

POEMS READ IN THE SPIRIT OF

Peace

&

Gladness

Poems selected by Doug Palmer  
Editing and book design by Tove Neville  
Art by Richard Sargent  
230 pp perfect-bound

Peace & Gladness Press  
1966

## Editor's note

This anthology comes out of the I.W.W. readings March-September 1965, 7 months of readings, I reading each month. They were loose and they were open readings.

This anthology is meant to congratulate the poets who took part, and to commemorate the spirit of those readings.

Thanks to George Stanley who helped me see clearly this purpose of the anthology.

Not all the poets in the anthology read at I.W.W. Hall on Minna street in San Francisco. But the spirit is the same in these people, hence their inclusion.

No attempts have been made to exclude. I have tried to include poets who are friends.

These are some of the working poets, poets of life.

Thanks to Mark Morris, to the I.W.W., to Bob Rush, thanks to the willingness of all the poets in this anthology. Thanks to all who donated things and money to our rummage sale, to raise money to publish, and especially to my wife Rut, who organized the sale.

Biggest sustaining thanks to Tove Neville, who kept me on the straight and narrow, working, and Tove constantly finding out the necessary things, giving all the time.

Thanks to those who put up money to get the anthology out: Sam Thomas, Tony and Vicky Sargent, Tove Neville, Len Fulton, Eileen Adams, Mark Morris and my mother.

And to Dave Hazelton, who set such a worthy high standard with his magazine *Synapse*, and who I hope finds this anthology respectable.

And to Lu Garcia, who put the idea of an anthology into my head.

And to Gary Snyder, whose poetry workshop class at Cal., Berkeley served as a centering point.

*Doug Palmer*  
*July 1966*

## ORIGINAL TABLE OF CONTENTS

Lowell Levant  
Dave Rich  
Stephen Mindel  
Kay Okrand  
James Koller  
David Cole  
Tove Neville  
Thanasis Maskaleris  
Eileen Adams  
Doug Palmer  
Sister Mary Norbert  
Gene Fowler  
Matthew Zion  
Morton Grinker  
Lennart Bruce  
Marianne Baskin  
Leon Spiro  
Dave Sandberg  
Hilary Ayer Fowler  
Sam Thomas  
Dawn F. Carey  
James Spencer  
Robert Lax  
John Oliver Simon  
Luis Garcia  
D.R. Hazelton  
Jim Thurber  
David Schaff  
Richard Barker  
Jim Wehlage  
Gail Dusenbery  
Gary Snyder

## KAY OKRAND

### DEFINITION

Rollingstone you  
roll back  
you used to  
be people

or things  
the same  
they are the  
same all

part of the  
same way  
on the same  
round thing

but what  
is a thing  
is the same  
thing as every

thing else.

### YESTERDAY

For Luis Garcia (Sito)

You are hung  
from every tree  
moonlight  
land by a  
rope

Love them  
all you said  
so love them  
all i do  
    love them

all of them  
Are they worth  
loving?

And with yellow  
rain speed  
you are  
found in  
the shallow end  
feet up

with 3 nights  
loss of sleep  
a poem  
on your cheeks

hollow inside  
your rain  
dry it can't  
rain it  
runs with  
speed

all of them  
Are they worth  
loving?

One by one  
in twos  
they grow old  
spidery legs  
arms lips

spider webs  
black widows  
you know  
the trees speak  
to you, to me  
too, differently.

You receive the  
letter by kiss  
in heat  
lose 3 days  
3 days!

Is the water deep  
enough  
to catch the  
light eyes

straight up

whisper to me  
in the night  
whisper parts  
parts  
significantly  
say so.

So find them  
worth  
loving or not

whatever is  
right i've  
said before  
let your  
eyes go

straight up  
and the trees  
-your trees-  
will say it

tonight they will  
louder than  
ever speak  
in  
the cold water

leaks off your  
feet you're in  
the river  
eyes up  
see the

speed of light  
ask yourself  
if you're right

tonight the river  
it also speaks  
to spiders one  
by one they

may be worth

rain autumn  
leaves are  
part of trees  
and oh remember  
that kiss.

## THE BLADE

It cuts  
(roughly speaking)  
into awareness

into it  
self makes  
a scrape  
leaves  
a mark

rides on foot  
(sharply speaking)  
into the cutter

into a flesh  
telling the tale:  
it appears.

# JAMES KOLLER

POEM AFTER AN UNSUCCESSFUL FORAY INTO  
A PAWNSHOP WHERE I THOUGHT TO BETTER MY  
FINANCIAL SITUATION BY TRADING ONE UNSALEABLE  
ITEM FOR ONE MORE SALEABLE & POSSIBLY MORE USEFUL

a Springfield or Winchester  
will trade for either  
an even trade no money  
to enter it

(crops, wheat  
no longer legal  
tender

what about whiskey???  
what about it???

never happen)

he neither wanted nor took  
the banjo no music but coin  
in his ears

I wasn't prepared  
to harmonize

won't come again  
do, he said  
with cash

what can't be done  
with cash

SHOULD BE DONE

I carried it home  
hung it  
in the bathroom

the music room???

conservatory???

SHOULD BE DONE



save it .for a better .day

like an arrow .out of the blue .lost

a springmaid or wrench

will trade

to enter into

no money

love

won't get you out of this one

?????

## DAVID COLE

### That's the Way

Goodbye, goodbye,  
now it's time

to leave my home  
to leave my home

take out telephone  
there's non-one home,  
I'm gone,  
    we'll go  
together,  
    we'll

go  
no  
I'll go alone  
I'll go  
there's no one home  
any more

I'll go and lock  
the doors, I'll lock  
the windows,  
you can't get in,  
there's no-one in,  
there's no-one home.

the street,  
the people.  
a man stops  
he says

    I  
think I

I think

everyone on the sidewalk  
is pushing him.  
don't stop they say  
don't stop,  
you're blocking the side-  
walk  
everyone is thinking

don't stop  
he says  
everyone  
is thinking  
he says  
don't stop

## ORIGINS

Raindrops, a thin patter  
and stream swirls,  
washing over the choked drain  
parted  
by wheels of a car  
merges, meeting at the corner  
the bottom of a street lamp.

Here the metaphysician  
begins to heroize  
an elliptical  
crystal,  
forged and finely ground,  
fired by purpose.

The thing,  
smooth,  
carefully shaped,  
emerges,  
from the furnace,  
translucent,  
clear,  
embodied warmth spreading warmth  
through the thin ground edge.

The metaphysician,  
eyes following his creation  
whispers in fear a lament  
to his fathers.

“It is I now; I am one with you,  
I am your servant as you are mine.”

His crystal,  
delicate,  
placed on the edge of a curb,

balanced,  
a risk of hope.

## POSSIBILITIES

swimming is an act  
of trusting  
the water  
is what holds you up.  
it's thin water  
that holds you up  
that you trust.

that makes swimming  
possible,  
that makes drowning  
possible,  
that makes swimming  
possible

great shining glass window  
and

splat  
a bee trying for the light  
hits the pain.

Quiet conversation  
at the table beneath the brightness.  
stretching along  
arching under the eaves  
and

splat  
a bee enters the afternoon.

immobility is an  
ACT  
of  
con (I can't go on)  
conscious-ness  
con science, conshunce  
conshusness and gry to think  
it's (ouch!) in its

state of reflexive anxiety  
where the work  
begins.

EVERYTHING  
for Luis Garcia

Lu,  
I don't trust you,  
you say  
you know everything.  
you say  
I know everything.  
but you lie because

you tell the truth.  
to trust  
every-  
thing  
to write every-  
thing  
a poem  
is every thing  
that you and I know.  
but is that  
everything?  
that thing  
that we know.

THE LETTER

this word,  
I want  
to write  
this word:  
it means something,  
it means a thing  
one thing  
it means  
it does not  
mean one is two  
more important

I  
do not mean

two are one,  
or live as cheaply.

What I mean  
to say  
what I mean to say:  
what I say  
means what  
I say  
I mean  
I miss you.

## MONOLOGUES

I  
talk to me.  
I trust you.  
I tell the truth and you  
believe me.  
do you agree with me?

do I tell the truth  
if you  
do not agree with me?  
I tell you to believe

yourself. to  
believe me.  
to agree with me is  
to tell  
the truth is  
to be on a trip  
together.

II  
being together.  
I see you: your  
thick kinky brown hair.  
little girl freckles.  
small breasts.  
muscular legs.  
you cross

the room

to me.

we wrap our arms  
around each other.

I see you. but,  
we are together.

# THANASIS MASKALERIS

## HECUBA IN VIETNAM

Hecuba: "Greeks! Your strength  
is in your spears, not in the  
mind."

--Euripides, The  
Trojan Women

All your strength, America, is in your bombs!  
What were your eagles are now carriers of death.  
Strange loves twitch in your sermons.

What fear turns you to this terror!--  
to drive people into trenches and tunnels, to poison their land  
What fear makes you kill the children of Vietnam so savagely?--  
pounding them to bits with your bombs.  
What shame!--to crush down the weak, to force them under the earth  
(Little Astyanax could at least ascend to the tall walls of Troy  
and gaze at his city for a moment, nobly, before the terrible plunge.)

The wail of Hecuba is rising against you, America,  
rising from the wounded throats of Vietnamese mothers.  
Let the faces of underground children shine in the sun!



## SISTER MARY NORBERT

from DAIMON POEMS

“The borderlines of sense in the morning light  
are naked as a line of poetry in a war.”

--Robert Duncan

Touch me,  
          God!  
that I may feel you  
    in fingertips          fashioned  
heretofore futile. . . .

Burn me,  
          God!  
that I may sear self  
    to bonebreak          brittled  
because bloodless used-to-be. . . .

Strip me,  
          God!  
that I may see through  
    with patient          percept  
washed eye, demoted lit. . . .

Fill me,  
          God!

--for Robert Duncan  
as a sort of thankyou

“. . . beautiful with accomplishment. . .”  
--David Meltzer

sighs filtering through  
attar-of-roses in pale face crushed,  
warm with bright weariness;  
she is madonna, is my love,  
sheltering infant with shadowed eyes

her flower, grown from secret seeling

nurtured in joyful dark  
blooms with tiny bursts,  
liquid, lyric, lulled in soft  
air of kind breath,  
    (the mother's sweet sibilance)

\*

with your wise hands you capture me close,  
    child of my heart,  
you grace me new godliness;  
    you,  
    O incarnation of a shared beauty

--for David and Tina Meltzer  
    and Jeffifer Love

# LENNART BRUCE

## **A Statement**

Yes I believe  
so much  
in so little

most reluctantly  
convinced that eve  
those few things

are very scarcely  
worth while  
and exist

in such small quantities  
so minute in fact  
that their mere rareness

enlarges them  
secretly

## **The Taste For It**

I go

for those trees miles out  
day after day  
to look at them  
in bloom  
feel them  
the smell  
of them  
I love their scent

I am in love  
I want  
I want them  
I am wild  
wild about their leaves  
even when they fall spin  
acrobats  
from different angles  
I have a fever rising  
98 – 100-104 degrees  
climbing  
for them  
I would do anything  
for them  
to get them  
to buy a grove  
and grow them  
on a big scale  
I have to have  
the money  
no matter how  
to get them  
I am going crazy  
crazy about money  
to buy trees for  
buy those trees  
to grow nuts  
  
to crack  
I am mad  
about them

MARIANNE BASKIN

DEVIL

for my husband

The green  
leaves red  
turning  
falling  
past the sun  
screened window  
I

Love the  
coffee  
spoon next  
to the wind-  
ow where  
I saw  
his red shirt.

FOR RYCHARD

Handing  
flowers  
    Child of  
    God  
there's rue  
for you  
    Ophelia  
lost  
tears  
mirror  
the flowers  
floating  
in the pool

What happened  
to you  
    Child of  
    God  
casting  
flowers  
to the riders

on the wind

Lost souls  
drowned  
in the petals  
pointing  
in the whirling  
lines of  
tears.

## HILARY AYER FOWLER

### THE DUCK

Pressing  
its flat yellow feet  
into its belly  
it buried them in feathers

So  
with nothing left to stand on  
it flew

## SAM THOMAS

### HOMAGE

Ludwig, like an old stump  
                  turned upright  
takes his solid place solid  
in the giant lobby  
  of the Student Union  
    University of California  
      Berkeley.  
People go out of their way  
not to trip over him-  
  “Hi there Ludwig, stupid dog!”  
The head holds its steady gaze intent  
  until an old cat tucked under a  
  loud plaid muffler plastic hat &  
  raincoat, orders him out.  
He leaves on legs hardly there, slow  
out one door -- back in another  
There are other dogs other men  
  & today  
around the fountain throwing up deep blue --  
many card tables.

## D. R. HAZELTON

### FOR DOUG AND JIM

to give:  
the stong starts  
from its place  
in the heart  
a traveling  
steady in its  
path toward the  
outward moving  
circle, the rings  
expanding like heart-waves  
that lose the eye

a simple friendship:  
spurt of soul  
from the one to the  
other, a glad  
handing of worth  
to worth, increase  
in the song that  
is solitary, sung  
from the singular need

### LOVERS IN THE CITY

the miracle  
is still that we  
come together  
through the  
maze of  
hard-edged  
machines  
and blossom  
always  
different in  
one another's  
arms

strange how  
afterwards  
the familiar  
room is new



again objects  
incise their  
distance on  
the mind colors  
soften  
throb with  
light  
the  
curious trac-  
ing of a  
remembered  
book with  
tentative  
fingers

## JIM WEHLAGE

the paper rustles  
my thoughts in  
sidious pay  
per cow  
    ers cow  
boys rang blue bells  
in the hot  
desert of this  
world so  
sit we may sit  
but u can  
no not know  
how  
to stop when  
there are no lights to  
turn on  
    or on or on or on  
orion in the sky  
so high or i in  
the walking I do  
like to walk some  
times I walk for  
miles not knowing  
wher i  
    am what i  
am is the walker man  
being at the edge of the notes  
in be so finely  
what i am walking-  
    my spurs jangle

when i fall  
into love some  
times i  
stay there  
for years not knowing  
why I laugh my  
head off  
so hard i  
cry not in  
frequently the tears  
never show  
them

selves to be  
real joy or  
in pain  
my self to know why  
you go a  
long way off  
the side of my mind  
slips in  
to the darkness  
u go a long way off it  
is be  
coming dark at the end  
of the hall  
way

its that  
the ones that  
u love  
u don't see  
each other  
we don't  
see our knowledge  
    makes  
        us  
    in  
visible to  
        each  
    an other  
    love

its groovy  
it goes  
it so  
    far out  
on the tracks  
of yrself  
the only thing is that  
is only what it  
smells  
like what you eat  
some times what  
you are



water  
wet on my arms  
sweat you laying  
in to me  
back top belly  
our clothes still on  
in the bed  
and my hand  
holding your breast  
nipple never  
got hard  
to let you let  
your self touched

and wanting  
to be  
taken  
a cross the sand in some  
one's arms not  
crossing the beach going

to the water  
for your sake  
alone

what does it  
want  
so much to  
give us  
all  
this  
what do  
you want little  
flowers  
you  
live you flowers little  
often tone flow  
er so over my hand light  
flow all o rover where  
the u  
niverse cushions you  
fall away  
through it clumsily