

An 11 year sunspot peak in 1977
 I keep on saying
 the weather will change
 rusty iron fronds of bracken
 broken & crumbled, beaten down.
He says the jet stream is hanging slack
 but the year should bring it round
 to a firmer rhythm.
 In Wales this will inevitably mean
 more rain. It always
 does. The rivers black,
 pouring out their coal. The people black,
 silica-lunged, hacking & spitting.
 Kestrel quiver-winged hovering
 over the black pyramid of the tip
 an amphitheatre of massive infill
 that threatens the little caravan house,
 the movietown bungalow where
 the potter sits
 making frames & tinting pictures
 the liberated waves breaking on
 the coal tide of Calvinism.
 Feeling my back warm as the sun strikes
 through the glass partition
 watching her work;
 that clever, adept business with the hands.
 Coal slides & moves beneath us, distant quakes
 shimmer the plate
 electricity
 jumbles in the cracks.
 Ropes of hail
 turn yellow & white
 in the brilliant sun
 bend of the bow
 over the black gold
 bend of a man's back
 roofing the world
 digging away its old lives
 preserved in carbon.
 Turn it to
 any use, make out of it
 food, furniture, rooves, endless fuels,
 glasses, plastics, a construction kit
 for an entire new universe
 the erotic cabinet
 full of switches, the green grid cycling
 giant hub locked to the sky
 gathering lachrymose lusts
 out of the cosmic wobble. An entire star cluster's
 chatter arriving down the photon-driven tube.
 Each step
 leaves a black print
 the fallen snow
 of no consistency
 the trees outlined
 in white.

Bobby Byrd

POEM FOR THE RIDGID TOOL CALENDAR GIRL

It is Easter Week, and still I must sing
about the self that plays havoc with sleep:

Lady with the smooth brown skin,
you rise from the blue flowers and grass
like the Goddess from the fertile sea.

I tell you, of the old Gods, Bacchus
springs upon his golden legs to frighten
the voices of my woman-learned knowledge.

He touches my penis while I bathe.
I touch his. He remembers me.
He teaches me truths so I will see

to measure the acts and exercise
I must ask myself to do. I am afraid.
What other commerce may we seek?

Will we hold our hands and breath
on a single day of this wonderful earth?
Jesus and Judas, I'm told, did the same,

having learned their roles, they played
their parts, knowing full well the taste.
You rise from the blue flowers.

I would touch the place you advertise.
I would climb your body, undoing strings
of fortune. I'll reward myself with death.

Bobby Byrd

THE STORY OF MARRIAGE

Once upon a time
a long while ago
there was a man

Who received all
blessings under the sun.
Yet, he missed

Something essential:
there was no place
to practice his gift.

So he asked God
for the blessing of Death:
God gave him a woman.

But other people
tell the story
differently.

Once upon a time
a long while ago
there was a woman

Who received all
blessings from the earth.
Yet, she missed

Something essential:
there was no place
to practice her gift.

So she too asked God
for the blessing of Death:
God gave to her a man.

Because of these stories
children are now baptized
in their mother's blood

And from these stories
did wise Solomon first
create his eternal Seal.

May these two persons
who marry today
practice their gifts

In Holy Matrimony
so that God may
grant them Peace.

Amen.

--for the Marriage of
Peter & Murchie Aller
19 June 1976

Bobby Byrd

READING A DEAD FRIEND'S BOOK ON CHRISTMAS EVE

I'd do it your way
if I could, my friend,
but I can't, me the proud one
to see my name in the book
of your dying days

simply:

Noah's Ark,
pigs & cows & horses,
dolls & magic necklaces,
Christmas Tree,
Santa Claus,
Susannah & John,
Baby Jesus, Baby Jesus

& you, these poems
with your eyes
always full
even now
always full

Silent Night, Noel.

THE SLIDE

torn through a cliff
by the ocean where tiny
purple flowers
iceplant you explain
flourish
and you make furrows
with a stick in the sand
before heading north
another plan

HIGHWAY ONE

pull down highbeams
dim the dial
what of it?

goin' down
with Heart River pasts

evidence
of night
wherever I hit

everyman's news
getting through (oh

that line
any
so possible

MODAL

so there a why
no where answers to
West
Texas highway songs
whirring
quiet night micro
life
all things must pass

Michael Rumaker

EARTH

The skies have a lot
of hair in them -
the light in the eyes!
Old and young combed faces
ground-lit
and yet a farmer
in a toothed field
flicks his whip lightly
over the horns of his ox
walking into the clouds

"I believe in religion not magic or science I believe in
society as religious both man and society as religious"

- Charles Olson

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First, class mail

Buzz o'er

Special Eliza Doolittle / Dick Higgins

Negative Implication Bezoar

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June 1977

cast, in order of appearance:

Vincent Ferrini

Chris Torrance

Maria Gitin

Bobby Byrd

David Gitin

Michael Rumaker

and, a special guest star
still shining

"But they have no snorkels."

-Dick Higgins, Die Fabelhafte Getraume Von

Taifun Willi