

Collected and Annotated

by the author

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Volume II

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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 late 1960's and early 1970's, the transition from being a student to being a young adult and on my own..

[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 II is Apollo MT from Adobe.]

## CALIFORNIA (1967-69)

*This is graduate school, devastating loneliness, psychotic reactions, bad sex, paranoia, all the good stuff.*

the thing that  
really tends  
to frighten me  
a lot is that  
my reflection  
there in T.J.'s  
window is  
probably a lot  
more real than  
i (am) drooling  
i devour a  
chocolate covered  
one and dream:

of beating the  
goddam  
machines again  
and again and  
again as  
dreaming i am  
supreme again  
and my reflection  
just sits there  
doing some hard  
thinking while  
i write poems  
like a fool  
and think  
that she who once  
read will  
do it all over  
again (smothered  
in the sticky-sweet  
syrup of suc-  
cess

*completed 1967*

'i swung a proper cutlass in my day  
... ' and so the story goes  
he slept with paper flower makers  
and drank with all the best of gents  
and ladies swooned to hear him swear  
christ he was an ugly man  
i'll add one thing  
he didn't know that once as  
summer softened a rainstorm and he  
was huddled in a doorway making  
some friendly time with a wench  
the royal carriage chanced to pass  
and a queen admired his style

*completed c.1968*

i sit in corners  
mirror gazing  
gathering the  
demons from my  
eyes  
and i take them  
blessed and folded  
in my pocket past  
the joker to  
my nemesis (dancing  
dying) laughing at the two i know

clinging i  
descend into the entrails of  
the earth, my yellow  
man no more alive  
his funeral mass  
is ringing

*completed c.1968*

*The phrase 'clinging i/descend into the entrails of the earth' is stolen from the words of a Shaman I found in some now lost anthropology text. The references to the 'joker' and my 'nemesis' are similarly inspired.*

now alone in a  
corner trying to seem  
as unintensely serious  
as i can, like  
possibly a monk  
or some kind of weird  
public figure with  
a private wife  
very beautiful  
known only to my  
closest friends (an  
open book) of  
unpublished glory

and the music too  
drifts past me

*completed c.1968*



that night  
the morning  
i  
was looking at  
the roofers  
standing  
while the water  
boiled

that morning  
standing on the little  
balcony that we  
both thought would  
break off if  
we had another  
quake  
watching as a  
fork lift  
raised the tar and paper  
and the builder  
cursing at his men  
the second pot of tea  
that whistled me  
inside  
to sip  
and leave a little note  
for her  
and go

*original dated 1968*

*I actually cut this and 'i've gotten used to the nights' down from the 1968 original in April of 1988, for this compilation.*

i've gotten used to the nights  
strangely  
not alone i sometimes  
cower in her bed  
behind her with my mother's  
beat in early morning

daylight lies in wait

remembering the other times  
i tried unspent and yielding  
strange beside her  
(and all the laughing nights  
we took it young and strong) my balls  
rewrapped  
at rest beside her through  
the night contented

*original dated 1968*

no not quite  
hopeless  
i would sometimes  
cede to myself  
a point here or  
there if i was in  
a good mood  
but usually  
deciding in the  
long run that  
my own age  
had probably  
a while ago  
gone  
by me while i  
slept inside  
some tea house  
gathering material

for a local poem

*completed c.1968*

*One type script of this shows this on the same page as the following poem, perhaps as an introduction to it.*

and  
i can see that  
(if i close my  
eyes) i know that  
yes  
tomorrow or tonight  
the poem in  
my tightened stomach  
will come out  
a vomit or a babe

*completed c.1969*

so what?

so still i have  
a bed alone  
where i can  
laugh alone  
where i can  
shimmer  
silently in  
dulging all  
within no  
one

you beat me  
mother long  
since dead  
(said to be  
my equal in  
her mind that  
wandered flashing  
through her life) alone  
she was a  
pro  
creating four  
of us  
    and  
each  
standing  
fingering the  
slanted  
stupid boards

standing there  
all time is  
rolling silver  
guided by the  
forces  
we all curse  
but never  
see

time  
is not a factor  
gaming  
winning one  
so what i  
cried  
    out  
begging (ah)  
(my lord:)  
go and  
eat ye

how i starve!

*completed c.1969*

## SALEM AND NIAGARA FALLS (1969-72)

sitting in the  
depot place  
peace  
and fuckyou  
side by  
side  
upon the wall

the station with  
the boards up  
where the windows  
were  
(when it was new)

SALEM  
blocked in blue  
between the  
drainpipes  
on the other wall

sitting

waiting (always  
early) for the train  
that's never late  
to take me  
into town

*completed winter 1969-70*

sitting there  
resolute  
in her car  
(i lay in bed  
alone  
timing thunder  
from the  
crackles  
on the  
radio) trying  
not to cry or  
smile not  
knowing what  
to say

i had joked  
about the  
value of her life

*completed 1970*



and in the  
morning in  
my hole  
the fuzzy  
voices  
    back and forth  
    about the  
    weather and  
    the traffic and  
i roll  
a round  
and

wonder  
when the sun  
will rise  
and if the day  
will  
bring me  
anything

to dream about  
but  
dreams

*completed c. 1970*

crawling mole like  
with her fingers  
on my body

blind and  
groping  
feeling for my skin

touching  
    trying  
worried  
testing  
    disappointed  
    eager

*completed 1970*

wind blown  
knuckle bone  
players  
griping about  
the beautiful  
weather  
we have to leave  
this

early

*completed 1971*

and i must waste  
until some lovely night  
with shining stars  
will carry me away  
and take me to my home  
among the myths

the glitt'ring gods and men

who also failed in  
literate  
pretention

*completed c.1972*

*a terrible poem with a killer ending...*

standing in my  
office looking  
out the window  
watching a  
girl in a long  
brown coat  
kick  
through the snow  
in a yard  
across the way

very romantic

thinking about  
the other  
day  
walking down the  
alley  
during a gentle  
snow  
the sort of  
thing that  
muffles all  
the sound  
so  
all you hear  
is yourself  
all  
i heard  
were my boots  
crunching along

*This is an unfinished project from 1972. I have several versions in my working papers, and I cut it a little more for this project.*

a track in the snow

that's all  
she's gone

                  she  
looked a little  
sad with her head  
hung down and  
her long scarf

i should have  
at least  
gone out and  
walked around  
with her  
in the snow  
and said hello  
'hello'  
"hello"  
and held her hand  
mittens and  
all

but i didn't

i crossed the hall  
back into the classroom  
and collected the  
exams  
                  with a  
few words i left  
and headed home  
to grade them

*original c. 1971-2*

moving into  
myself  
with every breath  
, every sigh  
every memory,  
every letter sent  
off into the  
night, every  
phone call to  
yesterday  
. .  
a year  
passes  
before i can  
accept  
the fact that  
years will pass, and  
then  
another  
slips by without  
my  
    noticing

*completed c.1972*

## The 3 X 5 Poems

*The 3 X 5 poems are so called because many of them were written by typing them on 3" X 5" sheets of paper. I had acquired a stack of such sheets and used to crank them into my typewriter (which I used for 90% of my writing) and bang them out. These were all very short: the products of sudden inspiration and very little else; I do not remember ever revising one of these while writing it, although I have attempted to massage many of them into longer works from time to time. I often pinned the latest one up on my bulletin board, and for a long time I kept a stack of them up there, occasionally changing the one on top.*

*Many of my poems, earlier and later, have the character of 'the 3 X 5 poems,' but most of this group were actually written on the 3 X 5 sheets, all together during 1972, mostly in Niagara Falls, New York, although some were possibly written in Oxford, Ohio.*



1.

my poems move  
out like incidental  
jokes  
the throw-aways  
that always  
make them laugh  
and wonder

2.

the spread of  
semen a faint  
surprise and sigh  
his coming  
like a tear  
or a rescue  
helicopter

3.

his demands  
are real  
like hers

they do  
not lie on  
pages but  
in bed  
they are not  
brushed upon  
the ceiling  
but held in  
hands too  
tightly

4.

poems  
attack the silence

in spurts  
my head

my pen

attacks  
the page

5.

he thinks of  
suicide  
today and writes  
his poems in  
silence  
inner  
confrontations  
and all the  
questions of his  
memories  
rocking  
gently in his  
arms  
last night

6.

bra backs  
behind them  
i sit  
staring  
at the  
walls and  
windows  
and the  
spinal  
curvature  
thinking  
of the edges  
of the film  
that flicker  
on the screen

i've seen it  
all through  
twice today

7.

i type the  
words  
    “fallen  
touches”  
and it leaps  
at me

touches

it looks so  
wrong, so soft  
and French  
and oooo  
instead of  
utch

tooches  
tutch

fallen touches  
exhausted kisses

*group dates from c. 1972*

Pieces of Poetry

you say my  
name falling  
back  
your head  
pushes  
mine your lips  
around me  
murmuring  
.....  
and while  
our eyes  
marvel and our  
bodies rest i  
shift my  
hips around  
and raise my hand  
and smell  
your passion on  
my fingers  
.....

your breathing  
lightly  
lusting  
as you decide  
.....  
there is  
no question  
now  
.....  
what questions  
will i find  
tonight  
and what  
part next will  
i pretend  
to love  
.....

i cannot help  
myself  
my touch  
upon  
you here  
and where  
i find you  
underneath  
our  
conversation  
waxes not  
from lack of  
interest  
  
to feel you  
rise and  
roundness  
warm and  
rubbing  
.....

*completed 1972*

*This was a poetic exercise with my friend of that time. We wrote these little wonders, cut them up, tossed them in the air, made drawings, and sealed the result in an envelope. This is the text of a sheet marked "original page."*

Two Poems

I.

en  
grave  
d  
and  
weight  
y  
her  
memori  
es press

down  
above  
me  
like  
a stone  
at night

i  
mpres  
sing  
poetry  
to sub  
stitute  
for touch

2.

and so  
she tries  
to  
phase me  
out of  
her life  
like  
some  
bad habit  
to  
eliminate  
a word  
today  
a touch  
tomorrow  
my dreams

*completed 1972*

SHE OFF

she off  
ers me her  
book i  
gave  
her mi  
ne  
    ver  
ses yes

terday (or  
so it  
seems)

is th  
is the  
end will  
noth  
ing else  
come  
out of  
us but

words  
and im  
ages re  
membered

*completed 1972*

i  
a  
company  
the  
se  
si  
ngle  
shots  
quick  
photo  
graphs

for  
ever  
i a  
compa  
ny th  
is  
pro  
cess  
i  
on

*completed 1972*

i expect the end  
of everything  
to shoot down  
from the stars tonight  
upon us all

as we lay sleeping  
coming beating  
off  
lispng prayers  
hoarse  
our challenge  
all rung out  
screwed  
out courage  
up against  
the wall  
insanity  
prevails

i will not see  
the morning  
or if i do the  
next sundown will be  
the last

all of you  
who wrote the  
books of prophecy  
the novels of  
despair

all of you were  
way off some of  
you were right  
but none of you  
were wrong

i do not  
wonder why there  
is nothing special  
i can do

nothing  
bothers me except  
the fact that i  
will die except  
that i expect the  
end of everything  
to shoot down from  
the stars tonight

upon my soul

*completed 1972*



our poems  
in those final  
days would  
make us  
shudder and  
deny the  
pain and  
knowledge that  
our art  
insisted  
must be there  
upon the page

like black  
bullets  
we send  
messages of  
truth  
    just  
to use as lies

*completed 1972*

*I never really decided that this was a finished poem, but the last phrase is worth saving, for now.*

sun seems  
so near  
the golden  
visors clear

and as they  
turn to  
go about their  
drilling and  
their  
scuffling all  
around the  
moon  
the camera scans  
away to find  
a rock that  
one of them  
had mentioned  
to the east  
(the west of  
yesterday)

*completed 1971 or 72*

*I loved watching the live broadcasts from the moon; I often tried to photograph the TV screen with the weird captions and pictures.*

## OHIO (1972-74)

## Poems 'in advance of an anniversary'

*These poems are similar to 'the 3 X 5 poems,' except that they were written later, have a theme, and many were culled from fragments of unsuccessful longer poems, not written as original, short poems. Still, even though I couldn't write very coherent whole poems during this period, many of my best lines are in this batch, all written in Oxford Ohio, 1972-73.*

I.

a year ago  
and several  
dreams we  
passed these  
fragments  
back and forth  
across our  
memories  
and promises

scattered now  
in enveloped  
stamped and  
filed, seldom  
spoken  
    once  
sealed now  
broken

Ia.

a year ago  
and several dreams  
we passed  
these fragments back  
and forth  
across our  
memories  
and promises

scattered  
now in envelopes  
stamped and filed,  
seldom spoken  
once  
sealed  
now broken



4

wordless under  
blue  
skys her eyes  
surprise

me a  
memory  
whose time  
has not yet  
come

this recent  
present  
though, now  
i surely  
know it's  
past and  
done

5.

the seasons  
change  
without her  
in the mornings

now  
the other poem  
is reversed  
and evenings  
haunt

(i wonder when  
i see her next  
what color will  
the sky be).

*These are more fragmentary than the first three, which are a mostly complete set, but I have on various occasions linked them with the 'in advance of an anniversary' group.*

6.

born later than  
the moon  
this year  
the first  
the quarter will  
shine my  
dreams inspire

these visions  
in my  
head  
these loveless  
hands these  
things<sup>a</sup> i  
long for

simply sexual  
my memories  
assail my  
birthday

.....

7.

brushing poetry  
away

and slipping out  
to wonder  
if blue  
skys and  
memories could  
co-exist  
(today...

8.

my pink petal  
pushes leaf  
and butter  
balling round  
the clock

<sup>a</sup> things and thighs...



9.

small poems  
minor people  
moving in  
and out of  
innocent  
events

    pages  
never meant  
to turn  
a phrase  
or ask a little  
question

        a day  
unrelieved  
perceptions  
unbelieved

(no one  
missed  
the mark  
'cause no-one  
aimed)

*completed c. 1973*

finally  
when the  
poetry is  
typed  
and clean

the pages  
rich with  
white and

gleaming  
words  
to capture  
what we  
sense of  
time

so  
beautiful  
so  
vain

some gallant  
challenge is  
demanded  
some new  
jab at  
window shades  
and yesterdays

but there is none  
the voice is  
just a  
rasp  
against  
the stack  
of empty  
pages

manila  
envelopes  
(await)  
the  
tender  
songs

wrapped  
made  
ready  
pressed and  
past  
to you  
to kindle  
or to save

to cross  
your memory  
and edge  
against your  
waiting days

no cuts no  
blood  
no message

while the  
silent  
carbons  
rest  
recuperating  
in the files

effortless  
the afterglow  
of some lost  
last love

and only  
as  
alive as i  
am dead

*completed c.1973*

*This poem is either the source of many of the fragments above, or an attempt to force some of them into a coherent whole.*

*i am waiting  
here  
on my watch  
by my window  
out of touch*

nights  
i test  
my body  
stretching  
panting

hoping for  
the pain  
waiting for  
the radio

to sing me  
off  
to sleep  
and wait  
and wonder

nights

(i try to  
live  
in old grey  
circles  
and paper  
cups  
that used  
to have

beer  
in them)

lying in  
my bed  
alone  
against the  
blackness  
there behind  
my eyes  
against  
the fits  
that  
flashed across  
my mother's brain  
and sparkled  
terror  
into  
mine  
like ice  
against  
the stars

nights

shivering  
back  
the tears the  
fears the years  
that slip  
away

with every  
tune

and every  
lonely  
newscast at 2  
or 3  
when  
the jockey's  
voice  
is different  
and he  
stumbles  
over all  
the names  
the passing  
people  
through

the night

i turn and  
there it is

never changing  
nights

(how yesterday  
i sat and  
listened  
to her eyes

and danced  
in answer to  
her smile)  
and i

begin  
to remember  
that

the room  
and me  
now  
    there  
(and then)  
we kissed

the singing  
so much better  
than  
my dreams

nights

*and i strangely  
find the  
waiting now  
not like  
the love  
that was*

*completed c.1971-3*

*This is another 'poem' which is either a compendium of fragments or not.*

the phone  
re-cradled  
next to  
him the  
room is  
quiet  
empty  
like  
some  
minor pause  
in time  
as if the  
universe  
had stopped  
a second  
to  
consider<sup>b</sup>

while he  
talked  
again the  
way it  
always is  
concerned  
for little  
things and  
anxious  
(always)

he trembles

(time and  
universe  
continue  
after all)

*completed 1972-73*

.....

<sup>b</sup> As I type this 'reconsider' seems the better word. Ah well...

Three Poems.

1.

shadows  
glance around  
the surface

take  
the sunlight  
plunge

kiss the  
shoulders  
move  
your hand  
and

take the  
wilderness

2

moving  
mountains  
slipping  
through the  
shifting darks

and  
lights  
like  
in some  
super  
camera

un  
developed  
love

3.

broken  
sweetness  
forgotten  
smiles

the edge of  
frailty in  
my touch  
i linger

on the edge  
of sadness too  
happy to  
admit  
it

*completed 3/13/73*

*#2 was published in **SmokeStack Lightning**, an anthology published by New Place Press, 1978.*

sitting in  
the office looking  
out the window  
passing time  
glancing back  
to see if  
it is catching  
up

(the students  
shudder back a  
yawn while  
i impatiently  
explain the dawn  
age drawing of a  
pig  
waiting for  
the morning's  
energy to hit  
me, looking  
at the shadows  
on the wall)

the sun comes out  
behind my window  
trees  
across the way  
illuminate  
the lawn

sometimes these  
mornings are a  
bit Tolstoyan  
but what the fuck

*completed 1972*

*This poem is included for two reasons. First, it is one of many used of the 'passing time/glancing back' piece of business. Second, it has a remarkably true-to-life ending.*

telephone  
alarming in  
the silence  
evening  
spreading  
rain  
below  
the sidewalks  
damp already  
sop it up  
like  
pasty  
playing cards  
  
solitaire  
  
instructions

we are to meet  
sometime  
this weekend  
if we can  
but she must  
tell me  
where and  
when  
and i must  
wait  
  
the restless  
edge of  
yet another  
summer  
storm has  
hovered here  
all day  
and so have  
i been  
prowling all  
around the clock  
keeping busy  
in the morning  
knowing  
she would  
call  
tonight  
sometime

instead  
  
i sit  
watching  
clocks'  
imaginary  
schedules  
cursing  
distance  
counting  
thunder  
          claps  
  
passing time  
and glancing  
back to see  
if it is  
catching up

*completed 1972 or 73*

*Another attempt to work in the 'passing time/and glancing/back' business.*



More Fragments from Ohio

1.

i sit in  
on conversations  
fragments little  
parcels  
late  
deliveries  
whose inner  
voices i  
pretend to  
guess

2.

whimsy has  
a bitter edge  
and these  
few fragments  
that i share  
are everything

but  
intimate

3.

notes for poems  
past  
contemplation

offset renderings  
of time  
and gone  
awareness

i owe a lot  
to all the  
hurt

        they  
tell me  
someday  
(in a couplet)  
will return  
as bliss

4.<sup>c</sup>

while the  
silent  
carbons  
rest  
recuperating  
in the files

effortless

the afterglow  
of  
some lost  
last love

and only  
as  
alive as i  
am dead

5.

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 souls which wait  
the promise of our dreams

6.

now that she  
is with me  
in the evenings  
i miss her  
in  
the morning  
(more

---

*'an alternate layout of the ending of 'in advance of an anniversary' #3*

7.

his poems  
are but  
a precious  
part  
of that  
intricate  
facsimile  
of life  
which  
has led him  
lately

8.

the fade and finish  
of the radio  
brings us down

another sad song  
because all  
disc jockeys are  
lonely on  
Saturday nights

it's a rule  
just as when  
young lovers  
fail

there must always  
be (a rule  
to judge by  
time some distance  
in their eyes  
and conversation  
) dealing with  
the difficulties  
of space and age  
and light-years  
of separation

9.

in fact this is a  
letter  
i'm practicing to  
write

you know by this  
how much i  
rehearse how  
much i depend  
on the cold perfection  
of my approach

and how fearful i am  
of your eyes and  
the unpainted  
reality of your smile

10.

she was there  
for an instant and  
i wondered  
where she flew

and how she knew  
i watched her  
all along

11.

sitting opposite  
we talk about  
the past in  
ways we know  
are now  
upon us both  
again

to love and hold  
and still  
to run and hide  
alone  
afraid if we so choose

and i was thinking  
of a poem for her  
...

*completed 1972-3*

like a rose  
is lifted  
like its petals  
borne away

like the  
thorns  
we clip and  
set aside

like death  
reminding us  
as then

when  
aching  
bodies  
dictated  
which  
of us  
would touch  
which  
tender  
danger would  
prevail

*completed 1972*

POST-ANNIVERSARY

she's gone now  
her last  
days here  
mysterious

wrapped in  
tears  
quiet moments  
spread with  
pain and  
happiness  
frustration  
fading into  
touch

her last hours  
beside me  
strained  
watching morning  
fade  
through  
dripping sunlight

and lounging  
by

the airport  
gate

i wait  
(her last minutes  
here) talking  
with a young  
evangelist  
i had once  
known  
who offers me  
a prayer and  
confidence  
for  
the future  
both of which  
i smilingly  
reject<sup>d</sup>

as the  
fading engines of  
her plane sigh

a silver  
diamond in  
the sky

*dated 1973, never completed*

.....  
<sup>o</sup> Some edits of this poem end here; others substitute:

'a silver diamond  
heading east'

for the last phrase

February Weekend

1.

I want an  
Updike  
marriage with  
those moments  
in them  
once or twice

written in  
such lofty  
language

my love affairs  
i suppose  
are his poems  
but i want  
some short  
story moments  
in my life

no  
a marriage  
is not a  
novel

2.

my poetry  
comes  
surprising  
me today  
like  
time  
used up

like some  
device to  
mark this

Saturday  
a comma

3.

dreams are  
fortunate  
tonight  
but visions  
waste me  
shattered  
competition  
with some  
gallant  
stretch of  
past  
past  
remembrance  
past  
embrace  
past  
immobile  
in its  
coves  
becalmed and  
washed ashore  
awash  
alluring  
heaven  
beckons

4.

how sad  
to watch  
the clock face  
listen to  
the radio

mysteries  
narrated into  
memories



5.

rooms  
rearranged

parting  
with my  
last  
vision  
in an  
afternoon's  
effort  
of shoving  
and sweet  
fatigue

a  
quick  
song

my back  
to the past  
the present  
now  
repeated  
(if i could  
only move  
the walls

6.

in afternoons  
visions

of my hands  
and eyeglass  
rims  
bewitch me  
suddenly

i close my  
book, look  
up and see  
the silent  
passing  
air and  
realize  
how much  
time i have

*completed 2/73*

morning writing  
on the doorway  
some lost  
art and all  
those missing years  
unveiling moments  
invisible  
through time

waking rolling  
restless  
energy  
unwilling  
crucial  
(some listings  
turn to prayer

some dreams  
some nights  
unwelcome  
turn to winter  
thunder)

some to poetry

*completed 1973*

RED FINGERS  
PICKING LETTERS

SO I CAN  
STAMP  
OUT  
MY  
LOVE  
TO YOU

AND WITH  
THE  
PRESSURE  
OF THE  
MESSAGE

SEND HOME  
MY TOUCH

HOLD  
THIS MY  
HAND....

*completed 1974*

*This poem was originally stamped, line by line, with a rubber stamp kit. I used to play with rubber stamps before I got my printing press. Actually, when I was a child I had a Marx toy cylinder press which used rubber type. Anyway, the original is in red capital letters, and fairly messy.*

strange  
silences  
calling me  
to photograph  
the walls as  
if to  
capture in  
a shadow  
their passing

i pace the  
corridors  
and look around  
seeing only  
stillness  
like a camera  
sees  
its flattened  
fantasies

lifeless  
waiting  
watched

the windows  
in my rooms  
enclose me

the sunlight  
reaching in and  
wrapping me

and i pass  
through  
released  
alone

*completed 1974*

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