

THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER

No. 41 1 Jan 1977

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

New Year. The Mon nite (8:15 pm) readings are Jan 3 Open Reading, Jan 10 Warren Burt (concert) Jan 17 Rhys Chatham, Sharon Mattlin, Sandy Pilder (performance), Jan 24 Bob Rosenthal, Garret List, Jenie Sherman (reading/concert), Jan 31 Michael Cooper, Stephen Paul Miller. On Wed nites (8:30 pm) Jan 5 Helen Adam & Marilyn Hacker, Jan 12 Fanny Howe & Alice Walker, Jan 19 Larry Fagin & Jamie MacInnis, Jan 26 Richard Friedman & Anselm Hollo. AND Sat, Jan 29 Ishmael Reed, Quincy Troupe, Steve Cannon, Jane Cortez, Joe Johnson, and Calvin Hernton.

The (7:30 pm) workshops continue with Thurs, Bill Zavatsky and Fri, Alice Notley. The Tues workshop will be run by Jim Brodey starting Jan 4th. Jim Brodey's work has appeared in countless small magazines and several larger ones. His books range from the limited edition Last Lick from Telephone Books to the blazing Blues of the Egyptian Kings from Big Sky. He has sometimes even appeared as a person who is both a mineral "that is a hydrated amorphous silica softer and less dense than quartz and typically with definite and often marked iridescent play of colors" and is "a community of people composed of one or more nationalities and possessing a more or less defined territory and government" and quite often both at once. Or none of the above.

* * * * *

READINGS ETC: Send self addressed stamped envelopes to NYC Poetry Calendar, 52 E 7 St NYC 10003. Free.

* * * * *

THE TELLING by Laura (Riding) Jackson

For what Laura (Riding) Jackson has had to tell, poetry is insufficient. "Deficient," she insists; The Telling her first major work after renouncing poetry in 1938 as being linguistically incapable of truth telling. For writers serious about the possibilities of poetry it has been difficult to react; that Jackson intends this difficulty is evident from her vehement refusals to allow her views to be taken as the basis of a new way--a "medicine"-- for poetry.

There is an unsympathy--a quarrelsomeness at times--that runs through The Telling, and is accentuated in some of the book's appended material. This is not a quarrelsomeness for its own sake, but the result of the prophetic--sometimes oracular--mode Jackson has chosen to write in: "preachment". There are few styles of, to her, contemporary avoidance that escape censure--from rock music and left politics to all manner of "professional" thought. The Telling, indeed, echoes the critique of Rousseau's First Discourse--that 'art' and 'intellect' have replaced 'virtue'. Jackson decries the obsession with doctrines, the new, success in the place of "articulating the human reality with truth"; it is professional learning--e.g., the poetic craft, specialized poetic form itself--that interposes itself between us and the truth of the mutuality of our one being.

Her insistence in The Telling is that in speaking it is possible to tell one another of that in which we each are not another--the 'Before' that is in the 'Now', spoken as 'Subject-to all 'Subjects'. If the many things that prevent this truth telling of ourselves is the self satisfaction of carving out a voice that is distinct, actualized by its difference. "Telling differently for the triumph of difference, and not for truth's sake." Poetry dwells on the description of the distance, whose extolling, it is imagined, is a penetration into the deepest roots of humanness. This dwelling in the less-than, on the forms of our present lives, is a diversion from the fact of our "self-sameness in Being."

Since it creates a "literary reality", poetry is limited by its craft. "The liberty of

word that poetry confers is poetry's technique not truth's." Jackson's mode of writing in The Telling is able--unlike poetry, she says--to have a place for the reader in it: a speaking ideal of "normal" diction, one speaking to another of the mutualness of both, all, in being ("a method of our speaking, each, our All.") Each section of The Telling is--this is my experience of it--the enunciation of a shared fact; I find myself in it not in the sense of relation to personality (foibles, longing, etc) but ontologically, by the fact of my human being. (And yet--and yet--in her sternness and insistence on this 'ultimate' seeing, her rebukes of all our human failings, perhaps too much--this 'all'--is asked of us--does not her very sympathy shut-out?--for there is connection also in the recognition and acknowledging of such failings in our fellow human beings.) Although Jackson's prophecy/pretension does not allow her to admit any predecessors in this self-actualizing of words--she says there are none, that the personal concreteness of The Telling is diverted by such comparisons--still, I thought of Dickinson (e.g., "The world is not conclusion"), of Kierkegaard's Purity of Heart and Works of Love, of Wittgenstein's Philosophical Investigations (which, like The Telling, is a critique/renunciations of an earlier work and method), of Oppen (not 'gesture' but the 'actual' "which is ourselves"). Of Walden: "There are words addressed to our condition exactly, which, if we could really hear and understand, would be more salutary than the morning." In the supplemental material to The Telling, Jackson cautions against confusing endings for completeness the promise of Laura Riding's poetry. The turning required for this completeness is, perhaps, an unexpected one; its faithfulness to itself; to language, to "us"--is manifest. "And the tale is no more of the going: no more a poet's tale of going false-like to a seeing. The tale is of a seeing true-like to a knowing." (Charles Bernstein)

* * * * *

Diane Wakoski: Mythologist of the Underground (An Excerpt)

Diane Wakoski is the most romantic poet of the underground; her extraordinarily beautiful imagery is drawn from a private world of fantasy. Much has been made of her role as a confessional poet, a term she dislikes because it suggests something bad and guilty.

In my interview with her she spoke of Gertrude Stein as an important influence and also of Yeats and Stevens. "Leda and the Swan" was a seminal poem for her, and inspired the poem in her first collection "Justice is Reason Enough." It concerns an act of incest with her brother, followed by his suicide, all completely imaginary. Rothenberg is also very important to her, especially his evocation of Poland. She had little contact with the visual arts in college, but was interested in the French surrealist poets at that time, an interest self-evident in her work. Shakespeare's sonnets and the works of Freud, Jung and Reich have also played a role in her imagination. She says O'Hara was never a model for her, because too close to her own generation; and neither was Byron, despite the incest theme.

She is interested in the musicality of words, and is particular about how her poems are read aloud, a concern learned from Rothenberg, Schwerner, MacLow and Blackburn. However, she doesn't wish the musical to ever overwhelm the cognitive. The poetic persona, she feels, is essentially feminine; and it is not at all true that women have no reason and are exclusively maternal. Writing is an easier profession for women, she believes, than most others.

That "form is an extension of content" is a salient principle for Wakoski, learned, she claims, from Stevens as well as Olson and Creeley. Duncan and Olson, both of whom she admires, refuse to discuss craft apart from the life of the poem. "That's why we can't any longer think of 20th century poetry in terms of form. As if form were some pitcher we pour our contents into/as if there were a poem without a whole body of poetry around it/as if form were something physical instead of something conceptual." [Wakoski, Sparrow III (prose)]

From Duncan she also learned in April 1972: "That what life is about is transformations. That what art is about is transformations. That either art or life can be transformers. Science is part art and part life; art being the life of the imagination." [Wakoski, Sparrow III (prose)]

She says: "Poetry is our history/We study the stars/to understand temperatures:/Life and death are the only issues;" [Dancing on the Grave of a Son of a Bitch, p. 13]

And again: "The poet is the passionate man/who lives quietly/knowing very well what he wants. It is love,/some formation the of, a small rock/that he can carve all his life,/perhaps a house he can build with his own hands,/or one he can live in and shape around his

body, as a crab will/or a snail;" [Smudging, p. 32]

But it is grappling with the problem of autobiography that is central to an understanding of Wakoski's work. By her own affirmation, she doesn't write autobiography; her personal experiences are emblematic of other experiences. She is working toward a concept of personal mythology, where events in her life become archetypal. She doesn't keep a journal, because she only records material important enough to keep coming back to her, hence mythical. She cannot write about mundane things that do not turn her fantasy on. Works as different as Ginsberg's "Kaddish" and Lowell's "Life Studies" are important to her, because they transcend autobiography. She feels that interesting poetry must come out of interesting lives; to write personal poetry you must be impersonal about your life. Americans are obsessed with the documentary; but Wakoski believes one can live archetypal experiences. It is woman's voice, the poet's voice, that keeps the balance between the real and the mythic. (Lita Hornick)

* * * * *

Home Cooking by Harry Lewis

The phrase home cooked conjures up an image of good substantial food carefully and lovingly prepared for friends or family. A poet who identifies his work as home cooking must take special pains to serve up the freshest, tastiest dishes possible. Otherwise he fails to live up to the standard he has consciously set. In his new collection, Home Cooking, Harry Lewis succeeds admirably. The book is personal, filling and idiosyncratic. Home cooking can be simple and hearty. This meal, from the hand of chef Lewis, is subtle, pungent and sweet, by turns. Made of short lyric poems, the book offers piercing investigations of that interminable moment between loves when you work through the loss and reach forward to an uncertain and hopefully dangerous future. The poet encountered here is struggling to keep his balance, trying to make sense of a shattered world.

The book opens with two epigraphs, from Leroi Jones and Mayakovsky. The Jones quote is a recognition of the profound link between love and fear. "What I thought was love/in me, I find a thousand instances/ as fear." The Mayakovsky points beyond that dark bond to the reawakening of feeling, the sudden thump of "the stalled motor of the heart." Lewis follows these two lines throughout the book, attempting to further understand his failures while simultaneously pushing into new territory a changed and changing man.

Whatever his fears, Lewis is not reluctant to reveal his pain and bitterness and disgust in language the reader cannot hide from. Here is a bit from a poem which comes very early, "The Daily Grind." "leaned back on my cross and tried/to give up my ghost/that bitch that keeps/dogging me and as I/hung there I offered/my body and my/blood to the faithful/but I was not/among them having lost/faith in myself." The voice speaks plainly and directly, right to you.

A wry self-awareness touches many poems, tempering the laments, making the figure who stumbles through his daily life before us a completely accessible person; someone we can respond to knowingly and with fondness. The poet frequently comes across as achingly vulnerable. "how could I know about love/I didn't know about/you? I didn't know about me./the key is/the solo." [Jazz Riff p.9] "another you/will never be/will never be/be another/you and I can't even/listen to/the radio." [Jazz Riff p. 35]

One word reappears often in these poems, the word tender. Lewis is deeply concerned with the depth and quality of his compassion for others. He probes himself all the time trying to reach those blocked pockets of gentle feeling which are as crucial to his survival as air is to miners trapped far beneath the ground.

"I should love
much more than myself
and
all these notes
scattered
on my kitchen table
I get up
and paste D E A T H

across the kitchen window
to catch the sun tomorrow
and then
I tell my plants
it does not apply
to them."

(Dear Plants)

Even in a bad time the poet forces himself to recognize and celebrate the joyous small things in the hostile world. In Home Cooking, Spring is the season of all good when the prison days end and the doors swing open.

"the light opens her eyes. her breasts feel alive again/ her white hair/ turns brown and birds/ are flying inside her head. you can see them" [Spring Alchemy]

"Spring goes through us. we/ sniff the air/ the heart beats with it." [Letter]

"a small dog mounts/ a big bitch./ they lock/ and he's frantic/ as she/ walks down/ the street.
[Note on Spring]

Many poems center around the inability to get started, to begin anew, in a different fashion. Occasionally a poem goes slightly sour and self-indulgent, the poet enjoying his self-pity. Fortunately the continual bursts of song coupled with the insistent attempt to grow stronger and better redeem the weaker moments. Lewis is like a singer who has temporarily lost his voice and is struggling to get the pipes working again.

The metaphor of poet as singer is particularly appropriate. The book is filled with "Jazz Riffs," lyrics which use jazz standards as their take-off point, becoming their cadence and movement legitimate variations on classic themes. At times, at their very best, the Riffs soar. The more successful ones could, and perhaps should, be sung, not spoken. The grace, the formal inventiveness and the sheer energy of these pieces lifts the entire collection.

Scattered throughout Home Cooking are photographs by painter Basil King which complement and expand the book quite nicely. They capture the casual beauty of the ordinary object and of the random moment. The photos give us a glimpse of a world where all meals are home cooked, feasts included.

To close, a short lovely poem from Home Cooking.

"Spring and
a little lovin'
makes every woman
a charm. I walk in the street
turned on watchin'
everything that has
a female touch (even
the awkward grace of
transvestites."

(Spring And)

(Brian Breger)

* * * * *

BOOKS ETC: Slit Wrist #2 (Paul Brown & Terry Swanson, ed) correct address, c/o Terry Swanson, 333 E 30 St/14F, NYC 10016 . . . From Big Sky: Dick Gallup, Above The Tree Line & Tom Veitch, Death College & Other Poems (\$4.50), Serendipity Books, 1790 Shattuck Ave, Berkeley, CA 94709 . . . From The Yellow Press: Ted Berrigan, Red Wagon (\$3) & Alice Notley, Alice Ordered Me To Be Made (\$2.50), also Serendipity. . . William Corbett, St. Patrick's Day, Arion's Dolphin, Box 313, Cambridge, Mass 02138 . . . Stratis Haviaras, Crossing The River Twice, Cleveland State U. Press . . . From Frontward Books: Steve Toth, Rota Rooter & Ed Friedman, The Black Star, c/o Bob Rosenthal, 437 E 12 St, NYC 10009 . . . 10+2:12 American Text Sound Pieces (\$5 per album plus \$.75 handling), 1750 Arch Records, PO Box 9444, Berkeley, CA 94709 (Clark Coolidge, Bryon Gysin, John Cage, & others) . . . Sandra Braman, The One Verse City (\$2), Wolf Run, Box 10671, Eugene, Oregon 97401. . . Anza #1 (35c) & Milton Hamlin, Jr, End Of The World (65c) Daddy Long Legs, PO Box 34, Dixie, Georgia 31629. . . Parnassus, Vol 4, No 2 (\$4), 205 W 89 St, NYC 10024 (Charles Olson section) . . . Correction to last month F.T. Prince article,

available from Serendipity, Drypoints of the Hasidim (\$2) & An Afterward on Rupert Brooke (\$1.50), Menard Press . . . Speakeasy #1 (Dave Morice, ed), Box 585, Iowa City, IA 52240 (\$1) . . . This #7 (Barrett Watten, ed), 326 Connecticut St, San Francisco, CA 94107 (\$2) . . . Hills #3, (Bob Perelman, ed) 1220 Folsom St, San Francisco, CA 94103 (\$1) . . . Dick Higgins, classic plays, (\$4), unpublished editions, PO Box 26, West Glover, Vt. 05875 . . . From Black Sparrow Press, PO Box 3993, Santa Barbara, CA 93105: Robert Creeley, Away (\$3.50), Ron Loewinshohn, Goat Dances (\$4), David Meltzer, Six (\$4), & Mohammed Mrabet, Harmless Poisons, Blameless Sins . . . From New Directions, 333 Sixth Ave, NYC 10014, New Directions Anthology #33 (\$3.95), Octavio Paz, Eagle Or Sun?, (\$2.95), Stewie Smith, Selected Poems (\$3.45), Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Who Are We Now?, (\$1.95), Toby Olson, The Life of Jesus, (\$3.95), & Michael McClure, Gorf (a play) (\$1.95) . . . Duncan McNaughton, A Passage of Saint Devil, Talonbooks, 201 1019 East Cordova, Vancouver, BC V6A 1M8, Canada . . . From The Elizabeth Press, 103 Van Etten Blvd, New Rochelle, NY 10804: Lorine Niedecker, Blue Chicory (\$8), Theodore Enslin, Papers (\$8), Cid Corman, 'S (\$8), & The Meantime (\$5), Finding Losses (\$8), My Father Photographed With Friends (\$8) by William Bronk. . . Brom Telephone: Telephone #12, (Maureen Owen, ed), & Fanny Howe, The Amerindian Coastline Poem (\$1.50), Box 672, Old Chelsea Sta, NYC 10011 . . . Open Window #2 (Paul Schneeman & Vincent Katz, eds), c/o Katz 435 West Broadway, NYC 10012 (25¢).

* * * * *

Baudelaire, Enid Starkie, New Directions - Ariel: the Life of Shelley, Andre Maurois, Ungar
 - Byron, a Portrait, Leslie Alexis Marchand (c 1970), Knopf - Humboldt's Gift, Saul Bellow, Viking.

Of the three 19th century poets, Byron was the most flamboyant, Shelley the most romantic and Baudelaire the most French. Much about their lives was similar: they came from affluent backgrounds, were constantly embroiled in money troubles, and thought scandalous by the majority of their contemporaries. Baudelaire went through most of his inheritance in two years and spent the remainder of his life in a debtor's labyrinth. Although there were numerous innuendoes about malformed genitals, he somehow managed to have mistresses, lovers and contact with VD to which he eventually succumbed in Belgium under terrible circumstances. Baudelaire also had an acute case of procrastination, a painful inability to deliver reviews, translations, essays, or even his own poetry to publishers on time - if ever. Starkie's book is redundant and heavy-handed. He loves to reveal who the Green Goddess actually was and other such scholarly salad dressing. Baudelaire lived a curious life but try a different biographer.

The book on Shelley promised on its jacket to "read like fiction." It was an easy read although I was constantly distracted by Maurois' habit of clothing evil in misogynous metaphors, a strange juxtaposition to Shelley's beau ideal. We learn that Shelley was an idealist in search of the perfect, that he traveled a lot, like to gaze at trees and dream, and was often disappointed by reality. Early in life he infuriated his father enough to be disinherited. From then on money was scarce and when he did get a few pounds, overly generous, depleted it instantly. Moments of peace were inevitably interrupted by death; both of his children by Mary, his first wife's suicide, etc. The tragedies mount unbearably until at age thirty he drowns at sea during a storm. Some weeks later his body is found on a beach. Byron arrives for the cremation and overcome by emotion dives into the ocean and swims until nearly out of sight. Afterwards Shelley's heart is found intact among the ashes. Read this with a bottle of brandy and two boxes of kleenex.

Byron had financial worries too, but minor when compared to Baudelaire's or Shelley's. Although born with a clubfoot, he was a good horseman, expert marksman and a strong swimmer (he swam the Hellespont). He had great and varied appetites, both in food and love, and at times drank six or more bottles of wine in one sitting. His political views were controversial and expressed in a manner that angered even the most liberal in the House of Lords. Dedicated to Greek independence, he spent his fortune to outfit troops and, in fact, died in Mesolonghi while waiting to do battle, an apparent victim of VD and leeches and blood-letting doctors. This is a first-rate biography, comprehensive and well-written.

Why Bellow? Because the Humboldt in Humboldt's Gift was the "first poet in America with power brakes," and because it is a perceptive, sympathetic portrait of a poet in mid-twentieth century America. The book explores much more than Humboldt, however. Written through

the eyes of one Charlie Citrine, it gallops through a series of events which read like Metropolitan News in Brief. Astonishing coincidences and The Unlikely zoom past while the mental life of Citrine mulls, ponders and flounders toward a more humanistic, mystical interpretation of life/death/the world. I like Bellow's style - fast and sassy, his all-too-human characters (his protagonist's hang-ups are similar to Updike's but, instead of being rabbit-brained, has smarts with honors to prove it), and the fact that he was the first novelist in America to give me acrophobia. I didn't like Humboldt's "gift" particularly, but given the zany context and Citrine's immediate needs, accept it as a fortunate boost toward a happier ending.

(Verlaine Boyd)

* * * * *

Lawrence Ferlinghetti's "Populist Manifesto"

Lawrence Ferlinghetti's "Populist Manifesto": Let's call it a quick graph which includes a laughing, cranky love poem sung to his fellow poets, a plea for sensual joy, a history of trends in modern American poetry, an homage to Walt Whitman, and a prophesy of possible cultural regeneration.

Jazz-rock critic Ralph J. Gleason, just before his death, called the poem "an important literary document of the 70's." What do the 70's portend for Ferlinghetti? We hear him announce the coming of a new age and the "coming end of industrial civilization." Taken literally, this declaration fails to convince us that a new society has appeared. Taken as an indication of what is happening in certain isolate quarters of the land, we can see that Ferlinghetti is noting a change of mind, a shift in attitudes, which he applauds and intends to perpetuate. In the face of this transformation, Ferlinghetti hopes that poets will "Stop mumbling and speak out/with a new wide-open poetry/with a new commonsensual 'public surface'/with other subjective levels/or other subversive levels. . ." He maintains that poetry thrives as a political event, but his notion of politics has nothing to do with what is normally associated with political activity. He is talking about the function of poetry within our culture. His new political-poetry celebrates the mind-body energy of the individual without forsaking the poet's responsibility of carrying the "public to higher places." Ferlinghetti wants the poet to challenge every elite which conspires against personal freedom. His overriding fear is that poetry has gone the way of big government and big business, that is, he's afraid that poetry is killing itself with a false sense of exclusiveness, that it has abandoned Whitman's word "en masse." He insists that "Poetry isn't a secret society/It isn't a temple either."

Throughout the "Populist Manifesto," Ferlinghetti catalogues how poets have distanced themselves from the public consciousness. In his estimation this catalogue is long -- too long. The individual elements in his catalogue are satires in miniature. The rhythm which carries his jibes along amounts to a chanting, popular history of post WWII poetry. He addresses

All you 'Poets of the Cities'
hung in museums, including myself,
All you poet's poets writing poetry
about poetry,
All you poetry workshop poets
in the boondock heart of America,
All you house-broken Ezra Pounds
All you far-out freaked-out cut-up poets. . .
All you Black Mountaineers of poetry,
All you Boston Brahmins and Bolinas bucolics,
All you den mothers of poetry,
All you zen brothers of poetry. . .
All you hairy professors of poesie,
All you poetry reviewers
drinking the blood of the poet,
All you poetry Police --

In short, you are asked to take a long re-evaluating look at your own opinions concerning the cultural significance of poetry. You are invited to conclude with Ferlinghetti that the time has come "to communicate with all sentient beings," to realize that poets might be more dynamically communicative once they involve themselves with the world as it is and as it might become. The nature of this involvement is not programmed within the poem. Only the impulse is given, the kind of air, that must be breathed:

Poets, descend
to the street of the world once more
And open your mind & eyes
with the old visual delight,
Clear your throat and speak up,
Poetry is dead, long live poetry
with terrible eyes and buffalo strength.

The message is direct and clear: Poetry is a primary, sensual sound delight, it communicates a constant fascination with what the eye sees and the hand touches, it reveals the light and dark of the individual mind loving and battling this world's "still-astounding surface."

And the "populist Manifesto?" An act of faith, a belief in rapturous moments, a serious word-song with a knowing sense of humor.

(B.N. Berlinger)

* * * * *

20,000 A.D. (poems) by Edward Sanders; North Atlantic Books, Plainfield, VT 1976; 102pp. \$3.50

"You are the person//reading my writing/yes you, and now//that I have sucked/your eyes upon my verses/I have a few private things to say --"

20,000 A.D. is addressed to the reader in the future like some kind of time capsule, but its immediate effects are more like those of a time bomb. The violence of the syntax, the vulgarity of the verbs, and the unique word usages combine to make Sanders' poems an explosive experience. Literary convention is outraged, parodied, butchered (a la Tate/LaBianca), stomped-on, shit on, pissed on, and raped on just about every page. "Fucked the corn-meat/sprouted of the river/in the fetish of the lob//Sucked off the corn-clits/curly and cute/in the earth squack//spurt strands swirling/the soil" The rat-tat-tat of his machinegun dactyls massacres pretention. The flow of the verse is as rapid and unpredictable as white water. This is no place for the eyes of the weak at heart or the presumptuous of mind. This is the real stuff of poetry, gut level, words are not minced, they're drawn and quartered. From the hard-edge fantasy of Sanders' Egyptian obsessions to the resurrection of the beatnik past and the '60's spirit of Love/Peace, the poems run the gamut, from the vulgar tour de force of "VFW Crawling Contest" to the understated sentiment of "Paul", a portrayal of remarkable depth and delicacy. The concerns of the poet are ever present, starkly, honestly. "The children of freedom/will ask you/what did you do to ease/the suffering of humanity?" These matters have always been the concern of poets though maybe in the last two thousand years that concern, the moral point of view, has all but been forgotten. Not many writing poetry these days have this kind of guts -- mostly it's the language termites eating away at the core. The violence, the vulgarity, the scatology of these poems forms a kind of wall of fire through which one must pass to reach the real intent of Edward Sanders' poetry.

Farewell, o reader!
Wreak not harsh

word oars
upon our visions

for after all, they're
only the ascriptions
of a delicate would-be
moralist trapped
in the fettered
tree of calamity --

(Pat Nolan)

CHERRY VALLEY

I opened the gate at the top of New York City
on a Greyhound bus
and journeyed along a fabulous road
to a spot up North
where a gentle breeze
flows through your corpuscles
traveling in the heart, lungs, feet, bones
enough to make you dizzy
and hot
"Piping down the valleys wild"
I wash my toes in the cool earth's puddles
and ease my mind to the sun-dipped view-
a few flowers sparkling up a grassy field

(Regina Beck)

THE POETRY PROJECT
10th St & 2nd Ave
NYC 10003

First Class Mail