



Spade

Cantos 1-33

David Bromige & Rychard Denner

With an introduction by
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and
responses by
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dPress 2016 Ellensburg

Let the wind speak
that is paradise.

Let the Gods forgive what I
have made

Let those I love try to forgive
what I have made.

—EZRA POUND
Notes for Canto CXX

100 CANTOS

A lively/funny, sorrowful-hopeful, utterly serious/skeptical endearing-ongoing dialogue between a monk (Rychard) & an eminence gris (David, apparently) which adventures to discuss/propose (even!) ‘what is the case’ — then (for fun! & possibly as goad, to see if further understanding may follow) irreverently attacking ‘one’s own principles’ in print !

It’s the two of them made into one (in the text, we can read/presented) — I’m glad for that example (of peaceable recognition/delight in another’s ‘sense of it’) — how contemporary thinking could move (w/out stupidity or violence) from mutual interest in speaking to each other (as ‘utter strangers’/’intimates’) toward the example of ‘civility’ & deep inquiry demonstrated in this soul-satisfying, collaborative long poem — only the most extreme affection (for each other &) for the entire ‘sentient world’,

combined with a skeptical, ready intelligence in conversation/delight in such is likely to bring this about !

When you get to a certain age, there's no problem about 'feeling' vs. 'thinking' (the 'gap' between them (?)) — nowadays it's just a double responsibility of DOING ! — what CAN BE DONE during the day ! !

100, age of Methuselah — how dreadful that so many Americans may live to 100 (or 969) ! ! Not me !

Neither will blink (but both 'blink' all the time) !

A 'happy chance' ! !

It's a 'COLLABORATION' in the (ancient) sense of combining talents to get something done (PLANT THE FIELD) — in this case, the ('sculpted') 'record' of some part of what was said between them, in their Ongoing Communication & Association (May it Continue!) — we 'later' persons have it to read ! — as EXAMPLE TO US ALL ! ! — i.e., BEFORE I DIE, I will have spoken to/with someone I love & said everything I can think about/can say !

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No Greek could have written this, nor any Roman ! ('American'!)

A godsend to David & Rychard alike ! — Opportunity (as if one 'had all time' to converse) — I'm happy to find them engaged in their conversation & alive of an afternoon — May we all Make Time to do this, in the time remaining ! !

A bright number, 100 (maybe I'll live to 110!), with plenty of 'historical precedent' (beyond my knowing, certainly) — Dante, Pound, Plato's Dialogues, the intimate exchange (unrecorded) between many a man-&-wife ! Right here !

I've said nothing about the work in question !

Robert Grenier
September 16/2005
Bolinas

CANTO 1

Spade. Spade was the first word. The first
word in the poem, and as far
as one can see, it could be the first
word in the world

cat who licks herself
on a towel on a chair
cat who licks her spay
cats are silent, usually, unless they want
to go out
then, they have their noisy time

cats whose licks are splayed

His mother didn't have a job,
so she played with cats, and she was good at it, not much of a life, really
she didn't have much motivation
to go out in society
 so she stayed at home
and listened to Indian music
on the BBC 3rd program, and out of these bits and pieces
she made her life
 until she died at the age of 61.
Smoked. Smoked herself into eternity.

inspired a young bell to ring

Not Marvin Bell, excellent
 mid-western American poet.
 Ted Berrigan at Oklahoma State
had the drop on him.
H.D. loved the movies
she was trying to write movies
and readers found her boring because
they didn't see the movies behind her words

Thomas Mann made up his mind

to put everything in The Magic Mountain
as if he wanted to alienate the reader

lying around their sexuality

The fire sprang from the force
of the argument
that year he sought it
everywhere but came home empty-handed, disconsolate, pissed off

Georgian organ music

“I beg your pardon, Sir,
but the Americans are fucking up.”

“Well, does that really matter?”

“Aye, aye, Sir.”

“There’s nothing I could do about it. God gave them tongues, English
tongues, no less. I’m well aware a number of my troops have sticky organs.”

“Fuck!” sd the corporal \

“Evidently, this is a spring poem
in reference to the heavy rains we’re having.”

“Lord, if it goes on rainin’ like this
for another three days, we’ll all drown.”

(Black woman sings the blues.)

rained three days

the times were out of joint and my back ached and the cat under the table
meowed

Sometime during the day
she knew she was hungry
let me know she knew

and after eating

curled up on the sofa and went back
to sleep, so old she could be dead

and he had to lay there
and think about it

Art history
and then it's finished
and she goes on living
without him

“Who to get dressed up as?”

“Very nice. It looks like you
tried to do it with your asshole.”

Jewell, “I don't know where next to plant my step.
Wherever I've planted my step, I've felt good about it.
There's no question about it.”

trapped to his beautiful shore
with the tide rising

They said life would be uncomfortable
which he kept forgetting
thanks to her

That's not so bad, that's ok
hard to imagine doing it
without her

On the fifth day, when he was
dying
he said, “It's fate. You can't do
anything about it. That's fate for you.”

Little lamb who made thee?

“Shit.” “Angels.” “Night sauce.”

It's World War II
We hid in the lawn
But the question

as don't want to see us

So we killed him
the lousy bastard
And got away with it.
For now.

CAN DO 3

Orient himself with Feng Shui?

“It should be done, after we've come so far. Liked
being in South America
and if I could, I'd stay strapped to that beautiful shore.”

where nothing much happens

if he goes there, he's going to get TB
anyway, why'd
he go there in the first place? —those weeks before returning
to the university—dying a slow death

speed it up

Does he die or only get ill? How could he not get ill
with so many ill around him?

gets sick and sicker
and it's hard to bear, because
there's a kind of back there
where he lives,
and he thinks he's going to leave

except for the beautiful shore

It would be nice if he were happy

nice if he had a future
if he could keep going

there was a time when he was strapped to a beautiful
blond
and he went crazy
thought he knew a way out of it, came up against
Hadrian's wall
served him right

He goes, "Well, I don't want to get sick, so I'll go for a walk."
and finds it enormously tiring, goes "I would, but
it's kind of difficult."

How the Brits killed
a very important German guy
funny how this happens in war
that they killed that guy, and it was necessary as far as they could see,
and they killed him

"Nothing ever happens."

We forgot that
when we screw up
handling the machine gun.

CAN DO 4

Links of interdependent origination:

- 1) ignorance, 2) voluntary acts, karma
- 3) consciousness, 4) form & designation, phenomena,
- 5) six sense faculties 6) contact with objects,
- 7) sensation, 8) craving, 9) clinging, 10) becoming, existence,
- 11) birth, sickness, 12) old age, death

The Bardos

“through a glass darkly”
this house is a palace, a heaven, a place with lots of space

go into
these rooms
thinking I can put my toys in here

just the right things to describe this person

“Never get drunk or stoned no more.”

Strict administration of my regime
“And after my second stroke, and when my right foot heals
then, I’ll exercise again
or mean to.”

“I think about it a lot
as I lie on the couch
my accustomed position
thanks to my physician.”

“I’d love to swim
if the weather gets warm

In like manner, I’d like to wrap
my poetry up
say what there is to say
or what there isn’t.”

Forty books— not bad
For a waster of time
My God, how I’ve wasted You.
the trouble being
it _____

Felt I was
going for the thing
of
“It’s terrible.”

and an ever growing mildness of interest

“I want to thank the Lord Mayor and the Committee for my
ever growing
mildness of interest.”

Good doggie

“I went to that island, Spain, Italy, and now I’m back
and Bob’s your uncle.”

Sleep with only one woman
and love her
and with your erroneous rhymes
distort reality

The banks with ducks
are there.
You can say it once
but then, you say banks

and the ducks are there
and the band starts up
and the people cheer

It spreads like powder.
Just think how interested Americans are about sex
and Zuni yam gardens

“Oh, Lord, your glory surrounds me,
but I am afraid.”

Not afraid,
that’s what.

These waters will drown me.
Well, then...

CAN'T DO 5

Bound by habit, unbound by love

the leaves turn, the rains fall, the creek rises, and the homeless are
homeless

Takes my "I" out

right view, right thought, right speech, right action, right effort

the cats were here or hereabouts
civil brutality of cats
who just want a little stroke

"Think you're man enough?"

"I sleep with only one woman and love her."

"Do I have prostate cancer?"

"I never get drunk or stoned
any more."

"My blood sugar stays low
thru strict administration."

"When my R foot heals I mean to
exorcise once more."

"I'd love to swim this spring
if it's warm."

"In a like manner
I'd like to wrap my poetry up,
say what there is to say

or what there isn't

Forty books not bad
for a waster of time
my God how I wasted you!"

"The trouble being as usual
I felt I was sent here for nothing.
Nothing called to me
like a duty."

"And an always growing
mildness of interest."

Beautiful Dreamers, Beautiful Losers
up against that wall

"You know they thinned this forest, took some trees out,
let more light through. I like it.

They may build a house there.
Oh, well, it's not there yet.
My imagination was that the house
they were going to build was a rental.
I'm concerned about the mud."

Adolf sd, "Mud is the fifth element."
or Napoleon

"The strength of the retaining wall
in question

remember a wet
winter that when it came in
mud spilled in the street
and my place was impacted
had water in the basement,
a real concern.
'Oh, I can fix that,'
the contractor sd, 'put some stones around'"

Hard to explain much more than
whatever
and
that's what it's meant to be like in the white endlessness
where sex is the constant arriving
at the source
 of mystical coition-union
 Right now
she should know
 the way, but she probably doesn't

Bob introduces Edith
to a Danish Vibrator, and
the vibrator takes on a life of its own, buggers Bob

Edith unplugs the vibrator
but it keeps running and fucks Edith,
then jumps out the window
and crawls to the ocean

“If my heel heals, I would like to go to Cambridge.

If it doesn't, it means slogging along...”

In England
a cab is well worth the expense

Near where the charter'd Thames does flow

Make a holiday of it.

CANTO 6

We should at least make a beginning on
this canto

Much abused, and I'm afraid
I'm a victim

“So at least, I can say that.”

Is that too many at leasts?

Jerry says, “At least they rhyme.”

duck banks, ducck baanks

a million ducks fly in, ‘cause
the guy asked the deaf genie for a million bucks
and the other guy has a tiny pianist

(If you know this joke, email the editors.)

There was a time when they left blanks in their writings.

Something is shaping up.
A time when they left banks
in their writings
but that time seems to be passing.

Has come and gone
or just gone.

“This joke was so perfect that I swore to myself I wouldn't forget it,
but I have.”

“If I have occasion to speak, I will say
'I'm so caught up in what
I'm doing
I can't do anything
about it.’

It's been a strange time.
When I get something started,
nothing
gets resolved.

I don't
have access to a higher power."

Use myself as a mirror

"But sometimes it seems
I'm just gambling."

()
Have to put in more words
Or not

"I was certainly psychotic, and I was psychotic for sometime afterward,
and I lied that I didn't believe those people were mocking me."

We recognize the spy that came in from the cold,

and he thought he was going to get better, but on the third day
he knew he was a goner, and on the fifth day he knew

"It's fate."

How can heaven be anything but boring?

Once, as a boy, my father took me
with him to film George Bernard Shaw.
Shaw was filmed every year
after he was ninety. These days, it's quite ordinary to live to be ninety, but
then it was a rarity, and my
father thought I would like to go along.
It was terrifying. We barely spoke to one another, and he was crotchety. I'd
seen the movie. My father was also crotchety and probably admired that.

(Innocent laughter)

The cats think they are going to get fed soon. That's their idea of being in
line.

walking in the sea spray along the shore
the ocean surges in the heat

“I can fly in the air.”

Sufism is a religion of failed poets. Sheep skin, badge of a mystic

We have our doubts, but we remain
fair-minded.

Every war has its casualties.
Turn from the ocean now
towards land paths

Really, it's Coyote's story
needs to be told
 messing with my brain
 messing with my keyboard
 my space bar

trouble tracking
 stories within stories

Edith sd, “Some people need space.
Some need a space bar, and
in relation to you
 thick and full
my wagging tongue will
 insert not only more words
 but more pages.”

CANTO 7

We've split the atom
& landed on Mars.
 We have our doubts,
but we remain fair-minded.

Everyone here is someone I know—
Anselm, Ocellus, Abelard
Odysseus has a guest pass for the day
 There'll come a time when there
are more Pagans than Christians here

Streetcars in Berkeley
 in my time
 my young time.

That I lost my center fighting
the world

 To have seen
The Passion of Joan of Arc,
Casablanca, 8½,
Last Year at Marienbad

Ideational morass
fragility of speaking
parapathetic on Telegraph Ave.
fragmented

That Jehovah God, the Creator of heaven & earth,
in whom is a Divine Trinity,
consisting of the elephant-headed God, Ganesh, his mother, Parvati,
& his father, Shiva
 set the Burning Man alight

And the sun high over the horizon
 cuddled in a cloudbank
 flutuo no espaço infinito
 um illusion de mim em um lugar obscuro
 uma relexão flutuando

Come up against
THAT wall
on High Street
 timeless, more or less

not even a wall
or Mouquin, or Voism
or the cakeshops in Nevsky

THE UNTIREABLE WAGS
Jigme Ling & Garab Dorje
at Kuan Yin's Teahouse

“Quiet, please, people are steeping!”

Vivaldi's “Spring”
in the background

A copy of Hafiz open in the light:

The Sufi does not exist,
The Sufi is not there,
Only Allah exists,
There is nothing to ask for

A painting, “Sufi's Heaven,” done as a tribute to a family cat who died at the
jaws of a coyote. Sufi's heaven would be one of limitless food and rats
available for chasing.

—D. Hattula, 1999

The act of violence
realizes the world
puts the world in your face

Senseless violence
—the perpetrators'
rejection of the world

Jail puts an end to this
untenable position
puts the law in your face
How like my mind
to want to be reassured
go outside to find faith.”

*Long is the way and hard the path
that leads out of hell to the Light.*



This is not a spade.

CANTO 8

Who cares if the poet
falls over all by himself
with no one to help him
at all?

There a hole at the bottom
and a toll at the top?

No, no, no
they're not

trying to write
a novel.

Heaven is paved with bad intentions.

backward mortgage: what you do is just
not pay your mortgage, and when the value is used up
you rent

Spade is a digger,
a Digger is an Indian,
an Indian is a swami
and Hadrian's Wall goes 123 C.E.
through Northumberland
and South Cumberland.
The wall, at the tip of England,
went straight across the island,
& you just about run out of
England when you cross
Hadrian's Wall to the west,
but Hadrian's Wall in the East
is "Fucked up," the corporal said.

(the girlish screams of young boys)

Everyone says, "Here they are,
referring to my glasses,
but I can never see anything."

Niev

Remove the word.
Strip it,
strap it.

I was thinking more and getting less,
was thinking many things,
one was my beard
and one was my verse.

THE BEACH—You can go there and put in a wonderful afternoon, and then you can hate it, maybe because you have to go, or maybe because you have to stay.

My mother loved the ocean,
swam in it for hours,
but after awhile all the cigarettes
she smoked caught up with her.

Hard for me to understand, how she could swim and smoke
at the same time.

Listen to those noisy children.
They sound like crows cawing.

‘tis the crow of your caul

You don’t wear a caul.
(kids make some interesting screams)

bling bling
What’s that?
It’s jewelry, man.

that beautiful place on the beach
where you can’t escape

Plotinus has only one vision.

there is no other not

“Is there a cat on the table?—I hear scratching.”

“I’d have shot them, if I’d had a gun.
That’s why I can’t have a gun.”

“These Americans, I tell you.”

CANTO 9

One chainsaw short of
heaven

It's dangerous to put everything
in one day

his house
was entirely wallpapered
the small rooms
seemed overdone
they'd added a kitchen
and it was white
that's where they spent their time
in a white kitchen
drinking brown beer

Edith lays down the law
and Bob takes it

“Anyway we must be mystics
since we're talking.”

When he was a year & ½ old
he was showing signs of TB,
a more common infection, then

He went to a sanitarium where
TB suspects were entertained,
they were not allowed to leave

He was there for four months,
and when he was discharged,
he was not healed

Apparently, for the first 3 days
he didn't talk—sulked, because

he didn't have trust

Trust is his big problem—
it seems, now, all he can say is
“Trust you to do what?”

His heel is healing—that's good—but it's very slow
A lot of time has passed, but he doesn't think of it
as a lot of time, thinks of it as the same day
over and over
There were small things that stood out and made the days pass

Life seemed like a series of half-remembered jokes

Two old guys
Jerry visits Bob
Wife lets him in
They sit & talk

Bob: I've had a big transformation in my life. I've come to believe in God
Jerry: How'd this come about?

Bob: In the middle of the night, I get up to pee, and the light goes on all by
itself. It's a miracle

Jerry: Sounds fishy

Bob: Edith, tell Jerry how I've been converted by this mystical manipulation
of the furniture

Edith: All I know is that each morning when I go to make breakfast, there's a
puddle of piss in the refrigerator

He's sitting in a white plastic chair with his shirt off and a welt above his
eye—
served him right, he'll never do that again

Perhaps he should take up
shipbuilding or skateboarding

“No, I don't understand that, either—it's more like a mechanical inability.
That's why I use the old-fashioned phone, which I can remember how to use,
sometimes.”

“She has to get it to you—
Let’s hope so, but yes,
I may not see her again.”

“Oh, dear. Thank you.
OK.
Yes, thank you.”

a strange afternoon of peace & eruption

CANTO 10

Clovis burned what he had worshiped
and worshiped what he had burned

Dante called out in the gloom, “¡Hola!”
Flies buzzed a sugar bowl
Dante sat at one of the tables to wait
A bus passed in front of the café
He waited for what seemed like forever

Yang Wanli, “Who gives a damn whether Jade Mountain falls over
by itself or not?”

“effort shapes”

Why did you take—press, tickle, punch—my coat?

“I don’t know how that got
from here to there.”

One syllable words—
the only time I was in jail
I was in a good suit, drunk,
coming home f/ a party,

my wife bailed me out, she sd,
‘I didn’t marry you for this.’”

Wyndham Lewis:

“He wrote Rotting Hill on Edgewater Road just at the edge of Notting Hill, just around the corner from me, although I didn’t know about his writing, then.

“You spend a lot of time in practice when you’re doing sports, practice, that word used in different ways, interesting to know more about this kind of time, when you aren’t performing but you are still doing your thing—that’s the interesting thing about being alive, knowing you’re going to die—the unimaginable—hard thinking of the world without me, kind of egocentric and pompous I know; but there it is.”

“Everything was exciting when you were a kid, there was the war, and we were killing them, and it seem the thing to do because as a child you don’t know anything about dying—‘you fucked my mother, now I’m going to fuck your mother’—and the killing goes on.”

personal

“Abelard and marriage, it’s time he was thinking about getting married again, even so, instead of asking questions.”

(Sic et non—La méthode des questions chez Abélard)

first definition of marriage—
the union of ♂♀
2nd definition is intimate union
3rd is “Don’t bother me now, I’m busy.”

“When you look around there seems to be a lot of monogamy, probably because people feel secure on that level, I saw a lot of different unions in the 60s & 70s, two men & one woman, not sure they worked—I went to an orgy, wore a big stone in my afro, and I left, uptight, and there’s a lot to be said about being uptight, but the people that are uptight are too uptight to say it, unless surprised.”

“Yes, I was awarded
the Sandy Dick Award.”

“I cry a lot more now.
There’s a lot to cry about in this world.
Crying makes me feel better
or not.”

There’s going to be twenty shot
in the morning
and twenty more in the afternoon.
“Well, we got the bastard,
and this is what we get.
Don’t miss this time, you motherfuckers!”

“My head in her lap—
the best place I’ve ever been”
& my tears were wiped away.

CANTO 11

Angels dwelling in eternity’s sunrise

BLAST, a magazine that hit the English scene in 1914,
proclaimed itself against “academic, that is civilized
vision.” It stated it did not want to change the appearance
of the world nor would it depend upon the appearance of the
world for its art. BLAST was the first English publication
to discuss the presuppositions of modern art; it was a review
of the Great English Vortex, a group which defined vorticism
as the direct and hot impressions of life mated with abstrac-

tion or the combinations of the Will. Wyndham Lewis created this movement.

Vorticism, the English analogue of Cubism, utilized the concept of pictures as painted planes. But to this concept it brought a sophistication of intellect. In antithesis to

the objective subject matter of the Cubists, the Vorticists

derived their motifs from the subjective world. Lewis describes the making of a Vorticist design as:

a mental-emotive impulse (and by this is meant subjective intellection, like magic or religion) is let loose upon a lot of blocks and lines of various dimensions, and encouraged to push them around and to arrange them at will. It is of course not an accidental, isolated mood: but it is recurrent groups of emotions and coagulation of thinking that are involved.

Thus, to simulate the characteristics of being is the act of creation: being is the simulation of created characteristics: characteristic of being is the created simulation: simulation is the act of created characteristics being.

The underlying authority to this claim is the sensitive individuality of Lewis's drawing.

CANTO 12

Trungpa came to the party.

Inside that tree
is a tree
Inside the leaf
is a leaf
Inside the flower
is a flower
Inside the seed
is a seed

Inside that seed
is a syllable
Inside the syllable
is joy.

Joy.
Of course, The Big Bang!
Nature abhors a vacuum

Let it ring.

“Phones were the most convenient things most of my life,
but now they’re all
buggered, so they’re worse
not convenient now,
and that makes them worse
I can say that because I am an old guy.”

dangerous pulling everything in one
conversation

especially for all people

simplest of narratives

“Whoa,” Jerry says, reining in his horse.
Bob says, “Oh, I see it’s raining from your horse.”

“Only in America could a great rich man like you, and a poor jerk like me be in the same prison, standing side by side and pissing in the snow. But what I don’t understand is, when I piss, it goes ‘shhhh shhhh’ in the snow, but when you piss, there is a roar like thunder.”

“That, my friend, is because I am pissing on your overcoat.”

“We’re nearly two-thirds through and nothing’s happened, and yet everything’s there—I dare say it’s a work of genius.

Every morning getting up
going for a walk, giving orders
for dinner and sitting down and writing more about
those two idiots, Flotsam and Jetsam,
Hans and Whatshisname, I’ve seen it 300x,
the cousin, oh well
it’s in the book

He was drunk when he got there, and I
always dislike people when they’re drunk
when they get there, because there’s
nowhere to go

This guy’s younger and heavier, and I’ve
got this bum knee, but maybe I could whip him—

The
pistol whipping
of Jim Wilson—
but
fortunately I didn’t have a pistol, ‘cause if I had one,
it might go off, and I might have shot him,
and now I’d be doing time for shooting
this no account drood.”

Just before the execution one calls out,
“Don’t shoot crooked, this time.”

Not much fun in 1903
“I’m basically blind, today.”

“‘We’ll go on to Alberta.’

So, that was about
as good an idea as
anyone had.

It was snowing
and Bill, who was older
and should have
known better,
got on a wrong road
and he didn’t slow down
and at some point, bump
the car rolled over 3x
twice frontwise and once sidewise
and it was some experience
flying around and someone
flew through the window
and peoples’ faces were bloody
and my ankle hurt
but the worse thing was
the cold in the middle of the night.
Fortunately, a man came along
and got us all in his car somehow
and took us to Lloydminster
and a hospital where we were
given hot drinks and hot soup
and one by one we got sewed up.

That was an important day—
it wasn’t the answer—but it did
sober me up—it’s not that
I didn’t drink again, but I didn’t
get in a bad situation again until
I got thrown in jail for driving drunk in Cotati, years and years
later. I’m lucky to have gotten

through the hard times.”

Don't drive drunk
don't ride drunk
don't drink drunk
whatever you do,
don't

“I'd rather cook a man than a cat.”
“We'll see, we'll see
just how cold that
cold front will be.”

“Those people don't look
like weed whackers,
but their appearance
has coincided with the end
of the weedwhacking.”

tethered to the morbidity that we're trying to escape

that German butcher
a nice, tall boy from a good family

monitored the numbers
willy-nilly most precise

“Do you always tell the same stories?”

So, what next?
Impossible, yet not
 may be fake, yet cause
cause cause cause cause

We dying live
As if by act of will.

It's the hardest thing in the world

Why write at all?

It's all been written
Have you had any good news?
No?
How disappointing

So much silence
but in this silence—something
went missing

My breathing—
born to be dead

Little rhino, who made thee?

CANTO 13

Seeing within space
wisdom
adorning that space

did you lead them to believe you
did something other
than you did?
did you lead them
cloud hopping in heaven?

Kyrie Kyrie Kyrie Kyrie

non-context would decontextualize
the event

The Devil can enter the 4th heaven

Nothing about having to believe in God

to be here
Ok to say, "God is dead,
God is a fairytale"

Lots of believers in the hot and
cold hells

Walk me through my day—
gymworklunchwork
crunching numbers

Just as in Einsteinian physics
matter & energy are interchangeable
& time & space are continuous
our existent selves
each a diverse embodiment of the other
undergo transcendent-unborn-reality from which all words recoil

& Bob's your uncle

A beautiful looser
looses the Self to gain
the beauty of Union

Each follows a path
that is basic to their nature
yet transcends that nature
when attaining liberation
Edith is Isis, goddess
who pieces the pieces

"Do you feel it?"
"What?"
"Flying!"

"Are you flying?"
"Not yet."
"When?"

"Real soon."

Isis to Earth, Isis to Earth
Earth to Earth, Ashes to Ashes
Dust to Dust

“When my breath left
I couldn’t feel anything but Silence. Someone said, ‘All clear, bye bye.’”
a voice from the very top

Hello
Hello?
Hello
Hello?
Hello
Hello?
Hello
Hello?
Hello
Hello?
Hello

“Can you hear me?
Can you hear me at all?”

lies down on the wet grass
looks at the stars

“I can’t go on like this...”

CANTO 14

And they also will have
place

and they will likewise
really have place

a sense of place the Jesuits
carried with them to Canada

and the grinding and gnashing
—no mistaking it

a chance to be a pig
 chase a pig across a field
smoking

a man w/ a saucepan on his head
 but then it turned out
he was pigging it out
in a saucepan

“I had an affinity w/Richard Brautigan
until he got famous
after he got famous he got weird.”
trying to discover the proletariat

“I’d had enough of the proletariat when I was in Canada. They wanted to
look like bums, professors, sitting in coffeehouses.”

Jerry: How is the prostate?
Bob: Doesn’t bother me.
Jerry: More tests?
Bob: To see if I have prostate cancer.

“The moment they opened their mouths
and began to sing, I knew they were
weedwhackers.”

and leafblowers
leaf blowers raise my ire
 “a noisy beauty for the eye”

Nietzsche was upset by a buggy whip—

what would he do if a leafblower
interrupted his sentence?

Pound has to take some responsibility
for two atom bombs
& the Japanese brutality in Manchuria
like the English, certain illness
from living on an island

track it back
dying by atom bomb
is the most interesting
thing that's happened in my lifetime

Some still dying who were
a long way away

9/11,
we took advantage—
those planes being hijacked,

a wangle in foreign policy

Dewey's vision
educate everyone, those were the ones
that fought the Second War
smart lot, could've created a Paradise

after the war
cheap goods and the expanded use of
the internal combustion engine

Broke the First Seal

One tends to be
happy to go on living

There's so much
Jazz
and this room

with us
and now

“If I was an angel
I’d run out of energy
giving praise.

It’s just a fear I have.
Fat chance I’d run
out of energy.”

don’t go there, it’s a hill
ask Sisyphus

Chiron tried to get it together,
train a healer & a killer—
gave it up, cashed in,
traded lots with Prometheus
took his station on the beach

Keep a smiley face on the whole show

Lockean—things are just there
nothing behind them
no cannibalism to solve the problem of over-population

“I just meant, I don’t know, I couldn’t eat a cat. A cat wouldn’t understand me eating him. I could eat a human being because he would understand.”

“I don’t know how I know he would understand—I’ll have to think about that. What I don’t understand is the difference between murdering them and eating them. We murder people because we have such negative feelings about them we can’t eat them. If we were coyotes, we would understand.”

“Why wouldn’t that bastard eat a Jew?”

In Prague, let's say he had the Poles
eat all the Jews, and then he shot
the Poles—he couldn't eat them, a Nazi is too exclusionary to eat a Pole.”

Everyone kept their eye on Quiqueg
everyone's quite trusting until you have a cannibal in your midst
disrupts a nice veneer of civilization

... Ishmael discovered cannibals to be superior beings with strong religious
faith and accepted their
 headhunting...

strange bedfellows

homos are ok, I'll sleep with a homo if he keeps to his side of the bed,
but a cannibal, that's something else
and a queer cannibal, I wouldn't have dinner with a cannibal

7 men on a yacht, one drink a day for 7 days
 off Nantucket

at Lucy's in Sebastopol
 “It's Donner, Party of 4.”

You're all invited to this party!

“I search for my inner idiot
but I keep my inner cannibal
out of harm's way.”

(kids sounded like chimps, today,
like a band of monkeys)

CANTO 15

The Pope may at times be French,
but God is English.

“This is the Paris Morgue.
We have your son’s body and await
your instructions. Please call
45-23-45-45 immediately.”

arise from the grave
and go with my Sunflower

There are them
who have gone there
and returned and said
it’s not worth going

and there are them
who have returned
and told of

one heaven
eight heavens
the heaven of the 33
planetary spheres
sphere of fixed stars
Primum Mobile
circles w/in circles

mansions unmade by human hands

The Spirit of the Bride said, “Come.”

Dante giggled for a week
over slipping in a Gnostic image—
to the newly incarnate soul, the circles barely hold together,
their motion unregulated,
now reversed, now sidelong, now
inverted.

balance in chaos

on a path, wide
and w/o direction

On the last day of Xmas, she gave me
24 elders, 4 winged beasts
the Devil & the details
green heart
green heaven
golden kisses

I rest my voice
in the branches of a moonless tree

“Not only didn’t we know what
we didn’t know,
we didn’t know what we did know,” sd/ Sandy Berger

A new heaven
a new earth
and no more sea

At the center of the City is rest—
the arising, effortless
the receding, an expression
of awareness

The Lamb is conscious of the Whale.

an echo of suffering
Whoremongers assigned to Scopio
unbelievers to Virgo-Pices
the rest to Canada.

Those unable to blend w/the Mystical Marriage...
and later Barnwell wrote, “Whatever is not part of the solution will
not be permitted to be
part of the problem.”

And the building of the Wall of it was of jasper: the city
was pure gold, like unto clear glass.

Tongue of light,
smile of heaven

The kitchen is so far off

Cannibals would resist canneries

O thou, my monument
Thou margin of every thought
My dismay!
Thou country of my soul
Which I call Lost Coast
Spare me your rule

Thou buttered rogue in me
Thy machine, my will
Know this for thy last

That thou mayest be
Anything but mechanical
In thy victory!

(Jack Straw to the Lord Mayor of London, 1381)

He asked, 'Do you want to?'
She, like a young girl, neither
answered yes nor no.

He's the burning man before they light the match

Vision beyond speech

Experience like waking from a dream
w/only vague recollection of details

Even the shadow of that high kingdom
Faust took a walk on the wild side—
suicidal at the end of the First Part.

We are swept off to a distant, isolated,
virgin countryside where our hero, weary after visiting Abu Ghraib,
surrounded by hovering nature spirits, tries to sleep. Ariel urges the gentle

forms to bring succor, and they, in turn, invoke harmony to mortals
and a surrender
to the blessings of sleep.

Then, they fuse his anguished soul
with the eternal and perfect regulation of nature, while stars and moon
reflect order and peace.

Nature molds new forms,
and our hero is summoned to
trust the new-advancing day.
(Faust II)

And the colored girls go
“Do DoDo Do DoDo Do DoDo Do”

CANTO 16

A canto, sure, about that sense of place the Jesuits carried with them to
Canada and another on the order of the Universe

first, invoke the Muse:
Make Thou my tongue so eloquent it may
of all Thy glory speak a single clue.

then, a mala of Vajrasattvas mantras
incense for the Dharmapalas and prayers to the 10 directions

1626. C. Lalemant, one who seeks only the glory of God and the
salvation of souls in a place which is a promising field ...for the Gospel.

1634. P. Le Jeune, who sees the benefits to be expected for the glory
of God from all these...places....

1649. P. Ragueneau writes that the society is all of one heart, one
soul, one spirit...there is not one who does not seriously attend to his soul's
salvation...so the soul can become the receptacle of holiness.

Says Descartes, “The same extension which constitutes the nature of a body constitutes the nature of space.”

Newton holds the concept of matter to consist of units of matter without void (plenum) between which there is void or empty space. Isaac is a geek atomist.

Aristotle argues that place is an attribute of body, not as matter, but as its boundary—a vessel, a container. He says, “If a body has another body outside it and containing it, it is in place, and if not, not.”

“I want to fuck Edith on the moon with a harvest Earth rising above her buttocks,” says Bob.

Augustine holds Earth (cf. “The Earth was void and empty.”) to mean formless matter and because formless—void, empty, invisible, and shapeless. Matter is Place. He feels the weight of angels dancing on the head of his prick.

Space considered as receptacle is Matter devoid of Form, not the matter of three-dimensional bodies. It is this third-person omnipotent/Holy-I-Ghost kind of Space the Jesuits carried to Canada.

René is masturbating, and his semen will mutiny and fail to enter orbit. Dejected in his personal pleasure, he’ll wait with soaked lap and ride the Purgatorial assembly line.

Space is either space or nothing (ie. not space, or something) but not both space and nothing. That which neither either/or nor both/and expresses must be expressed both within and/or out of whatever context to be true as trueandfalse, to be true as trueorfalse, and to be true as both both/and and either/or. In other words, Is is is and Not is not.

Happy masturbation is the highest art form. (One author’s opinion.)

Further conception of space as a concept of place—“I have come to thy sweet thigh,” said the anacromystic lover. “I lust after the ubiquitous space-time hole. As a manic-depressive-non-decisive, I’m hip to having it both ways to be one way—my way.

It is the same in that it changes
the same changes
the same is one
that it is two
too.

What is darkness is void without light
like ice fog in Fairbanks.
Let us create an Arcadia of sensuality

Beyond all thermometers
and let the rigor of the climate
annihilate our inhibitions.

Cock in cunt on nose in bum on toe
in mouth on tongue in ear, my hand
speeds to your prize.

The rapids of our flesh gleam
as the red meteors of your lips suck
my fiery shaft.

There, in the grail—
blood in the tears of the time
spent.

CANTO 17

Look homeward, Angel

O, Light supreme, I am a tiny part
of something mysterious

His children had no idea what he really did what terror he dispersed
Jews were unbearable to his psyche

“God save us from Jews, Muslims and Freemasons,” he’d say

The stained glass
a blast of color
in a gray world.

“My academic career was over
after I wrote a paper on the passive
effects of language philosophy
on rock ‘n’ roll.”

Ripped through and through
the children of the moon
the children of the sun

“The bad is my doing—but the good is my doing as well.”

Today’s word is maelstrom
yesterday’s word was debut
the word for the day before
elucidate
and before that, collapse

Tomorrow—
gravity takes over

Lately, I’ve become accustomed to the way
The ground opens up and envelopes me
Each time I go out to walk the dog.

AMIRI BARAKA

One man saw another man whisper into the ear of the president as he was
leaving his hotel
on his way to Air Force One. Later, another man asked
if he knew what was going on in New York, and the Prez replied, “Yes, I
plan to do something about it.” From these reports, Ol’ Ez assumed the
president knew
something
about the events of 9/11
before the attack occurred,

believes now that the attacks
were organized crimes
underwritten by Enron
 and Mayor Willie Brown,
and that every official from Enron president Ken Lay down to San
Francisco's dog catcher has been
covering up the trail.
I slept while Ol' Ez cringed in his
tattered moccasins amid the clutter of his mind—I looked the other way
when they came for him.
 I wrapped myself in the flag
while he had electrodes attached
to his wings, had his throat cut.
No wonder no one sings any more.

CANTO 18

What comes next?

 Betrayal, theft, disease, surely
some calamity, you can be sure.
Or what comes next might be
appetizing—make a cake—
Bob's birthday tomorrow.

 Bake him a spice cake
and decorate it with Timmy's tiny army men—he's into the army right now,
so into this war. Flags everywhere. I told him, "Your American flag decal is
not going to get you into heaven." He just stared and sd, "Well, my 'Earth in
Upheaval' license plate holder might."

So, Edith began this canto,
and as one who does not interrupt her,
so did she proceed:

He's got a point.

 Seems like upheaval. Saved by the bell from another

Columbine massacre at Shaker Heights.
The kids had shotguns and dynamite. That boy shot on the bus last week.
Another car bomb in the suburbs.
Another flight canceled.

Next, they'll require everyone
submit a full resume. Metal detectors
in pre-schools. Lie detector tests.
"No, I'm not supplying him
with sugar. How much television?
Four hours, no not more than four hours. Four hours, that's it."

Better to have the violence on TV
than on the streets—that's Bill's theory. Show the blood. And then,
Peckinpaw made sure it splattered—seemed a good idea, in theory—
is The Passion of the Christ truly meaningful violence?

We could eat out, tonight, get some
hamburgers—eat some burgers with mad cow disease—no, I'm going to
bake a nice spice cake—a spice cake
with white frosting—and while it's baking I'll go down to the creek

A flood came through.
Lots of trash on the banks.
Looks like the contents of a Safeway,
all these shopping carts, and that
tattered sleeping bag in the branches,
the belongings of a homeless person's camp washed downstream—
pussy willow, blackberry bushes and the stalks of last year's anise
reflect in the water,
but there doesn't seem to be life
in the water—a silent spring look.

Limbs and vines, a slab of blue
plastic, reflected, the water clear,
and the reflections, perfect, until a breeze ripples the surface and
slightly warps the images.

Like moons in water,
sights deceive us

...looking at someone, like yesterday in the Coffee Catz, a man with a trim beard working at his laptop next to a younger man with a pony tail, sharpening old razors on a whetstone, and the younger man asked the waiter for vegetable oil and is brought 3-in-1, and the man at his computer, confused, does this coffeehouse serve oil?

and the worlds
revolving in their paths, ever-bound, while he sits at his computer,
surfing

I have a thirst, and I keep coming to this café to drink tea, and the man w/the trim beard drinks coffee and another is served oil, or I, here, sitting on this log by the edge of the creek, and the sap in the vines is rising, and I feel love for strangers, even The Shrub, feeling tender toward people, so I breathe the spring air, knowing that the love I'm feeling has to feel real or I'm not going to be really feeling the love I need, and the so in this context is such a big word, means volition, means cause and effect, means by the force of my argument to change the effect and be the cause, because I'm bound by my life, and I can only be unbound by love, unbound by compassion, and the leaves turn, and the rain falls, and the creek fills, and the homeless...

Bob will soon be home soon...
I'd better check the cake, the cake,
God, the cake, and after that, what?

CANTO 19

iN fAUST part 2, Faust has a vision of the Tigris-Euphrates

“I think this is Somalia.”

“I visited Bob, today, Thursday.
He wasn't at his best with regards
to the wars currently taking place
on the planet.

He seems to have lost his way.
All he wanted to do was kill,
burn alive the Iraqi terrorists,
and yet all they are trying to do is take back their own country. But I
didn't see any point
in trying in explain it to him.”

On American vehicles
being destroyed,

“I don't even have an American
vehicle of my own, or I can't drive it any more.” (Thomas
Jefferson)

“The Americans may well shut down Iraq, drive them into the Stone Age,
and keep the oil. They invented the gas guzzler and are capable of using it
all, and eventually they will, except China is overtaking Europe as #2
guzzler, and it's not like the 3rd guzzler, Europe, is going away—
a multi-headed guzzler, who wishifists feel can guzzle it all,
it'll all be gone, and they'll have to think again.” (Talleyrand)

“If the Democrats are Elected, they'll develop Hydrogen technology to
replace Oil—not something that in the
interim will keep Gasoline prices from going to \$20/gal—but they'll put
their money, or the top 2%'s money, where their Mouth is.”
(Letter from Alexander Hamilton)

“...gone over it with all the foremen and engineers. And about the silver for
the small medal...”

What arises is what happens when you turn huge segments
of the infrastructure from one technos to another,
always interesting accidents
noticed that w/Chenyobal and 3 Mile
Island, every car a bomb, one car backending another on the freeway, and
L.A. goes off in a chain reaction, there is the end forecast, that there will be
no sea, there will be a new heaven, a new earth, and no sea, and that's if
it's rebuilt in this place, there's no sea,
and the question is,
what happened to the sea?

“Hey, do you remember, wasn’t there a sea?”

“Yeah, what happened to it?”

“Well, it dried up.”

“Just dried up? Couldn’t’ve. It was nine miles deep in places. It can’t have dried up.”

“Well, once they start, you know—look at Mars.”

Only the animals that can live w/o water will be there, like scorpions.”

“Scorpions can survive, but they remain scorpions.

Their lot is not improved.”

“They might think so. They might like a world w/o ourselves.”

“Right, people saying they are dirty things.”

“Scorpions don’t understand language.”

“Coyotes do. Why not scorpions?”

“They have their ears in the wrong place.”

“I’ve been turning my scorpions into presents for my karmic visitors”

“Oh, really, tell me a karmic Visitor.”

“Someone from the past, especially from a previous life, if not, then, someone from the distant past of the present life”

“You’ve had someone visit?” “Yes Belle Randall emailed and said she’d been reading the letters of Denise Levertov & Robert Duncan, and you were mentioned along with many friends, and Belle took deep pleasure in their talk about poetry.”

re: Denny & Robert

Denise’s account of the Berkeley Poetry Conference and Olson’s performance there is somewhat at odds with your own. I had to laugh. Maybe you were the guy who rushed to the stage after some woman’s reading crying “I have but to touch her!”? Cheers, Belle (April Fool’s Day, 2004)

“I was at odds with it, too. I wouldn’t stand up when they all stood up and applauded Charles Olson.

He was drunk, and I didn’t like it, although I hadn’t given up drinking myself, at that time.

I thought it was a bad show by a man who knew better.”

Our pace not slowed by talking nor our talk slowed by our pace,
we proceeded

“Yes, he should have known better. He was older. He should have known better, but it was late for him to change. He was changing, but his big problem was he was smoking a lot of my weed and drinking on top of it and verging on psychotic with his broken heart and near death, five years away, and lost in the fog of fame, being seen as a small-time operator, publishing in small mags, and the Beats kind of haul him up as The President of the Poets, was receiving his laurels, I would’ve been drunk and stoned and fucked up, too, if it was me. And he should of known better—a person of his genius, with his breath, could waste so much time Ignoring so many small details.”

“Little things, like that little girl.
Or big girl, rather. Not the one Belle mentioned, the other one,”—You jumped up on the stage and said,
‘I didn’t touch her.’— “No, it wasn’t me. Well, I didn’t touch her, but it wasn’t for lack of wanting to.”

“Creeley sd, ‘There will never be
another poetry conference
in Berkeley—Berkeley is too bizarre.’
But after the conference was over,
I felt as though I had been knighted.”

CANTO 20

Were it not for the orders of music hidden
we should be claimd by the preponderant void..
—ROBERT DUNCAN

...before entering the Void, the sage reflected on the manuscript he was
now writing, feeling

it lacked a syllable;
no...it was finished,

he concluded. If the Word was the Way

to make a living
in order to be a being,

as such, it was further from the idea of being than the idea itself

I
&
One

even as this canto is to sing

We landed in the Second Heaven,
the Sphere of Mercury, where we
encountered sages Lao Tzu, Bertrand Russell, Socrates, Parmenides,
Plotinus, and Thuragania discussing the physical and the eternal world of
forms

& I saw many *tigles*,
& we formed a crown at the center.

Parmenides asked Socrates if he held
that the Form
as a whole, a single thing,
is in each of the many.

And Ol' Soc asked a question in
return:

Why should it not be in each?

Parmenides replied that if it were so,
a Form which is one
and the same
will be at the same time, as a whole,
in a number of things which are

separate, and consequently will be separate from itself.

Ol' Soc refuted this. What, he asked,
if it were like one and the same day,
which is in many places at the same
time and
nevertheless is not separate
from itself?

Parmenides replied with a metaphor,
telling Socrates

You might as well spread a sail over
a number of people and then say that the one sail as a
whole was over them all.

Ol' Soc agreed,
Only a part would be over each one,
and here he let the argument rest. (Jones,
The Classical Mind, Harcourt, Brace & World, NY 1952)

But Russell admonished the sage:
(The History of Western Philosophy, S&S, NY, 1945)
Socrates, there is no logical reason for you to capitulate because the
distinction
between reality and appearance cannot have the consequences
attributed to it by Parmenides.

In his poem, ON NATURE, (Russell, op. cit.)
Parmenides sets forth the
argument that
The thing that can be thought and that
for the sake of which the thought exists
are the same; for you cannot find thought
w/o something that is, as to which
it is uttered.

Thuragania, a gleam in her eye,
spoke next.

“This argument is based
on two premises: What is is,

and what is not is not,
and I realize that $A=A$ therefore $\sim A=\sim A$ is more than
an idiosyncratic hang-up on the law of identity for you,
Parmenides, it's an ontological
argument that
nothing
is, as Heidegger, if he were present, might put it,
a something
for which no thought
corresponds and, as such, has no
being, existence, or reality
whatever."

She continued, "Believe me, a soul
can experience bliss,
even in lowest level of heaven.
Here our discussion revolves around
an argument from language,
reflecting your realist view
that what names name are real.
Socrates might argue that the sail
covers the man in the same way
as the day, given definitions
that determine when a man can be
said to be wholly under the sail
and when the sail can be said to be wholly covering the man

[and here she drew diagrams on a small chalkboard]

for, if the latter, then it can as well be said that the man is covered by only a
part of the sail.

Now, if the sail is cut apart, then it could be said that the whole part
covers
the man but not the whole sail."

At this point, Russell jumped in.

"The problem derives,"
he explained,
"from a misunderstanding of
relative terms,

from a belief that it is a contradiction
that if something, say A, is greater than B and less
than C it must be both great and small, part and whole.”

“Yes,” said Thuragania,
(<http://petermaxlawrence.com/Art/WEB/PLAG/PLAGarticlesBP.htm>)

“the basic premise of monism
is that the real is essentially one.

For Parmenides,
the only true being
is the One, which cannot be
divided because the whole
is everywhere present.

That nothing changes follows
from his argument that what is is, for
if it came into being, it is not: nor is it
if it is going to be in the future
Consequently, there is no change
in Nature, as defined as things
coming into being or ceasing
to be. And so,
to return to the sail,
if the whole
is everywhere present,
then the whole sail
covers the man,
even if part of the man is
uncovered.”

Because the living light that pours from the Source is so bright,
I had not noticed a shade at my elbow.

Lao Tzu spoke:

“I have an alternative solution to the paradox. In my view, the One
is known as the unknowable. It is the way which is forever nameless,
which, as a thing, is
shadowy, indistinct.
Indistinct and shadowy,
Yet within it an image;
Shadowy and indistinct,

Yet within it is a substance.
 dim and dark,
Yet within it is an essence.
 (I,xxi,49, *Tao Te Ching*, Penguin, Baltimore 1963)
No term can be applied to the tao
because specific terms impose
limitations on that which is manifold.
The One, for Parmenides, is unchanging because there is no reason for it
to have become or to pass away.”

“That is so,” said Parmenides.
“It must either be altogether
or not at all.”

“Ah,” continued Lao Tzu, “for me it is
 altogether and not all.
This is known as
 the mysterious sameness. (I,I,3a)
Your One, Parmenides, seems to be
a substance, like Thales’s water
and Heraclitus’s fire; it is indestructible and eternal, but unlike Heraclitusian
flux, it is unchanging.”

“Yes,” exclaimed Russell, “it is the
persistent subject of varying predicates. And so, the argument becomes a
matter
of words.”

“As I recall,” announced Ol’ Soc,
“Feibleman (*Ontology*, Greenwood, NY, 1968)
made the point
 that the later Platonists opted
 for the idealistic side of Plato, yet Plato does not contend
 the illusory world has no
being; he contends only that it
 has no reality. Both worlds
exist—the world of Forms
 (based on the unchanging One of Parmenides) and the world
 of Appearances (based on the flux of Heraclitus)
are two parts of one world.”

Lau Tsu smiled.

“The other day
I was hanging with Mañjushrimitra,
The Master of the Chariot of the Nine
Yanas, and he told me that Master Lau,
has written a great commentary on my work.

Lau feels Plato was
unable to unify the plurality of Forms,
even with his concept of the Good.
His insistence that something must be either A or \sim A to be real, says Lau,
is derived from the assumption that
the wholly real must be wholly knowable. I, however, take
the opposite position;
for me there is no reason to
suppose the real to be
knowable, especially when the
real is considered as
transcendent, yet even this conclusion
is insufficient.

The ineffable *tao* as an either/or
proposition leads to confusion:

What cannot be seen is called
evanescent;

What cannot be heard is called rarefied:

What cannot be touched is called minute;

And so they are confused and looked upon as one.

(I,xiv,32-32a)

Lau suggests the use of negative terms are preferred because
they have the same
limiting function as positive terms
and so give an indication
of being unfit for specific terms
of any kind or degree. He contends, then, that this is
the difference between
Taoism and Platonism.”

“Your words are clear,” remarked,
Plotinus, who, up to this point

had kept his own council.

“And now, let your eyes hold fast to my insight.

The difference in the terms used to describe the tao
can be used to distinguish
the nature of the One, for
the One transcends being.
As Russell points out, being is the first
sequent upon it.

The One is
Unpredictable; we can only say,
‘It is.’”

Thuragania, bowed to Plotinus and said,
“You are an idealist, Plotinus,
in that you contend Matter
has no independent reality from Soul.”

“Yes,” he replied, “Soul generates
its image, which is the sensible world, and at the same time
it is intent on elaborating order
on the model of what it has seen in
the Intellectual-Principle.”

He touched his fingertips to her hand,
“The intellect, what I call nous, is
intermediate between the One and the Soul.”

He paused,
& we stood transfixed, while he sang:

To live at ease is There; and to these
divine beings (the gods) verity
is mother and nurse, existence and
sustenance; all that is not of process
but of authentic being they see, and
themselves in all; for all is transparent,
nothing dark, nothing resistant;
every being is lucid to every other, in
breadth and depth; light runs through
light. And each of them contains all

within itself, and at the same time sees
all in every other, so that everywhere
there is all, and all is all and each
all, and infinite the glory.

(“Tractate” V,8 *Enneads*, Russell, Op. Cit.)

Lao Tzu, cheek to cheek w/ Plotinus, sang:
Gods in virtue of the One have their potencies;
The valley in virtue of the One is full;
The myriad creatures in virtue of the One are alive; The myriad creatures in
the world are born from Something and Something from Nothing.

“There you go, Socrates,” said Thuragania,
“now, you can see that the part
and the whole,
which are two,
are one in the vision of the Intellect,
and that it is There that
all is all and each all. Each of them is great; the small the great.

And, thus, it would follow
that the great would be the small and
each would be the all in all; and, further,
the many would come from the One
as the One from nothing,
or more precisely, from the thing
showing itself as itself.”

“Oh,” exclaimed Socrates, “I get it, now— the opposition of terms
is a relative matter.”

“Well,” said Russell, who loves to get in
the last word, “given you begin with a false premise, anything can be
proved.”

Unable to contain himself, Ol’ Soc
rose to the bait: “If $2 + 2 = 5$,
prove you’re the Pope!”

Russell shot back, “ $4 = 5$;

subtract 3 from either side;
1 = 2;
the Pope and I are two,
ergo, I'm the Pope."

Ol' Soc grabbed Russell and flew
with him, past Kensington Circle,
to a parking lot, where they entered
a drainpipe and followed it underground
to the storage room of a grocery store.

Giving Russell a sound shaking,
he said, "What's the point
in discussing anything with you?
Your ideas are merely puffed wheat."

CANTO 21

Let the cameras roll
took it all in
 produced it himself
 so overwhelmed
with the cornucopia

A woman he collaborates with in video in India, sd she's having this
problem
 using Mini DV cassettes, going through ten a day, wondering,
"Who's paying?"

"India is so big—just too much."

Canto verite

Stop on a street corner, stop
people and ask, "Are you happy?"

He'd be right there, lying.

stranger to stranger

Poetry, that old tart
 a lemon, kind of acidic, and
 a tart is kind of sweet

“None of it is...it's only a process,
and I am amazed at the amount
of material, which in this way is like Pound's cantos, sure he labored
over his more than we, and it shows
in his writing and not in ours,
ours is labor less writing.

Laborless writing is a good idea.
I'll put this in as a line

Laborless writing is a good idea

to remind us of our task.”

The return of Jim Wilson, Bob reminds himself, is sure to cause some
trouble, bad chemistry, having had his head rubbed, not familiar with Jim's
usual obnoxious drunkenness, him being the way he is, let him be that way,
take his poem, say, “I don't have time for your poem, but I'll keep it and
read it later.”

At eighty pages it will be fetching
to the Canadian library, there's no way
anyone is going to read all 180 pages, they'll say, “This is like Pound.”

When they're in the stone age, they won't have any use for gasoline.
That's a very characteristic
kindness from this administration.

“I did see *Sylvia*, yesterday, a movie about the life of Sylvia Plath. You
know, she went to England and fell in love with a guy who was going to
become a big English poet, Ted Hughes, and he fell for her, and, you know,
they were like two students, didn't have much money. He kept having

affairs. She didn't like it. Couldn't stand it, but instead of hitting him over the head, she killed herself. Sad case, and I like her writing, although, in a way, it's all the same. She has a lot to say in the same way. A tone occurs, unique for a woman of that time—it doesn't complain, it reveals how grim things can be, but doesn't bitch, and, rather than complain, she kills herself.

Had previously gone down to the basement and lain there until worms crawled up her cunt, but the last time, she used an English gas stove, and her children were left unharmed. Stuck her head in the oven while they were asleep, and when they woke up, she was asleep. A really violent act against her husband, but he wasn't changed by it. He went on to be a big mouth, and he got the last word because a few weeks before he died, he wrote about that marriage. He was a different kind of poet, the kind the British still like, some of them, no one I know. Nothing to his work, really, because you see how everything fits together...unlike our work”

“You said one, and I said the other, and I think it's good, because chimps aren't monkeys, they're a separate species, and Roger Fouts makes that distinction, and I was unmaking this distinction, because people mistake chimps for monkeys, which are both apes, and you said the one, and I said the other, and it was a mind-meld to rattle a primatologist.”

And the German guy, shot in the gut, dying again, today,
lies down in the wet grass, looks at the stars,
says, “I can't go on like this.”
At least, he wasn't going
to the Russian front.

“Would you like the sun?
I can't give you the moon, but I can give you the sun.”

In *Burnt by the Sun*, such a sweet life is portrayed, everything idyllic, but it ends like the Russians like to end things, sadly. Russian countryside, an abundance of beauty, like in *The Cherry Orchard*, wonderful sense of how lovely it can be, especially for a country that's so wintry, and when the winter ends, things start to bloom, glorious, and then

a purge of Stalin's generals, and the hero gets his head bashed in by the KGB. *Burnt by the sun*, so easy,
like being on the beach,

one minute you're happy, and the next you're not."

"I can't give you the moon,
but I can give you the sun."

The bad is my doing, but the good is my doing as well—God is the disease
& God is the cure—what is dual has unity.

Once, with Brian back East, I had some readings to give, and I'd asked him to give one with me, in Cleveland, because there was a cheap rail ticket to Detroit, and we could teach a class in Toledo, then go by bus to Cleveland. The main reason we got there a day ahead was so Brian could look up Willie Archibald, who'd been a Sufi, which was a tad unusual for an upper-middle-class boy from Virginia. He'd gone straight again before taking the Toledo job, but I, who had never met him, thought he might well be worth meeting. But when we got off the bus from Detroit, and found the way to Archibald's house, his wife said that he had gone for a couple days to Virginia to see the Homecoming football game. What a pity we hadn't written to Willie! So. But Brian didn't believe that was that, he believed Willie was still around the house somewhere, but I thought, right, maybe so, but clearly he didn't want to see us. But Brian felt differently, after all, he'd shared a home with Willie, and wanted to see him and talk him out of his unsociable mood. So, we went to his office and asked in the Department but got nowhere.

However, we did meet one of his colleagues, a black man, who invited us to his home for dinner and put us up for the night, and next day, drove us to campus & back, said he'd had a great time & drove us to the bus for Cleveland. But it turned out it was the driver's first time on this route, and he took a wrong turn, and we got to Cleveland an hour late. The man who was there to meet us was fit to be tied. He saw us get off the bus, so he knew it couldn't be our fault, but somehow, he thought it was. Our reading went well, and the host, now calm, threw a party and gave us these big checks, and Brian & I shared a bed in a fleabag hotel, so we took home about \$700 each. Or rather, Brian did, while I went on to Buffalo and Toronto. It had been a comedy of errors, either because Archibald had lied or because he had told the truth, and it is still my most vivid experience of Sufism thus far. Like they say, "The Sufi doesn't exit. What would be the point of seeing him anyway?"

There's this cat shit right here.
Oh, that's what it is. That's too bad,
I'm sorry.
That's ok, it's just cat shit.
Just cat shit.
No big deal, an odor
 fecund, squirmy

“There he was, the boss poet, and he was stoned, and he was drunk, and I was stoned and drunk, and it seemed he wandered indeterminately, and it went on and on, and in the end the janitor had to close us down. For me, it was part of the picture, and this was the way he was, and Creeley was the way he was, and Dorn the way he was, all drunks, and Sanders was the way he was, loud, and Ginsberg was his feely self—the Berkeley Poetry Conference was my first sunflower.”

And he said,
“You were smitten by angels.”
And if your kids don't study, that's your fault. Tell 'em. Don't kid yourself,
and don't lie.
...Dress 'em in folderols
 and feed 'em with dainties'
In the end they'll sell the homestead
 (Ezra Pound, XCIX)

The sun is my footprint.

CANTO 22

If a lover of truth finds a theory reprehensible and does not find plausible premises which remove its reprehensible character, he must not at once believe that the theory is false but must inquire how he who has put it forward had arrived at it, must employ much time in learning this, and follow the systematic order corresponding to the nature of the topic.

—*Tahafut Al-Tahafut*—That's Abu'l-Walid
Ibn Rushd, better known as Averroës (1126-1198)

MAGNIF I CAT

22 below zero in Badger Pocket
snow covered the timothy
Witch, my cat,
froze against a haystack.

ET MISERI FECIT POTENTIAM

And mercy, he hath shown strength
painting the upstairs bathroom
eggshell white
whisteonwhiteonwhiteout.

ANIMA MEA IMPLEVIT MEUM BONIS

My anima fills me with good vibes
ice crystals on tree limbs.
I drain the oil, so the VW will start.
Not a movement in the air but light.

Incense for Europa
Mount Rainier—
an oily silhouette
before the brush of dawn.

In the hayloft, you revealed the world to me,
and the wheels, still spinning.

Ran into her yesterday, walking down the street, sd “How ya doin’?” she sd, “Oh, fine,” and I sd, “Are you sure?” and she says, “Have a *nice* day.” and walked on, didn’t want to get into it, still owes me an apology whether she realizes it or not, probably not,

but she writes very nice poetry—and I’ve spent most of my life reading poetry, so I’m used to a certain amount of confusion.”

*In heaven’s different parts,
those who quicken heaven with such
radiance as to undo the air’s opacities*

“It’s good, you have two minds, reveals you’re a true-hearted person, you get angry, and you get soft, most people get angry and stay angry, don’t reflect on what arose in them, and they counter it with more anger, you recollect you were upset with Olson because he was drunk, but you qualify it with, “Who was I to judge, as I was drunk, too.”—and you rave on about burning the Iraqis, then say, “They were only trying to save their country.”—reflecting on your anger makes you human, although you don’t resolve the dualism—but this insight is on the path to liberating the anger at the moment it arises—difficult to eliminate the anger, but work on cutting through the attachment, count to ten, take deep breaths, walk around the block, do your best—a great yogi can do this right at the instant the anger arises, so it doesn’t show, avoids a war—I call you a jerk, so you’re a jerk, but you don’t have to be a jerk, if you know you’re not a jerk, and even if you are a jerk, you don’t have to act like a jerk, it’s only a name—but your being takes on an aggressive stance, and in that mode you suffer, and next, you project your stuff, making me the fuck-up, then, you have the sense of yourself as the jerk and me as the fuck-up, when really it’s the other way, you’re the fuck-up, and I’m the jerk”

Ditto, Edith, full of war, brings up love, interrupted by *The Passion of Christ*—the spring choked up with debris, like her mindstream, and Bob will be bound.

Although strictly speaking,

Arabia has a land connection to Europe, so it's not another
continent, strictly speaking
 breaking off at
The beach

and also at the Nile

“Like what?”

a whetstone for dull wits
whet your appetite—“Take a drink.
I made that mistake for ten years.”

 went down that path—it's the words, don't know what devils
made them up.”

From this balcony he pissed into the crowd
 from this balcony, he pissed
 from this balcony comma he comma pissed from this
balcony in Sebastopol, in 1942, he pissed
into the crowd
and was never seen again.

 Near Toledo, “where I have some second cousins”—a rich
part of the world where a murder just emerged after twenty-five
years

with forty whacks I covered my tracks

Shootouts with blood flying,
Sam Peckinpaw pioneered the use
of gadgets that make blood shoot out, as though everyone is being
hit in an artery, every shot.

 Usually, bullets go in, and no one sees anything, maybe some
seepage, because they go in the flesh, but he makes the bullet holes
gush blood, very exciting on the screen.

 What works with violence on the screen is our surprise that

we're just bags of liquid and air, our sense of being contained, and then we're leaking, shocks us, gives us a thrill.

Anything on the screen that moves IS the movie,
holds us
in rapture.

A movie where people are shot and no blood appears, someone is shot and holds their arm when they fall down—and then someone gets shot, it hits an artery and splays out everywhere.

In the Old Code, a gun could not be pointed at a character and have that person be hit by the supposed bullet in the same frame, like I point the gun, a frame of me shooting, the smoke puffs out, cut to someone falling, because it was too violent to see the gun shooting the person—
“Oh, God, thank you for not making this in the last frame.”

Realism changed after Vietnam, new styles of falling, being hit by large caliber bullets or a shotgun, and when they hit, you're blown across the room
tears the flesh, sears with heat, and you crumple, then, the wound

starts getting septic, and you lay there for days,
thinking, “It's fate.”

Insert some sex, & you got a movie.

Come to me, toes and thighs, your sweet Street Crossings, nose and eyes. Roll with me in Asphalt pleasure, tongue, clit, cock, I am torn

beyond all measure.

If Ezra were alive, now, he'd be 137.
Saw him earlier, with John Bunyan,
over by Auspicious Myriad Gate.

God, what a dull trip that was, when you're a teenager, and you're handed that, and just want to do all those things
"Why is there something rather than nothing?" that was the question,
a nothing there, where there was no nothing, "Edith found that like a turning point, "Why is there something rather than nothing?—It's funny; it doesn't mean anything to me, some thing rather than nothing—Obviously there is something—it's a ridiculous question—probably isn't a question, more of an exclamation of angst or awe because you can't answer *why*—

*Why, there is something
rather than nothing!*

We pose our awe in the form of a question and are confused by being unable to come up with an answer for something that's tautological.
It is what it is.

"Are you guarding me in case Ezra shows up? You don't have to do that,
I can lock the door, and if he breaks the windows, I'll call the cops."

*imagine, then, if you would,
singing and dancing
and our repose being broken
by a ray of light*

We were unassaulted, remained so
and decided to get drunk.

CANTO 23

*And the light became so bright
and so blindin' in this layer of paradise
that the mind became boondoggled.*

Why is there a Universe!
How did the Universe come into being!
Shouts of joy or fear or accusation.

Bumping my head against the wall
like La Motta in *Raging Bull*,
“Stupid! Stupid! Stupid!”

Bertrand Russel's frustration
when, as a child, he asked,
“What is matter?”

And the answer, “Never mind.”
“What is mind?”
“It doesn't matter.”

The Universe is big
and getting bigger, expanding fast
and ever faster—a basketball
crossing twenty-four time zones
on its way to the hoop.
Only there is no hoop.

No end to an expanding Universe.
“I drift in infinite space
(or no space), an illusion

of myself in an obscure place,

a floating reflection,
nothing holding me up.”

What’s nothing’s circumference!
Pi and *light*—
the defining functions.

A circumference of no-space expands @ speed of light towards
a critical radius.
The impalpable algebra of infinity.

This U
a sub-atomic structure
of a larger U.

No U, just dots on a time line,
or like a bulb on a timer
on/off.

Vacuum soup. Eternal Mind.
An egg, a sacred word, a string.
Winos and zinos in stasis.

Black bodies, black holes, blue lights.
Anti-matter, negative space, & big bangs.
The quarks of love and strangeness

and the quirkiness of God.
No limits: multiple Universes.
Limits: a one night stand.

Singularity is the “instant”
the Universe appears, every region
squeezed into a single point

on an “axis” of time.

Poised.

$$A = \pi r^2 - 1 / \text{Threshold} + 1 E = MC^2$$

Empty: does not exist,
has never existed,
will never exist.

Empty: has *potential* to exist.
Primordial mind pool.
Heap of awareness.

What is truly empty!
Every minim has stuff—
even without mass, there’s spin.

Exists and not-exists at the same time.
Either/or, neither/nor, both and.
Nothing spinning—no word for this.

Given previously annihilated U,
then there’s *potential*
for a new U to come into existence.

Things are already out of hand
by the time the Supreme Source
gives birth to U.

Angels cruise by in a ‘00 Ford *Escort*
with automatic weapons on their laps.
I hear them peel out

on the corner of Hall & Piezzi,

laying down a streak of rubber
before their *Dunlops* dig in.

A mirror in the void.
A flight of photons
against the force of darkness.

I was asked,
 “*What is it you desire?*”
and my answer,
 “*MORE LIGHT!*”

CANTO 24

What does this soul, conscious of its progress towards the goal, realize? It realizes with every veil it has thrown off a greater power, an increased inspiration, until it arrives at a stage, after having passed through the sphere of the jinns and the heaven of the angels, when it realizes that error which it had known, and yet not known fully; the error it made in identifying itself with its reflection, with its shadow falling on these different planes.

—Hazrat Inayat Khan, *The Way of Illumination*

The longer the Americans remain without the Iraqis having an infrastructure, the angrier they'll be and 200,000 troops won't mean diddlyshit, it'll start looking like Palestine, does that look right? Kids throwing rocks at tanks? They don't want Janet Jackson influencing their women and their teenagers stealing for drug money, American history repeating, not that this isn't the way, it's just the way it looks, with the Patriot Act, it'll be no worse than living under Hitler, everybody toe the line, do like in Franco's Spain, have a cop on every block, and every other person a spy, and if anyone does anything suspicious, they're called in for questioning,

national security, the ACLU would be the first ones to be called in, and there wouldn't be an ACLU, and the poets would have to write obscure cantos, yes, we'll need to tone it down a bit, oblique references to Allah, very tiring and angering, wanting to see the Babylonian street thugs put to the torch, two years ago we were shooting it out at Christmas in Bethlehem, before that the Branch Davidians in Waco, and now non-aligned Bathists and ghetto people, who had nothing then, have nothing now and have no prospects of having anything once the government is formed,—“Bag off,” they say, “we're not wanted in the military or in the church, we're secular poor people, and there's a lot of us.”

Somebody threw a hand grenade into that car, a strategic thing to do, those people were targeted, the media called them civilians, but they were military types, *civilian* security forces, they had dog tags, and the people in the street were happy to see them burn, the bodies were a symbol of oppression, and by hanging the burnt corpses on the bridge they knew we would see that here at home and get angry, and we'd respond with force or we'd withdraw, the sort of thing terrorists can do to innocent dog-tagged civilians.

Terrorism doesn't stop through force, it stops through negotiation and plenty, not that these guys are going to sit down at the table, but there are a couple of problems that haven't been addressed, like the Palestinian conflict with Israel, which no one seems sure how to resolve, and as long as there's that, along with the American military presence in Saudi Arabia, there's going to be attacks, and surely they know we want their oil, we said that we didn't, maybe we are peaceful, loving people and intend to rebuild their country after causing its destruction, and peace and goodwill is our intent, because they should give us oil at a good price, since we use the most, and we're the nicest and the most helpful, & promise always to implement the Marshall Plan wherever we go, destroying & rebuilding, mercilessly.

Only this time we didn't put enough money & force into it, we needed to come on even stronger than we did, have to break peoples' spirit, desecrate their temples, break their spirit, and it's easier to make people hungry than break their spirit, destroy Baghdad before they did, lay waste to it, like in ancient times, so that it was obvious they had nothing to destroy to show us, in this way there would never have been anything like us having made a mistake—"Got anything else you want us to destroy, we're busy right now, we'll be there in a bit."—This is what we should do when we take over a people, we should pound them—Hitler had them cowed, until he bit off more than he could chew, until Stalingrad.

Our Stalingrad was in sending in the reservists, we didn't have an army, no one planned on taking over another country, which takes us back to who knew what when before why did we get ourselves in this pickle, how come the Second Iraqi War?

& the events of 9/11, events we're still in denial we awaited

CANTO 25

I release 10,000 doves and burn my best incense
for Airforce Master Sergeant Evander Andrews

I release 10,000 doves and burn my best incense
for each Afghan killed in this campaign

I release 10,000 doves and burn my best incense
for each soul crushed in the World Trade Center

I release 10,000 doves and burn my best incense
for those dying from bombs in Iraq

I release 10,000 doves and burn my best incense
for all the Israelis who have been blown to bits

I release 10,000 doves and burn my best incense
for each Palestinian shot in the streets

I release 10,000 doves and burn my best incense
for Tony Blair & George Bush & Osama bin Laden

To be peace—empty, clear, compassionate
in this mad mix of good and evil

and not escape through sleep,
through wrapping myself in the flag

A prayer tree flutters in our town
the prayer for war to disappear

The leaves are prayers blowing
in the deadly winds

“Slowly we’re smoking Al-Qaida
out of their caves so we can bring them
to justice,” sd the Commander-in-chief

Caves where Jelaluddin Rumi
was born, Rumi, who proclaimed,
“No boundaries, no flags!” Caves where

Garab Dorje taught Dzog Chen—
Afghanistan is not a place but a space,
a vacuum created by conflict

This is a barbarous age
Mani is skinned alive

Opposition evolves so life can exist,
opposition desires union.

Overheard, “They don’t believe in God;
they believe in Allah.”

One solution would be to construct
a new Jerusalem in the Nevada desert.

Pray for Buddha to shoot a cap
up Mars’s ass.

Since what I say does not entail what I do, “don’t cry for me, but
bury me with my brothers, the martyrs, and visit my grave if you
have time” sd Yusef

Since what I do cannot explain what
I mean, “pay the corner grocer the 25¢
I owe him”

Since what I mean is not what I think,
“I want my grave to be like the grave
of Muhammad, only not so big”

Since the world is me, and I am the world, “I must, more than ever,
try to uninvent myself”

Since what is outside crushes me, and “I can remember the color of
your eyes

Smiling at me”

CANTO 26

I have come to realize that I do not share certain beliefs w/my collaborator,

and that these disparities need to be clarified at this point.

While Rychard Denner believes in this Fourth Heaven of the Innermost Heart

& that more Gods than I can recollect will appear after his death

to lead him through his afterlife, I believe that at death I will be obliterated.

I am now on my way to my 71st birthday. While the company, which doubtless _____ of _____,

a pretty picture, it has nothing to do w/my life as a human being.

While still a child, I was subjected to bombing raids and rocket attacks

by the Germans: and then, in 1945, to newsreels of the aftermath

of Belsen and other extermination camps, and those images invalidated any ability I had to imagine

a human life perpetuating past its death.

As more time passed, and it was
realized that more than fifty

million people had died in that war,
I realized that the chance of

my survival was chance indeed,
and I did not find in chance a

ground for my immortal life.
So, I turned to writing, hoping that

something I penned would open eyes to the truth of being human,
and by these means extend my life through words.

As time has gone by, I have come to realize the odds are being
against this, but by now it is an ingrained habit, this writing. I do it

whether it is popular (as for a while, in the 1970s, it was) and even
today (when a recent book won an award from Small Press
/Traffic).

Frankly, I am puzzled that my
collaborator is himself not an atheist.

I suspect that if you scratch
a Buddhist, you'll find an atheist.

How does he read this world so
differently? And what if his belief

should deliver him into itself?

To me, it is much too complicated.
If anything is left over, it should be

shared fairly among my wife & children.
I hope for a final illness that is

_____ to _____, so
that I may fall asleep and never

have to wake up. I hope to leave enough money for a quiet funeral

and to lie beneath a small tombstone
that reads,

LIFE IS BRIEF
IT SAYS HERE

CANTO 27

My mind is fixed
and with my mind, my eyes see
space dissolving into space

From every thought escaped,
everything, all of my dimension
freed because of this condition

A printer's devil's devil
was Master Horace Hart
Hart's Rules still rule

found floating in a pond

called Youlburg Lake
near Oxford, his gloves folded neatly on the bank

Water into water, dirt purified with dirt

Philosophy, Poetry, Justice, Theology

Every blade of grass liberated—
“Don’t say ‘ditto’ to me,
give me a proper answer”

“Since I am alive, I am going to die”
spin up/spin down
entangled thru space

separate
but not separate
in our effect on each other

a troubling site—
Bob Kaufman
on a downward spiral

his vow of silence
taken after the assassination
of JFK—

so quiet
having coffee at the Med

CANTO 28

Things happen...

“For my first two years, I watched God doing everything. So just when I began to think authentically,
I got authenticized.”

Things happen because people are pushed too far, people have reasons, but, then, they get ticked off.

Hitler had reasons, but the blood bath got out of his hands.

You can say the Germans lost
the First World War, and they got the short end of the stick
at Versailles, you can say
something had to happen
because the Germans had been put down.

A guy thinks he sees
a saint,
but it's just some guy pissing.
“We all came down to the sea with our ships and shit.”

“Poems I'd blown up—
had to sacrifice the titles.”

Wall behind figure,
Bob w/arms out, backs up, kneels,
opens the book in his hand, pages flutter in wind, a doorway,
Bob walks towards a table covered with ashes

a page with writing in capital letters
writing in script
stairway w/objects—
a crown, a feather,

a gun, an apple

relentlessly driven by the sun

“sugar snap peas,” she sd
“I don’t want to take her time
or the time she can make
Hers.”

God’s the surprise of other ways.

Standpoint of stark fear

with mine in Paradise.

“This island is my dwelling.”

It is fair to be entertained,

to experience good or bad

fortune, to go, turn out,

happen

a woman, the sky, that which is sought, that which is

satisfying, free of blemish

not dark, straight

What English devils make up these words?

CANTO 29

We understood a way of being
that we shared. He was adopted, and I was abandoned.
Then repossessed.

something radical happened.

Bad, and good.

We each learned a freedom
And bit by bit, fought for it.
And then, it didn't matter
If other people knew.

Fuck them. In the butt*

In ever sense.

Life was a made-up actuality
Of many dimensions.

That one wanted to become a Buddhist monk and the other, a
terminal atheist.

Didn't matter in the least.

Both knew the real was a making up

And loved it for being as they were

*Dr. Walter Kerr

To be. Each went mad
In order to meet what lay beyond
And learn to trust,
Seriously, their own impressions,
As much, that is, as they

Would trust
Any revelation.
Lovers were
Poison, prison, prizes,
Princesses, goads, gods, goods
With a sell-by-date,
Unless, each hoped,
Not.

So this they had in common,
And love for places,
Their names
And often, their sights & Sounds.
...things they were
Quite unusual, which
Renders them dependable, and
One's thirty-odd gods
And the other's
Absence of any
Guaranteed a welcome
Spread of types.
Otherwise,
Proving to be very bright
Where such was not sought
Each was as useless
As tits on a boar,
As a thin layer of skin-lice,
As a hydrogen bomb
Or the number of an emergency Phone in a locked booth
Beside a lazy river, heaven-sent,
Or else a happy accident,
Just flowing there.

CANTO 30

In these pictures of Cambridge
people look out of place, the costumes All wrong. Too colorful, but
200 years From now no one will know. They'll Look and say,
“Look at that old Bridge—and there's Bromige
next to a wall.

Looks like he's lived forever.
Looks Medieval.
Probably is.
Not made to look it.
Just what he is.

Here's Bromige at a pulpit.
Looks like an atheist
In a modern Methodist church.
Probably is.
Not made to look it.

The guy to the right, the guy
Running the show, looks younger
Than he is, looks cherubic, and he
Was mostly drunk.
We could only drink white wine
Because someone had spilled red Wine on the carpet, and they had
been Charged heavily.
And now it is a rule,
A white wine rule.
And after the rugs are gone for a
Hundred years, it will be a tradition—
“Never is red tasted

in our hallowed halls.”

“My head popped,
and a little cloud of ectoplasmic dust blew out.”

“Oh, no...oh, no...”

“This is sweet, must be the Pepys suite where you stayed, 17c
stuff, Charles II era—mirror looks Swedish Modern. *Peeps*, good
name
for a diarist, or a spy—did something with water.”

“There is water
Circulating in Cambridge, some small River that is constantly
being diverted, Or has been.”

“Organized the navy, that’s it.
Charged with spying for the French
but was vindicated.”

“Now this guy here, I don’t know what He was on, some kind of
Psychedelic, because he could talk very Well without slipping up,
but it never Meant anything, like he was talking a Phantom
language.”

“Funny, on LSD
there are butterflies
in your language,
words just flutter around.”

“This guy
Was best when
He was $\frac{3}{4}$ drunk.”
“Someone sd that about Dylan Thomas,
that he was a genius
between the 3rd and 4th drink.”

“Oh, it’s been said.
I was going to say that.”

“Well, your variation works—
best when he was three-quarters drunk.”

“I’ll forget what you said,
That’s the beauty of it.”

CANTO 31

“My sister, at 20, gave our house
the name Bedlam, and a friend of hers painted the sign for her, and
so it
thenceforth hung outside our house,
which was odd because I went crazy
later, and actually my first jobs
were working in mental hospitals,
so I was drawn to it. I don’t know
if my sister ever went crazy—she
worked for the WRENS making
depth charges, brought friends home,
very jolly, always in a party mood.”

“I heard a definition of insanity,
which was that people say the wrong thing at the wrong time, and
that’s the only difference—that sanity is a trick
of agreement,
and you have to learn the trick.”

That's the thing with Life,
the eternity of the senses,
how there's always someone alive,
and all you can do finally is shrug.

When some maiden in there finds out the person she slept with was
her son and just looks at the camera
and shrugs.

"I didn't see Her Majesty.
She wasn't in Cambridge.
Her presence was felt.
Her picture was on the money.
Whenever people are hating
Parliament, they turn to the royalty, whereas here, when we are
hating the government, we turn to anarchy, to Gangsterism—we
began with gangsters and we return to them,
and occasionally we listen to
a president, although we have a doubtful one now, who all the
same connects with the people, everybody thinks he's doing the
wrong thing, but they like him, he connects, he flirts, he acts like
an imp while he dissembles.
I watch the other guy,
stone-faced—
got an iron look.

Everyone applauds what he says,
but they award him a B,
 hard to find a path between
an unjust war and the present majority
who are afraid to elect
 a warrior-pacifist during a war.

Pound on Stein.
Stein on Top.
Eliot from Behind.
The tradition beneath Us.

—Rant 175, Steve Tills

“& the Emperor came down
& knighted us.”

CANTO 32

Welcome to the club, Thom Gunn—
how fucking much immortality
does a guy need in one lifetime?
Smack into heaven
 methedrine his double-sun

Went up to Trinity college
 wrote a poem a week
muscular in his meter
 pleased his mum
wrote a novel
 before she gassed herself

On fighting terms
 in Jack Straw's castle
a man with the night sweats
born at Gravesend
ran backwards & forwards
 until he cancelled himself
 in the annihilation of nothing

Feet walking, shadows
 light f/behind
 move up legs
 come in close
cut to hands on doorknob
 move up to face
as Thom Gunn walks on
 cut to behind
 move to back of head
he turns his head to look to R
 then, looks L
 cut to his face
 look of surprise
 light on a Throne
 he beams us a smile.

CANTO 33

Word in the world
Until at 61 she died of cigarettes
I came home empty-handed,
disconsolate
 pissed-off.
He lived in a world of cats
So full of themselves
Trying to get a PhD
“Who to get dressed up as?”
So we killed him

How could he not get ill

With so many ill around him?
How to handle the machine-gun
What there is to say, and isn't
Through a glass darkly
Saw what there is to say, and isn't

"I want to thank the committee
for my ever-growing
mildness of interest"
And the band starts up
Bound by habit, unbound by love
I'd like to wrap my poetry up
You go home with her, the blonde
She should know the way
Make a holiday of it
So at least, I can say that
Has come and gone
The spy that came in from the cold
Walking in the sea spray,
Along the shore—
Thick and full
My young time
Uma relexão flutuando
"Quiet, please, people are steeping"

Put the world in your face
Rejection of the world
Spade is a digger
And Hadrian's wall goes
I was thinking more and getting less
Plotinus has only one vision
One chainsaw short of heaven

He was there for four months
There were small things

Like flies buzzing in The sugar bowl

We dying live as if
By act of will

Edith is Isis, goddess
Who pieces the pieces

He's down in the wet grass
"I can't go on like this..."

Leaf-blowers roused his ire
Interrupted his sentence

"Dying by atom bomb is the most
Interesting thing to happen in
My lifetime."

Could've created a paradise
After WW II
Don't go there, it's a hill
Ask Sisyphus

We murder whom we hate
So cannot bear to eat them
He wrote *Rotting Hill* on Bayswater Rd.
Third definition of marriage:
"Don't bother me now, I'm busy."
(my head in that lap of hers)

The presuppositions of Modern Art
Being is the simulation of created
Characteristics

Trungpa came to the party
—Let it ring—those two idiots,

Flotsam and Jetsam

Because there's nowhere to go
We'll go on to Alberta
And at some point, the car rolled
 3x, the cold made us
 huddle together
I'm lucky to have gotten thru
 hard times
a nice, small boy from a good family
 a monster yearning to kill
Seeing within space, wisdom
Walk me thru the day, night
That's something else again
But God is English
Mansions unmade by human hands
In the branches of a moonless tree
"We didn't know what we did know"
Thou margin of every thought
 My dismay!
Spare me your rule
Faust took a walk on the wild side
Of all thy glory speak a single clue
"I want to fuck Edith on the moon,"
 said Bob, as if he meant to
Rene is masturbating, and his semen
Is the same in that it changes

And let the rigor of the climate,
Of something mysterious, decide
Today's word is "maelstrom"
These were organized crimes
He's got a point: another
Car-bomb in the suburbs
In the water. A quiet, spring-like look
A cosmic look, *whatever*,

—God, the cake, & after that, what?
“Burn alive the Iraqi terrorists”
“& about the silver for the medal...”
What happened to the sea?
 Look at Mars

Scorpions don't understand
It was a bad show by a man
 Who knew better.”
Or the big girl, rather. You lumped on
 Stage: “I didn't touch her.”
No; it was finished. “*The form as a
 Whole is in each single thing.*”
He'd be right there, lying.
Drunkenness, him being how he is.
She went to England & fell in love,
& rather than complain, kills herself.
“I can't go on like this.” *Then change.*

*One transcends being
So that everywhere there is all.*
 Thus, it would follow
The bad is my doing—but so's the
Good.
His wife sd that he had left town,
 But Bob didn't believe her.
But so things go. The boss poet
Wandered indeterminately, until the
Janitor closed him down—and his
 Acolytes were themselves drunk.

22 below in Badger Pocket.
Beating, she showed me the world.
He was of two minds, true-hearted,
& ditto Edith, full of war, yet loving.

“My sister, at 20, named our house
Bedlam, had a sign painted, hung
Outside. . .I heard this definition
Of insanity, that people say the
Wrong thing at the wrong time,
That sanity is a trick of agreement,
And you have to know the trick.”
Hating Parliament, they turn to
 Royalty, whereas here,
We turn to Gangsterism.
Hands up!

 Meanwhile, don’t
Hold your breath. Thom Gunn
Just died, my friend during his
early Berkeley years. Riding up
In an elevator in Wheeler Hall,
I recall him laughing about a
New song by the Kinks

 A dedicated follower of fashion.
Not that you suffered much of that.
You had money—that’s hard.
And a heavy drug habit, & an extra-
Marital sex life, in spades. But
You could write. And teach.

I wish I shared my co-author’s
Faith in afterlife upon afterlife.
We will never see, hear you
 Again, dear Thom.
Never write this poem again.
And you will never read it—
 Lucky you!

Response to David Bromige's and Rychard Denner's *Spade*

Douglas James Martin

Spade is the first of three books of poetry, jointly written by Rychard Denner and David Bromige that form together a work called *100 Cantos*. This name, the tripartite structure, and the epic scope of the work immediately suggests antecedents in both Dante and Pound, and an appreciation of this context helps clarify many details and intentions, and deepens the reader's response. At the same time *Spade* breathes its intertextuality naturally, as we do the air, and remains remarkably immediate and alive, quirkily independent, at once breezily conversational and mired in melancholy. It reads much as if we have stumbled into an entertaining backyard jaw between two cantankerous old versifiers, and the occasional neighbor, who spout anecdote, memory, joke, wisdom, and poetry, to each other and to themselves, with little care to posterity or the listener. And while we may not completely understand what is said, we are loath to leave the garden.

For the larger structure of *100 Cantos*, the *Divine Comedy* is the most relevant antecedent, with somewhat less of the divine, and more of the comedy. As the first of three books, *Spade* has an obvious correspondence to the *Inferno*. "Spade is a digger," Canto 8 tells us, and this digging stirs up worms and old bones along with rich soil. But rather than being trapped within the walls of Dis, we are more often striding the fields of Limbo with the virtuous pagans. Or as Denner has put it, we are in "the Sufi fourth heaven of the innermost heart," a place where the devil can still enter, though proceed no further. This is a place structured less by dogma than debate, though a debate suffused by a sense of mortality, by religious yearning and skepticism at once. In this way the joint authorship of the poem becomes a key to its overall structure: Denner, "who wanted to become a Buddhist monk", is in an endless, and endlessly productive, conversation with Bromige, "a terminal atheist." Though they may come to realize that they "do not share/certain beliefs," they both know that "the real was a making up," and that it "takes a lifetime to/learn to live in the world/or leave it.

At the level of the individual cantos, with their interweaving of fragmentary voices, personal, historical and poetic, Pound's *Cantos* are the obvious model. The opening of

“Can’t Do 5” (as it is written), gives a sense of this:

Bound by habit, unbound by love
the leaves turn, the rains fall
the creek rises
and the homeless are homeless
Takes my “I” out
right view, right thought, right speech,
right action, right effort
the cats were here or hereabouts
civil brutality of cats
who just want a little stroke
“Think you’re man enough?”

In a few short lines the poets range across lyrical self-reflection, nature, politics, allusions to Confucius (through Pound), the habits of cats, and a recalled challenge, all without obvious connective tissue. But interestingly, the example of Pound himself, of his progeny, and of his modernist analogues in other arts, have domesticated and canonized this “collage” technique, on the one hand moderating its original shock and on the other allowing for conditions where the reader can delight in the verse, and explore its meaning or destruction of meaning, without oppressive irony, or any fixed ideas about the implications of the form itself. A fragmentariness which might have seemed tragic in a Pound or Eliot might be a rich and humorous plenum to us, or simply a realistic rendering of the jagged edges of consciousness and conversation.

Indeed, if we strip away the narrative line from the *Iliad*, or the Christian and Aristotelian architecture from the *Divine Comedy*, much of the delight in individual lines and sections remains. The larger structure serves to sustain the reader’s interest through what might be a very long journey, and also to present a frame for the overall construction of meaning. Contemporary experience has made us skeptical of such artificial and unitary constructions, presented without irony. But Modernism has shown us that sometimes variety itself can be an organizing and sustaining principle, and that merely presenting a construction as a work of art can generate in the reader a play of meaning similar to that more explicitly guided by classical art. Contemporary work, moreover, has the advantage of being able to invoke the architectural apparitions of the past, when convenient, to sustain and structure the reader’s attention. In *Spade* the ghosts of Pound and Dante function much as Virgil does for Dante, mentors for the poet, and guides for the reader, and their invocation paradoxically allows for a more radical abandonment of the poet as narrator, without the abandonment of epic ambitions. The reader takes on the character of Dante himself, wandering through the underworld first-hand, without a prior sense of just where he is going.

Spade is in several respects more radically fragmentary than Pound’s own Cantos. This is partly the consequence of the only partially resolved dialogue in the poem between two distinct personalities. Pound, in contrast, consistently foregrounds a point of view that he at least intends to be consistent and prescriptive. Furthermore in *Spade* there simply seem

to be more voices at play, not just in quoted selections or in italicized allusions, but in the flow of directly presented lines. The two speakers themselves dissolve into myriad masks, at issue with each other and with themselves. Canto 20, an expanded version of Plato's *Parmenides*, is characteristic. It begins with a focused dialogue on the Many and the One, gradually incorporates multiple philosophic voices past and present, and ends in a smart-ass joke by Jerry Fodor (presumably), which does not quite undercut the earnestness of what goes before. *Spade* also makes rich use of the arbitrary constructions and witty discontinuities typical of Language poetry. In the following section from Canto 21, for instance, a central pun becomes a logical pivot, a movement that expresses a key ambiguity as well as a joyful burlesque:

and I am amazed at the amount
of material, which in this way is like
Pound's Cantos, sure he labored
over his more than we, and it shows
in his writing and not in ours,
ours is laborless writing
Laborless writing is a good idea
I'll put this in as a line.
Laborious writing is a good idea
to remind us of our task

Reading *Spade*, however, is never laborious, even when it is most bewildering. The voices are always lively; the jokes work; the self-meditations have an immediate force. Repeated readings help make clearer the lines between the voices of Denner and Bromige, though this precise distinction is not central to appreciating the work. A judicious use of Wikipedia helps make sense of some of the references, but as in Pound this knowledge usually only confirms the context within the cantos themselves. And an overall unity is maintained through the skilful interweaving of central themes and preoccupations.

And what are these themes? I have mentioned above an awareness of mortality and the debate between faith and skepticism, between the many and the one. One might add strains from politics, philosophy, and history, the limitations and possibilities of art, and reminisces of the poetry scene of the Beats and early Sixties, in rough parity. Indeed it is the inclusiveness of this material, as well as its equal balance, that suggest the epic form. Even the theme relatively absent in *Spade*, romantic love, is suggestive of the overall design, since the next volume in the triptych is called *The Petrarch Project*. And all these themes are themselves united by a point of view that arises naturally from the situation of the poets themselves. Like Homer, Milton, Dante, and the late Yeats and Pound, these are mature poets, closer to the spade than the forceps. Their broad focus, and their balance between memory and humorous anecdote, pity and sober self-assessment, arises effortlessly from long experience not quite freed from desire.

The poignancy of this self-questioning encompasses both art and ethics. *Spade* begins with an epigraph from Pound's Notes for Canto CXX:

I have tried to write Paradise
Do not move
let the wind speak
that is paradise
Let the Gods forgive what I
have made
Let those I love try to forgive
what I have made.

Spade ends, in Canto 33, with a summation that is itself a witty collage of lines from each of the thirty-two preceding cantos. Is this a proper way out of the underworld? Will Denner and Bromige remain as useless “as a hydrogen bomb,” or should they embrace this uselessness like “a lazy river, heaven sent,/or else a happy accident,/Just flowing there?” Will Bromige manage to leave “enough money for a quiet funeral?” Will Denner succeed, and does *Spade* succeed, by losing the “Self to gain/the Beauty of the Union?” These questions are not answered, but the conversation lives on.

I cannot close without saying a word on Denner’s method of “writing right into the book,” a procedure which contributes much to capturing the immediacy of the conversations that are both the genesis and the structural frame of the work. When I said above that *Spade* reads “much as if we have stumbled into an entertaining backyard jaw” I could have left out the “as if”. The *100 Cantos* are quite literally based on a series of lively garden conversations between Bromige and Denner, conversations which were recorded, edited, and transcribed immediately into a succession of chapbooks. The chapbooks themselves were then further corrected and edited, and gradually assembled into the complete work. The unity of the book as a whole, then, blends seamlessly into the experiential unity of two real characters in genuine conversation. The frame of two selves in time, and the frame of one garden in place, is transmuted into the literal frame of the book, and recreated in the abstract frame of art.