NATIONAL

No. 33-504

80 SHEETS

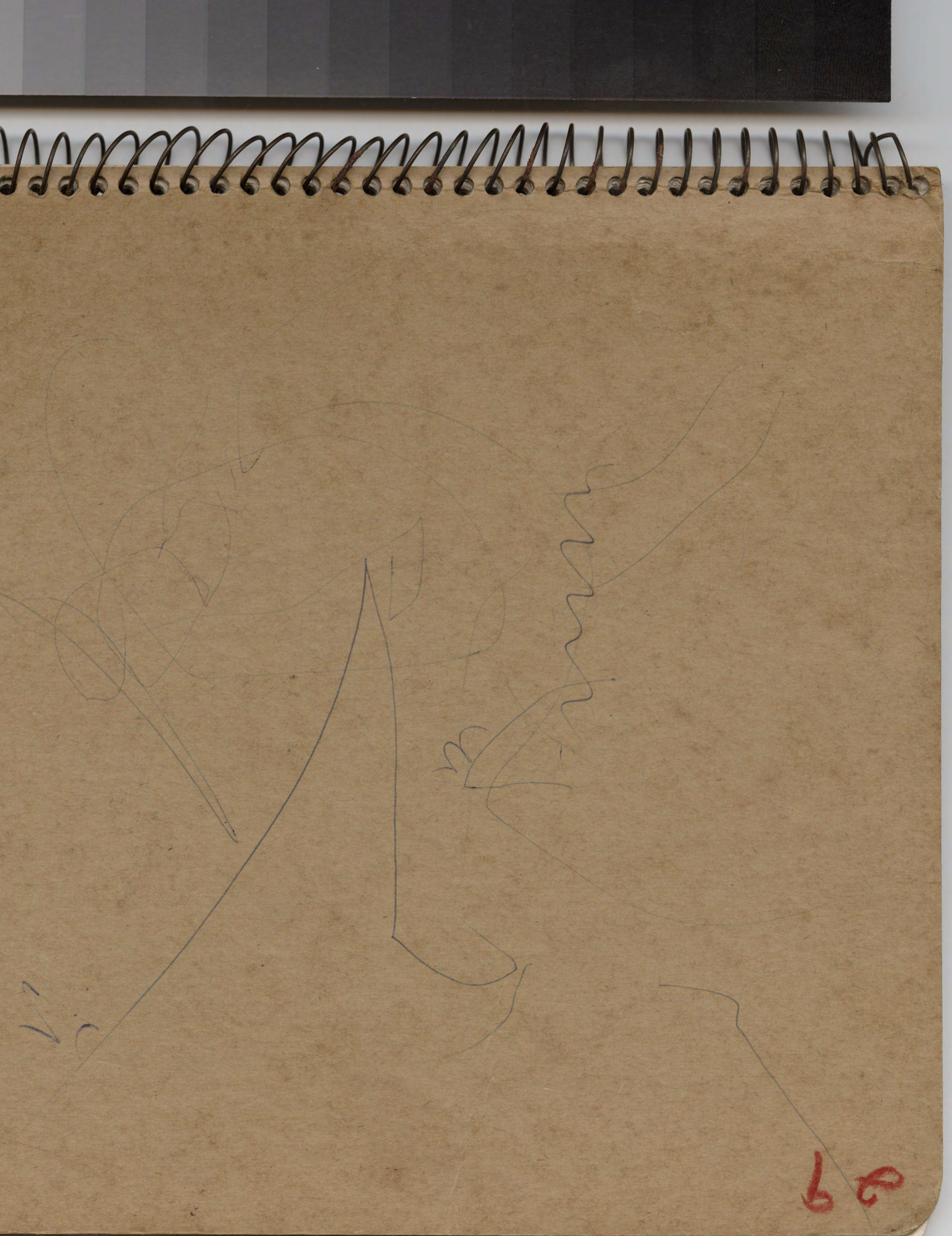
NARROW LINES

NAME A. R. Amm ons

ADDRESS [redacted]

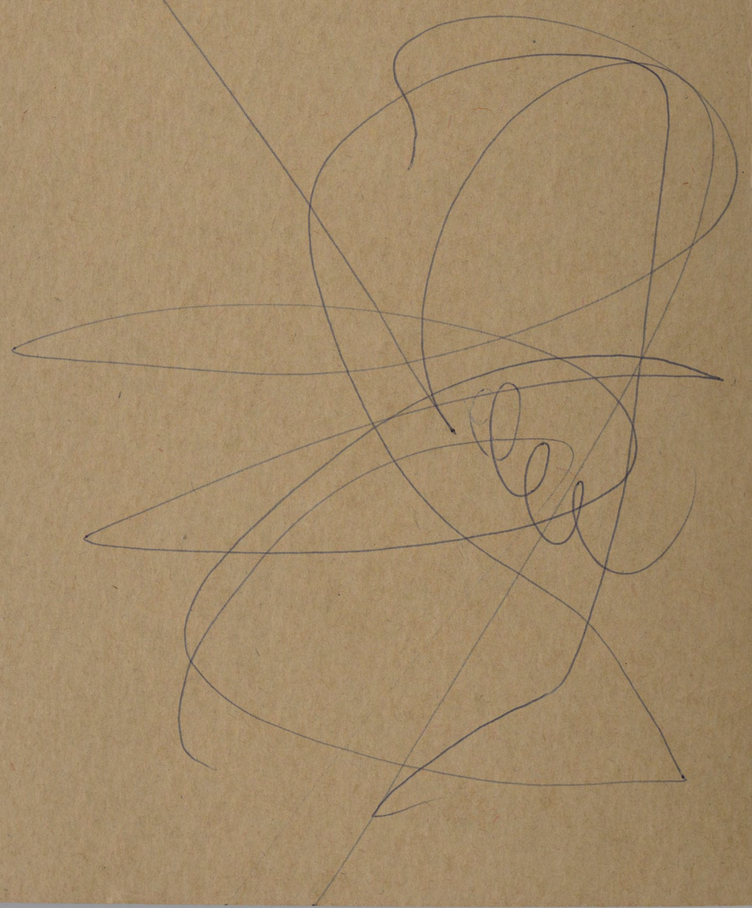
SUBJECT [redacted]

Made in U.S.A.



TIFFEN® Color Control Patches © The Tiffen Company, 2007

where it came from
we don't go
where it's going
we don't know
lonesome wind cry across the land



dig worms with a pitchfork rather than shovel. "There are other methods of ~~obtaining~~ obtaining worms, such as driving a stake into the ground and rubbing the top of it with a board to produce vibrations which drive the worms out of the ground."

"A gang hook with two or three single hooks attached to the same shell or leader is best for hooking these larger worms."

"but you can't beat fresh, lively worms on a hook if you want to catch plenty of fish."

9.688
620 | 6000 #9.68
5580
4200
3720
4800
4340
4600

minnows

game fish

"Another factor which makes the minnow such a good bait is that when it is impaled on a hook it usually swims around energetically, attracting fish from a distance."

"Minnows have one dorsal fin, usually in the middle of the back, and it has less than 10 soft rays." "Also minnows have no teeth in the jaws and no scales on the head."

"quiet pools to swiftest streams"

minnows will "eat land and water insects, small fish, fish eggs, snails, algae, small crustaceans, plankton, plants and even mud, sand or debris from which they obtain organic matter."

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TIFFEN Color Control Patches
Centimetres
Inches

The only way to win is to enjoy losing

learn to

you can't win: you must enjoy losing

All is One and Nothing is Ever the Same

I have always seen so many sides to things that I've repeatedly brought myself to a stand-still. There is much to be learned in a stand-still. But not everything: the decisive, if narrow, action is also valuable. It would be easy to say I am a fatalist. But I don't mean that. I mean that no vision of things would be complete enough to be valuable unless it contained an element of the fatalistic. So no vision is complete enough to be valuable unless it contains elements of everything and that vision would be so self contradictory, so chaotic, many-sided as to produce the nearly-disintegrated havoc of a stand-still. This problem, over & over, has been the passion & puzzle of my life. It can't be resolved.

8/29/67 – Rome

Nothing sounds phonier than a man not in extreme pretending to be in extreme.

Science News Letter
1719 N St., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

5.50 per yr.

bait cans

artificial lures – "except for a few purists, almost every angler uses live bait at one time or another during his fishing career."

"the majority of artificial lures are designed to resemble natural baits in looks and action"

feeding grounds of fish – "fresh-water fish gather where their food is plentiful, and strike best at an artificial lure which imitates this food the best"

"earthworms are taken by almost every fresh-water fish"

" the strange thing is that although worms are not commonly found in streams, lakes or rivers, most fish will take them without hesitation if they are properly presented. Yet almost the only time earthworms find their way into streams & lakes is during heavy rains when they are washed into such waters, although a few may crawl into the water by mistake or fall in when the overhanging sod banks along the waters edge break off and roll into the stream or lake"

" he can have some fine sport and bring home fish."

common earthworm (Helodrilus caliginosus)

~~also~~

night crawler (Lumbricus terrestris) "also known as the nightwalker, rainworm and dew-worm."

manure worm (Eisenia foetida) VOV

Rhythm is ~~recurring~~ motion in which recurrences become recognizable. operative. meaningful.

Virtue – Apple
Laser – Fixfire
Out for Stars – Kumquat – "Body Politic"?

his ideas are like ~~an~~ an apartment – furnished or unfurnished

to pull-haul

through the central
to ~~read~~ the general

If you can't do what you enjoy,
enjoy what you ~~are doing~~. do.

If you want what you get
You get what you want.

If you can't eat what you like
Like what you eat.

China china

I feel here especially, that I must return to my home state.

all I know is that Roma spelled backwards is Amor, if you can manage it.

Don't wait: fornicate. Don't wait: regurgitate. Don't wait: masturbate. Don't weight: gravitate.

"The best bait minnows are those which are silvery or light in color, active and hardy on the hook and can stand handling, crowding and other unfavorable conditions."

Most popular + common minnows:

Northern Creek chub (Semotilus atromaculatus, atromaculatus)
"This minnow is often called the horned dace, common chub, horned chub or just plain chub."

Of minnows – "Some species will be found in the quiet pools, others in the riffles and still others among the weeds. In lakes, minnows congregate in the shallow cover and near feeder streams emptying into the lake."

doughball

"Springs are usually good places to keep minnows since the water is clean and cool during the summer months, while during the winter it doesn't freeze for readily and enables the angler to keep minnows to be used for ice-fishing."

"Another disease in minnows is fin rot, which is caused by bacteria of several kinds. On this disease the fins or tail of the minnows degenerate until they are entirely destroyed."

"Minnows can be used for trout, black bass, walleyes, lake trout, pike, pickerel, muskellunge & many other game fish. They will also take pan fish like crappies, yellow perch, white perch, white bass, sunfish and even coarse fish like catfish and eels."

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TIFFEN Color Control Patches
Inches
Centimetres

~~a~~ a magazine ad of the ideal life (presented) – then description of the trash heap, smoke where the abandoned magazine lies awaiting burning.

endrin – dead fish in Mississippi River

Son, grafted, you have
taken root in my side:
(and) the meaningful sap flowing
through me
branches its main sway now into you

My own old head
wooden, ~~and~~ waterless
has lost its growth will
and will + growth
~~and~~ waits eddying with calm
or suddenly wild apprehensions of its dreams (fate) (world) days

hairless?
its growth lost + its will

2 IX 67

my old head
wooden, hairless
eddies in calm
or starts with brief
apprehensions of lost dreams

Some Nots from Rome

2 IX 67 (1)
2 IX 67 (2)

Scribbling is an itch one scratches.
AMMONS

From Rome

On the edge of this steep bank
where ~~men have~~
for thousands of years
stones have been dug and set ~~stone~~ – terraces, fills, walls –
still a certain flexibility has been allowed (has resulted)
for a pine to overhang,
a pomegranate bush, a corner
where the stone breaks to drain
~~for~~ the lizard ~~I~~ whips through to high ~~warm~~ sunny bark
and ants
make long (dry) journeys over marble
from cool spongy egg-cellars
to the provenances of (very) (an) ancient earth
rising like a demand through the inadvertence of man
with an 2 IX 67
ancient demand inadvertence of mind

where for centuries me
have dug + set stone – terrace, fill, wall

a slice where ~~the~~
~~[illegible]~~ older + younger walls don't
meet ~~[illegible]~~ left for the
insetting pomegranate bush, hung full,

Pipsqueak essays toward Notions of the Reality of Poetry

of the organs of taste and scent, and the ~~electricity by which~~ electrical + nerve mechanism by which they work

Giuseppe Umberto scratched his name into a wall brick now behind iron gates at the Colosseum in 1914

coloration, ~~[illegible]~~ ripening, decaying

The Image (an apple)

To what extent can the image bear witness? Is it the "visible" sign or clutter of energy testifying to things invisible, and is it therefore of secondary importance because it is not complete in itself but only ~~[illegible]~~ points to a greater completeness?

Can a world of discrete, discontinuous objects have meaning or is the world meaningful only or we by analysis or synthesis, add our discovery or awareness of some primordial, shapeless stuff, out of which all things come and to which all things are related: is there an invisible syrup, an energy, a motion from which all discrete objects take their shape and to which they all surrender their shape?

The apparent world, the world created by the senses, has lost its authority with us. We can no longer look at an apple or an apple, or an object whose shape, taste, and odor are appealing and satisfying. We are aware of "realities" the ~~eye~~ un-aided eye can't perceive: of cells and cell walls, of specialization into skin and pulp and seed, of indescribable, or yet, chemistries — the mechanism + controls of enzymes — of the manufacture + transfer of complex compounds from simple elements, of the relationships between a tree and a human being that allow the chemistry of human body to be nourished by that of an apple tree. There is no end of complexity in other words, to this "simple" apple: ~~in~~ man relationship. How much of the reality of the apple ~~did the primitive man~~ could a primitive artist apprehend, how much of the reality could he convey in the simple outline of the apple's shape?

In a sense of course he conveys everything because he gives us the shape, the recognition, of the object, and we are free to endow the ~~[illegible]~~ shape with or much complication as we can or desire.

15 IX 67

Rome Journal

9 IX 67

To walk with the Lord is to be in on the identity of the people, to care selflessly about that identity, to be brave ~~and~~ in asserting (defining) and defending ~~(defining)~~ that identity.

In the Etruscan Museum (Villa Giulia) is the skeleton of a man buried in the trunk of a tree. His skull is hidden as the exhibit is now spine, arranged but from the lower end of the trunk the rib cage is visible, the pelvis. The leg bones are perfectly preserved and are arranged so as to define the human figure. ~~Only~~ The feet are shapeless, a little scoop of pebbles. I thought with my double-hands I could hold them; then thought of the pebbles in my hands and of the difference.

The Etruscans were imaginative where it seems to me the Imperial Romans were imitative and capable only of technical virtuosity. I saw two "portraits" of a foot (fragments, I suppose, of pieces of sculpture) — one bronze, I think, the other definitely terracotta. Both the feet were ~~both~~ narrow and elongated, especially the toes, so that they were no longer natural feet, but the style, the art, the imagination are such that never have feet been more astonishingly feet: the artificial that renders natural experience vivid.

~~It seems to me also that~~ The genius of the Renaissance also was one of rendering and disposing — not, in other words, a deep figuring of imagination. The subject matter, chiefly classical + Biblical, is given. The form, an imitation of the Greek, is given. There remains only — though it is much — the skill of rendering the figures and ~~the~~ designing of the space the figures are to occupy. This is a second-rate use of the potentialities of the mind. The Etruscans did better.

Time, held, dammed up, the way it is here in Rome, is like an ocean: it can float or drown you. I thought at first, seeing the ~~[illegible]~~ Romans racing

over ancient streets in Fiats or walking ~~[illegible]~~ along sidewalks, or on cobblestones, by the enormous stones of "permanent" buildings, that they must feel their temporal flesh renounced & their time insignificant to the "total" time. That would work in a way: when flesh is put down, it becomes more thoroughly flesh. And the Romans do live in, with, and through their bodies. But now after a few days in Rome - and with few reasons for it - I feel that to the Romans the past is just a great power that thrusts them into the present. They are buoyed up by the past. Seeing so much of the past around them, they are past-seasoned and sharply divide the past from the present. There is now and there has always been only the present.

I ~~grow tired of~~ am already tired of Bernini ~~quickly~~. But I liked the first fountain of [his pathers] his I visited, the small Barraccia at the foot of the Spanish Steps. Water pouring from flues of stone, the slow wear. Curiously, though, I thought of the water ~~[illegible]~~ more eternal than the stone. ~~What~~ I liked ~~about~~ sitting in the shade there ~~was~~ watching the workmen come with bottles for drinking water, other pedestrians stopping to wash their hands and arms and splash water in their faces or drink directly from a fountain. And what I liked about that way the idea of how wonderful it must be ~~to be [illegible]~~ to make ~~of~~ a work visited in that way, act to those who want it, water for those who want it. Poetry, my kind, appeals to few because only a few ~~can~~ see it as meaningful only in terms of many.

What I feel here is that the cry of the oppressed, outraged, outsiders in a society is the ancient cry. Continuous cry. The cry has changed much but nothing is changed: the cry still rings.

Today, cloudy. Rain. This afternoon a mist-like, dense, soft rain. What I noticed for the first time in my life is that the circle made by a tiny drop of rain in a ~~[illegible]~~ puddle flares out in a twinkling and is gone. I mean, the motion through water seems so much quicker than you expect.

10 IX 61 - Sun.

The men look at the women with a frank, dog-like absorption. Even at close range, standing on a bus, the men turn and stare directly into the faces, or down the dresses of the women. They glance at the figures but ~~they~~ study the faces.

Nearly all the young women are beautiful, though not all pretty. Most of the faces are sharply defined but softened, rounded, melted; the softening an illusion created by the wide, open, mysterious eyes. Unfortunately, the older women are bulky and cow-like. But the astonishing thing is that such men - 95% ugly - could have begotten such ~~young~~ women.

The Pantheon is totally satisfying. One's first impression is not so much of the stone-immensity as of the vast amount of air, space enclosed. The huge dome seems weightless, floating on the air.

Copy of a letter to Walter Lowenfels:

Dear Walter,

I know you are prepared to expect that, as with other things, there is more than one kind of outsider. There is my kind who sings the best he can and puts on his best appearance, hoping someone will overhear, come out, find him acceptable company, and let him in. Among others, there is another kind who stands outside the door, sings his best to the passing public hoping they will stop and listen while he swears the house is a pig-sty, that the goods inside are ill-gotten, and that only immigrants are employed there as house servants. Etc.

Of these two kinds the first is likely to be an obsequious insurrectionist and the second a sour-grapes revolutionary or reactionary idealist. The self-delusion of the first is that he would like it, once inside; the self-delusion of the second is the fool-hardy belief that there can be a just society.

The first is likely to sing beautifully in general; the second, to spell out the evils + condemnations.

So, yes, all my poems are poems of protest – they protest that it is quite horrible (and in many ways splendid) to be individual and outside. For sometimes the insiders come out and louse up the individuality, and sometimes the passing public and the insiders form a common outside audience and that unsatisfactorily blesses the ~~songs~~ issues. So that is the wonderful predicament my poems are in and that is the explanation for your inability to find a protest poem in my books.

The closest thing to protest is the first poem – called "Kind" – in Northfield Poems. If you like it write for permission to Cornell University Press, 124 Roberts Place, Ithaca, N.Y. 14850.

Rome is horrible and fine. Best ever to Wintie,

11 II 67:

Today I reported to the Stranieri Questura, filled out a form of passport information, and was instructed to return next week – presumably to pick up an official notice of registration. Condizione means whether one is single, married, or (Italian – I almost said) divorced. Translated into condition that's pretty apt. For the purpose of my soggiorno in Italia I put Study: but the official apparently thought that overly nice and exact, so he put turismo beside it – that's more ~~comprehensive~~ vaguely satisfying.

The Questura is on via di San Vitale, next to Via Nazionale. So I decided to find the Museo Capitolino. After much walking, I come upon it from behind – the square, that is – asked for the Museo and was told it was chiuso oggi. So it goes. There seems to be no method to the hours. I arrived at Castel Sant'Angelo the other day at 3:50 only to be told that it was to close at 4 pm.

Though the Romans look sober, almost glum – I have seen no evidence of uninhibited joie de vivre here – there is an air of nervousness in everything they do, a graciousness that seems to express their own astonishment that things are going as well as they are.

I went to the post office on via Lombardia one day to send a cable. There were 8 or 9 employees behind the several windows, but ~~all of them~~ they had to be called to discuss aspects of the wire I wanted to send. Meanwhile, resigned customers stood in line in front of the windows, the conference of the employees breaking down into units of two or three people, then re-uniting into a single body. My point is: everybody has to have a hand in everything. It is wild.

Language is a fluid medium: not like marble, where the resistance to the artist is enormous. There is no way to chip away at a poem, to file, chisel, sweat till the shape finally yields itself. The poem takes motion into its substance, while in marble, the motion stays outside the substance, a result of the substance, of course, but still chiefly in the traveling eyes of the observer. Wire sculpture takes motion into itself, but then it incorporates space, too – it is not all substance, except as space, too, is substance. Oh, Lord! Start talking about art and the paradoxes + complications break out!

What I mean is that aside from lengthy tinkering with a poem, fixing it here and there – in some cases, re-ringing and really adding to it, I have never labored over a poem. So the question is: ~~how to~~ what sytax ~~should~~ or such out the possible + purposeful resistances in a medium, in language, in order to struggle against and with the resistances? ~~How to write that~~ Resistance overcome, and used, ~~can~~ can add medium-victories to the matter-victories (without getting into the hassle of whether they are separate). But language is not stone: it exists in motion and although sculpture is rhythmic and full of motion, it does not – ~~actually~~ except for modern pop and op pieces – really actually move. But because language moves, it must not move without resistance: one doesn't want a flabby, or super-smooth, or easy flow, but an interrupted, repelled, hindered motion so long as it is not stilted, bound, jumpy, over-restrained. Let motion suggest with variety, nevertheless assuming harmonic progression.

20 IX 67

I have complained so long – why don't I shut up? Maybe I will. I complain about poetry – that nobody writes to me, that I've never been heard of, that my poems have never been read, that I can't write anything worth reading anymore.

Well – it's all right. Maybe I can never write poems like "Terrain" "Hymn" + other again – but I can make these small motions at slight poems and get more life from and into myself than by any other means. Gratitude is the song I should be constantly ~~humming~~ ~~less hymnlike~~ real or the horror have been and – though it seems in smaller ~~horrors~~ ways – still are. It may not be enough but it is all one can do + do all one can, given the circumstances internal + external.

In a few years my head has shrunk from great time, space, weariness + a prison cell whose walls are still closing in. ~~That is quite a change.~~ Perhaps it is the cell that dreams, if not life, will return.

21 IX 67

Still no mail. Bernie wrote last (and first) on August 30th. I cannot understand it. He always sends the sales figures to me early each month. Well I must have said something painful unwittingly. That is what makes Bernie inaccessible: one never knows what straw of meaning will break his back. There may, of course, be some unusual circumstance.

To speak of straws with a slight change of scenery, I am almost always so downhearted that I clutch at straws (letters, anything) to keep from drowning. Bernie knows that: and his ~~capable~~ ~~using~~ it against me, to wound by silence.

I tell myself what most anyone would know – that a life cannot be very rich that must struggle from hour to hour through the hope and despair of ~~external circumstance~~ awaiting external circumstance. I know: but my life is not rich; it is almost hopelessly empty. But why? I have written good poems, if with a help of something inside me greater than myself. Good articles have been written about the

work. I have given successful readings. I should be happy and indeed I am animated gratefully: I could not sustain myself ~~doing~~ the sort of person I am – without the poems. My work is not great: it is competent, and some of it is near-great. Still it seems to me I have some right to expect a little news from the world in return.

No, I have gone to the mailbox here twice a day – the mail comes twice – for ~~too much~~ 10 days and there has been nothing for me. I am not very good at evoking subtle shades of feeling – but also I cannot describe the heavy, lumbering, hammer-like blunt weight of despair that sucks the life out of me here in this void. I need any straw – just someone to tell me! Oh – like Berryman, I have no inner resources. Lord I do my part. I write poems +. I write letters. But something is wrong – I don't start any fires (of love or hate) in the world.

28 IX 67 – from a letter to David Ray.

"These days I'm mostly absorbed with the discrepancy between striving for good work or a name and realizing that all is a "striving after the wind." Nothing is to be hoped from the realization that we're a bunch of ants enroute to total perdition – although that is the flat, colorless truth – and I am so far unable to find illusion that will hold up to disguise that truth. When I wake up in the morning, I am very calm, and I know. Then the day with its foolishness begins, the flapping of flags, the running of the ego up the mast, the love, bitterness, deceit, fears. I read Thomas Hardy – the only poet in the last 200 years worth reading – and sit down in that precise emptiness, albeit admiring the precision, which no longer comforts him. Maybe we need more folly and more praise of folly."

But, of course, the only reason to write is because one "enjoys" it. I put enjoys in quotation marks because while the unfolding of a poem is pleasurable the tense anxiety out of which the poem usually comes is extremely frightening and unpleasant.

In the precise economy of things – amazing how that works – perhaps it's

a chasmic insight

right that the gifted suffer each hour's maiming. Who's Who in America wants me for "meritorious achievement" – am I to thank my problems + personal horror, these many days and years of stress for that? But what is that? The pleasure of feeling strong for an hour or so – only then to start wretchedly looking, expecting, something else to help one feel strong.

I have the feeling that if life is not idyllic it should be, or was meant to be, and that we must feel ashamed, deeply guilty, because it is not. With such a view, it is impossible to accept the brutality and horror of reality as the average, the expected, the given. So the world seems always wrong and complaint always in order. The reality accepted, however, the evil admitted, one might be able to turn for salvation to the few good things with real exhilaration. It is the difference between always falling and sometimes rising.

a lot

– We have been married so long it has slipped my mind
Still (yet) sometimes I come in on an insight and say my God
Who's in the house, the stranger who dreams, that

invisible prisoner, who keeps another version of what might have been,
who's locked in a different set of veins: having become familiar
with the ground, each of us – I certainly – knows exactly where

the chasm is, so we're off in a fast margin of our territory to
forget it's there: probably we stumbled around for years, children
in snow, before we discovered it: how an odd surprise, a fact,
we sometimes store into the depths of with dumb awe.

Loneliness

dumb, new loneliness.
bridal

3 X 67

Cavalieri Residence
via Alberto Cadlolo 90 – Roma

Dear Richard Wilbur,

Chiefly to do homage to your poem, we went to Villa Sciarra to look for the fountain last Sunday. We came through a long arcade – is that the word? – of trees and there it was! But I was a little uncertain at first. I don't have your poem with me – I regret to say – but I remember from it much lively water. Now the fountain just drips, the large shell is closed by moss, fern-like waterplants, and tiny white daisies on spindly stalks. I was a little disappointed but that contributed to my admiration of a poem you must be at pains not to be modest – if you are – about. I do have Oscar Williams' selection of your poems and I like them all: but why leave out that one?

heavy and

I note with certain alarm in my column of family expenditure & profits represented in your column by the same number of deposits receipts
I note however no sign of accumulation. Your kids, away at school excepted: we sit here now with nearly an empty bankbook on the table and columns:

balanced?

I suppose such matters are to be taken spiritually, or perhaps one prefers words like inspiration: your word sang in my ears that expenditure was a kind of gain and that in your eyes to take deposits was a kind of gift: it is good to be richly broke, nothing left for the ground.

leaving us richly broke no trust for the ground

that would leave us richly broke with no trust for the ground
so we're richly broke with no interest in the ground
we're richly broke

Guitar Recitativos

I'm tired of the you-and-me thing
I am for more research into the nature of the amorous bond,
the discovery of catalysts for speeding up, wearing out, and get it over with
or for slowing it down to allow long intervals of looseness

Baby there are times when the mixture becomes immiscible
And other times we get so stirred up I can't tell
whether I'm ~~me or you~~ you or me
And then I have this fear of a surprising reaction in which
we ~~will~~ both turn into something else

powdery or gaseous or slightly metallic
What I mean is this whole relationship is, lacking further
knowledge, risky: while there's still time, why
don't you get yourself together and I'll

get myself together and then we'll sort of ~~don't~~ ~~spent~~ shy out
of each other's gravitational field, turn down cut out the unstring the
electromagnetism and then sort of just drop this
whole orientation baby.

Cavalieri Residence
via Alberto Cadlolo 90
Rome, Italy
29 Sept 67

Dear Richard,

We went to see your fountain last Sunday. I was uncertain I had the right one for the fountain was merely dripping, and I remember a lot of active water in the poem. The large shell is now rounded thick with moss, little white daisies on spindly stems growing out of the moss. Well, I didn't think the fountain the greatest I'd ever seen, but the poem just about is, and I was satisfied to do homage to that.

Today I went to the graves of Keats and Shelley. ~~I didn't cry but I suddenly noticed my heart was pounding.~~ The seal has broken on the top slab of Shelley's grave and the slab is slightly askew so you can see the dark inside – a tumble room, maybe specially because there was never much in there, was there? Didn't Byron + Trelawney burn his body on the beach? I had read just a few days ago at the Keats apartment Shelley's letter requesting of a friend a few drops of highly concentrated Prussic Acid, the "golden key to eternal rest." Too much of this.

Engl 203 (or 204) – Special Forms of Writing. A workshop-type course in the writing of poetry, fiction, etc., ~~with~~ offering classroom discussion of student work and ~~with~~ individual consultations.

Engl 490 – Modern Theories of Poetry – Discussions of recently-published poems against a background of twentieth-century theory and criticism; requiring a paper on the ~~poetry~~ work of ~~an~~ a contemporary poet.

or I am for slowing it down to allow long intervals of looseness

Gitfiddle Recitatives

I turn on and you come in.
~~I turn on~~
~~You come in and turn me on~~
~~The~~ Freon ~~starts to~~ purrs and ~~my~~ the
refrigerator ~~breaks out~~ blurs with hiver of ice
~~The~~ Westinghouse portable electric fan stirs ~~up all all~~
my papers ~~up~~ all over the room
~~The~~ waffle-iron whacks down ~~and sizzles~~ sizzling ~~[illegible]~~ imaginary waffles
One of ~~the~~ paper glues itself + billows to the back of the fan
~~and my nerves~~ my nerves quivering with ~~the~~ newsprint

the gas-jet in ~~my~~ the incinerator blooms on blue

my nerves nervous as newspaper

I tell you, you are a walking ~~commotion~~ calamity
~~a calamity of disquiet~~
And when you set down there is hardly less activity
The alarm clock breaks out raging ~~with~~ its held cry
And the oven in the kitchen gets itself for broil
I mean baby ~~I get to sweating ice~~ the instruments shoot for high registration ~~when~~
~~you come in~~ and.
frankly the ~~muscles~~ mechanisms in my legs — I hope you
never find out — jerk. ~~And you'll never~~
~~find out. I've never met you.~~
Oh I hope I never meet you, baby

the gas-jet in the incinerator blooms on

Oh beauty is so ~~nice~~
~~and so~~ disturbingly nice

~~Downstairs my~~
If the dream of you energies my house like this
I wonder what ~~would happen~~ could be rescued
if you ever actually walked in the door.

Oh, gosh, that beauty should be so disturbingly nice!
Oh, gosh, I never knew beauty could be so disturbingly nice

I can tell you what I think of your beauty, baby,
you ~~have~~ ~~have~~ it, its keen and ~~[illegible]~~ fast, there's this
glittery sword whipping ~~around~~ above over your head all day
and baby you make people snap — you condescend

and a surprised little heart splatters or you turn your
cold head away and a tiny freeze kills a few
cells in some man's brain — I mean baby you
may be kind but your beauty sweetie is such

many a man would run himself through for
hating your guts every minute that he dies for you

he will ~~turn~~ fly to poetry
and try and try and try.

The ~~Brett~~ Difficult End of ~~Constipated~~ Sublimity in the Corner of a Cornfield on a Late afternoon in Minnesota

Robert Bly, ~~amazing~~ charming guy,
Has no button and no fly
~~To compensate his lack of pate~~

Drops
Will drop his pants on any chance
~~Squat~~ to fly to poetry
And ~~try~~ try & try & try.

And squat to try for poetry
And try & try & try

Squats for poetry and flies
And tries and tries and tries

Or if you please, ~~will~~ bend his knees
And squeeze & squeeze & squeeze.

The Difficult End of Sublimity in the Corner of a cold Cornfield
on a Late afternoon in Minnesota

Bobby ~~amusing~~ ~~amusing~~ a musing
Robert Bly, ~~charming~~ guy,
With no button—and no fly—
Will drop his pants on any chance
And squat to try out for poetry
—And try and try and try.
(Or, if you please, will bend his knees
And squeeze and squeeze ~~and squeeze~~ ~~etcetera~~ you know.)

Hoping some Tiel en ringe (S.A.) inner ~~inner~~ from mental scrimmage
~~Strains in~~ Flops up, ~~drops~~ drops down, falls through.
You're lucky his friend isn't you.

it's agony will move him to renown

sink rake
shape up, fall through, plunk down:
~~which~~ it's effort agony accounts for his first renown:
~~Sex~~ it's effort will move him to renown.

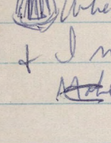
Sent to Hudson 17 X 67:
Worm, Dreamer, Economy, 5 Guitar Recitations

Though it's true as Frost, I think, said that poetry is a nationalistic matter because it lives only in a nation's language — that still doesn't mean that the concerns of the poetry should be nationalistic. One should speak to a nation to enlarge the minds of the nation beyond the nation's boundaries — though keeping tight the center, of course.

It is not so in one sense that every new work of literature alters our view of all literature. The purpose of history in literature is to restore the historical moment to itself. History helps us to see that the dwarfs whose shoulders we stand on in order to be giants were really giants or that we are dwarfs on dwarfs. Anyway Eliot's statement implies progress — but there has been none. Campion's lyrics are Campion's lyrics; they are as such unrivalled and no one irreplaceable has improved them. What really happens is that from time to time in history there is a breaking out of genius and each breaking out achieves the same, that is, the maximum, that is, the height it is capable of. The breaking out is in each case different not so much because prosody has "improved" as because the times are different.

melting the moon tumbling from its icy height down the day sky
so the unwise + spent (blent)
teach wisdom + merriment: the icy moon
(melting) tumbling from its fell down the day sky

I take my young son out early to play:
behind a wall near the manure pile
tiny flies spin white fuzz in the flat
white bush-beamed light: I realize
the unity I seek for my work is
the planet earth:



When I feel mean, don't worry, baby, it's I'm all right:
+ I mean mean: trip me the right way (a glove) and I'll
flower bloom grow all over your bed, I'll make
the seedlings wish they'd never wished (for rainstorms + rain:) — hoped for rain
you worry, baby, when I muzzle up, timid
as a shipwreck afraid as not afraid to grasp the as not afraid to grasp
surf-rock, acting like, baby, serenity won the race
next thing you know I'll say I'm tired why don't we
just go to sleep — both of us lying down in the putrid loving kindness.
doing off into

Talking about poetry is not much different from talking about a play: you have a house, a stage, actors ~~are~~ standing around, some one ~~is~~ working on the scenery, ~~there is~~ a script – but no performance ~~there actually~~ ~~a play is never performed~~ enacted. It is impossible to know a play without ~~watching~~ the play.

Shelley:
his top slab
has lost its seal
and shows the dark
inside:
where nothing more than a
charred heart
fills the room.

100,000

150,000
5
$7,500

Memorial Ode for the Confederate Dead

chinaberry trees, crepe wild myrtle, mulberry, honeysuckle, dogfennel, jerusalem oak weed, jimpson weed

For Keats At His Grave

The wind stirs the lawn, hawkweed,
Daisies, stub-chicory: little more
Can be said: it is as before:
Eternal motions mock and move

Everything that came to stay.

gone back whole to turf ~~sod~~

unlike flowers that give themselves back whole to death
these turning their bodies back to earth have
in a lost cause
communicated death to the brows of the living:

heisted up

nothing declares the smell of ~~the~~
death
like spring's turning away
from it

the pasture with
a singing pine or two

I – forty now – remember
the war
through the mouth of
mother, grandmother,
father, great grandfather

one –
shot his trigger finger off
did he have a
personal dissent
arrogant or glory
or a weak + cunning streak

say the living
can turn their
numb faces into the fact
cold as a stone vine
~~or~~ cluster of colorless grapes

the jay that can
call like the red-shouldered hawk
her some custody
of the modes of danger

it is not that they
died – or died for
the lost –
but that again – or everywhere before –
~~as~~ men can
turn their liver toward the wind
with the ancient dream of
hearing the wind
come round

in the lonesome night (I
hear) the wind making is charge
out of all that
sleeps or flies

dry rot too is a fire,
consumes ardent

~~the~~ potato vines ~~have~~ ~~met~~ meet
across the rows, a still trembling
lake of designed waves
except where the wind
prints its round ~~singer~~
against the leaves: farmers
guess the time now between
mature roots and frost:

the mockingbird in the
wisteria, now
turning to leaf, runs
the morning through his song
transfiguring – exhausts the
morning + spills it
out re-made re-brightened

a still designed ocean

the plow waits the unearthing

death is a traipsing
bitch whose
hard about her hair
reveals a bronze lobe
or of ornament

(Send no Help)

Locked in with ~~his~~ blood and chains,
shells of chain streaming
outside down links of rain,
the cold days
windy steel thrashing
brilliant sheets at ~~his~~ window,

~~And~~ blood erupting around
the shuddering boulders of ~~his~~ heart —

Is someone there?
Don't let him in.
Has someone come?
Send him away.

Here in a cold white
flagrance, the penitent links raining, steel's sheen
white sheets twisting whips (a sheen of steel), whipping in the wind
in the wind
how could I have more freedom from ~~his~~ sins?
How could ~~his~~ ground be more secure?

19 IX 67

the bitterness in my tone is not bitterness
but the energy I muster to skirt the truth

or

I'm in it for what you're in it for, baby

Horribly the creature in you rows to me,
the creature apart and unobtainable

the balloon-seller ties
his threaby string to a fence
and seeks shelter from the
early-afternoon shower:
the balloons, in two and
three, struggle upward
in the rain-bringing breeze
then as the still rain comes
sink slowly
till the giant yellow rabbit's
blue tipped ears
touch the ground

there is a gentle weight
the lightest
air yields to:

20 IX 67

subtract from that shower
every drop a dog could hold
and the ground is dust dry

20 IX 67

I can step across the diameter of our uptight orbit

Know what I'm tired of, baby:
I'm tired of the just-you-and-me thing.
The ~~cuff-cuff~~ hand-cuff between our wrists: I'm beginning to wonder ~~if you're~~ who's the fuzzy.
I mean have you ever seen a hen ~~rise~~ get up ruffle and shake her feathers after the rooster's been?
Baby, that's how loose
I'd like to shake us up:

the orbit here is up tight. I can step across the diameter:
I never needed anything so much as a spoonful of loneliness, a dillie poured out on some real ~~dry~~ city street:

the ~~hard~~ ruts of winter luck that brought me to you have set in my head:
I ~~just~~ go back + forth like a wound toy:
See that ~~fuzz~~ flag up there over my head;
~~Baby~~ it ~~just~~ keeps waving ~~that~~ one word, baby — HELP.
16 IX 67

These hours, ~~these~~ days, approaches, smiles, these blistering, chills, this blistering, sweating, chilling
Baby, you don't know:
it's been like coming on pheasant at dawn,
~~watching them~~ flushing them watching them flush
into ~~the~~ autumn grass and bushes flying: like
Every moment, baby, has made the single big moment of a red balloon, like easing off, wading into space
Everything, baby, has been ~~like one big moment~~ the red balloon of a single moment
Floating, rowing in your arms fulfilled
my dreams ~~like~~ complete ~~apples~~ as an apple:
Now, I'm slipping out: you were ~~heaven~~ fine:
In my head ~~is~~ a big reel tape of paradise is
Set for re-play down a thousands ~~roads~~ hungry roads.
16 IX 67

but I'm popped you're punctured + I'm slipping out:

Baby, harness up all your hair and goodies
into a neat bow-tied bag
Gather up all your little mounds and bunches
into one big mound and bunch

(my lust sees you in its own figures)

my sight is more naked than your nakedness:
your body clothes you
but to my sight you are skin-level with no place to hide!

What's the matter, baby, you got something like
a low-down, grass-chewing need
You got a toy chest full of busted up castles proverbs
You eating like rat's teeth the wafer of a dream
the days won't give birth to (bear)
You got a fast motor going, nervous for a sanctified scene (trip)

Come on in, Baby, — You have lots
~~There's company here~~ Baby — You got plenty of company here
Listen, to all these motors revving, we're going someplace
Don't worry Oh Someday the cool-spell like a turned-over stone is gonna come
And like menthol we're gonna rise to the banks of high rivers,
lay skin into the bright pools of forever

16 IX 67

Whoever that ghost is walking up the road, baby,
Is he coming to see me? (ur) looking for
Whatever that bell of fire over the skyline is baby
Is it on a collision course with me? (ur) to collide
walk up, walk down,
get up Get out
Baby this is no place to be

Whatever those small small things working in the petri dish are baby
Are they small enough to get in unseen
Whatever that colorless, odorless gas getting loose is, baby,
Are we gonna know when it turns to green
walk up, walk down
Get out
Baby this ain't no place to be 16 IX 67

Lines to be set to Music for a Talking Guitar — Lines for the Guitar

2.
I know you love me, baby
I know it by the way you carry on around here certain times of the day & night
I can make the distinction between the willing and the unrefusable
That's not what I'm talking about
That's not what I need
What I mean is could you just peel me a few of those grapes over there
I want to lie here (cool and rest) and assuage (and accumulate)...
Oh Say about half a bunch
That's what I need
— flick out those little seed out? — flick out those little seed
Just drop 'em in here one at a time
I'm not going anyplace today, baby
Relax — sneak the skin off a few of those grapes for me, will you?

16 IX 67

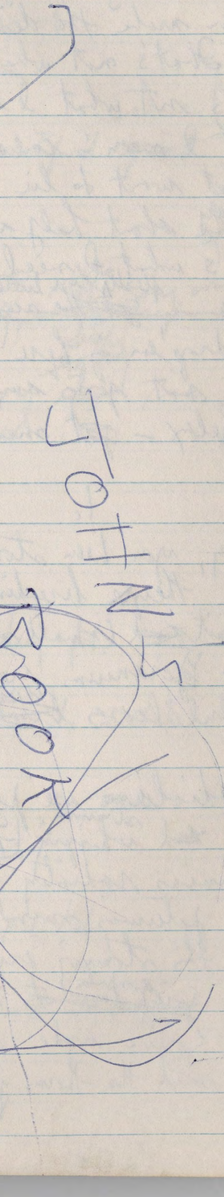
1.
Baby, you been stomping around on my toes so long
they're breaking out in black and blue hyacinths,
well-knit (small size) forget-me-nots (dahlias)
Geraniums are bulging out over the tops of my shoes
tendril leaves coming out along the edges of my shoelaces

Gladiolas are popping out of the small of my back
whipping (their) cool stalks up my spine whacking
Zinnias radiating from the crook of my neck
and petunias swinging bells down down bells from my earlobes
All this stomping around on me you been doing baby
I'm gonna break out in a colorful reaction
I'm gonna wade right through you
with the thorns of all these big red roses

16 IX 67

though loose and halfway
round the wored
from home, I live in a tiny shrinking
cell: ~~the~~ my gestures are grow
(all) small: with fury,
jealousy, lust, hate,
pain ~~are~~ highly
stylized, ~~eyes blink~~ an eye
twitches, a finger lifts:
outside, the cleats of censure
ring on smoky cobblestone: I
have not any way to grow
into this autumn and no hope
of being heard
except by the ~~slight~~ shouldering ~~rattle~~ winter
will bring into my cage
15 IX 67

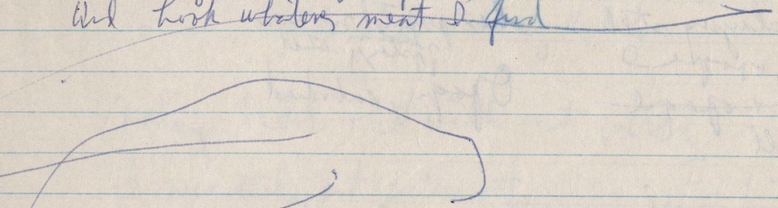
JOHN'S BOOK



stone

My little eyes are stony;
my little teeth are red
Punch me in the groin
And you think that I am dead
if you think
And you find that I'm not dead

here is my ample hook; I drag it
through the days (of chance)
And hook whatever meat I find



Baby, I feel you as a taint: you have made poor meat
of my freedom; your drunkards
work veins in the longisimus dorsi of my erection

conceal

give way to the wind
and give the wind away

motion its visibility

With (a) ~~precise~~ ruthless veracity
the trees (the rushes) give
betray the wind which
though
invisible
has not perfected a
means of staying still
embodied, opaque
~~I corporeal + opaque~~
hold still
~~and become~~
with inner invisibility
+ hold
my leaves in ~~branches~~
that shake tremble
but say nothing at all (mute)

motion is its visibility

give the wind away
though ~~invisible~~
to move at all
is to become visible + known
has perfected no means
of motion of staying still
Opaque, embodied

graves pour, spill

no means of being and
staying still

14 IX 67

I opaque, embodied
can stand by statued
rush + bay
and betray not a leaf
~~of~~ my stormy inner scape
Thus the difference
I am grateful for the difference

paid for though unearned

Thus a difference
a difference grateful for
as plenteous mercy

Who's Who in America
Midcentury Authors
A Poem is a Walk – in book form
Richard Howard's essay in book form
Donald Hall's Anthology
Selected Poems
John Hollandas Anthology
Mark Strand's Anthology
The Many Worlds of Poetry?

nothing not to be lost will be gained
and the golden lofty archer
of the made + happy mind
will merely darken

will become stricturden by the dark

nothing trusted that will not betray

I nevertheless put feelers out
turn to try if the sun will reach
look forward
to seeing how the rain will run:

nothing, not a single lurch
of love or grief, nothing
dreamed solid and shaped that
will not be broken:

nevertheless, the dream unfurls
its spectacular, public garden
advertising a self-made beauty insufficient:

3 IX 67

416
20
83.20
84.00
167.20

336
25
1680
672
8400

416
2

832.00
840.00
1,672.00

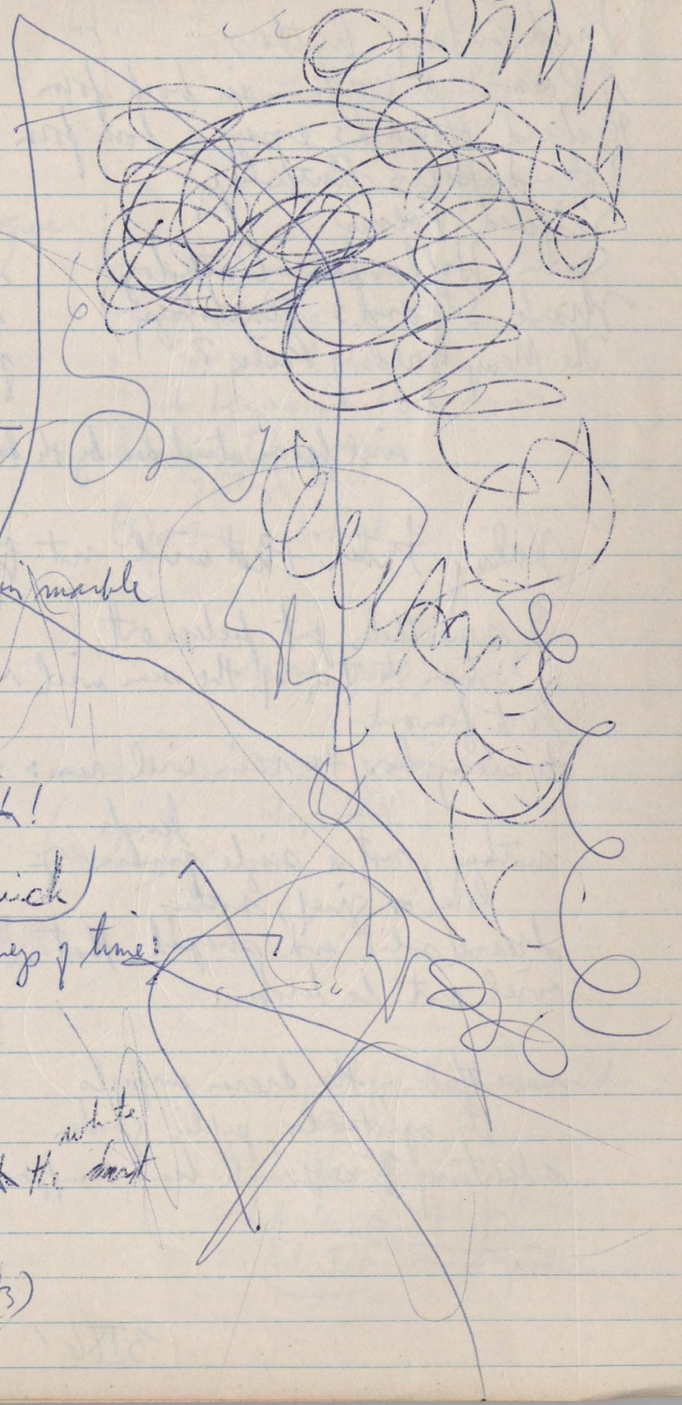
Fiori

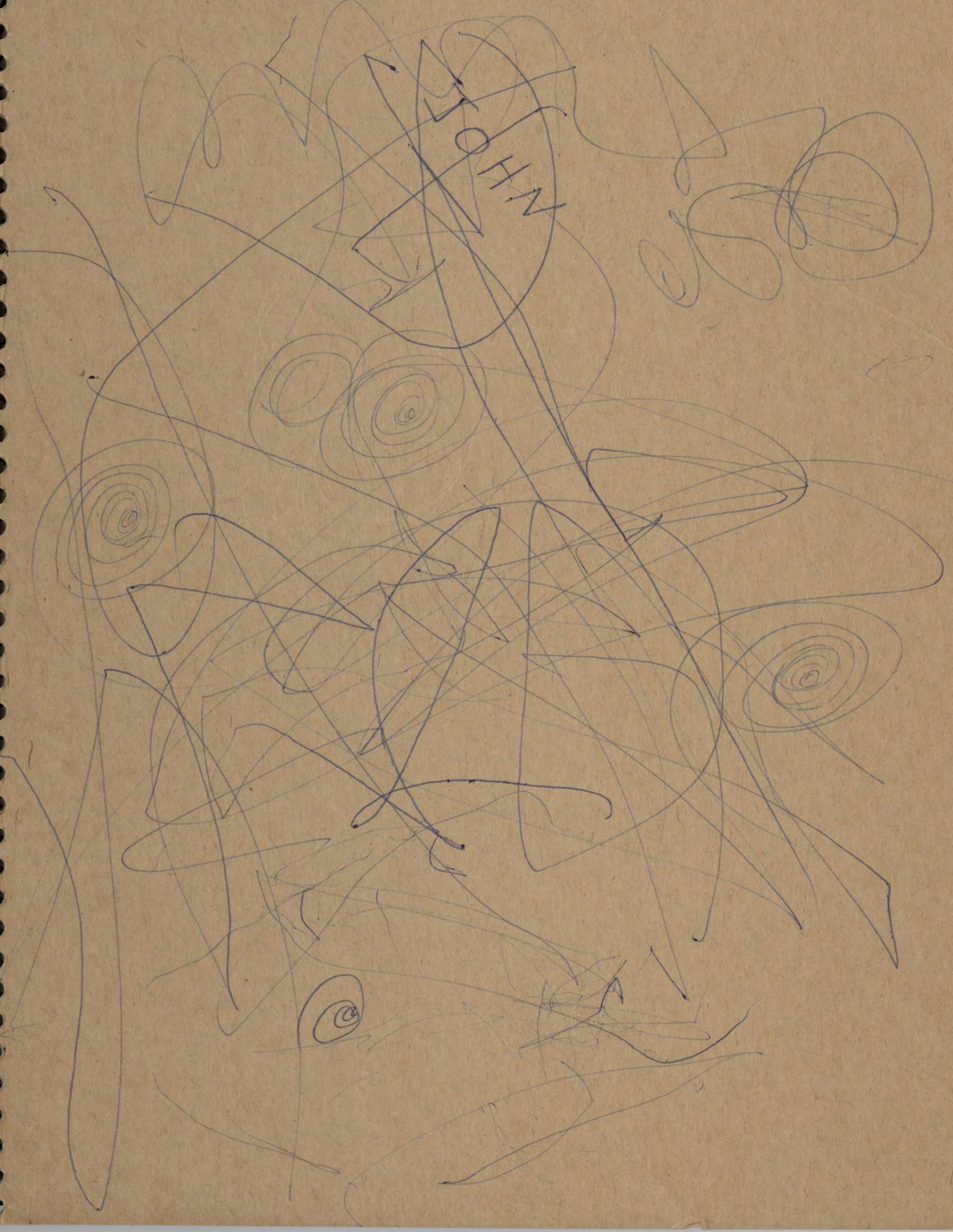
~~there is a~~ the flare on certain marble
reminds me of the
fire marble
renounces in me:

which is more ~~an illusion~~ illusory!
this fire ~~so~~
~~jerky~~ + perishable + quick
or that that colors ~~the~~ the journey of time:

oh but I move and
burn caught in the
transfiguration of fire:
and ~~my~~ mere ash equals ~~to~~ the white dust
from polished arms.

2 IX 67 (3)





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