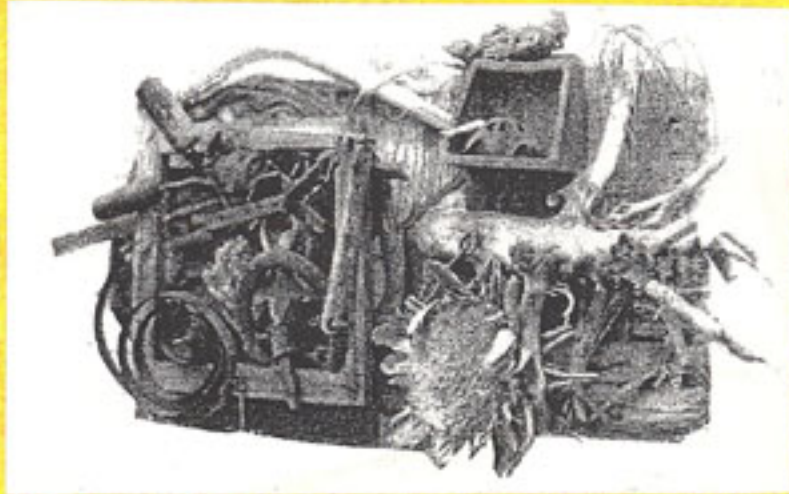


EZINE VERSE

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

FOUNDED IN 1968 BY RYCHARD
NUMBER 111

APRIL 2003

- 253 [FIVE POEMS FOR THE PEDESTAL MAGAZINE](#)
[*F You C K*](#)
[*Up Before Four*](#)
[*Space Out*](#)
[*Dream*](#)
[*Words*](#)
- 256 [SIX POEMS FOR CONSPIRE](#)
[*In Ketchikan*](#)
[*Poetics*](#)
[*I Am A Clarinet*](#)
[*Across No Divides*](#)
[*Song at Midnight*](#)
[*Eye Roving Over Blue Hills*](#)
- 259 [THREE POEMS FOR TAVERNER'S KOANS](#)
[*Following Salvador Dali*](#)
[*So Sudden*](#)
[*Fable*](#)
- 261 [FOUR POEMS FOR THE MISSISSIPPI REVIEW](#)
[*Post Dogmatist Puddle*](#)
[*Furniture Poem*](#)
[*Method in the Madness*](#)
[*Too Little Too Late*](#)
- 263 [TWO POEMS FOR THE NEW FORMALIST](#)
[*My Lame Words*](#)
[*Sad Café*](#)
- 264 [THREE POEMS FOR BIG BRIDGE](#)
[*Tantrik Tune-up*](#)
[*Split Pe-rsonality Soup*](#)
[*Taco Time*](#)
- 266 [FOUR POEMS FOR THE BERKELEY POETRY CONFERENCE](#)
[*Happy Climes*](#)
[*All the Heads of the Town Lit Up*](#)
[*Stubborn Lumber*](#)
[*I Know a Place*](#)
- 269 [A POEM FOR CNN FINANCE](#)
[*Red Hearts, White Rock*](#)
- 270 [THREE POEMS FOR USA TODAY](#)

People Are Starving

Singing Dixie

Get Down

272 TWO POEMS FOR HOMEFIRES HEARTH

Do I Hear Trumpets?

Poem Mirroring Itself

COMMENT

273 Bouvard Pécuchet *Roberta Soltea's Rambling Rose*

274 Dale Smith *A Sweet Prose Sequence*

THIS ISSUE EDITED BY RYCHARD

COVER BY S. MUTT

Publication of this issue partially supported by dPress.

Ezine Verse



Number 111

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Internet: www.dpress.net

EZINE VERSE

APRIL 2003

FIVE POEMS FOR THE PEDESTAL MAGAZINE

www.thepedestalmagazine.com

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

SIX POEMS FOR CONSPIRE

www.conspire.org

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

