

where the second secon A second the second states moring

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 and lately, back here in America. Sorry, I was fealing 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, supecially as an artist. God-dama government propagandizing everyone into simpleminded 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 UTBUGGLE is always personal, spiritual, finally. Anyway, here's the poen, 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 roce only -who know something about endurance, love, communication. Great place to eweat. Write my poems...one after another, until I fill up the book, Chans Dancing.

Love Jour 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.

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.

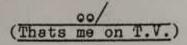
Einstein had a similar experience and used the train, the whistle blowing through the night to advance his own theory of poetry--dark smoke trailing back for miles, the voice swelling out of a tunnel, morning again, the heavy engine pulling the curve and first light we shape our words with morning again,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





PUBLISHERS CLYDE ZETTLE RICK DANSON

PITTOE SLOY isyout dealers



Captain Kangaroo is you, the leader of television. Propagands pands will repeat it. Tune into pest occurences past lives. God bless the dead war leaders mop a dirty floor. Eat pounds of dog hair mud, kill your brother on camere. 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 hermony the money the one white man capitan noodle loose who saved us all from Mr. Frog and millions of gills bi ill lore for folks like us in our vinyl livingrooms rooms for living it up in bottles with imaginary balls and pee pees for liquidation kidneys on sele 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 beads inflation city sit on my face cause it tastes yummy somf city so if anybody says somf city to you declore war immediately and use many drops of visine it gets the red out of your many repeated slogans.

Who knows what is stuffed in the bread of my bead flick my bic sim testes better and thats good cooking. Wink blink sink into tv talk box destroy a real turn off for my melon lobe lope snap crackle pop!

shanna renee

tenna 3 badat at

cotton road

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	đay
we	kick	up th	he 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

shanns renee

art in heaven

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 11

we're stars, two headlights inside swallowed wilderness.

with wet lips he kisses my hand and he says make a wish my daisy chain.

shanna ronee

freedom atom

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.

shanna renec

be mine be my valentine be my saint

i love you. you silly fool. i am a fool too. love. sailboat. mountains. chickens. eggs. sunshine. u. i bite the o on your love candy bar and it is all gone do you see that float to the top now sink to the bottom. how weird. how wonderful. how much. how do you do. howl. words are everything what we say what we feel what we see how we act how we treat others what makes us smile and shine. will you be mine will you be mine will you be mine will you just for a couple seconds oops... they're gone come back i like your eyes i like your mouth i like your hat let's meet. everything is o.k. the world will always turn with me on it. the world will always turn with you and me on it forever wow.

shanna renee

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.

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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 ex panding. 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.

50s hot rod boy. 52 chev 2 dr 52 ford hdtp 56 ford victoria 41 chev 52 chev 4 dr 58 ford hdtp 41 ford 53 merc 51 olds hdtp

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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.

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. indispensible.

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n

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

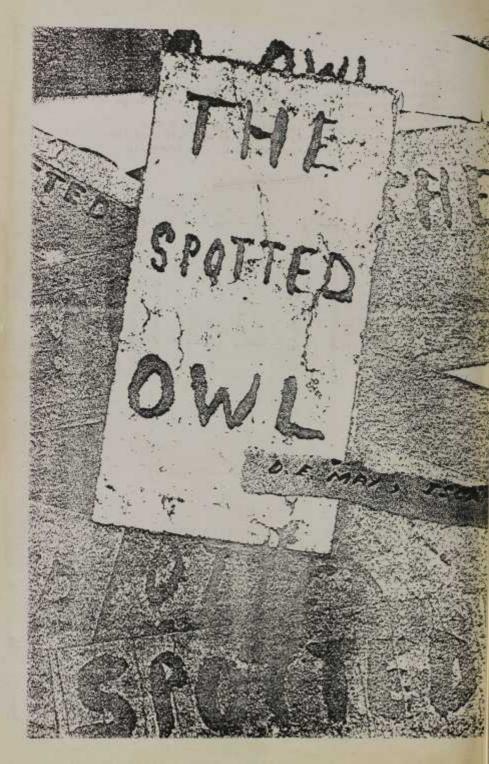
sun rise run up the stairs and knock. its too early to tell it in words.

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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.













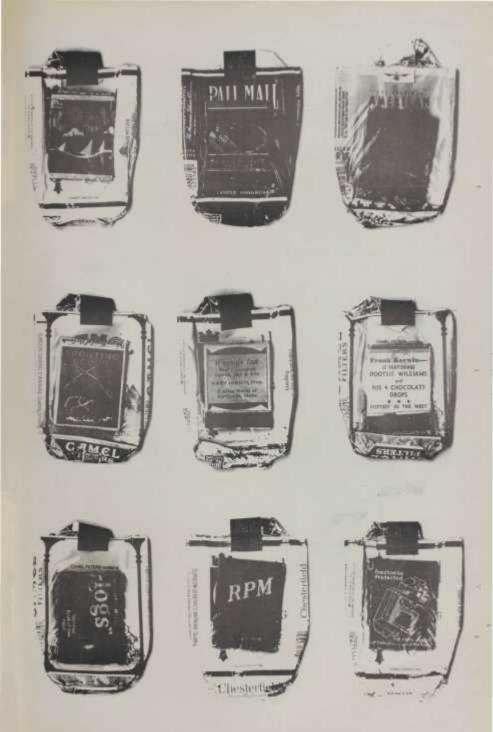










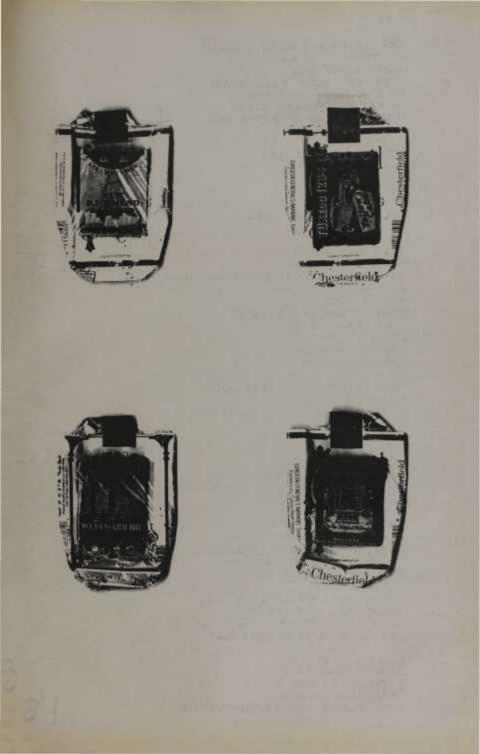












HOR HIS HAIR CURLED TIGHTLY UP TOWARD HIS WAIST NASTY BLACK RUN OVER WET DOWN FALL GRASS BIKE LANE ROLLING ON FAT FULL INNER TUBES PUMPED UP AND UP AFTER THE SECOND PATCH

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

NOT THAT

BABY TOO

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

1 WAS NOT TO BE AFRAID. SHE SAID 1 KISSED HER BEADS THEN THE STICK HIT 1 HID BEHIND THE GREEN CURTAIN

DOCTOR SAID | 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'



Mode

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

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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

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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.

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"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 beart-leaving 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

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Thru multicolored day-glo inaves 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 rod 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 Classing in my sleep In my dreams, majestic An Byyptian deity I want a ducting fish



Whip quick and aleek 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 seaborses, humingbirds and wild stallions I want to live On the sustenance Of rain alone. Passing thru the soft clouds Of a womans flesh.

Janet Sonnen WINTER FARMER

I take my place smong you.

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

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 mod. plants growing only in seed catalogs. I ply the pages for gomphrens. old man Shumway showing me globe amaranth for my plot.

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

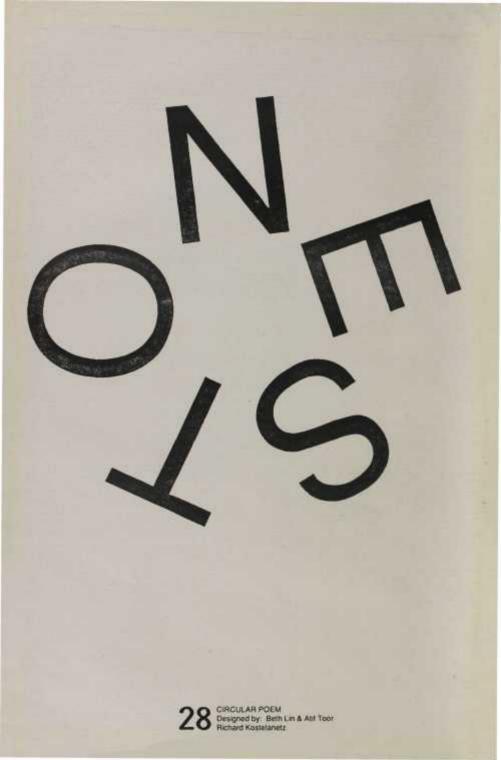
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I sleep for another sunrise, a new season.

Janat Sanna

postry these lights doen is that valley shinks' bright doen is that valley set its could, dark months talks wold, dark months bot them lights not them lights in the light of the light of the set the light is attrict out

Lion J. Le God



All all a start of the start of aletapit nerinanati -governet and statements

