

Collected and Annotated

by the author

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Volume I

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'...something
rescued from what we sense
of time

so beautiful
so vain'

INTRODUCTION

This collection of poetry presents definitive versions of most of the poems I have completed. Since I have included all the poems, including many early works and works of questionable quality, this is not the planned

SELECTED POEMS ASSORTED LIFETIMES

Rather, I am treating this as a kind of internal autobiographical documentation of my poetry. In some cases I have annotated the works, and I have included many alternate or derivative versions.

Many of the dates, especially those of the earlier volumes, are vague; most of them are guesses. The order of the poems, however, is generally accurate, both within the volumes and from volume to volume.

This volume covers the earlier poems written in high school through my graduate school days in California. Somewhere in this period the poetry ceases to be *juvenalia* and a mature style emerges.

[This multi-volume set is a revised edition. It is based on an original completed in 1993, which in turn was edited from an earlier XyWrite III source. This version has been re-formatted using XyWrite IV for Windows. Type family for Volume I is Apollo MT from Adobe.]

HIGH SCHOOL (1960-63)

“and behold
high upon the piano top
there appeared a
marvelous lady who could not
sing”

The quote doesn't have much to do with the long poem which follows, but it does have to do with being in high school. I worked on this 'epic' on and off all through high school, and later (probably while I was at Amherst) compiled it into this form. The window, the rain, the street and gutters are all real things from those days; so is the lack of control over tenses. The attic room is not. Some of these images return in later works, including especially the 'yellow man' I sometimes wrote about.

as i look
through this broken
window
i see that the
snow has
stopped falling
and all the hills
are covered
as if by
white fungus
and soon the sun
will come out
and the snow
will turn to
transparent gravel
edged with black dirt
making everything
nice
and dirty again
and then it will
rain
perhaps
and
i will have to
move from this window
(so i won't get wet)

later though
i will go
back
and kneel in the puddle
under the window
and i'll see
the hills all
very healthy
green and
drowning in the
mud puddles
and the dirty water
creeping down them
towards the muck

covered gutters
and then some old
street cleaner
will probably
come by
and
dig out the
sewers
and the sun will
glisten down on
the draining
street
and make it
seem so
beautiful
that some little
four-
year-
old-
kid
(who's probably
filthy anyway)
will go out and
build a dam
in the gutter
using old twigs
and mud
mostly
and that wicked
old man
will shoo
him away and
kick down
the dam

later the sun will go down

and when i return
to the broken window
(wearing a shawl
to keep warm)

i will watch
the water in
the gutters crystallize
for it will be
very cold
and perhaps that
same old man
(the gutter cleaner)
will walk by
my window
wearing a yellow
slicker
looking cold
and lonely
as if he had
no home to go
to
as if he were
too old and
ugly
to be loved
and perhaps i
shall even cry
for him

but
now i just
sit and stare
out this broken
window
and see that
it has just
stopped
snowing

somewhere
on the right
side of the man
lies

a broken sign
reading
 "beware"
mostly i guess
of rats who
crawl in graves
for days
the man is
tall he is
after all old
so he has after
all grown
but never moves
even in rain

once three
days ago
it rained
his hair got real
wet and
the mud got
all over the
sign so after
it stopped with
the water
he picked up
the thing
which read

 "beware"
and put it in
his hip pocket

(it must have
fallen
out again

forgetting the long
trees
and dangerous winters

since after all
no one
really cares
the little old
man
(who used to clean
gutters)
went home to fix
the door of
his
house

and on his way
home he happened
to see
a group of ants
on the sidewalk
eating a rose
and ants they
were the red kind
dark and bloody
looking
the rose was a
bland yellow
one
so
the little old man
decided
it wasn't
worth saving
and
walked on

past the
diner and the
bar
past houses
with
smelly bedrooms
and he turned
down

another street
past
a large hotel
in which
prostitutes
expose themselves
in big bay windows

and he heard
a little boy laughing

so the little boy
finally said
i know how high
the sky
is
and
then he went off
to climb a tree
and from its top
he looked
and saw and
absolutely
marveled at all
the pretty people
and
i meanwhile
sat in a
stall and
drank my tea
and kissed my hand
while holding yours
but the little boy
picked
an apple off that
same tree
he was on
 'and he et it'
just like that
and that was

really
amazing

i laughed all night
while the moon rose
up
and the
little boy slept
and dreamt of
rainbows butterflies
people butterfly nets
and
my laughter
it hung in the air

i see
(and am worried
by it)
the old man
who cleans gutters
walking
down the road
where the
little boy plays

the man is walking
 stops
to say goodbye
but the boy
only looks up
and back again
the boy is too
busy to
say goodbye
so the old man
walks on his
wandering to never
end
and

i see all this
through my
window

now
(later)
it is fall
and leaves
are in the gutter
brown ones
and
wet ones
and reddish
ones too
(fall leaves
are never really
red though)
and here
and there a bright
yellow one
and no one
sweeps them
up

the gutter-cleaning
man must be
dead

but wonder why
i wonder
who no one
else
will sweep them

my window
(which has just
been
fixed) has
shown me
many things
back when it

was broken
i saw a spring
and winter
too
(but after summer
comes the fall)
i've seen trees
die like people
and people
who live like
flowers
i've seen many
pretty girls
and a lonely little
boy
and
now
i look upon
the oldman's tomb

but my window
breaks again
so i just
cover it
with a board
and go away
and never
look through it
again

after i fell
asleep
and woke again
i heard
footsteps in
the hallway
marching
somewhere
where
exactly i do
and i screamed

not know
but i turned
over my pillow
anyway
and then
the footsteps
came closer
and closer
closer and i
became terribly
frightened

but no one came
not even the
footsteps
all were gone
away
and me
alone with my
pillow
and hot soft
sheets
and dark
corners in
my room
leaving all
to dreams ^a

merrily we
row
though
life is but
a dream

^a*This would have been the best ending, but I was in
High School, after all...*

i should have
laughed
right then
but the sun
wasn't up
yet so i
waited 'til
then
when the dark
corners in
my room
left me too
before
i laughed
at me

to whom it
never
occurred that
the footsteps
might have been
lonely

i sit
in an empty
dark room
above the house
and watch
such
things as the
dust
floating through
cracks of sunlight
and gathering
in corners
in little
puffballs that
float when i
walk (i

don't
often walk)

such things
as the walls
i watch
them crack and
listen to them
settle down
tiring of their
task
and i watch
such things
as my hands
as they tremble
and my sleeping
sex
as it lies
waiting for
never
i watch
the air rot
and the fungus grow
on my
chamber pot

i listen
to lady death
moan under
her burden
and i listen
to nightingales
(nested somewhere
near my
empty
room)
i listen to
passing storms
i hear the
children
laughing

(somewhere near
my room)

i feel the heat
of summer
and chill of
winter
as they come
and go
relentlessly
i feel time

and i hear her cry

as i watch
the world die

(the children
and
the nightingales
are not
in my room)

the laughter
of the far-off party
hangs
still
in the air
like the mist
during
summer's birth
and spring's end
and
i
sit in my
barren room
with its one
covered up
window
today^b

and i remember
things
i remember me now
(there is a woman
outside
my window)

the laughter
still
hangs outside
in the air
and the woman
and more

and
so
i set out
from my barren
ugly
room
laughing into the world
to contemplate the woman
perhaps
to try again

and i begin
to remember that
room
and me
now

still hangs the air

another party
has
just begun

among the flowers
that will
grow in spring
i saw
another
woman of
hair and face
and eyes
and cheeks and
strings
for fingers

that danced
when she moved
her hips
with a man

.....
**I hesitate to include this turkey, but it is in the 'definitive typescript'. At least the last two phrases are ok*

another man
but this blond
(she was)
caught all the
eyes she would
and played marbles
with them
this pale
ball of nothing
fluff
(i suppose)
was admired
by me at
a low least
and others

her toys were
hidden in
a shapeless
glittering
package that
told nothing
of them except
all
waiting for
her to enjoy
them
by others

today
among the
flowers that
didn't make it
this year
(and a few
that never will)

i saw
another
woman
there are

so many
and even
in the
rain her
hands were
large

the window
in my attic room is
open
again and
lets in the cool
breeze of a premature
spring exciting
blue and i stand
and see the heat
waves wobbling
above the sash

and i look
to the hills
where the old man
went still
february brown
and grey with
mist (it's morning
here and i have
just got up
from my bed
having yawned and
not brushed
my teeth) the
sun shines
on the window
of the
house next door

in the street gutter
there

is only dust dry
mud there
are no leaves

i watch the hills where
the old man
went
waiting for the
mist to clear so
i may see
the few green buds
and the few and
always evergreens
the broken window
pane is hidden
by the shade and i
put my hand
out to clear
the dust from the
edges of the
glass and cut
my finger bleeding
slightly
i will suck my
finger and soon
the blood will be gone
and the clean white
sheets of skin will
close
and eventually
their softness will
turn to hard dead
scar
which then i
will bite and pick at
as i still
gaze and look
and looking at my
finger it will be
the same again

the buds not
quite opened
the always
evergreens standing
on the hill
and the beautiful
orange sunset behind
them

written c.1960-63

what is this light
which glows within
her soul
and shines upon his
face and makes it
dark
and shines like
a goddamn star
hidden behind one of
those big black clouds
of broken galaxies
and worlds and
what is this light
which shall illuminate the world

and what
is this light which
shines bright in
her eyes which
reflects the glow
of his burnt out
life and his
empty mind
what is this light
by which i cannot
read nor write
what
is it love is
it love is it love
what
is it love it
is it or is it
love or love
or is it just the reflection
of the goddamn sun

completed 1962

5/28/62

6:00 AM

it said

in big red letters

on the end of

old derby wharf

put there on

the grey cement

(by) someone meant

to be remembered

the ripples on

the sea

splitting there

twice beside me

on the pointed

end of old

derby wharf

moving on

behind me

the big red letters

and the wet wall

of the lighthouse

the rain making its

little circles on the

water falling

out of the grey

fog

onto the grey cement

all wet

in just the rain

(silence)

fallen from the grey

blanket of the sky

and risen

out of the wet

molested cement

(quiet)

the rain pattering on

my jacket

(little circles

moving on the silent waters)

and falling on the gulls

and the quiet pattering

of rain on the concrete

and the ocean where sat

tenderly the gulls

waiting

perhaps for low tide

completed 1963

THE STORY POEMS

*I started writing under the influence of ee cummings, mostly, but also of Dylan Thomas and, later, of Lawrence Ferlinghetti (with apologies to all). Although my later (I was about to say 'mature') style owes more to cummings than to anyone else, these story poems were at least partially under the influence of a desire to come up with something as majestic and lyric as Dylan Thomas. These poems assume a fantasy-quasi-romantic tone, and a kind of medieval/hippie outlook. Similar to others written by my friend and colleague of the period Donald Eaton, the group anticipates the Moody Blues, Donovan, and that whole decorative, acid-influenced period which included even the Rolling Stones (like in **La dy Jane**) for a time. No acid here, though; just imagination and puberty.*

Once there was a tall and stately man
whose name was William. And his wife
was nam-ed Jane.

Together they rode mountains.

And once too, not quite again, there was
his first and comely son. And his wife
Jo-anne.

Together they rode seas and trees.

William and his comely son one day went
to town. And they sought food and
pretty clothes. For Jane and Jo-anne were

lovely in their nakedness but there was
dust, and dust.

Together the men rode silks and beans.

And on their way to their hilly home
a large and desperate man named Jim
strode quickly to their path. And
stolen all their goods. And William
and his son were dead.

They rode no more at all.

O Jane and Jo-anne did weep and
doom the mountains seas and trees.
Lovely in their nakedness. They had now
the means

Together they rode tearful streams.

to go and kill the man named Jim with hate
and a bloody axe.

Together they rode the tool.

His wife and William, his comely son
and the maid the fair Jo-anne were now
at peace. And well.

Together they Rode Death!

completed c.1962

The Sand Castle

Once upon a new full moon
some children were playing on a beach. Charles
was the eldest, handsome and tall
and rich with seven strands of hair. Michael
was younger, but bigger
ugly his beard
sad his ever.

And it came to pass that they
one and all built a sand castle
with high strong walls, twelve towers
and armies of fierce and fighting men. Charles
scraped out the moat, while Ellen
maid of Spring
began softly to tell about the ball
inside the great, dom-ed hall. The moon
made michael sad, so he sat down
to cry.

He lay behind the pris'ners' tower
and looked far out to see.

Charles

hoisted the flag
The children danced around maid
Ellen, maid of spring. And Charles
too began to sing of glad tidings
come to him.

But

the ocean rose to Michael's moon
and crept upwards towards the
party of the king.

He cried: "Battle lines!
This night we shall slay Neptune
and all his merry men!"
And he smiled on the mouth of Ellen.

And, when the sun arose
the morning next, and shone
with wondrous light upon the town,
The sand lay even all about
And Charles and Michael too were gone.

completed c.1962

There once was April on a mountaintop
where there was still snow
And there was there a little girl
with one leg and one sad eye
standing while the wind caressed her bare foot

Until it were fall again
and she will be in a warm cabin
where there is a fire in the fireplace
and a moon above the lake
and the music of a soft-stringed guitar
tuned low

There she will still have only one leg
But the tear will be dry and the eye closed
and the wind
will not touch her breast

completed c.1962

The House

The house is high with hilltops
and bleak and dismal lit with
fiery torches window filling light
and grass is black without the
stars and moon and fire of day
the house is high with hilltops
and people filled with fireless life
live there singing weary
hours of minutes filled
by blackness in the air outside
and all around them singing

the people filled with fireless life
their songs are yellow empty bones
the day will late arrive with
the child of sound wrapped in her
fiery dawn of music torches
window willing light will empty
into all the grass and burn away
the black when comes the deep green dawn
as waiting people empty singing
in the house on the high hill sitting
singing them yellow songs

completed c.1963

Child Burial

it was daylight on the castle steps
and all the sun was shining on them
the forest swayed in slow strong winds
and the greystone castle walls stood
taller than trees
the towers eternal to the morning sky
and old and empty with windless stairs
and bloodless ramparts

the monks came chanting their processional
quiet and black to the forest
and sang their prayers to all of heaven
in the green forest
on a carpet of dead leaves
while the organ in the castle hall rang
and the animals stood in awe
black and quiet they buried the child

completed c. 1963

STORY

when once it was
October on the lovely little town
and dancing was the game among the folk

when it was the sky that was
Important
and the children
and there were kites and balloons
and shepherds and a fog that no one noticed

when at that nice time
under moons and stars and any romantic thing
you could think of
There were a man and a woman and a tower
of an old church
(and gravestones and oceans a hundred miles away)

when only then
it ever would ever be October
It would be so good if everything could only last
that one last forever
forever
in October
in that lovely little town

completed fall, 1983

This one could be included in the next section with the other Amherst College poems, but it is more in the spirit of the 'Story' group from high school days, and an extension of that style. The Amherst associations include Stearns tower, the 'gravestones and ocean a hundred miles away,' and the closing reference to Amherst itself as a 'lovely little town.'

i dreamed again last night
about my life

i was walking down
belmont avenue peacefully
watching the girls
in their windy skirts
and i dreamed i stopped
'neath a tree
a large and gracious chestnut tree
with all squirrels in its branches
scatting here and there
among the nuts on belmont avenue...

no date

at summer hurls the
fireball
fall
two fingers touch
the evening
 sketching
stars upon my cheek
two
old men at daybreak
teaching song to birds

completed c.1962

softly
gently
the leaves would fall
from the old oak tree
embracing the air
as they slipped away
into the
evil
land of men

the breeze blew near
the branches
bending
the tree was hollow with rot

the leaves began
at once to age
as every
each

and only spring
they left their shining buds
and ventured
from their tapered stems

and all at once they die
no longer green or wet
but dry
and cold
and gentler still
than once

softly
gently
must
you step upon the grass

completed c.1962

we fall
like rain from
a roof-gutter
slopping all
over the nice
clean cement
leaving
it nice
and clean but
wet

we lie like
sand
on a beach
scratching the feet
that step
on
us and inspiring
the artists
who point at us

and talk
about life and
love
and the color of
the sunset

we
rise like the
cement we fall upon
we rise
like
the beach we
lie upon we
rise like the
artists who point
at us

and talk
about their lawn

completed c.1962

the flowers
gallop
their dance by
the moon singing
to orange grass

the matador waves
his magic wand

the flowers
gallop
on their way
to the cliff
by the
purple night
and yellow
moon
 singing to
their master

completed c.1962

sundown sometimes
darkly pale-ly blue bright air
friendly green summer trees
linger warm
quiet noises laughing
and love(ers) recalling
silently

birds sing which are not there
these days come not too often

completed c.1962

spring rises out of muddy ground
when only the birds break the silence
of the morning chill
the sun is somewhere high up
and up and blue
and up rises spring without songs or you

completed 1963

GRASS

the grass
the ball gown of the flowers
grows
 warm with sunlight
gaily coming

they smile on all the rosebuds
it is their game
to play
 the grass
the tombstone of the flowers
comes
 wet
with dew
and the little world's tears

completed by 1963

THE LOVE POEMS

These are all about the same person: me. I had an interesting, almost totally unrequited and unconsummated love affair which inspired most of the poems I wrote from 1962 to 1964 or so. These poems were not written as a set, and I wrote many other love poems before and since, some inspired by the same affair; but this group seem to be worth setting up as the climax of my high school poetry career.

Adolescent love, of course, is seldom as interesting for the observer as it is for the participant, but this group, as lousy as it is at the beginning, ends up with some almost good stuff.

name thy eyes
to call them: hope:
and even to be happiness

search for you
my nonsense song
to love again thy heart

completed c.1962

GENJAMMER

illifug mullifug nay
the time has come to go away
and samily follow
the mul-i-fone^c hollow
illifug mullifug nay

completed by 1963

^cPronounced like mule

my star
whose eyes me sometimes
love
whose light is
heaven
whose lips are my
very goodly god
open thy needing arms
to me
i alone believe in thee

completed c.1962

i love in sentimental circles
with her hair all over her shoulders

and her face all over her happy eyes
while Salem rolls and moonlight cries

i love in sentimental circles
and i laugh all over the sky

completed c. 1963

oneday
long ago
i watched the moonlit sun go down
beneath the dawn
 and i
went down the hill to home
now
 (beneath the apron's moon of
 summertime shining
 we shall ramble out to the whistling wind
and sing

completed c.1963

my little old stonen
shady woman
with lips a flamingo's down
my fierce and happy
forgotten god i worship
and give thee this crown

completed c.1963

more often than the sometimes song of a bird is love
the nightingales's fast
the feast of a dove
darker than the summer's only night
(the ageless fire of the setting sun) whose light
will shine on tomorrow's today
and never ever go away
as gaily as a maypole's children run
to the next year's Christmas tree
and as sadly too as their very own winter

love

the final end to all the earth
but you and me and that Christmas tree

completed c.1963

Poem for C. L. D.

my mistress
never
once i
loved
 and
always see
her smile
who couldn't
be
or make the
slightest
me

 yet still
unfree o
miracle
within the
senseful
veil as
begging
i forgive and
crying
 hail
and ode til
sun of
years can
come
to dawn

my true
love
twice times
never
i will
multiply
my spirit
from
the past
and what
is well
within me
i will
ease
and slowly
draw
 from what
the last
two turnings
left

and spinning
in my
mind
the fortune
i had
buried
will once

more the
being of
my pages
bless
and while
i dwell
in western
land so
strange
my dream

shall be
of
ocean
my sleep
not
ease my
pain

and in
the
shadow
of
these
poems
the
revel of
those
nights
eternally
remain

completed
1963

my mistress never
once i loved
and always see her smile

my true love
twice times never
i will multiply
my spirit from the past
and what is well within me
i will ease

(and)

draw from what the last
two turnings left
and spinning in my mind
the fortune i had buried
will once more
the being of my pages bless

This version is slightly different from the previous one, as well as reformatted.

and while i dwell
in western land so strange
my dream shall be of ocean
my sleep not ease my pain

and in the shadow of these poems
the revel of your nights
eternally remain

completed 1963

THE SHEPHERD AGAIN
Marlowe Revised/Raleigh Refuted

Come! Live with me and be my love!
And we shall fly to mountaintops
and faerylands
above the thunder and the stars
and there we shall lie down in peace.

The joyful birds
shall sing and grace our ears as we
each others' bodies do embrace.

O, Soft, soft skin!
Come live with me and be my love
and spring shall last eternally.

Eternally!
for love its own green fields doth make,
and keeps the smiling moon alive;
it's love makes spring
so how can spring or flowers die,
if only in our hearts they live?

Together we
shall laugh and roam away from earth's
grim chains of time and age and fear,
forever, free!

To mountaintops and faerylands
come, live with me, and be my love!

completed 1962

*The title and sub-title were added when this poem was reprinted as POETRY BY THE PAGE, v7n8,
December 1982. The capitalization and punctuation were added at the same time.*

and i
will
be there
my lovely
little laughing
and o so
happy girl
and voices
ours shall
peal out like
the great
and glory
cry of the
saxophone
above
the din
and drumming
rhythm

man no
end there
shall be there
to our
singing there
there my
lovely
i will
be
there

completed c. 1963

This is the last of the high school love poems.

MALONE'S LAMENT
(thanks to Samuel Beckett)

and i shall die at the twilight of dawn
not having seen the moon
not having seen the sun at noon
i shall depart beyond

beyond the stars
beyond the grass
beyond the gentle mother's love

i'll leave my love my soul and i
shall go beyond
 beyond my fate

probably completed by 1963

I didn't have a clue about Beckett then, of course, and I still can't figure out the association inferred by the title. But this is me as I leave high school, pretentious, confused, 'poetic...'

AMHERST COLLEGE (1963-67)

the tower
and the city lights
ringing

as i walk down the
avenue
in the nude
holy as i pass
the bars that feature stripling
strippers

the bright
snow light
from the cars
on gleaming high
and street
lights
as i shuffle past
the supper clubs
and taxicabs
and litter not
baskets of paper

advertising

the striped lights
and fluorescent ladies

the sand ruts
in the brown streets
as i jay-walk
them to the side
where plastic negroes
singing
dance
dying alive
like a little boy
who sits on a
step
looking at
dirty pictures
from
a book of naked
white women and his friend
who asks

leeroy,
why do you hate neon?

completed 1963

The Amherst Literary Magazine, Spring 1985, but written earlier, maybe even in High School.

i smell the warmth of summer rain
that falls so gently in November
and feel the coldness of the sun

i hear the sound of a winter wind
in the leaves of brown i walk upon

but i cannot stop to sing

completed c.1963

leaves on the bedroom floor
remind me it is autumn

a time when students study
spring and summer and learn

i am waiting now for winter

completed c.1964

her clothes slipped off her body
sweetly her flashing heated face
watching my eyes i never touched
her lips but there we were i heard
the sunrise laugh as i lay
petting with a queen

completed 1964

sometimes the sky
looks blue like it was
when you first noticed
it so splendidly
hiding us from the stars

but really it's cold
out and the wind drives
across our faces
bringing tears and
a feeling that the blue
of the sky is not a
virgin's cloak

completed c.1964

many midnight officiations
appear in and out
from those areas beyond the
immediate scope of my sheets
and pillowcase which
is always clean when i
begin
i
begin by stating that
these things done by midnight
are all by suffering de-
termined and the
managing of my love seems
to be the
tee hee never so
o so
free
with love whose object never
shall
BE
creation thus renumerations
of the latest part of
the beginning of dawn
are not however uncommon may
they be to wayside wanderers
i must remain there alone
with everyone come come come

completed c.1964

i have seen the hunchback
i have heard the dogs barking
i have sung and laughed
and have been in love with
women whose bodies
belong in fashion ads
i have followed the children from the zoo
and have seen them go home to bed and
“sleep like angels”

i have witnessed all
here on my ass end that
has passed it
and i have been disinterested
in all of it except for the
occasional new figure
that goes by or the occasionally
old blue sky
i have avoided the booby trap
of the path that avoids them
and won nothing but bruises

New York has passed me by
but i have seen the Charter Street Cemetery
and have been duly impressed
by the romantic setting

i have tasted the hunchback's message
and decided against it
it's too lonely

And now i go to follow the park-keeper
with his pointed stick that picks
up papers and perhaps an
occasional
discarded
used
forgotten volume of the
rubaiyat

completed c.1964

tiny party
candles pink
and poison blue
a flame
of orange trimmed
in black and out
the side
the ooze like blood
the shimmer and
the smoke

completed 1965

the last time
the leaves had not fallen
 yet
and the ocean made noises

yet now the sky is low
birds quiet as we
await each others' smile

not wanting to speak

and i strangely
find
the waiting now not like

the love was
 that

completed c.1965

her words alone i know
are distant and only
when i see her
smiling, lounging
"how've *you* been!"
then only can i breathe
relief for re-finding a
friend. But she did
say it. not so much
at that but
something of enjoying
talking. i leap
and wait. i dare
not even smile aloud. i tell
myself of yesterday
daring never to expect
but hoping. though

her words alone i know
are distant

completed c.1965

many midnights long
ago i wondered where
tonight would be and
here so now i also
ponder why the stars
of yesterday do not escape
me subtly refusing all
my praying love's devotion
haunting from the prophets
time and nothing o
is beautiful

completed c.1965

pale blue lightning forked the sky
but the thunder never came
the leaves hung dry
in the
helpless night
and darkness sang
as choirs of silence
to his ears

the lightning
blue and barren came again
but the darkness cried
as silent stars stood sentry
o'er the grave

completed c. 1965

ever dead
ever green
trees on the hills
of black ice
and crystal
roses perfumed
by the
wind of last year's
indian
summertime
dies every time
i
remember
april

completed c.1965

the cag-ed candle burns
and spreads still lines of shadow
on the ceiling

touching the glow of coals within
the fire
 and chiming softly
the hours drift

the sounds have ended with our loving
and our eyes remain
closed and soft
 our hearts give comfort
to our selves who wait
for the promise of our dreams

completed c. 1966

i am back in my summer
yards again before me long
green grass
i am back again where men
so longly sing for tender poems lost
and i am naked in the sun
that shines on lilacs

completed summer, 1966

...or possibly summer, 1968, but my earliest recorded date suggests 1966. In any case it was written sitting in the back yard of the 'new house' in Salem.

and so we are here
dusk ferries us another day
upon the others
and we move to hide our fears
in yesterday
an embrace
came upon me softly
and i longingly
 recoiled

completed summer, 1966

...or in any event written during the same summer as 'i am back in my summer.'

RATHER THAN DISCUSS EL GRECO

ah the biddy women
gawk and touch his image
Ashurnazipal the
Great and Mighty
King of Ashur
Holy King of All the World
the barren daughters
yawn and glance around
the galleried king of
Nineveh
who has a tasselled penis

completed 1966

the night is hot
the quiet is filled with
a rumble of sound

the world hangs still

the cars go by a mile away
and the blue of the night
is grey

completed 1966

OCTOBER

and morning fog
becomes
the rain and
grey turns into
brown as
wind above the
chimney
draws the hearth
flame hiss
and crackle
and the rain
drops
push
against the
window

(it is warm
inside
and dry)

although
outside the

smell of
autumn trees
has mingled
with the
rain and in
the gentle
falling there
is ocean
lapping
at her feet

and perhaps
a gull is
crying there

unheard (inside
is dry) and
firelit dark

october

completed c.1966

TABLE OF CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION.....	3
HIGHSCHOOL(1960-63)	4
AMHERSTCOLLEGE(1963-67)	51

MAJOR GROUPS

THELOVEPOEMS	37
THESTORYPOEMS	19
“and behold/high upon the piano top	5

INDEX OF TITLES

Child Burial	26
GENJAMMER	39
GRASS	36
MALONE'S LAMENT	50
OCTOBER	71
Poem for C.L.D.	45
RATHER THAN DISCUSS EL GRECO	69
STORY	27
the children and the nightingales (see 'i sit/in an empty')	12
The House	25
The Sand Castle	22
THE SHEPHERD AGAIN	48

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

- 5/28/62, 18
after i fell/asleep, 10
ah the biddy women, 69
and i shall die at the twilight of dawn, 50
and i/will/be there, 49
and so we are here, 68
as i look/through this broken/window, 6
at summer hurls the, 30
Come! Live with me and be my love!, 48
ever dead/ever green, 65
forgetting the long/trees, 7
her clothes slipped off her body, 55
her words alone i know, 62
i am back in my summer, 67
i dreamed again last night, 29
i have seen the hunchback, 58
i love in sentimental circles, 41
i once knew a woman who, 28
i see/(and am worried, 9
i sit/in an empty, 12
illifug mullifug nay, 39
it was daylight on the castle steps, 26
leaves on the bedroom floor, 54
many midnight officiations, 57
many midnights long, 63
more often than the sometimes song of a bird is love, 44
my little old stonen, 43
my mistress never (alternate version), 46
my mistress/never, 45
my star, 40
name thy eyes, 38
october, 71
Once there was a tall and stately man, 20
Once upon a new full moon, 22
oneday/long ago, 42
pale blue lightning forked the sky, 64
so the little boy, 8
softly/gently, 31
sometimes the sky, 56

somewhere/on the right/side of the man, 7
spring rises out of muddy ground, 35
 sundown sometimes, 34
the cag-ed candle burns, 66
 the flowers/gallop, 33
 the grass, 36
 the last time, 61
 the laughter, 13
The mouse is high with hilltops, 25
 the night is hot, 70
 the tower, 52
 the window, 15
There once was April on a mountaintop, 24
 tiny party, 60
today/among the flowers, 13
 we fall, 32
 what is this light, 17

**WORKS PUBLISHED IN
POETRY BY THE PAGE**

Come! Live with me and be my love! 48