ROGER ZELAZNY
WHEN PUSSYWILLOWS LAST
IN THE CATYARD BLOOMED
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WHEN PUSSYWILLOWS LAST
IN THE CATYARD BLOOMED

AND OTHER POEMS
With Drawings by Geoffrey Pollard

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PREFACE

The idea of this collection was first discussed in 1978 when Roger Zelazny was in Australia as Guest of Honour at UNICON 4. A number of people have worked to make this collection a reality. We would like to thank Keith Curtis who first thought of the idea, and Terry Dowling, George Mannix, John Davies, and Van Ikin, who all helped at some stage.

The Publishers
To Ruby Olson,
with gratitude and affection
PREFAE

The idea of the present book was suggested to the present writer by the late Sir John M"uller, President of the Indian Philosophical Congress, at a meeting of that body in Calcutta on the 7th November, 1884. The project was a large one, and Sir John M"uller expressed the hope that the writer of the work might be able to publish it, when he should be satisfied with the progress made towards its completion. The writer, however, has not been able to carry out the project, and the present work is, therefore, only a partial attempt at the subject. The work is intended to be a popular introduction to the study of philosophy, and is intended for the general reader. The writer has endeavored to make the subject as simple and as easy as possible, and has attempted to explain the fundamental principles of philosophy in a clear and concise manner. The work is divided into two parts, the first part being devoted to the study of the fundamental principles of philosophy, and the second part being devoted to the study of the various schools of thought in philosophy. The writer has endeavored to make the work as comprehensive as possible, and has attempted to cover all the important points in the subject. The work is intended to be a valuable aid to the study of philosophy, and is intended to be a useful supplement to the existing literature on the subject.
FOREWORD

In an earlier incarnation I wanted to be a poet. For about five years then (from approximately 1956 to 1961) I wrote nothing but poetry—incredible amounts of it, mostly bad, but improving somewhat as time went on. Twice in my college career, I received Western Reserve University's Finley Foster Poetry Award for some of it. The only piece preserved in this volume from one of those competitions is the Hart Crane elegy “Cross Caribbean”. In or about 1961 I realized that only Robert Frost and Carl Sandburg were making their livings writing poetry whereas numerous other authors were doing well under the wings of muses less comely. The writing was there on the washroom wall. I wanted to be a full-time professional writer. I made my decision and wrote the story “A Rose for Ecclesiastes” in October of 1961 and said goodbye to all that. I parked that particular story in a briefcase, took a safe government job in February of 1962 and began a steady output of science fiction stories. I began selling them around the end of March of that year.

But poetry had a way of creeping into a few of those early stories—and when I needed a poem I still had batches of them to draw upon, though I’d chucked hundreds when I’d made my decision for prose. A few of those remaining fit stories
here and there and a few others were passed along to fan-
zines, till I’d exhausted the file. Some of these were leftovers
from a MS unsuccessful in the Yale Younger Poets Competi-
tion (I forget which year’s; and the name of the volume was
Chisel in the Sky, if anyone cares).

Of these early pieces, the only halfway decent ones remain-
ing were the dozen which I assembled for a souvenir booklet
published in an edition of one thousand by the 1974 World
Science Fiction Convention (Discon) at which I was guest of
honor, and “Lover’s Valediction . . .” which I recently came
across when reviewing some old files. These thirteen are in-
cluded herein, and here is where they’ve been: “Braxa” is
from my story “A Rose for Ecclesiastes”, “Brahman Tri-
murti” appeared in Nyarlathotep 3 (and, I believe, in my old
college literary magazine Polemic), “Thoughts of the Jupi-
terian . . .” was in Kallikanzaros 4, “Future, Be Not Im-
patient” is from my story “The Graveyard Heart” (and prob-
ably drawn from the old Chisel MS), “Somewhere a Piece of
Colored Light” was in Double:Bill 10, “Flight” is from “The
Graveyard Heart” also, “What is Left When the Soul is Sold”
appeared in Yandro 166, “Our Wintered Way through Even-
ing . . .” was another piece from “The Graveyard Heart”,
“The Man Without a Shadow” was in Amra, vol. 2, no. 34—
and I believe it also appeared in another old college literary
magazine, Skyline—and “In the Dogged House” was another
“The Graveyard Heart” piece. Thanks to every and all for a
first or second showing.

And two Chisel survivors, which are also included here,
These are “Wriggle under George Washington Bridge” and
“Faust before Twelve”. Then “I, the Crooked Rose’s
Dream . . .” also appeared in The Speculative Poetry Review
but was not a Chisel piece. It came later, but I am no longer
certain exactly how much later.

“When Pussywillows Last . . .”, “The Doctrine of the Per-
fected Lie” and “I Used to Think in Lines . . .” were written
sometime during the past year, and this is their first appear-
ance in print.

Every generation seems to breed an eccentric, talented
poet who dies young and becomes something of an idol to
the next generation. Sylvia Plath was too late for me in this
respect. In my day it was Hart Crane. I’ve read and still read a lot of poetry, but Crane’s word magic probably had the most influence on whatever poetic style I may have. Next among favourites then came Dylan Thomas’ incantations and later, Yeats’ starkness and symbolism—with Auden’s humor and Robert Lowell’s power as sources of extreme reading pleasure to me. Rilke and Lorca were there early, too. Pound I respected, but that’s hardly the same thing. Eliot seemed to have too many answers, and I was always suspicious of him no matter how well he phrased them. Galway Kinnell came later, and much later Diane Wakoski—along with a whole string of others. My formative years were past by then, though, and there is nothing to be gained by listing the names. Mainly, Hart Crane it was who struck the first chord I can recall, arousing my interest and later my respect, then love for the games the language plays.

Hell. I talk about these people and things as if I were a pro in this area, and I’m not. I mean only to state a few preferences and probable influences for Those Who May Care. I once knew the area fairly well, but I’m hardly out to reverse my decision of seventeen years ago and return to a first love with a boyish grin and a fistful of flowers. I feel more like one of the cows who’d wandered up to a trellis for lunch and later ruminated, “Everything’s coming up roses”.—Sorry about that, but there you are. I did have an extra reason for saying it, though.

I did win one other literary competition involving poetry in my college days. Cleveland poetess Collister Hutchison was asked to judge the contents of the April 1959 issue of Skyline magazine, selecting a single piece to receive a small cash award and a letter of comment. She gave it to my poetry parody piece “Decade Plus One of Roses” and allowed that despite its flippancy the author might amount to something as a writer one day if he applied himself. (For whatever it’s worth, here it is. It doesn’t belong in the body of this book, but it can occur at this point as an autobiographical gesture indicating interests and attitudes. Anyone with rose fever go directly to the end parenthesis and wait with the cow:
I. GERTRUDE STEIN.

The Rose rose from rose-rows.

II. HART CRANE.

Find me my paper,
    here's my pen;
Don't bother to bring them back again.

IV. VACHEL LINDSAY.

The roaring rose reared, raging rosily.

V. W.B.Y.

Mystic Rose! Missive of powers
Too powerful to thwart. Circle, rose,
Sword, cup and book. Let the throwers
Of darkness see the silver moon rose.

VI. ROBERT FROST.

You drowsed in the hammock that day,
I planted a rosebush for you.
I think I'll go and see your roses play
Among the winds. (Why don't you come to?)

VII. e. e. cummings

Row sof paper ,pen-
siveth ought blown
up onpaged plen-
titudes ,m own
VIII. T.S. etc.

April is very cruel,
Consequently no roses in this hemisphere
(But among the Bavenda
Red flowers figure prominently in funeral rites).

IX. DYLAN THOMAS.

Paper rose! green in morning's bed,
Gold in the evening, dead:
Hell rose in your writing to red.

X. WALLACE STEVENS.

One dozen ways of wearing roses,
And no one is wrong forever.

XI. ROSE ON THE ROAD.

Beat rose!
    alcohol-petalled,
    caricature-flower—
    walked on in the defiling night
by fuzzyheaded disciples
of the rival-red poppy.

Homo rose!
    crushed in the staggering morning,
    spit upon,
    cursed in the garbage-spilt light.

Gutter rose!
    brother!
Well. End of gesture. He was a good kid and it was nice meeting him again. He began taking things more seriously immediately thereafter.

As with my stories, I have nothing to say concerning the substance of the following pieces. They either say it themselves or fail to. In the former case, my comments would be redundant; in the latter, too late. I like to think that if I'd stayed with it I could have amounted to something as a poet. I hope these pieces at least show the direction in which I might have gone.

Roger Zelazny
Sante Fe, New Mexico
May 1978
THE POEMS
WHEN PUSSYWILLOWS
LAST IN THE CATYARD BLOOMED

When pussywillows last in the catyard bloomed . . .
Fine line.
Lacking an accompanying thought, perhaps,
yet . . .
My life is full of yets.
We assemble ourselves slowly,
collecting pieces (such as the above).
Not all of them fit
and some should not have
but did (such as the above).
Yet . . . I lack. Many things.
But have the pussywillows,
and there are the cats
(envision them in heat if you would;
hear their drawn-out wet-baby wails;
hear them purr if you’d rather,
or spit).

I have the yard.
The sun dies to the west of it,
placing me in an enviable position
stage left of moon and star.
Constellations chart themselves,
stick-figured: geometry,
parsimony, pieces . . .
Yet you are there, Old Bear,
despite;
and beyond, the God of Galaxies?
(Praise Him, praise Him, Van Doren?
I cannot.
I’ve learned when to keep my mouth shut.)
Regard and rejoice with me
if the piece be there.
Yet I lack the art critic’s part.
Forgive.
When pussywillows last in the catyard boomed—
Yes. I recall a day. Many days.
In the yard. The green and the gray.
The sun and the wind. Singing leaves to light.
A bird, a tree, a war.
He was there. The me
of me to come, memory-bound,
unknowing, yet of yet,
conjuring a self that did not come,
as I call spirits from the vasty deep.
Peace, piece. Summoned,
thou art there. The imaged word,
Hart, pussywillows anchored in its glow—
no farewells and unbetrayable—
you were right—
for there in the catyard—boom,
blooming, boomed—they grew,
were growing, grow.

Child, I have come.
I bring, beneath the indulgence
of self and words, the love learned late,
the places drained of hate,
the extra reels of seeing.
Piece by piece, yet by yet,
I affirm what I affirm by denying
what I do not, negative man
of a thousand selves betrayed.
I have a center,
a place as still as a windless,
birdless, bugless day
without clouds.
And it is from this place
that I see you—
In the catyard last when bloomed the pussywillows
walked I backward into my arms.
Yet.
Coming I have gone
and going will I be. Yet.
Madre de Firesong, Padre de Darkness,
walking is how I see myself,
always on hills or wet pavement,
city by night, country by day,
with no desire to rest,
hopefully conjured, always wondering,
ever knowing, beginnings for endings
and vice-versa, piece-
meal, yet growing, like morning
or evening shadow. Some you,
in the pussywillowed yard of cats,
farewell me not,
but color, anchor me walking.

Within are we all.
Slowly ourselves assemble we,
lacking accompanying thought,
singing stars to sinking, citying the sea,
we blood and bone about us,
pump spirit, populate the dimness
with past’s suns’ flicker, ray, day . . .

I hang my yet on the catyard gate,
booming where pussywillows
last in the backward-turned time
evolved their reply,
whose accent denies my good-bye:
Yet, yet and yet. And I walk
singing not praise
but wonder,
part apart;
imagined cats dance at my heels,
at least as important, ever yet equally wise.
BRAXA

In a land of wind and red,
where the icy evening of Time
freezes milk in the breasts of Life,
as two moons overhead—
cat and dog in alleyways of dream—
scratch and scramble agelessly my flight . . .

This final flower turns a burning head.
BRAHMAN TRIMURTI

I

Brahma! Creator!
Thy suppliants abound:
    A diplomat,
    A paranoid,
    A Democrat,
    A Man of Freud.
Before Thou,
Initiator,
All would bow—
Tomorrow's door—
    Create!
    Renew!
    Resolve!
Change things as they are.
    Deflate,
    Review,
    Revolve!
Status quo and par.

II

Vishnu! Preserver!
Reactionaries' forte.
    Maintain!
    Uphold!
    Retain!
    Infold!
Support the present!
Bar the change!
And hold the pleasant
Present range.
    Mediocre middle!
    Constant average!
    To Thee we hie!
Here Thy minions bow.
    Neither much nor little.
Grant our suffrage.
    Hear Thou our cry:
    Hold the Here and Now!
III

Shiva! Destroyer!
Eternal rebel's liege!
   Grant to wear!
   Grant to bend!
   Grant to tear!
   Grant to rend!
Ere Thy Throne,
In legions 'round,
Madmen prone
Abound the ground.
   Of lightning
   And storms
   Of rage
May Thy mouth partake!
   With frightening
   Horrorforms
   A stage
For Hell and Chaos, make!
THOUGHTS OF THE JUPITERIAN FRANTIPLIER FISH

During the "Night" Freeze
At Which Time,
Unfortunately,
Consciousness
is
Maintained by
the Fish, Who
are, Also Un-
fortunately, Quite
Intelligent and Highly
Sensitive Creatures—Alas!

Steep above,
the clouds have stopped,
and we are suspended
in the loss of warmth:
our frozen pond.

The night is a rock
to spread wet galaxies upon . . .

Fie! oh day!
a long night off,
and that we cannot sleep.

We hang about
till night is done—
Black day—
in eyes’ weightless prison, seeing—

in lake’s dark lens, exposed—

falling up pits of the sky.

iv

To tear that sky down the middle will be more than the mind can bear.

Brittle, it will break.

v

Our frantic remains will continue the species, in ignorance and light.

vi

Swimming, as we did, they’ll never give a damn, till just about this time tomorrow night.

vii

... When ice before shards is too right.

viii

And the light!
The light...
LOVER'S VALEDICTION:
FORBIDDING DAY'S SACRAMENT

Phlox of the liberal phoenix,
breasting towers to day,
spirit ahead—
repetitious Ananias,
forever forswearing azimuths at noon—
in centuries of idiom overflows thy habit,
as flocked thoroughfares spend sloped shadow.

Where gnash thy left,
despairing doors,
cover a baked vacancy,
out this emptied one,
"Absence is not eaten".

extensive
sinking song
FUTURE, BE NOT IMPATIENT

Someday, perhaps, but not this day.
Sometime; but then, not now.
Man is a monument-making mammal.
Never ask me how.
SOMEWHERE A PIECE OF COLORED LIGHT

It is such a relative thing
that I am loathe to explain
this brightness as being of the sort
once attributed to the breath of a goddess
dozing just over the horizon. However,
it is also a shame to talk
of ionization and light refraction
(even if they do sort of rhyme)
when something is pleasant to look at.
These terms smack of the magical,
of the incomprehensible—
while it does seem much more likely
that somewhere a billboard-scale Princess
sleeps within a circle of flame,
dreaming kleig light coronas,
breathing plumes of neon mist. This,
somewhere beneath an almost but not-quite
familiar sky; and that she is waiting
to be awakened by the kiss
of a handsome and tireless Prince
about twenty feet tall
in his handsome and Hollywood armor.
Nice thought.
SOUTHERN CROSS
(ELEGY, HART CRANE)

My Nameless Woman of the South,
and the Spring that I accomplished you . . .

All ways one phosphor furrow, Orizaba—
All skeleton streaks one streetlamped street . . .
But always one Spring, so South,
and all shored ways one deep drawn day,
coralling under oranged climes' chloral bays,
spent and spelled at skullured heavens,
    slappings of your tidal sands.
And always my ears will throb as stoppered bottles asea
as the one bunched pearl soul of prior suns dips by askance
when the rude rood raises your wake through night
then bends it down to a dawn
between the sob of the sea,
    under the sail of the sun,
and sighed-out hissing sounds of spectered stars.
THE DE-SYNONYMIZATION OF WINTER

I. Pure. Who bells out green mornings

told the summer season to stop

and slept a spell of silence in the earth;

yawning, strode again and overtoned

his bell to more green.

II. Decadent (For this rang the Second Baptist,

Frazer, and Halloween,

with Christmas-conquering irony?)

Autumn Apollo

golden and brown

crackle the bowlength

you bend.

Would were you

so flexible, my lord:

They borrowed your unerring arrows

and brought your sister

to the child-board

among tamed animals.

III. Iceage A revealed pudding of mud

mars the making

of morning snow biscuits

in the maiden eye

and the afternoon runs in the streets

after one inspired advocate

but is walked on to a broken crust

the color a charcoal-powdered anything

(yet strangely, the goat

thigh-bone burning smell

records in smoke script itself

on skies the peculiar shade

a bleeding handful spilt).

26
FLIGHT

Hilted of flame, 
our frail phylactic blade 
slits black 
beneath Polestar’s 
pinprick comment, 
foredging burrs 
of mitigated hell, 
spilling light without illumination.

Strands of song, 
to share its stinging flight, 
are shucked and pared 
to fit an idiot theme. 
Here, through outlocked chaos, 
climbed of migrant logic, 
the forms of black notation 
blackly dice a flame.
WHAT IS LEFT WHEN THE SOUL IS SOLD

The sting of the startled porpoise,
welting mulatto the bay’s gray belly,
brackish entrails of ocean,
wrapping the mammary reef,
nor all minnow-dried decidua,
festooned of salt excrescence,
shall barter from heaven back
that heaved corpse—
indemnifying eagles
in peristaltic angle—
by felling fleet the flagstaff wing
on folds of stomach slough.
OUR WINTERED WAY THROUGH EVENING, 
AND BURNING BUSHES ALONG IT

(Where only the evergreens whiten . . .)

Winterflaked ashes heighten 
in towers of blizzard. 
Silhouettes unseal an outline. 
Darkness, like an absence of faces, 
pours from the opened home; 
it seeps through shattered pine 
and flows the fractured maple.

Perhaps it is the essence senescent, 
dreamculled of the sleepers, 
that soaks upon this road 
in weather-born excess. 
Or perhaps the great Anti-Life 
learns to paint with a vengeance, 
to run an icicle down the gargoyle’s eye.

For properly speaking, though 
no one can confront himself in toto, 
I see your falling sky, gone gods, 
as in a smoke filled dream 
of ancient statues burning, 
soundlessly, down to the ground.

( . . . and never the everwhite’s green.)
THE MAN WITHOUT A SHADOW

What master were he of brush or of graver, who
drew the shades and the lineaments, which
there would make every subtle wit stare?
—Purgatorio, Canto XII.

“Machine-like, I saw Achilles
Challenge the gods with the inevitable conflict
Of mortal desires that even the son of a god
Did not lay at the feet of those that formed him.
And I saw him lie
Like Balder spread,
With that mortal tree drawing of his fluids
And shivering against the violent sky,
Upgrown from his pierced member
Upon the darkening ground.
And their open faces sounded
While she, the distant Polyxena, sister of Cassandra,
Spoke nothing, but was believed
Of pity and known of fear.

Unbelieving, I saw Osiris
Enter the House of the Dead
On that Great Day when all the days and years
Were numbered and, yet, saw that his name
Was given back to him,
And, too, the lacerate parts
We re-formed and rose again
And strode again.
And great Isis, before those merciless members
Was undone, and unbelieving
Felt the movement of his nightclaimed torse
Those very hands
Had seen to the rending
While she played the great adultress
To a brother god.
Godlike, I saw the great Odysseus,
Wielder of the blinding brand,
Retriever of the goddess-image,
And bender of that bow,
Fall unknowing to the unknown slaughter
Of an unknown son
Of his own limbs that lay with the darkness
Of she that made men what they were.
In all but flesh.
Beloved of her, the dark one,
And also beloved of her,
That may never know love,
He took to race of arms
With his own, by darkness,
And fell before his dark own
That even she of the aegis could not hold.

I saw the gods walk by
In vain procession long
To the distant doom of the home
Of the eater of gods
That throbbed with the constant thunder
Of clashing teeth, tongue and jaws
That consumed their Burgundy and cakes
While bearing perpetually
Their unwanted sons.
And the gods came by in their trappings
Of yellow, purple and awful red,
And, asking that it might pass from them,
Shuffled their feet near the end
And thought of a thousand undone trivia
That lay behind, and looked furtively aside
For open doors in the labyrinth
That might lead the way away.
But when these could not be found,
Strove to bear themselves like noble men.
And the unwanted sons inherited
The lands of their fathers
When the fathers were no more
Than outlandish names and strange figures
Cast in stone, mud, wood and straw,
While the filmier integument of the earth
Yet held their horrors
Constantly stirring in green chambers.
And the universe is a blue room
Where an ever-singing woman sits
At the heart of a lotus
And plays upon a stringed instrument,
Where all these have passed and passed again,
And never turns her crimson-cowled head,
Save to the subtle nuances
Of her own melody which she
Creates for an unknown lord."
IN THE DOGGED HOUSE

The heart is a graveyard of crigas,
hid far from the hunter’s eye,
where love wears death like enamel
and dogs crawl in to die . . .
WRIGGLE UNDER GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE

One who saw the striped underbelly
and light dotted fins swim,
like a creature’s from depths of the sea,
above the moon,
may have glimpsed the face that is beauty
in its late orbiting moment
of most skinless dexterity.
Every bone is trumpet;  
night's counterpane muffles breaking brass:

the rest is silence and not rest;  
chaos improvised orchestrations

of minute

dash downbeat

the closings of fiery valve.
THE DOCTRINE OF THE PERFECT LIE

The doctrine of the perfect lie
is a thing I most delight in,
smoothed than life,
planed to fit the times,
sandpapered to join with expectation,
polished to suit the discriminating.

But it is not that way, you say?
Of course. The delight lies
in the lie's
telling: times, hopes, tastes
to fit, with a little disjoint
here and there,
for appearance's fair sake.

Ask any Cretan you meet on the street:
The carpentry is all.
I USED TO THINK IN LINES
THAT WERE IRREGULAR TO THE RIGHT

I used to think in lines that were irregular to the right, but the straight-ruled dexter margin's claimed its own.

Too many pages where lines advance like infantry, too much continuity,
too many harried characters in far too big a rush to descend the humps, the hills, to stub their toes on weighted words . . .

Potential energy lurks at the rough line's end. A kick here, a bump there, reality topples, things slide,
The talus of improbability grows.

Prose is clean and smooth and slick, advancing fully to the right, building walls like rows of brick, caging wild metaphors, sealing their cells dead tight.

What is left when fancy's eye is trapped and dragged along to such a place?

The bottom of the page is cruel.
LP ME THEE

Claims of music
shackle souls
or free them.
I've never been clear
on the matter.
Shall we dance,
here on the hardwood floor?
Or shall we soar,
wraithlike,
to some Platonic hall
in the sky,
where a ball
of mirrors
reflects geodesic
whatever it is that we are
to the eye
in the air,
to the measures of time,
hiccup of heart,
note in the brain,
the consummate colors
we bare?

We circulate,
the arm descends,
the diamond finger writes.
THE BURNING

No animal should be as bright as Blake’s Tiger and I never want to see one. Forests at night are disturbing enough, but while mean kids sometimes douse a cat with petrol and set it alight for small, cruel laughs at its meteor runs, its howls, who has eye, hand or stomach (let’s just call it “guts”) enough to try it with Thee?

More than simple cruelty would have to be involved. An existential temper, most likely. As in, “No other is responsible for this act. Free, spontaneous and unpremeditated, I have decided to set fire to this sleeping Tiger I have just now noticed and burn it away to a grin.”

Or perhaps the matter lies in the hands and the eyes, not mortal, but im-.—A grotesque concept is involved: There is this being with immortal hands and eyes. Shoot it, stab it, gas it— It dies. But the eyes accuse, the fingers twitch, as if they’d like to twine your heartstrings and have all the time in the world to do it, you son of a bitch.
Considering it every which way, it is the sort of thing a primate would contemplate. I can't see Thee doing it to me, Tiger.

A cosmic SPCA seems the answer. It is too late to do much but admonish after the act has occurred. Primates with immortal parts bear watching, anyhow. And I can do without fearful, striped incendiaries rushing by me in the night, God knows. Write your Representative. Preserve symmetry. Save the Tiger.
I, THE CROOKED ROSE’S DREAM,
DUMB-SUNG ANATOMIE

That I am the pain in the matter is the case,
though that I am the case in the pain is the matter;

and that I am the matter in the case is the pain
and the cross—a shade of passed-in substance
screaming for a name under the driven agonies of hours,
as the slashed apart circle of the sun by telephone lines,

not unlike that final grating of hearts, cut from
where wires begin beyond the bounds of seeing,

ends

shelving bright brooks on flows of black snaking parallel.

So still beneath me lies the world in faint and jettison sleep,
as oftener than nights are whirled the rabbits of my feet
through dreaming jungle. While I revolve
under that star-pimpled sky bust, the quick-gouged intaglio moon
seems somehow a thumbprint bruising its breast
concave under tree topped curves jag-collaring throat;

and aches in later membrane of unclothed day make
hot streams from its bleeding navel an unimprovised,
non-sacrificial way of being, while not saying,
some perpetually unmeant missa in dominica resurrectionis,
repeating in Gregorian spasms of dyed wing
the only in head felt tidal torn thing without.

As all blind thoughts mole that dirt-dreaming jumble,
feels the father rock of the world, torn untimely from its sun,
through sole unhealed tunnel, running synapses of sea and dendrite delta
down this made man mud. Where burns the blue Pacific
mumble ever the unborn, unconceived floats of dream
that flow artesian the shafts of ivory, oxidized to petals
that flame the nervous gray stalactites’ roof.
Then down
that ever evanescent way and back flare films of rockslid dust
to the volcano that thumps heartbeat only for the ear,
the mountain that backbones solely to the eye,
and the ocean that mothers but to the last sucking mouth,

as the name that is my own calls out itself
to be, sonning after ear its storming father fanned,—
“Lie down and come,” is nailed onto me. “Spread out thy arms
like syllables, and reascend the land.”
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