

THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER

No. 29                      1 Nov. 1975

Ted Greenwald, editor  
St. Mark's Church, 2nd Avenue  
& Tenth St., New York 10003.

The Poetry Project's month of November is full, with all programs going full steam ahead. The Wednesday night 8:30 pm readings, hosted by Maureen Owen, are as follows: Nov 5 Ed Marshall & Michael Rumaker, Nov 12 Imamu Amiri Baraka with The African Revolutionary Movers & The Anti-Imperialist Singers, Nov 19 Ted Berrigan & Ed Dorn, Nov 26 Fielding Dawson & Seymour Krim. The Monday night 8:15 pm programs hosted by Ed Friedman are: Nov 3 Open Reading (Featured: A.A. Pritchard), Nov 10 Concert. Alan Sondheim & Stewart Marshall, Nov 17 Reading: Carolee Schneemann & Lee Breuer, Nov 24 Reading: Pat Jones & Robin Messing (Ed informs me that the Poetry Project needs a piano that is in working condition and is as free/inexpensive as possible. If you know of such an instrument, please let us know.). On Tues Nov 25 8:30 pm Nancy Lewis will perform in DANSPACE. And keep posted for the date of a Douglas Sirk double feature later in the month. The three writing workshops (free) all scheduled for 7:30 pm are given by Paul Violi (Tues), Bill Zavatsky (Thurs), and Ted Greenwald (Fri).

Repairs on the Church continue apace. The 2nd Avenue skyline is now graced with scaffolding around the St. Mark's Church (crumbling) steeple.

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READINGS: Dr. Generosity Sat 3pm, 2nd Ave corner 73 St: Nov 1 Frederick Morgan, Nov 8 Andrew Glaze & Harvey Shapiro, Nov 15 Richard Elman & Maureen Owen, Nov 22 Marvin Cohen, Nov 29 Ed Sanders & John Duffy . . . The Book Gallery Wed. 8:30 pm, 240 W. 72 St, Nov 5 Daisy Aldan with Tazewell Thompson, Nov 12 Colette Inez & Yvonne & Judith Rodriguez, Nov 19 Bill Zavatsky & Phillip Lopate, Nov 26 Open Reading . . . Chumley's Sat 2 pm, Bedford & Barrow Sts, Nov 1 Helene Kendlar & Laren Shakely, Nov 8 Helen Chasin & Natalie Robins, Nov 15 Barbara A. Holland, Nov 22 Samuel Menashe, Nov 29 Donald Lev & Eunice Wolfgram . . . The Tin Palace 325 Bowery (corner of E 2nd St & Bowery), Sat 3-6 pm, Nov 1 Giant Group Reading: Richard Elman, MC, Nov 8 Joel Oppenheimer, Joe Flaherty, Paul Shiffman, & Clark Whelton, Nov 15 Giant Talk (an anthology of third world writing) Reading -- Quincy Troupe, Steve Cannon, Joe Johnson, Jayne Cortez, Nov 22 Audre Lorde, Susan Sherman, Karen Swenson, intro by Kathy Ruby . . . Nov 18 Tues 7:30 pm Al Lee & Alice Walker (at the Donnell Library 20 W 53 St) and Nov 4 Kenneth Irby & C.K. Williams (at the Guggenheim Museum (5th Ave & 89 St) sponsored by Academy of American Poets . . . YM - YWHA Mon 8 pm, 92 St & Lexington Ave), Nov 3 Jon Anderson & Philip Levine, Nov 17 X.J. Kennedy & James Wright . . . Check your papers for other readings.

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The deadline for The World review-interview-criticism-miscellany issue has been extended beyond Nov 15. Prose-fiction-etc is also equally welcome. Send to The World, St. Mark's Church, 2nd Ave. & Tenth St., NYC 10003.

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WBAL-FM: Dail-a-poem series, 8 pm on Nov 1, Nov 15, and Nov 29. The Susan Howe reading program will have John Ashbery reading on Nov 4, 8:45 pm; and Helen Adam on Nov 18, 8:45 pm. On Nov 30 at 10 pm at special program will have Jack Spicer reading his work and his lecture at Vancouver.

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In a phone conversation with poet Robin Blaser, editor of the recently published Collected Books of Jack Spicer (Black Sparrow, \$6.00 paper) and literary executor of the Spicer Estate, we were informed of the general plan to publish Spicer's complete works at Black Sparrow. The next volume to appear will be Troilus, a play based on readings in Chaucer and Shakespeare, and one of what Spicer identified as "dictated texts." Following that the publication schedule is: The Vancouver Lectures (1965), dealing principally with Spicer's poetics; forty-two early poems -- the canon of Spicer's poetry through 1956; Of Things and Angels, a collection including letters, rejected earlier poems, a poem sequence called Exercises, and unfinished work such as a start on a book on the Tarot cards. That would seem to be everything, in five volumes.

We are gratified by Gilbert Sorrentino's insightful review of the Collected Books in the October 13 Village Voice. Hopefully, such publications as New York Times Book Review, New York Review of Books, and Parnassus will pay similar attention to the book, either out of spontaneous interest or in response to the challenge that Sorrentino presents to establishment criticism.

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BOOKS AND MAGAZINES: Kenward Elmslie, Tropicalism, Z Press, Calais, Vermont, \$3.50 (This is Unmuzzled Ox 12, Box 374, Planetarium Station, NYC 10024, \$1.25) . . . Harry Lewis, Spring, Two & Two Press, 326A 4th St, Bklyn, NY 11215 . . . Alcheringa, New Series Vol. 1, No. 2 Boston University, 270 Bay State Road, Boston, MA 02215 . . . Christopher Middleton, The Lonely Suppers of W.V. Balloon, David R. Godine, Publisher, 306 Dartmouth St, Boston Mass, \$7.95 (hardcover) . . . From Big Sky books: Barrett Watten, OPERA--WORKS, Bill Berkson, Enigma Variations, Cover and Drawings by Philip Guston, Serendipity Books, 1790 Shattuck Ave, Berkeley, CA 94709 . . . Strange Faeces #17, 122, New Wickham Drive, Penfield, NY 14625, \$2, (All Canadian Issue) . . . Merrill Gilfillan, To Creature, Blue Wind Press, 1206 Spruce, Berkeley, CA 94709. . Tom Clark, At Malibu, Kulchur Books, 888 Park Ave, NYC 10021, \$3.50 paper, \$7.00 hard . . . Tour Schedule of American Poets (not completed yet, but offset sheets available), William Bleakney, 1642 W. Main #2, Houston, Tx 77006 . . . Telephone #11, Box 672, Old Chelsea Sta, NYC 10011 and from Telephone Books, Blue Orchid Numero Uno by Charles Plymell, \$1.50 . . . Sunsprout, Vol. 1, No. 3, 4301 Caroline, Houston, Tx 77004 . . . Helen Gibbs, Patent Leather, Imagination Central, c/o ROOTS, P.O. Box 14645, Houston, Tx 77021 . . . JAMBALAYA, Four Poets, ed. by Steve Cannon, Reed, Cannon & Johnson Communications Co., 285 E 3 St, NYC 10009 (The four poets are Cyn Zarco, Lorenzo Thomas, Thulani, Ibn Mukhtarr Mustapha) \$4.95 plus 25¢ handling . . . From Vintage: two by Kenneth Koch, The Art of Love, poems, \$1.95 and The Red Robins, novel, \$5.95 . . . From New Directions: Denise Levertov, The Freeing of the Dust, \$7 (cloth), \$2.25 (paper); George Oppen, Collected Poems, \$15.95 (cloth; why no paper?); Jerome Rothenberg, Poems for the Game of Silence 1960-1970, \$3.95 (paper); Michael McClure, Jaguar Skies, \$1.95. . . Richard Kostelanetz, Extrapolate, Assembling, 141 Wooster St, NYC 10012 . . . Small Press Catalogues from Gotham Book Mart & Gallery Inc., 41 W 47 St, NYC 10036 (Enormously useful publication for tracing very small poetry books -- arranged by author) . . . Out There #8, R. Lesniak, 6944 W. George, Chicago, IL 60634 . . . From Mulch Press: Jody Aliesan, Soul Claiming, \$3.50; Paul Blackburn, Halfway Down the Coast, \$3.50; Harry Lewis, Home Cooking, \$3.50. . . From the Fiction Collective: Mimi Albert, The Second Story Man; Jerry Bumpus, Things In Place; Clarence Major, Reflex and Bone Structure, \$3.95 . . . Donna Brook, A History of the Afghan, Red Hanrahan Press, PO Box 03527, Highland Park, Mich. 48203 . . . Peter Inman, U.S.A., Dry Imager Publication, c/o Darragh, 3314 Mt. Pleasant #2, Washington, D.C. 20009 . . . Journal of Modern Literature, Vol. 4, No. 4 Apr 1975, Temple University, 1241 Humanities Building, Philadelphia, Pa 19122, (Gotham Book Mart Issue) . . . Giorno Poetry Systems records, Biting off the Tongue of a Corpse, 222 Bowery, NYC (Many poets readings) . . . Another record, 45 rpm is The Fast Flying Vestibule, with "I'm Glad I'm prepared for the Recession" by poet Terence Winch, Bread and Roses Record Co-op, 1724 20th st NW, Washington, DC, \$1.50 . . . From Zephyrus Image: Ships Log, William T. Wily, \$4.00 and Seen, Stan Brakhage, \$2.50, 2741 Geary Blvd., S.F., CA 94118 . . . Richard Friedman, Straight, The Yellow Press, 2394 S. Blue Island, Chicago, IL 60608, \$2.00.

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ALL OVER: Everything going full tilt in SAN FRANCISCO. Poetry Flash the Poetry Center newsletter has giant circulation . . . Intersection readings continue, as well as Poetry Center readings . . . The Black Arts Center in HOUSTON continues to be a hub of poetry, etc. activity. Producing arts festivals, workshops, and Roots magazine. In May Mekela Mesekele (a South African

poet now in St. Louis) read, and Ahmos Zu Bolton & Etherlbert Miller read in July (broadcast on KPFT-FM in Sept) . . . A series of readings and poetry "stuff" is being given at the INDIANAPOLIS Museum of Art (Nov 5 Etheridge Knight & Carl Thayler) handled by Ron Wray. Etheridge Knight leads a series of readings at the Hummingbird Cafe with workshops, music, etc. . . . Monday night 8:30 pm poetry in VANCOUVER, B.C. at the Western Front, 303 East 8th Ave Nov 3 Bob Rose, Nov 10 The Raw and the Plucked, Nov 16 Nancy Cole: Kids' Matinee 2:30 pm, Nov 17 Nancy Cole, Nov 24 John Mitchell & Mr. Peanut . . . DETROIT Writers' Co-Op presenting Wed night readings at the Kelly William Studio, 8 pm. Among poets reading, George Tysh, Chris Tysh, Ken Mikolowski, Donna Brook, Jim Wanless. . . . The University of CHICAGO Poetry Speakers Series will have Robert Creeley reading on Nov 4. New series of readings are getting off the ground in Evanston at Amazing Grace Coffee House, The Poetry Center at the Museum of Contemporary Art, and Northeastern University. The Body Politic continues its readings.

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The best book I've ever read lately is THE GATE OF DARKNESS by Tsi-An Hsia (Seattle: Univ. of Washington Press, 1968). Hsia's book consists of witty and somewhat propagandistic (guess which side) studies of writers involved in the communist movement in China in the 1920's and 30's. It costs \$3.95 in paper if you can't get it on a clearance sale. At any price, it's a bargain. Hsia's best chapter deals with poet Ch'u Ch'iu-po who actually wrote a book entitled Superfluous Words, which is his sad last testament. Hsia's discussion of writer Lu Hsun is also interesting. Second best reading (in a non-pejorative sense) are Zavatsky's & Padgett's lovely Larbaud translations which have been appearing in the magazines. Important stuff. (Lorenzo Thomas)

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David Schubert, Initial A, The Macmillan Company, New York, 1961. out-of-print.

The coda to the last issue of the Newsletter was David Schubert's "No Finis:"

When you cannot go further  
It is time to go back and wrest  
Out of failure some  
Thing shining.

As when a child I sat  
On the stoop and spoke  
The state licenses, the makes  
Of autos going somewhere,--

To others I leave the fleeting  
Memory of myself.

1961? No surprise in that. The poem seems to characterize Schubert as a young poet of the 50's and 60's. Its rhythm is relaxed, trying to capture the poet's mind in its changes of pace. That momentary tightening "some/Thing shining" hints that Schubert might be one of the 50's poets nurtured by the good pediatrician from Rutherford. And the poet as boy alone on the stoop, making poems out of the pell-mell of experience by speaking the numbers of the license plates as they speed out of sight, has the feel of an anti-academic metaphor of the 50's. However, the poem was written in the early 40's, before Howl, the emergence of the children of Olson, New York School, et al said to William Empson and his bullies, "Step outside!"

Schubert died in 1946 at the age of 33. Unfortunately, Initial A is all that remains of his poetical output. Macmillan let it go out of print, and none of the poems have been reprinted in anthologies circulating today. [The next issue of Sun magazine will contain a selection of poems from Initial A; Macmillan has granted permission to Bill Zavatsky for this reprint. (TG)] It is a lamentable fact of our day that David Schubert's name is seldom heard in the poetry-speaking world.

Initial A ends with the last-will-and-testament lines of "No Finis." The lines are

heartbreaking when we realize they are a no fooling last will and testament. So the shining thing that Schubert bequeaths us is Initial A, a pitifully small inheritance of 43 poems, adding up to about 60 pages of poetry.

The poems are arranged chronologically and are divided into four sections, the last two sections composed mostly of what I shall label his "personal" poems, and which I will deal with here. Their subjects vary considerably: the killing of a mosquito by his wife, hatred of his father, anxiety about pleasing a respected friend, delight over a lady friend's corsage are a few. The last four, with death apparently a possibility, look back over his life. The poems can be by turns anguished or gay or anywhere in between. As a group they surprise -- the way "No Finis" does -- by calling out to us from the 40's in various personal voices of our current poetry.

The language of "The Mark" I find contemporary in its conversational verve and inventiveness. "I love the recess, studied the window." The dreamy poet, therefore, has been given a final grade of B- in God's classroom. With its ring-of-truth classification of humanity into general types via a playfully minute observation of the letter grades, the poem has the sound of Kenneth Koch in close collaboration with another big-city sophisticate, Alexander Pope:

A B- hurts; it isn't even  
A mediocrity; not an A standing there  
On its own legs, a smart man; but  
A curved Greek, pliant and polite,  
Lacking something.

Think of the sinuous bosom  
Of a C, which sees all, and feigns  
Indifference! An open mind is a C, a good  
American, friendly, someone you can talk with. A D  
Damn you! Who

Can survive its scurrilous echo?  
An E is like an eel, squashy, squishy--  
But mud in your eye whichever way you look at it.

As for the sacred excommunication's  
F,--final is it, finalities  
Beyond the grave. And like the question why,  
Haunting the victim in his tabula rasa.

In a similar spirit, the next poem "BA (On the Same Theme)" is sustained by the energy of his jealousy of his friends. While they have gone on to earn higher academic degrees, he remains simply David Schubert, BA. "I see my name baaing/At me, like the blackest sheep of all." But the poem slows its pace as it closes. "I tell you I'm/In a black mood. As/  
In the voices of Euripides, woe//Is me."

This kind of graceful bow to culture past we could observe in Paul Blackburn's work. I hear an echo of Blackburn as he is sneaking a Persephone or the like into his quotidian and varying his rhythm, playing with line length and spacing, to catch his mind's fleeting responses to a situation. In "It Is Sticky in the Subway," Schubert is turned on by a beautiful girl in the subway. Schubert -- as Blackburn might in this typical Blackburn situation -- sees himself (being underground) as a silly-looking Orpheus. "Romeo," another renowned admirer of beauty, sits down; and what follows, especially the last stanza with its unabashedly adolescent pun, could be a page lifted out of Blackburn's The Cities:

A kinkled adolescent  
Defies the Authorities by  
Smoking a butt right next to me. He is  
Of Romeos the least attractive who  
Has played the role.

He  
Smirks, squints, glues his eyes to her

Tightly entethered teeth, scratches  
His moist passion on some scratch paper.

Her eyes  
Accuse Plato of non-en  
Tity. Most delightful creature of moment's  
above ground.

Schubert, just going about his business as a poet, arrived, in some of his poems, at a Black Mountain sound without the years of hard-core theorizing in the Black Mountains and through the mails.

In one poem Schubert assures a ladylove, "You and I, however, / Are exceptions to every rule. Being glad / We will survive." In "Prospect Park," he rails with a charming and breezy exasperation, "I would like to ask that dumb ox, Thomas / Aquinas, why it is, that when you have said / Something, -- you said it -- then they ask you / A month later if it is true? Of course it is!" A poem, anticipating the sight of a beloved friend, ends, "No! On the vehicle, Tomorrow, I will see / That man, whose handshake was happiness." More than anyone else's, the voice of Frank O'Hara is heard in Schubert's chorus.

Seemingly at will, Schubert can turn on the nervy chatty brilliance we associate with O'Hara, as in this section of "Dissertation on the Detroit Free Press:"

Who left this copy of the Detroit  
Free Press on this seat where I shall  
--If the engineer keeps his pledge--  
Spend seven hours watching cities  
Tossed away like memories, hustled  
So that I have to tell myself that this  
Tempus of existence, rather a tempest  
Is life, with all these people I am  
Living through their lives.

I offer you a candle, old fashioned  
Fidelity, on your grave, O lonely dead, . . .

"Victor Record Catalogue" takes an O'Hara leap from thoughts of an affair to an address to Eugene Ormandy whose picture is on the cover of the record catalogue. It's language is also O'Hara-like. I offer the following fragments from it for your agreement or disagreement -- also for the pleasure of reading them.

Most unexpectedly it happens, just  
As you don't know what you will say till you  
Say it. Sleighbells in the winter of  
My discontent.

(What a delightful way to describe falling in love.)

. . . She lived, way up,  
In a Kafkalike passageway of bureaucratic  
Offices, anonymously ugly, one inside  
The other, just like Kafka's temper tantrums.)  
She lived there. I didn't like it.

Let's listen to yet another voice. The following is the second half of "The Skeleton in the Closet."

It was a marriage. Last I saw  
Him, it was a funeral. I speak of the meetings of  
Climactic moments. There were the one or two  
Intervals of rebuff, a half-hour at most  
Spread through a decade. Here he was, in flesh and  
Blood, the odious.

Villain. What did I do?

I felt sorry for him. I who had  
Hated him so, didn't even dislike  
Him. Until he opened his mouth  
His barbaric yawp chased me across the roofs  
Of the world, into childhood, where, I am ashamed to  
Say, most cordially, most fervently I detested.

I think these lines should interest a lot of critics in light of certain pronouncements of theirs about poetry of the 50's that have become semi-official via the classroom, university presses, The New York Review, etc. E.g., Robert Lowell originated a new and daring mode of poetry with Life Studies. Lowell, these critics claim, halted the noble iambic strut of his romantic agony and shed its aristocratic garment of Christian sin, to leave it before us trembling in its naked shame: a creepy ineffectual father, a sexually-repressed, hysterical mother, failure in the marriage bed, the madhouse and more. These critics have given Lowell the status of cultural hero for showing other poets how to turn their private failures into literary correlatives for the failure of the American dream, if not of life itself. Lowell is dean of the Confessional School. Let's return to the "Skeleton." Who is the "Villain" who plagues the poet? Why it's the poet's detested tyrannical father. So he is the skeleton who comes out of the closet every so often. Voilà, is this a confessional poem? If it is, can it possible meet the standards set by our mordant school-master Lowell himself and his best graduates? Well, class, pay attention to the text. Regard the epithet "the odious," how it brings the sentence to a bitterly humorous period. Admire the ironical twisting of Whitman's famous cry of love, freedom and absolute human communication. Admire even more the way the last three lines metamorphosize the grown-up speaker into a furious child. Then reread and appreciate how the word "Villain" relates back to "the odious" to deflate the monster to a comic black-frocked character of a melodrama, thereby setting us up for the onslaught of real feelings at the end. This is a damned good confessional poem -- by anyone's standards -- tossed off by Schubert while Lowell (he and Schubert are about the same age) was still wrestling with his iambic and Christian angels.

Only a few poems are purely anything -- "confessional" racy O'Hara, whatever. The voice in most poems will vary subtly according to the challenge of the required emotion. (Some of the examples in this article have already shown this.) "The Transformation" ends confessionally. The poet is riding the subway with his unhappy sister, feeling guilt at not being able to communicate, but there is little he can do: "I wish her well. The therapy/ Is taking for granted the ugly scene, the/Actual tile subway station and/The frustration which time,--can it undo?" But the first part of the poem expresses grief and striving in a very O'Hara-like metaphor: "I suffered and/Suffered over that, hunting not the current movie/But the star, more radiant than Greer Garson."

No doubt when you read these poems, you will hear echoes of other contemporaries. My list is not meant to be exhaustive or dogmatic, but is offered as an indication of Schubert's advanced talent. (Besides, you may hear Schubert's voices differently than I do. If you were to tell me that the following lines could have been written by Gregory Corso in a poem about academia in his "Marriage" style I would have to agree: "I see my name baaing/At me, like the blackest sheep of all./All my associates have a great many/Degrees, BA wags after me/Like the can on a beaten cur's tail, reminiscing/Of cruel boys' victory.//I feel like an academic/Futility!") This talent reveals itself in the "non-personal" poems written mostly in the 30's, but their nerve and beauty is of another order and begs for our separate love.

From two jacket-cover biographies that remain and from these later poems, we know that illness and poverty were enemies who seldom showed fatigue. From a few of the poems we also know that childhood memories must have brought him into a few nasty skirmishes with himself. Perhaps the gathering sadness of his last years supplied the energy for these self-revealing poems. But the sadness in them is never k'vetching, but sadness redeemed in the possibilities of poetry.

What I see as poetry is a sample of the human scene, its incurably acute melancholia redeemed only by affection. This sample of endurance is innocent and gay: the music of vowel and consonant is the happy-go-lucky echo of time itself.

Without this music there is no poem.  
(from Schubert's preface to his appearance in Five Young American Poets,  
1941, New Directions.)

(Allan Kaplan)

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Senate Bill #1 is a grave threat to the Bill of Rights. Under the rhetoric of "Law and Order", Senate Bill #1 grants far reaching power never granted to the federal government. It would legitimate Watergate break-ins, the death penalty for certain crimes, and destroy insanity defense. It would give the government the right to severely curtail protests (e.g. government policy, civil right protests, and union organization). For further information write to National Committee Against Repressive Legislation, 1250 Wilshire Blvd. Suite 501, Los Angeles, CA 90017 or Esther Herst, Coordinator, 510 C St NE, Washington, DC 20002.

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HOLLYWOOD BOWL REVIEW by Vivien Elmslie

Dear Kenward,

As you may gather from the enclosed clippings, I went to the Hollywood Bowl to hear Barbara Cook. As you will also see, she did one of your songs. I must say I was thrilled -- had hoped she might, but the ads only mentioned Gershwin, Rodgers & Hammerstein etc. -- so it was something of a surprise to see "Elmslie" on the program. Also she particularly gave THE GRASS HARP a nice plug, by correcting the program error. She mentioned the song was not from CHAIN OF LOVE but rather from a show called GRASS HARP, a show she loved. All this before 17,000 (?) 25,000 (?) people.

The Hollywood Bowl is quite gross in the literal sense of the word. It is like a football field, and it's not really a bowl. A jumbo stage with water in front -- and an enormous apron which covers most of the water. Barbara Cook looked like a tiny doll (in green). I can think of no worse place for an individual performer. Had a good time however -- it's sort of a giant picnic, carnival + amusement park combined. One brings a picnic supper (some people bring gourmet meals -- I saw Rock Cornish Game hen, and beef fondue). The crowd was very enthusiastic. To my horror she blew the lines in "When I Marry Mr. Snow" not once but twice, but got thru it with the conductor shouting the words to get her going again. However, she seemed undaunted and sort of joked about it. Would like to hear her again under more normal circumstances; the P.A. system is not that hot in my opinion . . .

(Kenward Elmslie)

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The loss of Fairfield Porter is deeply felt. His presence was an inspiration to countless artists, poets, and friends. His work is still with us.

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In memory of Fraida Shapiro and Fairfield Porter

As Aeschylus puts it

in Frag 351: Let us say what comes to our lips, whatever it

may be; or perhaps, Let's say what's on

the tip of our tongue.

As Achilles put it to Apollo,  
You have made a fool of me.

It was with some interest  
I noticed the violin back in its case  
of itself was playing the piece  
correctly and with almost  
no trepidation of the string!  
It played along and is playing  
by and of and for itself--

And that was the end of our friend  
The wisest and best on this earth lightly inclined--  
"Be mute for me,  
contemplative violin."

David Shapiro

(from The Devil's Trill Sonata, forthcoming)

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TO

First Class Mail