

1975

Silent Canto

Horace Coleman

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I lead you into the house, where we lie on the floor.
I rub your hands over my body.
Lucifer, the Apocalypse is over.
I am the First, the Last
and you are nothing. . . . Hold me.

Silent Canto / Horace Coleman
for Ezra Pound

fallen
the last petal
from our sour
cherry tree
floats on
turned earth

the roots
go deeper
now
the tide
in Venice
lifts

In an Office of English / Ron Welburn

in bookcase of yon . . .
steeled in reflecting black
leroi jones sits

absent of langston and
alone of our long singers
his 'dead lecturer' catfished

against the enclosure
dovetailed to coleridge's
mariner, awakening that

sensation of floating, that
tingling of seas. is it he hanging
from someone's neck?