



The first of these is the fact that the system is not a simple one. It is a complex system, and the complexity is not only in the number of components, but also in the way they are connected. The second is that the system is not a static one. It is a dynamic system, and the dynamics are not only in the way the components interact, but also in the way the system evolves over time. The third is that the system is not a linear one. It is a non-linear system, and the non-linearity is not only in the way the components interact, but also in the way the system evolves over time. The fourth is that the system is not a deterministic one. It is a stochastic system, and the stochasticity is not only in the way the components interact, but also in the way the system evolves over time. The fifth is that the system is not a simple one. It is a complex system, and the complexity is not only in the number of components, but also in the way they are connected. The sixth is that the system is not a static one. It is a dynamic system, and the dynamics are not only in the way the components interact, but also in the way the system evolves over time. The seventh is that the system is not a linear one. It is a non-linear system, and the non-linearity is not only in the way the components interact, but also in the way the system evolves over time. The eighth is that the system is not a deterministic one. It is a stochastic system, and the stochasticity is not only in the way the components interact, but also in the way the system evolves over time.

October 18, 1992

Dear David, Sandra,

I tried to say this poem to both of you on the street in Sales the other day, call it up from memory. I got a piece of it all and mis-quoted that badly. I was on the verge of crying. I don't know why...Christ, I've been sad lately, back here in America. Sorry, I was feeling fragmented. Broke. My car broken down too. Kris, my best-friend-in-the-world, in Qingdao. Lots of intense feelings about loss, this country more reactionary than ever. Focking flags everywhere I look. How lonely it is to be back here, live here, especially as an artist. God-damn government propagandizing everyone into simple-minded flag wavers. Do people really imagine our problems, the world's problems will go away by waving the flag. Too easy though to blame the body-politic. The STRUGGLE is always personal, spiritual, finally. Anyway, here's the poem, right this time. I leave for Asia end of January. Back to my spiritual home...share with millions of poor people--really poor people--again, the dirty buses--standing room only--who know something about endurance, love, communication. Great place to sweat. Write my poems...one after another, until I fill up the book, China Dancing.

Love Tom C.

Chengdu

This morning
aren't we just a little bit famous
in the world, all of us,
putting our feet down
on the cold floor one more time,
trying it out--
Oh, and the world,
if it is turning to the right
then we, aren't we all leaning to the left,
our t-shirts, hats flying, interchangeable
on this long ride to Chengdu.

中国

Riding soft-sleeper with a window seat,
I'm the resident poet,
my English curving into your Chinese
is simply love of the sounds
I'm trying so hard to make, the rough, road-bed
throwing us everywhich way,
the tea spilling over.

Einstein had a similar experience
and used the train,
the whistle blowing through the night
to advance his own theory of poetry--dark smoke
trailing back for miles, the voice
swelling out of a tunnel,
morning again, the heavy engine
pulling the curve
and first light we shape our words with
morning again,
morning forever.

oo/
(Thats me on T.V.)

Captain Kangaroo is you, the leader of television.
Propaganda pends will repeat it. Tune into
past occurrences past lives. God bless the dead
war leaders mop a dirty floor. Eat pounds of
dog hair mud, kill your brother on camera.
Lets relive a million deaths. Lets have seconds
or maybe thirds. Memorize America and color
red white and blue stiff corpses. Boo bop de
do da listen the harmony the money the one
white man capitain noodle loose who saved us
all from Mr. Frog and millions of gills hi ill lore
for folks like us in our vinyl livingrooms rooms
for living it up in bottles with imaginary bells
and pee pees for liquidation kidneys on sale
half price rice never hurt the orient they proved
that to the potato people with plastic noses
and big red lips and huge melon spud heads
inflation city sit on my face cause it tastes
yummy somf city so if anybody says somf city
to you declare war immediatly and use many
drops of visine it gets the red out of your
many repeated slogans.
Who knows what is stuffed in the breed of my
beed flick my big sim tastes better and thats
good cooking. Wink blink sink into tv talk box
destroy a real turn off for my melon lobe lobe
snap crackle pop!

cotton road _____ eeee

oh the spinning of my skin on bones
the bending double two on cotton road
how i survive each day amazes me too

we live each day
we play each day
we kick up the dust

our hands dry
worms crawl out
sunshine beats down
dead red trees
tumbleweeds

can't get no can't get no
oh the spinning
oh the spinning
blood on bones
hold on hold
onto cotton road

we rock-n-roll on stone cliffs —
drive over fifty-five &
-- zoom by metal mailboxes.
we look out our truck window
.. deer eyes glow gold in dusk.
another paradise sunset
orange oregon cascades.
climb the mountain
with steel wheels.
) a quarter moon,
above blue river.
we're winding through tree tunnels.
white lines on top blacktop highway.
power lines, power plant and
* * purple wildflowers if
we're stars, two headlights inside
swallowed wilderness.
with wet lips he kisses my hand and
he says make a wish my daisy chain.

what if i said i could live with animals
for the rest of my years.
what if i said i am living with animals.
sucking fur thieves of the micro world?
wahool wahool scream all mighty people!
scream for every painful pleasure.
scream for what you want!
break shiny container into the orgasm of the void.
what if every body movement would whelp the mental.
why don't animals talk? because they'd become poets.
what i'm saying is be mobile, move, organize the mind.
fasten seat belt we're going for a cruise on a spaceship
inside the word world on top of bottom moon
bare ass, sack of cracked wheat flour.

i need to know what you think. animals.
what string would you tune if you used your fingers?
i hear the grunt of anguish.
i hear the simple puff of love.
how did i get you guys? stork or arrow.
what thing of love delivered you into my cupboards?
did i choose the grain or did the field choose me?
golden grass flowing free under sky and space to grow.
let go let go o let go circles revolve once started
they must end.
lend a hand.
help release.
break the chains!
break the glass!
recycle, make a new.
take the weight off.
you sensitive animals.

old paint can

open. a stack of shirts. a northwest artist. husband
and wife. mythical. a history of two. letter to a curator.
as ed told it. no women. only old eleanor by the fire. but
not by name and knitting. working the side line.
mrs gate kept a house. cleaned her cupboards. the old rat
sent a letter. a list of thousands. book upon book. the girls
room is the bar. bernie sewed a new liner. business boy. no
mic necessary. never remember that.
one chief. main person. you who you who me yah you what.

8

n i c

pussy

willow crab pepper rock black enamel blonde tobacco can red
velvet fish pitcher spring still life motor head steel string
green glass bottle glass columbia blue red wine striped white
wall cloth salmon otis glen dale river trout neck fret blood
stick paint clef pipe canvas
crab smile crown red chair wheel
black white tube paint can red label
a slow grind to surface a silly kind
of sense. fades. wuves howl she says.
cracked cane spills almost lost maybe silver fins
tomato scales platter scroll legs tilt rom boid fold
fall bridge chord bread rye vine lemon guitar screw smoke
eat

none the less

car show. very nearly a name. thinking of names. look
at you. works. soul. satisfied. growing old. the list
of errors expanding. a collection.
of sad eyes. trials and tribulations. a massacre.
in the square of the sacred city. son of a bitch. flash
paint. out side the western world. dim bulb. next.
morning. a bunch of boys playing with machinery.
grainery towers. six go east in a van. the power
of the small way. if the picture fills in. maybe we
will be home.

o l s

9

50s hot

rod boy. 52 chev 2 dr 52 ford hdt 56 ford victoria
41 chev 52 chev 4 dr 58 ford hdt 41 ford 53 merc
51 olds hdt

happy 4 the city

a moon on the 42nd floor. 5 up on fiftyfifth. costume city. eric jumps. throws back his hair and flangs a chord through the bowery. smoke floats out the window. up past the bricks windows. ozone layer. look at those taxis. a crumpled triumph in the equitable bldg. even here a rare western flower walks the streets in love. fifty fifth at 5th. picassos goat right through the block. basket for the ladies. nick cuts off a cab and jesus jumps in his seat. friends and a red haired man with a bottle outside. this is mostly working. a million people on the job.

10

n i c

point/blank

10 \$ per hr. a deer crosses on a hillside trail. crabs backs sink in the sound. their claws make a mess of clyde. just got to go ahead. look em in the eye buddy. gotta eat. you never know where its coming from or when. an echo. jacks across the room in black and white. running on hope. indispensable. what gets said over tables. a possibility of going on.

classic

voices. love scene. blue mountains behind red hills.
maybe youve been told. a table of bones. trust drugs
and the fortune teller.
madness. drive around in a blue volvo with a note
under the wheel. grateful to have an ear left. another
sun rise run up the stairs and knock. its too early
to tell it in words.

h o l s

11

imperfect

a list of sins. dysfunction. leave it behind. the valley
of pumping. the valley of poison. leaving soon. state
street. d street. the row of windows.
limbo. the new jazz. instrument. a new needle. drone.
mono tone. rebeat. rebeat. birth of a new century. call
the cops. the wall coming down. prop.
10 thousand names. prop. a hillside of wheat. prop. 49
ford. a prop. the english accent dropped. the whole melting
pot. weeping somewhere along the road.
gotta go with mom. go to the graveyard. boneyard. grandma
burned up. in a pot. greatgrandma. a cherry orchard.
greatgreatgrandma.
save the cup. not going to the dead hole in the ocean. not
going to the son. build a frame on the new foundation.
saved. by poetry in motion.

THE
SPOTTED
OWL

D. E. MARY'S SON

SPOTTED

DALEM











~~H~~IS HAIR CURLED TIGHTLY
UP TOWARD HIS WAIST
NASTY BLACK RUN
OVER WET DOWN FALL GRASS
BIKE LANE ROLLING
ON FAT FULL INNER TUBES
PUMPED UP AND UP AFTER THE
SECOND PATCH

HIS LITTLE HEAD HAD
COME THROUGH
ALL CURLY
WET TOO BLACK
TEXAS TOUGH GRASS
BETWEEN TWO MOON LONG
WHITE UP BRIDGES

THEIR OWN FOUND HILL
NAVEL ROUND LAKE
NAUGHTY SHALLOWS NO DIVING HERE
IT'S ALL TITS AND
ASS HE SAID
MAKE IT BIG AND MAKE IT
HE WAS AN OH
BUT NO
APPLES OR NUTS
APPLES OR NUTS

JUST SPITZENBURGS AND AND
WHAT'S A TIT FOR
BABY GOO

TIT FOR TAT
BABY TOO
NOT THAT
HIS GOOGEY
HIS GOOGEY

AND AND NUTS
PICKIN' IN SHORTS
BUCKETS FULL AND SWINGING
UP FROM HIS DEEP ORCHARD
THIS WAY OR THAT

OH SO POLITICAL OH SO
MOLITICAL. MOM-AND-POP
THAT'S WHEN SHE PUT ON
THE BIG BLUE BEAD BRACELET

I WAS NOT TO BE
AFRAID. SHE SAID
I KISSED HER BEADS
THEN THE STICK HIT
I HID BEHIND THE GREEN CURTAIN

flat

Tom

DOCTOR SAID I WOULD
APOLOGIZE

IT WAS HIS INNER TUBE
THAT WENT FLAT
NOT MINE. DOWN BY
THE SMALL NORTH LAKE

A SNOW WHITE BRIDGE WENT
UP BUT NOT A FAIRY ONE
BABY GOO DO BABY YOU

HEAD'S OUT AGAIN. FEEToes TIGHTENED TOO
NASTY BACK BRUSH DOWN
BY THE OLD LAKE MOSS DARK FIRS
LONG BELL SLEEVES WHERE HIS INNER TUBE
WENT FLAT A BIG BULGE FRONT TIRE FLAT

OUT I WAS TOLD NEVER
TO GO THERE AGAIN
MOMMY WOULD SEE TO
THAT DADDY DIDN'T

BABY GOO BABY DOO GOO
ABU ABU COULD DO COULD DO

OKAY KIDS SKIDDOO

RICO D'S DEAD NOW
DEAD NOW DEAD NOW
LITTLE HARM
A MAN OF FLOWERS
NASTY BLACK
BAMBOOS

BIG TREES OUTSIDE HIS
WINDOW DEAD BRANCHES
LATE OCTOBER TOMATO
VINES UP UP DARK AROUND

HOLES TURNED OVER
FLAT TANGLE OF INNER
TUBES BLASTED BLACK
OH OH BABY GOO BABY

SHE ALWAYS PICKED THE
ROMAN BEAUTIES JUST BEFORE
NUT FALL LARGE HEAVY LIMBS
RUNNER'S LEGS ALL
THIGHS AND ASS

JUST KEEP YOUR BUTT UP
TOES POINTED
THE WAY YOU'RE GOIN'

AMBIENT DITTOS
IT ALL HAD TO BE HARVESTED
PICKED AND PICKED AND PICKED
SACKED SACKED SACKED
OR BOXED YES OR BOXED

THE ONE IN HIS BOXER BOX BOY SHORTS
AN APPLE OF ANY ONE'S

THE ORCHARD WAS ALWAYS
WORK BEFORE WANT, HAVE

ALL BEFORE NO WOBBLE FUN
LITTLE SQUIRTS QUICK
ASLEEP ON FLAT SPRINGS
A COTTON MATTRESS

HIS LITTLE PINK HEAD ALWAYS
SLEPT NORTH
NO IT DIDN'T SOUTH
NO NORTH SOUTH
A LITTLE TOWHEAD WASN'T HE

BIG BICKERS HAVE HARLEYS
BLACK ONES

HIS FIRST BIKE
A LITTLE RED ONE, HARD RUBBER
TIRES, NO FLATS
BOUNCE BOUNCE BOUNCE
BIG POTHOLES THE MOST
WATER SPLASH SQUIRTS
NO MORE SLICK OIL SHEETS

BUMP AND OVER
BUMP AND OVER BUMP
MOST FUN

MUST HAVE BEEN A
HANDS DOWN FALL
KEEP YOUR HANDS UP
NORTH ALWAYS NORTH
LIKE ON MOMMY'S BIG MAP
NEVER DOWN, BESIDE YOURSELF

UP UP UP
NO MORE GOOGEY FOR YOU

NO YOU CAN'T GO BACK
TO GO AHEAD
PUT ON YOUR LITTLE
RED COWBOY SUIT

OVER THE BUMP, OVER THE BUMP
UPSY-DAISY UPSY-DAISY

NO LET MOMMY DA
PUT THE BIG SPOON
IN THERE'S MO'
WHERE THAT CAME FROM
YOU'RE ON A FARM SO
EAT UP EAT UP ALL
ALL YOU WANT

HIS LITTLE PINK DINNER
PLASTIC SPOONFORK PUSHERSET
HAD TO GO EVERYWHERE HE WENT

IT'S JUST ALL SOUND
BEFORE AND AFTER IT'S
ANY THING ELSE GOOGEY

HE WAS ALWAYS ALL MORNING
WHEN HE GOT UP
MUCH BIGGER
THAN WHEN HE WENT TO BED
IN PLAID BIG CHECKERS OF RED
AND GREY SOFT ROBE

EASY TO SLEEP EASY NOW I LAY ME
DOWN THE WITCHES AND GOBLINS
ALWAYS GO NORTH AT NIGHT
NO THEY DON'T

YES SO THEY DO
NO THEY

THE FIRST THING THE MAGIC WITCH
SAYS CHOOSE CHOOSE
NORTH OR SOUTH YOU'VE GOT TO
FLY OR DIE
FLY OR
RUBBER SHEETS SMELL SWELL

GRANDMA FELL SOUTH
IN THE OLD WOOD SHED
THE BLACK TARP
FIRST COMING
OVER HER THIN SKINNY LEGS
THEN BACK, SMALL HEAD

A HEAD LONG FALL, ONE HAND UP TO CATCH
SOMETHING ALONG THE WALL
SOME DARK COVERING HER
HEAD FIRST, HEAD FIRST
BUMP AND OVER

BUMB AND OVER
COULDN'T GET OUT
FLAT OUT

do you care?

she got to be a pain on the set, a huge one, she demanded line changes from the writers, argued with the director and the other actors, arrived hours late, some say drunk or drugged and when her contract ended she was let go.
she complained that she had been "knifed".
she went to her mansion and stayed in bed eating chocolates and sending out for food, she ate incessantly with all the shades down.
her husband, a successful actor on another series claimed he still loved her.
and to prove it, he married her all over again in a special ceremony.
she could no longer fit in her original gown or in any of her other clothing.
she was refitted.
after the second marriage she went back to bed and began eating again.
the pounds climbed all over her and that depressed her more and she ate more.
soon even the scandal sheets forgot her.
months went by.
then at once, she appeared on all the covers.
she had made a comeback.
she was still very fat, fatter than ever but she had died her hair to a blonde and had it reset in a different style.


"I am renewed," she said.
she had landed a new series.
the first week of shooting went
well.
then she started coming in hours
late, some say drunk, some say
drugged, some say both.
she argued with the writers, the
actors and the
director.
within another week
she was fired and the series
junked.
she went back to bed, pulled down
all the shades and began
eating again.
her husband was seen at functions
with a girl 30 years his
junior.
back at the mansion his wife
fired all the servants,
hired new ones
and purchased a huge
German Sheppard she called
"Marty"
and her and Marty laid on
that bed and ate chocolates
together,
their favorites being the
dark chocolates
with the juicy squashy
red cherries
inside.

Charles Bukowski

Do you?

Floating

Crimson lipstick traces
 On my itchy heart--leaning toward dawn
 Darkness cleansed in reflective healing pools
 The faith swims in her eyes
 Eyes that strip off my layers
 And tempt me to dive in
 To float on my back
 Gazing up, gazing up



Thru multicolored day-glo leaves
 At ectoplasmic skies
 The discontented swirling soul remembers
 I have an otherworldly cause
 Dont we all--deep down inside
 With our monkey brains
 And our human flaws
 Animals on a desperate mission
 To remember, no great ascendancy
 To become God
 But just to remember
 Our lifelong connection to life.

Craving

I want a bright red
Tail feather pulled
From an exotic bird
With nothing to hide
With her velvet down
And a fire in her eyes
I want a satin black kitty
Elusive and mystic
Clawing in my sleep
In my dreams, majestic
An Egyptian deity
I want a darting fish

THESE ARE THE

SEAS

Whip quick and sleek
Moving under me
Quivering against
The heat of my body
I want a snake
Squirming with butterfly wings
And a wicked darting tongue
I want to make love
To a praying mantis
And survive the affair
Crickets chirping and whirling of locusts
I want water skippers and dragonflies
Things magical, otherworldly and spectral
Spells cast by the fireflies
I want to ride
seahorses, hummingbirds and wild stallions
I want to live
On the sustenance
Of rain alone
Passing thru the soft clouds
Of a woman's flesh.

Janet Sonnen

WINTER FARMER

I take my place among you.

Early morning hours encourage
an engaging, rousing battle
manipulating mounds of year-end
paper work, reserved for Uncle Sam.

I study the greatest
government forms of our day,
W-4's, W-2's, I-9's, 943's,
designing a memorial to a
prying bureaucracy.

This afternoon, fields mingle in mud,
plants growing only in seed catalogs.
I ply the pages for gomphrena,
old man Shumway showing me
globe amaranth for my plot.

My flowered thoughts, vivid lights
against dark winter showers,
slip away for an early night.


I sleep for another sunrise, a new season.

pretty
those lights
shinin' bright down in that valley
and I'm comin' off this mountain
this cold, dark mountain
comin' down fast
but those lights
they ain't for me
I go right by those city lights
those lights is shinin' red

Lisa J. LeHod

ON
E
TS

[The page contains dense handwritten notes covering most of its surface.]



REBEAT
P.O. BOX 13387
SALEM, OREGON
97309-1387