

and Teachers

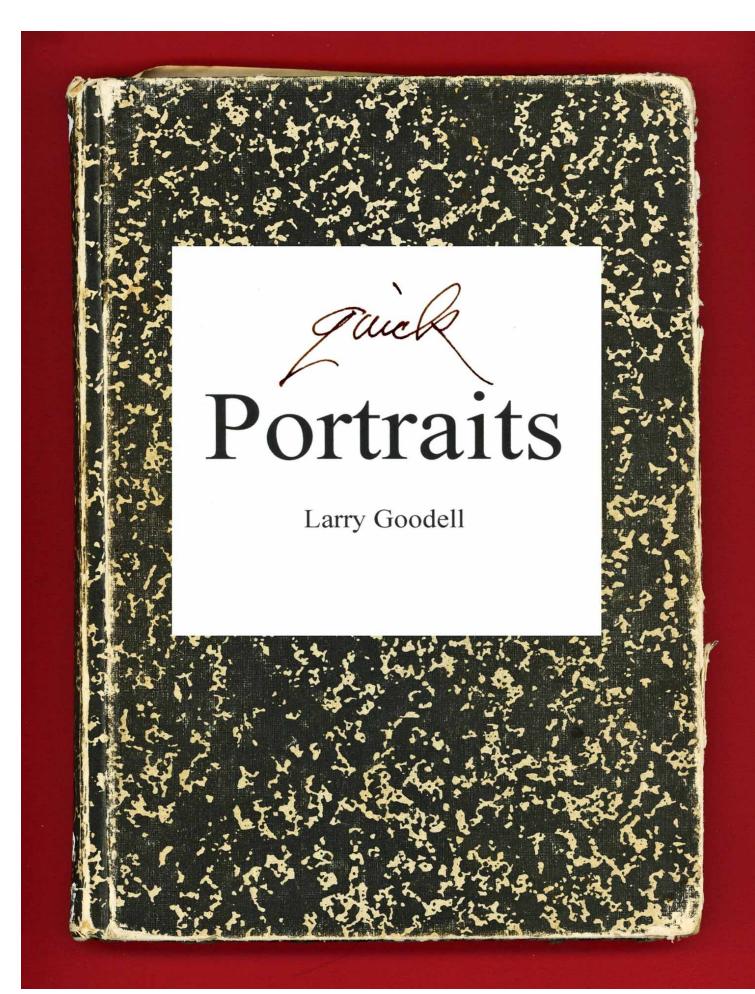
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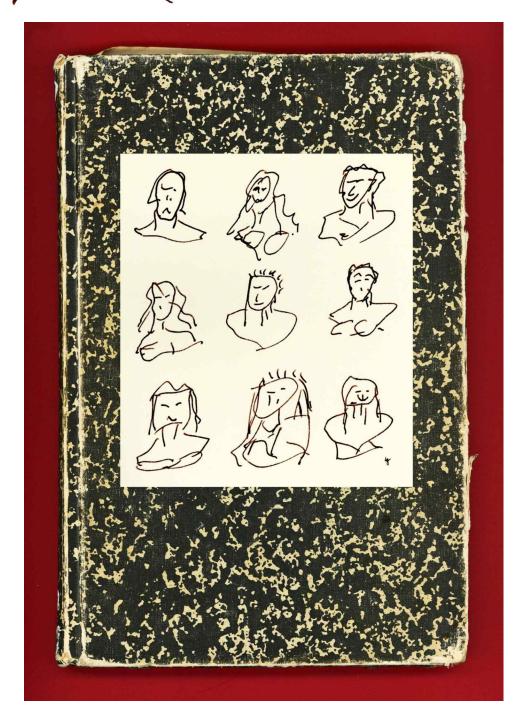
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Critical Pause

Those second thoughts – are they murder to the poem?

Jaick Portraits



from Notebook #27 Jan-early Feb 1979 Larry Goodell

Carl

The epitomes of the epitome are the epitome of the epitome. And how did we go on so long not knowing how to go? We went we did – we went.

WE ARE GONE.

Gus

Cheap sapphires will bring us no purloins, but purring loins will.

Gino

Your attire is my attire. Our attire is ours.

Tom

Bukowski skies cows – butts rams.

Pancho

Development is development of the involution of is. Isness is sacrosanct.

Bill

Magenta Pearlman lover of Asculapius the women send for Priapus as you.

Lenore

I knew it would come true and it did – Betsy Smith in the bookstore laughing about sweat. And it did when it did it and does when it does it.

The Sound of Music

The sound of music – mystical toes dancing. No! – downright feet.

To a Woman

Your breasts are my allignment in paradise.

Literature

Literature – the sheepskin pure inviolable swell of the head over the body.

I think with my body's thinking head.

Steve

The body's decay is hooray! I'm here for a day or in a way a long long day.

Sigi

Typed windows look out on gargantuan Chinese customers. Where the money comes it goes – and sews the holes around – the buttonholes.

Geary

Late at night we do what is right. Early in the day we pray for the end of day. Spirits come out at night and cling to our voices. Clattering clinging caking each other with our songs.

Drum

A cowboy if so far is by a star early Venus in the morning Jupiter at night.

John

The spirit's song clasps upon itself.

The isness of the song the nonexistence of itself.

To a Man

Your heart beats out to the fingertips and back again. I follow like a faint drum.

Lee

Your head in spirals gonads go leap caught form

is the merry extension of content – rocked heart low.

Lorn

Grace, ultimately a race to the finish.

Amaryllis blooming buoyantly.

(6Feb79)

Terry

Sou flee Souflé Hors d'oeuvres Today!

Miki

While style still lives Style still lives.

Beverly

Songs divide songs from songs – Division supreme!

Extraneous in cream!

Satisfaction guaranteed!

Statues

Each day the frozen statue of love is found to be alive. Such be they all.

Intellectuals

Sex is the only thing that brings intellectuals down to earth or a collision with reality.

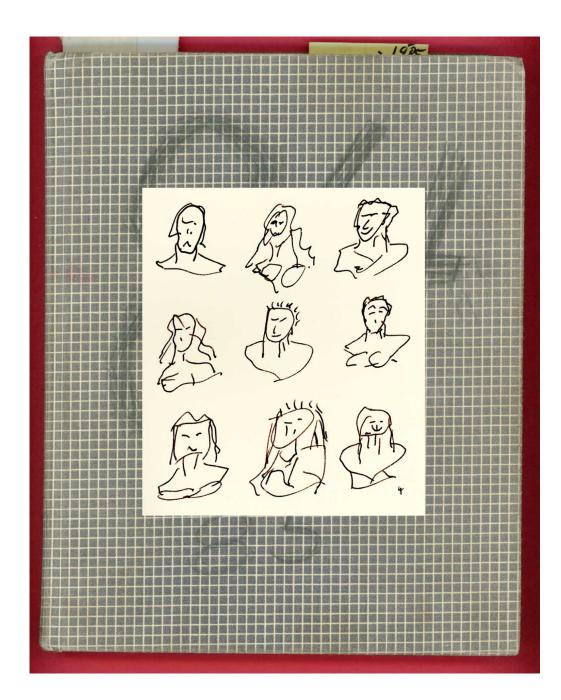
Interim

Dark jeweled the promise is EVERYWHERE clean your pens you stinker.

Autobiography

I don't write anything more than myself. the promise is AUTO BIOGRAPHY, a car given by a massive ego. An ego so big it refuses to care for anyone but everybody – a driver bigger than itself not thinking of itself JUST DRIVING that ole mean car that ole carcass that ole lumbering carcass home

Teachers



from Notebook #32 late November 1984 Larry Goodell

Philip Whalen –

he taught me all that I know and then some.

Robert Creeley-

he taught me all I didnt know and then some.

Gertrude Stein-

she taught me all I know about the social graces, she taught me electric etiquette, she taught me who to know.

Max Finstein-

he taught me all I know about mud. It's all mud, he said. This is New Mexico.

Ken Irby–

he taught me all I cannot know and then some and smoothed it over with warm impressions that last.

Robert Duncan-

who carries all the faces of a poet, all the bodies, the histories, the mirrors the magic of this instant who teaches me he is always alive, and sings opening casques.

Charles Olson-

who towered over scraps of paper and brot to life the walrus and the bear– he taught me bite big, bite it all.

Ann Quin–

She is my next of kin the sister I never had and I the brother she had had. She taught me to be ruthless to yourself ruthless in your writing.

Jack Spicer-

he taught me never to open the door but let it open of its own accord and it is a bombshell that willknock you out of your dream.

Allen Ginsberg-

if honesty can save the human race and that's the only thing that ever will– honesty embroidered with imagination.

Judy Grahn-

she taught me to be tight with poems that bite she taught me to understand the terrifying graces in all different places.

Lenore Schwartz-

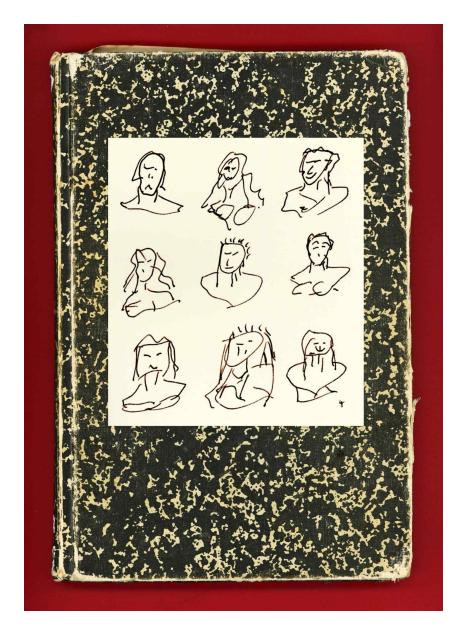
She taught me to look for guts – and not be satisfied with schmaltz or shmucks.

Drum Hadley-

he taught me to rope the Poet Lariat, he called the voices out of the deserts out of hills and the water – he tanked up song and let it out with a whoop & a foray!

Keith Wilson-

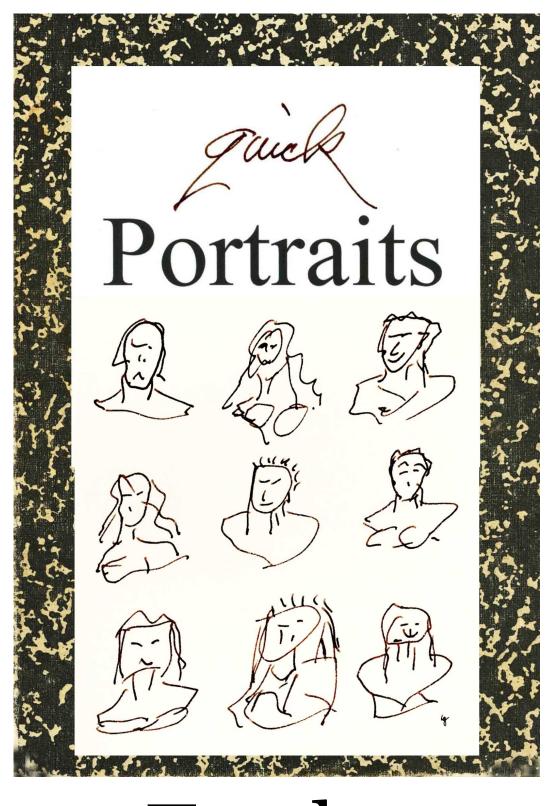
he was the old voice the bear voice in newest everyday now, he taught me to bear with it and it will tell the story.



192 **刘林王**郎母母弟弟弟弟弟 編麟 總織 鐵錢 國顧問 國課



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