



**BOUVARD PÉCUCHE'S  
TWENTY-TWO ALL-TIME FAVORITES:  
THE BRIGHT RED BAR  
HELD BY A SQUARE BOLT SERIES**

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Bright, bright red bar held by a square bolt  
Burning in the forest of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

—WILLIAM BLAKE

No motion has the bright red bar held by a square bolt.  
No force, neither hears or sees;  
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,  
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A bright red bar held by a square bolt degree  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.

—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Soon shall the bright red bar held by a square bolt  
Hide all the peopled hills you see.  
The gay, the proud, while lovers hail  
In distant ages you and me.

—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

I met a traveler from an antique land  
Who said: “A bright red bar held by a square bolt  
Stands in the desert. Near it, on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, and  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

When old age shall this generation waste  
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say’st,  
“A bright red held by a square bolt,”—that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

—JOHN KEATS

Break, break, break,  
Bright red bar held by a square bolt!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thought that arises in me.

—ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Lo! A bright red bar held by a square bolt  
In a strange city lying alone  
Far down within the dim West,  
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best  
Have gone to their eternal rest.

—EDGAR ALLAN POE

And that bright red bar held by a square bolt,  
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,  
Lift not your hands to *It* for help—for it  
As impotently moves as You or I.

—EDWARD FITZGERALD

That's my bright red bar held by a square bolt,  
Looking as if it were alive. I call  
The piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands  
Worked busily a day, and there it stands.

—ROBERT BROWNING

I am the poet of the bright red bar held by a square bolt,  
The pleasures of heaven are with me and the pains of  
    /hell are with me,  
The first I graft and increase upon myself, the latter  
    /I translate into a new tongue.

—WALT WHITMAN

The sea is calm tonight.  
The tide is full, the moon lies fair  
Upon the bright red bar held by a square bolt—  
On the French coast the light  
Gleams and is gone.

—MATHEW ARNOLD

There's a certain slant of light,  
On winter afternoons,  
That oppresses, like the weight  
Of a bright red bar upon a square bolt.

—EMILY DICKINSON

I am tired of the bright red bar held by a square bolt,  
And men that laugh and weep,  
Of what may come hereafter  
For men that sow and reap.

—ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.  
It will flame out, like a bright red bar  
  /held by a square bolt;  
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil  
Crushed.

—GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

Turning and turning in the widening gyre  
The bright red bar held by a square bolt  
Falls apart; the center cannot hold;  
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the earth.

—WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

Old Eben Flood, climbed alone one night  
Over a bright red bar held by a square bolt  
Into the forsaken fun park carousel  
That held as much as he should ever know.

—EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

Whose bright red bar held by a square bolt this is  
I think I know, even though it is covered in snow.

—ROBERT FROST

Just as my fingers on this bright red bar held by a square  
/bolt makes music,  
So the self-same sounds on my spirit make music too.

—WALLACE STEVENS

Let us go then, you and I  
When the evening is spread out against the sky  
Like a bright red bar held by a square bolt.

—T.S. ELIOT

so much depends  
upon

a bright red bar  
held by a square bolt

glazed with rain  
water

beside the white  
chickens

—WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

I saw the best minds of my generation  
destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked,  
dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn  
looking for a bright red bar held by a square bolt.

—ALLEN GINSBERG



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