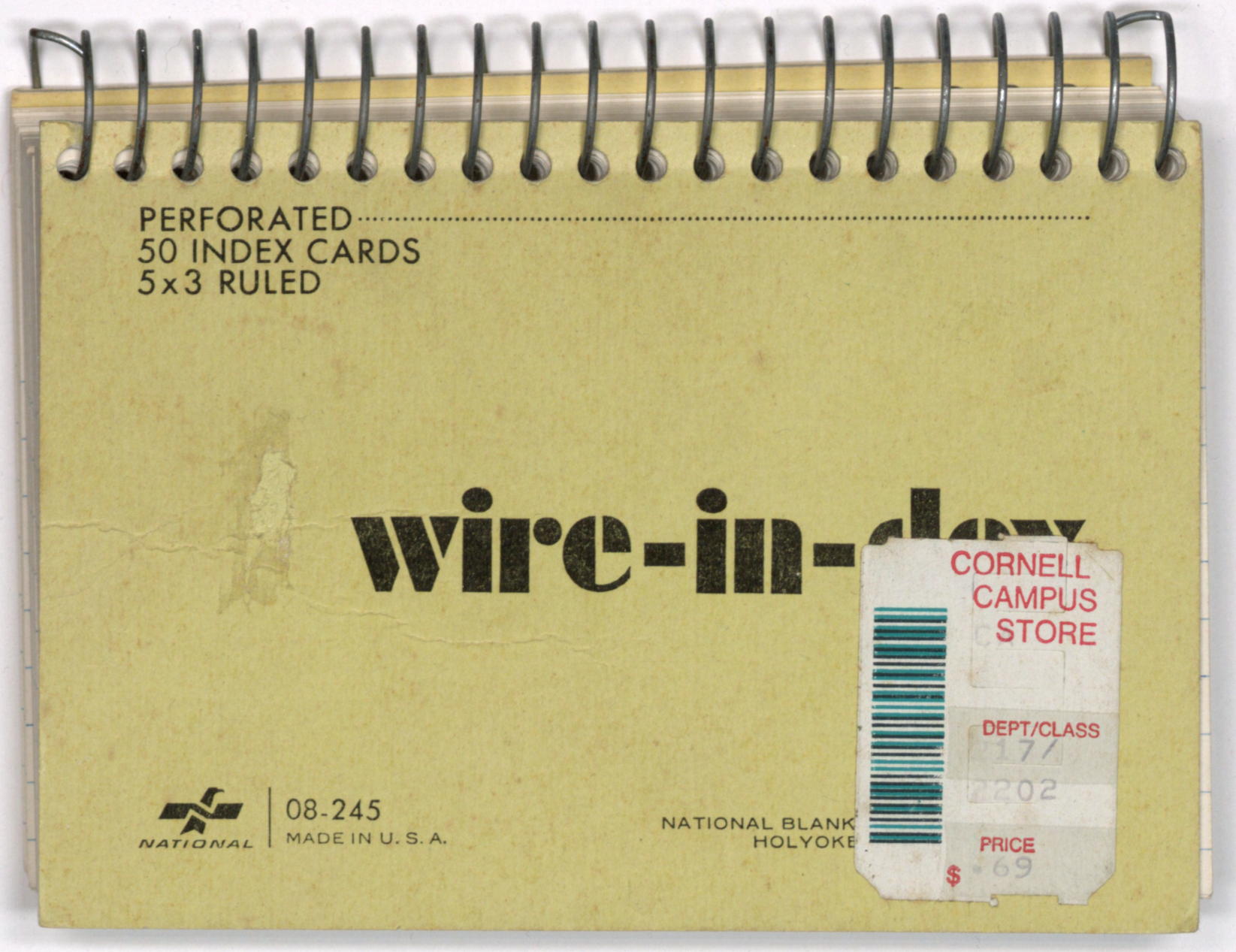

PERFORATED
50 INDEX CARDS
5x3 RULED
wire-in-dex
NATIONAL
08-245
MADE IN U. S. A.
NATIONAL BLANK
HOLYOKE
CORNELL
CAMPUS
STORE
DEPT/CLASS
171
2202
PRICE
$ .69

#1 An A.R. Ammons one-of-a-kind book

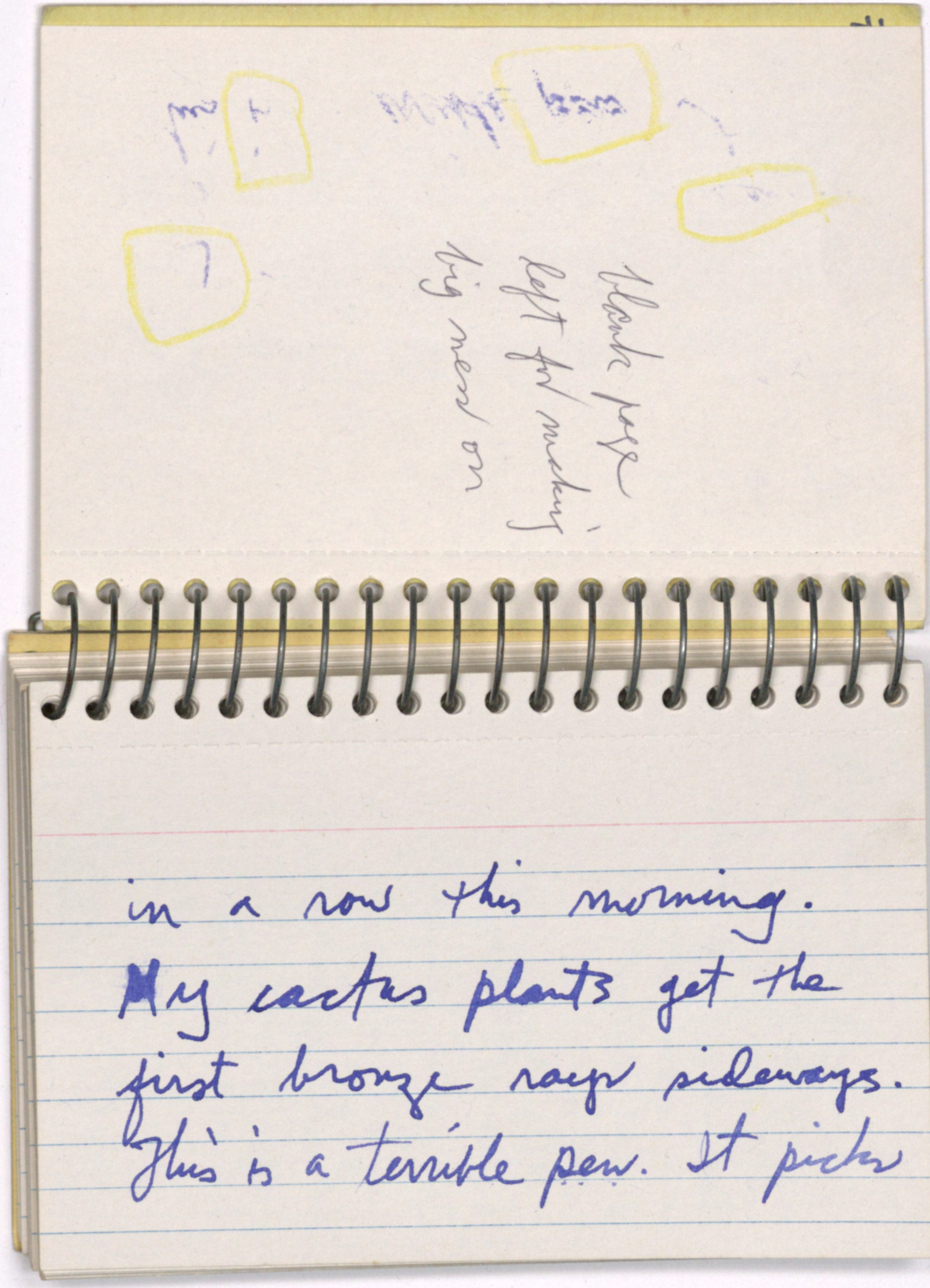
done in his very own hand

There is no motion in art and that is why it cannot be still

11/16/76

The sun came up right off the rim-ledge of the trees for the third day

in a row this morning.
My cactus plants get the
first bronze rays sideways.
This is a terrible pen. It picks

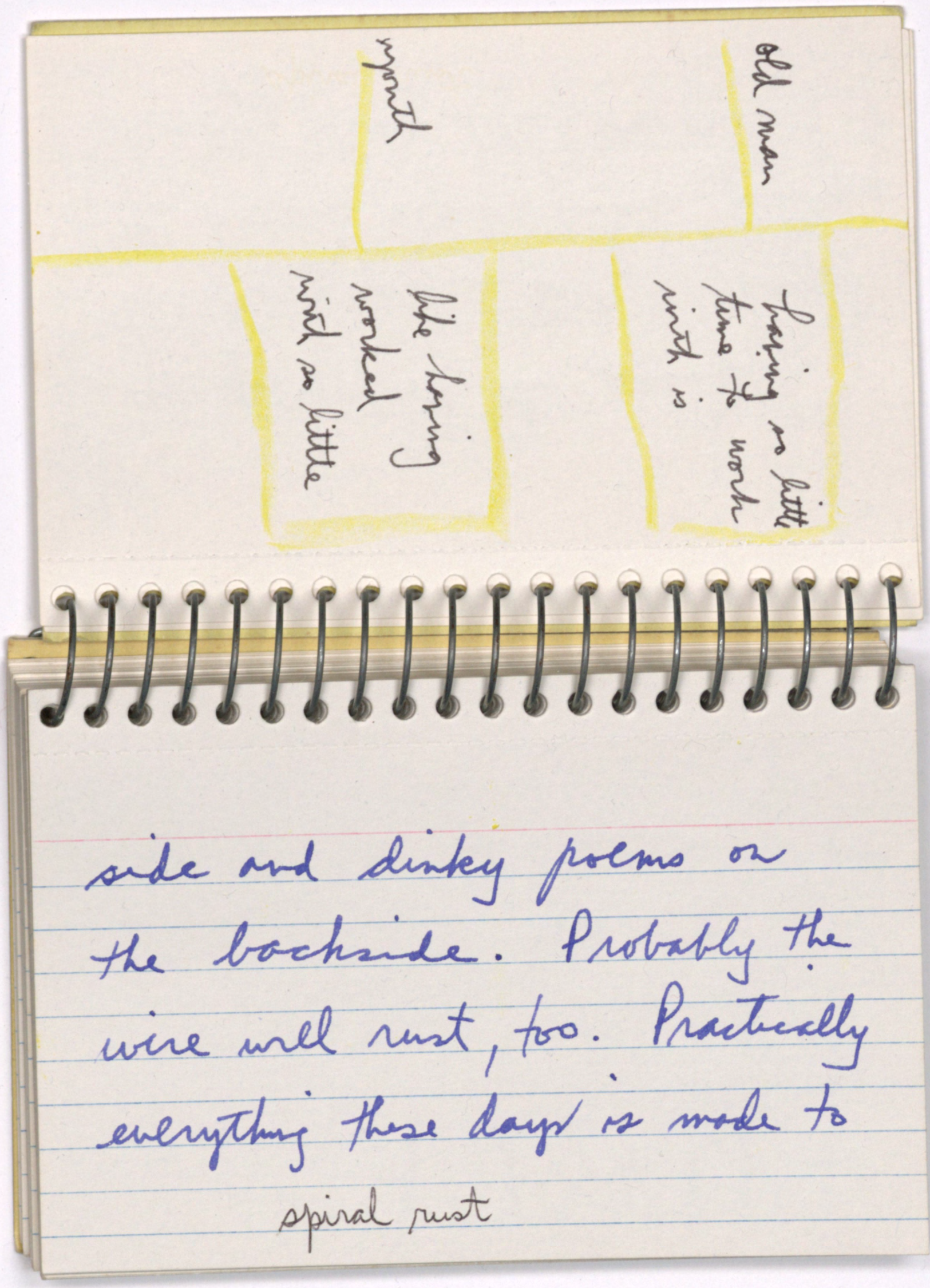


Shuffling

A centipede, the many legs,
will go straight away a way
and cut
back at an angle acute
to the course as if
to avert calamity
but then,
suspecting
his move anticipated,
loop round completely,
realising his way,
dishevelling accidents and
possibilities into
cool shambled ahead.

P.S. Notice all the combinations
with a. Is that average?

up fibers from this equally
terrible paper. But I thought
this would work fine... putting
kinky- dinky details on one



side and dinky poems on the backside. Probably the wire will rust, too. Practically everything these days is made to

spiral rust

information
in
poem
must
be
not
set
forth
but
caught
up

be disposed of. Nerve-wracking
in a way in that nothing ever
seems substantial, solid. But, of
course, the remarkable imitation

I fear all
ceremonies
except the
one where
I'll be
the coolest
participant

(in which?)

the one aisle
be the coolest
participant in

of nature (which heals over or over
from anything) is excellent. a plastic
pen (with a plastic refill tube) today
and, tomorrow, another item for the

me dip into the
shallowest map
and make m a
mined me earth recall

trash. The only difference (well,
not the only) is that plastic abides
in the woods, rivers, ocean while
nature's trash all dissolves. Plastic

Enterprise

A fish, fin
ichthy about the mouth, prim
or
dially
neat, translucent hinged
extending toothless
rims,
fans
his gills

(doesn't look like much
but sure sounds good)

sheets (the sides of bags, etc.) and
ribbons make a good cluttering
effect underwater – rippling as if
one with the water, like the

Handle
i
Belief is okay
but can do
very little for
you unless you
work hard for
it in which
case it is
worth too much
to have or not
worth having

narrowest worm or skate.
Phyllis went early today
to help the math teacher
at school. She goes once

Blue Skies

If I leaped
I would
plunge onto the
pinetops into
the deepest sea

a week. I don't have
anything until my office
hour at noon. Later this
afternoon comes the once-a-week

Catch

Near dusk: approaching
my house, I see
over the roof

the quartermoon
out, aiming, walk it
down my chimney flue.

Two-hour seminar in Verse Writing.
I have 19 students. So many
poets and poems! Seems (is)
that way here in the University

Recording

I remember when freezing
rain bent the yearling
pine over and stuck its
crown to ground ice:
but now it's spring
and the pine stands)
up straight) frisky in
the breeze, except for
memory, a little lean.

but in any city or town outside
the university you mention a poem
or poet and something is thought
to be known about you

Anxiety

to stay
strongly as
it just
strength of
people required
only that
making stay

immediately. Eyes lap. We're
both with our dumb childhood
feelings and perplexities. Embarrassing.
Energy wants to move or do the

North Street

I tipped my head
to go under the
low boughs but

the sycamore mistook
my meaning and
bowed back.

pragmatic, realistic surface of
daily life. I'm writing
too many words per page.
This takes too long, isn't

Pairing

Wish is a closer
rightness

plastic enough. Still it feels
good to be making a book
of only one copy. This
is a good way to direct

than reason which
wish

myself from writing more
poems. I got into the knack
a long time ago that you can
start writing anywhere about

tosses into careful
resistances to

anything and before you know
it you will have moved,
maelstrom-wise toward the
center, you will have alerted

be obtained;
but when

a considerable generality. Once
you see that cognition and the
earth are just interwoven poems
you can get impatient with (or

wish is not to be
wished

newly interested in) arbitrary
stand-offish, self-limiting poems.
One caring is for motion; the
other for staying. But what

reason like a
failed mate

the hell the best is moving-staying.
a whirlwind where form is motion and
the motion is the form. That is a
very deep reconciliation I think because

roams the woods
I the self

the spiral whirlwind becomes then a
higher pump moving substance
through from bottom to top or
vice versa in whirlpools. Then substance

whining for the
lost one

can move through in a different
motion almost unbroken by
the formal motion. I guess
I should work on this for
a week – not a day – or

Significance

(oops)

after brief heavy

half-hour (so far). I'm fixing my
own lunch today early, before
noon. Phyllis said there's chicken
in the refrigerator, and we

rain at two o'clock,

have some of that excellent flat
Syrian bread & can just in the
toaster... and we have apples and
yoogurt. I like all those things.

he listened at

Apples seem to me more interesting than idealism or dialectical materialism – a million times as delightful to see and taste.

the wood's edge
and could tell by

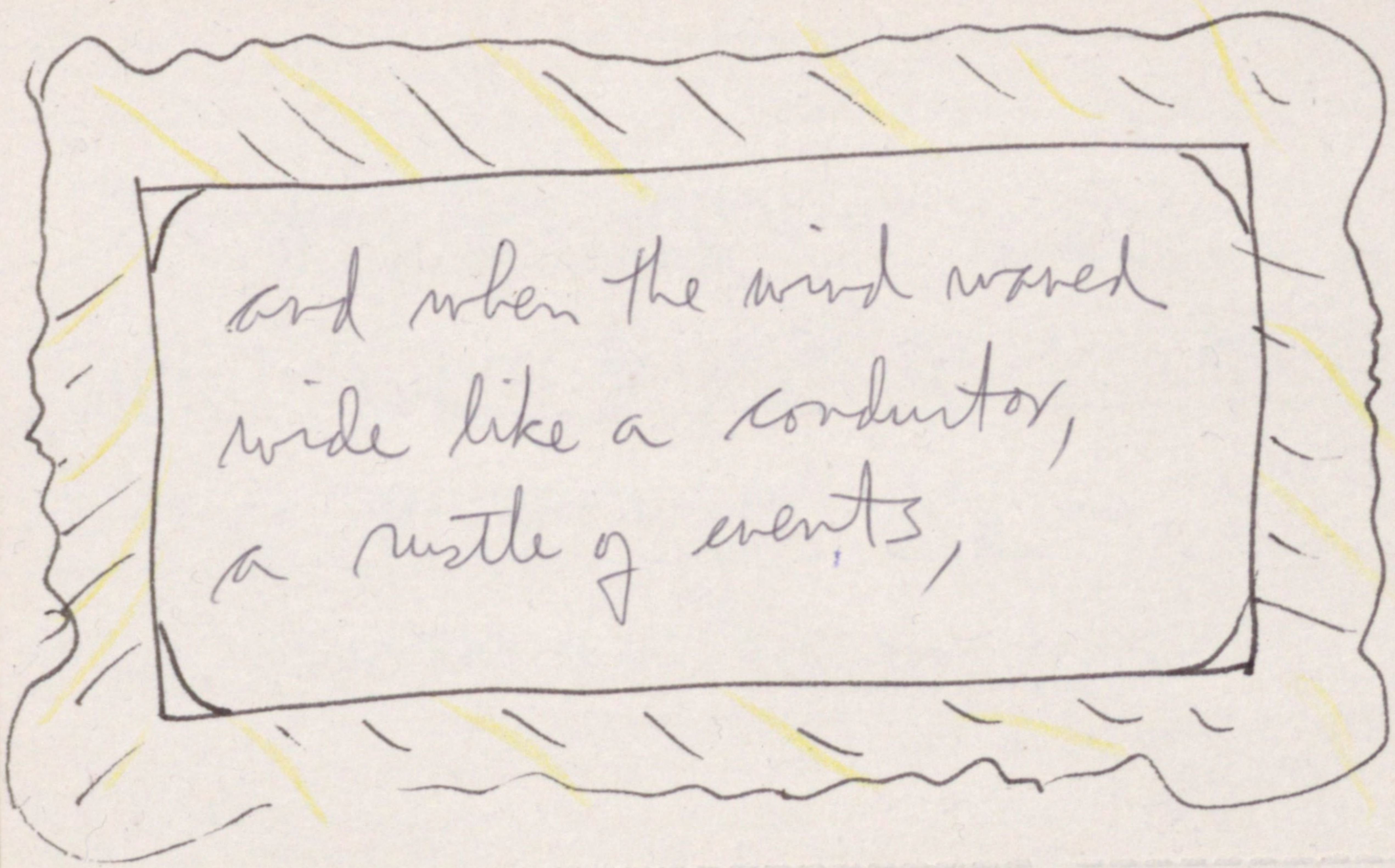
Those other matters too often
leave a taste of blood in
the mouth. It's almost
inevitable — in a pleurodyne

the clusters and sheets of drops
that some drops, summarizing
the leaves they'd

society somewhere an energy
will find itself, define itself,
insist on its pre-eminence and there
the show is in danger of tilting

fallen from,
were larger than
others or had
fallen further,

to fascism with all the terrible
costs to dissenters. Just now for
the first time I note the line of
perforations that allows one to tear



the cards free from the wire ring.

That's the end of this enterprise.

I hope to go looking again.

Corse

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Speechless

Coming to the windy
thicket I
said a brook's
here and lay down to
listen to the rustle
but fell asleep:
when I woke
the wind
was empty and
the brook had
dried up into a poplar.

) one (

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Continuing

Considering the show, some prize-winning
leaves broad and firm, a good year,

didn't

I checked the ground
for the accumulation of

) bend (

fifty seasons: last year was
prominent to notice, whole leaves

it

curled, some still with color:
and, underneath, the year

) it (

before, though paler, had structure,
partial, airier than linen:

might

but under that,
sand or rocksoil already mixed
with the meal or grist:
is this, I said to the mountain,
what becomes of things:
well, the mountain said, one
mourns the dead but who
can mourn those the dead mourned;

work.

my son's name is John
he's 10 now will
be 11 Jan 29.... I
went by so fast I
forgot to fill up this
page but my son
fills it up completely
he is a writer, too

oh, it's twenty

back a way
they sift in a tearless
place: but, I said,
it's so quick, don't you think
quick: most time, the asked, his

to eleven. I can

in the thinnest layer: who
cared bear to bear of it;
I scooped up the sand which flowed
away, all but a cone in the palm:
the mountain said, it
will do for another year.

start getting ready

How about this bk?
It is written particularly
for whoever has it.
I hope it is costly
and valuable. Doing
it is fairly boring.
I hope you like my
poems. Check next pg.

to start getting

TIFFEN® Color Control Patches © The Tiffen Company, 2007
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black
Inches Centimetres
A 1 2 3 4 5 6 M 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 B 17 18 19

Immediacy

I looked for coins
along the street's edge
on the way to

(stanza)

lunch ready.

the eternal sea:
looked at the sea,
a deep summary,

(stanza)

It's still bright shiny,

and returned along
the street's other edge,
looking for coins.

10

( )

so beautiful today.

Man's Nature

My hands he said,
are bundles
of sticks afire

Maybe the perforations

with pain: my eye,
one, wanderd,
making a wanderer

are good. The leaves

the other : my
dancing bone
lacked the carriage

can be extracted and

to thrust: I
see, I see, the
brook declared,

bound into a stuff

reaching out in
a bend for
anything to take away,

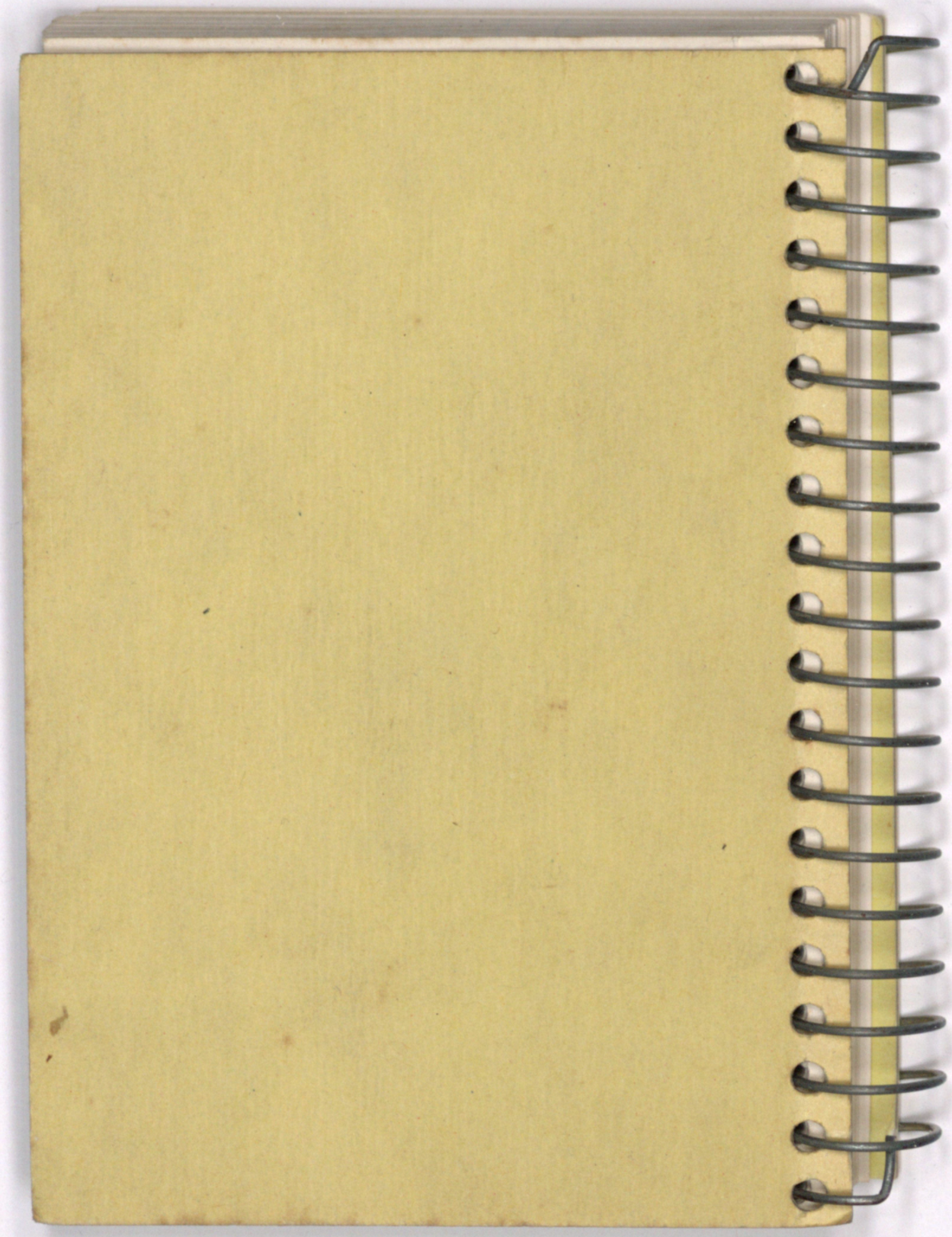
book.

when the old man
sucked it up and spat
it into the skies.

handwritten by A.R. Ammons, bookmaker

Reading
It is nice
after dinner
to walk down to
the beach
and see
that the biggest
thing on earth
is relatively calm.

written by hand
A.R. Ammons



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