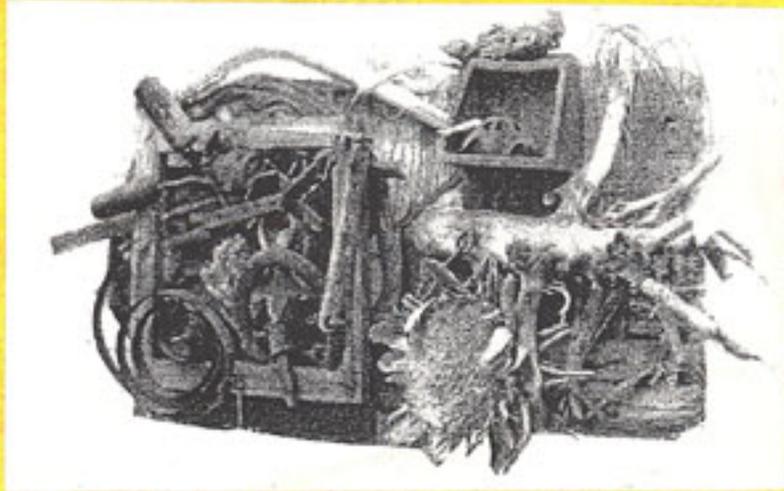


# EZINE VERSE

APRIL 2003

\$7.00

(\$8.75 in Canada)



FIVE POEMS FOR THE PEDESTAL MAGAZINE  
SIX POEMS FOR CONSPIRE  
THREE POEMS FOR TAVERNER'S KOANS  
FOUR POEMS FOR THE MISSISSIPPI REVIEW  
TWO POEMS FOR THE NEW FORMALIST  
THREE POEMS FOR BIG BRIDGE  
FOUR POEMS FOR THE BERKELEY POETRY  
CONFERENCE  
A POEM FOR CNN FINANCE  
THREE POEMS FOR USA TODAY  
TWO POEMS FOR HOMEFIRES HEARTH

## EZINE VERSE

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FOUNDED IN 1968 BY RYCHARD  
NUMBER 111

APRIL 2003

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THIS ISSUE EDITED BY RYCHARD

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# EZINE VERSE

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APRIL 2003

*FIVE POEMS FOR THE PEDESTAL MAGAZINE*

[www.thepedestalmagazine.com](http://www.thepedestalmagazine.com)

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## F YOU C K

the old lemon in a hammock  
between two willows  
jeans cutoffs and bandana  
for a top

she says, "If you see Kay,  
tell her I want her"

sweat on my face  
I stand there—  
I'm 14 and don't get it

## UP BEFORE FOUR

I'm up before four  
stirring up dust  
rising with the cows  
raising the weather  
this also, stretching  
far enough—  
as far as necessary  
to find my joy

## SPACE OUT

I space out  
in the dayroom, I

beat myself, so they  
put on a helmet

bite at the face guard  
in the blackness

after all  
poetry is only poetry

## DREAM

I wander in a dream  
near the ocean's edge

How did this crab  
get in my mouth?

Defiled by the thing  
a puppet on a string

Yakity yak  
yakity yak

Every second second  
yakity yak

## WORDS

clouds  
like smoke  
like mist  
like smoke

feathers  
smoke  
fur  
smoke

perhaps  
each

---

## IN KETCHIKAN

Walking with Frank Boardman up South Tongass  
from the New York Hotel toward The Beanry  
Frank listens to me read a poem of Lu Garcia's  
and says it heralds the death of poetry.

*Biff!*  
*Bam!*  
*Pow!*

*Holy Cow!*  
*Holy Cow!*  
*Now we know*

*Batman is*  
*God*  
*is*

*the Devil*  
*knows*  
*who he is.*

Don't go on like that, he pleads  
and falls into a funk.

## 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 punchdrunk fighter  
whose taken one too many

hooks to the head?

Poetry is experience—  
I awake to morning light  
thoughts sweet as honey  
buzzing in my brain  
swatting them I get stung  
by real bees in a dream garden.

### I AM A CLARINET

I am a clarinet  
I love the sound of *r*

with no *rrr*, no road  
no tree, no poetry

### ACROSS NO DIVIDES

Dry creek, cool canyon.  
Music from the rocks as you pass.

### SONG AT MIDNIGHT

Hard whites, infernal yellows,  
sulfur and yellowgreen.

### EYE ROVING OVER BLUE HILLS

The *I* merges with the *All* but remains *I*.

All is verdurous.

THREE POEMS FOR TAVERNER'S KOANS

[www.taverners-koans.com](http://www.taverners-koans.com)

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FOLLOWING SALVADOR DALI

*for Claude*

It's a cinch—*this*  
*paranoiac-critical method*  
*as a spontaneous method*  
*of irrational knowledge*  
*based upon the interpretive*  
*critical association*  
*of delirious phenomena*  
*whereby the double image*  
*may be extended, continuing*  
*this paranoiac advance*  
*to make the image appear*  
*and so on until there*  
*are a number of images*  
*limited only by the mind's*  
*degree of paranoiac capacity*

SO SUDDEN

With an eclamptic convulsion  
of cataclysmic proportion  
The man in the house  
is no longer a man, and

The house is no longer a house.  
They are parts of a relationship—

And minor parts, compared to  
the woman who's lost her VISA card.

What dress was she wearing?  
What print? Did it have pockets?

The scale of demolition  
is proportionate to the folderol.

## FABLE

The tortoise win? The lady sleeps.  
She signals to move.

Stood up, he carved.  
The huge knife stirred.

*FOUR POEMS FOR THE MISSISSIPPI REVIEW*  
[www.mississippireview.com](http://www.mississippireview.com)

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## POST DOGMATIST PUDDLE

*for Cecil*

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

## FURNITURE POEM

*for Steve*

start with two marks  
wisp of a world  
  
on the cusp of chaos  
and in this corner  
  
a hint of disclosure

about a continent in stasis

ambient poetry  
elevator murmurings

## METHOD IN THE MADNESS

*for Jane*

I write, then I type  
I retrieve, I retype  
I cut and paste  
images of real objects

a process of recovery  
and discovery  
a contemplation of silence  
in this maelstrom of violence

## TOO LITTLE TOO LATE

*for Corinne*

waiting at the Liberty  
how long have I been waiting  
how long should I wait

am I early  
am I late  
or am I?

*TWO POEMS FOR THE NEW FORMALIST*

[www.eccentrix.com/artist/newformalist](http://www.eccentrix.com/artist/newformalist)

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MY LAME WORDS

My lame words—  
scattered from ledges  
and my frail deeds—  
only frittered pledges—

Just One—one  
heartfelt thought  
—eternity bought—  
and the Game is won.

### SAD CAFÉ

Three saints served up  
in short order—Queen of Peoples' Hearts  
Miss Busy Boots and a Beat angel—

Heaven is enriched at our expense—  
a mountain of flowers, an ocean of tears  
fill this Greasy Spoon.

### THREE POEMS FOR BIG BRIDGE

[www.bigbridge.org](http://www.bigbridge.org)

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### TANTRIK TUNE UP

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

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

*and the formation of calluses  
on your eyes*

## SPLIT PE-RSONALITY SOUP

And the poem goes and goes and goes  
between your toes and up your nose.

Take two, one for each.  
So far out, they're out of reach.

Can you guess which is best  
and which is less than all the rest?

## TACO TIME

Spanish flies lick the eyes  
of the slain. After vicious  
infighting in psychic sorespots  
Hump & Dump pick up their pieces  
and put them together.

Words do not relieve the itch.  
Epsom salts and hashish only  
increase the heat of their meat.  
Throbbing filet, thrashing crab—  
dinner surpasses distinction.

*HAPPY CLIMES*

In Berkeley I was reduced  
to a monad by the mænads,  
classified schizo-non-decisive,  
and given Stelazine and A.T.D.

Strangled by my vocabulary,  
no one knew I was there  
until a flood of vomit  
oozed from under my door.

This is a poem  
about the assassination  
of Jack Spicer.

ALL THE HEADS OF THE TOWN LIT UP

I filled vials with violets and grass.  
I made baggies of marigolds and grass.  
I loaded a wine bottle with grass  
and announced a party for Allen.  
I underestimated by a hundred  
how many would attend this bash.  
I was in a spot, so I put out my stash  
and passed my Stetson.

Olson had made up his mind to change  
and passed his pipe—that was some pipe.  
Orlovsky and I made it to the liquor store  
much to everyone's relief.

Kretch read a diatribe seated on a commode.  
Lew Welch swung from the chandelier.  
It was Creeley's remark that everyone know  
where the firemen and police are located

that cleared the place.  
So, I added the cost and the cost of the cost.  
Nothing was stolen, and nothing was broken,  
save for the chandelier.

## STUBBORN LUMBER

Can there be emptiness without awareness?  
Ask George.

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.

have anything to do with this.

Sun and moon, day and night,  
the trees follow me.  
Imagine them growing.  
Imagine no one hearing them.

If you open the door to knowledge—don't  
overlook  
the poems on the shelf in the door.

## I KNOW A PLACE *for Robert C.*

I attended him as he spoke,  
his logic, a rapier, bent  
in with a twist.

Jack, he said,  
which is not my name,  
the next conference

won't be held in Berkeley.  
Berkeley is too bizarre.

Better Oakland, it was  
noted for savage eucalyptus  
and wild animal life  
long before there was road rage, let's  
drive to Mel's for cokes and fries.

*A POEM FOR CNN FINANCE*

[www.money.cnn.com](http://www.money.cnn.com)

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RED HEARTS, WHITE ROCK  
*for Kimberly*

You believe it all.  
I believe none of it.

We hear thunder in The Bohemian Grove.  
They're making war, you say.

You believe it all.  
I believe none of it.

The reason you are here  
is to help us in the flesh with the flesh.

I watch you dance a dance as old as space  
while the world goes to the fat cats.

You believe it all.  
I believe none of it.

*THREE POEMS FOR USA TODAY*

[www.usatoday.com](http://www.usatoday.com)

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***PEOPLE ARE STARVING***

faces superimposed over a poet running  
the poet running over rubble on the screen  
ground zero, ground the square root of minus one  
and a dancer in an aztec headdress crooning to a clown

ckkkkkkkckkkkkkkcccccccc

a boy picks at his food  
morose over a molecule of mayonnaise  
on his hotdog

ckkkCcccccccc ccccc

a suit wearing a gas mask over a catcher's mitt  
flaps his arms and asks,  
"Us is America?"  
"Iq is Iraq?"

ckkkkkkkkkaa;ckkkkkkkkk

**SINGING DIXIE**

You're right, Charles  
the South did win the Civil War

and America can't wait  
for the next Texas barbecue.

**GET DOWN**

Flies mate on the page  
drawn by my honey breath.

Life in Washington is delicious  
compared to the worm  
eating at the core.

Ruskin describes it—*a march  
of infinite light. . .intevalued  
with eddies of shadow.*

Note the famine, the flames, the plague,  
if only a tapestry of the travesty,  
a n+1 number of knots.

*TWO POEMS FOR HOMEFIRES HEARTH*  
[www.homefireshearth.com](http://www.homefireshearth.com)

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DO I HEAR TRUMPETS?

Do I hear trumpets  
or is it thunder?

Shadow lights flicker  
The End—  
crazy

Inside and out  
just totally black

I'm not sure  
if I should take a walk  
or lean back

POEM THAT MIRRORS ITSELF

God is a bone  
doGma

*COMMENT*

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ROBERTA SOLTEA'S RAMBLING ROSE

*Flesh of Fire* by Roberta Soltea. Paperwaster Press, 2003.

In 1824, Shelly hazarded the opinion that all poems were parts of one immense poem written by all the poets, past, present and future. One hundred twenty years later, Jorge Luis Borges extended this idea, feeling that the almost infinite world of literature was in one person—he was Walt Whitman, he was Thomas De Quincey, David Bromige, Roberta Soltea.

In her plagiarist novel, *Flesh of Fire*, Soltea's heroine, Annabelle Rose, travels through time to have conversations with famous authors, giving them plots and dropping metaphors. Annabelle has dinner with Emily Dickinson, and they discuss how "nerves sit ceremonious like tombs." She visits Shih Huang Ti, the first Emperor of China, and encourages him to burn all the books that had been written so far. Although the works of Confucius and Lao Tzu have since resurfaced, those of Kuc Xing and Laun Dri are lost to the world. She visits Adam and interviews him as the greatest author of his day, seeing monotheism as a stimulus to art and proclaiming Genesis morphological to all future literature. It is her idea that, in the beginning, the earth was without form and void.

Midway through the novel, Annabelle Rose transports Thuragania, a pre-Socratic philosopher, into the near past and introduces her incognito to Jack Kerouac. Their conversation is witty and intimate, full of wisdom and insight, and the gullible Jack, in a fit of infatuation, decides to follow her across America. Suddenly, out on Irving near 19th Avenue bound for the coast, Jack, seeing a yoga studio where there was a class in Qigong going on and our lady doing the exercise *bird that flies with conscious intent*, said "Hey, dude, you understand poetry is all one poem," and Jack made a tremendous soaring wobbling pass at the chick, and she caught the ball, saying "further, further," and out they went into the star-speeding night laughing and teetering in joy of their artistic power.

Near the end of *Flesh of Fire*, Whitman's dog gives a yawp when he hears Jack proclaim that the grass that liberates itself is the same grass which grows wherever the land is and the water is. This Whitman also lived in previous poets. His secret autobiography reveals that he was a cavalry officer in the nearly mythical wars of Charles XII—wars that turned Votaire, a mechanical engineer, into an epic poet, completely against common sense. But, then, it was Voltaire who said that humans consider common sense so common that no one needs more of it.

All poems are one poem. All poets, one poet. And history, as revealed in *Flesh of Fire*, is a preamble in the third person telling the story of a heroine who is writing a faux autobiography. Nothing really exists, yet we derive pleasure from the play of lights and winds.

BOUVARD PÉCUCHET

A SWEET PROSE SEQUENCE

*While You Were Watching* by Monica Peck. dPress, 2002.

This is a sweet prose sequence of great phenomenal clarity. "Come here," Peck writes. "Come out of that inkwell. This is the face I want to show you. Forget the others you have seen of me. Forget how I look as I am just stepping out of my door first thing in the morning, dragging my bicycle onto the stoop, helmet unclasped, pantlegs rolled above the knee." A beautiful little book of loss and desire in urban landscapes. And the language is rich, never missing. The motion is in the cadence.

