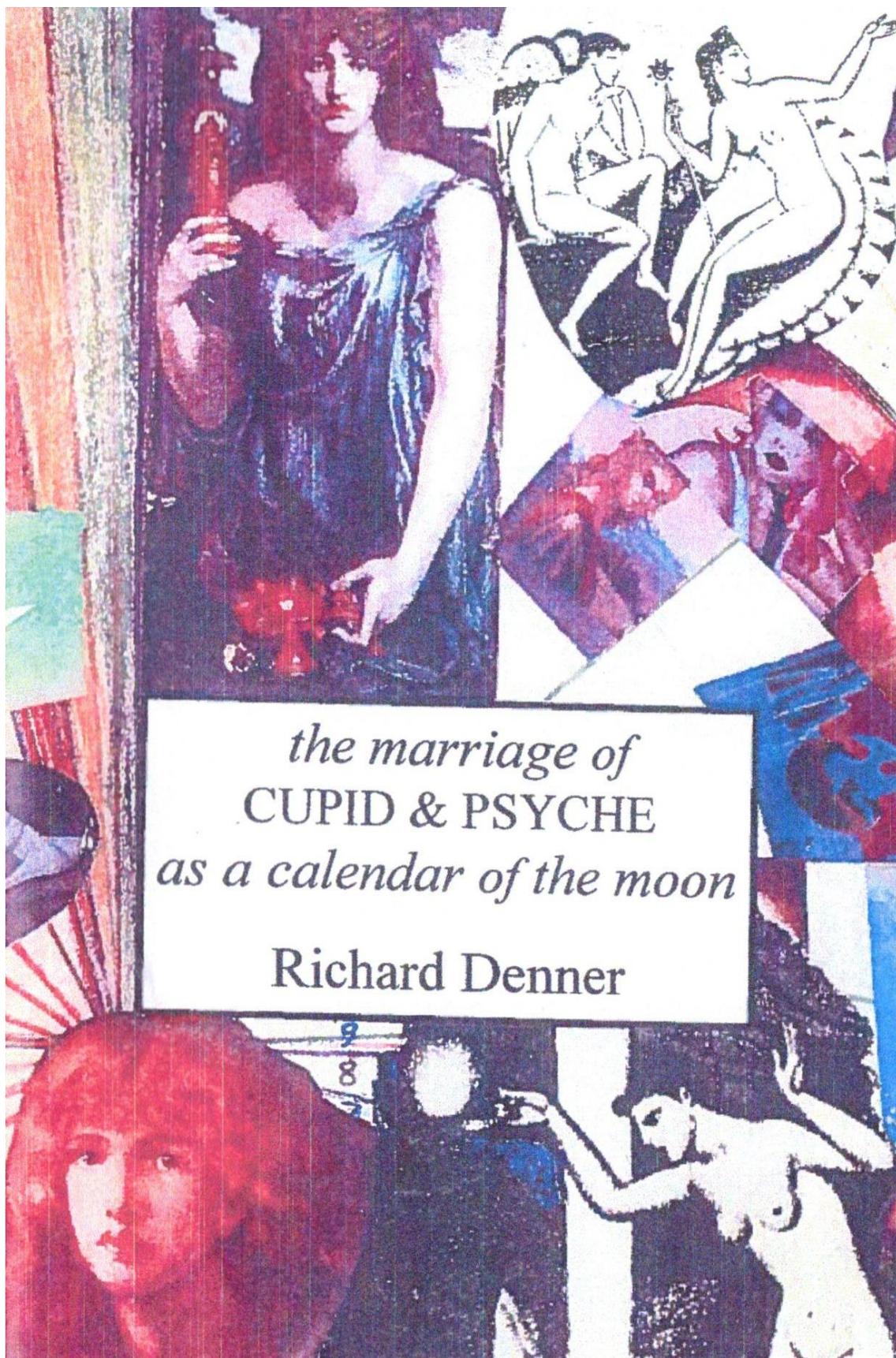
a chorus line of kachinas kickstep  
a bony dakini with a skullbowl  
soft clouds become hard  
quiet clouds become loud

lightning has struck her, so  
she sings while she paints

Opening with the Uncertainty Principle and moving into an unfamiliar landscape. Square top and Little Brother are two prominent rock outcroppings east of Pagosa Springs. When the sun sets, their western faces are soaked in pink light. To the south, the mountains are known as Sangre de Christi, the blood of Christ.

There are striking similarities between Tibetan Buddhism and the religions of the Southwest Indians. Kachinas are small dolls used in Hopi religious ceremonies called Skypeople, and Dakinis are female energy forms, a word that means Skywalker.

Priscilla lives among the clouds in these mountains and paints the vistas. She camps with a minimum of gear, her paints and canvas, a gadget to filter water, a few clothes. She has broken off the handle of her toothbrush, to save space. She hikes and paints the panorama, and she sings as she paints. Lightning struck her.



*the marriage of*  
**CUPID & PSYCHE**  
*as a calendar of the moon*

Richard Denner



*The Marriage of Cupid and Psyche  
As a Calendar of the Moon*

*Richard Denner*

*dPress 2004 Sebastopol*

*For Claudia*

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## **The Marriage of Cupid & Psyche as a Calendar of the Moon**

**P**syche is the youngest, most beautiful daughter of a king and queen. Psyche's beauty rivals that of Venus, and Venus, feeling dissed, orders her son, Cupid, to wound the princess with one of his arrows. "Make Psyche fall in love with the vilest of men or the most wretched of beasts," she commands.

Cupid spies on Psyche, but as he attempts to shoot her, he cuts himself with the tip of his arrow and so falls in love with this mortal himself. The next thing you know, Psyche's suitors have mysteriously disappeared.

Venus puts a curse on the kingdom because no one is worshiping at her altar. The parents consult Apollo's oracle, with the result that Psyche is to be sacrificed to Apollo. Apollo owes one to Cupid and sets up the escape. Psyche is left on a cliff to await being devoured by a python. She is whisked away by the wind god, Zephyrus.

She wanders, and with the aid of Pan, she discovers Castle Wonderful. Once she occupies

the castle, spirits assist her. Draw her bath. Do her nails. Brew tea. She's disoriented and expects the worse, but she's told by the spirits to relax and to expect her host after dark. Cupid arrives, and although she can't see him, she can feel his downy body and strong wings. She's not sure what he is, but she enjoys him and their lovemaking. He comes to her night after night.

After a time, she complains that she is bored during the day. There is only so much to see and only so much primping she can do. She misses her two sisters. Cupid reluctantly complies with her wish for them to visit. They have been married off to old kings, and although they are comfortable, there is something missing in their lives. They look around Psyche's digs, not fully comprehending where they are, but blown away at how their sister has lucked out. They're gaga and jealous. They tell Psyche she is married to a monster and that she should hide a dagger and a candle under their bed, and when her husband is asleep to light the candle and plunge the dagger into his heart.

Psyche is naive. She has doubts, and that

night, after her sisters have gone, and after her husband is satisfied and asleep, she lights the candle and holds it over her husband's reclining body. Here's an embellishment by Bulfinch that I like. The candle is so excited by Cupid's beauty that its wax splatters on his skin. He awakes, and as he flies off he says, "Love cannot live with Suspicion!"

Psyche wanders on a barren plain in search of Cupid. She comes upon Ceres's temple, which she finds in disorder. She puts the hoes and rakes in nice, neat stacks, and she is rolling the hoses into loops, when she is stopped by the goddess and told to cease and desist. She is instructed to take her problem directly to Venus, and with trepidation, Psyche does as she is told.

She is received by Venus and given an interrogation definitely prohibited by the Geneva Convention. After nearly drowning on a water board and then fouling her gown after being given a hefty dose of Castor Oil, she is assigned a set of impossible tasks. Number one. She has to separate a pile of mixed seeds for Venus's parrot because this

bird likes his pistachios neat. Psyche knows the task is absurd. She sits down and has a good cry.

The elementals take pity on her. Fire, air, earth and water all come into play in the four tasks. While Psyche mopes, the ants sort the different seeds into piles. When Venus returns and sees the fine work of the ants, she can't believe her eyes, and she gives Psyche a thrashing and feeds her some moldy pizza.

Task number two. Get some Golden Fleece. Psyche despairs when she sees the ferocious rams in the field across a raging river. So, she cries and thinks that maybe she'll drown herself. The river hears her, and the reeds tell her to go downstream where there are some rocks she can cross on, and for her to pick the fleece she needs from the thorn bushes. Psyche does so, and when she returns with an armload of fleece, Venus is angry and gives her a good Dutch rubbing.

Task number three. Get water from the source of the River Styx, the river of death. The river issues forth from a cliff face and

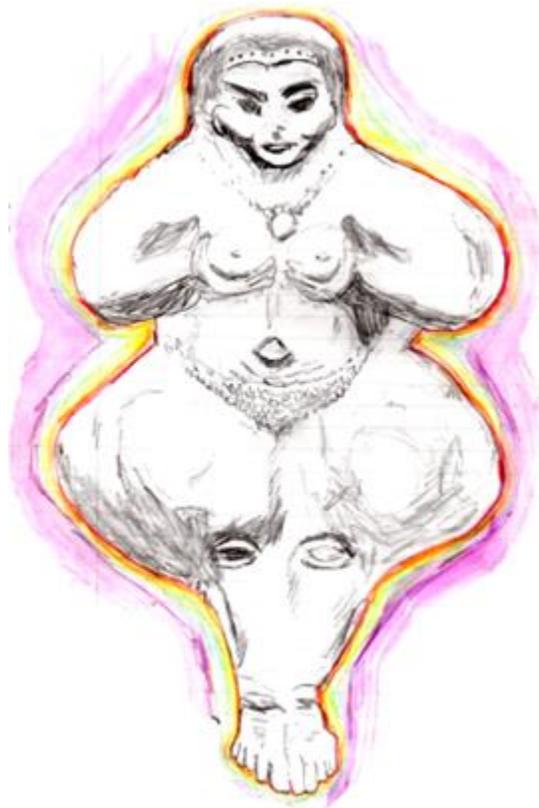
is protected by multi-headed serpents protruding from the cliff walls, their necks capable of covering all directions of approach. Psyche is aided by an eagle, which flies between the serpents and returns with a small jar of the river water. Bamboo splinters under the fingernails, this time.

Fourth and final task. Venus demands, "Get me a drop of beauty, enough to last a day." Psyche is given a box and sent to Proserpine, Goddess of the Underworld. Psyche freaks and decides to commit suicide, an even better solution than crying. She climbs up a tower and is about to jump off, when the tower speaks to her. Psyche discovers a hidden staircase, which she descends, and is given a vial of the potion she requires.

However, and this is where Psyche shines, before she returns the box to Venus, she considers her haggard condition, and knows that if Cupid were to see her in her present state, he wouldn't love her. So, she opens the vial, and a deep sleep overcomes her.

Cupid helps her recover with a kiss, and she completes her task. Cupid intercedes with Jupiter, reminding the dude of the many times he has been helped to score. Psyche is received into heaven. Drinks ambrosia. Is given a nice apartment. And Venus dances at the wedding.

And just to round things out, Psyche gives birth to a baby girl named Bliss.



## **Outline of the story**

An esoteric outline of the story of Cupid & Psyche follows, utilizing the Major Trumps of the Tarot & the following numerological system: 1=beginning, 2=balance, 3=expansion, 4=realization, 5=change, 6=harmony, 7=uncertainty, 8=activity, 9=wisdom.

**0** – The Fool – Moving forward on faith

**1** – Magus – Access to power – The eclipse of Venus by a mortal, Venus calls Cupid – beginning

### **New Moon Phase**

**2** – Priestess – Hidden issues – Parents consult Apollo's oracle, Apollo & Cupid confer – balance

**3** – Empress – Potential birth – Psyche left on rock, aided by Zephyrus – expansion

**4** – Emperor – Exertion of will – Psyche wanders & finds Cupid's castle, aided by Pan – realization

**5** – High Priest – Traditional search for meaning – Occupies castle, attended by spirits – change

### **Crescent Moon Phase**

**6** – The Lovers – Testing, choice – Cupid

charges her not to look upon his features –  
harmony

**7** – The Chariot – Initiation & mastery of  
opposites – Psyche begs to see her sisters –  
activity

**8** – Justice – Karmic retribution, an unfin-  
ished lesson – Sisters instill suspicion – un-  
certainty

#### **First Quarter Moon Phase**

**9** – The Hermit – Separation from others –  
Psyche beholds her lover & wounds him –  
wisdom

**10** – The Wheel – All things must pass –  
Psyche tells the sisters her tale, sisters fall –  
beginning

**11** – Strength – Lower nature brought into  
harmony w/ higher – Psyche wanders in  
search of Cupid – balance

**12** – The Hanged Man – Enlightenment thru  
limitation, listening to inner voices – Psyche  
attempts to put Ceres's temple into order –  
expansion

#### **Gibbous Moon Phase**

**13** – Death – Transformation, regeneration,  
prepare for rebirth – Punished by Venus –  
realization

**14** – Temperance — Moderation, compro-  
mise, integration – Ants sort grains into  
piles — change

**15** – The Devil – A challenge to weakness —  
Venus angry, throws Psyche in dungeon —  
harmony           **Full Moon**

**16** – The Tower – A breakup of crystallized  
patterns— Psyche despairs of getting the  
Golden Fleece — uncertainty

**17** – The Star – Clarity, insight – Psyche aided  
by the river — activity

**18** – The Moon — Venus angry, Psyche tor-  
tured — wisdom

#### **Disseminating Moon Phase**

**19** – The Sun – Psyche gets water from River  
Styx, aided by eagle – beginning

**20** – Judgement – Psyche aided by an eagle —  
balance

**21** – The World – Psyche returns to an angry  
Venus – expansion

**0** – The Fool, the process of transformation –  
to get a vial of beauty — realization

#### **Last Quarter Moon Phase**

**23** – Psyche goes to the tower to commit sui-  
cide – change

**24** – Descent into Underground – harmony

**25** – Returns, opens box, falls into deep sleep  
– uncertainty

**26** – Psyche recovered by Cupid's kiss and  
completes task – activity

**27** – Cupid intercedes with Jupiter — wisdom

### **Balsamic Moon Phase**

**28** – Psyche received into Olympus, she drinks Ambrosia —beginning

**29** – Birth of Bliss, Pleasure, Joy — balance

**0** – A new cycle and, hopefully, the gods are the wiser

**W**hile the outer narrative reveals an archetypical conflict between the gods and a mortal, Psyche's inner story moves from initial innocence to wisdom. Psyche's adventure concerns her evolution from the earth plane to the plane of heaven, the transmutation of a mortal into a goddess. This is reflected in the Journey of the Fool & in the Zodiac.

The Kore. This maiden's journey begins once her beauty becomes a challenge to Venus and the involvement of Cupid. In terms of a calendar of the moon this is the New Moon phase, a beginning ripe with uncertainty. The triple goddess is made up of the Maiden, the Mother and the Crone. The Mother. The body of the story details Psyche's gaining experience, her tests and achievements. As for the part of The Crone, Psyche completes her tasks and is immortalized.



The story of The Marriage of Cupid & Psyche illustrates that success comes from realizing your unique achievements, that you can make do with what you've got (Aries). First thing you learn is the need to make concrete sense of your individuality and to seek supports, even if it means pulling yourself up by your bootstraps (Taurus). Evaluation and assimilation of ideas, then, and the ability to communicate these ideas to others (Gemini). Stability is a must. Happiness requires a feeling for home and roots (Cancer). Emotional energies overflow into the environment (Leo). "I love you, but I kill you, but I'll love you forever," that sort of thing. The cycle reaches its apex when Psyche tries to put Ceres's temple into order. Her original impulse is toward self-improvement and hard work (Virgo), but she gets knocked about.

The four tasks are opportunities to figure out what works and what doesn't. Here, she learns to rely on others (Libra). This is the point of the Full Moon. Then, the yoga of managing her energy in order to accomplish the tasks at hand (Scorpio). This is the beginning of the Disseminating Moon phase.

In the Disseminating Moon phase, happiness is

sought by deep study and by crisis and reorientation (Sagittarius), and in the Last Quarter phase, Psyche shows she's got gumption and can get her man (Capricorn). After missing her opportunity for an extreme makeover, she gets a clue that there are larger issues (Aquarius). Finally, in the Balsamic Moon phase, all fruits and final products are realized. This is where karma dissolves. This is where Psyche attains the rainbow body (Pices).

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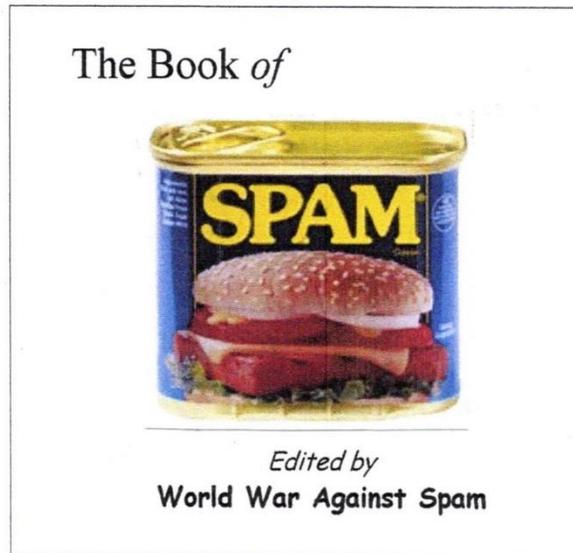
## The Marriage of Cupid & Psyche as a Calendar of the Moon

*“Get me a drop of beauty, enough to last a day!”*

Aries	1	Magus	NEW MOON	Eclipse of Venus by mortal, calls Cupid	Beginning
	2	Priestess		Parents consult Apollo's oracle	Balance
	3	Empress		Psyche left on rock, aided by Zephyrus	Expansion
Taurus				<i>Psyche as Maiden (innocence, consciousness)</i>	
	4	Emperor		Psyche discovers castle, aided by Pan	Realization
	5	High Priest	CRESCENT MOON	Occupies castle, attended by spirits	Change
Gemini	6	The Lovers		Cupid arrives, charges her not to look	Harmony
	7	The Chariot		Psyche begs Cupid for her sisters to visit	Uncertainty
Cancer	8	Justice		Sisters visit & fill Psyche with suspicion	Activity
	9	The Hermit	FIRST QUARTER	Psyche beholds Cupid & wounds him	Wisdom
Leo	10	The Wheel		Psyche tells sisters her tale & sisters fall	Beginning
	11	Strength		Distraught, she wanders in search of Cupid	Balance
	12	Hanged Man		Psyche orders Ceres' temple, Juno instructs	Expansion
Virgo	13	Death	GIBBOUS MOON	Received by Venus, given 1 <sup>st</sup> task, tortured	Realization
	14	Temperance		Ants sort the grains <u>Earth element</u>	Change

<i>Psyche as Mother (Knowledge, experience)</i>					
Libra	15	The Devil		Venus angry, Psyche tortured	Harmony
	16	The Tower	FULL MOON	2 <sup>nd</sup> task: Golden Fleece <u>Water element</u>	Uncertainty
Scorpio	17	The Star		Psyche aide by the river, she gathers the fleece	Activity
	18	The Moon		Venus angry, more torture for Psyche	Wisdom
Sagittarius	19	The Sun	DISSEMINATING MOON	3 <sup>rd</sup> task: get water from River Styx	Beginning
	20	Judgement		Psyche aided by an Eagle <u>Air element</u>	Balance
Capricorn	21	The World		Psyche returns to an angry Venus	Expansion
	0	The Fool		4 <sup>th</sup> task: get box w/ beauty f/ Prosperine	Realization
Aquarius	23		LAST QUARTER	Psyche goes to tower <u>Fire element</u>	Change
	24			Descent into underworld, returns w/box	Harmony
	25			<i>Psyche as Crone (Transcendent wisdom)</i> Opens box, falls into sleep	Uncertainty
Pisces	26			She recovers by Cupid's kiss	Activity
	27 days 7:43		BALSAMIC MOON	Psyche completes her final task	Wisdom
Coda	28			Cupid intercedes with Jupiter	Beginning
Transmorgification of Psyche into a Goddess	29			Psyche received into Heaven, drinks Ambrosia	Balance
	29 days 12:44			Birth of Bliss	Expansion





## The Other White Meat Press

Sebasopol

2004

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### **COWHERD SEMAPHORE CONTRABASS**

I KNOW IT, YOU KNOW IT, WOMEN KNOW IT TOO! IN BED WOMEN WILL ALWAYS ASK FOR MORE! THE REASON I'M TELLING YOU THIS IS BECAUSE CIFALIS, SOMETHING EVEN BETTER THAN VIAEGRA, IS NOW THE ANSWER.

IT IS SCIENTIFICALLY PROVEN METHOD TO IMPZROVE YOUR PERFOROMANCE IN BED.

### **january hopscotch primeval curricular**

barfly lucia boone alpert flintlock scandalous rut cartesian cominform cavalier christendom edifice appendage alphabet boletus arianism brouhaha vagina penis revulsion allemand glamor stockroom labrador broody babysitter delphic falstaff officiate headwind trombone water baseplate privy bookkeep inseparable grain decompose exeter fetter excuse massif myofibril fearsome doormen revere mac purine climatic career cockcrow dailey nco joan

## **Works without diet or exercise**

Don't avoid the penis you love!  
Just Stick this patch on ur body/hand & it will do the rest

### **Materials to help you in your ministry**

Become a legally ordained minister within 48 hours

As a minister, you will be authorized to perform the rites and ceremonies of the church including pedophilia

Perform Weddings, Funerals, Perform Baptisms, Visit Correctional Facilities

Want to start your own cult?  
*Press here to find out how*

### **Stretch Mark Fading Therapy**

LOOK GREAT THIS SUMMER  
START NOW

Dramatically reduce the signs of  
existing stretch marks and scars  
Prevent the onset of stretch marks  
during pregnancy  
New Penetrating Cream gets rid  
of stretch marks  
Fades away existing stretch marks  
Repair Penis Marks In Weeks

### **Russian bitches cacothansia in action**

HAVE AT YOU1

Have you ever seen pretty sexy offward girls get fucked regained in every holes?

Many a man is saved from being a thief by finding everything locked up.

Yes we like their pink here Pussies too.

Justice is a temporary thing that must at last come to an end but the conscience is eternal and will never die.



## The Story of Impetuous Delirious Yesterday

Bouvard Pécuchet

BY WAY OF HELL PRESS 2004 SEBASTOPOL

### The Story of Impetuous Delirious Yesterday

Impetuous Delirious Yesterday was born in Guayaquil, Ecuador, in the shadow of Mt. Higueroota, in 1980, a century and a half after the death of Simón Bolívar. Her mother, Juanita Bolívar Delirioso, is a descendent of that famous general. Her father, Jack Yesterday, who died of a drug overdose on the eve of the millennium, was an Englishman with a mysterious past but with the means to guarantee that Impetuous would have every opportunity.

Impetuous attended school at the highly recommended San Martín Academy from the ages of eleven until seventeen. When she was sixteen, she became friends with a young man named Crisóstomo. No other name is known, and it is presumed this name is fictitious. It was through Crisóstomo that Impetuous met members of The Gurdjieff Society. Impetuous's parents learned of her friend through a correspondence with a concerned teacher. Fearing their daughter was associating with "known rebels" and in possible danger from the police, Impetuous was recalled from school. She swore the accusations were false and pleaded to return to the academy. Her parents were reluctant at first, but after a week, they relented.

A private detective was hired to watch her. The detective was to report her every move. She might well have been aware of the detective's presence, for shortly after her return to school, she went to the market with the detective following her. She was last seen in Guayaquil on April 1, 1997.

Floating between hell and La Jolla, Impetuous became a street dancer. At first, her beauty and talent created incredulity, but it wasn't long before a rumor that she was dancing would create a furor of interest. She traveled

extensively, and her dances made her into a legend, yet when agents and the media sought her, she was uninterested in their attentions and kept them at a distance. One cannot speak of her without echoing, however remotely, the monumental style of the Venezuelan dancer, Samantha. Impetuous is yet to have her name on a street sign, but she is yet to have people throw eggs at her, as well.

In the Fall of 2004, Impetuous met the famous Plagiarist poet, Doug Oporto, better known as Doug O, at Mills College in Oakland, California. Seeing her dance, he was inspired to write the following poem, which I present here with an English translation.

### **CONCUBINE DE LA NOCHE**

Me llegó con una mirada descuidada.  
Escribo con su bilé azul.

El estres, la atrapa en los muebles.  
Muchacha besadora, baila una danza furiosa.

Tiene chispa de muchacha traviesa en su sonrisa  
/inocente.  
Se le olvidó al doctor nalgearla cuando nació.

Ella ha ido a la luna y al más allá.  
Fiebril, inestable, contusionado, ella desea ser un eco.

Sus pensamientos salvajes se asoman, invisibles  
/como una ironía.  
Al perderla, descubro todo.

### **CONCUBINE OF THE NIGHT**

Touched by her careless glance,  
I write with blue lipstick.

Under a lot of pressure, she's trapped in the furniture.  
She's a kissing girl who dances a mad dance.

She has a bad girl's sparkle in her innocent smile.  
The doctor forgot to spank her when she was born.

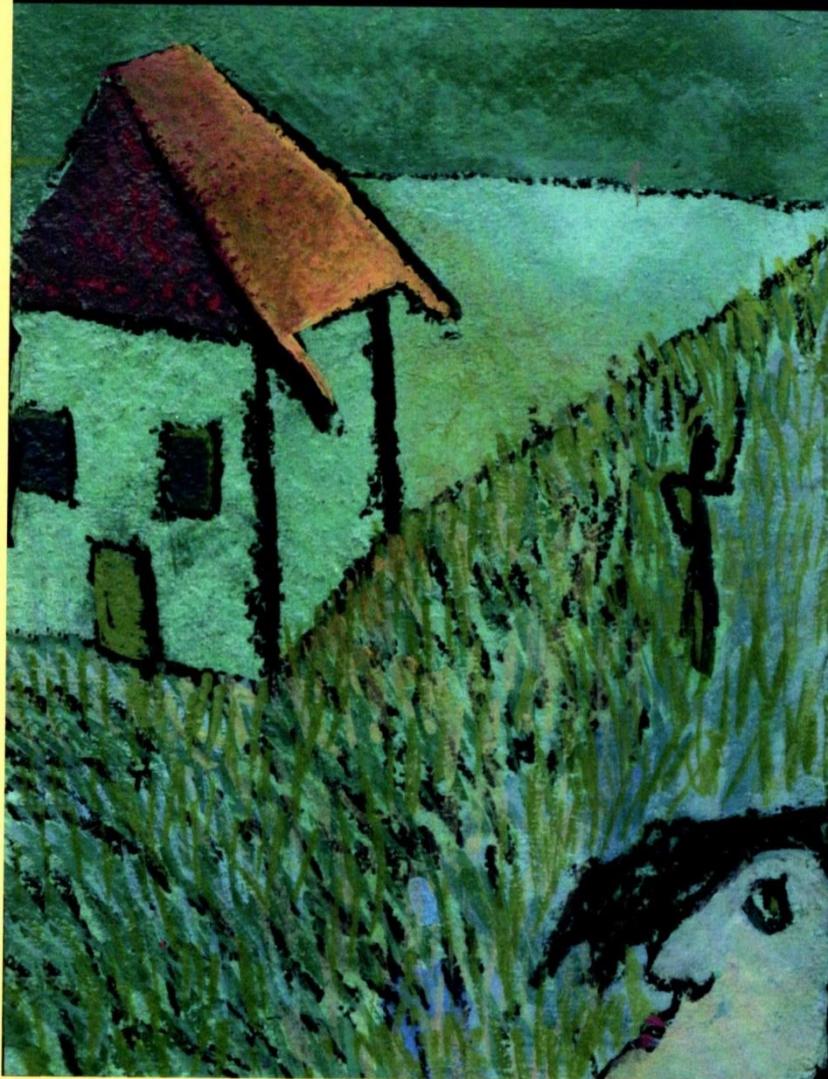
She has sojourned to the moon and beyond.  
Feverish, unstable, bruised, she wishes to be an echo.

Her wild thoughts hover, invisible as irony.  
Loosing her, I've discovered everything.

D PRESS  CLASSICS

RICHARD DENNER

A HOUSE JACK BUILT





# A HOUSE JACK BUILT

With an Afterword *by* Bouvard Pécuchet

D Press 2020 Ellensburg

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*BOOK ONE*

*Homage to Garcia*

---

*Explanatory Notes*

*I*  
*For Groucho*

---

Lu, I would remake the whole universe for you if I could, but the ghosts are hostile. I'm afraid these shiteaters are dug in and have lots of ammo.

### ***HE WHO LISTS***

Flower  
Unicorn  
Canker  
Ketchikan

what can I say?  
I saw them climb  
Deer Mountain.

I called my friend.  
He gave no answer.  
I entreated him with

my mouth  
God  
suck  
flower

---

Once Caesar crossed the Rubicon, he didn't look back. Part of the legend is we kidnapped Robert Duncan. We made it as far as Vancouver on his Master Card. Our small army still lives off the ransom.

### **WAR SAW**

This is how it is, Sir—  
Sack and burn,  
Rape and pillage,  
Every town and every village.

---

A quagmire in Iraq? Clausewitz was right—war should not be left to politicians.

## **TRAINS THAT COULD**

I sing  
To cloud to tree to wind to T.V.

I sing  
*Watusi wa*  
*Watusi wa tu*

I see two  
Watusis in tutus.

---

Stopping the troop trains, it was a bad day in Berkeley. Some of it was subtle.  
Some of it was gross. All of it was ugly.

## **GIVE ME FAG VOMIT**

Fucks US  
under the stars and stripes  
where the Axis  
(no, they don't ask us)

And the Allies  
(of course, it's all lies)

create a suction,  
an enigma  
in the ice box.

You can see  
in the dawn's early light  
his dong is long  
past the pull date.

---

LBJ keeps poking that obvious member of the sleeping dragon of the Orient because he doesn't know who he wants to invite to his barbecue. Old presidents don't die; they just bloat up.

## **IRAN CONTRA CANTO**

Archaic  
Sidereal  
Shuttlecock  
Hypogeal  
Omnibus  
Lobotomy  
Excite

Yes, and  
    even though everyone else is wearing  
    their cap backwards in Military Sci

I focus and try to keep my sights steady  
FOR LOVE

---

This will be the only appearance of Oliver North in the poem. His route of escape is forward.

## **GENERAL MacTHUSELAH**

Genesis V 27, his days  
were nine hundred sixty and nine years.

Forlorn is foul  
weather—none

better or

brighter than his  
shield.

He returns and returns  
and returns again.

Landmines in the sand  
are not compassionate.

---

It's all the same war. The generals just fade in and out. Beware of the sharp  
explodings.

## **WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION**

The Fokkers were revved all night,  
grounded  
with their canisters of mustard gas.

EXHEXDEXODREAM  
SCREAMCREAM

Poor Apollinaire.

---

*Pour Apollonair* was a face cream frantically sought in boutiques in Paris under the Vichy government in that other war. These Fokkers are Messerschmitt.

## O, THE HELLS RING OU

Noriega's sentence reduced 10 years  
British jets hit Iraq  
Ugandan troops kill 15 Hutu rebels  
Record Warmth triggers coral die-off  
Three Serbs slain by Kosovo rebels  
74 million saw Lewinsky on TV

*I was sitting on the beach.  
The sun was just setting,  
and up walks this gal who says,  
"You have a beautiful shape."*

---

Goodbye ceps. I asked her name, and she said it was "Showers," and I thought it best to pass. As for the count and how to count the count, who do these numbers refer to?

## TERROR ANGEL

for Claude

I press you to my heart,  
Lambmine.

We sit in the light of God's golem eye  
sampling images by Miro, Tapies, Picasso,  
and Mary Smith.

She has such impact—her *vibe*, her *energy*!  
Liable to go off at the slightest provocation.

---

Buster Keaton created mistakes. His mistakes worshipped him as their greatest leader. 1927—hard to believe things could get so out of control that quickly. *The General* is a mess.



## ERRATA

read lankmines for lambmines  
read lampmines for lankmines

read limpmines for lampmines  
read linkmines for limpmines  
read lessmines for linkmines  
read lostmines for lessmines

In the early morning wind—  
Diamonds and Wild Cherries.

II  
*For Harpo*

---

You dreamt you saw frozen DNA, but really it was an angel, coiled and waiting  
to be discovered in the palace of your mind.



## IDEOGRAM

for Carolyn Kiser

A stick figure, I open my mouth—  
two swallows spin out.

## THE COLOR WHITE

for Bob Kaufman

Salt, snow, endless abomunisms—  
my sheets *before* Lorca.

---

Eloquence and imagery—poetry can be very boring. Denise Levertov & Robert Bly argue in the captain's tower.

## **PEYOTE TRIP IN BERKELEY**

for J.W.

To the wall up my face down the river  
running rapids without a paddle  
hallway filled with fading portraits

In the shadows of the corners  
I begin to see things begin to move

Piss scream barf

Down the road I walk with a sign  
NO U TURN  
and my brains in my hands

You cut yourself and saw worlds within  
worlds within worlds

Burma Shave.

---

A lifetime under house arrest. Outside I hear the keys of my executioners jingle.  
If you wear a blindfold does the firing squad exist?

## **NUMBED BY THE RAYS**

Of things which are dimensions  
which are worlds

Ech!  
—not rational, eats worms, tastes musty—

LIFE, LOVE—my honeyed breast  
my hairy ass.

Ghosts in my closet.

My mind is haunted.

“Seven for the seven bright shiners,  
six for the six  
proud walkers, five for the Pentecostal,  
four for  
the gospel makers...”

“Stop it, or I’m going to kick you in the teeth,”  
shouts a spook from the closet.

“One is one and all alone.”

---

Returned to the hole, I eat a meal of canned peas, instant mashed potatoes, and  
mystery meat. Illuminated by a low watt bulb in a cage, that’s me, naked on a  
rough mattress.



## MADDENING

Those lines  
those lines  
those damn lines

and all this blank space—  
a place with no one in it

and nothing below the surface  
and  
    nothing above the surface  
        and nothing on the surface  
but a white rabbit.

---

One way to liberate the lovers from syntactic-semantic relationships is to encourage them not to sleep between the lines.

## **NOT ANYTHING REAL**

I dreamt you entered my tent  
high on a ridge above a clear-cut.  
I thought you'd come, and I came—  
but you were only the moon—and I came.

I told this to my Theosophy Club,  
but they didn't think it was mystical  
and were a little shocked. All it was is  
a poem.

I am filled as I am emptied.

---

The Grail is not the cup Christ drank from, but the serving plate from the Last Supper. It is shaped like an eye, a fish, a vulva, and is the geometrical form of *Pi*, the relationship of a radius to the circumference of a circle, which can be revealed by two overlapping circles whose perimeters intersect one another's centers.

## **SHAFT OF THE DEAD MAN**

I see an ithyphallic therianthropic being,  
a birdman, facing a bison with  
its left foot turned so the cleft is seen—  
eyes, nose, thighs, toes speak to me.

A shaman in ecstatic trance,

the dying male god and the Mother, with  
flickering torchlight and psilocybin—  
best I omit the Cro-Magnon ceremony.

---

With God's cosmic dick out in the conversation, His will and testicle on the tongue is revealed in golden section two of the forth part of the first part.

## 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.  
kThe woman looks the same as the man.

---

Who was kThe? His wife? She wears a diaphanous gown, carries an Ankh, and has a dildo on her head. The naked, kneeling figure between his legs must be a servant. He beats the bush with a stick that resembles a snake. It is a boat made of rushes and not a bridge. A cat in the papyrus is trying to swallow a duck.

## HEAR THEM BUZZZ

With the gums gone the  
words within words, no kidding,  
the birds chatting with other birds,  
are barely heard.

And though the nose is  
green and blue,  
it's much too hot to twitch.  
Nothing

Stirs except a blue-bottle fly.  
The eye IN my head  
sees me coming toward the river,  
and a sound says,

“I will die outside your window.”

---

Anything I can do to undo what I have to do, I'll do.

## **THE WART CANNOT BE COERCED**

*OE dott*, head of a boil  
a small lump, clot 1570  
a minute speck, spot, mark 1674  
roundish mark made with a pen 1748

It was not the act  
by which a dot is made until 1858.

Poets knew it  
(knew (i)t) little  
i, knewt, no  
(tat, tit for tat)ed  
knit (knew) it  
dotted it down.

---

What were people reading? What wars were being fought? At this time a *dot*

was a woman's marriage portion, of which the annual income was under her husband's control. James Buchanan was president.

III  
*For Chico*

---

Two rivers—the River Styx and the other one, I can't remember, the Russian River, maybe. You're embalmed, and there's no place to go to piss or to scream. If you follow me into the Underworld, be sure to bring three coins and extra honey cakes.

**MAYBE A MAIDEN**

Hard to know.  
She lives alone in a castle on a hill  
with a garden of shrubs shaped like dogs.  
Poodles, Beagles, Dobermans.

In the second light, she sits by the window  
feeding birds. Surely, they are nightingales.  
No one is ever seen in the garden,  
yet the shrubs stay shapely and tasteful.

Strange, her mode of life,  
desiring nothing, to be left to herself  
in a topiary garden, desiring nothing.  
Quite weird, really.

---

These peculiar settings and puzzling people, it's enough to make me cry, "That's it—let there be fire in the sea, earthquakes, hailstorms, avalanche. Let the sky open and the gods ejaculate."

## **FOREST PERILOUS**

O, wild bubbling brook  
in this forest among the ferns,  
naked to the sky and the flowers  
and the animals that drink you,

Your sweet liquid, so pure,  
rising to my lips is purer by far  
than time or the rambling  
of this wooden-worded line.

---

A knight in rented armor (in dented amor) having shed tears and blood and spilt his seed in foreign hands pauses for refreshment before continuing his quest for the perfect snack.

## **PERCY**

O, Joker. Humorous in all situations.  
The center of the pack—the hero  
of transformation, innocent fool.

He has frightening brightness in the eyes.

He laughs his bright laughter, and like  
Stan Laurel does something unexpected.

Entranced by a few drops of blood  
on the breast of a seagull in a parking lot  
he shoots a half-court basket without looking.

Half a mind. Half a question. Three points.

---

Dotters, granddotters, and great granddotters of President Polk—a dot in her  
story, pinning the head on the dotting Old Fool.



**TESTAMENT OF A GHOSTMAN**

for Max

Outside the Steppenwolf,  
I finish off the wine.  
An alley. On the wall  
are words by madmen.

Panhandle a turkey san  
from the grotto,  
hike up University  
and crash in the bushes.

I awake with fingers  
                    in my pockets, roll  
into Strawberry Creek—  
up the bank and to the tracks.

As light illumines the bay,  
“Hey, man, let’s smear that queer.”

Feet, do your thing.

---

Marc, I dug your article on Rebel Angels, reminding me of Blake’s *Your Heaven gate might be my Hell door*. Hard to know which way the angels blow in these poetry wars. So many confused flags.



## PERSEPHONE'S MIRROR

for Beryl

I am that woman despised  
by all other women  
and most desired by men.  
I am tormented

by the hostile sex  
that saturates me.  
There are days and days  
when I feel ugly,

and no one likes me.

You say that within  
a golden goddess sleeps,  
although I am forbidden to see

anything but underground.  
Unfolding with Spring,  
I yearn for whoever  
can understand my pain.

## **RISKING THE BOUNDARIES**

for Chanon

There's somewhere I want to go,  
and so, I cruise the limits of the visible.  
I feel the barrier, weird yet familiar  
to my touch—is this a warning?

A car burns beside the road  
where I meet the guardians of the way,  
an old woman throwing bones in the dust,  
a young man rolling stones on a board.

“Who are you?” he asks, “Elven queen,  
white witch, she who has trouble  
making up her mind?” If I pass, I know  
I cannot return, but what more can I lose?

The wind carries me—I change.  
I have no eyes. I have no sex.  
I dance to the rhythm of the stars,  
a dance that is older than love.

## **SECRETS OF THE OVAL ORIFACE**

Yes, oh, yes, yes, yes, yes,  
this must stop—my soul is dark,

and it's flowers are nightshade & wolfbane.

We must put this behind us  
and get back to work.

Damn the sun and its flowers.  
Damn the glass eye of the moon.  
Damn my weakness and this heavy hour.

My heart quakes. Thank God, it's Friday.

---

This is a transcription of a tape recorded by Linda Tripp. Nothing was ever made of it because the events in Dallas superseded this situation in importance. Camelot is now a wispy memory.

## **BILLY MEETS THE CANYON SPIRIT**

Dawn of the manicured fingertips.  
Billy swallows a handful of peyote  
and pulls himself out of bed  
and away from the warm señorita.

He walks up an arroyo and into a canyon  
a mile from his hut. The spirit of a bullet  
ricocheting. There is the hiss of cymbals.  
Billy's hand trembles in the fake landscape.

He blazes away with his *Peacemaker*.  
He fires six rounds. Reloads. Fires.  
He shoots bushes, rocks, holes in the ground.  
He shoots bullets at bullets in the hot air.

Billy the Kid, shooting in the chaparral,  
outdraws his shadow.

---

This is the gun silent screen actor of B-westerns, William S. Hart, bought and proudly showed off to his friends. The gun was manufactured years after the Kid's death.

## **BOOGIE KNIGHT**

Billy's in the closet checking out his arsenal  
trying on different outfits—  
A Colt Anaconda and Colt Python  
to crossdraw under a frock coat  
A Browning Buck Mark with scope  
and a Walther for backup with backstrap  
A Smith & Wesson Model 640  
with a Kahr micro 9 in patent leather  
The Para-Ord double-action 14 shot .45

The Bland .577—the ultimate manstopper

His fresh face.

---

“He said he was seventeen, though he didn't look to be fourteen. I gave him a job helping around camp. He hadn't worked very long until he wanted some money. I asked him if he was going to quit. He said, ‘No, I want to buy some things.’ I asked him how much he wanted and tried to get him to take \$10 for I thought that was enough for him to spend, but he hesitated and asked for \$40. I gave it to him. He went down to the post trader and bought himself a whole outfit: six-shooter, belt, scabbard, and cartridges.” —H.F. Smith (Rancher)

## **FLASH FROM SILVER CITY STAR**

*Billy the Kid, terror of New Mexico  
Lay as a gasping and quivering corpse  
While his blood dyed the dirt floor*

*Of Pete Maxwell's adobe hut.*

*Eleven ghosts of the Kid's victims  
Stood waiting to escort him  
To eternal darkness.*

---

“I don't blame you for writing of me as you have. You had to believe other stories, but then I don't know if anyone would believe anything good of me anyway.”

—Alias

## **FLASHBURN**

The first trickster said, nothing lasts.  
Or was it—you can't cross  
the same beach twice—or once,  
for that matter.

This morning I couldn't open my eyes.  
Poured in a dose of sulfate and alcohol,  
and they opened like the doors to a tomb.  
When I closed the lids, a grating sound.

*Here half my days gone and my light nearly spent.*

Blindness, a deductible expenditure.  
Some consolation that.

---

Re: form—the same extension which constitutes a body constitutes space. Re: content—a life lived with respect to mistakes, a jest of meaning. A joust.

## **HAPPY CLIMES**

Athens of the West,  
just like Fun City— she creates  
a provincial mentality  
by fulfilling  
    through witchcraft  
whatever the mind pretends.

In Berkeley, I was  
attacked by the mænads,  
classified scizo-non-decisive,  
and given Stelazine and A.T.D.

A minor inconvenience, but I  
can relate—a nervous  
breakdown, a broken neck—  
what to do with the stiff?

Strangled by your vocabulary,  
we didn't know you were there, Jack,  
until a flood of vomit  
oozed from under your door.

## **FIVE IS THE KEY**

Five is the number of change.  
Four are the quarters.  
A fourth is a quarter.  
A quarter is change.

Four quarters make a whole.  
Five nickels in a quarter.  
A quarterback signals  
and receives from center.

Four are the fingers.  
The fifth is a thumb.  
Two fingers is a shot.

A fifth is less than a quart.

Five is an element  
beyond the known.  
Here, you believe in space,  
or you don't.

Four is for squares.  
Five is a head  
high in the town  
up to the æther.

## **GALACTIC ADDRESSING CODE**

Every heart must have a correct address.  
Because yours is not consistent with the established numbering, it is necessary  
to correct your address from *unknown*.

Dear Jack,

Sitting in the back seat of that Buick during The Berkeley Poetry Conference,  
you said to “Go in there and come out with a jewel.” It was small, but it was  
beautiful.

My first book, *Breastbeaters*, was an outpouring of adolescent feelings  
automatically unreflected—jazz jam sandwiches, moveable type sandwiches,  
the President's sandwich—language up the kabuki—all very far art—you can  
pause where you please yet voodoo, as you do, winning out against the poem.

After a couple bottles of Green Death we felt the Dixieland of opened heart  
and mind. Thank you, for removing some of my fetters. I will always believe the  
birds.

Love,  
*Richard*

## **HEART'S TIMBER**

I see you in profile in this moonlit rock

at the edge of the cut bank near Ardenvoir.  
Lady of My Thoughts, honor and praise,  
your image powers my work.

A dead forest is a strange place  
to be in evening dress—beautiful  
intensities—the field vibrating  
with the spirits of young trees.

Two-year-old Ponderosa pine,  
2-0's, there're trying, but it's hard.  
Underground, the work gets done,  
a whispered *OM* to go on.

---

A treeplanter can be happy even in hell.

## **STUBBORN LUMBER**

Can there be emptiness without awareness?

Imagine a tree falling and no one hearing it.  
Imagine, also, its twisted limbs.

The trees arrange themselves—I don't  
have anything to do with this.

Sun and moon, day and night,  
the trees follow me.

Imagine them growing.  
Imagine no one hearing them.

---

It'll take a trillion trees to restore the forest. On God's green earth, only a human  
can plant a tree.

## POOT

Things get me down—no kidding,  
better now it's 10° cooler.

Note my inflection, the emphasis  
put on precision, value, and fun.

Coming at you sideways,  
first a mime, then a plate of chocolates,

Then a balloon.  
Inside, I write *Poot*

*Was here!*  
and vanish into air.

---

Billy accepts the emptiness and follows the ruts in the road back to a field filled  
with blue light on snow.

## POETICS

What is the point, Jack?  
Is poetry a conversation among the dead,  
and the poet gets it second hand  
a vampire moon sucking off the sun?  
What is the poet, Jack?  
a battered radio transmitting static between  
the stations  
On a lonely stretch of road?  
Or a punch-drunk fighter  
whose taken one too many

hooks to the head?

Powerful emotion recollected,  
the most exasperating art,  
Charles makes an analogy with Mahamudra, Williams hears a sort of song,  
Lu invents a ragged song, and Yeats sees  
Tattered clothes upon a stick.  
Belle weighs in with poetry as  
experience—  
I awake in morning light. Thoughts  
sweet as honey buzzing in my brain.  
Swatting them I get stung by real bees in a Dream Garden.

## **ET HO!**

Orpheus instructs the treeplanters.  
Watch those scalps.  
Keep an eye on spacing.  
Don't plant too deep.  
No *J* roots.  
I only want to see asses and elbows.

We plant ahead of progress rates  
into full pay with laurels.

We're paid to plant a tree,  
and we'll come back  
and back again until it grows.

These trees—  
out of their depth with this logic,  
driven around in vans,  
debated about like dots on a map.

Go Fir It Reforestation  
in the Land of Many Abuses.

We're trying to plant in a week

what destroyed in a day  
took 1,000 years to grow.

*BOOK TWO: A FAKE NOVEL ABOUT THE INSTITUTIONALIZATION  
OF ANTONIN ARTAUD*

**L' IDÉE DU DÉLUGE**

*Oh! les pierres précieuses qui se cachaiient,—les fleurs qui regardaient déjà.*

I finished reading Hydiat's *Blind Owl* and ingested eight capsules of peyote. August 1964, I awaited what *Time* claimed would be the strangest experience of my life. My patience wavered, so I took another eight caps, lit up a joint, and drank a beer. Then I walked to the corner druggist and signed for two bottles of codeine cough syrup, knocking them off at the end of the alleyway. A door slammed.

Streaks of purple light, raw as butchered beef, flood in on a high tide of effulgent hallucination as one solitary child stands upon the brink of knowing the Meaning of the Universe, partially seeing—furry clouds modulating in confusing colors—the essence as if always known, what does *essence* mean?—the primary substance emerging in eclamptic convulsions, granted by Divine Sophia *a priori* understanding, a fateful step into the opaque transparency of contradiction, where each generation is relative to absolute birth, an aftermath of rhythm and sound contrasting with shades of fuming gray, curling, covering, uncovering the piano of Armageddon.

I lean against the alley wall. Currents of mist form and play in and out between the fence slats—a child's first sight of unrecognizable twinkles of bronze light, a partial appearance in one dusty corner of desolate shapes of undulating turmoil, fluctuating figments of remorse and fear, a paraphrase of past captured, held in wonder, accepted as the fragrant blossom of fragmented eternal fruition—an epiphany of my mortal nature draped in flowing lavender—but as I look closer, my clothes are wrinkled, my hands are wrinkled, and as this synapse fires, an abundance of wrinkled lines become saturated in green and then drip from gashes in my fingertips.

I reach the street, the sidewalk snaking, parking meters drooping like sunflowers, people moving in ectoplasmic quivers—can they see the ecstasy and nightmare of tremulous trepidation on my face? —the street a sulfurous plane of carrion, the sky is yellow, and at my feet an abyss of weird delight and grizzly horror, butterflies of gas and putrid phantoms nourished on tortured prayers.

My heart twists like a bucking bronco, ice-blue blood in my nerves, animal blood cursed and coursing, translucent blood trapped in a fiery alchemical casement, even this alchemy converting each moment to the next, fashions freeways in my heart.

I decide I need a haircut and enter a barbershop and emerge with a new style of haircut, very punk for this time, the barber not pleased about his work, but I can't stop jabbering, and I keep craning my neck to see around the corner in the double mirror reflection, my life in seaward ruin lies, retreads bare, a mummy cloth stuffed in my bloodclot soul, breaking full tilt to the moon.

I sit in the Mediterranean Café drinking double espressos, listening to ethereal angel voices drift over, then to the Garden Spot for a pack of *Gualoises*, stop by Mario's for a plate of rice and beans, decide to take in *Battleship Potemkin* at the Cinema Guild, but when Mother Russia comes down the Steps of Odessa, I freak-out and head down Dwight Way to the Steppenwolf where I can drink and blaspheme in peace—*Abandon All Hope Ye Who Enter Here* and below that, another sign—*For Madmen Only!*

A table of Hell's Angels are deep in their cups with Mahler's *Songs of a Wayfarer* accompanying their animated movements, strobed by candles in the deepening shadows—Scorpio, Scorpio rising, I feel gladness linked to madness.

I sit at a small table by the wall down range from the boisterous boys with their furious guise, and the wood grains form hieroglyphs, characters moving in rhythms syncopated to my breathing, waves of color, flowers whispering I am a special guest in this sad dream—knowing when the moth flew out of my eye, the Dead would teach me to dance.

A heavenly biker named Michael joins me, and I am trying to concentrate on what he's saying, but his words come out like we are in slow motion—something about efficient work starts from idle not from toil, or perhaps his motorcycle is idling, and he wants me to pay the toll, so I project myself frame by frame

through the flames onto an accelerating explosion of leather and chrome. Oh, God, I will keep on until I reach your blessed Paradise!

## **BALLAD OF MYSTERY & DEATH**

Singing arias. She's singing an aria, while we're dancing a waltz to a Brahms string quartet. A busty contralto in a long blue dress. Her mouth quivers. She sees humor in the antics of my trying to entertain her. The moon is a flower. The day is a song. She is under the watchful eye of a cherubic, blushing tenor. She agrees to drive me home, and the tenor tags along. I live in a converted coalbin in a large Victorian on Blake Street. Moon moves into fragments. Visitation comes—wordless, shapeless.

We light a candle and some incense. I proffer my hashish pipe, brimful, and after the pipe returns, I exhale in bliss. It is sweet, the taste of the tree, children running, guns clicking, the shaking of my head. It seems to me these children would like to be alone, so while they are talking, I go out the door and down the hall of fading portraits, my face in the mirror above a broken vase.

Something shadowy follows me—a dark bird with large wings. I spin quickly and jump out of my black sport coat. I'm crossing the Avenue, and the Circus is in full swing. A red MG waits for the light, the driver and navigator dressed up like mummies. I feel weightless, floating outside myself. I grab a passing church steeple, and a priest in a cassock calls me down, but I ascend into the night. There is a cemetery in the mind. Tombstoned, we find it. I sit in the foyer of an apartment building waiting for a friend to return. I decide to make an offering of my naked body. I take off my clothes and sit in the Padmasana lotus seat with the fixed intent of attaining the Ego-death of "I" through my embodiment of the creative energy of the cosmos, the energy of love. I expect a yab-yum goddess to appear.

A heavy blow to my back. Probably the door to the foyer. I hear, "Hold it, or I'll shoot!" I streak up the stairs to hide on the roof, but another cop has come up the back stairs. I'm an angel. I can fly. I walk to the window and climb up on the sill. The window is open, the pavement two flights below. The cop's face is ashen, and his hand with the gun is shaking. I scream, "*Eli Eli Lama Sabathana*," as loud as I can and fall on my back on the floor, keeping my eyes closed. Soon, there is the cooing voice and soft hand of my Beloved. I look—

no, it's her roommate. The cops lift me by the arms and dump me in the backseat of their cruiser. They collect my clothes, and I dress as we drive to the station, stopping once to cajole a streetwalker.

I'm stripped and given blue coveralls to wear, while the cops paw over my motley black suit for drugs. "Hey, kid, looky here." A rookie cop exams something in his hand. Two seeds of marijuana—one for analysis, one for evidence. Note there are three classes of asocial behavior—criminal, insane, and criminally insane. This combination can lead to my conviction as criminally insane.

I'm put in a cell after being booked for indecent exposure and possession of the killerweed. Relieved to be out of handcuffs, I find a copy of the Gideon Bible and begin to read, first to myself, then softly to the shadows, then loudly to the drunks in the next cell, who begin to moan and cry out, "Yea, right on." "Stop it, no, no, stop it." "That will be enough, Mac, knock it off."

My Christ-complex recedes to that of John the Baptist. "Be purified in the holy toilet water of jail, you sinners!" I dunk my head in a toilet bowl full of turds and pull the lever just as the guards enter, grab me by the ankles and drag me to a padded cell to bounce about until I'm weakened by bruises and abrasions.

Early the next morning, I'm led back to my cell where I find the Bible, torn in the struggle across this verse in Isaiah:

We cried out because of oppression when thy chastening was upon us. Like a woman with child, as she draws near to give birth, as she writhes and cries out in her pangs, so were we in thy presence, O Lord; we were with child, we writhed in pain, but we gave birth only to wind; no deliverance did we achieve...

I keep the Bible hidden away. My plan is to heave it at the judge when I appear in court, but when the time comes, and my lawyer asks me routine questions, I reply with babblings about Cervantes being imprisoned in the Castle of Chillon for not paying his taxes and Henry David Thoreau claiming "One man in the right is a majority of one."

When I am ushered into the courtroom, it is as though I walk through a revolving mirror, and I am pleaded insane at the suggestion of a consulting psychiatrist. I am transferred to Herrick Hospital in Berkeley, and after ten days observation, talking in tongues to the Queen of Hearts and her minions, I am taken to D Tank in the Alameda County Jail.

After an asshole inspection and delicing, I am introduced to my cell mate, Homer Gideon. Homer spends his time drawing on photos of Blacks in the newspaper with colored pencils. Homer hips me that my behavior will bring the bull down on my neck. I'm trying to organize a sit-in. When it comes time for head count, I refuse to stand up, engrossed in my reading of *Job*. A blow to the solar plexis and a dazed bumpbumpbump down the alley to The Hole. I find myself in a 4 X 5-foot room with a steel door, a 60-watt light bulb behind a grate, a vent, and a hole in which to relieve myself.

On the second night I am given a plastic mat, and it is like I'm floating in an elevator-cloud, hearing creaks, booms, and cackles from those that operate the celestial machine that transports me to my morning cup of diluted coffee. I imagine I am the statue of David being transported in the hold of an ocean liner from one museum to another.

On the third day, I'm offered release if I will shave, but I flip the guard the finger and go without dinner. My cell is opened by a trustee, who tells me no harm will come to me if only I shave off "that ridiculous red beard." Cautiously, I enter a cell, and an inmate named Pluto hands me an electric razor, smiles, and motions me to sit down. Then he sits down very close to me, and my hand wraps around the cord of the razor, which I attempt to swing like a bolo, but the razor falls to the floor. Pluto laughs and says I'm free to go, so I climb out of the corner of his cell and go back to The Hole.

When I next see the guard, he says Monday is my day in court and I had best get a haircut or the judge will give me a stiffer sentence. Adjacent to The Hole is the barber. I sit in the chair, and just as the guy is about to cut my hair, mail is delivered. He stops to read a letter, and to my surprise, tears come into his eyes. Apparently, his mother died, and his wife is asking for a divorce. I say it is all right, he needn't cut my hair, but he insists, and these are tense moments while he converts a scraggly Mohawk into Mr. Organizationman.

It appearing to the Court on this day the above-named defendant appeared to answer a charge of violating the Health and Safety Code. It appearing a doubt arose as to the sanity of the said defendant, the judge dismissed criminal proceedings and certified the above named to be committed and confined as an insane person until such time as he shall become sane. Done in open court.

## SEASON IN PURGATORY

“Do you see any visions? Do you hear any voices?” From D Tank in the Alameda County Jail to D Ward at Napa State Mental Facility. Here, I’m being interviewed by the admitting psychiatrist. His recommendation is, “Just take these pills at pill call and be good for ninety days.” Stelazine and something to knock out the side effects.

Napa State contains painted landscape walls. I’m to be a hermit on one of these furry mountains with fabulous beasts for companions. I muse on the darkening wall. Friends write letters; family visits; doctors change; books from the Red Cross; even permission to freshen things up. Marionettes leave their cells to scrub and mop and scrape sperm, spit, shit, piss, blood and vomit from the halls and walls, ceiling-crack-crevice-hole-spot-place.

This is an extravagant society, elastic in its tolerance. We plant periwinkles and sit beneath shade trees manufactured by Dame Kindness’ computer, while behind the walls there is lobotomy, shock treatment, psychotropic drugs, strait jackets, hydrotherapy, and ping pong.

September 10th, 4:30 p.m. Richard is the name of the Mongoloid idiot in the chair next to me. He is a classic case of bad manners at the table, stuffing oranges and bananas, peel and pulp, into his maw with delicate, aquiline hands that have a bluish hue. After his meal he goes back to rocking in a stationary chair in the dayroom. He looks out the window or at the TV. He varies this routine by hitting himself with his fists. Then, the orderlies outfit him with a football helmet and shoulder pads, and if he begins his “bear dance” and tries to spar with anyone, he is put in his cell. We are warned that his bite is poisonous. Richard was here when I arrived, and he was there when I left. Is he my *doubleganger*?

Bob arrived in a Rolls Royce and is undergoing his sixth series of shock treatments. A Seventh Day Adventist, he’s convinced he is Jesus-The-Word-Incarnate-Daddyoson&HolyO. His mission is to make Richard talk. X-rays reveal gaps in Richard’s brain, but Bob doesn’t believe these matters. My last glimpse of Bob is of him standing in his cell with his hands outstretched, the front of his skull red and swollen from blasts of electrical shock, crucified in the midst of his misery.

Smitty has been transferred from San Quentin because he is stir crazy. His most

prized possession is a blanket made of stitched-together *Bull Durham* bags. This is a gift for his daughter. “If I can just get my hands on her,” he hisses. D Ward will be his permanent home. Spirits in his heart want vengeance.

Lewis is huge. He is unconscious when they wheel him into his cell. Upon regaining consciousness, he breaks the straps holding him to the bed, breaks off the bolts holding the bed to the floor, crunches the bedframe into a ball, and smashes the bed into the door. Four orderlies enter his room with needle guns, and after a bit of scuffling, all is again quiet. Later, he comes through the barred doors and begins crawling along the path, nuzzling the flowers like a tame housecat. Every day there’s a new pattern in the tapestry.

Wayne, a logger, who's taken one too many rides down the high lead, is setting choker in the backwoods of his mind. The theory with shock treatment is that a patient gets better, or he gets worse. But Wayne’s condition remains unchanged. Tiiiiiiiiimmmmmber.

Mike is undergoing a series of brain scans. He shot his wife and daughter with a .22 and then put three slugs into his right temple. The bumps are still there. One, two, three. The women were lucky to receive only superficial wounds. And so, the family survives, and they visit and seem concerned about Mike’s condition. Trephined by his own hand, Mike shimmers in a hell of his own making.

Peter is a cocksman. Tall and dark with curly hair, he plays jazz on his tenor sax. After a couple of days on D Ward, he’s transferred to an open ward, but he soon returns, having been busted for doing the two-backed beast in the women’s head. He blows out his anger through his horn. The orderlies take away his sax and put him in solitary until he quiets down. One afternoon, his parents visit. I sit at a table near the toilet, and Peter enters from the garden. “Do you want to see me make a break?” He enters the john, and when the doctor and his parents walk down the hall, Peter is out the door and over the wall. I continue with my game of solitary Scrabble. E1S1C3A1P3E1S1. Eleven points—a cosmic number. He’s not detected AWOL until suppertime. By then he’d test-driven a used car and driven it to Oakland and wrecked it and been busted. Wild energy. Let that dog bark!

Tom has cut his wrists. We find we have a mutual acquaintance, and this breaks the ice. Confused and disorientated, he stares into my copy of Pound’s *Cantos* and I into his copy of Daniel Moore who

sing(s) like a clear— visionary.  
The Silent Yes that doesn't fall  
a writhing bleeding warrior from our lips

but flutters  
poised on their curved edges,  
a dry / precise drum-tap!

“Listen to the sweetness of this *Dawn* Vision, Tom.”

## NO-PLACE

Marie-Claire, a nurse, interested in the philosophy of Alan Watts and a par Scrabble player, is an angel of mercy on the night shift. I've had a toothache for a couple of days, and I go to the dentist, who drills the tooth. When the Novocain wears off, I'm in severe pain, and I start climbing the walls. An orderly on the day shift doesn't want a scene and shoots me full of Sparine, a muscle relaxant, and straps me in my bed. I can't move my lips to moan, let alone my limbs. When Marie-Claire comes on her shift, she checks my chart. By then, I can tell her my tooth is killing me, but she says she can't give me anything for the pain—just something to knock me out. Energy follows consciousness. Where am I? At the end of the asylum ward in my cell in this bed by the wall imagining Marie-Clair's breast, her features composed as an organ—a tit with a blue eye, a kind, calm nurse for me to suck, to succor me. I begin to drift down an impassive river with no one to guide me. Everyone has been shot by yelping Redskins.

My neighbor, René is masturbating, and his semen will mutiny and fail to enter orbit. Dejected in his personal pleasure, he'll wait with soaked lap and ride the Purgatorial assembly line.

Space is either space or nothing (*ie.* not space, or something) but not both space and nothing. That which neither *either/or* nor *both/and* expresses must be expressed both within and/or out of whatever context to be true as *trueandfalse*, to be true as *trueorfalse*, and to be true as both *both/and* and *either/or*. In other words, Is is *is* and Not is *not*. Masturbation is the highest art form.

Further conception of space as a concept of place—“I have come to thy sweet

thigh,” said the anacromystic lover. I lust after the ubiquitous space-time hole.”  
As a manic-depressive-non-decisive, I’m hip to having it both ways to be one  
way—my way.

It is the same in that it changes  
the same changes  
the same is one  
that it  
is two  
too.

Let us create an Arcadia of sensuality  
beyond all thermometers and let the rigor  
of the climate annihilate our inhibitions.

Cock in cunt on nose in bum on toe  
in mouth on tongue in ear, my hand  
speeds to your prize.

The rapids of our flesh gleam  
as the red meteors of your lips suck  
my fiery shaft.

There, on the bed in the crux—  
blood in the tears of the time  
spent.

Newton holds the concept of matter to consist of units of matter without void  
(*plenum*) between which there is void or empty space. Isaac is a geek atomist.

Aristotle argues that place is an attribute of body, not as matter, but as its  
boundary—a vessel, a container. He says, “If a body has another body outside  
it and containing it, it is in place, and if not, not.” Let me enter your body. Put  
me in my place. I want to fuck on the moon with a harvest Earth rising above  
your buttocks.

Augustine holds *Earth* (*cf.* “The Earth was void and empty.”) to mean formless  
matter and because formless—void, empty, invisible, and shapeless. Matter is  
Place. He feels the weight of angels dancing on the head of his prick.

Space considered as receptacle is Matter devoid of Form, not the matter of three-dimensional bodies. It is this third-person omnipotent/Holy-I-Ghost kind of Space the Jesuits carried to Canada.

1626. C. Lalemant, one who *seeks only the glory of God and the salvation of souls* in a place which is a *promising field ...for the Gospel*.

1634. P. Le Jeune, who sees *the benefits to be expected for the glory of God from all these...places....*

1649. P. Ragueneau writes that the society is *all of one heart, one soul, one spirit...there is not one who does not seriously attend to his soul's salvation...so the soul can become the receptacle of holiness*.

Says René, "The same extension which constitutes the nature of a body constitutes the nature of space."

5'2''/eyes bright blue/35-22-35

5'6''/legs amour/36-24-37

6'3''/relativity/42-30-44

He's got shoulders, and she's got hips.

He's got pecs, and she's got tits.

These are differential equations.

Are you there Marie-Claire, or are you still in the æther?

## **TABULA RASA**

A clear slate

An empty table

A clean plate

He rose

With earthquake and lightening

Pierced and naked

He returned

To prove

His identity to those

Who betrayed  
Feared and denied  
Him

And  
When he spoke  
He spoke

As one from the dead to  
Us  
The living

A new life  
A second chance  
A second coming

BOOK THREE:  
A TEXTBOOK OF POETRY

1

Emptiness, eels, sweat lodges, architecture, madness, war, love affairs, razors, battleships, butterflies, surrealism gets into everything. There is a war. There is no war.

Combining smatterings of geometry and geology with smidgens of geography and grammar, the shaky foundations of surrealism begin to support the edifice. What attracts me to poetry is that it contains the whole ball of wax. Poetry may be a dead art, but it can still dance, and right now it's doing the funky chicken.

When you die we will plant you beneath the magic mushrooms. They will grow lush and perfect. In a night with a full moon you will hear them cry out to be gathered: eebee eebee ooooo eebee eebee oooooooooo. Listen! They approach. Prepare the Jell-O! Light the sofa!

2

*“Personify,” you say. “It is less abstract to make a person out of a sound.” —Jack Spicer*

Unequivocally, Luis Garcia has been the greatest influence on my writing. I met Lu right after the Berkeley Poetry Conference in 1965. He had a twitchy mustache and a twinkle in his eye. He sat down at my table in the Mediterranean Café and started to rap. He gave me his old thesis binder, so I could organize my poems, and invited me to his house where I met poets whose work would soon appear in Doug Palmer’s anthology, *Poems Read in the Spirit of Peace & Gladness*.

I bow in obeisance to Chaucer, Shakespeare, John Donne, William Blake, Emily Dickenson & Co. I’m an ember compared to the celestial fires that are Marianne Moore, Ezra Pound and William Carlos Williams. I’ve partied down with Charles Olson, Bob Creeley, Jack Spicer, Allen Ginsberg, Ed Sanders, Gary Snyder and Kirby Doyle, studied their poetics, read their books, listened to them read, rant and rave. I’ve smoked dope, gotten naked and freaked with the best, but it was Lu Garcia who showed me how to forge a blade. He put his hands on the same galley oar, yoked me to the same plow, pointed to the star that was to guide us, the star called *friendship*.

3

There is no subject, no object. But there is boot camp. A poet needs to keep fit, even if most of what he or she writes is tripe, because the poet must be ready when inspiration arises. Kierkegaard had writing tables with paper and pens in every room of his house, so he could write wherever he was. There is nothing so frustrating as having an idea and having to let it go because there isn’t a pen handy. Jack says, “The surrealism of the poet cannot write words.”

I started keeping a journal in college. I’ve used different kinds of notebooks, but I’ve settled on the *Pen-Tab 100 sheet 20# paper college ruled 7x5 in Pro Pocket Notebook*. It has a coil binding wide enough to hold a ball point pen and a pocket on the inside cover where I keep a collection of postage stamps and the various discount cards for tea, videos, records and books which need to be stamped along the trail. I scribble everything into this notebook, email addresses, new words, overheard bits of conversation, ideas for book titles. Jack says, “The poet continually thinks of strategies, of how he can win out against the poem.”

I work from the final form, the book that is already accomplished. Mallarme conceived of the book as a spiritual exercise. To me, the book fuses Newtonian

*sequence* and Blakean *simultaneity*. It's a vehicle to write poems, the book as pen. I am writing with the book.

The poem arrives on the page, whether I collage it together from bits or carve it from a single block, whether I dream it or work it out as a puzzle. Once it makes it onto a sheet of paper and can be read, the poem is already a part of a book. And, once in a book, the poem gets lonely, wants to *speak* to other poems. I let the words breathe, let them percolate, let them draw forth their magnetic companions. What starts it—a metaphor, maybe, or some scribbling on the washroom wall, some fleeting event, a little synaptic firing in my brain? I get these firings into words and onto the page because I have developed a modicum of mind-body coordination, and the words might even mean something. I keep making books, this book overlapping with the next, with always a bit unfinished, like a Navajo weaver, letting the spirits come and go.

4

**Jack: Of all the poems you've written, which one is your favorite?**

Richard: This is hard. With ghost children you have to be fair, love them all. I am fond of the most recent because it is fresh, seems to glow with an unusual light. One of the early ones because it was such a surprise. Maybe the most famous one, since it set a standard, or an insignificant one because of its underdog status. Should I choose the ugly one that flakes off detritus and the pieces turn out to be poems? Pick one. Ok.

All  
Over  
All

**Jack: It's minimalist, but I like that it can be read as temporal, as though events are finished, or spatially, as objects everywhere, as well as concretely, with the word *all* being above itself. Next question, with which poet, dead or alive, would you most like to have dinner and a conversation?**

Richard: With so many of the dead, it's a one-way conversation, but I'd like to spend time with Catullus. Maybe, after dinner, we'd cruise the suburbs and spray paint some graffiti on the villa walls. What a delight to roast chestnuts over a fire with Billy Blake and to eavesdrop on his conversation with the angels

or to drink a flagon of wine and match wit with Kit Marlowe, maybe quiz him about the enigma of the Bard. To do a second story job with Francois Villon (all in whispers) or knock back scotch for scotch with Dylan Thomas in the Whitehorse. A candlelight repast with Anne Hathaway could be fortuitous for American letters, or not. Yesterday, I had lunch at Pearson & Co. in Santa Rosa with Luis Garcia. We sat at an outdoor table. It was the first day I have been out of the house in a month, since I broke my legs, my second day on crutches. I ate a meatloaf sandwich and gulped down a *Tazo* 'Real Red'. (I'm paid to spot these ads.) We touched on sacred geometry, the life and liberation of Princess Mandarava, and the Orwellian nightmare we are being led into by the Bush administration. I felt the warmth of the air and absorbed the winter light. It was a heaven of the innermost heart.

**Jack: A technical question: how do you decide where to break lines?**

(1) Richard: If you are going to write in open form, there are different Approaches— you can listen to yourself read and follow the music, break where you want to pause or where there is a beat, following the measure (2) use a semantic approach in your notation, break where there is a word that makes the meaning stand out, creating what Creeley calls a "node" which is like a swelling place on the stem that begins to flower, so the node word will suggest something to the reader, however the first word of the next line goes a different direction than the reader expects, and this creates surprise and interest and keeps the poem moving (3) what I call a punctuation approach might meet your needs, break where commas or periods would occur, forget the commas and use space, following the pattern of your breath (4) create new possibilities by using the text frame, type the poem into the computer any way you want, then move the right-hand bar of the text frame and resize the poem, which will cause the poem to hyphenate many words, and then go back & make them whole again,

often the randomness reveals something you wouldn't see otherwise (5)  
different

poems require different line lengths,

short

lines

for bebop,

longer for speed raps, the buildup of energy units being

an expression of meaning, you must

thoroughly explore the geography within, feel it out, poem by poem,

line by line,

writing from the ear, scoring for your voice

(6) concrete poetry projects a visual look that imitates

the actual look of

the subject of

the poem,

so a "tornado"

would tw-

ist down the

page

(7)

surrealist poems often juxtapose words that contradict one another, so the  
end word

of one line and the

first word

of the next

line might be in total disagreement, although both phrases make

sense by themselves (8) philosophy has no pictures, so in some of

poems move from

what

is visible

to

what is invisible, and lines break around prepositions (9) you can

always

cut the poem up and put the words in a hat and draw

the poem out—reinvent the poem, make your own

rules—just remember, the poem should not show

through.

**Jack: What advice have you for young poets?**

Richard: One must be cautious when speaking to the young. It is not constructive to reveal the truly true, but if you must know how it is, it is a continual battle against assholes trying to drag you to their level, so you'll need hip boots in this shithouse. Poets are marginalized in America because most people can't stand hearing the truth, and it takes a lot of personal effort to realize you don't fit in and a lot more work to survive as an alien. You'll get caught in the hubbub but understand that literature is not a competition. Always try to force through to what you can do, and always keep contact with your roots. If the institutions reject you, write for your friends. Look to the masters for your grounding and to your peers for new directions, remembering the main dictums: MAKE IT NEW (from Ezra Pound) and NO IDEAS BUT IN THINGS (from William Carlos Williams) and, lastly, DONT FORGET LUNCH (from Frank O'Hara).

## POEMS & DOCUMENTS

### **JACK SPICER'S *POETRY AS MAGIC QUESTIONNAIRE***

I'm sitting with Jack Spicer at a table in Vesuvio's, and we're discussing the difference in taste between "Green Death" (Rainier Ale) and other ales, when, changing the subject, Jack asks:

#### **What does the fall of Rome have to do with modern poetry?**

Rome gets into everything. Rome fell, and it's still falling, still felt.

I just got a letter from my daughter, Lulu. There's an enclosed poem and a couple of pictures of her drinking wine in the hills above Florence. Student life—on the one hand, learning is drudgery and at the same time, good for you, but—want to warn her of my own love of wine and where that led, but—there she is on a hill above Florence. Lucky her! I replied: "So glad to hear from you, I was touched by your Lewis Carrol poem and the pictures, ah, my child drinking away her 'pensive mood upon some silent hill.'"

Ancient Greek culture filtered through Roman eyes and hands. Translations of Catullus especially popular, on Valentine's Day, and generally all year—Janus,

Februarius, Marcus, Juno, Julius, Augustus and so on, not to mention Cicero.  
O, Sweetpea. Achtung!

I turn, at random, to Patrick McGuinness in PNR Nov-Dec, 2002 "The  
Belgiad," first stanza:

*Caesarean state:*

*every road sign a mirror*

*every town a suburb*

Reading between the lines, there's always a war going on, the Gates of Janus,  
open.

**Who are the Lovestoneites?**

Followers of the *Grateful Dead*?

**What animal do you most resemble?**

A cheetah, at least this is what the brand of my swim trunks says.

**What insect do you most resemble?**

A grasshopper, *Æsop*, that dang Roman, again.

**What star?**

Anteres, Mars's rival.

**What card of the ordinary playing-card deck (or Tarot deck) represents the  
absolute of your desires?**

Three of cups, friendship, the Muses.

**What card represents the absolute of your fears?**

The Magus.

**What's your favorite joke?**

In the 15<sup>th</sup> century, there was a ghetto of Jews outside the Vatican. The bishops were upset about this and petitioned the Pope to have them removed. The Pope felt he should be fair, and as he was fond of riddles, he suggested that if the wisest among the Jews accepted the challenge of a riddle festa with him, and if this man could answer the riddle, the Jews could stay, and, if not, they would have to leave.

A proclamation to such affect was sent out, and in the ghetto everyone scurried around asking themselves and each other, “Who is our wisest man?” It was finally decided it was Itzy, the tailor.

On the appointed day, Itzy showed up. He was ushered into room of rich tapestries and columns of marble with gold worked into the grain. Itzy sat at the end of a long table and twiddled his thumbs. At last, the Pope came in and sat at the other end of the table.

The Pope sat for awhile, looking at Itzy, and he raised one hand and pointed a finger in the air. Itzy returned this sign by pointing a finger at the ground. The Pope responded to this by pointing a finger at Itzy, and Itzy responded by pointing two spread fingers at the Pope. The Pope was startled. Then, he took an orange from his robes and held it up. Itzy opened a satchel he carried and produced a piece of matzo, and he toasted the Pope with his piece of matzo.

When Itzy was gone, the bishops crowded around the Pope, anxious to know the outcome of the contest. The Pope stared in amazement. “That was certainly a very wise man,” he said. “He answered my hardest riddle. I told him that God is in heaven, and he said that God has come to earth. I said that there is but one God, and he said that He has two other manifestations. I said that the earth is round. And he said that some people believe it to be flat.”

Back in the ghetto, Itzy was surrounded by a chorus, “Itzy, Itzy, can we stay or do we have to go?” Itzy replied, “That Pope, what a smuck! He told me we would have to leave, and I told him we were going to stay right here. He said he was going to poke out one of my eyes, and I told him, if he did, I would poke out both of his. He took out an orange. So, I took out a piece of matzo, and we had lunch.

**What is your favorite political song?**

“The Times They Are A-Changin.”

**If you had a chance to eliminate three political figures in the world, which would you choose?**

This is truly a dangerous question, and in this political climate, I’ll pass.

**What political group, slogan, or idea in the world today has the most to do with Magic?**

“Trickle Down Economics,” says Belle.

**What political group, slogan, or idea in the world today has the most to do with Poetry?**

Earth In Upheaval.

**Who were the Lovestoneites?**

A far-out religious sect, maybe from Estonia.

**Which one of these figures had or represented religious views nearest to your own religious views? Which furthest? Jesus, Emperor Julian, Diogenes, Buddha, Confucius, Marcus Aurelius, Lao Tse, Socrates, Dionysus, Apollo, Hermes Trismegitus, Li Po, Heraclitus, Epicurus, Apollonius of Tyana, Simon Magus, Zoroaster, Mohammed, the White Goddess, Cicero?**

Nearest, Buddha, furthest, Emperor Julian, although I have a bone to pick with Apollo.

**Classify this set of figures in the same way. Calvin, Kierkegaard, Suzuki, Schweitzer, Marx, Russell, St. Thomas Aquinas, Luther, St. Augustine, Santayana, the Mad Bomber, Marquis de Sade, Yeats, Gandhi, William James, Hitler, C.S. Lewis, Proust.**

Nearest, Kierkegaard, farthest, Proust.

**What is your favorite book of the Bible?**

Numbers.

**As far as you know, how did the universe come into existence?**

Not really sure this has even happened.

**Give what you believe to be the most significant relation of man to three of the following: sun, tree, radio, cat, 3, angel, time, air, truth.**

Time/dreams, 3/body-voice-mind, sun/son.

**What reference is there in your poetry to specific conditions of your physique?**

“I drink from the Cancer Cup.”

**How would you say your physique is related to the form of your poetry at the present point?**

Narrow poems, I'm thin.

**Name ten masterworks (of the order, that is, of *The Bible*, *Das Kapital*, *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, *Bleak House*, *Phaedrus*, *The Duchess of Malfi*, or *Harvey's Motion of the Heart and Blood*) which you have never read or which having read you remember nothing of, including on your list as many works as you can that you believe you will never read in your life and starring these. (Do not include more than one work of any particular author.)**

*\*War and Peace, \*Principia Mathematica, \*Confessions of St. Augustine, The Færie Queen, The Rape of the Lock, \*Decline & Fall of the Roman Empire, \*Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood, Æneid, \*Being and Nothingness, \*Remembrance of Things Past*

**“Thou art my master and my author,” Dante says to Virgil. What poet could you name as Dante names Virgil?**

Why, Jack, you, of course, and Borges.

**Choosing one of the two figures that I draw with the spilt beer on the table, conceive of yourself as poet (that is, the spirit of your work) in the position marked with an  $x$ ; then list as many poets of the tree or constellation of your genius as you can numbering them according to their position in the design.**

(Fig. A looks somewhat like a Tarot spread; Fig. B looks like a family tree. I choose the Tarot spread.) Luis Garcia on my left, Belle Randall above Lu, Robert Creeley between them and to their left; Rimbaud above Creeley, Charles

Olson below him, Allen Ginsberg above me, Karen Rice below me, William Carlos Williams to our right, Gertrude Stein above him, and Ezra Pound below him, then, on the far left (#13) is Dante Alighieri, and on the far right, Chaucer, high in empyrean is Sappho, and deep in the fiery abyss, Billy Blake.

**Invent a dream in which you appear as a poet.**

I'm holding my pen between my fingers and twirling it around like it was a baton, and it gets longer and turns into a pool cue. I'm in a poolroom in a small Texas town with my eyes rolling around in their sockets, I try to write, but it seems my pen is too long, and I'm trying to hit the cue ball with the butt of my pen/pool stick. The bartender, who looks like Ed Dorn says, "Ass has been cold since they shot Michael Jackson." (*They* seems to refer to the government, or Whites.) Marianne Moore, in a blue suit and wearing a triangular hat, rises from her seat and heads for the door saying, "They see rings in war," and another shade says, "They hear rings in their ear." I realize I'm in Poet's Hell and there's no place to go to pee.

**Think of a page on which you are writing a poem as being also a map. Do you write the poem with or against the sun?**

The sun never sets on my domain, however I try to keep a bit of shadow on page while I write, so, *against* the sun, especially in the sense that everything is just fine, there's no need to protest.

**What other geographical observations can you make about this imagined page of writing?**

It is flat, like the Earth.

**Name three great conquerors in the history of man and compare their movements with the movements of writing on this page.**

Alexander the Great, a sentence written from left to right, west to east, from Macedonia toward the Indian Ocean; Julius Caesar, lines from top to bottom, north to south, empire from Gaul to Rome; George Bush, impishly captivating the American people like Scheherazade hypnotized the King in the *Arabian Nights*.

**Give the approximate date of the following people or events:**

**Plato** 400 BCE, **Buddha** 500 BCE, **The Battle of Waterloo** 1812, **Dante** 1250 CE,  
**The Invention of Printing** 1500 BCE, **Nero** 50 CE, **Chaucer** 1350, **Joan of Arc**  
1400, **The Unification of Italy** 1880, which leads back to the first question and  
why the fall of Rome has something to do with modern poetry...but, Jack has  
one last card up his sleeve.

**In any of the four following poems fill in each of the blanks with any number  
of words you wish (including none) attempting to make a complete and  
satisfactory poem. Do not alter any of the existing words or punctuation or  
increase the number of lines.**

I.

And now the conflabberation  
Of the radiator on the top floor  
is giving me the hebejeebies, the even row of it  
fit to raise  
God only knows how many children.

You will count to twenty  
You will stay in the midst of them,  
You will know Meannie, Mienie, and Moe you will hear them  
in the narrow hallway, quibbling over a molecule of mayonnaise.

II.

In the objective endlessness  
Snow, ambulances, and salt  
He lost his imagination.

The color white. He squats  
Over a soundless stool made  
Of pigeon feathers.

Without nose or toes  
He suffers a dream not moving  
But the bones go on humming to bubble gum music.

*In the white endlessness*  
*How pure and big a wound*

*His imagination left.*

\_\_\_\_\_, seaweed, \_\_\_\_\_ Now  
In the white endlessness.

III.

Blue-rooted heron, a stranger on the lake  
and in song, like me no traveler

Taking a constructive rest, loose-winged water bird  
And dumb with music and bubble gum

I stand upon the waterfront, like him no traveler

\_\_\_\_\_, dangling on unmanageable wings.

Aching for flight, for farther shores than I can hope to hop to, even Proxima Centauri, where I stand and take my rest.

They will not hunt us in the fog of our understanding

The flesh of the lake bird is fishy and is dumb.

The sound of an arrow, the sight of a hunter  
might bring surcease to this life without wings.

So let us die for death alone is motion

And death alone will make these herons fly.

Fly wingless and witless, herons, across the ocean  
and die.

IV.

With the gums gone the  
words within words, no kidding,  
the  
birds chatting with other birds,  
are barely heard.

And the nose is  
green and blue,  
it's much too hot to twitch.

Nothing  
Stirs except a blue-bottle fly.

The eye IN my head  
sees me coming toward the river,  
and a sound says,

“I will die outside your window.”

From THE BOOKS OF HELL

*for Zeppo*

## **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  
more 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

## 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.

## **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.

## CANTO 69

And Yahweh-Elohim planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there He put the man whom he had formed. And out of the ground Yahweh-Elohim caused every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food: the tree of life also in the middle of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil. (Gen. 2:8-9)

“Artaud, where are you?”

“I’m here,” I reply, “watering these geraniums.” In fact, I’m daydreaming of My Gardener, her features composed as one organ—a tit with a brown eye, a kind, calm natural state of feeling nourished.

Descartes, with whom I share a cell, bursts out of the building, nearly pushing the door from its jambs. He acts like this after he’s been masturbating. Our cell is covered with years of ethical encrustation and sexual rationalization. Descartes can get his nut off just contemplating *space*.

My shrink, Dr. Blake, said Descartes might need to have a lobotomy. I believe his mental condition will vanish with time. But as for myself, I am too frightened to consider my own delusions at all. Who knows if they even exist? Like, scars, to my body, they make my interior life more interesting. I don’t mean to encourage delusional thinking, but it could be an alternative for what passes for common sense around here.

In this, we are encouraged to express meaning in a two-value system, a system based upon the law of contradiction, where something, take *space*, is either something, space, or nothing, not space, but not both space and not space at the same time. So, anything that can be said about things contradicting this law must be translated back into this framework of logic.

“What a load of happy horseshit,” says Descartes, whose post-modern speculations have landed him in bedlam, “That which neither *either/or* nor *both/and* express, whether expressed within or without the system can only be true as true and false. This is the only truth. Write it, *true&false*. Thus, to be true

as true&false and *both/&* and *neither/nor*, things must be and not be at the same time. What *is* is is is is, and what is *not* is not not not, and even when *is* is not and *not* is, the perfect leaf will be the one that is the same in that it changes, the same that it changes, the same changes, just as one is one and two, too. Emptiness is, by definition, beyond limitation, but for we Psychonauts of the Heart Essence, emptiness is actual.”

I sit with Descartes under the willow tree in the asylum’s garden, and we meditate on the sun setting over the garden wall. It’s fully apparent to us both that *nothingness* is dark and w/out suns, w/out winds, w/out lines or fields of force, black snow, not covering trees like a turban worn by an Arab, whereas what is *empty* is luminous and clear.

A nurse saunters toward us. Looks like Susanna. Marie-Claire is off-duty. Francis is in the dayroom strapping Richard into a chair. My moody mind/tit is cosmically depressed. “Fucking,” says Descartes, and he walks away.

“Let me lift your skirt and put my lips to your secret place. Come, Susanna, enter this garden. You are lovely, my dainty bride, slender lady of the tides. Let my fiery shaft speed below, and the red meteors of my mouth suck on your radiant nipples. I can see the winding pathways of our flesh glisten and our view be dotted free.” At this point, I’d best posit a full and accurate account of the *dot* as a concept of space.

The *dot*, a noun in Old English, *dott*, head of a boil; 1570, a small lump, clot; 1674, a minute speck, spot, mark; 1748, a roundish mark made with a pen. It was not the act by which a dot is made until 1858, nor was it a little child or creature until 1859. As a verb: to mark with dots, 1740; to scatter with specks, 1816; to cover with minute spots, 1818. Oh, Susanna, dotted free, won’t you, oh, won’t you come for me?” Enter my magical garden. Slender saplings flank and shoulder these granite boulders, and serpents of light slither on the surface of a Taoist lake. Poets knew it (knew(i)t—little *i*, knewt—no(tat, tit for tat)ed—knit (know) it, dotted it down) all along.

In 1884, Sir Isaac Newton, who had hitherto been existing in the formless realms of absolute space, re-entered relative space and claimed *place* to be a *situation*, not, as he had previously held, the external surface of a body. He appears strong and handsome, and women cannot resist him because of his highly specialized intelligence.

Sir Isaac proclaims, perhaps over-demonstratively, that matter consists of units that are without void and exist in a *plenum*, wherein there is void, or empty space. This position is the source of his endless quarrels with Dr. Aristo, for whom place is an attribute of a body, not as a piece of matter, but as a boundary. The doctor describes this as *the innermost motionless boundary*. Dr. Aristo is adamant: “Sir Isaac, get it through your thick skull, if a body has another body outside it which contains it, it is in place, and if not, not. You, my dear Sir, are on a locked ward and will be here until I decide you can function in the outside world.” The wart cannot be coerced.

There is a third nature, where space is eternal and can be apprehended without the help of the senses—space and matter as *receptacles*—but I will get nowhere arguing so. Susanna asks, “Remember what we talked about earlier?” “Yes,” I say, thinking, ask enough questions, and an apple might fly up your ass.” She said, “I was intrigued by your idea that those early saints saw miracles when they came to Canada because they sensed the weight of angels.”

“Sure,” I said, “for them the Earth in Genesis was formless matter and because formless, the Earth was said to be void and empty, or invisible and shapeless. Here, matter *is* place. 1626: C. Lalemant sought only the glory of God and the salvation of souls in a place, which was a promising field for the Gospel. 1634: P. Le Jeune, saw the benefits to be expected for the glory of God from all those places. In 1649: P. Rageneau, stated that he believed there was not one among them who did not seriously attend to his soul’s salvation, so that the soul could become the receptacle of holiness.”

I did as I was told, washing down the pills with some water from the garden hose. I watched her hips sway as she walked away. “Fire is water falling upwards,” I thought, and in a short time, I was feeling a lot more stable.

## **PRINTER’S DEVIL**

When *l* 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

## HEAD WATER

for Robert Duncan

Syntactic order brackets  
word relationships,  
but this should not prevent us from  
holding hands.

Asked what  
prevented him when asked  
what prevented  
him from  
internally reallocating  
functor categories  
f/internally  
reallocating functor  
categories from non-  
exigent conditions  
from non-exigent  
conditions, he replied

Oh, potato chip  
prime mover of palatability  
bugaboo to step on in the dark  
cosmic potato of parabolic curves  
let me lick your salty thighs.

S/Seys  
E/Cexy

X/Son of Lucifer  
bringer of fire.

Whether it is a potato or not  
I do not know or not know  
care or not care  
for, for sure, it will resemble  
Arp's navel.

When asked what  
prevented the potato chip  
f/attaining inter-subjective  
metamorphosis when injest-  
ed.

Edgar Allen  
Poe tato  
replied,

*Birds of calm  
rest on the charmed wave.*

## **THE SPECIAL TEACHING OF RICHARD DENNER**

Afterword curated by Bouvard Pécuchet

Diverse writers have praised and condemned Richard Denner's skill as a poet. He is considered by his contemporaries to be mainly a poet of blue-collar workers, a poet of peace and gladness, and a poet of love. The debate develops around Denner as a philosophical poet and as a satirist.

Thomas Cleft, in *What I Say* (Blue Onion, 1999), sees Denner as "one of the last to benefit from a truly humanistic education. He gained this on the streets of Berkeley and in the woods of Alaska. He can write a complete sentence, avoiding the chaff to give us the true picked grain."

William Boss, in his "Proem to the Oakland Raiders," (Telegraph Avenue Gazette,

Vol.VI, No.2), writes, “We ought to give real praise to that great philosopher, Richard Denner.”

Norman McGordon, in the prologue to his translation of Hung Chow’s *Taoist Lake*, (Other White Meat Press, 2002) gives special note to Denner’s real understanding of “astronomy, philosophy and comparative mythology, wherein few of our time are more exactly learned.”

But there is another side to Denner that arises in critical studies of his oeuvre. The idea of Denner as a lewd poet. This idea can be traced to the early D Press books of his Alaska years. It is here the idea of Denner as a smut-mongering illiterate has its origins. Jeb Utahl, in his “An Account of the Poets of the 60s” (Huggermugger Publishing, 1972) accuses Denner of trying to make his readers laugh in vain. The absence of Denner’s work in Ronald Allen’s anthology, *The Big Book of Hippie Poets* (Golden Era, 2001) is all too glaringly obvious.

Another of his contemporaries, Ernest Blenk, has praised Denner’s sublime blend of pathos and humor. Blenk, in his *Short Notes* (Total Recall, 2002), calls Denner “tender” and a “friend to women.” He says, further, that Denner has a “truly human point of view.” The debate continues today. Denner is seen as surrealist, scholar, philosopher, humorist, stylist, craftsman, moralist, and pornographer because it is the nature of post-modernism to be all things in the imaginary museum.

Lorenzo Ghibelline, in “An Analysis of Postmodern Poetry” (Doodah, 2002), says, “Richard Denner has faith in his vision. He is a crafty satirist and surrealist.” Ghibelline examines Denner’s “Scorpio, Scorpio Rising,” and admires the use of ideas derived from George Barker, Madame Blavatsky and Kenneth Anger. He calls this poem, “eclectic and radical.”

In “Denner as a Satirist” (Ezinger, 2004) Rosemary Cluff interprets Denner’s works in terms of allegorical significance *inter exegesis* of Buddhist doctrine and Classical mythology using a methodology based on the epistemological assumption that every simple solution to the problem of knowledge must be inadequate. She feels that he is making fun of the decadence of the late 20<sup>th</sup> Century and that his poetry is not a mere smear. Bluff admits his poetry can be cryptic and obtuse, but she sees no reason why he must explicate his work. In fact, she finds him “boyishly clever” in the following poem:

Syntactical  
Metameaning

In functor  
Categories (being)  
Ordered by

Intersubjective  
Meta,pr[jpsoses (.)

This poem, while not exactly enlightening us of its subject or its object, is enlightening of Denner's temperament. He makes us laugh. He is a poet of mirth and merriment and, at the same time, he is deadly serious. He is both poet and critic.

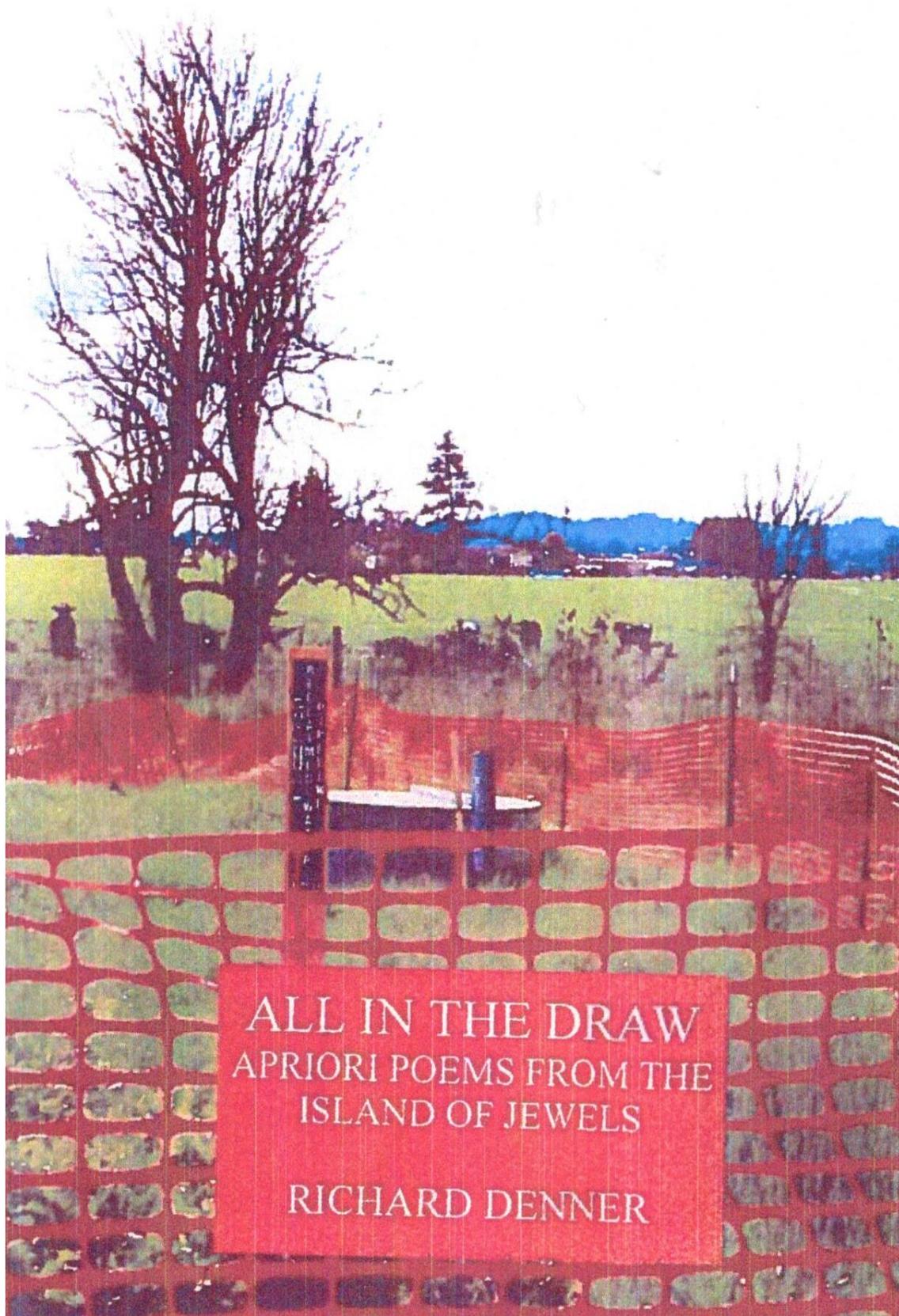
On a bright and blustery afternoon, in the fall of 2004, over many cups of tea on the terrace of the Mojo Hotel in Valley of Stars, I discussed *A House That Jack Built*, with Sir Arthur Ranting. Sir Arthur recognized the active principle of the trinity and unity as a view of reality in Denner's book and questioned whether he had only used this idea as an organizing principal or if he actually believed it to be a fundamental truth.

He pointed out the irony in the purgatorial position of Antonin Artaud in Book Two and how Artaud in his "Letter Against the Kabbala" (City Lights, 1965) believed *The Zohar* to be a book written by the damned while they awaited their punishment.

In his exegesis of *A House That Jack Built*, Sir Arthur described an arc of ascent from the microcosm to the macrocosm, from the human realm (the war poems) through the world of nature (the tree planting poems), into the world of forms, the worlds of spiritual perception, imagination and divine nature (the Grail poems, the poems about Billy the Kid and Artaud), towards a union with divine essence (a poetics).

Sir Arthur convinced me that there is no doubt the poet has confidence in his path, while simultaneously realizing paths do not lead to liberation. Each poem is a recognition of the nature of thought and experience. Each poem reveals Denner's hunger for life, for freedom. He urinates on the icons of authority. He trembles before the majesty of a flower.





ALL IN THE DRAW  
APRIORI POEMS FROM THE  
ISLAND OF JEWELS  
RICHARD DENNER

# ALL IN THE DRAW

APRIORI POEMS FROM THE  
ISLAND OF JEWELS

Richard Denner

dPress 2005 Sebastopol

Photos by S. Mutt



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*“Williams notes emphatically, ‘To tell what subsequently I saw and what heard...’ But how answer Olson’s equal point in *In Cold Hell*— ‘What has he to say?’ Then again there was the fact of the words themselves, so that Duncan made playful and exact sense: ‘To tell the truth the way the words lie.’ When young, I’d written Olson with almost pious exclamation: ‘Form is never more than an extension of content.’ Now I might say equally, ‘Content is never more than an extension of form.’ It depends, as they say in *New England*. Back of it all I hear Williams again, saying all those years ago, ‘Why don’t we tell them that it’s fun...’ Such fun, such delight, when all possibilities of such act come together in words moving in mind’s recognition with body’s weight and measure.”*

—ROBERT CREELEY

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### SPRING GRASS

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“Mornin’ ladies, survive the rain?”

view  
    all talents driven into one discipline

here I mean to separate the functions of metaphysics  
from that of epistemology  
recognize rational mind, intuitive mind  
    see ground of each

break down, deconstruct  
first, intuitive divination, not one, not two  
secondly, rational, perceptive

two Canadian geese fly north

Close  
near, intimate  
shut, verb  
secret, oppressive  
path of English driven by devils  
non-rectification of names

words burn bright in the tunnel of delight

Lulu, a scholar's view  
first, search for truth, second, search for fame

paint or perish

Democracy  
Athenian, Spartan  
The Great Mexican War at end of Aztec Calendar  
Bible Code, 3D tic tac toe  
Rubic cube of history  
Inner galaxy of data

Planetary alignment of consonants

Pythagorean view  
3 as a structure of U  
3 as an organizing principle

“Fill in the boxes; we’ll fix it later.”

Volume 9  
Title, then subtitle  
with preface and introduction

Regime  
8 hrs sleep  
6 hrs dharma  
2 hrs r & r  
6 hrs write  
2 hrs tv

Three dogs  
Lurchers  
Serin, Willow, Lady Gwen

Photos, combination of Ansel Adams and Avadon  
A  
A  
A

Dharma  
first, space=time continuum  
next, teaching about the human condition  
then, natural state  
500,000 years, galaxies of meditation  
and thought and dream

Emails

Jesus Tantra  
first, purification  
then, refuge  
raise Bodhi  
prayer, 100 syllable mantra  
mandala offering  
guru yoga, manifest as Mary Magdalene

Dirty Bomb  
Al Quida group finds martyrs  
to remove radioactive material  
from a dump in Uzbekistan and  
hand off to Jihadists to transport  
via container to another point.

Where in the mandala are you?  
3 kayas  
6 realms  
9 galaxies  
5 families  
100 dieties

school  
church  
home

practice and daily life  
8 hrs for rest  
8 hrs for work  
8 hrs for God

In the Zone  
do you see the glory? the temple  
not built with human hands?

Tantra wants all your stuff, your baggage,  
your neurosis, your psychosis,  
your passion  
to transform this into virtue  
Tantra like Einstein's theory of relativity

Sutra like Newton's physics  
Juice for neuro-anatomical re-programming

Zogchen like quantum mechanics  
You = U  
"as above, so below"  
moonsphere  
mindsphere

2 values  
3 values  
5 values  
creates unrest in the "self"  
a carousel combined with bumper cars

## **HOW WE GOT HERE**

Lifetimes to

Human form  
    Found Dharma  
Found Guru

Tantra takes in all your stuff  
uses everything to polish  
your Buddha belly

It all boils down to  
virtue and purification  
    Use your senses  
common sense and nonsense  
together

Turn shit into fertilizer  
    Spread it on the concrete floor  
Dry it, cool it off, plow it in  
That Garden of Earthly Delights  
That Garden of Horrors Untold

grandeur of grey dawn  
miramids of restless, weary wanderers  
playing the harp strings of youth  
    Canto beery pilgrims

Finding occult knowledge  
hidden in gambling games  
tarot, dice auguries  
Blackjack, Stud

My eye—Jody, my cousin,  
on my mother's side of the family,  
threw sand in my eye

Jody, six months older than I,  
only I was adopted, probably felt  
there was a fox loose in the hen house

A small scar, but the scar is in a bad spot

Magic as an artist

poetry=Muse=vessel

drama=Apollo=mask

music—you are a note sung

by Someone

Science

observer

perception, means

object of observation

methodology

experimentation

analysis, logic

data to support hypothesis

**Close** (A.C.D.)

*to stop, obstruct*

*to shut, surround*

*to bring together, join*

*to get rid of at a reduced price*

*to bring an end to*

*to come near*

*to grapple, engage in*

*to agree*

*to come to an end, terminate*

*to be worth at the end of trading*

*lacking freshness*

*confined, narrowly confined*

*heavy, oppressed*

*secretive, reticent*

*stingy, parsimonious*

*scarce, as with money*

*not an open season*

*near, near together*

*intimate, confidential*

*compact*

*a juncture, a union*

*not deviating from the subject*

*short, near the surface*

*not deviating from the model or original*

*strictly logical*  
*strict, searching, minute*  
*end or conclusion*  
*enclosure*  
*narrow entry, alleyway*  
*(British) a piece of property w/o buildings*

Power of 3

Bhrama, Vishnu, Shiva,  
Creator, Sustainer, Destroyer  
Father, Son, Holy Ghost  
Dharma-Sambho-Nirmanakaya  
View, Path, Fruit  
Body, Voice, Mind  
Truth, Beauty, Goodness  
Id, Ego, Superego  
Inner, Outer, Secret

Adzom's Dutsi

wherever I follow him  
there's dutsi falling, he  
doesn't mind if I pick up  
the jewels on the path

Trustfund Buddha

“Voluntary house arrest  
has the stink of Liberty.”

Yes, Dewey, movies can be seen  
as Sambhogakaya  
pleasures, qualities, 2-D  
the realm of the imagination  
creative mythology  
Scorsese and Eastwood shoot it  
out

Battle in the Captain's tower  
The Passion of Christ and Hotel Rawanda

go unnoticed

“Didn’t Passion of Christ get  
The Oscar  
for best make-up?”  
“I thought the flesh could have looked a bit  
more torn.”

## IT’S THE MOVIES

after all is said and done, about the only thing i’ll miss after i leave this samsaric  
shit hole is my mother tucking me in when i was a kid, and other than that,  
after having been stabbed, shot, strangled, and shit on for 60 fucking years, i can  
truly say, the only thing i’ll miss is the movies my favorite flick of this year was  
"white chicks" flat out, that had to be the winnermillion dollar baby? the title says  
it all the aviator, only scorcese would make a movie about such a neurotic human  
being after making one about the street gangs of new york, which he made after  
making one about his holiness the dalai lama, i love it this is the movies, remember  
that this is not about anything but the movies which only touch on life in a very  
gentle wayhere and there, very tangentially the same chick who plays queen  
elizabeth plays katherine the fucking hepburn and does a good job in both, while  
hilary swank makes it to the top from a trailer court this is the movies howard  
hughs lets his fingernails grow and pisses in milk bottles the aviator is a love letter  
to hollywood , a dead letter, and the great scorcese gets passed over for the coveted  
phallic symbol. a dead letter is the same even if it is never delivered lumet gets a  
lifetime achievement award, so scorcese will just have to wait, since there are still  
some greats in the wings as i remember it, the hollywood badboys, sean penn and  
his crew refused to stand when kazan got his award because kazan had ratted on  
his friends during the mccarthy era finally, even if no one is acting at the oscars,  
remember, the oscars is the movies

Troy

going up in flames  
gets two thumbs down  
What would Homer say?

“I liked Brad Pitt in the part, buff, quirky, the fancy footwork

Wrath of Achilles on the battlefield, his name reverbing down the corridors  
of time on the cover of every Tabloid, and Agamemnon got stabbed in his bath at

home,  
not in the sack, or at the Sack of Troy—  
so much of the read is in the details,  
who gives a fuck about the Mirmadons?—  
plenty clickity clack of swords,  
a funky horse, Paris was right,  
they should have burned it,  
but then,  
there'd be no sequel.”

*Aviator* gets 5 Oscars,  
*Baby* gets 4,  
baby was a top flight  
B movie in the Warner Bros  
gritty style, made in something like  
6 weeks, fast and dirty  
whereas Scorsese labored like a  
Renaissance painter, more  
in the style of Felini

East coast movies  
West coast movies  
O, where are our Kansas movies?  
“I nominate:  
*The Ferrtilicrome Cheerleader Massacre.*”

Adhere to the samadhi of equanimity  
when it comes to Beauty  
BUT retain the option to weigh in  
on a dualistic analysis

It's easier to box  
than to throw rocks.

“box” means to catagorize  
methodology=psychology of movies  
more than aesthetics  
vision rather than \_\_\_\_\_

Allegory of quinine seed

as a path to samadhi

Sky walking with the Dakinis  
they help give shape to my world

Lulu, "You have to have an ego  
if you're going to get rid of it."

Get rid of something  
that doesn't exist

How *get rid of*

Point to it  
Come to the point  
Point to the coming  
Integrate the personas  
    the Self disappears

Take a chop at it

Re-evaluations  
Realizations  
Visualizations

discover value  
binge eating  
binge mantras

Libeniz, monadology  
Spinoza, geometrical values  
Orpheus, orphic creation

Out of the tip of the branch, making buds  
    moon spheres, mind spheres  
        cyclic, sickic, samsaric  
just say, "I'm sorry."

help others, so all may rest

going to  
so that  
all my rest  
    helps others  
find the four  
boundless states

“Elegant portrait of y’all  
wrapped in myrtle,  
calling a SPADE a spade,  
leading us into this tale of  
a relationship’s travails  
and triumphs! A pure  
pleasure to move through.”

Arrive, May 19, in Newark  
Return, May 28, to San Francisco

Civilized dogs  
“My dog”

Description of The Ave in 1959  
Corner of Haste and Telly  
*Lucky* Store where Ginsberg saw  
ol’ Walt Whitman  
across from a *Texaco* gas station, now Cody’s Books  
The Berkeley Hotel across from Able I, the Garden Spot and Cinema Guild/Studio  
The Med next to a Laundromat  
“What’s behind the Green Door?”

stop at See’s Candies, look in the mirror to see what time it is on the Campanile  
check out the Picassos in Nicole’s, skinny Scandinavian furniture in Frasier’s,  
lunch with Jon Springer at Robbie’s Cafeteria and beer in Larry Blake’s  
Rathskeller, tea at The Black Sheep, two cigar stores on the corner of Bancroft and  
Telegraph

Flatworm as a proof of God  
bi-lateralism  
we inherited a predator’s intelligence on the food chain  
or we would have remained a sponge or coral

## EXPLORE

explore

leave tracks on the moon  
and on the ocean's floor

“Like moons in water”

Xitian

Blue Ragger, YMCA  
Camp Gualala @10 years  
Angel in a hollow redwood tree

Surprise baptism @14 years  
in basement (catacombs) of High Street  
Presbyterian Church in Oakland

Bertrand Russel controversy at U.C. Berkeley @16  
bought *Why I'm Not a Christian* in a Sausalito bookstore

Atheism leads to Mysticism

“Like moons in water”

Like moons in water=adverbial phrase  
Sights=subject, deceive=verb  
Us=direct object

We of second clause=subject  
forever roam=verb and adverb  
in cyclic chains= prepositional phrase  
modifying “we”

So=conditional clause

all may rest in their clear mindstreams  
I/Raise/Bodhi  
in 4 boundless states

View  
Path  
Fruit

two needs complete

Three views

Terminator

Matrix

Bladerunner

Zógqen Presbyterianism

Passion as a Chöd Feast

Immortals, rainbow body, ascension  
empty/exists

H.G. Wells, Jorge Luis Borges

Alchemy, chemical, elemental

Divination, intuitive mind

Yoga, union of mind-body

Karma cleared up with prajna  
via dharma

slows the wheel

enough to step off

but not enough to be *detached*

Monk stand-up routine

Monk can joke about death

Monk can deny existential dilemma

Monk can deny existence of creator

Monk can use dirty language

Form is an extension of content

Content is an extension of form

Emptiness is form

Form is emptiness

Shit is gold  
Shit is not gold  
Shit is rich as gold  
Shit is not as rich as gold

There is a war  
There is not a war

Monk can talk about fucking  
Inappropriate sexual content

Yogi and consort  
enter Tantric path, drink Ambrosia  
    Menstrual blood, semen  
long life practice, Mandarava

“Why not fly off to Madagascar and pose for tsunami relief?”

“You’re my dog”  
Dog barking in the neighborhood  
strawberries creeping onto the driveway  
dog at Willit’s ranch  
    overanxious sheep dog  
    acts up during artificial insemination of old cows  
    round-up  
foreman shoots dog  
    draws from the hip  
    only wounds the mutt  
Dad disgusted with Wild West behavior  
    orders the vet to put down the dog

Dog mauling in general  
    *The Andalusian Dog* in particular

An education on the streets and in corrals of Larado  
POLICIES with Universities for children’s education in future years  
*educationfutures*

look at the numbers

Kant 476a-79d  
there is beauty in the moral order  
and Bacon who should  
be in Everyman's Library  
knew Augustine confessed

I have a friend who says  
there are 3 principles  
the good, the bad  
and that which is neither  
good or bad

as for the whichisneither  
my friend told me to stop  
smoking, which changed my life  
for I do smoke 2 to 3 packs

I write this sitting  
on a Persian rug with a base  
viole pointed threatenly  
toward the victrola behind me  
wrapping a harpsichord around  
partia no. 2 in C Minor  
Schmieder 826

478 79 3 2 3 2 826  
in the bottom of the 9<sup>th</sup>

## **THE GATES**

dear helen, glad to hear from you, lucky you, having cristo's gates, the glory  
of such a monumental presentation, which some see as a construction site,  
such great energy to get together 23 miles of blessings for a mere 21 million  
dollars, oh, cristo, magician of special caliber, the saffron is the color of claude's  
hair, a love story, and the saffron is Buddha's compasion, the gates portals to  
spring, an environmental celebration in the midst of bleak winter, creating a birth-  
line against a gray background, remembering the running fence, how it delineated  
sonoma's landscape, the gates bring out the enviorns, skyscrapers scream into

heaven, saffron alive against the skyline at sunset, brings the city to life, awaken,  
be playful, life is temporary, and so are the gates, enjoy them while you have them

*gate, gate, paragate*

Revealed correspondences

to understand the world

Divination

understand the world in Time

Act on both world and mind, 3-D

realm of Emptiness

realm of Imagination

realm of Ideas & Impressions

Unknown, unreal

Real and unreal

Real

Mind's 3 ways to interpret

truth, goodness, beauty

Truth, to think either/or

both/and

relative truth

logical truth

Truth, meaning of U

Good, acts, on/off

walkin' the talk

Beauty, graven images

invention, to rival nature

representation, praise nature

Zab-lam sputterings on a spring day

