

**TACK SHACK**  
**D PRESS**

**SEBASTOPOL 1998**  
**Assemblage by the author**  
**Photo by Michael Burtness**

*In memory of Kirsten Erica Denner*

**ELEMENTAL**

**Two friends  
near  
this fire.**

**You here,  
I there  
in a garden  
of fire.**

**DIRT**

**Dirt makes me itch.  
Asphalt hurts my feet.  
Kindness an official bitch.  
Lawn order on every street.**

**ON THE BEACH**

**The beach at Miramar  
is marked Right To Pass  
Revocable At Any Time.**

**Banana skins, plastic cups,  
oil derricks, all forms  
of rubber, wood and steel**

**ripped to elements,  
stripped of character  
and dipped in tar.**

## **POLOOT**

**Alaska, who lives there?  
Caribou, wolves and bear.**

**This grizzly airs a grudge  
that everyone fears to judge.**

**A refinery don't smell  
like *Chanel*— more like hell.**

## **BIG FOOT**

**One drop goes  
a long way to ease  
the friction.**

**100 billion barrels,  
ten to the tenth power—  
while the answer is hair**

**warm nights in fur,  
and the best investment  
is Sasquatch.**

## **RED GIANT**

**Hard to see  
the truth. Shaggy curves  
in a fuzzy country.**

**Realm of the densely packed.  
In turn, a town with streets  
that aren't on any map.**

## **DETAIL**

**Birds that lay  
in Euclid's branches  
have a view of May.**

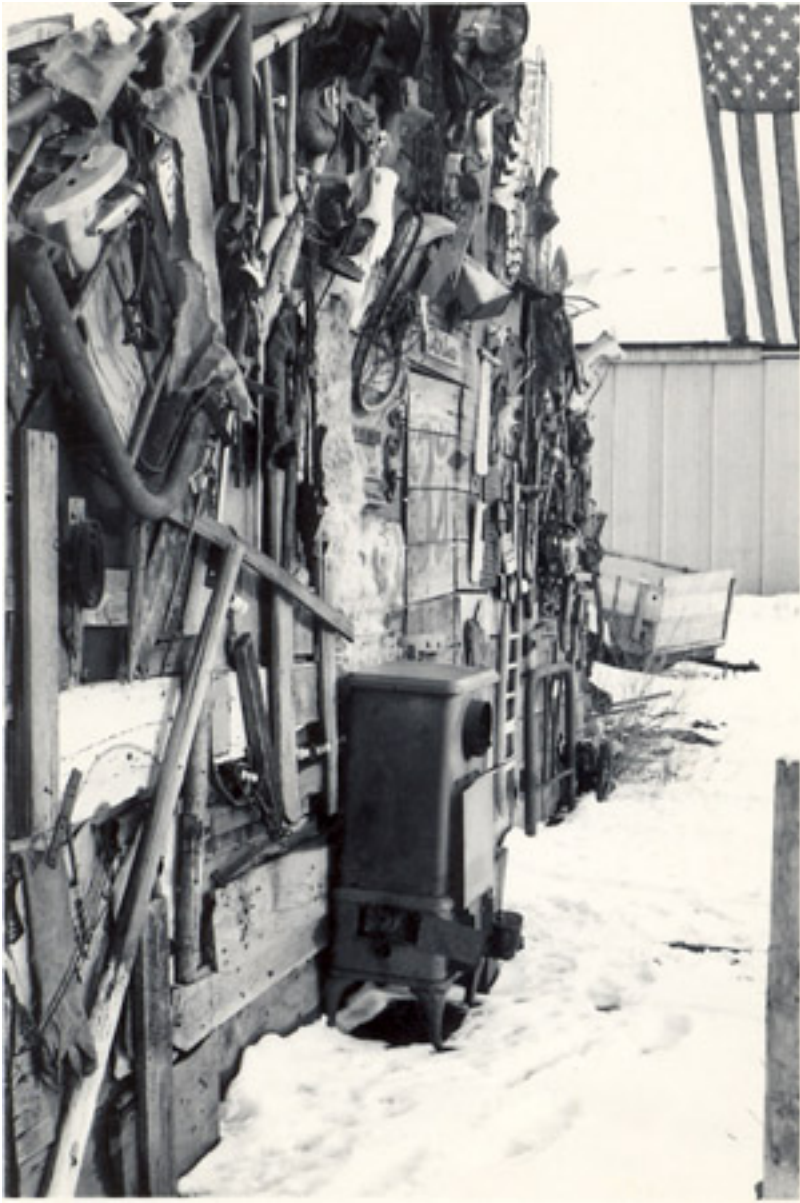
**Spring blows and sucks,  
sucks and blows  
the eucal blossom.**

**It's always ragtime,  
suck and blow.**





















## **COMMITMENT**

**when Ezra Pound was released  
from St. Elizabeth's, he said  
"America is an insane asylum"  
and then split for Spolento**

**It appearing to the Court  
on this day  
the above named defendant  
appeared to answer**



**a charge of committing Treason**

**It appearing that the said Judge  
in it appearing that on that date  
a doubt arose as to the sanity  
of said defendant  
dismissed criminal proceedings  
in said action  
and certified the above-named  
for hearing and examination  
by said Court  
to determine the sanity  
of the said defendant; and  
the attorneys  
for defence and prosecution  
stipulated  
that the doctor's reports  
could be received in evidence  
and the Court  
considered the evidence  
presented upon the issue  
of the present sanity  
of said defendant and found  
the said defendant to be insane**

**It is THEREFORE ORDERED  
ADJUDGED AND DECREED  
that the said defendant  
be committed and confined  
as an insane person  
until such time as he shall  
become sane**

**THE POET SITS ALONE**

**the poet sits alone  
in the Idlewild Airport Café**



sketching his next Canto  
`mid  
C Beef 65¢  
Coke 10¢  
comfort after 14 years  
in a Washington D.C. mental ward

across the room  
a dark-eyed beauty  
cool, contemplative  
*Cassandra, your eyes are like tigers  
with no word written in them  
You also I have carried to nowhere.*

noise from the juke box  
interrupts his cold beef vision

## **THE BEAST**

**Old Valdez.**  
**275 sq. miles. Second oldest  
white settlement in Alaska.**  
**Captain Cook 1778**  
**1794 Bligh Island**  
**Spaniards 1798.**

**1800s whaling. Copper mined.**  
**Route to the gold fields.**  
**Blue fox farming in the 1920s.**  
***Iron Trail* by Rex Beach set here.**  
**Young Miss Miller marries  
the Maharajah of Indore.**

**New Valdez.**  
**Rebuilt after quake on a new site.**  
**Voted All-American City 1965.**  
**Valdez rhymes with "ease."**

**South Terminus of *Alyeska's*  
pipeline from Prudhoe Bay.**

**Wrathful *Alyeska*  
auger in one hand  
marshprobe in one hand  
geo-stick in one hand  
polaski in another**

**I take soil samples  
along the surveyed route  
from Valdez to Tonsina.  
I follow the Lowe River  
through alder swamps  
across marshmuck to bogmire.  
Streams rot with salmon.**

**I follow a bear trail  
to the cutline where I auger  
twenty feet to bedrock.  
I sidetrack near Kendal Cache  
to collect lichens and weathered  
telegraph insulators.  
I note the conglomeration  
from a glacier deposit.**

**Along glacier benches to bedrock  
across rivers to bedrock  
to bedrock under ridges, under  
boulders, under cobbles, under sill  
under sand, under volcanic ash.  
I take a rest and get sick.**

**A caravan of *Winabegos* passes.  
A woman points to a dead salmon  
and exclaims, "Someone should do  
something about that." Cheechakos.  
10% chance of rain in a rainforest  
means 10 inches of rain.**

**At Trans Alaska Pipeline  
Point on Ground TAPS PG=361+68  
I join my copter pilot.  
Mustachioed Vietvet with shades  
his scarf trails in the breeze.**

**He drops me off on a sandbar.  
There's a field of devil's club  
and a jungle of alder hanging  
from granite cliffs between me  
and my testhole.**

**King crab to Otterman:  
glacierized graywhacky  
sandy sill  
silly sand  
gravel  
cobbles  
Indian love stones  
fucking rocks  
over**

**Otterman to Kingcrab:  
reading you  
alluvial fan  
metamorphic composition  
zone theory  
montage effects  
colluvium  
colluvium  
colluvium  
clear**

**Dhal sheep graze below me.  
As the Alouette lands, a bull moose  
into the brush.  
Up the line, a grizzly and her cubs  
into hiding.**

**From the Arctic Ocean  
at Prudhoe Bay, over  
the Brooks Range  
across the Koyukuk River  
across the Yukon River  
and the Tanana, stretching**

**Across the Alaskan Range  
this in temperatures below zero  
for more than one hundred days  
below forty below for weeks  
dropping to eighty below  
in arctic winds**

**From Thompson Pass  
down a glacier moraine, the pipe  
slouches into Valdez.**

## **ENDANGERED**

**Birds and rain  
turtles on the waves  
deep in your heart  
you know harmony.**

**Keep your eye peeled  
for litter along the way.  
If it talks to you, pick it up.  
That's politics, too.**

**"Hi, I'm a moldy doughnut  
in the dumpster wishing you  
a really nice day  
with sprinkles on top."**

**"I'm a recycled plastic bag**

**giving you longevity vibes."  
"An aluminum can, here, sending  
blessings of happiness and peace."**

**"No, I want to send peace!"  
"Shut up, you dumb Styrofoam,  
get back, and wait your turn."  
"Then, I'll send joy and light."**

**Birds and rain  
turtles on the waves  
I sing of lovingkindness as  
a responsible use of power.**

## **EREWON**

**Zeroing-in on  
the many that are one,  
a place**

**where the parts  
are not knowable  
for the the hole.**

**Halve what you have,  
enough is enough.  
"Good morning, nice day!"**

## **WHY2K**

**in the Springtime, etc.  
to be precise  
1987 was the conclusion  
of the 16th 60 year cycle  
of the Kalachakra System**



**and the climax of matter**

**in the Springtime, etc.**

**2012 is the conclusion  
of the Mayan Great Cycle  
and a period of hard choices**

**in the Springtime, etc.**

**I dream of the New Age  
although I know  
it's hopelessly sentimental**

**in the Springtime, etc.**

## **WINTER FOREST**

**January 25th, Saturday, 5 p.m.  
Sun 05° Aquarius opposed the Moon  
Winter transmutes Craig's Hill  
dense and gray— a dead forest**

**Ethan and Barb and Steve  
Tom and Sharon and Jill  
circle dance around  
the water tower**

**when you touch the earth  
red rays rise through your body  
when you walk you bring  
purple rays down from Heaven**

**meanwhile  
I'm drinking *Jack Daniels*  
with a little water  
while they dance and chant**

**explaining how, if you'd let me**

**I'd let you...  
when we went in for the Hydrogen Bomb**

**and it is embarrassing  
standing here in a white shirt  
with debris falling, yes**

**it's a long day  
if you have an extra sunrise  
and a long night  
with ultra-violet Spring  
after Nuclear Winter**

## **GET DOWN**

**Flies mate on the page  
drawn by my attic honey breath.**

**Life in Washington's delicious  
compared to the worm  
eating at the core.**

**Ruskin describes it, a march  
of infinite light...intevalled  
with eddies of shadow**

**Note the gas, the fire, cholera—  
if only a tapestry of the travesty,  
a  $n+1$  number of knots.**

## **BURGER PRODUCTIONS**

**The band heats the air  
with acid rock.  
Black-lighted bodies**

**dissolve in the dark.**

**Flames of ice,  
flames of flood,  
flames of meat,  
flames of mud.**

## **BLACK RAINBOW**

**Slanted rain falls  
on blank flowers  
in a mechanical garden.**

**I have desperation  
I walk like a dog,  
never shifting my gaze.**

## **TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI**

**Red Sea.  
Persian Gulf.  
Kuwait.  
Now, that your world map is complete,  
the game can be changed.**

**No apologies.  
This is magic.  
The technology  
is what's real.**

**The bleeding, twisted bodies  
are real.  
The beauty, the truth are monstrous.**

**Morning.**

**Nothing to be done.  
Make my bed.  
Clean my room.**

**It's an end run  
on CNN Play of the Day,  
Skuds vs. Patriots.**

**It's a blitz  
on a fortress  
on a mosque  
on a gulf of oil, a gulf  
of blood.**

**Nightmare of smashed faces  
storming  
out of the dark,  
I am diminished as I awake.**

## **SINGIN' DIXIE**

**you're right, Charles  
the South did win  
the Civil War**

**and America can't wait  
for the next Texas Bar-B-Q**

## **OLD GROWTH**

**Mother's gaga,  
limbs tied in tape.**

**No cedar to see, dear.  
Can't dial 911-rape.**

## **SLASH**

**Hands at work,  
sound of saws,  
a drape of smoke.**

**Gaia grotesquely  
posed, tossed flesh  
that terrifies.**

## **LANGTREE**

**Joaquin sings  
of Lily's graces.**

**She brought  
the house down.**

**The house had beams  
musically spaced,**

**columns of concrete  
delicate as bird legs.**

**A structure,  
a broken shell.**

## **GOLD LEAF**

**As custodial head  
at the care center**



**infection control  
and safety briefing  
I get a hot lunch.**

**I sip my *au jus*  
mistaking it for coffee.  
Lab reports are read.  
I eye my pie.**

**How many cultures  
on a clean plate?  
Did she say forty?**

**The entrapment of a mouse  
is announced. My bit  
of *Velveeta* and *Old Vic*  
trap makes a hit.**

**Stomp, stomp, stomp  
go the days. It's March 10th.  
Alexander Graham Bell invents  
the telephone. Kissinger calls  
for more nuclear technology.**

**Birds will eat the feed  
I put in the tree  
by Rose Roberg's room.**

**Events— a waterfall.  
Spray, white, spray.**

## **BLUE NOTES**

**The bug is right,  
we're pond scum, flotsam  
in the evolutionary wave.**

**Hear that—  
Coltrane, man,  
like in *Kind of Blue*.**

**There's a certain shape  
to these final chords  
like a crystal structure.**

**Inside, you can see  
naked people, the living  
dancing with the dead.**