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Kaia Sand
from **progeny**

some kind of pub-
lic house, warming
hut, citizen's hall.

belonging to the heart.

all things which be cordial,
that is to say, which do in any way
comfort the heart.

and that I laugh.

aromatized and sweetened.

casting forms on
night walls, lovely
people, lovely man.
I come to think
my way to the next
day. but tonight,
cordiality, a tipped
glass.

where lore. where
lore of he who tipped
his glass. a daughter
I was at the wake.

tonight, I
laugh, awakened.

a whorl

so lackadaisical
lovely you
and laughter and

an ear a joke a
shiny inner seam

last names
become a body
of water a sediment-
filled dam

lined with trees
parkland regulations

stolen excavations
bicuspid quarry
worry

shadows in the black box

or carcasses hanging seamed mouths
or quivering wrists tourniquet bound
or pomander of diction steady forth street time

or roost on the stonybrook
or overrated august observations

or turn to the stowaway garden
or necklace of reverberation chatter tone

or I would like to say clearly
bells outweigh bodies weighing down bells
icecube sway so sound says
so clearly incessant chiming

or hush your hand and all its rings
outside is only a city

*

We learned to disguise reasoned
argument as sentimentality in order to pass,
to disguise free expression and
various delight as gothic death wish.

To read the story behind the story
took little training
but not everyone got it
for our own protection
during the time
of the big crackdown, they called it.
A carved plinth, or its effect: how this skirt of river
water is not a skirt, how this red ax belongs,
how these leaves are not leaves, contrary person of waters,
opposing forces toward a fetal tomorrow.

A bone across hair, all mask, miniscule body:
a celebration repeated this sword and psychedelic
shield, toothy and bug-eyed, this mask as tragi-
comic as Saturday cartoons, nose and necklace.

One corn stalk on each side, columns,
rain falls only on the umbrella, an oxen team
plows before a hunched man, large profiles so
we can characterize them, it's a proficiency.

*

toward the Treatise on the Nature of Glass

Holly Bittner

Personals

Someone said, Here are my Thoughts.
My Thoughts are on The Page.
Thoughts On The Page are not enough, or replicating them.
Someone said, not replicating.
The process of recording not a record.
Otherwise, says Scalapino.
Otherwise is still not enough, says me.
Hence “my” Thoughts.
Whose process leaves something to be desired.

So does repetition.
Repetition is hard to spell.
It gives you Typos.
The disease, not the condition.
So correction is an institution you are cozy in.
You will need it for what you are getting across.



Leaves are something to be desired.
Leaf identification is both an art and a science.
Says my teacher.
First you have to find them.
Then you have to pick them up.
Then you have to tape them into a book that you make.
Then you have to write underneath the leaves what they are.
What you think they are is not always right.
The teacher decides.
And is pleased.
You are not displeased not because you are right, even if you are.
You are pleased because autumn pleases you.
And you have made a book.
A book with dried bits of colored leaves leaking out of the binding.
All your life.
This Terebithia before you.

Shortly after you discover Poetry.
Just after you have stopped making Poems.
Instead, you walk underneath trees to find them
Despite the Fact.
The Fact is winter.
Winter is a condition.
Like “cold”.
Unlike disease, it can be overcome.
Overcoming is against ethics.
Ethics is large, with points and many indistinguishable veins.
I picked it up in the afternoon.
I tried to put it in the book but it was too old and dry.
It crumbled before I could identify it underneath in clear round letters.
Letters are for me, hard to write.
Friends stop responding, “therefore”.
After the Fact, I discovered Leaving.
Leaving is something to be desired.
Leaving something to be desired is beyond Belief.
Belief comes after the Fact.

Belief is small and fragile.
It never leaves you.
If it leaves you it is no longer yours, or itself.
It does not disappear or crumble.
It becomes as large as Ethics.
And “so” cannot fit into the book.
You cannot present it to the teacher.
But leave “it” where it falls.
And it may.
Inside may is a flowering called Might.
Not to be confused.
Inside and out.
Later that struggle becomes a whole Career.
Getting ahead is something to be desired.
So I left it there in the afternoon.



My teacher is a father I call mine.
Others called students also have this teacher of mine.
They don't call him mine, or theirs.
Others cannot be identified or trusted.
Because of this, they wonder what it's like.
To be a student of a father.
It is in no way sacred.
The way we sit in rows shows the order in Fact is not symbolic.
It is the very democracy we are learning about.
From the teacher who is not my father.
So we can look for leaves together before the Fact.
Not to be confused.
Or with the Facts of Life, which we learn in a movie.
Not the TV show.
We can no longer look for leaves together.
Which we don't dare identify when the boys come back from kickball.
With the teacher who is my father.
We don't get to play kickball because the boys don't have this movie.
And so there is a hiding that takes place inside our desks.
We take this hiding home to our mothers.
Wondering about the boys who peek.
All boys peek.

At home you open the refrigerator.
You put ice in the glass that afternoon.
And left it there.
After coming home from the walk.
After the Fact so no "one" leaves but your friends.
Who have gone home to their refrigerators.
So hope may phone, still, and rescue you.
The ice melts before it gets broken.
Necessarily.
Your mother is not a teacher.
Hope is a Fact of Life you can't identify.
So you hide it from her, waiting for it to happen.

In the meantime, you go to the library.
The book is blue, paperback, dog-eared.
Your best friend has identified it.
You want your sister, who works there, to check it out.
For you, who will need it for what you are getting.
But your sister is a mystery like the movie.
You didn't like the movie, or your sister.
Sometimes.
You want to know both badly, like the book.
Which you won't show anyone.
But hide underneath the mattress of an old doll bed.
The book, not you.
In it is something to be desired, like the boys.
So you make Poems again, for your friends.
One of whom is finished waiting.
She is a mystery who doesn't tell her mother for a whole year.
Still nothing happens to you.
You begin to lose hope.
And the book like your friend hasn't made you any more prepared.
So you return it.
And check out the biography of the Wright Brothers.
One more time.
On the way home, you pull a leaf right off the tree.
Without feeling guilty.
You leave it on the ground.



Hugh Tribbey

Asteroid

How birds survive drought,
where they go, all the songbirds, in winter.
Asteroids are big hunks of iron.
They carry the seeds
of our individual signatures.
The web of our living is so frail.
One morning the shad of the inevitable
is mistaken for a cloud,
and the birds become commas
of black ash. Only indifferent
rivers of renewal under glaciers and rock,
why the birds go away
demands we take it lightly.

So the noisy rituals of Friday night,
clunk of plastic shoulder pads,
whistles, silly guttural screams
at the ref, jerseys drenched
with sweat — each game
as it ends will be
just like the next. We name
places and people, arbitrary phonemes
and marks on paper
and the movement of the pen
slows until it becomes cinematic.
The birds, black marks, scrawl across the sky,
like Edison't first Kinetograph of bird's flying.

False Translation of Mac Low's *Twenties*, #5

A precipice when
ice clinks in the Manhattan,
vertigo at five o'clock.

Power walk past
tattooed dishwater nodding
to his Sony,
arms plunged in foam.

A place a man can walk,
that dead space
just beyond the link fence
where rabbit
left some fur behind.

Ghosts of abandonment
over piles of rubble
on Saturday afternoons.

Six months and folk talk,
bait shop dirty sneakers.

Valerie Fox

Perfecting Daily Tasks

Thailand, insisted Taka, always the mathematician,
as he scuttled the check and fondled his telephone. *Seaside*.

Opera-subjected Lucretia copied this down
with no help from alarming, handy Felix

who'd been at it again, trading away
his once strong will

to go about together in this their way.
perfecting each of them their function.

Thus it fell on Lucretia to cast her will potently forward
in the Thai café scheme —

think coconut, Guinness, Burkhardt — as if it were real
and all three of them sidled up to that.

She, Lucretia, resorted to hypnosis, reliving and arranging
facts concerning the mockingbird attack,

the bird's swipe and striped fury.
The hypnotist detected the onset smoke smell,

and aura she had missed.
She couldn't stop about it.

Fuck you, Felix chirped drolly, *and your* Mimus Polyglottos,
and your animal magnetism.

The word odious resurfaced.
It fell upon Lucretia

to proceed potently forward
in the goat-cheese farm scheme,

as if it were real and might happen.
She wrote it down. A certain way. Which it had to be.

No one knew when how but Felix (Feel) erased himself.
Like John the Baptist's arrival Felix's disappearance

paved the way for the "rest of us," i.e. the general public
to begin a civilization verily a new discipline.

At last having attained the Highlands
Taka picks up entertaining the haggis

right where he'd left off. Taka, was his wont,
to calculate the mortgages mentally all at once.

Scary at first, in this case, the customer must walk right
over the pretend skeleton in the real well.

They're mingling at the bar's elbow.
They order pretzels. They swell.

Kevin Varrone

I Am The Foam of Obstruction in the Foam / of Obstruction I Am
thoughts toward a review of Lisa Jarnot's Ring of Fire

There's a line in the Jean-Claude Lauzon film *Léolo* in which the narrator says, "The word tamer was right, there is magic in words strung together." Though this is almost too precious, it is true of Lisa Jarnot's poems: there is something akin to magic in her strings of words—and true also is that she is a word tamer—or ring leader—but she's also a word spectator, bright-eyed in the first row. This varied perspective is, I think, the largest accomplishment of Jarnot's book, *Ring of Fire*: her assault on the personal pronouns leaves personae that are not quite people, not quite voices, but masquerading as such, doing things which are not quite living but almost feel like it, encountering other people who are not themselves but thing, all things (literally *things*) and therefore nothing. These poems are structures that seem to be both building and falling down.

There is a real sense of joy—the intelligence of joy—in *Ring of Fire*. And a perspective stripped down to rhetoric that often feels like a child's perspective (except it isn't); this, from "The Bridge":

*That there are things that can never be the same about
my face, the houses, or the sand, that I was born under the
sign of the sheep, that like Abraham Lincoln I am serious
but also lacking in courage*

The voice of this poem has drawn the conclusion that, like Lincoln, "I am serious/but also lacking in courage." The voice of this poem has "also learned to draw" in the literal sense and has learned, linguistically, like the rain, to be "driven here."

Drawn/driven into/from—but what, though? Although there is something childlike in the tone of "The Bridge" and a poem such as "Tell Me Poem," there is something more, many things more to this collection of collections (most of the poems in *Ring of Fire* have appeared previously as chapbooks)—a grasp of rhetoric returned (as if from a geographical elsewhere where there is no there, but rather gaggles of things) to simplicity by loops and repetitions (themselves the seeming opposites of simplicity), a labyrinthian synthesis by force. Reading through this book often felt like learning a language—pig latin, perhaps: at first, one tries to translate things into familiar terms, but soon, with familiarity, the translation stops and one learns to speak and think in the language. So it is with the language of the poems in *Ring of Fire*.

Jarnot's writing is attempting, it seems, to put together a world, almost literally. These are poems of things and other things and the still other things things are which they are not: "You are not the snowstorm that we had at noon, the/wounded snow, or taxicab, or rain, you, animal, look at the animal/that you are, wounded, and then walking in short dactyls like/the upturned pizza in the park..." ("The Age of the Velocipede"). Perhaps there is something Whitmanesque about these poems, but there is no Whitman here, just the yawp; there is no uber-voice here, no uber-personality—just the opposite. Yet barbaric in the sense that the word means foreign, unintelligible: a yawp, a voice in a language not familiar (yet using all the familiar sounds) and things.

Ring of Fire contains poems that go beyond *seem* without ever transcending it. In "Ode," the pizza delivery man doesn't seem like "the perfect part of day," he *is* the perfect part of day, the perfect part of a day—of sorts—considered by an I—of sorts, a consciousness that sorts, in a way, through the trappings of a day, many days, perhaps. What makes the poems memorable is that there seem to be no beginnings or ends to most of them. Or there are beginnings and no ends, as in "O Razorback Clams," from the *Heliopolis* section, which is a long string of clauses beginning with the conjunction *because*. But there is only cause expressed in the poem, no effect. And the poem's one long sentence is left incomplete. But the poem is filled with things, all preceded by the word *because*, a litany, of sorts, and something is created by this faux-endless string, and that something is the part of the sentence that would complete it, but Jarnot is poet enough to leave it unsaid.

Repetition seems to simultaneously hold these poems together and cause them to come apart (which, for me, is the larger of the two virtues here)—the speaking mind here is a repetitious one, almost obsessively so, repeating things, nouns, thought processes, permutating but subtracting by addition. Many of the poems leave one with the sense of having had a face to face encounter with an edifice. And it becomes increasingly difficult to determine if it is mystical fortitude or repetitious vacancy that makes these poems moving.

Ring of Fire seems to me a testament to rhetoric, to the varied powerfulness of language, to all that is said and is meaningless and that which is said and is not. The matter here, a la *Hamlet*, is words. And things. There is some sense of Hemingway in Jarnot's poems for me: Stein, perhaps (the Stein in Hemingway, that is)—something beautiful, conjunctive, repetitive, childlike, intelligent. The things themselves become less themselves as they more become words in a highly wrought rhetoric. In the first poem of *Sea Lyrics*, the speaker says, "I am aimless and have several new tattoos." That aimless speaker becomes, in the sequence's 6th poem, "the foam of / obstruction in the foam of obstruction I am," then "...how lost I am" in the 8th poem, then "I am not sure where I am" in the final poem of the sequence. But it is just such aimlessness and lack of surety that make Jarnot's poems so engaging—her

willingness and ability to leave readers in a labyrinth or city, in the ocean or the sky. And the fact that there is no real progression toward anything—a speaker is aimless at the start of a 30 poem sequence and not sure where it is at the end. And so the wandering is both means and end, and the landmarks signal existence, not direction. This is the pervasive sensibility of this book: a writer overwhelmingly involved in the world and the things of the world yet somehow lost in them, in the experience of them, in the saying of them, so that the things become just things and the I's just I's: apparitions reminding themselves to identify the things they are seeing: “This is a jumbo prawn,” and “This is the sound of my television.”

Francis Ryan

Respect

That there was no respect, that they would speak over and against me
That you and all would be against me and speak at the moment I speak
As tho not to hear no listening when I am speaking and no respect, he said.

He said he was tired of not being listened to and that he would exit he
talked a way of exit, I don't care who gets messed up I'm tired of no respect.

That there were boys who placed the bottles in the trees the thin sticks
Fitted with the bottles as though this was a way of speaking thru a silence.

He spoke of placing bottles on trees, locate the bottles and tired of the speaking out
of turn that they were speaking when I was in a public place.

Would be the moment of exit enough of this speaking and no respect when I push
The statement of the bottles which was a way of communicating.

Not

There is no animal in the tree of violence, calling it this
From a place of violence precisely because it is dangerous.

At the dangerous places you would be a stick that is broken
The tree of violence has no animal not detected the animal
Not dangerous the tiger not a snake these are walking leaves.

At the dangerous place where someone was shot there is a tree
That no one planted that its own bone formed itself wild as
It bore itself and sustains there is light and rain in the danger
Where you should not go but the tree has no snakes or tiger
Which are threats there is no animal in the tree of violence

There is no animal in the tree of violence if the tree could be
Refuge from the act if you are a stick and that non-descript.
A stick figure danger in talking and not to be detected
Not wanting to be detected seeking refuge from a violence.

Care in walking each step and caring each step took a day
To walk a single branch are you that careful speaking not
To be detected in this violence care in a talking refuge in
This speaking as a tree which has grown presence in leaves
Walking the walking stick in a tree of violence not tropic
Not uncommon walking leaf not detected each motion
It is not speaking in the leaves and not tropic this is a common
Leaves that are not in motion which is the walking stick poised
This is not to be detected

Arielle Greenberg

Metric: The Pleasures of the (keyhole)

after Ponge's The Pleasures of the Door

1. *They (female/male)*

t h e b i r d s (m a l e) d o n o t r e a c h t h e d o o r

m a l e s d o n o t r e c o g n i z e n o t b l i s s o r a f t e r n o o n s

h e l d i n t h e i r p o c k e t s : t w o s i s t e r s a n d o n e s c u l p t u r e

m o o n i s t h e g r a n d f a t h e r o f t h e f a m i l y

a b o v e r e t u r n , h e i s g r e e n , h e i s

t a k i n g t h e u n d e r g r o u n d t o t h e p l a z a (a m e t e r) (a m a t c h)

2. *Us (inside)/two sisters*

t e n b u c k s i n s i d e a w o m a n , a k e y h o l e

a f t e r n o o n (b l i s s) e m b r o i d e r e d

w i t h t w e n t y n a k e d p o r c e l a i n p e r s o n a g e s

m o o n o f G e r m a n s t o c k i n g s , a l l o f o n e p i e c e , a d u n e

m y h e a r t (a h e a r t) r a b i d f o r t h e c e l l (w h i c h)

s t a l l i n g i n a m a r s h (o r m a r k e t) o u r r e t i n a

t h e e y e s a r e s e v e r e d a n d t h e h e a r t e n t e r s y o u

3. *Mine all mine*

her toilet (rooms) are her new compartments
dune, my companion, is the retina of the heart
o f w i n e o f p o c k e t s
d e c i s i o n s a n d h e r b r a s s c l a r i t y
it is inside of technique, blown glass, of wrestle
g i r l i s h n e s s a n d a g o o d l a y (w a y l a i d)
t o t h e (l i m e s t o n e) g r a v e s o f m y l a s t

On the Boots of Louise Bourgeois

A set of steel hooks that guard the bed.

In pairs, like zoo animals, like table settings, a set of boot-hooks for sleeping.

To sleep in the curve or the point.

To sleep with sharps.

Awake aday full of holes to slip.

You can't fight it, honey.

Lips are the girls who are under heels.

A set of utensils for foot-binding.

Handles: ivory, celluloid, bakelite, steel, engraved sterling.

A flat iron hook for the pull.

You can't fight it.

Life is worn in boots.

The bootstraps, nightmares, of holes.

New Year's Resolution

1. When I wake you out of my hands, little mouse, you go off like firecrackers.
2. I learn to climb on the pool table; my shots are not straight.
3. Expecting a year of dander, expecting early spring.
4. The little mouse is baby talk — I am your mother's child.
5. The sloppy way I connect my r's.
6. Only two flapjacks with berries.
7. A friend will move to Asia: a new wardrobe will change your outlook.
8. I watch the movie from a hole in the baseboard.
9. Forgot to do that thing with the fruit.
10. Be more the kind of person who climbs mountains at daybreak and doesn't bring cashews.
11. The trap for us all is under the sink. We only have to talk it through.

Taj Jackson

Vestals, Pigs and Venus —

Glass jars of the pickled pigs, 3 eyes, thwarted, warped forms but one, the beautiful one, ripe for affection, “The Best Pig.” I was observing in a museum/laboratory, there had been idyllic mystic life before, now this flesh, no dream clouds, just contortion. And in a medieval huge clay pot a different pig, and no one was strong enough to budge her to liberty until an immense strong man overturned the crockery and the pig came out near a burning bush on bare ground.

In a NYC real estate office, I was in line but instead of receiving information about property, I was informed I must read the history of a patriotic radical from a previous age, in French, English and German. Amazingly, old leaflets, fire and brimstone texts had been compiled and were available for \$11.71. I thought learning German would take a while but be a good thing. A lightning storm destroyed my hide-out in a tree bole.

Persona

We are nominated and legendary

all, masked
paragons. In the arena
outside the walls of your sleep,

the ersatz, the give-and-take takes flight,

the carapace
stands its ground, holy roller,
chieftain, robber baron, quarterback,

the possessed, the bell-ringer, bride, the mousy one, of old
the whippersnapper, clown, grayheaded mother,
bulletproof wino

rebel, punk, bio-
physicist, glossy
femme fatale
with her school marm aunt,
the provider, the pretender, a natural woman,
the war hero, the veteran, the man in the street,

the beaten, a bubbleheaded doxy,
gold-digger, callow, a sage.

Elizabeth Treadwell

society

a short story

*“again
wrapping the proscribed
image in sheets
between
grateful reproductions”
Norma Cole, “Rosetta”*

*“She removes her inky gown.”
Laura Moriarty, *Nude Memoir**

we & most unknown except to heaven alone quickened to her heat, seated beside fine prayer books, she flounces the blood of a day. alone spread like a pastry in the tourist.

passing strange to see. like self's honeymoon, discover parish simply. Kim's past, Reverend. the subdued plunder weed, rough table drinks known and lost, turning her deep gaze on ordinary tone to lunch, she cried, yeah, room to stand. poised on these slippery streets, clairvoyant, motionless on the ship. but only starting speedily. tarnishing small day, wild and unladylike.

Mark waits, kills candy-striped life-eating actress. creatures like reproduction senses always gained great benefits. she moves her hooves at podium, possessed yet lord.

passing yourselves to see. like fall with your spouse, seek a master. needless for blame. each brethren for own part, beg you, it is a curious thing, [and lawful]. no more flowers, little street urchins. poised undergo a kind of mating, of dishonest plants, for example, this is what should inside her room of music. chromosome drunk reduction, until larger.

we & most unknown, every gesture watched lest chattering boat home. exhaust secret conventionality sharply, the fingers that toyed after undergoing setting.

Joan on a clear night. twitching for an argument. turrets overthrown, her state. with hapless hand, martial, extreme. what in Bolivia? not consciously the chorus.

we & most unknown, split like the halving of a biscuit, and hundred who are on duty, but no argument secure. this readiness must come of the finer sort.

Frank before the subdivision, these tiny brick patent industries. supply of peanut butter, a major willow. purple where the sun slashed just as now. sold before to justify reaching.

passing tin this house a guide. unique obviously, running and dashing. suckle humble origins. each broad studio, rainy scudding, it is, it may be, curious thing, [and lawful]. streets no more, good loyal meal. poised cosmetic vocation, of darkened dating scene, for example, a shrewd crawling residue. rising and descending, like blows in a dream.

we & most unknown, first presented almost untinted. daybreak meat and wine, fig tree. spread like a pastry in the tourist language atoms. unless sphere, then carrying.

substitute feat, passing endless open truth. factory turf, without window, the bluest war, sometimes she found herself knees. strip of unravel, gene brown triplet, kind of cheekier, his foreseeable son. as possible, pearly stream, to keep her child. with prints and pendants for all spot. grand dips the better cargo. they do not member wash us.

tossing two coins in terms of a ladder, stalks protruded tinge above it. legend company, words parade, track where wise fever but not for Vera. ethnology seat and usage hold.

was a drive through autumn, past chantry, that memory stood locked out, urban fields and small expensive teakettle, the paper toy shall call blessed wicked purity, a thousandfold consecrated taboo. avoided rich monasteries, descendent wide-awake, about to crow. overminding the trembling bought scarcely. stage of lawn, lazy spiritual happening.

tossing the clamor fowls and dear narrow impatient puffs fringed with just her little self. smelled of cross grainy notion, a red bird, she wasn't crying.

extraordinary glittered lady-help. pool of lamp going over shaking brooch, stumble lesson. like a cloud girt in a towel to have the buggy round in time. mirror, stationmaster, darting.

vestige trap. it sounded so near. pale gloves stuffed up the bowl. deserted fancy with his stethoscope. jail language though dashed bright waxy. lifting her leg to rest it on the other.

we & most unknown came forward fray with the store eye remarking, kept back from every fellow-citizen interpretation, mail it to your inquiry flesh, she flounces blood.

lolabell

a short story

*"What kind of feeling is that?"
Djuna Barnes, 'To the Dogs'*

thought a boy apartment, taxi-cab, no early evening gum necessarily pleasant historians all night long, give cloister crooked muddy, protect her from almost kitchen stars. silver echo contestable wilds until you break new decade ground. market rippling warehouse spoon will not justify leaves, leaves groceries. soliloquy means of crafty change. beside lumination costs, the hozizon without thinking. neighbor box essential cabal. signs left undone during working hours. mimic pure and severe lodged syllables. drastic ordered anything trove. Lolabell count them, frenzy. his colleague's big dimly hands, layperson expressly drowned in herself. but the carried torture tread on this descended underline.

thus apparition frequently cracked. of these poor exorsist village, their height a sort of wing compelled, fizzle up her flimsy wrong. thighs, knees, costume stomping the ground.

execution transverse either taken prudence city, last loose dripping pleasure sand. gleaming and moist unites the cure. tunic alliterating shows to her child with a terribly appointed sham cycle. learn trouble chagrin, reassure shapeless peace cakes. a few of the faces in the last moment. envy looked-after something. ordinary goaded months leap-frog a voice reversal, analogous could not rest special promenade, only painful girl into task.

bring yearling presently again board daughter grove, wish promise finger plunged. gossip and every good scandal, Lolabell. throwing stones at whoever, this cosmic process cave. main number slowly striking.

Ted Berrigan's *The Sonnets*: A Brief Unpacking

The new edition of Ted Berrigan's *The Sonnets*, more complete than any previous edition and containing an introduction by his student and widow, Alice Notley, occasions renewed appreciation of his accomplishment. Notley's introduction may be said to be authoritative not only because of her close association with Berrigan, both personally and professionally, but also because of the clarity of her writing and the perspicacity of her vision — of this sonnet sequence within Berrigan's overall work and also of Berrigan's place within twentieth-century poetry. Her Introduction gives the reader as good an idea as is possible of Berrigan's influences and working procedures when he was putting the sonnets (or *The Sonnets*) together.

I use that phrase “putting the sonnets together” deliberately, as, in Notley's description, Berrigan used chance techniques adapted from John Cage's writings and collage and cutup techniques such as he was familiar with from the work of Tristan Tzara and Hans/Jean Arp (ix). At the same time, Notley notes that “Ted secretly pays tribute to Ezra Pound in Sonnet I” (viii-ix), but that the Modernist project was “not really relevant to 1962,” the period just preceding the main work on *The Sonnets*, which, on manuscript evidence, took place in the spring of 1963 (v). That having been stated, I would like to “unpack” a sentence from Sonnet XLVII (44) that refers to Pound in such a way as to suggest some ways in which Berrigan worked, and, further, to suggest some of the poet's poetic inheritance from EP.

I will not attempt to suggest a unified “meaning” for the sonnet in question, for the sonnets in general seem deliberately to frustrate any quest for the “signified,” unity, or closure. However, the reference to Pound is embedded in statements concerning burial. Lines 7-8 mention that “William Bonney / buried his daddy and killed a many.” We are told in the notes that Bonney was the given name of Billy the Kid. Immediately following, on lines 8-10, is the explicit reference to Pound:

*Benito Mussolini
proved a defective, but Ezra Pound came down, came
down and went.*

Immediately following, the poem takes an O'Haraesque “Personist” turn, addressing Carol (Clifford, later Gallup, according to the Introduction) and assuring her that “We are each free to shed big crystal tears on / The dirt-covered ground,” neatly sandwiching the sentence on Pound between two images of burial. This juxtaposition could well merely be an example of the chance encounter of three collage items on Berrigan's operating table, but it could also suggest that Berrigan is the Kid “burying” his poetic father.

Given the time frame for the composition of *The Sonnets*, it is quite possible that Berrigan had access to the *Paris Review* 28 (fall, 1962), in which part of Pound's Canto 115 and all of his Canto 116 appeared, along with a facsimile of Pound's typewritten note to the Base Censor at the Pisa Detention Camp where the poet was held prior to his deportation to the United States, and an interview with EP by Donald Hall. In Canto 116 there is a reference to "Mus, wrecked for an error" (l. 6), which could have sparked Berrigan's rephrasing and reinterpretation of that statement as "Benito Mussolini / proved a defective," an appropriation and reconfiguration that put Pound's most egregious error in perspective.

In a completely different context, Hall records Pound, in discussing an early satirical article he had written for *Vogue*, mentioning that the magazine had wanted him to write an obituary for Verhaeren, "And I went down and said..."(p.32). Besides the thematic connection with the burial of William Bonney's father, this phrase seems to have been reconfigured into "but Ezra Pound came down, came / down and went." (Is it possible there is also here an echo of Pound's "Pull down thy vanity, pull down" as well?)

If Berrigan was reading this issue of the *Paris Review*, and if he pulled out and reshaped the reference to Mussolini and Pound's "And I went down" (which, come to think of it, also echoes the first line of the very first Canto), then it would indicate that Berrigan did more than a simple — and literal — cut and paste, but that he drew on material, transforming it, and contextualized it to both pay homage to a poetic "father" (in Clayton Eshleman's sense of the term) and bury him.

Perhaps a passage from the facsimile of Pound's letter to the Base Censor at Pisa could shed some light on this matter: "The present Cantos do, naturally, contain a number of allusions and "recalls" to matter in the earlier 71 Cantos already published, and many of these cannot be made clear to readers unacquainted with the earlier parts of the poem. There is also an extreme condensation in the quotations." (17) *The Sonnets* contain, as Notley points out, "phrases, lines, or blocks of material from previous sonnets... some are composed of lines by other poets" (xi). Finally, the chance operations probably employed by Berrigan would have involved both the "ways of gridding a performance... a formal method" (ix) and the chance occurrences of contemporary events and experiences that entered his poems — as, for example, the arrival of the *Paris Review* 28. This formal yet aleatory combination of processes seems to have been outlined by Pound in the same Note to Base Censor: The form of the poem and main progress is conditioned by its own inner shape, but the life of the D.T.C. passing OUTSIDE the scheme cannot but impinge, or break into the main flow. (17) If the sentence referring to Pound in Sonnet XLVII does indeed have its roots in the soil of the *Paris Review* 28, then Berrigan transformed the Poundian perception and process for his own

compositional ends, and in so doing paid homage to a poetic father, shedding "big crystal tears" on his grave.

— Don Riggs

Lauren Rile Smith

Queer

particular one and only
race
envelope at the hand of
entire range
on the point of
goings on “spacecraft propulsion method”
earth mesh reticulation
transversely profusely out in distinction to
partition orb rhythm
mechanism excuse of
outside stratum means
blowsy atmospheric
accident not an
as concerns chimera
awnings due to uniform
from diseased will expiation
rudimentary sunless
queer in the act of
cowering concealer
to grate upon
color bulge projection
root outlying while precision
be grateful spacious ethereal
another separate seeing
house fundamental outer filigree
pseudonym
beat unlike weight
beetle wanting lacework
overweight flow uxurious
name cutting ballast
attention basilisk
nom de plume
rind husk shell
assumed name
slough alias
stage name

Tom Devaney

As usual it's all wrong, even this

here's a lesson in
winning hearts
confidences
take something

hold it.
take it far
away, seriously—
come home.

intention in
no word,
though a stroke
or more quickly
keyed, momentary
syllable, tones
cut, break
don't
give me your clarity
where
are/
you are teaching
trust-ing too
far?
bizarre
confidences
unsophisticated you think
you thought, though
here,
 here,
here, here
what is hard about
what is real, (it's one way to talk).
Is there and nothing is
so hard as
 too easy to be (so)

though it still hurts
(in a breathless pace)
Everything you really feel in brackets.
“As usual” isn’t
work

for us, or this one
Adjective-light

ask yourself, (or if not that,
your calibrations),
Is it cool? or Does it suck?

free the put-down artists,
place your ads

(have a drink before and another after—
your press releases will be rewritten)

for a night or more wrongly think

—there’s no going back

(though there is little poetry in it),
there’s nothing usual about a heart t

Brett Evans

from **Stereo Hand Krissy**

And eat our pot
of honey on grave (stone,
wrought, rock, breasts, br
eak) Howbeit a stripping
static drums such
5th W/D
frock. There is more heavy
measure in the "One Power:
life unleaved. I had
an eclipse litany
undersun magma
pull-tab strum, waiting 4 the
bus stop to. Her name
agape Dirae / call myself
a bus name Na
polean

Shall birth and death
take you [those 1st two
songs on the Goddess'
show] away from me fre
quently fretting
across the ruby bright sum
mer, into the lit flut
tering below — the waist
band on high, A high'y
high, yah, high't.
Your lost moist hand
is a baby
bank to me. Shall B & D
and all the dark names
that be (in between)
store the rich nice light
striking out from your suit
case? five rosy aces
holding swift- hand Dawn
tie me(track 2) oVer

from fountain love took off
to the end of the line, body
or breath or bloods. Tickets
and skin rich w/ lamentations
the Fair coaster clanged.
A Fair World though a Fallen,
ha. Elastic that say om
Clash City Rockers, I heart
with a pinky felt
round. How many times the #
taken down the draw
ers Fussy saw her
trading, there with the furs
for the BB bats.

What are we first? First,
animals; and next... I catch
She faltering, as she half
resists. We called that dance
"The Dirty Hand" to give
brusqueness and bite
to our nervy tennies.
I'm thinking
bunny electricity
goes over the ex
habited hole mao
ntain. O, cages
kicked off the top. The "sum
it." Up there there's a screen
play called "Fuck the Mast
ur'ator." Animals weigh in
as birds while we jook a gob
ble. 'am quoting Tre, same
basic rocking pattern.

{glance holder}

expected (but missing) clips
soe'er alien spells achille achille bracelet
H-tub reservation
where the tar can come off and hum
money go black and blood orange. Ah!
who will speak the tongue of Deer
water. Agitators
happen thru a wrecking
door _ Dee lisp Berlin. dative (usually a
hot) smoothness of a run-on
phrase, a #. fre
quent pause is made so nice night
broken jolt

K. Silem Mohammad
The New American Poesy

Decorated with camouflage, its crustacean bulk
pulling one red paw over the garden rail
godawful lobster from anonymity
 haled and dressed

Mealtime comes and went
nary an aperitif
to be bludgeoned out of ceremony's empty craw
cold tomato triumvirate for 24

 “o it is daintiness come to portray
itself as summond to our home.
it is careless restraint, a nexus
of potent vegetable lore

so many idylls
waster on fornication & cursory baubles
so many cantos
 dangld in watery midair”

Thus spake Mortimer Jaffee,
Percival Krotz, & Curt DiMiola
all but one now dead, now
carved out of corruptible fuzz

Was the ornery one forced to leave his Dayton
hostel, bringing *The Ampersand Notebooks*
and *The Guadalupe Island Poems*
 to waiting colleagues?

Krotz presses on,
dynamo to the new kid jumper team,
foundling anomaly &
crosseyed father of nitrate sampling techniques

 Krotz ill in Sante Fe
but damaging there the coils of oratory

via deliberate agitprop invagination
of the Samaritan Passport Bureaus

Krotz signing one last copy of *Castille Memories*
for a limping flagellant
in Hermes Diner
where they tell the Orphean Bud Bundy said his last

Vampiric Musk

if someone should bust or
spill iridium, a potentate
will hobble in to wipe
it up—deadbeat property

the red sucker's cremation
exercise, dull treaties on
being your own Reichian,
having the pancreatic

backache, the briefcase
metafiction, & tarantula relays
“mangler” 7178861437.8
Jah wrist socket

to put grit back in the system,
clearly embalming one's
spouse / medieval papoose
(terrorized imprints) ... men

picking up socks as victims?
cabals extracted masque
sorties, freemasons' remnants,
underside of a 737—

synergistically wrinkled,
raise an eyelid too hastily?
widow of opportunity: been
down *that* neurotic scar

Karen Weiser
She 8 Pink

This reverse waterfall (phallic)
is only still when

Surrounding matter blooms
Swaggers at top speed

A hush happens that fails
To divide this universe

In the pink glory
Of owning a body
When it happens to plants

Who is it that sits wondering

Which parts flutter like tickertape

Which parts pool at bottom

If the tongue is off center

Growing speech is a matter of
Breakfasting on ribbons

As a sky in bloom

Or a lady somehow
Swallows matching rhythms
For the best camouflage

An angel wraps a waterfall
Spinning moments detach
Have never been this beautiful

An abdomen disappears and
Mid-flight means windows
Are only dark in day

She has created infrared
Carnivals for garden-less creatures.

The spin and ability to wrap
Continues past these bleating
Bodies as neverending snow
Envelopes all trajectories
Of bloom and life

Lyric structures pink

At alarming rates

We don't notice crystallize

A flower has four petals
For two women
And the swagger
Of a fun-house mirror

Behind their sex
Where feet can meet at center gravity

A mouth is horrific when flat

The bed cascades

The sun plans its entry

Before admitting a break

Birds of paradise imprint
Their shape behind every body's
Distinctive points

Two versions of the same face
Loom in motion

The ground is spilling

Placing sex in indistinguishable
Sets of movements

Only for certain is

Bodies float
I am one of them
 Out to sleep

Is one of them
Is kneeling one of them

Is vicelike
Is crumpled liquid
 One of them is

Certainly dust is granted
Is the covered over thing
 Is of wax

A hand holds together
To catalogue
How broken up the pasts of us are
Scattered in too many moments

As if a ground disappears

Gives into interior color

When it boils

As if a landscape can be devoid

Of anything but outline

As if the center

Once erupted from the small

Volcano inside your name

bios

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Holly Bittner was recently awarded an M.A. from Temple University's creative writing program. An excerpt from her long poem *Hemispheres* appears in the forthcoming issue of *Chain*.

Tom Devaney is the author of *The American Pragmatist Fell in Love* and was recently named the new Program Coordinator at Kelly Writers House.

Brett Evans lives by Bayou St. John in New Orleans, LA, near other fabulous poets such as Joel Dailey, Nancy Dixon, and Bill Lavender. Be that as it may, he still misses his East Coast friends very much.

Valerie Fox recently returned to Philadelphia after having lived abroad for about six years. She is the co-editor of *ix*, and her work has recently appeared or is forthcoming in *Hanging Loose*, *West Branch*, and an anthology out of Austin, *Decades of a Woman*.

Arielle Greenberg's work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Verse*, *Volt*, *Lit*, *Pleides*, and *Crayon*, among others. A grant from the Saltonstall Foundation in 2000 was a blessing. She spends a lot of time listening to bluegrass music and reading the SPD catalog, and moved out of Syracuse, NY in May 2001.

Taj Jackson lives in New York, New York.

Deborah Meadows teaches in the Liberal Studies department at California State Polytechnic University, Pomona where she has recently been part of an exchange of writers and scholars from and to Havana. Her poetry has appeared in several places, including *Xcp: Cross Cultural Poetics*, *Tinfish*, *Generator*, *Chain*, *Kenning*, *No Exit*, *Newark Review*, *Rooms*, *Critical Matrix*, *CORE: an international symposium on visual poetry*, and *remixponsecategoriarray*.

K. Silem Mohammad's serial poem *hovercraft*, published as a chapbook issue of *Kenning*, is now in its third printing. Mohammad is currently a visiting professor of British Literature at UC Santa Cruz.

Don Riggs **discovered the Beats, Black Mountain, and the New York School while in grad school in Medieval Comparative Literature. He was never the same, but he has become Middle Aged anyway. He now teaches comp and Science Fiction at Drexel, where he also writes a column for the Drexel Online Journal, <www.drexel.edu/doj>.**

Francis Ryan lives in Philadelphia where he works as a labor historian and history teacher. He is currently writing a history of Philadelphia's sanitation works and is completing his first volume of poetry, *Blaise*, which will appear in early 2002. In 1996, he co-authored "Back in the New York Groove," with Frank Sherlock and Brett Evans; earlier this year, his essay "Retail Language" appeared in *Poetry Broadside*.

Kaia Sand is finishing her MA in poetry at George Mason University this spring, where she teaches. She edits the feminist journal *So to Speak* and has co-edited *The Tangent*, a zine of politics and the arts, along with Jules Boykoff for four years. Her recent prose and poetry will appear in *Kenning*, *Gargoyle*, and *West 47*, a new pamphlet series out of Galway, Ireland. A book review that she wrote is forthcoming in *Small Press Traffic*.

Lauren Rile Smith is a student in the Young Scholars Program at the University of Pennsylvania. She writes poetry and fiction and plays the viola.

Elizabeth Treadwell hereby dedicates "society" to the poets she hung out with in Buffalo & NYC, October 2000. She lives in Berkeley, CA, where it is sunny this February but rain is forecast. Her books are innumerable, but the published ones include *Populace* (Avec, 1999) and *Eve Doe: Prior to Landscape* (a+bend, 1999). The pieces here are from "Gardenia," other parts of which will be appearing in *LUNGFULL!*, *Salt Hill*, and *Scout*.

Hugh Tribbey is an assistant professor of English at East Central University in Ada, Oklahoma, where he teaches literature and creative writing and has served as the host of the Vistas of the Word Writers' Conference. His work has appeared in *Lost and Found Times*, *POTEPOETZINE*, *Flint Hills Review*, and elsewhere. He holds a Ph.D. in English from Oklahoma State University in Stillwater.

Kevin Varrone lives in Baltimore and co-edits BeautifulSwimmer Press. A chapbook, *g-point Almanac*, is available from ixnay press.

Karen Weiser has recently had poems appear in *The Hat*, *The Germ*, the purple issue of *LUNGFULL!* Magazine, and the books (*the invisible city*) and *The Portable Boog Reader*. She edits Hophophop Press which will be putting out chapbooks by Brenda Bordofsky and Macgregor Card in 2001.