

ROY

Autographed
Copy

*Cedar
Ligo*

ALLS

een Rainbow Song

Hung up on
my hearing
and deep in whose
playbook
one too many
nights and never
a blackout
Doing the best
I can, only a man
it hurts me too
Blues in the Night
Verlaine Blues
sitting here thinking
a blues for Anne
(all nerves)
and mine
the most dirty
unhurried
afternoon jags
A freshly penned
lyric for sinking
to autumnal
Atlantean shade
I wish us more luck
I wish my little
tiger lily sheltered

in a clear crystal
box (being carried)
Green pearl-handled
mallets edging
the annunciation
toward a new burn
The chamber of maiden
thought is metered
Big fields
villagers, stars
on the back-lot blues
It's the smoke spot
I shade softest
a curve so tight
it's really blind
The chamber gives
way to the word
in this case (mine)

down the stair
unawares was underwriting
everything
the numbers
and the fix
that little spot
Algeria
on Sunset
... nothingness
I got us locked in
and was sort of asked
to leave
Nicely hammered very true
I stayed in my suit
and stood in the street
silent as a star fallen
dead of exposure

uspended Sentence

Have we addressed my Scottish
accent in the middle of Baltimore?
That's nicely played
fast-forward to the flashback
that wad of cash
drawn right on the stencil
genuine teenage
lust plus Peter
Hujar the poem floats past
us while I feign bitterness
and weight. Have you not heard
of induction? Forging
new values with the public
who seem to know it's all love
and not theory, all actual
withdrawal of soldiers' bodies
and I, the song (a brise marine)
You'll see the earth smoke
I'll make
no noise
I'm a poet living
upstate
and working as a barber
I rework old railway songs
in a crooked nook
sweeping together

sworn paths
I drink Patrón
for the prettiest little
morning-after bottles
pencil in the track money
memorized per month
containment handed down
in part
from my betters
and mainly well
my old man

Sensation

for Anselm Hollo

Helsinki in good order
 in my mind, construction streamlined
 separate luminous slivers
 tailored toward
 the lived in
 (to die for)
 turning everyone on
 at such length
 I hung around
 and set in mainly
 reliving the party
 I stepped down
 on carved headboards
 and on the tapestries
 video arcades
 became ceilinged
 walkways
 The dream machines
 deal in translation,
 Take out "North"
 put BLANK
 . . . haunting horror . . . escape

Float the next
Etruscan gold split
part of the sky
I like. The ants are red
and black in one body
They carry and lock off
the garnets as seeming
gifts to us

On Strings of Blue

for Bill Berkson

Was it tonight's
flirtatious
remark or his
exquisite songbook
onstage?
My outside life
has turned itself in,
any opening
up at all
is no small feat
when romancing
the edge
of an echo
Smoke in the
dream and rest
in bed,
For all we
know
and I'll
be seeing you,
Carnegie Hall
underground,
"More light, please"
Bill Berkson

will read from
John Wieners
in my wooden
house across
the street (brown
with golden couch)
his sounding out
The Cut, "Not a woman
past, unloved, not
one eye filled
was addressed."
His voice held
the cleanest
copy one
could find,
We scraped
syllables off
the same records,
It's that old
feeling and
I've got it bad,
straight starlight
embarrassing
the big (night)
sky, cool air
unveiled by Bill

Thrones

For Phillis Wheatley: A book of verse uncovered in cornerstones of a Moorish castle, purple and gold, depicting souls in various stages of release, the pitch, anger and arc of the poems an unrhymed mirror to the long Atlantic.

For Jayne Cortez: An intertribal grand entry of poets in cedar bark jackets, split skirts and whalebones pinning them closed, a voice in praise and suspension of the drum.

For Amiri Baraka: The Pisan Cantos decoder ring dipped in black hills gold slipped onto the finger of Donyale Luna who is Cleopatra reborn sleeping soundly in bed.

For Bob Kaufman: A clamp for the mind, docking in a Persian house of ill repute, a striped gabardine diary and the American prison system picked open with an amethyst knife.

For Henry Dumas: A window open on the fog of New York, a studio with desk lamp and a shadow of his writing self pointing back at certain habits, taking off his coat to sit, spilling a little coffee, with all of eternity waiting enthralled.

For Bob Thompson: An all expense paid trip back to Rome on a riverboat tied with roses, its ballroom filled with golden ghouls and hugely debutant postures collapsed, the walls are wet with organ music.

For Alice Coltrane: A custom isolation booth the exact size of Stravinsky's last silhouette, he stares out, he taps from behind the green glass.

For Stephen Jonas: Your favorite Eric Dolphy faded to a room of golden tasseled light, a couch of friends' faces smeared in a gleaming silver crown.

Gauntlet

Twin mystics
(brothers)
about to head farther
underground
to get sucked
off in assignation
tuning my string
to Kitty Wells
clavichord vibrato
feathered tall
as the Superdome
in full-blown
fez capped furor
destruction
of any poetic
art impossible
traction's ingrained
even in abandon
scrawled black
ghost dance
rehearsal
lightning eyes
exceptional
containment
strike a second
print in service

to the waxen moon
blood drops
larger than vials
we scraped the
sea monsters off
the maps and
proceeded to
the boiler
only his words
were saved from
the paintings
writing through
a ledger, black
and white entwined
to heal I guess
it works. Egyptian
quick draw dotted
stains with static
fell out of bed
for a hundred
a week, poets
are the finest
undervalued
jewelers, urchins
of mascara smeared
trunk songs
tapped slowly
into my skull

After the Oracle

First

time in a long time
the depth of impression
is straight ahead
overall condition noted
continued

Change

the angle of approach
the beam always widens
and lightsabers
surround the doorways
to save us

I'm turning the poem

around in my window

for joy

and there is

no text

begging to drop by

allowing for such a thing

so hot

that setting sun,

rocks held by taut strings

The silk

of furniture

is burned alive

by a Futurist

a linoleum cut of a gash
clean the spit valve
(not often)
Kit caught his bus
Emeryville
before a train to Portland to read
tell them all hi
I cut the small
black shadow
of a jet and
am moving it about
the sky
in the postcard
Mount Olympus (blue)
Bailey Range
from Hurricane Ridge
right here with you
after all
night

7-20-14

The Vision

My typewriters to be melted and cast
as a bell. Twin water snakes strangled

by their capes

waiting to go off on prepared piano, a round of French
to float my bits of hugely failed Paul Verlaine Blues,
the hat blocked

and golden rising lines. A pop song scrawled
beneath the water stained wall,

I found it impossible

not to dwell in the words, reading billboards
between the strip. I left on the bit about relaxing
enough to get the drift and hand it back erect, in stitches.

Bleach in the flash

imprinted on the iris, emblazoned crown

in full dissolve.

To melt your barroom portrait or perfectly toned bust

tilted into bronze

beside the assassin ridden balconies

((vacuum mounted surround sound assassins))

Bombing through any era's

open inquisition, we were fathomless and beating the clock,

all night within reach.

The iron maiden, nose guarded helmets in line

riding the most haunted wave and mirror

grown over with stars.

Medallion

for Michael McClure

How well I know that
flowing spring in black
of night
Alone and chosen
left to form
this one-off
wilted dispatch
written for the feast
long held
in our room
below language
Color forms a pantomime
for the maze
descent in green
A syndicate
is stranded
face-out
all stars
all charges
to unfold out from torment
to recognition
A spiral cut to the headlands
reading as ancient

no future

The door swung
till the roots ripped
waiting on the drift
and blindingly
restored works

man himself

a light

The sheet is lifted
on voices
those securing their fix
O hanging them back
on doors that groan
how swept apart
too soon

* *

The higher

he ascends
the darker the wood

The grain in the line
senses addition

emerging at
once as
it all begins

to end, all lies
 shot back
 to the start

the most elusive
 shot frozen, bloodied
 one of one

* *

On that happy night
 in secret, no one saw
 me through the dark
 A light projection/pink moon
 on black barn door
 a jar of light
 grown large
 behind three slats
 plastic overlay of words
 a fluid mine
 no camera
 meaning obstruction
 Stained cardboard
 on strings
 slide the doors
 to be oblivious
 to joining
 in music
 pulling open the mirrors
 to dark bars

where I could see down
upon a man's skull
I built my own circuitry/sounds
and flow insisted
upon my own armory
a hall of humans
those poets
I stop to remember
in flooded motion