

re: Play

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*Nothing happens for the first time. . . .
To make it new is to make it recur.*

- Norman O. Brown

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Nothing happens for the first time Norman O. Brown

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Encore

*God how I loved the feel of her
the rhythms moving us chord by chord
into each other while I tried to learn
her hardest lesson, her song, by heart:
how to love without desire,
hope, expectation, or her.*

Audition

The same seawind that beats the cypress
back toward the Mendocino headlands

whispers among the giant redwoods
whistles through the bristlecone

rushes across Death Valley's
brittle sage and three days later

breaking against the Chiricahuas
these last reaches of the Sierra Madre

spills her Pacific waters on this
high desert valley bringing autumn's

chill and your primordial scent
here where most of the year the rivers

run dry and the heart is expected to keep
good time wound up with thorns and reptiles

Plot

The tantrists say the lover, looking in the eyes of his beloved, must visualize the goddesses he needs to carry himself out of his dreadful mind and body.

That's the easy part. What's difficult, once I've gone behind the image you make in candlelight, behind the self-reflection in your eyes, to see you where you live,

is coming back unable to bring you with me or going wherever you might go through mine or just staying put loving one another embodied in this time for what we do to and for each other and who we are with eyes closed in each other's arms here even when we're somewhere else.

Type-cast

I open your book and pieces of my life fall out
amazingly intact, the brittle facts restored
with strange upholstery, the skeletons fleshed out
articulating events I feel I must have lived
though I've seen them only through your proverbial eyes.

These printed sheets unfolding your particular colors,
the instants of your life, remind me how thin
personal history is, how easily the fearful
symmetry resurfaces in faces glimpsed,
bodies barely touched, the past imperfect imposed
on the present tense. If they burst into flame, these pages
could not insist more plainly that we have known each other
forever, sharing our innermost secrets, our intimate
ineffable selves

—but then you break the narrative,
disappear into untold episodes of lovers
making love to a second person plural you,
cutting the whole cloth of our possibilities
into a patchwork affair or period piece at best,
leaving me to wonder if characters like us
can ever touch one another except in signatures
bound together in some unauthorized version.

Backdrop

Painstakingly
on all fours
slithering
when need be

seeing like bats
in the dark
 a few words
 a short tune
pushing back
the shadows

Strike flint to oil
Mix the pigments

No man here
since me

crescents
circles

equilateral
triangle
point down
bisected

ellipsis
a thin line
down the middle

hands

infinity signs

redundant curves:
water, bird,
lightning, snake

crosses

stickmen:
five limbs

sometimes a head

the horned and hooved
muscles tensed
eyes alive
 in rut
 in labor

I try to keep
you in mind
but in this
echoing silence
this sputtering flame
feel alone

on the way up
don't dare look back

Bemused

The sight of you after all these years,
the sound of your voice, the sense of your words
remembers me and should be like
spring rain to a man lost in the desert,
but it's been dry too long, too long
since I allowed myself to walk
these winding paths trailing you
elusive as moths on a moonless night,
watching the darkness pretend to brighten,
a leaf to sway in the direction
you had passed, catching your essence
on the blossoms you touched — more pungent
than their small perfumes. In those days,
I had thick dark hair, quick ears and
blood unclouded by misconceptions,
failures, stipulations served up
with their inevitable deaths.

I'll never know why you passed me by.
It's true I never could have played
those airs that led you over the edge,
but he at least had someone's word
that you were there; I had only
hints, whispers and fantasies,
no way to know shadows from shades,
a dream from a Dream, no promise
from either that bitch goddess or her
consort that you would follow me
out of that snakepit into the sun.

Now you appear in the flesh.
Once I would have been torn apart
by the audacity of my vision
but having grown at this late date
used to ignoring artful women
I find myself too old for these games
and you too beautiful to believe.

Trademark

Mirror images separated before birth,
spirited down diminishing tunnels behind the stone
eyes of the two-faced god, returned in the dark of the moon
blind as the scales of the goddess by what may be not chance

we face one another through the edges of our presumed
identities, tentative fingers reaching across
the sacred line by which our respective tribes mark
their common grounds and justify their differences,

the no man's or woman's land where making signs
under cover of darkness we place offerings
in trust come morning we'll find them exchanged like for like
among the headless bodies and bodiless heads.

Quick Study

Think of me as your Third Eye.
I have been where you have been
face to face with the primal pair
involved in our family romance
before the first word was uttered
at the end of the white rainbow,
scouring the deserts when they were oceans
searching out the geologic
faults of your beloved coastline
when they were merely ragged edges
of continents drifting toward each other.

Think of me then as you inside out,
your pineal consciousness
meandering through the silvery mists
where Albion meets Avalon:
the unexpected ghost in your heart
the half-life you dreamed at eight
the unmentionable touch at nine
the eye you tried to hide from lovers
the unbeautiful eye that looks inside
the red-rimmed eye where the sun is lost
reaching into the acid-etched mirror
breaking through the engendering codes
behind our long love affair with the earth
tasting the hot tongue of your ancient
witness, your black Irish soul,
the lover who left you for another
nightmare, the brother you never had
between your damp and quivering thighs
the man who mistook you for himself
the man you mistook for someone else
both of you thinking he was not you
because you were burning too bright to see.

Comic Relief

Remembering how last fall
Holding the hard green calyx
Behind the scarlet pliant fruit

Testing it first with my tongue
Then with pursing lips, my teeth
Barely touching the taut skin

I sucked the sweet persimmon pulp
From its bursting tip until my cheeks
Filled out so full I had to swallow,

I come again to the easy conclusion
That this soft Persian luxury
Not the hard-skinned thrifty apple

Must be the fruit of Ishtar and Eve.
Now persimmons are out of season,
Nowhere to be found, not even the firm

Temptingly dark ones you think might
Ripen at home but whose flesh regardless
Of how you treat them puckers the lips

Leaving your mouth full of bitter
Aftertaste. Praise be for mangoes.
Even the *supermercado* in Minneapolis

Has them this time of year. Red
Yellow or green, ready or not,
I'm saved: pulling back the skin

I lower my face into this sweet
Revelation; closing my eyes
Holding on with both hands

Throwing etiquette to the wind
I give myself up to lusciousness
Sucking the slippery substance, kneading

It with my urgent tongue, my lips

Feeling the cuttlefish seed at the center,
The tantalizing resilience, give up

Its tropical succulence, smearing
The sticky juice on my nose and chin,
The filaments caught like hairs in my teeth.

Pillow Talk

You of course will call it love and I
afraid to rope it in like a calf for its first branding
will say I don't know what to call it.

I will say there is something I don't know what
my words can only make it small and you of course being
more familiar with the heart will call it love.

I will know in my heart it is not this, not that but try
to please you with metaphors and similes: moonlight
cupped in the hand, flight that only exists as wings in motion.

You will point to the stars coming up each night, rivers joining
the resurgent tide, the ache of flowers to become fruit and you
will call it love.

I will fall silent wanting not to lose in a generosity of words
the delicate mystery of feeling. You will think me sullen, try
to tease me out of it and that too call love.

I will say it is like parallel lines converging at infinity,
the opposite sides of squares becoming round, not to be
confused with the flesh and blood that embodies it,
the desire of a moment, appetite that is satisfied and dies.

You will grow somber speaking of flames rekindled, the seasons'
rise and fall, life itself consisting of moments, calling it love
that gives each moment birth.

I will say Andreas and Marie having nothing better to do
would have delighted in what they would call this sweet dispute.
You will counter with Medb and Ailill, Penelope and Ulysses,

ask what better use could be made of their time together.
Than talking about it? I will ask, and you will say,
than knowing what they're talking about.

I will say I'm at a loss for words, the cat will have my tongue,
touch being the only language in which I understand
your meaning and you of course will purr and call it love.

Refrain

In the pale pre-dawn I reach across to you
but you are still asleep. I lay my palm in the lush
curve of your waist, my finger tips barely reaching
the soft rise of your belly. It's all I can do not
to slip my hand down the smooth pelvic slope
below your congenial hip, my middle finger slowly
parting the pliant passage where the inner thigh
meets your pubic mound, sliding gently over
the curling hair into the cleft of you still wet
from last night. Instead, not wanting to wake you
even to love, invoking all the husband gods,
I practice due restraint, in time doze off content
to wait, remembering the way in your own time
you open to me, unfolding layer after layer,
resurgent flesh drawing me in deeper and deeper
I fall asleep puzzling over the word *refulgence*.
Then the wind pulls a platinum blue sun
over the eastern mountains igniting the western peaks,
a waking finch hazards a tentative chirp,
you murmur a reply nestling your back
against my chest as dawn gives us back our bodies.

In the Wings

You don't write,
call, wire, send
pigeons, rainbows, camels
you don't say why,
what, who, when,
you don't you don't

I flood the mails
of various countries,
UPS, Western Union
(now there's an idea),
radio shows, flower
shops in several cities
with simple messages:
Hello. Thinking of.
How are, is. Every
little. Doing what?
About? When? You name it.

In my mailbox nothing
as far as I can see,
nothing to put my hands on,
a museum piece whose gaping
mouth I reach into daily:
a runaround by Escher,
the modern wing, Dali,
di Chirico, room after
room, the recent past
black on black on black,
the foreseeable future
Bosch, then hieroglyphics,
animal heads on stiff
humanoid bodies, carved
boxes, tons of sand

Pantomime

I gnaw on the knuckle of your absence
crack it open enter the hairline
fracture descend the deep rift

with spectroscopically pure x-ray vision
investigate the odd angles

the white splinters the jagged ends
Divine nothing. There is no marrow.

Behind tight skin my useless lips
I beat the aching drum of my tooth
worry it sick with my tongue

my second sight blind in the pulsing
rhythm of you not here



Keeping time Losing touch
Up and down Back and forth

rhapsode episode

I work my snake-eyed wand

mark of the blind
seer physician thief

Shuttling through the weaving pattern

woof and warp
lock stitch unstitch

I exercise my walking stick
my threadbare story
 my motley garment
 my Irish penance
 my raveled life



Hopscotch A spinning top
Skip rope No hope

Toss out jacks Pick up sticks
Mumblety peg Lonely bed

Somersault My fault
Bounce the ball Chase my tail

Teddy bear Solitaire
Games played One by one



I stand on one leg close one eye
flap one arm gabble trumpet
squawk and prophesy the bleak the nowhere



Like cotton candy
I spin and spin
I breathe out
 I breathe in
 conceits pour
 from my pores

Concentrating
the power left
I dervish myself
 a whirling eft
 a spinning top
 a luminous egg

Inside the blur
my heart goes numb
I cross my arms
 I suck my thumb
 My eyes turn to smoke
 I speak in tongues



Like the blind I live in a sea of time
between your voice and touch

Take Three

Actually, it's kind of cute,
you in his arms, me alone,
an empty space over our heads,

you in my arms, him alone,
an empty space in the left corner
where the heart would normally be,

all of us alone, disarmed,
wondering when all three of us
at once will spin off from sheer

velocity into a next dimension
or simply wobble out of kilter,
indiscreet objects weighted

unequally or collapse to a single
plane line or period
snuffing out our particular dreams

or lie here on location
armed to the teeth, triangulated
viewpoints defining a vicious circle.

First Cut

Don't you just hate it when the weather
conspires with the moon to throw
everything out of round? April
is just too weird. It was hot,
already summer a month early,
the passion flower and lizards out
already, the apples past full bloom.
Then after our talk on the phone
the wind turned cold the sky grey and the rain
blew in out of the northwest
entirely out of season; my heart
leaving a cave the size of Portland
fell halfway to the Forbidden City
to sit among the primal microbes
tormented by monkeys with steeltrap jaws
cold as Hell who poke at it,
bite out pieces and fart them
back to earth signed *With love.*

Properties

I'm trying to understand
"male pattern despair"
this predisposition to die
inside the inflated forebrain
pinched by your recession
as naturally as the forehead
capitalizes upon
the hairline receding toward death.

Speaking of which, I do
understand his bottom line,
his threat if you should back out
to go into final closure.
I think I understand too
your interest in saving
him from bankruptcy,
protecting your investment
by not withdrawing the good
faith offer you made him
to underwrite his venture,
overcompensating
present demands due
to unresolved past debts.
May even understand
the give and take by which
abused beauty keeps on
giving: like Janis said,
another piece of my heart.

But this is not a fair trade
trade fair or mutual fund.
His claim on you is nothing
less than emotional blackmail
or cheap protection racket
that doesn't engage your talents
or psyche wholeheartedly,
an expense of spirit you
can ill afford. At best
(if you're not very lucky
which you usually aren't)
you end up selling yourself

short and buying dear,
losing your shirt, pants and
self-respect in the bargain.

Not having a life myself
I can't pretend to be
a transactional analyst
or investment counselor,
not even a businessman,
but as one sincerely
trying to understand
your long term needs (and male
pattern despair) I have to
believe that you could get
the far better return
you deserve simply by taking
advantage of the present
bullish market to move
your liquid assets into
a premium shared account.
We're not talking hostile
takeovers here or junk bonds
but high yield futures
with built-in equities
not to mention all
the peripheral bennies
like meetings of minds and other
customer satisfactions.

Tech Run

I sit inside knowing you must be with him
wherever you are whoever he is but down
this street they're beating another man to death
a block away they're raping another girl
whole nations are being liquidated next door
under a crudity that smothers the oceans,
refined, dissolves the sky, so what you're doing
to me with him is insignificant
and we're alone in any case locked in
our first person singular I do understand
perfectly I can't disagree despite
this wrenching in my guts this clenching hatred
wringing my heart twisting my serpentine mind.

Credits

Oh shit. You're never going to believe this
isn't just another line of hormone-happy conceits
baying the moon, one more sentimental male cop-out.
All those years of loving disappointments, of serial
despair, have built such walls that even simple hope takes more
than Kierkegaardian leaps can accomplish, more than Jamesian will
alone can do. We are the children we were warned against
who cut our eye teeth juggling Hitler and Love, who learned
to crawl under the newsreel eyes of Hirohito, Stalin
and FDR. Now we're in the realm of Sartre and Camus
the justice courts of Kafka and Lacan the virtual hands
(Okkam help us) of Ouspensky and Vico. In this program
Heidegger plays Hermes, Schopenhauer becomes our Atlas,
Sorel our Vergil, Arendt the Sybil and Heisenberg's principled shadow
falls like a scrim before all our gestures and attitudes.

Teaser

How do two people with so much in common
so collective an unconscious
come together consciously
in good conscience as they say
without misreading or misleading
in this day and age of gender
bending animosity
when texts lie in tactical layers
when being just friends just won't do.

How might two psyches recombine
despite the piecemeal way we have
to go at it, depending on what's in the dumpster,
eyes glistening toward the light,
sticky tongues and antennae
trembling from overload
as we lift the rusty lid
to find our bag lady lying inside.

It's hard to rebuild the heart from scratch
hard to forget what never happened
write off what never will be.
What am I supposed to do
with this history your hands have
written in me, this emptiness
you filled so beautifully, these nameless
things that visit me at night?

Argument

It's often true (at least of things we like:
a loaf, a cup) that half is better than none.
But half of even a double rainbow, even
at dawn, is less than one; and half a kiss
— your lips' impression, say, on cards and letters,
even with the best intention — is still
less than one hand clapping, a promise unkept.

Besides, I dream too much about Nazis these days,
the Salamander loose in a landscape of burning
books, the pledgeclass lockstepping out of Georgia
under his impish grin, under God,
the ghost of Liberty, her once-exposed breast removed
for security reasons, leading the way, waving the once-proud
banner of blood-red stripes and bone-white pentangles
right past the red insides of that watermelon
green body hanging by the road north to the House.

So yes, let's try without denying whatever this is
between us — consanguinity, shared conscience,
cohabitation of psychogeotemporal space,
incarceration for our bad language habit —
to *love* without falling *in*, if that's possible,
electing to humor our affinities, making
a virtue of this apparently happy coincidence,
offering one another not peace of mind
(a consummation not likely when lovers, since nothing
human is alien, can't be expected to be
less cruel to each other than they are to themselves),
but two-way committed open-channel communication,
a chance to know one another as deeply as we care
to go into our selves, to delight and empower each other,
enriching our work in the world, to have and to hold and to be
someone to count on when things get just two crazy.

Ex Machina

One on the rimrock
above the still desert

One on the windy crag
above the restless ocean

One meeting one
in the shining air

beaks and talons
locked together

rising and falling
tumbling and soaring

heart and soul
body and mind

wing over wing
eye to eye

Aside

Wouldn't that have been something,
clinging there in the otherwise empty air
wings whirring with absolute satisfaction
our songs pure nectar on each other's tongues

Tableau

Here we are becoming memories again
frail as dreams fragile as feelings fleeting as thought
as flimsy as principles that shadow the killing field
as we approach the sunset a mutilated angel
tongue out on our knees to take the appointed miracle.

Program

While tending to believe the world is set up
so we will live only once (*we* being more
assembled package than body parts), and so
not denying that past events and people,
including ourselves as we recollect them,
are merely images of ghosts of beings
so temporary so unbearably light
it's hard, no matter how ugly or beautiful
their deeds, however much we consecrate
their memories, to even think of them
in the same breath with responsibility.

(Who can blame the butterfly's stealing of nectar
for the global shortage since then or praise
the dragonfly's perfect voracity for a certain
absence of itching we enjoy because
that carnal appetite was satisfied
feeding on even more fleeting lives?)

Even if the world, unlike us,
picking up density and velocity
making quantum leaps through cloud chambers,
endures in time and space subject to cause-
effect and other moral imperatives,
even if the fathers weren't without sin,
who can blame us for things before we were born?

Nonetheless, not trusting coincidence,
and pretty sure that what goes around comes around,
rehearsing the moves from there and then to here
the steps from here to where and now to next
I'm trying (without getting blown away in mental
freefall or lost in pointless repetition
like that woman running off at the mouth
pushing her cart around the convenience store
parking lot, or that spaceman who packs his bag
religiously every morning then sits all day
watching the buses come and go), I'm trying
to renegotiate the terms of living
in eternity here now: feeling
the burden of all the words in our heads (the meanings

bearing down on us from before our conception,
this world of everything speaking its own name),
as well as coming to terms with the obligation
to share in this spiraling world of eternal return,
this endless epiphany of our fluent selves,
alive as one alone can never be
where temporal matters have become concrete
universals, each with specific gravity
each with its particular enchantment
where the squashed bug begs the question
forever and eventually even the butcher
must ask himself the point of killing again
the lover the point of jumping off again
where we have learned not to laugh too hard
meeting ourselves coming around again.

Score

But fuck all this philosophy
and time-weighted wordplay.
Lady, I'm so tired of games.
Death has me by the throat already
and you too I suspect.
Look. Here's how it is:
the sexual revolution lost
the social revolution co-opted
the psychedelic revolution
subverted by hip entrepreneurs
media moguls and pop gurus.

Who can forget that woman who walks
among the moonlit acacias crying
for lost lovers lost brothers lost sons?
Who can be happy that those we love
and love itself sicken and die?
Who can escape La Chingada
slipping across the midnight desert
to hex the works of laboring men?
Who can find peace and happiness
making necessity a virtue?

We knew from the get-go that nothing
conventional was going to work
especially now when there's no chance
of making a home together having
children together touching except
very long distance. Burnt fingers,
bruised egos, deconstructed
hearts still convalescing from failures
attacks and multiple by-passes:
demons surround the blue lotus
the blood swarms with god's own vermin
forked tongues caress the Rose of Sharon
betrotting her to dark-eyed lovers
etcetera etcetera

ad nauseam. The question is,
given all this run-of-the-mill
catastrophe, this screenplay

fantasy and variations,
will you can you do you,
will I can I do I
recognize something different happening here
some flicker of light against normal subspace
something impalpable improbable
but nonetheless capable of transfixing us
transposing us out of the ordinary dead end,
transfiguring us zipping us together
from either side of our Pacific slope
the slippery truths of our declining years
and if so, are we finally going to let it happen?

Turning Point

I am not talking to the Muse
I am not talking to the Goddess
I am not talking to myself
I am talking to you

*“Where is the man, you asked,
man enough to love?”*

I understand, there is
a tide in the affairs
of women, *y entiendo
que no maduros esten
los mangos, la fragancia
no apropiada,
y que esta agua no es
para chocolate,*
but I ask you

*Where is
the woman woman enough
to meet his love when offered?*

Endnotes

Nothing happens for the first time: Norman O. Brown, *Love's Body* (NY: Vintage, 1966), p.207.

Plot. out of this. "It is the fate of Hermes that for himself and for those with him there is no chance of losing oneself. He cannot escape from memory." Karl Kerényi, *Hermes, Guide of Souls: The Mythologem of the Masculine Source of Life* (1944), tr., Murray Stein (Dallas: Spring, 1986), p.32; cf., "Always ourselves with no relief": Bruce Cockburn, "The Angel Beast" (1993).

Bemused. "the love bestowed on a poet, however briefly, by a Muse-possessed woman, heightens his creative powers to an unparalleled degree. . . . The peculiar strength of the Muse lies in her need to bestow love freely and absolutely, without incurring the least contractual obligation; having chosen a poet, she then dismisses him in favor of another, whenever she pleases and without warning. He must never count on her constancy, or her honour, or on her sympathy with his sufferings, but remain faithful beyond reason." Robert Graves, *Mammon and the Black Goddess* (NY: Doubleday, 1965), pp.146-147.

Trademark. the two-faced god. "Janus, like Hermes, is a trickster and carries a magic wand": Norman O. Brown, *Hermes the Thief* (NY: Vintage, 1969), p.38.

the sacred line. "'Crossing the boundary' was, in the eyes of the primitive Greeks, the essence of trade and economic enterprise. . . . Thus, Hermes, the god of the boundary-stone became the god of trade and craftsmanship, and, consequently, a culture hero and 'giver of good things.'" Brown, *Hermes the Thief*, p.13; also, "Ancient economics, both sacred and secular, was based on reciprocity, not on seeking advantage." Jeremy Rifkin, *Biosphere Politics: A Cultural Odyssey from the Middle Ages to the New Age* (NY: Harper, 1992), p.22. Cf. also, "A boundary is dangerous: a division in the heart," David Dean Shulman, *The King and the Clown in South Indian Myth and Poetry* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1985), p.3.

Pillow Talk. Andreas and Marie. Marie de Champagne and Andreas Capellanus. Cf., Andreas Capellanus, *The Art of Courtly Love* (NY: Columbia University Press, 1941; pbk., NY: Norton, 1969).

Medb and Ailill. Queen and King of Connaught; cf., "The Pillow Talk of Medb and Aillil," the opening scene of the *Táin Bó Cúailnge* (tr., Thomas Kinsella, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1969); and Michael Dames, *Mythic Ireland* (London: Thames and Hudson, 1992), p.239: "The word *Medb* (pronounced Maev) is cognate with the English, *mead*, the intoxicating drink fermented from the honey of flowers, including elder flowers, and associated with the English fairy queen, Mab. In Irish, Medb's name means 'The Intoxicating One'. . . . Medb of Connacht was regarded as sister to, or 'the same as' Queen Medb of Tara, whom the High King of all Ireland had to marry before he could assume the title." Thomas F. O'Rahilly (*Early Irish History and Mythology* (Dublin: Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies, 1946, p.395) says "Medb was originally the goddess-queen of Tara."

touch. . .the only language. "In touch there is embedded a profound mystery, wisdom perhaps beyond our understanding, an allegory of all our living," Jessamyn West, *Love Is Not What You Think* (NY: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1959), p.11.

Pantomime. seer physician thief. "Besides the herald (and of course the king), the priest, the necromancer, the prophetess, and the bard carried the staff as their badge." Brown, *Hermes the Thief*, p.28n. "Hermes, the archetypal journeyer, inventor of language and consort of several Great goddesses (Hecate, Brimo, etc.) is also the great go-between. . . . To him belongs the soul-conjuring wand of the wizard and necromancer. . . .the herald's staff, about which intertwine two antagonistic-loving serpents," Karl Kerényi, *Hermes*, p.77.

Argument. lovers can't be expected. Cf., "you can't expect somebody who loves you to treat you less cruelly than he would himself. The equality of love is always pretty awful. Compassion (not pity) can be a great thing but love knows nothing of it." Hannah Arendt to Mary McCarthy (7 June 1957), ed., Carol Brightman, *Between Friends: The Correspondence of Hannah Arendt and Mary McCarthy* (NY: Harcourt Brace, 1995), pp.50-51.

Program. The endless epiphany. Kenneth Rexroth, "Lute Music," *The Phoenix and the Tortoise* (1944); in *Collected Shorter Poems* (NY: New Directions, 1966), p.143.

Turning Point. Cf., "Where is the man/ man enough to love." Sharon Doubiago, "Visions of a Daughter of Albion," *Hard Country* (Minneapolis: West End, 1989), pp.89-90.

