

LADY FOR SUMMER

"The heart wants what it wants"
— The Belle of Amhearst

W/the beginning of this
summer's afternoon
we have met —

The heart embraced deeply

by singular, simple manner —
should that be
all that should:

I have tasted your
dulcet passion

JOHN GIESS

REASON

:for those who would like to believe,
but cannot

A storm passes
from this field to the next,
and the next,
further and further north,
laying down shadows
like dark leaves over the clover
barbed wire and beets,

and after this,
it lifts again.

Like a swarm of insects
from the warm punk of a fallen tree,
or a fist of birds from their cover
shattered against the oily sky,

it lifts as one breath
one sound,

the sound of all things combined
in and above the field,
as wholly as can be heard by insect
bird or person,

a sound the same for all
and for each
something different
perpetual and beyond all reason.

PENELOPE SPIRO

GERANIUM

How many years did I lug it, pale and leggy,
onto the porch for the summer? There its stems
turned thick, its leaves curly and dark,
and it bloomed almost immediately.

Before first frost I'd bring it back inside
where it yellowed like the soles of the feet
of someone very old. Its flowers fell apart.

One spring I cut back all but one shoot,
and that I tied against a bamboo stake
to make a long straight stem.
Then I pinched out the new growth repeatedly
until I had a full, round ball on a stick,
like topiary at Versailles. It pleased me well;
its flowers were salmon pink.

I fed it fish emulsion, bone meal, wood
ashes; mulched it with cocoa pod hulls
in its Tuscan terra cotta pot.
It was my nightingale, my goose, my golden
child. We drank from the same cup.

After the night's downpour I find it snapped
off, lying on the ground like a rack of antlers.
Not even wilted yet — I've come upon the fresh
disaster. . . . Like Beethoven's,
its head had grown too large.

JANE KENYON

THE SECRET AGENT

All of my life I have felt that men who
combed their hair over their bald spots
were phonies. Now I realize the hair itself
just naturally moves over the vast silence
of its own terrain; and that to go with nature
one begins to exercise his own pathetic cunning.
Today I am a man.

MARTY CHRISTENSEN



DRAWING BY TOM FINN

POETRY

COMB AND RAKE

The comb that we love, of all combs,
is a rake through our private beach,
giving a voice through missing teeth
to all things one hopes to find in the sand
next to horseshoes, aluminum tabs,
and sand ants thrilled by the sight of a claw.

The rake that we love, of all rakes,
is a comb through our private grove,
singing at private intervals
of all the things one hopes to be divine,
here, among human tongues rusting in fire,
bearing the singed hair and beard.

Of all names, the name we most love
mocks an unsaid name we did not love.
In the smallest possible space,
cast upon a screen encircled by a naked moon
at the center of a solar system
where there is only you and me and someone else.

MARVIN BELL

"IT'S A MAN'S WORLD"

—JAMES BROWN

Choking with garbage and trash,
overflowing ashtrays&sinks&dining room tables
at home,
oil-scum and plastic on every beach
on the planet,
dirt and grime unto Antarctica!
Why, if a woman leaves her house half as messy
as the coal companies leave stripped mountain-sides,
the acidic vials of social disapproval&denigration°radation
are poured over her.
The lazy slut.
I beat her 'cause she didn't keep the house clean.
(Does your forearm get to beat you when he's unhappy
with your work?)
She's not a very good housekeeper, you know,
(with that prune-mouth purse
meaning
she's bad, bad.)
a selfish bitch.
And Peabody
is served
with luxury.

LYNNE EMILY PAGAN