



SILK

Nancy Cavers Dougherty
&
Jampa Dorje

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Could Be Silk

could a wood a b silk – water

*Shall we cry
for help—or shall we?*
H.D.

There is no drawing attached

there is no boat afloat
both lost in the see

yes, I love Arp
and Miro, too

I once thought Bonnard a lightweight
but now I see him in a new light
collage is how we do everything

I will name the ways

it is a skirt made of old denim jeans
rags sewn into napkins

wrapping paper made of scrap fabrics

jams made of blackberries, raspberries

buttons strung into a necklace

buttons sewn around a t-shirt edge

a lifetime of stitches in an Amish hatbox

an old rug painted blue,
a wildness

photographs displayed on a wall,
a window, a tapestry

reinventing is collecting
is salvaging is also making do masking
faults sweetening

Bonnard with those heavy-thighed women—idle thought,
I wonder what is the fallout

I'm one hour behind physically
and two or more mentally, this is
a morning of rough nails being
driven into the drum of my skull
and I'm only capable of mumbling

Slow, slow ragged start
a daughter oversleeps, a turkey
stuck in a tree and its flock
in the field nearby all helpless
and surrounded by, of course,
mad barking dogs

My mother would say that
I'm quite ineffectual

I need a grip, hysteria is catching
lots going around, doomsday
scenarios, super volcanoes,
asteroids from outer space

H.D. says
hard to be an ok mom and a poet
the 4 horsemen of the apocalypse
on crack

disease famine war
blowing my way

Doesn't everyone read H.D
the night before?
scrambling and descrambling

more to this off-set day
the turkey came down— of course—
then later in the day,
a friend— neurotic— who only calls
when there is a crisis
of some sort— called to inform me
of a student being killed, and now
I'm in the thick of this news
& spreading even more panic about it
before more is known

one way to make it better
is to notate my incoherence
kick out some adjectives
and combine personae
scramble some eggs

in six minutes or less

Bush moves troops into Foolsday

I rest myself

*in the intrinsic state,
relaxingly without
distraction or effort.
in the realm of Voidness.
Oh, what a pleasure it is
to enjoy Confusion when as Wisdom
it appears.*

MILAREPA
Challenge from the Logicians

Cows moove into Moonday
Sheep are moving into Tuesday
Goats moved into Sunday
Frogs croaked in response to Milarepa
Cows moove into Moonday
Sheep are moving into Tuesday
Goats moved into Sunday
Frogs croaked

“I am the President,” said the President.

We are located uphill, and
where the rock slid were areas that
were not reinforced and there are rocks
up to the second story of some places—
we woke up to helicopters and much
emergency personnel though I think
things are being over-hyped
capturing a mysterious process

virga (VUHR-guh) noun
Rain or snow that evaporates
before hitting the ground
a silky sleet of letters

Polyester sheets are simply not the test
of what it takes to succeed
automatically turning into alligators
at the corners knowing whole sofas
and soaps and syllogisms
whole yards
of sloppiness finally feigning into fatigue
and feats that hurl over pin points
of blinking of singing in sheep and curdles
of milk & dawn sucked in between
the folds & over the burrows to Tennessee
It could be silk if rules are practical
Pink jeeps & elephants roam the Sahara
she intones with a voice that lilts
that sings of Napoleon
she marches through
the Arc de Triomphe

The malachite is nice
whatever malachite is
a little more lyrical
than the upcoming women's day reading
so many poems
lately have been in a prosodic vein
it is odd
note the fellow in the skull cap
falling asleep, you and he a contrast
to the otherwise intent audience
the day crashing into purposelessness
senselessness sense, a spectrum
of purposes from subjective to objective—
with artists and writers falling
somewhere between, there is the art
for art's sake at the objective end— and
with history, at least objective intents—

and then the subjective end— this
is the danger pit I think, for if you cannot
get past the subjective and make what
you have to say relevant then perhaps it
has been just an indulgence, and it would
be more straightforward to a politician

Arp so into squares
Picasso so into guitars
nothing left for the avant-garde
but

a perfect red

there is a red dye for textiles
even a perfect day for weaving cotton or
wool the sheep won't care
if you wear jeans

this is Nettie's quiltmaker's song
for the *H variation*:

“You have to have a love of sewing
without a pattern
if you see it you can make it
break the ideas in your head
stay with your own ideas
and your hands have to be good.”
Nettie's quilt is made out of the clothes
of her deceased husband

reality
as fragments of exile— kind of spooky
actually and if you think too hard about it,
you might never pick up a pen or tap
a letter, the predetermined idea of choice

and consequences

makes me shudder

Alistairs all around

Alistair Horne

Alistair Cooke

Aleister 666 Crowley

Alistair who worked tirelessly
on Nala Pema Dundrub's stupa

SAID THE PRESIDENT

"I do not want my truths changing,
but the words want to move. I do not want
my truths changing, but the words want
to move," said the president. A little
ghost said, "Where are you, Liar?
Where do you brew up these truths?
Bright is the eye of the world, but
you glide between sunbeams. Frightful
is the face of the moon, but you spread
your wings and never glance back at
those who dwell down below.

All the poets

I know have green hair.

You have a green thumb and a
green toe."

Why did the wild pink break?

O why

did it break?

ISSA

If you know soldering and sewing there
will be even fewer loose seams

Fitting for a windy day

I have bought some Easter bunnies
returned overdue books to the library
done laundry, mailed letters
worked on a collage, throwing it
together— and almost forgot
the dogs need to go to their kennel

bark

and on a Friday night, Keith Olson
a guy I knew at Bret Harte Junior High came to Bromige's and my
reading
at Copperfield's

tracked me through a google
remembered we were both
into midnight auto

bark

meow

chirp

buzzzzzzzzzzzz

through the metal sheets crashing down
in strips peeling away the dankness
fuming and buzzing into the still night air
an opening for the moon to peek
its light stealing across rats' tails
and pigeon roosts, a plaid shirt twisted
in oil, in dust, old jack long gone

another warehouse retromade retrobladed
Gordon Matta-Clark and anarchitecture

the dog chased the cat chased the rat
around the stupa, and now they've
been reborn
and go to college
which is a frightening prospect

more to this off-set day

30 or more students killed,
and now I'm in the thick of this news
& spreading even more panic about it
before more is known

hyping this as the largest
school shooting in history
thereby
making things more difficult
turning tragedy into a tournament
an occurrence of everyday life
someone following an impulse

SHE'S ALIVE

Even though she now has four titanium
plates in her forehead
very small and shaped like bones
she should be able to walk through
the metal detectors at airports
and she is even more hip more stylish her
hair more razor crazy than Halle Barry
7 hours of surgery

A note on the microwave:

“It seems we’ve had a small explosion,
perhaps we need a new...”

the letter trailed off

I saved it because I thought it was so polite
kind of hinting at a disruption,
nothing to be concerned with, just go out and buy a new
WHAT?

Ahha, a cup shattered,
blown to bits in the microwave
what was in it? a smudge of brown,
taste of sugar and instant tea,
my mom’s concoction
when you forget the water the sugar
melts to a corner and the heat
intensifies with the micro-
wave energy

electromagnetism is fun
but gravity is the law

WHICH IS why a bird can fly and not a cow

the day is a boat afloat
without the slightest wave in the water
without Monet’s lily pads
without water

I wonder if there is any organizing element
BLAM BLAM POW EXPLETIVE
BLAM BLAM says the NY Times
in the midst of explosions when the day
becomes a parking lot
that stretches into car lengths of gray

BLAM BLAM
of statistics and clatter
that enter our dream
distorting reality
slipping away
back into the dream
into the comfort of a back car seat

BUMP

I see another heap of gravel
and more voltage lines

ZAP

a pile of cinder blocks
a pile of rocks, more gravel, more rocks
shoreline scene dissolves
into tributaries highways graffiti
the ghost of Susan B. Anthony lies
face-up in the alleyway
a coin tossed

Nancy Pelosi is pacing
the halls of the House
facing the mobs of reporters
calling upon the people for a stop
BLAM the bloodshed
“This is a generational war
and we are going to be in it a long time,”
says a White House official

The original acronym
for the Iraq invasion was O.I.L.
Operation Iraqi Liberation
called it like it was, and

I wonder if Lizann is on the road again

or with her Wiccan friends. She says
generations are either rising or falling,
I think of my mother. My grandmother.
My great-grandmother turning the soil
of her tomatoes so daintily with a hoe.
President Carter sent her a birthday card
for turning 100. I think of my daughters.
I think of myself. I see the future.

I consult the stars.
Look out back at the black.
Count the numbers
needed to win the next lottery.
Count the days needed to swim
to Australia.

For making tea
never forget the water.

3 kaya tea
first steeping, nirmanakaya
second steeping, sambhoghakaya
third steeping, dharmakaya

Wild Silk

wilda bun ny beasty - earth

When my daughter walked into the kitchen in an instant I knew something was wrong—
“He’s dead,” she said.

I had to bury him— one of our rabbits
what a drag— we’ve had two die now
and this one was mine, named Byron
a guilt trip really— white and furry very
pretty— a Jersey Wooley
once had a matching, black mate
named Agatha— the Brits I called them

Too bad Agatha was so mean
she had to be
returned, leaving Bryon all alone, too
often neglected by us.
Not enough sunlight, exercise,
variety of diet.

not even buried right away

Sad pet story—
his red eyes were eerie

window into rabbit mind or veiled no-mind
full of warmth
slumber
hay and field and wind
brushfire over skin scales
tapping of metal against metal and
crushing grind of wood rawness

red for pain
blood
celebrating
trophy red for winning
lipstick red for bewitching
biting
red for the devil
How do you say goodbye to a rabbit?

Byron was a rabbit for the ages,
a believer in the Grand Disorder,
left his initials on a pillar of the hutch

I've added him to my list of the dead
and have included him in my prayers,
Thornwall too

In the 1940's phone numbers had
names for the first two digits— if your
phone number began with 84, your
prefix might be TH, and the TH would be
an abbreviation for the name Thornwall.

Thornwall, the rabbit.
Had a tender voice.
Made all the fields rejoice.
This was before cell phones.

This was before zip codes.

Just a number to designate your zone,
Berkeley 2, California.
The world was but two days old.

rabbits everywhere
skipping hopping talking

One day, when I was eighteen years old,
and had entered Cal as a freshman,
I was standing on the corner of University, which runs from the freeway
to the
entrance of Cal, and Shattuck,
which runs across town through the center of the business district, and a
little old lady in tennis shoes tapped me on the shoulder and said,
“Hello, Bouvard,
you may not remember me,
but my name is Mrs. Thornwall,
and I was your first grade teacher.”

And I could remember my seat by the
window, where I could look up the hill
at an outcropping of rock, and I would
look for the rabbit that would appear in the field.
Maybe I have my first-grade teacher
confused with the name of a rabbit.
I remember the classroom was a
portable building. Cheap shelter,
after the war. This was in the town
of Kensington, right next to Berkeley.
I created my first literary concoctions
then, in the first grade.

We were learning to write,

and Mrs. Thornwall asked us to describe what we had for breakfast that day. She had put lists of breakfast-type foods on her blackboard—
bacon, eggs, toast, oatmeal. It all sounded so healthy, and all I had had for breakfast was a bowl of Cheerios. I felt I should give the impression that I ate a hearty breakfast, not that Cheerios aren't good for the heart.

I wrote down enough food to feed a farmer going out to plow. No harm in it. Make a good impression. I was getting in line to be an organization man by the time I reached college, and here I was talking to my first teacher, and the years were peeled away in an instant, and I was naked and exposed and embarrassed.

All I could do was stutter, "Nice to see you again," and flee before I disappeared entirely.

...and Thornwall was gone
or was it Mrs. Thornwall gone dashing
along the curbs from the town center
along Shattuck, past rows of cars, past
students with bags out of my sight
back toward the hills of Tilden Park
in her head ringing the children are dead
they are lost & wandering the halls of
Dwinelle, their innocence was not genuine
their eyes were distracted they did not
hear that George Washington had false teeth &
of course Cheerios are bad for your teeth
couldn't they see & know about the freezing
temperatures & how to find a burrow &

the scent of wild radishes
the bending of a sunflower in the wind is how
you gauge east from west
leave the grid of cities on a ruler
if there is another road
I tried to teach them to count

Denise claims
the red eyes of rabbits aren't sad

*University Archives—
The international competition
for the Phoebe Hearst Architectural Plan
for the University of California.
[San Francisco, Trustees of the
Phoebe A. Hearst Architectural Plan
for the Univ. of Calif., 1899?].
ENVI fLD763 1899 appendix Rare;
copies circulating; Moffitt LD763 1899*

Note that there is a large open space
on the northside of the campanile,
this side designed weaker, so that
in the advent of a major earthquake,
the tower would crumble
in that direction

hopping every which way

When I was but 8 years old, climbing down a long storm drain under Kensington Avenue, I popped up under Hagstrum's grocery store in the storage area & spied a case of Cheerios, too large to take with me down the rabbit hole—I took my little red wheelbarrow in the front door & loaded it up with candy bars, almost made it out again, but the manager spotted me, & I was pursued down the street, wagon over-turning, candy bars spilling onto the street, the grocer stopping to gather up his

merchandise. Me? I climbed a hill & hid in the bushes, but, of course,
he knew who I was, & later my mother marched me down to the store by
the scruff of my neck, & I had to apologize & swear never to steal from
Farmer Brown again, & I think this vow held up pretty well
 until I was lured into the midnight auto carrot
patch

and Mrs. Thornwall ponders—
there is the myth of the rabbit
and the reality of the rabbit
and the wanna-be rabbits
 scurrying everywhere

I try to teach them, but they never learn a carrot from the candy corn,
their grabby
little paws reaching into Halloween
baskets or think anything orange
is a carrot,
 so they gorge themselves
on oranges
and get sick

a sick rabbit is not a pretty rabbit,
is not a lovable rabbit

then there are the Bryons, perfect Byron who knew a carrot from an
orange who saw which way to hop and could identify the 93 types of
nettle and forty-four types of sorrel
which were poisonous and which were sour good for sore paws
 or a snuffle
not so easy for a young rabbit
especially young rabbits
with curiosity
and good fur

as there were prowling bears
and bobcats in these here precincts

Carry McWilliams, who perched me on
a planter box in Dwinelle Plaza to
harangue the noontime passersby with my opposition
to women's dorm hours being earlier at night than men's
and how mandatory military science
was unfair and loyalty oaths, and
how the students
were being folded,
bent and stippled—
this last being
a computer programmer's nightmare
white rabbits are good at hiding
under the bracken

“They ran through the briars and they ran through the bushes, and they
ran
through
the brambles
where the rabbits wouldn't go.”
This is Jack Spicer singing.

“Rabbits do not know what they are.”

“Ghosts are very similar.
They are frightened and do not know what they are,
but they can go where the rabbits
cannot go. All
the way to the heart.”

rabbits are spotted—
hippity, hoppity...click! So went
the latest appearance of one of the world's

rarest rabbits, captured on film by a camera trap
in the rain forests of Sumatra...

what are rabbits but without mention
of briars and brambles
finally
resolved
be it resolved
Mrs. Thornwall happily
and most graciously
accepted the gift of the Indian Chief Tom
Allen of \$100,000 for the building of their
new elementary school that had been burnt down—
an arsonist in their midst
suspicious abounded,
students were frisked and questioned
especially those known to be
wandering outside school premises during
their recesses escaping under the fences.

Controversy erupted
around Mrs. Thornwall
in the parent burrows of Kensington.
Some even held back their bunnies
from school—
they lost ground they forgot how to read
or write reverting back to skittish ways.

She, be it noted, was ahead of her time—
tainted money, casinos, gambling. Was she
a part of this? Questions and rumors were
rampant. Chewed over with the carrots.

“Do you accept Indian casino gifts?”
They asked. They mulled.

I thought of the rabbits running through
the brambles, the big bucks pushing
through, and in each one

“There’s a caption of poetry
or a captain of love...”

And on the other side of the briar patch,
glittering in a glade of sunlight, rises
Gilman Hall, a burrow for the best and
brightest of bunnies, bunnies who want a
Free Burrow Government, a government
without admission fees, one that is not
a puppet government of the status quo,
but that is a meaningful government of
representatives for the entire burrow,
and not just a planning committee for
dorm dances— a government that is a
force to be reckoned with in student
policy and which will argue for academic freedom,
and have a say in the choice of curriculum,
and fight against

the old oppressive rule
of having

to wear a suit and tie to
Sunday dinner.

Stealthily in between classes
they pass their volumes of Das Kapital
to one another,

hold secret

discussions, pore over the words
of Engels about capital
and its vampire thirst

for the living blood of labor.

Frenzied
for reform, they work and plot
late into the night.

For their first entertainment event,
the newly formed burrow government
votes to invite Archie Brown,
a long-time card-carrying Communist
and labor organizer, to speak in their rec room,
while the House
of Un-American Activities Committee
holds hearings in San Francisco.

This brings the F.B.I. to their door,
and leads to the subpoena
of the burrow's president.

This frightens the rabbits.

later Byron, senior buck descendent to
these radical rabbits, would go on to win
Top Champion
of the 2003 National Jersey
Wooly Convention on April 26-27th
in Watsonville, CA with Judge David Pett
noted his nicely shaped head
compact body
V position of his ears
ruby cast to his eyes
fluff of the fancy
highest Standard of Perfection

as he stood there preened and tweaked
behind his ears by Judge Pett on the golden

breeder's box with strobes and flashes
of cameras around him, he thought of his grandmother
her homilies
when the cows lie down
it means it's going to rain and that old film footage of her
by their summer cottage at Lake Okinawa,
there she is
in a Sunday black dress pulling a cow up
why was she doing this and was it
the echoes of her voice
keep the babies hidden
in the tower
those days the floorboards squeaked and
cold air came through
so few ever made it down
the grandmothers knew something
hidden in tree limbs
keep the babies hidden she whispered

“Where did you grow up?”
someone asked him
“Oh I grew up” & then he remembered
his grandfather always had slung around
his neck a tin canister— really tiny—
filled with petrol & on those afternoons
together they'd stop by Roger's saloon &
his grandfather would ask for
a lady in a boat

Professor Price Charlston
was a rabbit for the ages
a believer in the forgotten first principles
of architecture—
mound, hearth, roof, fence—
and it was he who introduced
this young buck to

the Highland Place Maybeck
and calmed his fears

*a home wedded to its site,
situated in a rolling terrain
isolated against a grassy hillside that swept up
to a high ridge rustic house with high walls
and high-peaked roof clad in
redwood shingles tagged gothic,
by which Maybeck meant more than just a style*

SALLY B. WOODBRIDGE

Bernard Maybeck: Visionary Architect

considered “queer” in its day
and this Jung rabbit now began to
understand a part of life
not discussed by Mrs. Thornwall

that a man can cook
and be interested in furniture
know the name of flowers
read long novels

he did his best with Anthony Powell’s
Dance to the Music of Time
and Thomas Mann’s *Buddenbrooks*

big gaps in his knowledge
so, he studied logic
and language analysis (when history
would have been more useful)
and took a load of drugs
and visited museums
and thought about
Albert Einstein’s idea—

If the bee disappeared from the surface
of the globe, then man would only have
four years of life left.

The interconnectedness of everything!
why should he care about man's fate? why?
when he—man was the source
of so many of his dilemmas
the cars
their roadways
two three four five lanes and collapsing too
blocking their pathways, burying their
burrows, flooding them with sewer over-
runs and their tv shows weren't very good
Anymore—American Idol, teen idol, trump
the Trump, their teaching was getting slap-
dash for the younger ones who were
always yawning and looking dumb
with their long front teeth hanging out,
carrot bits in between, their spelling abysmal,
but he had to give them credit for his university
professors, that smart Professor Price Charlston,
and he did used to like to tune into
Don Imus in the morning
hear him rake over everyone, he saw through
people like a rabbit
not to be fooled or outrun

time to pick up a book
and get to the logic
of existence— maybe Hillary Clinton's

Race to the Orange House
or Hume might be better more calming
though less relevant to current politics

less distracting with scores
and plays for basketball or articles
on silicon to scratch what did that mean
where was that landfill or those
diacetyl dye plants for popcorn
he would hop over tomorrow
in between class
and investigate that butter situation

at heart he was a utopian
later Byron would be credited for the
founding of the Living Wage Movement
that swept California in the 1990's

a rabbit of the people
like Mayor Flynn of Boston who used
to ride with the firemen on their fire trucks
through Roxbury and Dorchester on their
way to another triple-decker blaze
CBS 5 prime time news

or like Pres. of the Senate William Bulger
having to bail his brother out
he couldn't help it if Whitey was always
getting into scrapes
or gone for long times
then the phone calls
the F.B.I. listening in

When Rep. Dan Burton R-Indiana asked
William what he thought his older brother
Whitey did for a living, he gave
this response:
"I had the feeling that he was uh in the
business of gaming and and uh ...

Whatever. It was vague to me,
but I didn't think, uh—for a long while
he had some jobs but uh ultimately uh
it was clear that he was not uh um being um uh
you know he wasn't doing what
I'd like him
to do”

he thought about governor Mitt Romney
such white paste passing for a Boston pol
and Weld before
and Foy gone—
sunk by harbor
and big dig politics
and Jack Spicer gone funk
and big dig poetry
at heart he was a Calvinist

a member of the Berkeley YRCA
Young Rabbit Christian Association
headed to Y-camp, Camp Gualala

*Located on the banks of the Gualala,
near the community of Annapolis,
Camp Gualala's 500 acres are nestled in
a canyon surrounded by an old grove Redwood forest.
The north fork of Gualala river flows through
the middle of the camp and is home to
a variety of wildlife including river otters,
raccoons, deer, fish and many birds.*

Rabbits feel right at home, and
at home he was a mystic

foy fob feyed
Foy gone like a ghost

three concrete slabs crash from the ceiling
of the Ted Williams tunnel
a curse
or message of the ghosts stirring
and meddling to direct the company
of construction to destruction
sudden not in the swan-like manner
of parks and willows and ferns

where the rabbits are scurrying for berries

as a Harvard freshman
Foy rowed his way along the Charles,
saw the smokestacks spewing their oils
and toxins
passing plastic Perrier bottles bump-
ing his oar
he stop-
ped. Stopped dead
still in the waters lapping
and a scrap of timber
tapping and strings that en-

tangle star spangle banner
is tangled in scraps
and drudge. Mighty rower pulls through
to a way past the deviousness of
Romney
and his tepid crew
to Jeffersonian point of view
sees evil in diacetyl

so Byron thinks back to his elders.
Thinks of the time the mothers

put up their SOY signs
alongside the roadways in his
little town of Shrewsbury
Save Our Youth
and the retaliatory wars of the other mothers
who in the middle of the night blacked out
///// these signs and scrawled in
SORRY Youth
and it had all started with that
BAD BUS RIDE where
 the gang of derelicts
had taunted him and his friends
without mercy
for reading of course!
On the way home from school enclosed
 in the bus
way too long
heat and growing boredom
interminable red lights
too close together packed
 in hot breath
 teeth baring
the derelicts retracted their nails
then sharpened them with pocket knives
and pounced! It was a brawl
fur flying and hissing

years later Byron read in the NY Times
how Sean, the instigator of that fight,
later hijacked a plane to Cuba—sometimes,
he would ponder on this—
was there a link to the Communists?

Byron was forever seeing the politics & finding
the interrelations in everything said each legislative act

passed, new
senate formed, coup d'etats & movements
Huntingtonians vs Communitarians & the SOY
bunny taunts still rang in his head
would give him a headache
make his eyes redder

and his thinking would get so negative
recalling a menu with *Rabbit Rillette*

during his second or third summer at camp
he experienced an angel beaming down on him
inside a column of light—

he huddled inside a fire cave at the base
of a 2500-year-old redwood tree,
a part of an open-air chapel—

 hiding
from the world
after nearly strangling a smart-alecky
bunny during an argument
over how he had won a tether ball match
and with considerable self-control had
pulled his paws away from the terror-stricken
bunny's throat and fled across the river
to the sanctuary of the chapel where he
had cowered in fear of reprisal from...what?
the Easter Bunny?

his counselor found him
and felt this bunny was good
 recommended him to
be initiated into a secret organization—

The Riggers

can't say much about this—

secret societies are secret
about their secrets— a little is a lot

initiate level wear a blue rag
which is a triangular scarf
to be worn
as a badge of honor
legend has it, the original scarf had been
a white dishrag presented
to an Ancient of Days for his heroic deeds

most of the counselors had red rags
some seniors staff had brown rags
and once, this young Ragger attended
a rare ceremony for a White Ragger

beyond this, I cannot say—
except that the trails and tales
of bunnies interweave

at heart, he was a naturalist
learning his abc's in plant dictionatomy
a for astral star of anise
b for bishop rose
c for coyote bush
d for deerweed
e for elderberry
f for fennel
g for grass

g also for garter snakes
garter snakes (*Thamnophis*)
and rattlers (*Crotalus*), and he
had a baby garter snake he slept with
and a baby rattler he sat down on while

clambering naked over rocks—
heard it rattle its single rattle
flapping its tail against his thigh
had the venomous head pinned and
didn't get bit on the butt
although he likes to say he did
freaked him out
and both he and the rattler
dove into the river
and when they came up
and looked one another in the eye
 headed to shore in
different directions

the baby rattlesnake was beat to death
beat to death with sticks
everyone getting in their licks
then the remains of the snake
12 inches of him
was tied to a branch
and paraded through camp
and when the nurse heard
what had gone down
much to his em bare ass ment
she wanted to inspect this bunny's behind
just to make sure there was no venom
oh, yes, baby rattlers can be deadly
to baby bunnies
but she could find not a scratch

oh, do I remember?
driving up to the Padmasambhava
Peace Institute near Cazadero
to study the art of tormas making
as part of my Chöpen training

I sensed a stirring in my memory
that in my y-camp days
 this had been the location
of a minimum-security prison,
and the prisoners
had been fire fighters

& somewhere in this neck of the woods
there had been a camp for girls

I think we believed it was a home
for un-wed mothers, and the outriders
of the Gualala camp trekked the road
towards Fort Ross, hoping
 to find this mysterious domain
spent the night in the woods
without a knife or a match or a blankie
snark hunters and vision questers
w/lots of questions

was he doing what they'd like him
to do?— the Ragers

“They Came To The Briers
And The Briers Couldn't Find 'Em.”

Gwenivere is playing chess
with Brunetto Latini,
and they are chatting
about eternal happiness—
Foy and Romney
 knights playing poker
with an invisible poker player
a maiden, naturally, into strip poker

Summer of Love—
lasted a couple of weeks.
Then, UCB tore down the rabbit warren
of houses between Dwight Way and Haste
to create another set of dorms.

The Temple of Love. The Temple
of Peace. The Temple of Hate.
The Temple of War.

People's Park
18 million dead

Too much haste

TURN ON
TUNE IN
DROP OUT
this was our mantra,
our view—our energy,
our meditation, our conduct
at The Human Be-In

WAR
RIOR bunnies
we roared
10,000 strong

4 H O P S
4 H O P S
4 H O P S
4 H O P S

And I sang out to the throng
I see the future

and
it is not a clean cage
it is not a pellet-free lunch
It is
It is hop -<raw>
e - less no hop -
 e - ful</raw>
<raw>h o p
yes hop</raw>
is all we want to hop<raw>
I say hop
 our future is
 4 h o p s</raw>

Love Goddess, Lenore Kandel
with poets and prophets
Gary Snyder, Allen Ginsberg, &
Timothy Leary performed
to an overflowing crowd of hippies
and yippies on a winter day in the park

stoned on Red Mountain wine
laced with mescaline
reading poems
to a little cluster of rabbits

*If you can't make it good make it big
if you can't make it big make it red
if you can't make it red make a lot of them*

the highlight of the be-in being
when some dude
dropped in on a parachute
Ernest Blank
it wasn't him who dropped in—

it was he who taught me how to decipher
“To His Coy Mistress”

as if anyone could decipher a coy mistress

we were sitting in the Doe Library, and
luckily I had a little Latin, and
later, he showed me the Morrison room
where I heard *The Illiad* in classical Greek

I still hear the swords clashing
in that room with

the antique,
baby’s-breath smell of books
and the sense of exploration,
spelunking through the stacks

hear

the hoof beats of the horses of Agamemnon
Clytemnestra agama halal kristian makanan,
... agamen agamen de pogona terarium
a minute till midnight

& the logical positivism of Bertrand Russell’s
Why I’m Not a Christian

& his contract with UCB nullified
for his seditious beliefs

& I became lost in the causes of
malevolence

a haunting fear of ruin
an invasion of cicadas
bronchiolitis obliterans

SLATE, as in a slate of candidates
developing
the politics of free speech

elected a bunny president
of the student body in 1960
and now he's a retired
wall street stockbroker
and his hat is a bit too large for him
and he trembles in the presence
of the Great Silence before him

Tom Parkinson

got his face half-blown off
for supporting the students in their cause—
a gun toting fanatic
“thought he was a
Communist”

“In 1866 the fledgling city
named after George Berkeley,
the English Bishop of Cloyne,
whose bombastic

‘On the Prospect
of Planting Arts & Learning
in America’—

*Westward the course of empire takes its way,
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day:
Time's noblest offspring is the last.*

—inspired the citizens
of what had formerly been known
as Oceanview
to bestow

both his name
and notions

on their growing community.”
—David Lance Goines, *Coming of Age in the 1960s*

inspired a young rabbit
to write
FLOWER POEM

Gladness linked to
madness to amuse you.
Characters move—

a leaf
leafy lettuce
barn door—
rhythms, waves of color
flowers.

Cold today
 so so

They whisper to me.
I am a privileged guess.

They run
They under

They let me do as I please.
They do as they please.

under
 e
 s
 t
 i
 m
 a
 t

e her fingers

In the core of the bud
is fire,
the bone of desire.

.

I knew
when a moth flew out
of the moon's eye

the dead
would teach me
to love.
There are stars
in the branches of the trees.
The moon's windows
open and close.

c l i c k cage door

It's right
There

.

DANCE
DANCE
DANCE

.

Her eyes are for me
to see her heart.

While she moves into mine
I move into hers.
The grave, cold, simple—
ordained
in the see.

.

New directions,
old directions, each
is eaten in time,

b
a
r
l
e
y barely keeps
me going

each star,
seed,
stone.

.

Moon moves
mind into fragments.
Visitation comes
wordless, shapeless.

It is sweet, the taste
of a tree, children running,
guns clicking,
that shaking of my head,
needles too—a place
in space,

song, bird, word,
word, heard third.
alfa alfa

.

The moon is a flower.
The day is a song.
Let the dog bark.

.

Wheat is howling
down the hall of fading portraits,
my face in the mirror
above a broken vase.

.

Her mouth quivers.
She sees humor
in the antics of the man
trying.

.

There is a cemetery

in the mind.

the latch loose
we look for it—

Alfa Romeo

.

Nine times nine times nine
nails, needles, trains, trees—
often ten.

.

The moon is a flower.
This is to say
I love to say

I love.

Silk Route

route 1A to see - fire

*Then, a rabbit stopped in the clover
and the swinging bell flowers
and said a prayer to the rainbow
through a spider's web.*

RIMBAUD

Through signs, one comes to believe.

A SIGN

I'm walking up a trail,
deep in conversation with Sappho.
We are talking about *tigles*,
tiny rainbow spheres,

and a chipmunk runs under my boot.

With its spine crushed,
 blood spewing from its mouth,
and it writhes in the dust, I tell Sappho to walk ahead.
She'll not want to watch what
I am going
 to do.
I've lived on farms.
It's reasonable to put down

a suffering animal.

A blow to the head with a rock,
and the creature is still.
I dig a small hole, put in a few leaves
to make a cushion,
and lay the body of the chipmunk in
its grave.

I say a mantra.
I cover it with earth and place
a cobble on top.

During one Dharma talk, the subject
of killing comes up,
the difference between accidental
and intentional acts
of killing, so I tell about it,
and the Lama says, the first
act was accidental & didn't involve me
in the chipmunk's karma
in a negative way, but that
my intentional act of "putting
it out of its misery"
was more serious in
its repercussions
that I should have left it to "burn out
its karma" w/o interfering in the process.

Such is the difference between
the East and the West.
My chances of being reincarnated
as a chipmunk are very good.

Is a sign necessarily divine?

Are two signs doubly divine?
Sappho thinks over recent events
Away from the bloody scene
really I don't know what to believe
or how to dissect reality into numbers

I hear one story of a Lakota
and a sweat lodge—certain types of rocks
—lava for the fire
a chief who sits so close to the fire
that his arm blisters up
then another friend tells me of her
grandson's visit to the Lakota Sioux
his name is Richard Little Moon
and he is half Indian
though his father has a Mexican last name

SECOND SIGN

Two head smashings in one day
poor bunny
poor victim of *Grey's Anatomy*
felled by his friend
in one swoop of the axe
during a melee of two gangs
his friend confesses to the lawyer
that he wanted
to put him out of his misery
and he would do it all over again
he was going to die anyways
from a shot to his gut

heat and fire and energy
and bullets— these signs
portents of what I cannot decipher

How much are we not able to read?

She made a collage of an Indian Chief
for her grandson
his face red and inscrutable
arms folded

the his-
story lives

scraps rearranged
for new stories

if she wants to believe
and he wants her to believe
how things get weird
if you look long at them
how this is part of the puzzle and
part of
the fun of tracking
degrees of separation and multiple
correspondences

hypnotic, empirical, meditational
psychological, logical, yogic
each has its own rules to determine
how you posit your values

psychology often uses the 3-value system
both/and—
this is where you juggle with Jung
science uses the Aristotelian
2-value system
either/or—
until you enter the microcosmic levels

then things act unpredictably
meditation uses the 1-value system
All's one and All's empty
form IS content, content IS form

Einstein for the big picture
Newton for the immediate picture
Heisenberg for the small picture

Freud, Adler, Jung
Plato, Aristotle, Hericlitus
Kant, Descartes, Hume
idealism, realism, skepticism
in Christian terms— the trinity
Father, Son, Holy Ghost,
beginning, middle, end

the triple goddess,
Maiden, Mother, Crone

in Buddhist terms, the three kayas,
or dimensions—Dharmakaya,
Sambhogakaya & Nirmanakaya

that which cannot be spoken
that which can be imagined
that which can be measured

the trick is to understand the language
of all three
and not get them confused, just because
all are one

this is what metaphysics
is really, really about

but never end with a preposition
always with a proposition

so, what is she to do
sweet Lakota Sue?

she sees a sign
she think's divine

in every fire
on every pyre
on every tire
of every car
of every lark
in every park

and if she stops
to avoid the cops
she'd better
feed the meter
or she'll meet up
with parking karma

roses are roses, says g
roses are robust, says h
and make their point, says i
tulips wo8ud be lovely, says j
if you see a petulant petunia
says k, tell it to perk up
azaleas are lazy, says m

THIRD SIGN

A tragic car accident occurs 3 months ago
the son of a friend dies
this friend has a dream where the son

of her friend appears to her
tells her that he is going to get his hair cut
after much consideration she decides
to tell her friend of her dream, and
her friend then tells her how her son's hair
had grown very long
everyone was teasing him about it
trying to convince him to cut it
before graduation
before the accident

the friend had no idea
the story is told and retold
from one friend to another
it happened only 3 months ago
a car accident his hair was long

o for rObOts everywhere
p for Please don't work things into final form
q for Quick is not how the hare won the race
r for what happened to Richard III?
s for Shredded Wheat and simple prints
 on t-shirts
t for Thankfully home safe
u for Unuf!

filled with felt wool fire
microsoft a mousetrap roombas
falafels
but no cottoncandy

explore multi-dimensionality
of
image

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

Like moons in water

FOURTH SIGN

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

FIFTH SIGN

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

SIXTH SIGN

Bertrand Russell controversy at U.C.B. @16 years of age
bought *Why I'm Not a Christian*
at Tides Books in Sausalito

Atheism leads to Mysticism

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

We of second clause=subject
forever roam=verb and adjective
in cyclic chains= prepositional phrase
modifying "we"

Like daffodils in vales

So=conditional clause

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

Two needs to complete

Three views of the future 2007

Terminator

Matrix

Bladerunner

Zoghen Methodist

John Wesley as Garab Dorje

Using the means of Grace to attain
Christian Perfection, or *holiness*
of heart and life

Passion as a Chöd Feast

Immortals, rainbow body, ascension

Book of Revelations as inner states

seven seals, or buhmis

levels of attainment

alchemy, chemical, elemental

divination, rational & instinctual mind

yoga, union of mind-body

Karma cleansed with Prajna via Dharma

slows the wheel

enough to step off

but not enough to be detached

Monk does stand-up routine

Monk jokes about death

Monk denies existential dilemma

Monk doubts existence of creator
Monk has trashy mouth
hush, Monk, hush

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 talks about fucking
hush!

Dog barking near the country club
strawberries creeping onto the drive
there was a dog at a ranch near Willits
 overanxious blue heeler
 acted up during an artificial
insemination of old cows
 round-up
foreman shot the damn dog
 drew from the hip
 only wounded the mutt
my dad was disgusted with this
 Wild West act
 ordered the vet to put
the dog down

The Andalusian Dog

Life options— create education futures—

insurance, assurance, reassurance—
if they sold it, I'd buy a policy

if it's on a bulletin board
they don't touch it

if it's on a wall
their sticky fingers bring it down

a wellness report commissioned by
the wellness committee
now has a definition
 for a healthy student
give them crayons for expression
 milk for bed
see *The Pillow Man*
for how not to make a healthy student

timelines and measurable objectives
the shape of a table
the total surface volume of a body
includes fingers, nose
thighs
toes

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 bass viola pointed
toward the Victrola behind me
wrapping a harpsichord around
Partia no. 2 in C Minor
Schmieder 826

faint and beautiful
chords of the past
478 79 3 2 3 2 826
in the bottom of the 9th
a brillig poem
a little unhinged
but just the thing
for June gloom

the trick is to not get caught
between
Iraq and the hard spot

but what do you do?
what do you say in response? to
arguments that a poem or a poet
needs to consider the experience
of their audience both in print
and in spoken word

blasphemy to deliver
art for art's sake! Ha!

a Jackson Pollock or Rothko in words
the argument continues
the poet must share of themselves
in an understandable delivery
Read, lowest common denominator
Read, tyranny of style
Read, tyranny of content
Read, Gestapo of words

let the words DANCE DANCE DANCE
and
SING
SING their charm
FIND a meaning in their song
FIND their essence
 beneath the apparent
in the sands deep below the sea
or deep within
 our ancestor ape craniums

and what if there is no meaning?
is there meaning in the no meaning?
does this parallel the concept of
 anti-matter?

The critics aren't agreed
Upon the meaning of
"meaninglessness."

"Hypermiler?"

we've been *hypermiling* all along

at inverse warp speed

the center recedes
accelerating me

oh, accelerating
me-o

and

I'm working on collages & a poem
for the reading in 2 weeks, which
needs work! & trying to relax some
after recent events— though dramas
continue, thinking about the clothes
line situation—

I would be hanging my clothes
out on the front lawn—these neighborly
objections sound like encroachment
though of one of the bill of rights
or constitutional amendments
needs a popular referendum
better I guess to think about
anti-matter
and
religion kindnesses

the red wheelbarrow

GOYA

and, before the next issue
starts with an inexplicable question
and morphs into the book of
revelations and the end
of the Mayan calendar

all of it grounded in

H.D.— our Persephone—
Gertrude Stein, Ezra Pound
& Jack Spicer

going on a picnic

it takes so little for things to crumble out of lawn
and order takes so little to get people mad—
a clean shirt or two
righteous over white
underwear
inflamed over red
“The hours it takes—
it is a nice poem the hOuRs, isn’t it?”

“Jesus Christ, you’d think
the end of the
world was at hand from
the sound of your snakeskin rattling, but
Arthur Symnons applauds you.”

The End IS at hand!

for decades now the teachers
have been paddling their students
and now these paddled students
are telling their stories

Mr. Bopp once made two boys
in his wood shop class cut out
their own paddles
because there were none
in the principal’s office
a high volume day
and he had them deliver the blows
to one another

while he and the class watched
The parents only hear how—
“I started doing this program
making toys that are distributed
to needy families of Orland and
to the Children’s Program, for as
long as I’ve been the woodworking
instructor here,” Bopp said. “Every
year the woodworking classes create
these holiday gifts and we turn
them over to Mr. (Joseph) Paradise,
an assistant principal at the high school
who runs BADD (Becoming Aware
of the Danger of Drugs program)
and he distributes them.”

SEVENTH SIGN

Sees photograph of Bill Graham
arms around Greg Lake and Carl Palmer
@12 years
Rock ‘N Roll Magazine, May 1971
Celebration of *Tarkus*

it is the smart students
that cause the most trouble
they expect a challenge
interesting discussions
meaningful assignments
reward for their A’s and B’s

crazier than a cat with firecrackers
tied to its tail
who knows?

crazier than a Spaniard in a cape

or the Esquilache Riot
in the Spring of 1766
(Motin d'Esquilache)
in response to a Royal Edict banning
long capes & wide-brim sombreros
for everyone
the government employees
middle-class merchants
the indigent
the madrilenos

on March 23rd, a Palm Sunday,
in Madrid, the mob broke into the jails
let out their compadres & in long capes
took to the streets,
their daggers in hand beneath the folds
their faces hidden beneath their brims
and smashed 4,400 oil-burning streetlamps

darkness opens in mouths silenced
under the arches, weighing in coins of slough
yeast pouring from nostrils of mustangs
hoofbeats and creaking hinges

the edict was rescinded
but the popular fashion was given
artful sideswipe
the Conde de Aranda, Esquilache's
successor, decreed that henceforth
the long cloak and wide hat would be
the official uniform
of the public executioners

CHOP

the penises of all the patricians'
personal Hermes statues

whacking off penises of?
whacking off penis from?
whacking penises from?

they tore through the hood
& it was well understood
they needed a good flogging
but they got off & went jogging

to Thrace

& they LET PARIS BURN

What was Paris to them?

CHOP

vicious, poisonous and full of hate
a raw synapse
makes a rabbit silly

CHOP

Cairo shoots a rabbit at the beginning
of *The FertiliChrome Cheerleader Massacre*
and there's a rabbit jumping
from the deck
of the Magus in Wm Butler Yeats's story
Red Hannaran

the rabbit with a lisp
sheared her s's and lopped off her l's

spilled her guts all the way to Topeka

and it was hot
unseasonably hot, reached a heat
hotter than any day in 35 years
and a heat not of global warming
but a heat we reach every 35 years
so not the end of the world
but still it was a day when, by noon,
flies can barely get off the awning
and flop
goes the rabbit
heat-stroke
or mating amnesia
chinchilla dreams

CHOP

when the lama says, “Flop,”
you flop

CHOP

drawing with the object
painting with junk
clusters of possibilities
sentences of things
Archimedes’s Antilcatherian mechanism

“The tango, unlike life, there are no mistakes—
if you get tangled, you just tango on.”

—AL PACINO

“Again. Is this happening again?”

—JOANNE KYGER

at close range
keeping score
Seung Cho shot 32 students
wrote a play
with a character called McBeef

CHOP

Electromagnetism is fun
but Gravity is the law

The battle to retake Tartoosa
could not be
accomplished with seasick horses. 1300 CE

CHOP

Why posit “not exist”?

the Buddhist Law of Exists
a five-value system,
there’s that which exists

Mr. James Long

that which does not exist
that which both exists & not exists
that which both

1773

exists and not exists & does not
and that which neither
exists & not exists nor either

In his 24th year

which can be reduced to three—
exists/ not exists/ both exists & not

Death is a Debt to Nature due

But how does not-exist exist?
Exist is defined
 as both
existing & not existing

Which I have Paid and so Must you

a lot of stress in this question
anti-matter, dream architecture

Here Lies Buried

poking through a container of stars
a string of prayers in the corkscrew light

Mrs. Eunice Felton

As long as thou enjoy the sun on thy face,
thou'll have the will to live,
& as long as thee have the will to live
& the will to shit, thou'll live
& eat & shit

Who quitted Mortality May 25, 1786 30th year

Slot for the splat
and eat lots of sprouts

Æolean Silk

harp s mar tha need - air

*What dire offense from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things...*

ALEXANDER POPE "The Rape of the Lock"

*The world is a dill pickle
today it's in your hand
tomorrow it's up your butt.*

ARAB PROVERB

Mom! Mom! It's not right!
PARIS HILTON

To begin with, I don't think it

gets much better than John Donne
Dante, maybe, and Chaucer...
but when all's said and done
sublunary lovers' love will remain long
after the trepidation of the spheres

But enough of 9/11, now
her goddess feet
 have entered the Twin Towers
 of L.A. County Jail 37N04 x 118W15 Winds at 0-5 mph 86°
Give me assurances
that she will return

*A sea-worn face, sad as mortality,
Divine with yearning after fellowship*

These are Victorian scraps
to lace into silken jumpsuits
for Paris

*Through deep to deeper deep
churning the blackness hoary*

“Could this be Shakespeare?” he asks.
“Late Browning,” she replied.

*She lived and she sang,
and she was for One only;*

*for the rest of women,
there was but her self's
surface and the garb...*

& Arlo Guthrie sang and lived,
I don't want a pickle
Just want to ride on my motorsickle
I knew I had a cupcake circuit
wired directly to my Hostess
who leapt up as I beheld her

Paris is expected to be cowardly
and who would expect differently?
and wounds you in your weakest spot

The prisoners are aroused by her antics.
One fan sings, "You bury my joy,
 but I forgive you
and will send the hacksaw as you request."

I wonder if the guards will need coaxing.

If they could speak,
the seat of your pants would complain
at being under the burning eyes of your
 incarcerators.

I am sure they would like to fly open—
& what terror would emerge

Others not so amused by your escapades
 rather others bemused and bewildered
at how you go betwixt home and cell
a soft relenting of your sentence
before the
final snap

then a sigh
a palpable public and pulpy
 sigh of righteous vindication

the cruelty of the talking heads
as the lazy-boys tip back
sporadic pop and fizz of six-packs

barrels of righteous opinions
barrels of laughter
barrels of chips

dicey edge of protest falls off
 as hapless gunny sacks
to whines of grass mowers & green parrot sightings in LA

Lalaland justice erratic as the traffic
a peaceful immigration march
 in MacArthur Park turns sour
earlier in May

Photographers, reporters, Hispanics
feel the wrath of batons
 hear the rushy-whizz of rubber bullets

I think of you in solitary confinement—
the blondness of your body
 lit from a neon bulb
and the words of fear that make the bars
 tremble

After 3½ days, you emerged f/ the Towers
coming out of jail contrite and vulnerable arms at yr sides
and hands over yr crotch
 & as soon as the cheers went up

& the flashbulbs began to pop
you began to strut your stuff

Cat walk routine all the way down
an imaginary red carpet to a waiting limo
where you hugged your mom

& there were helicopter shots
of you in the garden at grandmother's home
reuniting with your dog Tinkerbelle
who from airy heights
looked like

a Beverly Hills rat
Now, you're on every channel—
& your critics cry with operatic spasms

While you were in lockup, I had plenty
to worry about, like when is my new red
truck going to get its first scratch? & I feel
like walking over to it & smacking it
with a hammer just to get it over with

Last night I was at Poetry House
at the Paradise Ridge Winery
& the man that owns the winery said
That it worried him that the table was getting
marks on the surface,

so I told him that they
were the beautiful marks of diligent writers
at their craft, that sometimes we have to
scratch the walls, perhaps start a fire

& burn the poems
into the tables with a brand & then burn
the house to the ground in a Shellyian
inferno of creativity, but I'm afraid he
was horrified—this coming out

of the mouth of a monk.
I have instructions if you would like
to mingle your mind with Dharma...

Relax, Paris, forget your past
struggles and pointless pastimes!
Enough of your wasted words
and deeds due to ignorance!
Enough of the defects of your
clinging to sense objects!

Hit the road
find adventure
leave behind the dying palm trees
Dodger Stadium—The Fashion Institute
on 9th Ave— Loyola Law School all of it
three lanes of it chugging through
the heart of The City
MOCA Music Center Concert Hall exit
keep going past the slow
trucks delivering their toxins & groceries & furniture—
find the NO TRUCK lane
what truck do trucks have?

fuck it all

the oil cranes pumping 24/7
the tailgaters
Hollywood
Valentine's Day
Museum of Water Heritage
watch for stopped vehicles
remember bottled water

Hit the road

those stuffed legal windbags. They led me to believe there was no way I'd do jail time.

And now they're telling me in so many words to face four walls.

And quoting Henry to me!

“Henry Kissinger once said that what will come out eventually must come out immediately.”

If that's not an insult poured into the wound what is? Wait until I tell him.

And wait until I tell them to move on the court appeal while shares are up.

\$9 to \$12 in 3 months
for Omnimedia.

It's a good thing.
It's time, Binky

time to put away the pots, put away
the chambers, clanging spoons rings
and good neighbors

powder room blues
neoclassical airs
jellyfish or tilapia

gel words on the weather channel
it is raining no leaves fall
trees wave their bareness
white clapboard desolation

Powder room redo, a nude

Martha consults her 19th c.
Advice Manual On How To Keep House
gather oak leaves in the autumn
& shellac in gold
for the torso then arrange
within a frame
& hang your own ready—
made Greek goddess
paint floors ochre
& the trim pale-green
William Howe says try not to match—
& it will be 1880
before you have a flush toilet

WHERE IS THE RED CARPET?
(Paris's story)

ex -
ist
en -
list

ex -
it

e-
xist

e-not
xist

e-not
snot

v for very very ver-

y-
xist
y-not
xist
exi-
exigere

exit Paris
enter Paris
exit Paris
from her Hollywood Hills home
she hands out cupcakes to the media
Medusa's writhing snakes

“Somewhere in the brain,
there's a cupcake circuit,”

JEFFREY KLUGER in *The Science of Appetite*

or electronic monitoring or e-
ternal hell
semantic infiltration
media tactic to undermine opponents
one reporter
“I've never been inside Paris's place.”
another
(Incredulously) “You haven't?”
jellyfish are neighbors beauties
adaptors predators survivors
opportunists
turtle soup

what you see is what you get
and what you get comes
from the bottom of the deck
FLOW

A tad of infinity in a dream
A field of flotsam in a stream
Call it junk or call it cargo
There's no tomorrow & no embargo

FLOW

Beyond reason, cosmic laws demand
That every monument be built in sand
A new angle on a ground level tangle
A river of debris running free

FLOW

I see through you
clear to the bone, those pins
in your Botticellian ankles
are ornaments from a nasty fall

FLOW

I am a flame diving
into a reflection in the sea
I suck air— first breath, best breath

FLOW

I see thru you because
I have ancient eyes, have
x-rays your gynecologist
will never see

FLOW

suppose a tunnel hides the palm tree
suppose a tunnel cuts the view in diagonals
remember to cut the sandwich
leave the bumble bee on the counter
pick and choose and it's the rest of your life
you won't see tuna on the Seco Parkway

FLOW

“I think people take way too much
a direct approach to their problems.”

KAY RYAN

FLOW

“We'll always have Paris.”
(Overheard in the Aurora Café)

And that's poetry, as usual—
this is a poem that skips down the aisle
kisses an old woman on her cheek,
shakes the hand of a man with a beard
and then, curls up in the corner
and goes to sleep. On a smoggy day
you could read its words
even from some of those towers
 Staples Bank of America
Toyoto Tundra Convention Center
 car mural on the next building
generation Nissan Altima
cars even on buildings
please don't forget the Salvation Army
in 2 miles

& 2 generations later how do you
understand your Californian childhood

San Fernando Valley or Malibu
Orange County and Santa Ana winds
blowing out the front door

Paris' mother muses
how do you show the next generation
your own blood and soul?
how to choose a college a city a livelihood a love pursuits
dreams?

find sense in freedom & freeways?
find music in speech and tunnels &
cannelini

Paris is renowned for cowardice
caves in, then
wounds you in your weakest spot

Say, Paris, I tried your shoes on and I believe they are just about the right fit for a gal like me. I will send you a buck or two so you can buy a smoke or two. We will try and send you a line whenever we can. Take good care of yourself and do what they ask you to do.

I sure hope you feel better soon.
Love, Cassandra

Across the Sea of Abyss
over the Pass of the Paparazzi
& thru the valley where the Beast roars
you went directly to jail
and collected \$1,000,000

“Dear Diary,
I confess to fucking up.
Given the conditions it's no wonder,
to be convicted as a predigested bag

of meat, that I am incorrigible
and incapable of rehabilitation
absolutely corrupted and spreading
contagion. Vanity's major premise—
worth is *a priori* evident is a 2-way
mirror. I should have told the judge,
'Look at yourself. You pimp your
nose with your tongue, sniff my pussy
and blame me for bad behavior!'
but I'd already gotten 45 days."

Jove's Thunder roars, Heavn trembles all around;
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing Deeps resound;
Earth shakes her nodding Tow'rs, the Ground gives way,
And the pale Ghosts start at the Flash of Day!

4 dead 16 wounded in Al Anbar Province
9 dead 24 wounded in Ramadi
8 dead 40 wounded in Fallujah
12 dead 63 wounded in Baghdad

Who do these numbers refer to?
and whose bloody hand
is that in the street?

"Mom! Mom! It's not right!"

Ok I'll try not to worry about messing up
but messing up—
that is a deeply held concept is it not?
Can't promise to shake it!

Some days are just a mess
I was thinking
about that the other day,

how my hair was a mess,
& how the work I was doing
in the kitchen, cutting up melon
& then trying to wrap proscuitto around it
so messy, and that was
when nothing on my computer was
working
as it was supposed to,
the concept of mess covers a lot
I should try not to think about it
& focus on only the positive
what does mess spell backwards?

S S E M

or messing

G N I S S E M

or messy

Y S S E M

none of these is leading to any insight

or illuminous reversals

a black neon light turning bright

an eclipse turning to sunlight

a bottle exploding its carbonates

mess in spanish is enredo, lio, suciedad

enredo is more gossip, mischief;

lio gets more general, a tangle,

muddle, mess; and suciedad is dirt

and obscenity

to get into a mess is meterse en un lio

mess in french is la salete, le gachis

etre danse de beaux draps is to be in a mess

or pickle

to be in a pickle

french, saumure, marinade

spanish, salmuera, escabeche
though they do not seem to get into pickles
S S E M = so sunny every moment
G N I S S E M = goodness knowledge
integrity sharing sympathy ecstasy
more goodness
Y S S E M = yellow sun so e mo
this is hopeless
does the word mess exist in German?
unordnung and Schmutz

I will end this on
Schmutz

Affidavit, West Hollywood Towers
ex-boyfriend:

*She just wore me down
she calls up all the time to do things
there were things I wouldn't want to do*

*She's very well-meaning it's not...you won't
put that in my statement will you?
the repercussions*

What goes on in the car shops
the noodle shops lore
the clunkers wear and tear get torn apart
shove in a new gasket aluminum
forget the expression
on your grandmother's face in the casket
how it lit the knave and altar
a tear flows
Our Lady of Sorrows
her cat shows up as soon
as she's buried naturally

the clunkers wear gold
to prance in rubber hose
eight stallions carry the hearse to heaven
we would have took it
she liked to say
we would have took it to the other
she tried so hard
we would have took it to the other shop
they would have put
she tried to say
they would have put it
shove it
they would have put in aluminum
the car is too new
too cruel to do that so many body parts
in the Mayan ruins
of Mel Gibson

There is no right
only lefts & turns and spits of turns
the hills over there way way over there
turning to browns
and greens & shades of
gray on ochre dessert
display
so take the first left to Malibu
it seems further away
you never know
it seems you are driving up
the same road but farther
so go to Malibu (south) just go
& ruminant
go and there is a gecko
& the soul and the fury
there is a foal by the road

there is purity a pair of shoes
I found out rather quickly
I saw it first
blues into
smooth & smoother left & a left that is
a dead end that ends.
it's a trend suspend
& competes
it will be complete.

One pencil or two.
If he wins.

Thunder Bunny gets rave reviews
by parents on Amazon
for the younger ones

Will the real Paris stand up?

“Mom! Mom! It’s unfair!”
“Oh, daughter, don’t despair.
Keep upon your lips a smile
You’ll only be away awhile.
Prison will be a change; just
Don’t come back deranged.”

The concept of self is a salve for scrapes
and the raw eggness of the day
that needs coddling
begs for cuddling
like a warm fuzzy bunny
nibbling sweet nothings
into your fingers
into straws of hay
nibble & nuzzle

stroke & strum the Æolian harp
for pings of truth, shavings of pine

the tidbits will cling in your hair
be in your warm breath

Silk Knots

to be or not too - space



don't know how that v got in there
but i like it
space is the 5th element
silk space

shillelagh is a cudgel
in case you have never seen an oak
is that helpful?
definitions rrunning wrappedly

seriously,
I did feel the dakini's breath
Isn't that good news?
Somehow I had forgotten about that,
maybe it was eclipsed by OTHER
women of wisdom

silk knots
silk
to
silk
to
silk
to

d.a. levy is tightly tied
into a brief time period,
to the point where
some commentators see him as

*the centerpiece
of an as yet unmade documentary
of the 1960s counterculture*

KARL YOUNG

nestling into books
nestling deeper into stubbles of concepts
soft scalp for perusing
plot style thematic notions

if you feel the Dakini's Warm Breath
check out *termas*

rich of you
right of you
to find

dakini breath

space cypher
cyber space

Click, the Aztec, light and dust

CALLED UP BEFORE HUAC
Ayn Rand is intriguing and beguiling

how did I read so much?
I avoided joining any organization
and underwent a serious program
of self-education after I flunked
and there wasn't much else to do in Alaska
during the winters,
which lasts most of the year

later, I ran FOURWINDS for twenty years
and during the first five
there was quite a bit of time free
until the business flowered
I still had time to read

as a part of my work
to understand what people were reading
so I could sell books to the right person
at the right time for the right price
learned from Moe

You don't have to read
entire books to figure out
what they have to say
and after a certain point, they all say
pretty much the same things
with the exception
of science and philosophy
which have to be read to
grok the meaning
rather than getting hung up on style

What's for lunch?

It's a day for wilted salad, and Paris's
mother is thinking back
to the rhythm back to the heart beats
I feel my connection to the
earth to the ocean beauty
that never ends you and I and Shakespeare
mumbling the world is a stage
and Karl Marx
ranting history repeats itself
first as a tragedy then as farce

And in the auto shop they
get another Certificate of Completion

Just got a book by one of the readers—
Rose—last night, on

the cover is a very innocent looking girl
must be her at about age 5 dressed for winter
and then upon
looking closer I noticed
a hatchet in her hand.

And once you notice that the sweet smile on
her face doesn't seem quite
so free of guile, the beginnings
of a romantic

In implying poet=poetics—like saying that
what we are is what we eat—I
expect my reaction to a certain writer
is due to who is defending her and whether or not
I like that particular fan—I'm looking for
an intelligence behind
the writing

I never critiqued Ayn Rand as writer
until I ran into her objectivist
concepts in philosophy—and then
realizing the emphasis she put on hero worship
and reason as an absolute, spurred me
to side with the romantics and mystics,
and a dish of blue cheese ice cream would go good about now

however you serve them up
my complaint is not directed at their
poetry but with their psychology
hard to separate the two,
but it's like self and poet

I'm talking about their path,
not their fortune in being poetic icons
I love their poetry—I just don't want to view the world like them

their vocabularies strangled them
and left beauty, not truth

 Don't think about it—
the elephant

and learn your clouds

cirrus

and nimbus

forget the rights and wrongs
 of stratus haze

Arp = square

Newman = lines

Warhol = Campbell's soup

Jampa = rabbit

Bush = oil slick, a lesson in darkness

very slick

 & judgmental

but with a love of humanity

and try to forgive or forget

though elephants never do

for-

give from the heights of Darien Peak, find

closure in a catacomb of failed polemics

for-

sake

pride

What's for lunch?!

Poetics cannot contain the muse

“Try and buy the well,
and it springs up somewhere else.”
—JUNG

I suppose my use of “muse”
is like Wordsworth using
“Proteus’s horn”
so I’ve got no beef with these old farts

Nature as divine home
nature as atomic stuff
nature as food chain

Or be objective! like the Objectivists!

Greenspan and Rand
their muse in the definite,
the given, the exemplary
though be wary

“I guess I should warn you if I turn out to be
particularly clear, you’ve probably
misunderstood what I said.”
—ALAN GREENSPAN

Ah, Lunch?

absolute
relative, &
metaphorical

when something is in 3’s
it has to do with the divine
when it's in 6’s, look below
past your feet for hell’s door
and for earthly matters

it must be in 2 x 4's for a stolid house

O, WHAT IS FOR LUNCH?

a mish mash of good things
some starch, some
greens & some
pasture recycled salt

she was American enough
just Russian-born
and, yes, she did influence neo-con views
she's their poster child

the real question is
WHO IS HUAC?

check out rational egoism in ethics
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rational_egoism
ayn on the destructiveness of altruism
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Virtue_of_Selfishness
on capitalism, with a link to alan greenspan
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Capitalism:_the_Unknown_Ideal

we might even establish a line of Ayn Rand
undergarments and perfume

Romantic Manifesto

ABC of Reading by Ezra Pound
another fascinating fascist

Artists Are the Antennae of the Race
Great Literature Is News That Stays News
Great Literature Is Simply Language Charged with Meaning to the

*Utmost
Possible Degree*

*Dichten = Condensare
(Poetry = distillation)*

*Good Writers Are Those
Who Keep the Language Efficient*

medieval speculation
of words capturing a sense of place
going beyond the place to its origins

*Great poetry is music,
a song—this is its reason for being*

—ROBERTSON DAVIES

Nepalese prayer wheels, Sveti Stefan, Nazare, Mykonos,
felucca on the Nile,
the Taj Mahal, Abu Simbel, the Matterhorn

agglutinative

is the quality of joining, adhering, referring
to Reagan's speeches where his assumptions
and moral precepts served as aggregation
devices for anecdotes & bits of information

beach flotsam seen on Long Island Sound
off Port Jefferson includes a blue wiffle ball, green laundry basket,
Corona Extra,
Caprisun, Acadia, mylar Happy Birthday
balloon, beige washed-out quilt, one sneaker, pink plastic bottle, 2 foam
cushions without covers, looming rusted-out pier, dead horseshoe crabs

Janet Woo, former Mayor Kevin White and Dan Oshanessey—all

spotted

within one block of Newbury St.

late one sunny afternoon

On my flight to a Love Generation reunion in Port Jefferson, I noticed a travel mag in the seat pouch in front of me, so I plugged in my earphone to my iPod, set the microwave clock to 26 minutes, then sipped tea from the robotic food panel, as there are no cups allowed after that last clever bomb plot with plastic containers, and I was well into a swell story about Bedford County, Virginia, where my sister lives, a slip of paper fell out of the mag with these words written on it:

So much has changed since they took my typewriter away. I unstitch the ballpoint I'd hidden in my shirt hem and begin writing small in the margins of my flight plan...I'll leave the message folded in the pages of the travel mag in the seat pouch when I get off the plane. There's a slim chance that someone will read it.

And I thought, that's strange, I just gave my portable Remington to David Bromige, so he can type up his memories about the 1965 Berkeley Poetry Conference, since he keeps losing what he writes on his computer. He needs a typewriter, not a computer. With his personal computer he could send a rocket into space, and all he wants to do is write his memoir about the poetry scene in the 60s. Good idea to write his memoirs. No one else is going to do it for him.

Meanwhile, Gene Fowler sends a cd, very organized

Joel Waldman sends a book, *Fifty New*

Poems with a picture of him in cap and gown being dragged off the stage at Madison Square when he tried to deliver a poem at the CCNY commencement ceremony. And, then I recall, another Fowler, James J. Fowler (b. 1810 in Montgomery County, N.Y.) and his wife Nancy Soule Fowler (b. 1814 in Montgomery County, N.Y.), parents of Lydia F. Watkins, mother of Frederick Watkins—the father of Elsie Watkins, my grandmother, their portraits in sepia above a built-in dresser of my

mother's childhood home in her parents' bedroom.

We took them down,
my mother and I,
one by one
the portraits on the wall
first an aunt
the aunt who charged 17 pairs
of Bermuda shorts
to her parents' account at Gesell's
an uncle thin and with hair
and my mother
 pretty and smiling
in their high school days
a father or grandfather (depending)
as a child dressed in a sailor suit
great-aunt Marge beneath
 an arbor of roses

Gubby on his wedding day
Gubby astride his black horse
the portrait of the brother
of the grandfather who died
 still looking sullen
even pictures of us her children—
there I am, an 8 year-old, dressed in my Pilgrim best
 white cap and teeth protruding
 we take them down
and unfreeze time

for some a nickname survives

Charles Potts is republishing *Valga Krusa*, and I still don't have the story from John Bennett about his visit to the Fulton Street house, and while I was rummaging around in a closet in a back bedroom, I came across a

time capsule I had left from 1965, when I took off for Alaska to get healthy outdoor lungs, that contained letters written to me at Box X, Talmage, where I had been committed to the Mendocino State Mental Facility, which has now been converted to a Buddhist Monastery of the Pure Land School, a school of thought that sees all things, sounds, minds as gods and tries to mingle its mindstream in the *tigle* of spontaneous accomplishment

among those letters were poems from David Cole and Marianne Baskin, and David had recently told me that he had no poetry from that period because he had burned everything when he joined Ramigiri Ashram, and I haven't seen Marianne since she was living near Aptos and was on her way to becoming a Flamenco dancer, enclosed was "FOR RYCHARD" and the letter with this poem said that Doug Palmer had accepted it for his soon-to-be published anthology *Poems Read in the Spirit of Peace & Gladness*, so I googled Amazon and found a copy for \$1.94 plus handling, a book that's been out of print since 1966, so a real booklover's dream to find a fine copy at that price, and fuck if the book didn't arrive in a week, and I opened it up, and a slip of paper fell out...

CHOP

Jack Spicer says, "The Mouses are the Daughters of Memory (they became Rats later) and Mrs. Siddons was an 18th century actress painted by Gainsborough or somebody. Tragedy has exact limits that Hell cannot enclose. This spoils the trip of The Poet and The Poem through Hell and is the point at which they both protest."

Today, I am going to continue sorting the boxes of my Mother's clutter in my Dad's den. I have nine categories:

(1) things for the family archive

Examples: old passports, genealogies

Questions: does business correspondence from the 1800's belong here?

old deeds to homes or deeds to now-old homes?

(2) Mom's personal correspondence
and trinkets

Example: the missing diamond ring

Questions: do you keep the scrapbooks that include the last letter from
an ex-boyfriend? newspaper pictures of your mother and boyfriend
from the society column

travel diaries

diaries with locks

do you open the locks?

(3) recyclable paper—

which is the bulk of it

last year's notes, newspapers

last month's news, Paris Hilton,

Conrad Hilton, all the Hiltons

(4) objects of some worth

that can go to Thrift Stores—

the old Victorian dresser

with drawers that stick

an oval mirror that distorts

a metal scale as in a doctor's office

bulky

and the arm of the scale askew

to some unknown favor

(5) junk, that can go into the garbage,

once you have defined your junk this is easy—

nails for the carpenter are useful

spools of thread for the seamstress

strings for the packrats

garden gloves for the gardeners

old packets of seeds are unlikely to grow

collections defy easy logic of what is junk

(6) useful things for the house,
like pens and notepads
or maps
like the gypsies taking what they need
never looking back
ever resourceful
sometimes a cause of remorse

(7) junk that can be combined
 into assemblages

 I am restricting myself to modest amounts
Joseph Cornell did this to maximum effect,
imagine
an old jack from a set of jacks,
eggs in the basket, five stones, onesies
a piece of string
a crystal goblet
an old clock-face
a blue marble

(8) the eighth is *the shredder* for papers
useful to an identity thief
anything that might have a fingerprint

(9) the burn barrel,
which can only be for sacred objects,
liberated in the dead of night
 not to be seen
breaking the burn code
but secret initiations & emanations
are not be released
into the public domain

I think these are categories that can be

applied to all closets and garages and
attics in anyone's home—archeology—
the strata of nearly 100 years
of household detritus—the circles of Purgatory

Luckily, we don't have rats

CHOP

We're now in Plymouth
at the Plymouth Bay Inn
near my stepmother's
and her mother's home
in Kingston—today we were
hoping for a beach day
but it is overcast and cooler after
a very humid spell, but we will still
venture out onto the beach,
and at least go for a good walk—
we went to Orchard House,
in Concord, and there in the study
of Bronson Alcott's there was a portrait
of May, the daughter, in a fancy blue hat,
painted while she was in Paris—the guide
told us, that when May's mother,
Abigail Marmy of *Little Women*
first saw it, she said:
“There's too much Paris in the portrait,
not enough Concord in her.”

Louise always loved owls.

BOOM

implodes another home on the block

trash bin swallows the old
 porta-potty next on site by a stack of fresh pine 2 x 4's
 under the shade of a grove of oaks
 in the holy land of highland park mid-west Mecca of
porta-potty shanties beneath towering stucco walls of execs
 counterparts across the country
 ghost towns in the making

and then the cicadas invade
 creep to a slow death on the sidewalks
 every seventeen years they flock
red spiney wings, heavy bodies
 barely dragging themselves along
 dropping from the bushes
 for their final walk
 to lie by a Pinocchio's nose and scattered leaves
a smudge of gum
cracks to trip
 upon and roll
 over into the ravine
deepening in green and soft doe eyes
 cicadas become
 dadaists and flit
between the playing sunlight
 from leaf to leaf into the sieve
of perception
 owl hoots mark the deer paths
every 19 years is a new generation
every 365 years is a leap year
even cicadas
try to outrun the deer

Sally was married in a pink stole
a who's who in Winnetka
now who's who in Austin

who met a who in an elevator
on a cruise
walked down the aisle
wobbling in stilettos

owls hoot about the Hutus & the Tutsis
of Rwanda far from Africa of yesterday
or Africa of leopard skin jackets
and quilts of thick beds
Who's who and millions not who's who
pages blank
to stare us in unlikely
connections of the past running into
crossed eyes of the present

CRACKLE

such a faint crackle
of glass from my bedside
lamp, a soft sound
that emanates from glass when it shatters
but stays intact as one piece.

The cord of my ionic hair blower
now caught
in the stems of the silk flower,
pink petals of a cyclamen.

Was the gentle crackle
a response
to the birds
chirping
a loud dawn-song?
while I listened
half-awake, recalling

the TV screen
in my parents' bedroom
that became
an intricate web
 a million tiny pieces
 fractured
by the roar of a passing jet

Before we knew
about sonic booms
and the power of sound
waves

Before we knew
about cyberspace
or cell phones or iPods
or nanobots
or stem cells

Before