

PLAN FOR ACTION AGAINST THE DETAILED SEED¹

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certainly sounds like "the life" with all that time off.
I often think I should have gone into another line
of . . .

I

MAN THE PUMP

Man the pump and hydrophobe engages fire
Ardent in his cells a slow combustion
(A form of trust in rust-tomorrow's dust)
Soar smoking flamebird's dart from inglenook
Conspiring for higher with the middle air,
Unheard but as a roar gone by the book.
A microscope (thing-thing par excellence)
Shows cells metabolize with brisk indifference
To their coming urbane subdivision.
The gravity that cinders us to earth
Permits our play both now and at the close.
We watch the living fire upon the stages
And waver, now for it, now for the hose.

THE FIRST PERSON

Pretend me no pretends that there's no I
Discerning fit from fact-the daily muse
To strip the veils from why as though I choose.

¹ Students registered for the full program will be required to conform to the rules laid down in this catalog.

I stand here like saltpeter on a rock
Commanding exalted metre in the dock.
An unregarding fragment (general mirth)
Of bright particular that fell to earth.
You claim these trophes don't clarify a motive?
T pray you then,
Write me as reluctant to be voice.
They'd never buy a Trojan horse again.

I said at the time, what's it there for? Why's
it there. You know? But no one listens. I
know, now it's over it's easy enough to
say, but famous last words. Maybe it's insanity
to insist everything has got to have a meaning,
but it's better than assuming they don't. You
know? But no one listens.

I can't agree to stand here and let fear
Run down my leg and off on the macadam.
What I have in mind is more
Like God's scentilla spartking down to Adam.
Engendering (two-way mirrows in a door)
Humanitarianoid concern
As turrets lathe quick triggers out of comment.
Or is it those who cannot turn must learn
To gladly teach the matter of the moment,
The hook of speech a bee-buzz in the bonnet?
Such crooks are orbit patterns to a comet.
They'd never buy a Trojan horse again.

GAME THEORY

This lacks specific gravity? The task
Is not strike through commemorative masque.
This coupling stifles yet we're well aware
Something there is that beckons us to pair,
(It entails a break to stop and ask).
Something there is rocks our best intentions.
With a hmm and a hrmph and a hoo ha ha,
Announcing, observe, come to our conventions!
With a hey nonny know a brouhaha.
Yet how tell a maskarah from a casque?

Say that in the summa on a day, for sport
I lockstepped to the customary place,
Then wedded serve and wait as in the ode
The man wrote on **his** blindness. No disgrace
In his case, nor need we impute a code
Of innermost depravity. We ask
No such immunity in our community.
I mention this who'd thought that love might be
The way to justify the four-square court.
Is love the goose-egg end of having failed?
And is the shepherd crook a lonely basque?
 Why all these shepherds?
We might try a sheep.

CONVENTION

and of course there's something doing every
minute: meetings and get-togethers, at which
ideas are exchanged. I once exchanged ideas
with a total stranger and was a near-idiot until
I could effect a new exchange. Never got my own back.

Why all these shepherds? I had not thought
They had brought so many silken lines and silver hooks
Who have and had their peer and wrought
Along the tattered seaming ideas lurk,
And night looks in at the end,
Gleid with fears and sycophancy and sin-
Cerity beatified by ginger
And other small beer.
Why so many shepherds here?

Chark me this circle. We'll pretend
the world outside will stary there. Look:
If we're to figure form, a quest-
tion-marked-shaped crook or dirk
Will catch more flies than netting can
To clarify the seam to man.

 You're treading on a shepherd's finger, Jack.

MARK

Image in sieve a rat without tail,
Carry it high in your pre-frontal section.
Comes master with tiger in this direction,
But outside the chalk, beyond the pale.
The pale ale, there's the brew (ha ha). Your double
It's the single vision casues the trouble.
Take them up in spring to the highest grass of all,
They'el fatten, if that's living, in the bottom,
come the fall.

SUMMA IS ACUMEN LAUDE

Ring the welkin, deck the hall
For pastor and for pastorage.
The master gardner prunes against the fall.

**(I have sat at bay windows looking out for
number one and missed him time and again. I would
have made a grand jury if I had found myself in –
was it Queens? – wherever it happened. By what
sobsistery can newshens and -hawks pretend outrage
that not one of thirty-eight shot out a helping
hand? How could they speak or separate the screen.
Is the seventy-two inch realer than the seventeen?
Seven-reeler? Or just bigger? An impossible ratio-
cination. And is separation desirable? Ghosts?
Flopoover? Here's to the screen. God blesser. I sometimes think
that aye should have gone...)**

The boxingday twins and Helen, their schwester
Needed a fourth and they got Clytemnestra.
Feathered glory, loosened thighs.
Hardly the thing to pastorize.
Ring the welkin, deck the hall
For pastor and for pastorage.

TO MEET D. THOMAS

Stick to the concrete,(they told me, that's the only
thing worth knowing. I didn't want to argue, they
meant best, and even now I don't say they

were wrong. But I stuck to it, and
all I say is unless I just leave my shoes
there like in Grauman's Chinese and walk away barefoot,
how do I eat?

Invited for that last Sunday though I couldn't know it
(Count no man happy till you check with Solon)
I went of course, best-suited in buckram to meet him
And arrived lock stock and barreled at Beekman Place,
Beheld cherries safe in Manhattans and saw across the room
The famous head and rump, dogging it among
The Pharoah's daughters of the island. Georgia led me
Ring in nose to where he held forth or perhaps a fifth,
Forgotten serviette in half-raised hand
Like lambchop paper. Garniture of fruit
Was briefly seen upon his lips and then,
"High ham, the long pig, gentlemen".
We gaping round, our sallies very sharp,
Were nothing loath, fell too.
I broached him, found him tender
To a younger and less gifted man.
"Well done", someone observed, not quite regretting.
We made a meal. It was a mixed bag, opened, seasoned, meet.

We were to make him on the Thursday,
Georgia, Oscar, John and I,
In the garden that never quite seems
To overlook the river and yet won't recognize it.

We recognized the need to wake him, see?
But he had gone his progress through our:
Praise!
We kill our poets cubbing nowadays.

VERMIFORM FOOTNOTE

I said, what's it doing there. It must mean **something**.
But I've been speaking like this all my life. You
know? In prose? No one listens unless it sounds
bardic. But it takes a special knack. And it
helps if you're a shepherd or something like that.
Even a fisherman. Animal totems are strong, don't
tell me different. Sugar was made before tongs. Ask
any Chinaman.

The big fall day dawned crisp and clear,

The plunk of pigskin filled the air,

With a raw and a hip and a ray.

The spring day overcame the night,

The sheepskin hoof with cleave the light

With a baa and a fresh B. A.

Granted the past is orloge, could we but know it,

How to tell the proem from the proet?

Provide them with balance, perspective and surd,

If they miss it we must fail them, a squinting, two-edged
word.

Turn them gently out in sprin to the highest grass of all,

They'll batten, down their hatches, in the bottom,
come the fall.