

1975

In an Office of English

Ron Welburn

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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?

does his presence persist
though cornered from his lecturers
despising the meaning of him?

on the shelf, awaiting
the burial of words, his eyes
pierce the mast as they

do the spirit. he is an
example, we see; a training unit
for the contempt of style

he is assigned his floorward place
in the mind, but in space
his regal power knows no time.

The Silent Songwriter of Our Apocalypse / Reginald Lockett

for James Washington Blake

He's got a high stepping Texas Hop
in his walk
an old-time bottleneck blues in the
way he talks & countless records of
events & unheard of songs in the
expression on his ageless face.
Collages of gutbucket truths &
revelations persist in his
endless gaze.

He's the silent songwriter
of our Apocalypse.
He keeps a Big John de Conqueror
root in his hip pocket & a
lodestone hidden
neatly away in his vest.

The golden radiance of his smile
dances pass trembling veils & travels
far beyond the comprehension of
reddish clouds in the hot pinkness of
warm evening skies.