

...I became acquainted with poetry in college  
and was impressed with it  
as a way to communicate  
to the world

Francis 'Woody' Woodbridge Jr., graduated from *Newton High School* and spent three years in the United States Army. After being separated from active duty he attended *Clark University* in Worcester, MA where he was involved in radical politics and gravitated to the folk scene at *The Y-Not Coffee House*. Woody joined in with the *Congress Alley* community where he became known for his poetry. In the early 1970s he was involved with *The Worcester County Poetry Association* where he was published in *The Worcester Review* (1973). After living in Northampton for 20 years Woody relocated to Worcester where he is a regular at spoken word venues. Most recently his work has been published in the local literary journal *The Sahara* and *Street Signs: a worcester anthology*. He refers to his writing style as *Pre-Jurassic*.



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I Cry a Gentleman's Issue & Other Poems Francis Woodbridge BatCity Press

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## AND OTHER POEMS

by  
Francis Woodbridge

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*f r an c i s*

*w o o d b r i d g e*



BatCity Press  
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## **Dedication**

Dedicated to Mona Susan Bowman  
a combat medic who made the supreme  
sacrifice in Viet Nam, under especially  
heroic circumstances. After she died,  
she was awarded the Silver Star.

## FOREWORD

I have known Francis Woodbridge for about thirty years. I recall we met at Clark University, perhaps in the spring of 1972. I knew him then as a mathematician, and only later came to know him as a poet. Since that time I have gradually learned facts about 'Woody' and it has become evident he is not someone who is easy to know. His history has become part of the secret literary lore of our times. Our mutual friend, Dr. Charles Blinderman, quoting Francis's poetry instructor at Clark, said: Francis wrote the best poem I had ever seen by an undergraduate. Dave Nader tells me Francis was one of the first Worcester poets published in *The Worcester Review*. Since that time he has wandered like a character in a poem by William Butler Yeats.

The poets who influenced Mr. Woodbridge include Walt Whitman, Kahlil Gibran, and W.B. Yeats. One may occasionally see the poetical devices of Walt Whitman in Woodbridge's lines, most notably in his use of repetition. Woodbridge often notes his indebtedness to Whitman by using certain key words that are perfectly chosen for their Whitmanesque flavor. I leave it to the interested reader to discover this aspect of his prosody. Mr. Woodbridge freely borrows from Kahlil Gibran in order to provide us with a supplement to "The Arts of the Nations". The influence of Yeats is obvious and direct. The reader unfamiliar with Yeats will lose considerably in the way of intended allusion, yet the poems are self contained and largely self-explanatory.

So how does Francis Woodbridge fit into the literary scheme of things? Who are his characters and what are his themes? As I must be brief, let's say his poems deal with love and art, and with death and destruction. He balances these two opposite pairs with exceptional skill. They are like the gold and enameled singing birds designed to entertain a drowsy emperor and, perhaps, to last indefinitely. Francis himself is like Wandering Angus. We have all drifted off because of a fire in the head. Woody has returned to us with the precious fruit besides.

Peter Mancevice

May 2 Worcester, MA

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## I Cry a Gentleman's Issue

*Dedicated to Mona Susan Bowman<sup>1</sup>*

I cry for Mona Susan Bowman, a combat medic,  
Who jumped on a hand grenade in Viet Nam to save a wounded soldier  
And died,  
And whose name is **not** on the Supreme Sacrifice Wall in Washington,  
And by this evil omission our leaders have made a false report to the American people  
And have cheated American women out of equal rights for 30 years.

And I am prone and fatal with fury at the Feds  
Because of what my wife told me about beloved Mona,  
And so I cry in angry verse our honor flag and chivalry,  
And Mona Susan Bowman's virtue roaring true  
With glistening fugging faculties of vitalizing chords and links,  
The sounding crystals dear and inner choreography that tells the dire note  
Of what a grieving poet wrote.

Permission granted to copy and re-distribute in the righteous cause of justice  
for Mona Susan Bowman and women's liberation.

---

<sup>1</sup>Mona Susan Bowman, whose father was a General in the Army, served as an ultra-secret combat medic in an ultra-secret outfit of all women combat medics in Viet Nam during the early 1960s. She jumped on a hand grenade during a vicious fire fight to save a wounded soldier and died in the arms of my ex-wife Linda Titis, likewise an ultra-secret combat medic, and who bore this harrowing tale to me.

**“The Arts of the Nations”**

according to Kahlil Gibran

The art of the Egyptians is in the occult.  
The art of the Chaldeans is in calculation.  
The art of the Greeks is in proportion.  
The art of the Romans is in echo.  
The art of the Chinese is in etiquette.  
The art of the Hindus is in the weighing of good and evil.  
The art of the Jews is in the sense of doom.  
The art of the Arabs is in reminiscence and exaggeration.  
The art of the Persians is in fastidiousness.  
The art of the French is in finesse.  
The art of the English is in analysis and self-righteousness.  
The art of the Spaniards is in fanaticism.  
The art of the Italians is in beauty.  
The art of the Germans is in ambition.  
The art of the Russians is in sadness.

**An Addenda to Kahlil Gilbran's *Arts of the Nations***  
by Francis Woodbridge

The art of the Japanese is in the form and timing of emotional catharsis.

The art of the Buddhist is in hallowing.

The art of the Korean is in the expression of authority.

The art of the Oriental in general is in the camouflage of individuality.

The art of the Vietnamese is in the love of hearth.

The art of the South East Asian is in the purity of symbolic expression.

The art of the Tibetan is in reverence for God.

The art of the Polynesian is in patriotism.

The art of the Hawaiian is in sensuality.

The art of the Australian, which should only be fully activated in heterosexual situations, is in spot character analysis and situational ethics as managers of emotional nearness.

The art of the Philippine is in humanitarianism conceived of as emotional involvement.

The art of the Scottish is in emotional honesty and perseverance.

The art of the Welsh is in invocation.

The art of the Irish is in devotion to their spouse and in the conservation of Ireland.

The arts in Luxembourg are in psycho spiritual intelligence caring for Coeur d' Europe.

The art of the Dutch is in the relaxation of civil authority.

The art of the Belgian is in citizenship.

The art of the Icelandic people is in the defense of freedom.

The art of the Czechoslovakian is in intellectual analysis serving situational independence.

The art of the Slavic people is in marching together and duress.

Kahlil Gilbran said that the art of the Chinese is in etiquette. I wish to add in addition that the art of the Chinese is in understanding victory and understanding defeat.

The art of the Turkish is in the respect for command.

Lebanese poet, Kahlil Gilbran, decided that the art of the Persian was in fastidiousness. However I have a different opinion of the Persians. The art of the Persian is in consciousness pith and existential intensity as helmsman to romance.

The art of the Lebanese is in the promotion of love.

The art of the Armenian is in loyalty to the Armenian

The art of the Balkan is in intrigue.

The art of the Semites in general is in exhortation.

Kahlil Gilbran said that the art of the Greek was in proportion. In addition, I feel the art of the Greek is in the decision for joy.

Kahlil Gilbran said that the art of the Jews was in a sense of doom. In addition, I feel that the art of the Jews is in the expression of *menchlichkeit* as a gesture of friendship.

The art of the Albanian, known only to their victims, is in vengeance. Never hit an Albanian woman.

The art of the Sicilian, often misunderstood, is in the defense of honor.

The art of the Portuguese is in familial affection and home economics.

The art of the Basque, and even in all eternity it shall not be contradicted once, no not even once, is in the successful defense of the Basque.

Kahlil Gilbran said that the art of the Spaniard was in fanaticism. I wish to add in addition, that the art of the Spanish is in nobility of intellect serving nobility of heart.

The art in Switzerland is in the evaluation of strategic intelligence.

The art of the Austrian is in devotion to their friends.

Kahlil Gilbran said the art of the German is in ambition. I would like to add in addition that the art of the German is in organization and spontaneous affection.

The art of the Polish is in psychological warfare defending purity of motivation.

The art of the Scandinavian, in general, and what an art it is, and I predict the Vikings shall rise again, is in situational clairvoyance and tenderness as lieutenants to love.

The art of a Latvian person, a Lithuanian person and an Estonian person is in the surprise appearance as a downtown strutter.

The art of the Eskimo is in using the materials at hand and in a sense of the absurd.

The art of the Puerto Rican is in storm and stress as servants to truth.

The art of the Native Hispanic Indian is in the elevation of martyrs.

The art of the West Indian, there will be controversy but not among them, is in the care of flesh.

The art of the Canadian is in attention to humanity and socio-political etiquette as coordinators of personal independence.

The art of the French Canadian, who is of course a certain kind of Indian, is in the holy preservation of unbesmirched amour through dint of the spontaneous and helter-skelter administration of the Peer Gynt fugue.

The art of the Gypsy, which they have long called Rom, is probably the most complicated art of all; actually it is a combination of twenty non-linear arts which I choose to symbolize as the faces of an icosahedron.<sup>2</sup> Each face is a symbol of one of the arts of the Gypsies, however it is important to remember that the combination of all

---

<sup>2</sup>An icosahedron is a regular solid figure with twenty equivalent and equal faces.

twenty arts is a non-linear phenomena. I have chosen to characterize one of the faces as the art of heartfelt Christianity as commanding officer to interpersonal diplomacy. I leave it to the Gypsies themselves to fill in the other nineteen faces by doing more and more research at their world famous wine tasting parties.

The art of the Americans (which often leaves them stranded in a nasty cul-de-sac) is in sensing the sociopol for the sake of altruistic adventuring into the commuplex.

The art of the Black Races, thank God for the world, is in ontological awareness and human warmth.<sup>3</sup>

The art of the Yankee is in wielding the scythe and in deducing the gateways to a degenerated commuplex.

The arts in Dixie are in manhood and womanhood at the moment of truth.

The art of the Native American Indian - what a joy - is in teaching his children how to speak the truth. Viva la causa!

---

<sup>3</sup>The word ontological is an adjective and it refers to the noun ontology. Ontology is a branch of philosophy which deals with the question, "What is Being?". The poet says that the African people are folk experts on the philosophical nature of being and the poet includes in this footnote a four line poem:

#### WHAT IS BEING

What is being is a thought  
That ancient Greek philosophers taught.  
And from that time until today  
The problem does not go away.

## Apache Gold

Behind the veil, behind the veil,<sup>4</sup>  
You hear the ghosts of cowboys wail,  
"Moloch kills in textile mills,  
Apache gold is in the hills."

Apache gold is in the hills,  
Moloch kills in textile mills,  
You hear the ghosts of cowboys wail,  
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

---

<sup>4</sup>Line one of *Apache Gold* is plagiarized from a novel called *Apache Gold* by Joseph A. Altsheler.

**Art is the Decision of the Artist**

An artist advocates, and the blue overhead demands,  
Only those stones that his island bloc commands —  
Which somehow undefined the angels soaring lute,  
The magic cobbler's last and then the winged boot.

### To a Middle-aged Yankee Woman Saying No

You said, "No" and shook your head,  
but just before I go  
I shall build a scaffolding of tones and chords  
to test your silver syntax. And dogsalt setting high  
shall vault alive from every silky syllable,  
like fragrant flowers in a young girls hair.  
For yet a Yankee brook runs clear through rustling stones,  
a wandering artist paints the leaping fish,  
and a water wheel whispers I love you.  
There beside the brook our home should be  
Among the oak and pine  
and we should watch the waning moon and taste the golden years.  
But you have served your term and done your work  
and lived through several different kinds of hell  
and so you shake your head again,  
and I am felled to grieve that you should say so firmly I should leave.

**Beware the Belief Engineers and the  
Black Psychology in Their Tool Boxes**

The attitudes of cattle are a part of the problem,

Simple pressure clones.

And here they come, like an advancing army,

The belief engineers!

Who want the noble bone stuff!

**Bitterness**

Light Snow,  
Sudden amalgamation.

## **The Blue Cup**

Things that are pure things are beautiful things.

A blue cup.

The green embrace.

## **For Hollywood Movie Stars in the Nude**

My arrows fail before this vulgar crud  
Who hit it big,  
And coolly strip to jack the sexual energy in millions.  
"Gentlemen, you've admired my face and figure on stage and screen  
And thrilled to the sound of my voice.  
Now say 'hi' to my vagina.  
I bet I'm your favorite masturbation cud.  
Hope ya have a good one off me."

## **Cold Weather Is Death**

Cold weather is death that twitches through the sky from space.  
And makes a curse of enfleshment.  
Oh God! That my skeleton should know its grip  
Or a bit of marrow feel its icy hand.  
Incinerate me when I am dead  
And bury me close to molten rock.  
I don't want cryogenics, I want thermal insulation.

**Contrary to Popular Belief**  
**There Is Still Life at the Pizza House**

Ricki shouts out, "41, 45", delivers pizza,  
And bubbles in the background  
With vital news of nothing in particular.  
Two women rap in Spanish,  
And a blind poet writes.  
Maybe there is a picture of apples on the wall.  
Ricki comes over to check me out  
And I tell her about this poem.  
I tell her the title of this poem.  
And she says, "Don't bust my bubble."  
Which really sends me,  
Because I already have her bubbling in the background.  
I recite this poem to her,  
And I tell her if she gives me a kiss  
I'll make her love immortal.  
But she's wise about dirty old men  
And "No way, Daddy-O."

**To a Cowboy of Phase 17**

*A Yeatsian Phase of Simplicity through intensity*

Along the trail,  
Amid the evergreens so strange,  
A distant cowboy rides the western range.  
Love, the rancher's daughter shares his wine,  
Tumbleweed their mustang walks the line,  
Orion blazing gives the pair their lead,  
Three Hunters with a single steed.  
His demon hands, they shall not lose the reins,  
As Love and wine inflame his cowboy brains:  
The rancher's daughter slips into his art  
As demon horses tear his soul apart.

## **The Crucible Lagoon**

*Dedicated to the Melting Pot*

Oh the glowing metals burn and gyre,  
Within the blazing deep, within the crucible lagoon,  
Where hot and tossing maelstroms imbue the wind  
That drives the Men O' War across the sea  
To their fated rendezvous with the natural cause  
And the shimmering captain on the mighty bridge  
Lifts high the branding gauntlet of command  
And commends the caesarina of eternal truth:  
We who are about to die salute you!  
The Virgin! The Vital One! The Sacrosanct!

## **Shiva Unbuckle Us**

*From Few to M Someone A*

From out of Persia, Sufi enlighten us.  
How high the courtier in the age of Darius?  
“Someone is dancing, oh Sufi unbuckle us!”  
How high the courtier in the age of Darius?

## **Death of an Irish Lover**

One beloved by Irish met his death.  
And instantly his lady jammed her breath,  
And buried all his timbre in her heart,  
And 'gan to tear the universe apart.

One beloved by Irish met her death.  
Her lover never got to learn the truth.  
He hears her spirit cry in thunder sound  
Of every blade of grass that grows in Irish ground.

### **Definition of Duty**

Duty, the thing that it is, it issues a call, and that call must be obeyed. If the call is not obeyed, the thing that duty is, it clings to the soul and issues the call again and again. If the call is ignored, the thing that duty is, it will destroy you utterly.

The reason the call must be obeyed as quickly as possible, is that sometimes the situation changes in such a way as to make it impossible to obey the call. In that case, duty will make you bear the complete onus of all the trouble caused by your dereliction.

## **The Dirty Harlequin**

The shipwright tugs a twisted wrench

The map is drawn without a bench.

Common men!

Attention's high!

The Harlequin is striding by.

Deep in the bones at old Fort Heart,

The islands slowly drift apart.

Common man, mark well who die,

The Harlequin is striding by!

## The Eagle

*Dedicated to a research artist*

He labored by the campfire, long and long,  
Discovering diamonds from a simple thong.  
And then one day an eagle came and took its perch,  
Alone, beside him on a silver birch.  
And then at once, without a tardy lag or sigh's delay,  
Or any other research, by the way,  
The royal eagle was his only play.  
"I'll shuck the diamonds, Euclid all is stale,  
    but somewhere in the thong, there lurks behind the veil  
A soaring eagle high, with wings so spread,  
That all the diamonds done are only dead."

And so at once he gave the total try,  
Making special markings, by and by,  
To keep the track of how he made his bid,  
To find the eagle in the veil so hid.  
"I'll keep my research with me all along,  
    as I pluck the tactics from the simple thong,  
And when I find the soaring eagle high  
    my marks will tell me how I made my try."

And so for moons and years he kept his task at hand—  
Though it took much longer than he really planned.  
And every now and then the eagle came and took its perch  
Alone, beside him on a silver birch.  
And on he plucked and wound the thong around  
Ever starting from a standard ground  
And then one year his record kept its track,  
    with just a little luck he wouldn't double back.  
He made a little progress every moon,  
    and felt he'd find the soaring eagle soon.  
And on a day the royal eagle came and took its perch,  
Alone, beside him on a silver birch.  
And right there sprang that figure on his trembling hands,  
From cavern hidden deep within the veil,  
Of royal soaring eagle, hale and free, just like his ally proud,  
Beside him in a tree.  
And at his hand along, close by his side  
Were all the marks that told how hard he tried.

## Elegy to a Noble Samurai

Alone, in a deserted hovel,  
I delve again my father's book, the poems and the paintings,  
The poem to a noble samurai  
And the painting of the samurai warrior:  
In my youth I vowed to struggle,  
But now at fifty years I hear the funeral bells,  
And see the sad processions,  
And as I turn the dusty pages, well I mark,  
That the poet is dead, and the painter is dead,  
And the noble samurai warrior is dead,  
And the ashes of the dead are all around me, and I'm going to die!  
And the castle of my ancestors is dark and gloomy,  
And I have never been there before,  
And I am afraid.  
And the memory of my father is not a solace unto me,  
And the rituals of my religion are only mud,  
And the poets and philosophers have nothing important to say,  
And more and more I hear the hooting of the owl.  
The teenagers play their hour as the young adults bark commands,  
And the old women gather in the graveyards.  
My friends are far away and my wife won't dance,  
Now my fire gutters low and the freezing ice closes down,  
More than sadness, another day, another month, nothingness.

## Evocation of a Young Adult Folk Witch

The old men love to kiss her witch's ring,  
The stone is black and casts a magic spell.  
Her cat likes mirrors, sure it's a familiar,  
And tells omens when her boyfriends come.  
How rapt her prayer at Tarot deal!  
The angel comes to touch her trembling hand,  
Truth and Good, she wants to get the lore,  
And deals the twisted Tarot more and more.  
The brother-sister whorehouse is her play,  
She crooks the dildo's pinky, all amaze,  
"Sparkle, sparkle" as she witchly pays  
The madam fifty bucks for monthly lays.  
She used to be a lezzy, so her story goes.  
The power of her cat just grows and grows.  
She leads Old Joe, the Cretin, down the woods,  
And watches as he spills his only goods.  
Returns all smiles and talks of death and love,  
Consults her horoscope, and laughs, and sucks her thumb.  
She has a sacred crystal on a string  
She'll swing about your belly, swing and swing,  
And then she pats your chest with witchly touch  
Your aura needs that balance, "Oh so much!"  
She has a funny mark inside her palm  
That gives her psychic power special charm  
And has a chart of hieroglyphs she calls her math.  
She'll bump into your face before you pass.  
Black Washington, my friend, says it's the deep Mandala<sup>5</sup>  
By which she holds her victims thrallè.

---

<sup>5</sup>Mandala: Hindu and Chinese meditation diagram.

## **The Foreman's Lament**

*following an ancient Chinese poem by Tu Fu  
from a Kenneth Rexroth translation*

Here, in a hopelessly far flung shop,  
After a thousand ages of labor reorganization,  
I stand and teach the maladjusted young to work.  
No one shall ever appreciate the futile analysis I do.  
I am a desolate and empty bag  
Through which the will of my distant superior passes.

## **The Foundation And The Fabric**

*A poem is a house with many mansions*

Oh the beautiful loom, and the vivid purple cloth,  
The innate foundation and the fabric.  
Oh I sing the beautiful loom,  
Of its flexibility and potential,  
The loom pedals and the strings,  
The magic skein shuttle weaving back and forth.  
Oh yes the beautiful shed, the vivid purple fabric,  
For now our souls assemble the solemn mask Augustus  
To charm the junior birds of children's paradise.  
Oh the beautiful citadels where the nightingales sing,  
Where musical goblins swirl mysterious governors  
That organize the literal, the figurative, and the fantastic.

The round stone anchors the whole wide world.  
The birds fly away.

## **For a Fraternity Brother**

*Dedicated to a Stone Lion*

He's not too short, and he's not too tall,  
And he's not too thin or too big around.  
His house has a dog and his house has a cat  
Further, a family, how about that!

He talks just a little, but not very much,  
Sometimes he's Spanish and sometimes he's Dutch,  
And stone there he sits in the stormiest weather,  
The only one who's got it together.

## **The Giant Grapevine**

*Poetry is indefinable and unmistakable*

Oh for an engineer to build a giant vine trellis,  
To trace the blueprint of my cursive hand  
Word by word, and phrase by poesy phrase  
In literary arbor, across and down a grassy field.  
And from a single seed, let there grow  
Along the hardwood of my verse  
A mellow vine to celebrate the symbols of my thought.  
Oh let the happy birds begin to bring their nesting here,  
And let the people sing to taste the bursting wine.  
Grapes from a single vine, grapes from a single stem.  
Forward engineering!

## **For The Girl Who Sang Abide With Me**

*For Maxine Kumin, Pulitzer Prize poetess*

Oh they say the great Jim Thorpe would stand at center field,  
And drop kick east and then to west the perfect goals,  
To please the crowd.  
And often in the heat of play he'd kick one free  
And win the game. (The drop kick wasn't off the rule book yet.)

And I report how hard it is to run and drop the ball,  
And find the weird and perfect point to bring your leg around  
And loft the darting oval, straight and true across the bar.  
Oh the clumsy sand-lot years, the autumn afternoons  
When ball and foot just wouldn't fit. And more, much more —  
The twelve-year-old boy, alone in the January snow,  
Practicing his courtship skills,  
And playing Jim Thorpe from the twenty yard line.  
Skoal!

## Portrait of a Great American Drip

He hates the Duke who murdered the Duchess,  
And his wife has the prettiest smile in town:  
(Her mobile of dead butterflies won the local art contest.)  
His older children attend college  
Where they all study business administration and economics,  
And drink to excess.  
"To Hell with the humanities, there's no money or power in it."  
His youngest daughter is born again.  
And while she waits for Mr. Right,  
She's the most popular girl in town.  
Her hope chest is filled with cookbooks,  
"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach."  
He told his sons that Rock and Roll was inferior,  
But down the gin mill he wants to boogie with Bethy Wanton,  
His feet go tap, tap, tap, but he never learned to dance.  
He collects Northrup Frye and bought the ten foot shelf,  
But he confuses the word anatomy with the word autopsy,  
And subscribes to Reader's Digest.  
In his youth he admired Al Capone  
And now he says that Communism is the enemy within.  
Also he admires Rembrandt,  
And once he called Pablo Picasso mentally ill.  
In front of our fabulous Gertrude he backed off into a corner ten paces and squinted  
"Now there's a fucking kike if I ever saw one," he said.  
When the man of greatest conviction burned the flag,  
He described him as a degenerated sicko and spoke of our boys at Pork Chop Hill,  
While his club members sell armaments and support the attrition of pork.  
Once a year Handel's Messiah throws his heart with joy,  
And down the gin mill they call him wonderful! the magnificent!  
His collection of snuff films is so sophisticated.  
And forever and ever, and forever and ever.  
Amen!  
Mr. Johns turd, he dead.

## A Grave Robber Speaks of Moral Philosophy

*(This poem is a dramatic monologue - the boss scolds his assistant because the assistant tempts him to commit fraud.)*

“A dead fag in my back room!  
What an evil temptation!  
And what an evil assistant you are,  
To murder this fruitcake and bring his body back to my shop.  
I've only got a few pounds left of Franklin Roosevelt,  
He's realized twenty million from angry Republicans,  
And now you suggest I cut this queer's head off, and commit fraud.  
But I remember my old colleague Lou,  
He made twenty million selling Eisenhower parts to angry liberals.  
Then his assistant did as you have done, and Lou was tempted,  
He told the folks a dead fag was old Dwight himself,  
And when they found out, they did him in. But Lou was a dirty businessman!  
So his own body parts just fetched fifty bucks on the market.  
Even Joey Sneakers got a toe for ten cents.<sup>6</sup>  
Carl, you criminal, throw this queer cadaver in the river!  
When I'm dead, I want to sell like a gentleman.”<sup>7</sup>

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<sup>6</sup>“Joey Sneakers”, from a camp comedy routine by international night club celebrity Johnny Lee Douglas of Flushing, New York.

<sup>7</sup>Our hero, a true believer and an honest businessman.

**Haiku**

*Dedicated to the World of Rock and Roll*

Listen! A nightingale

Is inviting you

To a celebration!

## Hippies

Pilgrims

without Jerusalem

huddled

over the embers

of their bitterness

burning

the steel

of their rites of

passage.

## The Hour of The Wolf

*Beware Countercontrol, it turns human beings into animals.*

Money talks and animal manure stands silently in the gutter,  
And I am my own cause!  
And I am tired of fighting for righteous values,  
My face is tired with dreams of influence and cooperation,  
My heart is dead from mismanagement and counter-control,  
And I am my own cause!

And I am hungry and must feed.  
And I am hungry and must feed.  
And who knows who I am,  
Haunting the slums and coffee bars,  
Making philotonal music for mutilated peasants,  
Butchered by Madison Avenue and the Godzilla of the workplace.  
The music of my youth grows low and dim,  
And now I am the wolf,  
And I shall vanish into America  
And learn the toxic brutality I have fought so long,  
And the pain of my butchered sainthood shall come to me as a form of knowledge  
And I shall slash the belly of Godzilla with this knowledge;  
For I have accepted the values of the Federal Government  
And have fought for those values  
And have been slaughtered by the bullshit Godzilla of counter-control,  
And I grieve  
And I have accepted the values of Christianity  
And have fought for those values  
And have been slaughtered by the bullshit Godzilla of counter-control,  
And I grieve  
And I have accepted the values of the universities  
And have fought for those values  
And have been slaughtered by the bullshit Godzilla of counter-control,  
And I grieve, and I grieve  
And I grieve

And now I am the victim of radical dehumanization.  
And now I am bereft of gallantry.  
And now I have learned to hate the way only an animal can hate.  
And now I am hungry  
And I shall vanish into America and commit crimes,  
The kind of crimes that make me feel good,  
For now I am possessed with manglehatred,  
And I shall vomit manglehatred on my fellow man  
As manglehatred has been vomited on me.

And I shall feed;  
And always I shall present in my defense  
My record as a saint in the karma-closets of Godzilla,  
And turn,  
And now I am the wolf,  
Hungry, yeah.<sup>8</sup>

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<sup>8</sup>“Hungry, yeah”: original American folk grunt by Robert Montano, disabled American Veteran

**Letter to The Federal Iago**

Dear Iago,

Concerning the general's<sup>9</sup> fetish, we notice a change in the monogram.

The dam was L, not I, and we promise you a hot suit!

The devil himself

---

<sup>9</sup>No reference to General Colin Powell is implied or intended.

### **Limerick Long After Lear**

When Lear lost his poor grieving fool,  
He regained his true regal cool.  
He mourned his good courtier,  
Then found his dead daughter.  
The TWO SHEPHERDS play is the rule.

## **The Lost Chisel**

*In memorium, an Aristocrat*

The smith who tempered me knew his work.  
In my quarry mason's hand for years  
I hewed the mighty slabs that watch the moon,  
Felt the hammer's strike, and felt the stone give way before my edge.  
I knew the dominance of steel.  
Finally over-ground, the chisel's fate, was cast aside.  
A fool flung me into space.  
I landed here, crevassed deep between the rocks I used to carve,  
Feel the rain, and know eternity..

## **The Men Maneuver**

The men maneuver, the cunning men, the dangerous men.  
Oh who knows what their causes really are.

The beautiful girl sits silently in Bohemia.  
Her boyfriend is a political psychologist.  
Oh who knows how dangerous he really is.  
As the men maneuver.  
And maneuver.

## **The Miracle All Around Us**

The existence of existence is the only miracle worth contemplating.

**For a Jewish Woman Dancing  
At Her Granddaughter's Wedding**

One wild beautiful last fandango,  
One last cup of wine,  
One last turn among the old symbols,  
The symbols of my people, my mother, and my tribe.

I dance before my children,  
Old and aristocratic,  
An old woman making the old dance,  
An old symbol making the old symbols.

Only I am left to tell the mysteries of my youth,  
In wild fandango, before my children.

## **The Motley Swamp**

Missguesswork and the blue magungga  
Playing simple tic tac toe  
With Calder mobiles strapped to bees  
Wondered what their art set free.  
Missguesswork said: "The map of Fate",  
The blue magungga, "Me!"  
Their mobiles caught on spider webs  
And they sat down to noun at tea.

## A New Englander Speaks of The Weather

*Dedicated to Dixie*

Oh who knows how the wind shall blow or when the rain shall fall  
Or when the sun shall brightly shine  
As you and I, dear, walk the line.  
We saw a rainbow, then 'twas gone,  
How autumn rolls the fog along!  
And ground heaves fell the old stone wall  
Where years ago you heard my call.  
The young wild geese are calling low;  
God bless their flight to distant lands:  
Oh how the storms did come and go  
When you and I, dear, took our stands.  
How deep the faith that's never failing  
At our Yankee wade,  
Oh how the winter's nor'east galing  
Shatters trees outside our paling.

**To a Nobel Centurion - And Thou Shalt Call it Art**

*Death to the homicidal Philistines, and all their associated flag circles.*

So you wrote your poem and flung it to the winds,  
And they came in the night and slashed the bellies of your innocent Parliament.  
And you have wept and fasted, and worked,  
And now you are an artist!  
And now you commit horrible crimes against them and their Parliaments, and call it art,  
And thereby gash their faces with your hideous gauntlet of razors and nails,  
And defy them to accommodate your interpretation.  
And if they prove stubborn you will pile catastrophic violence to the throne of the  
    Almighty.  
And rend the sacred temple of the Holy Christos,  
And thou shalt call it art,  
And cry aloud in their faces, toughdirtski you fugging assholes.

## **Oh, The World's a Murderous Gun**

Oh, the world's a murderous gun,  
Firing war and treason, genocides and rape.  
The boys at Krupp and the Military Industrial Establishment  
Have nothing on the guy who engineered this frightening piece,  
Forever and ever the hideous tortures and the horrifying deaths.  
And what was the horoscope of the day, I ask you,  
When the surveyors of Eternity mapped everlasting Hell itself  
Onto the common grid?

## **On Babble Street**

Within the rising matrixed group you sit and watch  
The vectors scut from thought to thought.  
The streets were laid out by a mindless cow,  
But the blocks have their own geography.  
The best steak house in town is tucked away on Babble Street.  
The cook lives right next door,  
And he is the world's most secret hermit.

Squares fit nicely into checkerboards,  
But I can think of other figures.  
Clusterings are important, and extremes, also mark outcasts.  
But still there's that solitary vector,  
The cook lives right next door,  
And he is desperate with anomie.

**To Phase 15**

*Dedicated to Phase 15 of the Great Wheel  
of William Butler Yeats*

Strange mountain of the lunar sky,

Deep within the village, the shadow of your peak touches my poem.

Among the fragrant evergreens the children and the lovers play —

Already the sun has moved your shadow across my room.

Nature's symbols are like a woodshop!

We labor with the tools and carry away the artifacts!

"Look, shadow, you are gone!"

## **A Player Speaks of Freudian Psychiatry**

*This poem is a dramatic monologue - a pimp counsels his hooker about his new plans.*

"Baby, concerning the gist of our enterprises,  
Player intelligence tells me you look a lot like the young billionaire's sister,  
So I'll play you cool in front of Rockadance.  
It's good that you can sing.  
When it comes to Freudian psychiatry, baby,  
Systems are no substitute for experts."

**Pleas! Joe!**

Joe! That friend in camp is friend that harms,

And when you cheat me at the fiery charms,

Run out ten miles to bed my foe,

Betray me not with men at my own arms!

## **Pushing Mud in Southampton**

*For a Hard Working Freudian Engineer*

I sing of myself, the construction worker,  
Pushing mud in Southampton.  
A member of the great construction team  
That laid the sprinkler system at the Country Club.  
First a digger came and cut a trench  
Right down the middle of the playing lawn.  
Then we fit ceramic pipe,  
Adjoining each to each with rubber sealing rings,  
Then a diesel 'dozer came  
And pushed the fill back in the trench again,  
But left, sad to say  
A caked sheet of flattened mud  
From underneath the pushing blade.  
And there at last I stood, with back edge of a garden rake,  
(A line of steel, the simplissama of my labor.)  
And every day all summer long I pushed the coarse and caked fill  
back into the ditch, and scoured the fairway clean.  
"There are pebbles in the mud," the foreman said,  
"You've got to get them all,  
Rocks on the fairway drive the sportsmen nuts."

## **The Seven Deadly Sins**

Pride cometh before fall.

Greed cometh before defeat.

Anger cometh before incarceration.

Lust cometh before animality.

Gluttony cometh before alienation.

Avarice cometh before annihilation.

Sloth cometh before madness.

## **Rune**

*To An Unknown Woman of Druid*

Have you ever thought that "he" built the word "Rune"  
To deal with the power of your deep word "Moon"?  
Stonehenge was thought of before it was built.  
Druid's the tongue with all of the lilt.

Deepest deep Druid's deepest deep "tune",  
Rhymed in the old ancient English month June  
To soothe his deep woman moaning "The Moon".  
Deepest deep Druid rune, Druid Tune, "Rune".

## **Saying About Children**

The aphorism, children should be seen and not heard, should always be interpreted to mean that the bubbling brook makes the flowers grow, and never ever to mean silence is golden.

## Shay's Rebellion Drinking Chant

*Dedicated to Paul Russell Marble, Colonel the Office of Strategic Services during World War II, and Clark University English Professor. And, also his half brother William Russell D'Arcy, American Painter and also a Colonel in the Office of Strategic Services during World War II.*

### Verse One

Men: The leaves are jolly green again  
The robin's hopping on the fen  
We'll take the ladies to the glen  
And they are glad that we are men.

### Refrain

Men: With a hay and ho and a Skipper to beat.  
Skipper: The Rose is just at the end of the street.

### Verse Two

All: The girls are calling out again  
They want to go down to the glen  
They call out again, again  
Men: And they are glad that we are men.

### Refrain

Men: With a hay and ho and a Skipper to beat.  
Skipper: The Rose is just at the end of the street.

### Verse Three

All: Ken them down deeply, deep in the glen,  
War is a grave that gobbles up men.  
Men and ladies: We'll say it just once, you say it again!  
There's many a grave man conceived in the glen.  
Skipper: There's many a grave man conceived in the glen.  
Men: With a hay and ho and a Skipper to beat.  
Skipper: The Rose is just at the end of the street.

## **A Prayer for Astronauts**

*Dedicated to the men and women  
of the worlds' space programs.*

River, river, river, river.  
Flow, flow, flow, flow.  
Thunder, sound! Thunder, sound!  
Go, go, go, go.

Boat, boat, boat, boat.  
Float, float, float, float.  
River Lo! Lo! Lo!  
Flow, flow, flow, flow.

Water ripple, wind rake.  
Within the Earth oh thunder quake.  
Mystic lightning break, break!  
Green sails shake, shake!

Trade winds caught, tides won!  
Sun sun sun sun.  
Rainbow marlin, rainbow wren.  
Men! Men! Men! Men!

## Stagger Mote

Eric Johnson, Viking friend indeed,  
Has my mark as ever friend in need.  
The gift he gave was filled with Viking grace,  
A small stone cat with whistle at it's base.  
I named it Stagger Mote, the Viking friendship cat.  
But to make the stubborn whistle yield its sound  
I really had to work the stone around.  
I showed it to my friends, they tried it out,  
They said that Stagger Mote was filled with doubt.  
And then I met old Joe who fell,  
Who wears a helmet cursed, and blesses well.  
And so as others did, upon a day,  
I gave the Viking friendship cat away.

How many stubborn travelers have passed this stubborn stone along,  
Working for the clear note, the inscrutable mystery?!  
Descended from the Craftsman, the legend of the chain is lost,  
No man knows its price, or what the granite cost.  
But stubborn gift of stone, it staggers true, true mote.  
When I gave the stone to Joe, the whistle made its note.

## **Stones on The Mat**

*In honor of a poem by Robert Frost.*

She's a tall tender, as true as the trees,  
A poem that tenders the fore and the lees.  
A big lamp of meaning, with stones at the base,  
A northern foundation of stones in their place.

And Boston of mention stays well by the cat  
Who mewed for a moment, stones on the mat !!!

## **The Stuff, The Whole Stuff, And Nothing But The Stuff**

Magic mountains stand above the endless rush,  
because a magic painter worked his magic brush: -  
Because musicians labored at their craft,  
Because a playwright cried, he cried and then he laughed.  
The cowboys say the wind is very tough,<sup>10</sup>  
But every gift you mean is diamond in the rough,  
And every true word said, is always word enough:  
The stuff, the whole stuff, and nothing but the stuff.

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<sup>10</sup>Concerning the cowboys and the wind - this image is borrowed from the Pop song, "The Cowboys Ride Against The Wind" by Bob Seeger and the Silver Bullet Band.

## **To a Casanova Man of My Acquaintance**

*Dedicated to Walter Allen Gilmore, late of Worcester,  
Massachusetts, the lucky, Hippie, stud who had his  
photograph in Life Magazine.*

Cruel rogue of the honorable cxck  
Who screwed more women than ten Don Juans,  
And had the laugh of an anti-Semite first hearing of the Holocaust.  
How delighted we were, who wooed gently and lost, to see the  
immense success of your bastard ploys against Almighty Cxnt.  
Oh, you slammed the avenger to the hilt  
And shred their fugging arsholes.  
We who studied honor study thee.

## **To a Long Lost Puppy Love**

*Dedicated to Lorna*

Darling, oh my darling!  
Now raw worth thee, and now raw falling,  
Poor in thy rich lore,  
I struggle with thy ladies' ladies' ladies,  
Listen to love songs, and wonder why I never spoke to you.  
We parted thirty years ago  
But yet I am not broke of thee,  
And yearn towards scant dreams of trial assemblage  
Where thy free beauty makes me feel like a fool.

Drunk and ricocheted in labyrinthian bars  
I feel the eerie waves of thy eerie mantle  
Wash against the awful grinning girls  
Whose nimbus brays the call that brings the lonely muse forlorn  
To shudder at the tragic lover's grave.

Soon a marriage built on heat  
And moments friendship group  
Will kill me to the nature of thy nature's discontent  
Expressed as jaborwockies in the public street  
And I will die to all thy destiny  
Gone bad and torn with crime,  
Gone bad and torn with crime.

## **Saying About Power**

Power without honor on square one is absolutely empty  
and on square two it is exceedingly dangerous.

**For Thomas Jefferson Rainbow Cat  
And His Very Best Girlfriend  
As They Skate a Free Jazz Kanondance**

*(The separation of church and state is a social necessity)*

(The arena the happy couple dances on is partitioned into a network of grid squares. Each and every grid square is colored a separate color of the rainbow.<sup>11</sup>)

Oh the complexia of our figures,  
Our charging red presidio  
Our swirling Mazurka.

We craft the jointwise connected art,  
We forge our interface part by part.

The highlights we reference sparkle and show  
As we rondo the naive framegates below.

We are the underfunk of registrations,  
The angels await at our strange constellations.

Ole!

---

<sup>11</sup>Concerning networks of grid squares: Checkerboards, of course, are squares divided into subsquares of equal size, but recently mathematicians have discovered a type of square they call a "squared square." This is a square that is also subdivided into a network of subsquares. However, each and every subsquare is of a uniquely different size. Maybe the happy couple dances on grid-work like this.

## The Tree in The Clearing

What incredible surveyor could map the angle of every twig,  
The girth of every branch, the inclination and area of every leaf.  
What amazing DaVinci could sketch its every inner space,  
From every inner fulcrum.  
What Van Gogh could paint the incredible violets and orchids  
At it's roots.  
It grows alone in the clearing:  
Uncle Joe calls it Old Solitude.

Uncle Joe doesn't talk much, but he works,  
And we hear the terse news.  
He ground a telescope mirror,  
And we heard about grit.  
Now he searches for comets,  
Every evening we get the report, "Empty tonight."  
Before supper he hammers an anvil in the kitchen,  
"Clang, clang." Then he says Grace.  
He built a picnic table  
In the clearing by Old Solitude,  
And he spoke about hardwood and varnish.  
Then he built a bird feeder, and subscribed to the Audubon Society,  
We get the news.

One day at school I heard the learned botanist  
Discuss the chemistry of photosynthesis, and the hydraulics of rising sap,  
And at supper I prattled his discourse to my family.  
Uncle Joe made us all go out to the tree in the clearing.  
He took an acorn from the ground.  
"The whole darn oak grew from a single seed!" he bellowed.  
Then auntie kissed him.<sup>12</sup>

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<sup>12</sup>The format of verse three is largely plagiarized from Walt Whitman's poem, *I Heard the Learned Astronomer*.

## **Where The Salt Gathers**

*(Ambiguity is the soul of poetry)*

With the dragon rose of realizations,  
And the salt determinations that lead us on and on,  
My lovely poem links its lovely themes,  
And surveys the designees, truthful truthful,  
And with a question to ask!

Material and manufacturing, the ground features declare,  
Like a natural Sufi lunges, burning symbols into ideas,  
And sponsoring the congenial connotations,  
Like clusterings, like geometries, *like the wild blue yonder.*

Something like a mask transbrooks the bog,  
And clings, like a fawn in love.

Oh for the active life, and actively related people.

## Wild Dogs

*Dedicated to a Rose Red City, Half as Old as Time.*<sup>13</sup>

Sheba growls, she's hungry now,  
As Buck brings down his drunken prey.  
The jacksenbitches crowd around the one who wears the crimson crown,  
His brilliant fiery scarlet coat,  
In neon light on gutter street,  
His bloody mouth, his giant paws,  
As Shebahound declares her laws.  
The catacombs of bars and kings —  
The feeding hounds ignore these things.  
Their prey lets out a drunken cry,  
They rip his throat and watch him die.  
As Sheba growls,  
In a Rose Red City, half as old as time.<sup>1</sup>

From the garret on that street  
They watch the hounds attack and eat,  
The broken painter and his wife  
(The "poetess" whose words ring true,  
Like arrows singing through and through.)  
They know the king and queen quite well,  
He painted hellhound buck before,  
Scratching at his garret door,  
For food, in times of famine deep.  
And now he prowls the gutter street  
As military sentries keep,  
And guards the couple in their sleep.  
As Sheba growls,  
In a Rose Red City, half as old as time.<sup>1</sup>

Eternal dogs, these hounds of fate,  
The jacksenbitches and their mate,  
That few men see and learn to live,  
Such a law the shehounds give,  
In war and winter, just as well,  
And every season seasons tell,  
From end to end of city rich  
They hear the howling of the bitch,  
As Buck and shehounds freely roam,  
And always call the garret home.  
And Sheba growls!  
In a Rose Red City, half as old as time!<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>13</sup>Classical image, most probably anonymous.

## The Witch of Snag Alley

*Millions dead by their own hand.*

From Boston to Peking, from Russia to Rome,  
The world's first class hookers call Wall Street their home.  
And down on Snag Alley prowls Ritewoods, the witch,  
Protestant charmer, with Canine the bitch.  
Her face is a bone that often looks cross,  
And her dog is a pit bull the folks just call Boss.  
Beautiful Ritewoods, tying her knot,  
Down on Snag Alley, thousands a shot.

The gentlemen trolls that sleep beneath bridges  
Cluster around her in festering ridges,  
Like contours of cocktails in proud yuppie bars;  
When Ritewoods does witchcraft the world sure sees stars.

The gallants of courage, of Arthur's great tract  
Are hanging from rafters, "That, ma'am's, a fact!"<sup>14</sup>

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<sup>14</sup>Every U.S. Veteran that commits suicide is one less man for whom the American people have to pay medical expenses.

## The Witch's Pussy

She devours art, and has nothing for the artist.  
The witch's pussy is familiar only to the witch.  
As she walks, the damned cat glides along with her,  
And helps her sow Causes with promise of reward,  
But she loves only Graymalkin and has no other lover.  
The witch loves only the power elite,  
And her daughters worship only the High Unconscious Neofacist Conspiracy  
And gaff those of true courage down to the outhouse.  
Graymalkin wants only the milk of the walking dildo,  
The fop, and the rising middle manager,  
And has nothing for those of patient merit,  
And hates their rare fruit.  
She yearns for the gun and the big fists,  
And feeds their manure into my affection and loves professional athletes and Dirty Harry.  
She devours art and defiles the muses.  
Her heart is a cesspool of avarice and the will to power.  
And she stroketh Graymalkin forever.

## **Saying About Trees**

The branches of a tree are a history of it's dialogue with the sun.

## **To a Young Girl of My Dreams**

It seems I met you by a lake,  
When you were very young.  
My mood was troubled, from my campus down the street,  
The black despair, I had sallied forth.  
You were learning how to swim.  
It seems we saw a snake.  
You cut your foot on broken glass.  
We carried you home, remember:  
Summer of 1968.

My special flower, it's strange where you are  
When I go to meet you in my dreams,  
Where you're blocked in a city complex I don't understand.  
And it's uncanny how pure you are when you say hello:  
Open, honest, and remembering me.

### **Bounce Office Countercontrol**

From office to office the citizen goes,  
Telling each office all that he knows,  
All that he thinks, and all that he feels,  
Shedding his heart's blood down to his heels.  
Finally, all his energy dies.  
In total despair, he sighs and he cries;  
What I wanted seemed big I never did doubt,  
But, now all I want is to get the hell out!

## **Saying About Paul Cezanne and Pablo Picasso**

From my study of Paul Cezanne, I have concluded that Cezanne painted the character of the condition.

And from my study of Pablo Picasso, I have concluded that Picasso painted the soul of the circumstance.

**TO WOMEN I HAVE KNOWN**

### Concerning the Best Way to Survive

Someone once said, "Make sure you're right Then go ahead."  
That saying can get you into a lot of trouble.

I prefer the ancient Chinese saying  
"Know the way of a man but keep to the way of a woman."  
(That is to say, be submissive and never contradict your superiors<sup>15</sup>.)

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<sup>15</sup>This is not a reference to sexual behavior, but an admonition to behave in a meek and subordinate manner, as women were expected to behave in ancient China.

### **To a Beautiful Pharmacist**

Beauty and truth are the little bells  
That ring in her head as she works the shelves.  
There's Tinker and Bobby and maybe a friend,  
As she picks just the drugs that the little bells send.

A matrix of growth in American heart  
That stands ever closer as she stands apart.  
The pathway to Becky is narrow and steep,  
The pathway to Francis is nearly as deep.<sup>16</sup>

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<sup>16</sup>According to ancient lore, the name Francis means "free man."

## To a Cabaret Princess

*Dedicated to R.S.*

Rebecca, you are public, gossip makes you public,  
Your fans adore you, their love destroys you.  
Your lovers' hearts are strong, their hearts are ruthless;  
And there are allies, the wolves:  
Inner lore booox about your blitzentain.<sup>17</sup>

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<sup>17</sup>Booox, blitzentain, meant to be suggestive.

**And The Core Word of My  
Scrabble Mandala Shall Be *Thou***

Oh I shall engineer a lover's mandala  
In scrabble hieroglyph, (the key word and the matrix).  
The keylove and the incorporata  
And from my central thought the rapids of your soul  
    shall plummet to their seas  
Charging outward on a green wave,  
Like Koussevitzky conducting Beethoven  
And every honored title shall have its spelled place,  
The title I,  
Lost like a paladin among the incorporata,  
The title thou, embracing you.

## **Saying About Big Nurse**

Fear of big nurse is the beginning of intelligence.

**To a Friendly Lover**

*Dedicated to S.B.L.*

Like falling apple blossoms

Your love comes to me on little Sufi lunges

And I know your heart wants to be inside my heart.



## To a Long Lost Sweet Sixteen

*Dedicated to P.M.F.*

Desperado of your crazy smile,  
How can I compose myself?!  
Across slow time I feel you move and watch you declare,  
In crowds I mark your gait.

You are a mountain I cannot see beyond!  
How can I compose myself!

How can I compose myself  
When I know I would cast out ten years' friends for an hour with you.  
When I know that all my wild youth  
Was but a frenzied love dance for you,  
That didn't work!

## Lovefire (a song)

Once on a world across the stars  
Love entered into two young lives,  
They found love's passion  
In their world's fashion.  
True love from stars comes blazing down.

### Refrain:

Lovefire scattered across the sky,  
Lovefire in signs to chart life by,  
Fire for night's voyage  
Fire girl and boyish  
Lovefire from stars comes blazing down.

One night a star came falling down  
Blazing its fire across my town.  
A girl's heart is fire  
A man is a liar  
A girl's heart's fire flames and dies.

### Refrain:

Lovefire scattered across the sky,  
Lovefire in signs to chart life by,  
Fire for night's voyage  
Fire girl and boyish  
Lovefire from stars comes blazing down.

**Poem Written After a Woman Conspired Against Me**

On the vile and poisoned water

The great heron beats its magnificent wings

And rises slowly into the empty citadels.

## **To an Urban Psyche**

Filthy shadow on a frozen street.  
I'm all daydreams from before.

My only adventure is the gaff of barroom paranoia,  
And all I do is masturbate.

The gestures of the dead find their way down the centuries.  
The smile, perhaps, that decorated Cleopatra,  
Pasted on a desperate mouth,  
Reveals the frenzy of a world where courage is insanity.

### **To a Turkish Woman of My Dreams**

Darling Turk, you were looking at a museum picture book,  
Solemn and contemplative,  
When your friend arranged to bring me near.  
I always knew you wouldn't lose, and told your friend,  
"This one's going to win," I said.  
Later your beauty expanded, and I charged too quickly,  
But you forgave, and said,  
"I'll say yes forever during the long, long moon spell."

### **To a Woman I am in Love With**

I bring you nothing,  
But nothing have I hid,  
And though my hands are empty  
They can grasp  
The sharp blue lid  
And great tides which at the reap  
Sweep in and out in spite of what a man might do,  
Will speak from where I think my speech is true.  
True, I know, I know not where this tide will lead,  
May swamp me, drown me, leave me stranded high,  
Or drive me like a stallion  
To some untrusty state I'd now deny:  
It is a risk to speak thus, thus I sigh,  
I know you love another, yet I try,  
Knowing well that joy is to be here -  
The reckless tide may rage, but you are near.

### **To a Young Paramour**

A burning interface I spell,

To mouth your silky striding breasts,

And braze elan into your questing heart

Knowing that the young make love, and then depart.

## **The Holy Investiture**

She's a strong builder, by gar she's a base,  
The light of governor's resounding,  
Alert with grace, she's thunder in space,  
With structure direct from all over the place.

Stalwart and true with fertile investiture,  
The symbols that vitalize a universe  
She's the bloody funk of guitar bells  
The rock slam of the skirling gyres.  
Brave and flaring she's the mate of learning  
Whose fate forever is yearning and churning.

Poetry - - - ever gollybong!

**THE THINGS THAT ARE OURS**

Poetry by Soo Lee

Royal Princess of the King Dynasty,  
20,000 to 12,000 B.C.

September 1992

When the great ram arose in my thirteenth year  
The old priest came and brought me flowers,  
Also he brought with him the boy from the other family.  
I knew him well as a playmate of my childhood,  
And the royal court had chosen him to be my groom.  
My father, the Archduke, embraced the young Count,  
And swore him in as a junior officer in his army.  
My father gave my officer a ring and an archer's bow,  
And then the old priest said a short prayer,  
And married us in the presence of Cranes.  
We feasted and drank,  
And then the monks escorted us to our honeymoon cottage by the lake.

And I shall love my new husband for ever and ever.

The old priest tells us he has seen 120 winters and 120 summers.  
His hearing has not failed yet, and his eyesight is keen.  
Furthermore, he can still walk rapidly for many miles.  
He took his first wife when he was 12 years old,  
And she gave him 20 children before she died.  
He mourned 3 years and since then he has had lots of wives  
and has fathered lots of children.  
And the wife he has now says he still drinks wine like a teenager.  
He commands a vast hierarchy of priests and monks,  
And our divinity professors tell us that he has been a leader  
at avant-garde theology for 5 imperial administrations.  
His tone of voice has been regarded as holy for 75 years,  
And all the young couples want him to marry them  
Because his happy smile is like a magic breeze.  
His wisdom determines the provinces,  
And his authority intimidates the royal courts.  
His gestures when he speaks are the most spontaneous,  
And his love of the great Crane shall transfigure the universe.<sup>18</sup>

Written in my own hand at the age of 13.

Soo Lee

Francis Woodbridge

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<sup>18</sup>The great Crane is meant to be an ancient symbol of a modern God.

Now my belly is big and round,  
And my mother laughs and tells me I'll be a mother soon myself.  
My aunts pat me on the head, and the officers defer,  
My husband makes me rabbit stew whenever I ask and he also churns me cheese.  
My mother gave me the cradle I myself lay in,  
And she also gave me a baby's gown the very one I, myself first wore.

Yesterday my father gave the court mid-wife a special gift.  
She is a jolly woman who has ten children of her own.  
She tells me there's nothing to worry about,  
Everyone knows my time is near.

The old priest likes cats,  
And always keeps a tom and five females in his house.  
For a long time he has had the custom  
Of awarding important promotions in his hierarchy  
With the presentation of a kitten.  
As his couriers traverse the provinces,  
The country folk celebrate the kitten baskets, and also his lucky subordinates.  
His province leaders and sector leaders abide with his custom,  
And now all the priests and monks have cats of their own.  
The country folk think it's an extra special blessing  
To receive a kitten from their local parish priest.

Francis Woodbridge

My father is very religious  
 And he says that all men love the great Crane,  
 But a lot of them don't like to admit it.  
 He was at his mother's deathbed when she died,  
 And he told us that when the great Crane came down from heaven  
 The sound of his beating wings was like rolling thunder—  
 "The truth of our doctrine is not for teenagers to understand."  
 He shakes his finger at us with stern authority,  
 And tells us we'd understand when we grew older.

When he sits in judgement of his aristocrats,  
 He is as firm as the law allows,  
 But very often he pardons the country folk for their crimes:  
 "Ignorance of the law is always an excuse!"  
 He bellows from his throne,  
 "And besides which, our law is too complex for the people to understand.  
 Heaven forbid we should have another civil war like the last one."  
 Then he makes a religious gesture.  
 Later, in the hallway, his voice trembles,  
 As he instructs my brothers and my husband,  
 In the details of the law case that caused all the trouble to begin with.  
 He has instructed his aristocrats to be generous to beggars  
 Of which there are many in our province,  
 However, the other family says they started this custom a long time ago,  
 But since the civil war,  
 Their treasure chests have dwindled to almost nothing.  
 Often their noblemen volunteer to represent the country folk  
 In my father's courts,  
 Without the benefit of a lawyer's fee.

Francis Woodbridge

This morning at ten o'clock the redhead in my fathers' command  
Threw his gauntlet down in front of his immediate superior.  
They dueled with scimitars and the redhead killed his foe.

My husband said, concerning the fine point of honor involved, that his redhead was  
wrong.  
But my father said that the values of our civilization have to go on.

Francis Woodbridge

Yesterday my husband asked my father  
Why the old priest refused to ordain the women of China into his priesthood,  
And my father told him that there was a love in China  
That transcended the love of the Great Crane!  
My husband shook his head with great vehemence.  
Last night I swore to my father it was true,  
And today my father gave my husband a great promotion in his battalions.  
"I have strong ideas about a young person like you."  
His face was filled with great righteousness.  
Then he chided me in a silky voice for being too prudish!

Francis Woodbridge

Last year a folk genius in our province  
invented a new kind of musical instrument.  
It has a long neck and an echo chamber  
and catgut string that makes a twangy sound when you pluck it.  
The sound of this instrument inspires the country folk  
to dance in a wanton fashion when they are drunk.  
And now all of China is enjoying a modern dance revival.  
This dance revival displeases the Emperor  
but the old priest says it allows young people  
to express their anger in a harmless fashion.

Francis Woodbridge

It's early in the morning and my husband calls me to his bed.  
It's the eighth time tonight and I think I know the reason why.  
Recently our nation won a decisive war with the enemy to the South  
and yesterday the Emperor of China came to my father's court  
to decorate my husband and his regiment for very distinguished valor.  
Early on in the crucial battle of the two rivers my husband lost his leg.  
But after a tourniquet was applied to stop the bleeding he continued to fight on.  
His elan inspired his entire regiment to fight with great courage,  
and their aggressive behavior was a decisive factor in the battle.  
My father winced with horror  
to see the gestures of friendship the Emperor bestowed on the other family  
and all I could think about was my children.  
My husband calls again, and I finish this poem, smiling.

Francis Woodbridge

This year the old priest has a new message for China  
and last week he came to my fathers' court  
to preach to our family and the other family.  
He entered the Temple at 6 am sharp  
all the Provincial leaders were there in their finest attire  
He forbade us all to leave except to discharge our daily customs.  
And then he started to chant,  
"Accursed be those that exploit for they shall be exploited."  
At first his voice was strong and vibrant  
but after eight hours he grew hoarse.  
Several high ranking aristocrats from our family vomited,  
but the other family maintained its equanimity.  
Finally at ten p.m. he said a short prayer and left the pulpit.  
Later at supper my father told the old priest  
that his lesson made him afraid of the Great Crane.  
And the old priest said that sometimes the Great Crane is a God of wrath.  
Now I'm beginning to wonder if our aristocracy exploits the country folk.

Francis Woodbridge

This morning to great applause I got my nurses cap,  
mainly in midwifery and treating infections.  
And tomorrow I report to a nearby clinic to help the country folk with these problems.  
I hope they appreciate that I am working for a penny a year.  
I was inspired to go to medical school when the doctor cured my son of a bad infection by  
applying a poultice of molds and spider webs.

Francis Woodbridge

Last night my husband drank too much  
and vomited on my fundament  
so I slapped his face.  
At first he drew back his fist in anger,  
then he fell on his knees and begged my forgiveness.  
I thought his remorse was authentic, so I kissed his pukey mouth  
and ordered him to sleep in the outhouse, which he did.  
This morning I told the dairy maid what happened  
and now the entire court is smirking.  
And one of the captain's in his regiment laughed out loud.

Francis Woodbridge

**POETRY COMPOSED IN WORCESTER**

### **Concerning the Buddha Nature**

That which abides, to permute English a little, may be said to bood,  
And that's why I think Orientals speak of the Buddha nature, i.e. the nature that abides. the nature n

## **I'm Taking the Irish Stand**

*Dedicated to the victims of the Belfast Hunger Strike.*

I'm taking the Irish stand I am,  
And a poor one to stand at that I am.  
I've got to have coffee, I've got to have smoke  
I wouldn't go hungry, I know it's no joke  
But, I'm taking the Irish stand I am,  
And a poor one, at that, to stand I am.

### **Captain Levy and Lieutenant Calley**

To the best of my knowledge and to the best of my analysis concerning the late Captain Levy of the United States Army Medical Corps and Lieutenant Calley of My Lai Hamlet massacre during the war in Vietnam.

Around the year 1960, a certain Captain Levy, a Doctor of Dermatology in the United States Army Medical Corps, received a direct order stateside to report to duty in Vietnam. Evidently Dr. Levy had a strong opinion that there was something evil and criminal about the war in Vietnam. And according to the Nuremberg principle, he pled his higher conscious and disobeyed a direct order. He was court martialed for insubordination, found guilty, and it seems to me that he was sentenced to an Army stockade for a number of years. To the best of my knowledge he was beaten to death by his fellow inmates, and never did obtain his freedom.

Just a few short years after this, to the best of my knowledge and analysis, a certain Captain Medina strode into My Lai Hamlet with a company of infantry soldiers. He waved his hand at the villagers, identified them to his command as the enemy, and ordered his men to kill them all. Evidently, one of his platoon leaders was a lieutenant named Calley. He re-echoed the orders of his commanding officer to his platoon and they killed a lot of people. Following this Lt. Calley was court martialed, for I would gather, giving a criminal order to enlisted men. However, my fellow citizens, I beg you to ask yourself this outstanding question. How the heck can Lieutenant Calley stand in front of his commanding officer, Captain Medina, and disobey a direct order and plead Nuremberg? What the hell!

Captain Levy lost his case and as every citizen knows our law is based upon precedent. What happened to Captain Levy was wrong, and a mistake, but concerning Lt. Calley the brass had to have known two things: One, Lt. Calley got his direct orders from his commanding officer, and two, Captain Levy had lost his case. The brass looked clearly at Lieutenant Calley and his circumstances and saw that he was entirely innocent of criminal wrong doing and gave him a punishment anyway. To deliberately punish people that you know for sure are innocent is one of the most cruel things that human beings can do. God damn the fugging brass!

**There is Going to be a Lot of Observing  
of Significant Form in the Natural Waves**

*Dedicated to American painter William Russell D'Arcy*

The tale of the squirrel is one with the tree.  
Its branches are synco-involved with the sun.  
Natural wave forms run like the Runes  
out of the mountains and into the Junes.  
Walk in good April and watch how they function  
try very hard to see their conjunction.  
The stars are trying to teach that their ways  
are just like the brook that tumbles and plays.  
Nature is never a mobile of grace  
nature is waves all over the place.

## **Saying**

People who play God, pay God.  
There is an old saying, "Hell be not proud,"  
However the proudest Hell of all is  
reserved for people who play God!

••

## **The Best Motto for Defeating an Evil Sovereign**

Make friends and keep friends.  
Loose lips sink ships.

## **For Mr. Steven Biko**

The Sea does not understand a hunting instinct gone awry.  
Trade Winds.<sup>19</sup>

## **Saying in Conclusion**

Horace Greeley said, "Go west, young man and grow up with the country."  
Harry Golden said, "Enjoy, enjoy!"  
Yul Brynner said, "Whatever you do, don't smoke."

I say, "Whatever you do, do something. Participate! Participate! Participate!"

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<sup>19</sup>Line 'Trade Winds' by CT Williams, Afro American Jazz Bassist.

**For Those Who Advocate Racial Superiority  
or Racial Supremacy in any Form**

The Oriental people have the world's greatest civilizations.

The Hindu people and other people who live in India have the world's greatest religions.

The African people have the world's greatest societies.

The Jewish-Caucasian people have the world's greatest communities.

The Caucasian people in general have the world's greatest cultures.

But the noblest people of all are the Native American Indians.