

MARTY

FRISKING THE COBWEBS

poets wither endlessly away
like pearl-blooming oysters
harrowing the flux to make a little
something glitter out past dreaminess

not even their best friends
know quite what to say to them

NATURAL PROCESS

what a pity this language creates
objects of desire
like featherless birds
which lock pictures
into image words
with
one end always left open
for invalidating concepts
to create a vacuum sensibility
that escapes me
by definition
while
at the same time
aggravations
messed up by concentration
tumultuously thicken
until a sudden gust of wind
whispered from within
makes us smile with cracking faces
as if
unbelievably
embarrassed

THE WRONG PROFESSION

I am tired of being an insane poet.
I want to drive around in a big cigar.

HOMAGE TO WILLIAM JAMES

I walked out of my room today
& looked down at my shoe saw
that my shoestring was a snake

but being very late to work I
just tied it up in the usual way

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caricature by harold plope
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