

phrasing

a cross-hatch of problems

trying to right ^{his} ~~my~~ life -- to get the camber a little
more true

the people who walk on the roof of our fears, stomping
and terrifying, like storm troopers on a binge

Tv - electronic diarrhea

she had the power to cloud men's minds

our new seasons: polluted and unpolluted

space between the ears a howling wilderness

slab sandwiches -- thick pieces of homemade bread with
liverwurst

blindsided by life

planking the language together

ballads in praise of gasoline

fondling the native peoples to death like child with a
kitten

letter bombs: someone has been delivering untidy packages
of death

surf, tugging us back to elemental beginnings

bird on one foot

ocean: the commotion that made life
endless war of water and land
life still coming ashore
earth formed that way; ocean still on the move

stars: the far suns of the night

surf sanding away the shore

Phrasing

(He looked like) a corpse trying to live.

His attention got got.

a chamber pot, the inhouse outhouse

After the '11 Super Bowl victory, signboard at Lutheran church on north Greenwood: Jesus ~~has~~ also had 12 men. Go Hawks!

We weren't broke, but we could feel it coming.

"We live in history the way fish live in water."
--Edward L. Ayers, in NYT Dec. 26 '13 piece about on-line Paullin map; clipping in on-line file in my desk file drawer

The type: writer

"Everything that goes down must come up."

The style of the artist's work is the authentic signature.--Tony Angell

"You're like snot. I want ~~xy~~ you out of my head."

snuzzling (combination snuggling and nuzzling)

crane barges with their feelers out

from Tiffany: one child mad at another--"You poo poo pee pee head."

I was excessively single.

the
When fascism comes to America, it will be wrapped in a flag
and carrying a cross.

murder burgers

Texas apparently exists because it rhymes with excess.

an age when notions appear and it's hard to tell which
of them are crazy.

a Jesus sky

when the high point of your day is sugar on your cereal.

crackers in yr soup
All that logic and so little sense.

--Frazz comic strip in Wordplay file

the weather on the moon

bank night

strike the words to paper

ferries: glowworms

(doctors? patient?) busy with the end of life

Tradutore, traditori (sp?)--Translator, traitor

For someone who never liked to be thought sappy, hemxx was
(bleeding) like a maple tree.

(written when I was running) I have both too much and
too little hair--a bald spot which sunburns or chills in
the rain, a frontal hank which plops down toward my nose
when I run. Ergo, the crush hat...

book right (I am, as a writer, maker of books)

the daily miracle of a hummingbird

SWAS--learned from Chuck Robinson @ Village Books; Sell
What's Already Selling

NYTBR, Nov. 17 '13, quoting Richard Rodriguez (Darling: A
Spiritual Autobiography) about lost heyday of city news-
papers--once "the weight of the world, carried by boys."

NYT piece about Carly Simon, Oct. 12 '09:

"What my son, Ben, says about me is that I wear my nervous system in a plume on the outside of my body..."

NYTBR, Oct. 11 '09, review of The Children's Book by A.S. Byatt: from the book---

No child, it is said, has the same parents as any other.

...as we drift back to the age of McKinley. (Ralph Johnson)

Tiffany's son Reed tells her: "Mom, you're crazy with crazy problems."

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

old fartery

"It is a good story teller who can turn men's ears into eyes."--handed to me by a woman at Parkplace signing, July '10, who said she copied it off a plaque, she couldn't remember where

He was so kind he would help a spider out of a toilet bowl.

"Drat." Who says that any more? It will be back, some generation of tongues from now.

Each time I have to create a world.

butt like a hippo (hips)

Scratch that idea between the ears and it begins to lick your

He wondered when he had started walking old. That workhorse gait...

macrobe (instead of microbe)

White bone showed through.

golden brain

the last skin but one

permanent siesta

The numbers are up there with snowflakes.

the long swim to Asia

What is the OO phrase?--"with no improbability of truth"...

Getting my books done within the span of mortal clock.
the outskirts of the language

paraphrase of Archibald Macleish: We make in our mouths
the words that were their names.

(citation given: "Epistle to Be Left in the Earth,"
Collected Poems, 1962)

^C
his₁ sunt dracones: here be dragons

That makes about as much sense as collecting snakeshit.

"me and Stinky McNasty"

"...that in black ink my love may still shine bright."
--Shakespeare

The vessels moving almost imperceptibly on the road of
water.

The only instrument important to a writer is the head.

Men can Take your life but the Lord holds your soul.
--sign seen when being driven to Dowagiac, Mich.

A half a hundred years of dreams since that night...

DEGAS--Don't even give a shit.

perfect as a full moon

the stars, those unimaginable furnaces, began to take
over the night.

the diligentsia rather than the intelligentsia

OO clouds go ghosting by.

the sun blistering in

Have you checked with Chekhov?

fuzz off into old age

Before leaving life, for I am leaving it as surely as
cancer has a hard c and a sibilant one, I wish to say
something not obvious. The main work of my time on
earth... endeavor

absorbitive genius

the curve of time

the faces last, but the names go.

it's now in the laptop of the gods.

History writes the best fiction.

the person I amounted to in those days

The (typing) hand I dance with.

I think this is from Ted Kooser: modernism amounted to
a leaf at the end of an alley.

Big hunky kisses,

Just getting rid of some wrinkled money.

from Frank the SF literary escort: "A smart man gives
advice. A genius takes it."

The young years of my life

The hourglass tick of water where C has watered the urns
on the deck above.

The great ships pass, and the water stays. As do I.

fiddle-ity (for fidelity)

freckles on the face of heaven (stars)

the honorary electrician

Bryn Terfel's powerful baritone(?) voice: the forming
edges of the music can be heard happening in it.

What a privilege it has been to love you.

seaweed on the moon (pre-dawn clouds across the moon)

When our hearts are broken, they fall into (unpredictable) patterns

textual anal (reviewer or academic critic)

circles of murmur

Rascal Fair "sources" card labeled "Muir (Turner)":
John Muir's memoir? ref'ce is p. 23: skin & memory--
"by heart and sore flesh"

Kenneth Clark, in TV "Civilization": English cathedrals,
great orderly mountains rising out of wooden huts.

the early hard corners of the century

(History) anthology editors' harried air, as if they've
been herding armadillos.

hawkwatch

Mayakovsky, The Bedbug & Selected Poetry, p. 35: "each
inch of land (in France) has been...used with pharmaceutical
minuteness to grow violets or lettuce."

If there were a finder's fee for accumulated ignorance,
we could pay off the national debt instantly by turning
in the Bush administration.

Would that this were that.

--lyric by jazz singer/songwriter Patricia Barker

eccentricia

"straight out": Kaare Ness's term for sailing to Alaska
on the outside of Vancouver I. etc. instead of Inland
Passage

No good every came of sleeping in.

Mark Wyman passed along: Joseph Conrad, The Tales, Vol III,
"The End of the Tether," p. 192:

"...the night had massed its army of shadows under the
trees."

"They danced on the ceiling/and they danced on the wall/
They danced all night at the gandydancers' ball..."

I've lost the newspaper reference, but in late '04 was a mention of "sinister dexterity," I believe thought up by Margaret Drabble, to describe a slick lefthanded poker dealer.

"Where~~s~~ Bears Dance to Drums"; a poem title, although again I can't lay hands on the reference.

Shelley Soames on CBC, Xmas '04, after the sports guy made a staff request for an incessant song (written by Roger Miller!) out of his childhood, Nana Moskouri singing "Little toy trains, on little toy tracks..." Shelley remembered she and her siblings referred to Nana M. as "banana mosquito."

dialogue bit: "Stick around and flirt with me. You need the practice and I need the encouragement."

the chromium edge of Mary Travers' voice

one gulp ahead of the undertaker

the furnace of sleep

another hornet up the nose

the cubic word

O Caruso, did you sing the dance of earth
When the Frisco...

The hourglass tick of water where C has watered the urns
on the deck above.

cruise ships are shuttles of weave on the seasons
so full of years (he walked bent over...)

Shelly Soames of CBC recounting story of Paganini's showiness in violin pieces: "he'd come on stage all but wrapped in blue flame."

Enough silence (met that) to drown a barbership quartet in.

in the long devotion of the seasons and the time-testifying forests and the ceaseless ways of water.

deeper-than-watermark voices on the page

local knowledge/local ignorance

Shelly Soames of CBC, saying she sees her producer dialing "1-800-PANDORA'S BOX" for her

Noam Chomsky: "If you assume no hope, you guarantee no hope.

the traffic of the end of the night (ships passing just before dawn)

nuanced to the nth degree

as square as a guy can be and still have feet under him rather than a loading pallet.

Shirley Hazzard, THE GREAT FIRE, p. 232:

"A girl transported to the last curve of the globe might write what a great man would read at the self-sufficient northern heart of the world."

p. 233: "Across the strait, and beyond the flung skein of farther land, the matter of consequence was the South Pole, to whose white magnet the nation was irresistibly drawn, even while directing its yearnings elsewhere."

the infinite vectors of the world

the Everest that is Hillary (Clinton)

The world is his drum.

construed from all four corners

The circus has left town, and it don't look back.

playing with frost

Like an Egyptologist stunned by the elephants tromping
onstage in Aida, (i.e. someone overcome by gratuitous
surprise?)

the birthday that wouldn't turn off
(or: like a...)

have I had luck, or is it the expected?

artistic thumbprint (handprint?)

a chunky
big hunky kisses

arriviste as all hell

and took along all trustworthy signs of rain or clear
blue with them to wherever.

"...it is enough to see a man foam at the mouth just once!"

--Dennis Bloodworth, An Eye for the Dragon

in all my borne days

Lord Byron fucking his way across the landscape

the cave of intervening truth

abt Flannery O'Connor: she wrote like a nasty angel,
dragging a singed wing (relic of a closer reconnaissance
of Hell than her kind generally dares to make) through
our tidy parlors of reading.

"There's a famous eighteenth-century person, a poet told
me, who used to say, 'I can talk my face away in twenty-
five minutes,' and Jimmy could do that..."

--Hilton Als piece on James Baldwin in Pen America 2.

from Margaret Svec: Pat Armstrong's mother lamenting
people's penchant to talk about bodily ills: "I hate
those organ recitals."

The language is there waiting.

quite the raconeuter

once there was a young graduate student who was me.

like a flashlight beam probing its way thru heaven

heaven's warlock

pantograph/pantograms

inlook (instead of outlook)

The crystal-clinkers of Sedonia are intuitively right
and totally wrong too. (We are ~~the~~ crystals, not the
laws of physics...)

Don't be late for the gig. (Marian McPartland's cardinal
rule)

stellar by starlight

The incandescence within Milton's blindness which helped
build a structure of heaven...the bludgeon-shape of young
Darwin's nose which helped bring it down.

the patter of little ideas running through his mind

vicar of (the bunkhouse)

mute and disparate jury

a rheum of one's own

consort of like instruments

rope-end of a town

to the south (down the body)

scraps of unused phrasing are on file cards & yellow sheets in NY Times & Washington Post files (of articles and book reviews)

the starve-out little towns

trying to be seriously funny

the islands are a spatter of rock, and their populations are a spatter too.

A story is like the wind, it begins in a whisper... it rises and falls...until it runs like a river in the sky.

the hard corners of the century

that glass door of ourselves

burning a hole in the daylight

It all comes back to the crotch.

irony mongers

the sum of the elements

a jazz musician about another who is out-of-this-world inventive: "He's in another profession."

trunk songs (i.e., scores or mss found tucked away, unprinted)

the telling and tallying of stories

the brain to the heart to the hands to the feet
(description of writing or performing music to dance to?)
(source unknown)

laws of averages--loss of averages

Those (CCC) crews started off greener than the woods
they were thrown into.

that growth industry, death. (20th Century?)

Out of all the pleasuring moments spent along the
Oregon coastline, this:

May I never be doomed to meet with worse people than
I parted with. (James G. Swan farewell from Hawaii)

awaiting God's next stunt.

"The art of taxation consists in so plucking the
goose as to obtain the largest amount of feathers
with the least amount of hissing."

(Colbert, finance minister to Louis XIV)

As far as I'm concerned, you can die and stay dead.

You can't imagine how much I don't care.

...brought all we could out through that little window
in the law.

the sky writing itself (w/ clouds)

Life is performed solo.

Sunrise is our flag

the earthquake zone we call family.

Yeah, right.

I, plural

...sheltered zones where geography, demography, ignorance
or homogeneity shields it from contact with what Walter
Lippmann, in 1929, called the "acids of modernity."

(--Peter Steinfelds, "Beliefs" column, NYT p. A15,
Nov. 14 '98)

Let my mind out to play.

"ancient faith and present courage"

--Beston, Outermost House, p. 32

"It is a heavy burden to carry a farm on you."

--Out of Africa, p. 323 (Vintage edition)

Another handful of gulls flung by Avia, the bird god,
down the winds.

To be Scottish is to be skittish.

Yea goddamn verily.

My eyes have been across these words before.

The message that we are all scuzzballs together.
Doesn't lead much of anywhere, does it.

"the House of Pelvic Truth"--Martha Graham (abt the
lower body)

All he wants is some of everything.

life had been all particles.

faithful as an azalea

dew and thunder

No Room of One's Own

He was a small man surrounded by the world. (possible
lead?)

"One must always ask of any work of history a somewhat
rude question: So what?"

--Robin Winks, Yale history prof, NYTBR, April 16, '89
"Traitors of Their Class" (Philby, Maclean et al.)

Everybody's good cause is gooder than anybody else's.

Nature's heart is hard.

Gaddis and Gass: one-trick Lippizaners

Shall we in the instance of our love
don rainbows and...

scale rainbows and dance there above
the chancy circumstance of earth

in the fathoms of our bones

Gingrich's style: a little dis, a little data

night moves

the writing on the water

(Writing) is slower than diamond-cutting and
creepier than glaciology (glaciation?).

Irony is not the only search engine.

And so, having unlooked (i.e., pretending not to have
looked at something)...

The world and us with it.

the integrity of the flock: phrase I came across about
shepherding, holding the band together in our old MT
term.

fire of my eye, light of my loins

Up comes a learned hoof, ... (one-trick Lippizanners)

the girth of mind

slug-festering weather

The old story of being young.

the ground zero of...

possible title: The Fire They Carry

on the way to someday

Disguised as Myself

possible title: American Weather

from Fayette Krause; he heard a Scottish folksinger,
Eric Bogle, getting preachy in a song intro and then
confessing, "I got my collar on again."

the "populous solitude" of wilderness--phrase quoted
by Wm. Clark III in Dave Walter's Montana mag piece,
Tertius Does the Bob, sometime mid-'98.

Henry Kissinger a "self-made man who worshiped his creator."
--attributed to diplomat Marshall Green, NYT obit,
June 11 '98

plankton--"organized water" (Jacques Cousteau's son, on
Paul Allen cruise

mallet--Special Purpose Instrument " "

a tough fight with a short stick

"ground truthing": on-the-ground checking of satellite
imaging

Will miracles never decease.

wet kiss

systemagoddamntize

Mined and minted.

Don't mince up words with me.

A month of somedays.

If this is a free ride, next time I'll walk.

the big pinata

dink around; the dinker and the dinkee

cheese me off

moonboots (modern overshoes, ski-type etc.)

Here goes.

Right squack in one month. (in Of Mice and Men?)

alot written on her dance card

"That's on him." (i.e., the blame is on him)

When the cows come home to roost.

There's no bug shield against life.

character who prefaces or add to something outrageous
by saying "I used to lie."

laid eyes back and forth (i.e., conspicuously looked
back & forth at something)

For better or worse is not only a wedding vow;
blood speaks it, too.

✓ On what passed for a hill in 00 (i.e., some flat country)
had the use of (use it incongruously, i.e. something
worthless or ridiculous presented as a
privilege of using)

✓ planned hell

lost causes and others

Petered out. A phrase he didn't like.

the glass path

The next thing would have to be...

Life plunges on.

Neither one of them were seamless.

Shaking hands at a reasonable distance,

degrees of love

Killer metaphors aside, we're still stuck with
(unironic reality)...

Late to the Party

scrimmage of desire

What spooked him to the insides of his bones was...

When did the world ever work like that?

moongate/moon gate

"One of her gifts was memory, and her friends cried out at once that she should recite something."

--The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford,
by. Wm. Hale White, p. 152

Blackberry Empire

dancing on ^{thin} glass

✓ forever ago (or: It wasn't forever ago that...")

unlimited guts

vowel movements

welcome as a rat sandwich (NYT source?)

glassine

writing: the tense slippery edge, back and forth between control and not.

It's a game of niches, writing is.

In the ancient country of books

letter from Frederick Berry of Santa Fe, 1/1/96, saying he's giving his ranch to Nature Conservancy a la Jick, includes this saying from his grandfather:

"God gave us memories that we might have roses in December."

signing up the Skies (copies of THOS)

Painted Dreams: name of 1st radio soap opera (is this in Barnuow?)

"You know why TV is called a medium, don't you. Because it's neither rare nor well done." (unused in Mariah)

from 1910 promotional pamphlet on Valier (in Mariah "Gros Ventre" filed category):

"Aridity is insurance against loss by flood."

effete sniffery up with which we ought not put.

the alive, dead, and in-between

as someone whose name is two four-letter words...

somewhere in Confederate General from Big Sur, a character says hey, I know where we can get 5 pounds of wine for two dollars! (?)

This notion that we (Western writers) are idiot savants of geography...

Guys (L'Amour and John Wayne) with a pound of belt buckle trying to hold up 25 extra pounds of gut. Something had to give way.

the big boppers of world history...

total zoo

USA TODAY, Oct. 3, (94: in '62 movie Birdman of Alcatraz, "(Burt) Lancaster decides to free his first bird, the sparrow. When it shows reluctance to leave, he encourages it: 'You don't want to be a jailbird all your life....go out and bite the stars for me.'

Butter cookie time. (i.e., remembrance, a la Proust's madeleine)

simplicated--used by Phila. Eagles q'back Randall Cunningham (NYT clip, 12/15/94 in lingo file); inadvertent but great term ~~forma~~ making things more complicated by "simplified" procedures.

sowing the stars; black fields of night sown w/ stars

Ah, to be a mandarin of academe, where all you have to do is grow your fingernails long and run them down someone else's prose when you feel like it.

the gleaning flight of swifts

✓ a jay cranking out indignation

That's the kind of thing that happens

foremanning the bees (as I do when the fireweed is in
blossom in the backyard)

prepare-to-be-boarded prose

a plunderous amount

✓ We never were anywhere much longer than if we'd
been clothespegged.

Does the goatee make you go too?

I was the only one of us vaccinated against homesickness.

Out of dream cocoons, ...

Steve Ross of Warner and other big richies:
viciously luxurious.

land system as pages: pagination

bite the bullwhip (mis-said for "bullet")

Linda S's story of staff meeting pro forma on sexual
harassment, in which the bureaucrat assigned to come
in and lecture them about it fervently stated, "We've
got to nip this in the butt."

Jim Beam me up, Scotty.

...clumsies up the prose (i.e., makes clumsy)

lutefisk, the hominy of the sea

toxically sweet

firestitch

You have to be able to hurt (i.e., feel hurt,
endure pain)

possible ch. opener for Bucking the Sun:

Nine years with her and he's still trying to figure
~~out~~ how to say outright, let's fuck.

As aging ~~yuppies~~ yuppies turn into yupping agies...

a redhead teased about being "red on the head"

fountain of truth

We do need to be sure (we're looking at things from
a logical direction), lest we end up like the dyslexic
agnostic who couldn't bring himself to believe in the
existence of the dog.

"Jonathan heard the soggy chatter of Herr Strippli's
motorbike as, snow notwithstanding, he puttered down
the hill to his mother."

--John LeCarre, p. 9, The Night Manager

a bad leave: heard from carpenter Kyle Borland during
grapestake fence building, he said it's a term stone
masons use when a poor fit of rocks will make the next
stone difficult to put into place.

the language mill

That idea was dead before it could put its goggles on.

nostra culpa instead of mea culpa
youa culpa

cars anting along (the mtnslope road of Red Sleep)

Beyond fiction, north of the moon.

quotes from Love Is The Heart of Everything (Mayakovsky-Brik letters, on bottom shelf near study reading chair):

p. 28--M, "only a big, good love can save me."

34--B abt M, "a man who had 'an insatiable thief in his soul'"

37--Andrey Bely abt ~~Much~~ his own letters to Blok:
"Thought jets out here."

103--M to B: "I licked your room clean!"

111--M:"...in the evening. That is the time when I am always a little not myself."

118--M: "Everything contains some sort of threat to me."

145--M to B in telegram (note poetic meter): "Worry miss you love you kiss you." (Paris to Moscow Dec. 1924)

148--M: "I sleep twice a day, have two breakfasts, wash and that's all."

167--M: the Azerbaijanis "have their Sundays on Fridays."

215--L to M from London: "Volosik, I kiss you right in the parliament!"

Playing a medley of his hit (i.e., same thing over & over)

You want glib, I can give you some.

You wait in the weeds long enough, sometimes something
[pretty] good will come along. (possible lead)

Zilchville

digitalia (excessive strings of numbers)

gerbil mentality (don't use without checking w/ Marsh & Ann Nelson, because of the law firm factor)

Reagan a thug in greasepaint

pompous circumstance (instead of "Pomp & Circumstance,"
as in "The band played...")

computer whizzes: Babbage Patch Kids

that hope ran into the sand

Old Mother Thumb and her four daughters

right here in front of God and everybody

ashpan panache

alphanumeric (such as A-1)

there's only one letter between a yarn and a yawn.

little cat feet fogging through the house

Mr. Right/Mr. Approximate

Jonah and the Whalettes

Margaret Tutwiler, State Dept. spokesperson:
Tuttie Rotweiler

lyrics of "Small Town Saturday Night" (sung by
Hal Ketchum?):

...got to be bad/just to have a good time...

...the world can't be round/it drops off sharp at the
edge of town/

Lucy, you know the world must be flat/'cause when people
leave town they never come back.

All you can do is flinch and bear it.

people living in the toy dept. of life (BMW's etc)

"I believe you led your life
like a candle in the wind.

Not knowing who to cling to
When the rain came sliding in."

slanting:

(Elton John's song about Marilyn Monroe--this lyric
may not be exact--as I heard Joan Baez sing it,
Aug. 11, '86)

magazinish: magazine writer, and mag reader

fear, uncertainty, doubt--the FUD factor (stock market)

Reagan's defense policy is for us to have more bullets
than anybody else in the poorhouse.

The wilderness of progress

brother to the dragonfly, sister to the dolphin in the
sea--all of us, children of the mother earth.

my heart sank with it (driving down into the Jensen
place for the first time).

a driver gobbling up amber lights like they were
00 grapes.

Patricia: Patrician attrition: Attricia

tube of desire

Too bad unspent money (i.e., money we don't have)
doesn't accrue.

from Stanley Davison, Nov. '84, thanking me for
inscribed Eng Crk:

"...a gift is not less appreciated just because it
is undeserved."

Prairie Home Companion, Dec. '84: "Of all the people
I know, he is one of them."

penetralia

Karl Krueger's '84 Xmas card, after describing small
grandsons, big tree, snow, concludes: "It's nice."

Bill Farr, Reservation Blackfeet, xv: "there was
shoulder in that voice."

He didn't have the attention span to hold a grudge.

dingle/dangles (fancy earrings, for ex)

citizen of mid-air

kiting bad checks as fast as his hand could write.

mindcast

the incrotching (encroaching) world

Carol Hill of a talented but undisciplined ~~writer~~ student
at writers' conference: "He wasn't organized enough to
put his socks on."

Jon Rantala at '85 ABA, looking down the length of aisle
and display of the Scribners/Atheneum/Macmillan booths:
"Look ~~down~~ at this--you can see the curvature of the
earth."

Ernest Hemingway, in "The Mercenaries", NYTM Aug. 18, '85:
best line in so-so early story is at end of discursive
1st graf: "But that's not this."

the ack-ack of the Wang printer

winter '83, wife of crab boat sailor says she wants him
"to get a job with ground under him."

impatient of the night

the undersong

Valleys are folds in the ~~rock~~ earth's apron--I
suppose that is why we hug to them, in the way of
a seeking child.

it is like trying to fetch buckets of smoke

at an extravagant pace

Random Review '82, Emile Capouya, "In the Sparrow Hills,"
p. 48: "He was a spar from the wreck of that old
world, adrift in the new, unconscious that when the
skies change, men's hearts change with the skies."

Capouya, ", p. 73--"I had always thought of Delmore
Schwartz as the man who had at the outset the
essential gift that most of the poets who were his
exact contemporaries never chose to demonstrate, the
ability to make a great line. He made only a half-
dozen of them, but they are perfectly diagnostic for
poetry. One would be enough--'The scrimmage of
appetite everywhere.'~~x~~ That line is Dantesque."

house afire--house of fire

routine miracles

from a Willie Nelson song:

"All the federales say,
we let Pancho get away."

a sledgehammer adjustment: said in Mont. ranch life when
something needed a helluva whop to drive it into place.

He'd not...

Heed not...

starweep it may have been,

lorn country

luminous, yet deep within the greatest of dark

sin-thumper and thumpees

something far wrong

True, but not true enough.

a honey blond. A honey of a blonde, in fact.

blood-bidden

a handful of snow and a finger (two fingers) of
scotch

windhover

silver wind

People who ask me to talk off the top of my head
have never taken a good look at the top of my head...
It's dry and bony up there...

moonhowlers

windweavers

as a Roman road will fly like a spear from the past
through the modern English muddle

cathedral towers and minarets the spikes of declaration
like a stick down a waterfall

phrasing

ginger

snowlight

nib

cicatrix

sandgram

line soldiers

"When I go out of the house for a walk,...I decide, for a thousandth time, that I will walk into the southwest or west. Eastward I go only by force, but westward I go free."

Thoreau, cited in Southwestern Hist Qly,
Oct. '77; attribd, C. Merton Babcock,
The American Frontier: A Social and
Literary Record, 23-4

millrace

it wanted only

to be governed by the particles in my mind rather
than those making storm clouds above the Rockies

the kited fire of a sunset

"There is no river which is not divine."

--Par Lagerkvist, The Sibyl

the discontent of our winter

tremolo

One thing only:

aflame

phrasing

imposed its shape

(crevices)

The matter is now in the laps, or rather low portions
of the anatomy, of the gods.

in the annals of smartassery, this ranks well up there.

what was in that mind--burnt-out candle ends, ...

moontracer

better go see the headsmith

Yin me no yangs.

Dallas, June '79: a kind of Spokane with a hard on
--Hyatt Regency: waiters and waitresses in banana
republic uniforms.

the standard author's contract, that tissue of
deceit (blow your nose on it) . Who draws them up,
the next criminal class above lawyers?

Do you know what writing is? Ideas fall down out
of my brain cells onto paper, and typewriter keys
chase them, trying to squash them like bugs.
(Kerwhackety-blam. There, they got another one.)

a bleak man

He was not easy about that (ill at ease)...

the day is all downhill after first light

I like each more than the other...

phrasing

warlock

a gently sombre day (of rain)

sheet lightning

tricksome

What is known is this: (lead device)

moonfire, pale as the last of lantern glow

breaking the backs of sentences as if they were
spaniel pups

I lived for print, as ^{if} I were the end of the sentence
being read

He had come undone inside

an Edwardian summer

a hot walker for society

electricity: you don't have to be a raving sybarite
to appreciate the light bulb over the gas lantern

havering

he writes with a skateboarder's skill, with an eye for
odd angles and fast surfaces

succotash of ideas

earth and re-earth

candescent

I will not hear that. Not.

the stitching of life torn

spoor

becoming (adj)

without words I said so

headlong

points of light

noon: a stripe of contentment

what humankind calls time is a measure of ...

run to ground

answer for

anger pure and fast as fire

Not a plague on both your houses: a plague on all
our houses, and the recognition that each of us
fights fever under our own roof.

bier

in the time when tapwater was a dream

honeyed it for us

wick

dirging

hurdy-gurdy mind

the habiting flow

sun-splashed country

kempt (landscape)

marge on the land (or: this day has the range)

phrasing

While I tried to blink that reasoning into my brain,
OO added that...

Betimes

and, look now
(listen)
(see)

phrasing

John Updike, *Museums and Women*, 34:

"...an intricate tunnel leading brainwards..."

V.S. Naipaul, *Guerrillas*, 140:

"He paused; he was creating a silence, as though to frame a prepared statement."

a touchable fire

Sue Masterman, "First Steps to Glean sewer called Rhine," *The Times*, Oct. 30, '72, p. 4--

The Rhine is a 600-mile-long sewer, a poisonous snake curling its way across Switzerland, Germany and Holland, fed by equally poisonous tributaries which pass through France and Luxembourg.

Argus Wilson, "Radical parallels," *The Observer*, Dec. 3, '72, 37: ...Mr. Levy strains his case far further by the publication of a feeble Keats-and-water poem by Strachey...

In Dad's day, the drinking in WSS was beer and beer and beer and beer.

lured by what I saw in books

benison

sepoys

cousinage

-cide

-hood

the browse of...

tail of the eye

phrasing

tidemark

magnetized by

There's not much sand to a man like that

Cover letter, Feb. 17, '77, with N. Cascades Nat'l Park
draft Statement for Management: "...It will be
updated annually depending upon need and public input
as necessary to keep it a dynamic document."

Robinson Jeffers, "The Wind-Struck Music"--

I call that a good life; narrow, but vastly
better than most

Men's lives, and beyond comparison more beautiful;
the wind-struck music man's bones were moulded
to be the harp for.

memory ward

char

free-lancing, always a cottage industry

wraith

pout

the want of

blind to

it seemed to be catching

dailiness

the marriage twanged with it

leached

edged with

slap-dash

Phrasing

Ideas so wooley it would take depilatory
by the tankcarload to faze them

A brain about as substantial as fly-ash

A strange, strewn style

His brain needed training wheels

Something had broken the wings of his mind

You can all but hear the trumpline calling
for ~~his~~ flick

There are trees outside my window I have
stared holes into during this book

Kiting bad checks as fast as he could write.

Literature's stomach growling

The bullying wind

The throb of life

Nakedly poor

The spores of an idea

An Indian summer of the soul

Beyond the frontiers of logic, and on into
the wilderness of astonishment

Men and women are hard material

For its flag, a river of words against a
field of green

Phrasing

A book written in less time than it took
you to read it

I was younger than I will ever admit to
having been

In its not-ness

When I was younger and more certain of
things

The deadlines which like to roost on my
typewriter keys

Decelerate into summer

Easeful

The high windows of memory

The Northwest won the livability trophy
enough times to retire it.

That isn't writing, it's stuttering.

In the happy cruelty of a kitten with its
first mouse.

This marker^d day

Doing gymnastics with his tongue

Creative jumble

Deathward

So we pig along, calling ourselves a
society but behaving more like a convention
of gluttons.

Phrasing

the sea sawing the shore with logs
the sky cracked white. I count for
the thunder--one-one thousand, two-
one thousand,

Mornings when the carpool has gone
stagnant

The blurt of ferry horns

The bleat of ferry horns

Hard-used

Hundreds of hundreds of wagons

Freckled with

Caged in the skull

Aware of where the body meets the air

The back of beyond

Each word a sentence

Live, then die. Just that.

The lick of

Haunch

Hellacious

The box canyon of the mind

Hearing the silences

Blips in the mind

phrasing

unused from Dedications article:

heartstrings

blat

rouging themselves

flattery will get you somewhere

symphony of sycophancy

face value

cumshaw

literary middens

unexpected as grif fins

with more cannon behind it than canon

nerved themselves

strong family resemblance to anarchy

there is not much reason to think so

bandoliers of ideas

took hold

wind burned

scantling

inmost

urped his lunch

the zeniths of

the zephyrs of that notion still waft at us

phrasing

a kind of Newark, Jr.

con, as the saying goes, brío; or at least came
banks compete with skyscrapers like 14-yr-old boys
comparing peckers

eleventy-seven

skandallions

carefully as a crease of 00

00 looks like something out of the seven days of
creation, half-formed, unclear, probably mighty

fissiparous

when he thought of that...if he thought of it...

phrasing

an echo back from the wall of the grave

slow, eking life

the idea foozled off

syruped onto

sun-lit rooms and dungeons-- sun-lit dungeons

in the whee hours of the morn

it is all edges, countless halves

he had had earlier goes at it

creates its own frame of reference

content to sit and smolder

why, I guess I'd rather OO than wear red suspenders.

whuffling down out of the black canyons of space

whiffling in from the boondocks of the universe

power of prayer -- or is it prayer of power?

mumpy country

wordman--wordperson

fear of paragraphs--paragranoia

at the very time Winston Churchill let drop that
clanging phrase "Iron Curtain," the US was erecting
its own travel barrier....

It can be argued -- and I damn-betcham intend to -- that
gizmo pieces of writing: Dream House, notebooks, etc.

phrasing

to praise any higher, you would have to hymn it

like a phoenix in a canary cage (more than bargained for

James Morris, Pax Britannica, p. 83: houses "stark as shoe-boxes."

splodge

James Morris, Pax Britannica, 159: its far-flungness

wickerwork

Morris, Pax Britannica, 306: a career "full of knife-edge daring"

Morris, ditto, 443: Good Conduct medal given "for 20 years of undetected crime."

scintillated with

Morris, Heaven's Command, 125: "...their voices echoed across the ice as they grew small in the distance, and hung upon the silence behind them."

Morris, ditto, 135: "then as now one of the supreme moments of travel"

Morris, ditto, 139: "Aborigines wandered ~~xxx~~ drunken and dispossessed along the waterfront of Sydney, and some of the most terrible people alive brooded in the Rocks or waited in the alleys after dark."

Morris, ditto, 147: Bagehot's phrase about plain, uncomplicated people: "bare-minded"

Morris, ditto, 325: "Like thunder ~~xxxx~~ upon his head..."

Morris, ditto, 414: "He may be wise, or he may be
(from Napier) otherwise...."

pyrasing

OO's conversation came from the top of his head and out his mouth without ever having passed through his brain. It may have been that he had apparatus on the outside of his head, like British plumbing.

pivot -- that pivot summer

his heart thundering

corroded face

scam -- computer scam

plasma1

what those of north of the Siskiyous call Californicatn

rapt

wizard of wooze

neural

for 0 months in 1962 and 1963, I was confined to Texas

we wink out fast

tranced

haunch

I've tried to lift nothing heavier than a typewriter key ever since

little men breaking up my brain with crowbars

May your house be safe from Tiggers.

Indian summer in full headdress

dinosaurs never died, but just were retooled in Detroit

foozled

practicing to be rich

coming to grief

One thing more:

pretties (noun or verb)

All this windwork ... bowing trees into catapults

the years peel away

The children were threatened separately by their
mothers and sent out to play together.

the wide days

coming onto the margin of death

skreek

starved

scrim

bad cess -- is there any other kind? -- to you

issue the rest of the country forest-green glasses

whonk

For 6 months in 1962 and 1963, I was confined to Texas.

wizard of wooze

neural

what roamed in the gloom behind those eyes?

the century outlasted its boundaries

phrasing

It takes a slalom in the mind to follow the argument--
right and left, points you have to deal with, not
slam over...

OO looked, as we used to say, as if he had been pulled
through a knothole backwards

the kind of glossy history which chroniclers
instinctively call "colorful"

At risk here was OO's entire reputation as ...

missed tricks

if he ever thought how it was to be dead

of a sudden

the quick hand of god

Their voices are changing; my beard is changing

daubed thick with philosophy

Yeats' headstone hangs on my wall...

Tombstone/door

souse

chain of nights

fanatic moderates

mark this day with a bright stone

Dandle this idea:

unfound

it passeth understanding, and overshoots Passaic.

I haven't been this excited since the search for
Bridey Murphy.

phrasing

life is always fatal

harvesting memories

old times-new times

there is a hue behind it

a touchable fire

shadows in the distances of my own mind

dying breath by breath

But the patterns of mind were entirely different...

When the nuclear hell comes--I nearly betrayed myself
into optimism by saying if...

enough technical detail to make your brain fuzz up

wrought wood

at Pt. Lobos: sound of squirrels incisoring their
way through cones. Pine cone--ice cream cone.

the clustered 00

notions in search of an author

in the annals of hostessry

tub--tubbed

the working dead

fireflow

beamish

snow light and dry as foam

somewise

sounds I want not to hear

phrasing

...economics would be into the fight quicker than you
can say "\$\$\$!"

what pain cratered in his eyes

paunches of ore on the mountainsides

each sun (each day)

one more sun, another darkness.

the last sun

the scour of ...

had gone slack in him

the sift of memory

spongy notions

dead names

handcuffed to

the act of breath

calamity

could overlook

inmost

revoke

at hazard

acrawl

banked inside him

clockless time

the bins of memory

phrasing

from Wordsworth: that connect the landscape to the sky
(check this: from Tintern Abbey?)

E.M. Forster: Only connect...

Everything recedes

he went for it like a fetching dog

Think of all the death ahead.

pollution puking into rivers

forest nosing at the back of our house, pushing, probing.

whittler: fighting the slow hours with a jackknife

the maker

the river sawing its way

poor scared ninny

the curve of light

Title: Charivari

Title: Mulligan John

Woody Guthrie, quoted by John Greenway, American
Folksongs of Protest, pp. 276-77: Guthrie was offered a
job singing for \$75 a week, from a radio studio in
Rockefeller Center. "That was about \$70 more than I'd
ever got for regular singing before, so I said to myself,
'Boy, you got you a job.' But when they tried to rig me
up in whiskers and a hillbilly clown suit, I ducked into
the elevator and rode the 65 stories back down to the USA!"

✓ Same source, quoting Guthrie on album preface of his songs
about Grand Coulee project, talking about foes of public
power: "They can always think up a million nice good
excellent reasons why it is better for you to go ragged
and hungry and down and out and even in the dark, as long
as it makes them a profit."

We have been swigging down resources like...

There will be choirs of elegists for...

The news story writes itself in my head:

There's this and that to be said for OO, but...

going into fire

stuck in the craw of history

crone dance

Ah, to be young and fuckin' twice a day again.

Maria Plentyfuk

prose of an ochre fustian

vee

failure of nerve

my hands are becoming workmanlike

empowerment

losing years off both ends

bivouac

goblet

fever dreams

iron door in the mind

mountains are fever lines of earth's making

Clearcutting is modern logger's version of assembly-line efficiency.

phrasing

No accident the head is mostly bone

(lk at him, and are reminded it is more than coincdce
with the connivance of that the head is mostly bone.)

slipstreams

touched with fire

it becomes a contest of goblins

husk into that argument, and you find ...

crosshatch of problems

clapboard shanty of an argument

quicksand (bogs) at edge of mind

come clear

could hear the iron gates banging shut in the mind

agent of nature

one must put the words one after another, at whatever
cost

my memory, which begins with death

live, then die

inmost

rewove

I know now that ... But that is not what I was born to.
I was born to ...

mires (n.)

went after it like a fetching dog

phrasing

de-wifed; the de-wifing of ...

blowsy idea

I watch the sunset and count one more day off my life.

scorched ^{white} by frost

he would say, as if the idea had never before occurred to him

we are tranced by

...writing the bejesus out of the story

I have the only known case of Sanka nerves

disorderly tune

thankless art

klutzy

visual cliché

islanded

inflammable orator

slow crash

catchpenny

the junk society

skudgy

river wind

a place to retire from

generation of lost puppies

nooning

phrasing

✓ Mt. Rainier and Mt. Hood gone to wherever it is they go
to spend the winter

the electric fuzz of tv screen

self-congratulation is the sincerest form of flattery

I have the only known case of Sanka nerves.

some innocent fun (satirical)

read the weather

to some end of time

gravy days

point of light

✓ death keeps a calendar (possible lead for article on
suicide and weather)

tv: the one-eyed kingdom

fireship

hazed with mist

lie doggo

✓ In the old evil days when my father was a drinking man
and I hung around the vicinity of his elbow as he bent
it at bars all through the town, he had a friend who...

the encasing dark

indicative of a mind that can't make itself up

awfulopolis

the fluting words

whatever patient clock ticks out there in the night
of the universe

the wheel of the seasons

phrasing

mix pleasure with pleasure

the thin days of my life flick by

what is inside the mirror

a time of goblins

right here in the middle of the world

he has never been to the 20th century

author of what has been called the best novel ever
written about tennis racket strings

a film which must have been directed by telephone from
a whorehouse in Elk Wallow, Wyo.

approximately a beagle

school of hard knocks theme song: when did he ever meet
a payroll?

sloped off to other pursuits

playing with an edged tool

stickum that keeps our society together

drug cases: the burned brains

touched with fire

as terrible as man is

sunlight drilled thru the trees

the town never has been much for fancy visiting
journalists from the East

wind brooming through the fallen leaves

to live where you can see eagles

phrasing

Eiseley: the long cold

" : tick and tock

" : skull vault

as the specialists would say

Eric Hodgins: the silences of his brain

E.B. White, Here Is New York:

..."the sound carried the whole history of..."

p. 49: prosperity creates its bread lines, the same
as depression

dress-blue funk

news secretary is the President's glazier: the man who
puts transparent panels between the President and the
truth as necessary

the valley was fresh with...

times of love

brain song

Neon City

with a quiet phut

...seemed the least baffling

what is it that breaks

break into heavy tears

wind country

he had small gallantries

the trudge to...

climbed the miles to ...

phrasing

Wm McIlvanney, Remedy Is None:

p. 23 -- What did you say to someone who was dying?
Everything he could think of was double-edged...

Jessamyn West, The Massacre at Fall Creek:

p. 129--all the people in the yard turned as if by a
single lever...

p. 144--I'm not ~~going on~~ trying to stopper you up.

Richard F. Hugo, The Fairly Decent Bear and
Other Poems UW MA thesis, 1950
800 Th6485

The Fairly Decent Bear--

No fatter than the kodiak,
No quicker than the black,
I salvaged onions
from deserted gardens.

I had a snout-steam on when
Logs were cold
My claws broke easy and love
Was winter blood

With rages leaving trails
Of radiant spray, I swept
By snakeweed, drank
Dangerous swamp, turned
Hair from fire, tore
Salmon side, lumbered
Through one sewer pipe
To see the land again.

Tell these bears we see in bars
That I knew rain and the sun.

Unused in Forest Grove article, Pac S March '77:

Coax the dial as I will, the latest in raunch-and-roll ("...SKYYYYYrockets in FLIGHT!!!!...AFTERnoon DELIGHT!!!) comes squalling out of the car radio from half a dozen Portland stations. Not a nice anthem for a town such as Forest Grove, with its prim streets and staid colonnades of trees and the spires and sobrieties of 17 churches. But maybe not inapt, either. This supposedly oh-so-skyrockety afternoon in early summer is just before Forest Grove will begin to answer some questions about its future--questions which have seeped into town as automatically and irrepressibly as that ditty throbs along the metropolitan airwaves....

What Forest Grove is going through, in its own quiet way, is one small scene in the American saga of mutating a continent. That sounds portentous, and it is meant to be. In our couple of centuries of pushing westward with farms and towns and cities, we have worked colossal changes on the open and beckoning land--and in doing so, of course have changed our own boundaries of possibility. By now, with the states of Oregon and Washington containing as many people as the entire US had when Lewis and Clark began trudging west in 1804, a lot of limits have come down around us even here in the Pacific Northwest. They draw themselves as remorselessly in a Forest Grove as anywhere else--and in a way more poignantly, because Forest Grove has more to lose to the tides of change than most towns....

No more do we yearn automatically for communities to grow, land to be plaided into...

Phrasing

A religion which was a mix of snake oil and hysterical piety

Peter De Vries, I Hear America Swinging, 7:

"You want to be given your Ph.D. on the strength of a dissertation that has ~~been~~ successfully demonstrated the imbecility of its having been assigned you by your superiors in the first place."

Shirley Ann Grau, The Condor Passes, 20:

"Herself a crowd, he thought."

p. 22--"There was nothing of him to stand off time, to give old Death a pause."

p. 39--"~~Then~~ They didn't know that the greatest alertness came during the blind time they called sleep."

p. 41--"They're like all the things you've never seen, the inside of graves, or the center of the earth, or the dark side of the moon."

p. 211--"...feel his daughter's wedding liquor sing in his brain."

John Cheever, Bullet Park, 4:

"on this evening the blood-memory of travel and migrations courses through his veins."

7--"When he understands that it is the alarm and not the telephone he puts his feet onto the floor."

Honor Tracy, The First Day of Friday, 84:

"He would deal with the situation, infuriating as it was, rather than waste time probing into its back history."

89--"Time seeped away in this country like water taken up in the hand."

*Selected Poems,
Louis Simpson*

In California

Here I am, troubling the dream coast
With my New York face,
Bearing among the realtors
And tennis-players my dark preoccupation.

There once was an epical clatter—
Voices and banjos, Tennessee, Ohio,
Rising like incense in the sight of heaven.
Today, there is an angel in the gate.

Lie back, Walt Whitman,
There, on the fabulous raft with the King and the Duke!
For the white row of the Marina
Faces the Rock. Turn round the wagons here.

Lie back! We cannot bear
The stars any more, those infinite spaces.
Let the realtors divide the mountain,
For they have already subdivided the valley.

Rectangular city blocks astonished
Herodotus in Babylon,
Cortez in Tenochtitlan,
And here's the same old city-planner, death.

We cannot turn or stay.
For though we sleep, and let the reins fall slack,
The great cloud-wagons move
Outward still, dreaming of a Pacific.

hazed with mist

white rock letters above towns

sand fingers

where sky and sea lip together

wind country

hardpan. Deadpan

dinosaur cutlets

setting sun on ocean horizon --
molten weld, clinching dark onto earth

kitten with a first mouse

the brisk grass

Cape Falcon -- the vast talon become stone

At Yeats' grave: quote Horseman pass by

lightning kite

if the wind caught fire

windspan

line from British woman poet describing finding dead
bird in her summer cottage: there is no air where its
terror has not been

to pass the time.
to pass. The time.

night fires

edges

Blockades

the knowing had stopped

squares in an album
as if the world were cornered
and indexed

gaunt with autumn

seven year death
his lungs eroded
air an agony
breath a dread

lungs dead before the heart

craw of death

life a memory now
piped from a steel tank

life was valve and a gauge
to put oxygen into the eroded lungs

long death

cost of air

air in , air out

whatever summer it was
I came home all but gone
lost to you.

rough breath

air thru the mouth

Costs (title)

letters from nether years

letters from a lost time *letters from that time*

a small whittled spot in the forest

like a notch on a redwood

the farthest blurs of ...

suitcase life -- bedroll life

come clear

wind through swags of branches

show of wings

reseen

*brisking
stream of song*

buried fire

poem lines:

(written while hiking out along Elwha R., summer '74)

~~the~~

the blood rivers in me sense
the mightier stream

whiter stranger

mountains the pulse of earth
thrown high by ancient frenzy

blood most

riwer with its cargo of sound

white water: is this preen, showy plumage, or
feathered flat in rush through the valley end

living is a blood sport

& fatal, always fatal

the canyon a sheath the water slides through

icicle weather

this moment of earthshine

performance is all

slip streams which spiders leave above forest paths

playing with an edged tool

carrying too much sail

stickum x

Cat (title, short for Caterpillar)

Nooksack: quickness of river trying to leave itself

swack

the aboriginal cast (title?)

camber

lobe

she had the power to cloud men's minds

ocean: the commotion that made life

the wind came carving, carving,..

icy wind: crownfire gone frigid

sunset kindling the clouds

bluffs shouldering into the ocean

whisker of sand

read the weather

pranks of the earth

time's end

waves rising with a roar

spume: froth of the earth's process of making i tself

clouds the color of wet cotton

like small branches strewn by windstorm

the desperate precision of ...

crust of the earth

curtain of clouds

the quality of their days

the gape of sky

mountain spur

the past puddled in the mind

fairy gold

windspan

death camas

we have prospects

vice versa

Rialto Beach: veils of spray

outlined islands holding their dimension

everything recedes

the wand between the legs

Refuge

(at Dungeness Spit)

nighthawks

irony of man setting aside refuge
is there animal suicide?

Black Diamond Mine

Chinook

My people Dutch John recites
moved to this valley 70 years ago
I was seven then

the thin days of my life flick by

cut from cardboard passions

the days and days behind my eyes

Crazy Horse Statue

Twenty tons of nostril
arch the hawk nose
against the sky.

His sky, in the time before
stone cocoon
fury caught in stone

dusting wind

hay bleached beneath the sun's slow fire
glove leather worked into softness
oatmeal water; Alec, who knew what his
croft ancestors knew

the Last Wob

Pallbearings

Capt. Cook's death

IRISH QUESTIONS

1. IN O'CONNELL'S HOUSE

In O'Connell's house
shelter memory's mansions.
Walled in glass and legend
the Liberator's effects pose
like wares left by vanished dolls.

Our guide confides
more than is known. *O'C*
This hat ~~he~~ wore by guile
in the English Parliament.
Today's thin procession
in from the March wind
which flays County Kerry
for being earth
and for being Irish
the pair of us
listen as O'C is rebuilt.

Parceled like a saint
tried for treason, he was
on the 0th day rose again
or is that imagination?
and rises again in public statues
body one place
heart somewhere else.

We half-hear
Our Best with ears from another land
O'C's worders.
Tone -- O'C -- Parnell-
Casement-Connolly
the guide's litany sounds
Failed patriots but (louder)
they were men.
But aren't we all, somewhat?

more

skewed but bright
frail but lasting

original carpet with plastic cover
set free in minds

texture

parceled

schoolmen

a failed patriot lingers at the heart like a OO hunch

IN COUNTY KERRY

dark glasses (green?) bright headed
oddity of beard is luxury
glasses, beard, blue car -- splashes of color
for memory against pale haze
I know your landscape is desperate. Do you?
long cuts of peat, like terraces of ancient civlzt'n
To me it is Healy Pass, scenery -- for you?
wind at pass purple stone
road built in famine
stones move and become sheep
clouds haze

I am high above where our glances locked.
Yours came astonished through
my green glasses
frames to what imagined world:
TV, movies, or corner of your own mind?

My father
an ocean and a continent from here
would carve the skin
from a dead lamb
and jacket a living orphan
into adoption by eager ewe.
That is what life must be,
jackets for life going on
against the dead.

My jacket today is bright blue metal
arrowing along the road.
Will you find a jacket here?
Or to Liverpool or Sydney?

> life jacket

→ making me
a stranger to
my land

atop

AT HEALY PASS, Ireland

By my

I am high above where our glances locked.
Yours came astonished through my green glasses,
frames to what imagined world?
Mine

American

Along the slopes --your slopes --
stones move and become sheep.
My father, an ocean and a continent from here,
would carve the skin from a dead lamb
and jacket a living orphan
into adoption by eager ewe.
Your life must be a jacket of the sort,

crinkled
awkward

IN THE STAIGE FORT

the stone wilderness edge

You are at the limits of my imagination.

How did you feel?

What dolls did your children know?

Did you see your sheep as I saw mine?

What glinted to your eye?

How did the wind feel -- a part of the day,
like walls to us?

Did you measure time? Know ambition?

2500 yrs old
farmer charges 5pence
to cross his land
ancient vacant face like
the originals here
green histcl plaque
thousands of stone
endless chinking
feel the skins on you
see from corner of eye?

Tooth honey?

can this island have been
a whistling space,
unhoused as

poem with continual incisions of action verbs:
(with action of poem carried to coinciding
conclusion of poem)

If we look upon
--twitching
the matter
--tensing
dispassionately
--surging

From the Notebooks

Weight from the wary years
between my father and me
presses down the words.

What can a son be?

There must be a way back through years.

Or:
the good words are spiked
into bones
inside my breast

one last day
It is summer, and
hawks live in the air
above the north meadow.
My father

SAGE FIRE

No July cloud
is this black.
Someone shouts.
The crew hurries
through the crisping hay
trucks bounes us
to the ranch buildings.
Sage fire runs the earth.
Wet sacks, shovels.
Over beyond the school section.

char
gray freckled

GRASS MOUNTAIN

Grouse flail ~~the air~~
~~into~~ into flight.

We watch from mid-stride

.22 rifles

lap lightly in our hands
and grin to each other.

We are being father and son,
this day's point.

From Grass Mountain
we see to Mt. Baldy
the first bright ash of summer
glistening cold at its summit.
We eat our pocket lunch dry
on a log in the sun.
My father's face is alive
with wrinkles.

"You leave Tuesday"

he says

looking toward Mt. Baldy.

"Yes. Basic training
begins Wednesday."

These two weeks have gone fast."

Yes.

I see again my father
fishing intently
in Copperopolis Creek

who knows?
if we last,
a beginning may come

*plowed
restless*

side memories

rifles for friendship

plain above plain

unt fields for 7/1,

dark color 7 rye,

brightness 7 mustard

IN THE STONE COUNTRY

Sea bluffs banked
for turns of storm
along the coastal course.

stone houses,
hedgerows.

rust color of dead ferns
on bluff sides
white clown faces of
sheep in ruffs of wool

Shape this day
Bend the coast
gloss it with jays
and crown it with eagles
Let gulls slide the breeze slopes

eleven to the dozen
tall as their chins
the nearlys come

There Are Ways

There are ways to get there:
The burrow of the mole
And the hole the hawk makes
When he drops through air --
The whirlwind's funnel
The green tunnel
Under forest trees, and the fair
Skyey bridge of color --
The Watery path the moon takes
The spider web the fly shakes:

There are ways from here to there.

--Ruth Graydon

William Stafford of Lake Oswego, Ore.,
whose *Traveling Through the Dark* won the
National Book Award, put it this way -

"The world happens twice: once the way
we see it as; second, it legends itself, deep, the
way it is. I write because I keep searching for
that second happening, that deep legending of
our lives."

ST. Sunday Examiner & Chronicle
Aug. 31, '63

California
Living

Something about brethren

Only for men —
men who so marvelously
have found a name
for all they behold
here on earth —
there has been as yet
no consummate word,
no elated consensus
singing itself.

still waiting to hear
sweet-syllabled
essence-of-us
come clear.

Doris Peel, poet, writer, is not held by any place.

- sent by Bobbie Novis -
from Christian Science Monitor?

ELIZABETH'S WAR WITH THE CHRISTMAS BEAR: 1601

*N. Y. paper
Dec 26,
'77*

The bears are kept by hundreds within fences, are fed cracked Eggs; the weakest are Slaughtered and fed to the others after being scented With the blood of deer brought to the pastures by Elizabeth's Men. The blood spills from deep pails with bottoms of slate.

The balding Queen had bear gardens in London and in the country. The bear is baited: the nostrils Are blown full of pepper, the Irish wolfhounds Are starved, then, emptied, made crazy with fermented barley;

And the bear's hind leg is chained to a stake, the bear Is blinded and whipped; kneeling in his blood and slaver, he is Almost instantly worried by the dogs. At the very moment that Elizabeth took Essex's head, a giant brown bear Stood in the gardens with dogs hanging from his fur Like furs . . . he took away the sun, took A wolfhound in his mouth and tossed it into The white lap of Elizabeth I; arrows and staves rained

On his chest and, standing, he then stood even taller, seeing Into the Queen's private boxes; he grinned into her battered eggshell face, Another volley of arrows and poles, and opening his mouth he showered Blood all over Elizabeth and her Privy Council.

The very next evening, a cool evening, the Queen demanded 13 bears and the justice of 113 dogs! She slept All that Sunday night and much of the next morning. Some said she was guilty of *this* and *that*. The Protestant Queen gave the defeated bear A grave in a Catholic cemetery. The marker said: "Peter, a Christmas bear, a gift of the Tsar to Elizabeth."

After a long winter she had the grave opened. The bear's skeleton Was cleared with lye, she placed it at her bedside, Put a candle inside behind the sockets of the eyes, and then She spoke to it:

"You were a Christmas bear—behind your eyes I see the walls of a snow cave where you are a cub still smelling Of your mother's blood, which has dried in your hair; you have Troubled a Queen who was afraid when seated in the shade that, standing, You created! A Queen who often wakes with a dream of you at night. Now you'll stand by my bed in your long white bones; alone, you Will frighten away at night all visions of bear, and all day You will be in this cold room—your constant grin— You'll stand in the long, white prodigy of your bones, and you are, Every inch of you, a terrible vision, not bear but virgin!"

—NORMAN DUBIE

NAMES OF HORSES

All winter your brute shoulders strained against collars, padding
and steerhide over the ash hames, to haul
sledges of cordwood for drying through spring and summer,
for the Glenwood stove next winter, and for the simmering range.

In April you pulled cartloads of manure to spread on the fields,
dark manure of Holsteins and knobs of your own clustered with oats.
All summer you mowed the grass in meadow and hayfield, the mowing
machine
clacketing beside you while the sun walked high in the morning;

and after noon's heat you pulled a clawed rake through the same acres,
gathering stacks, and dragged the wagon from stack to stack,
and the built hayrack back uphill to the chaffy barn,
three loads of hay a day from standing grass in the morning.

Sundays you trotted the two miles to church with the light load
of a leather quartertop buggy, and grazed in the sound of hymns.
Generation on generation, your neck rubbed the windowsill
of the stall, smoothing the wood as the sea smooths glass.

When you were old and lame, when your shoulders hurt bending to graze,
one October the man, who fed you and kept you and harnessed you every
morning,

led you through corn stubble to sandy ground above Eagle Pond,
and dug a hole beside you where you stood shuddering in your skin,

and lay the shotgun's muzzle in the boneless hollow behind your ear,
and fired the slug into your brain, and felled you into your grave,
shovelling sand to cover you, setting goldenrod upright above you,
where by next summer a dent in the ground made your monument.

For a hundred and fifty years, in the pasture of dead horses,
roots of pine trees pushed through the pale curves of your ribs,
yellow blossoms flourished above you in autumn, and in winter
frost heaved your bones in the ground—old toilers, soil makers:

O Roger, Mackerel, Riley, Ned, Nellie, Chester, Lady Ghost.

—DONALD HALL

N Yorker Nov. 14, '77 p. 207

from Today's Poets, ed. Chad Walsh:

98 -- Kenneth Patchen, in The Great Sled-Makers;

...Just picture them! with their runners of molten silver, their golden bodies painted a screaming red under a zigzag of yellow and buff stripes.

158 -- R.S. Thomas, in A Labourer

...the winds have stretched

So tight the skin on the bare racks of bone...

207 -- John Ciardi, in Elegy:

...But if it was her

memory then, it became mine so long since

305 -- Denise Levertov, lead to A Map of the Western Part of the County of Essex in England:

Something forgotten for twenty years:

316 -- Vassar Miller, The Whooping Crane:

...wingdom

402 -- Robert Mezey, In Defense of Felons:

Winter will not let go of earth...

Roethke:

"this is my hard time"

"the shadows that start from my own feet"

"I'm all alone with what I never said."

on critics: "May they be condemned forever to a perpetual reading of their own work."

He listed ninnies, ~~in~~ nincompoops, etc -- and soclghts