

POEMAS



paz

BARDOS

MATRIX

bone

wings

G. SHARITS

1975

98 '75



Gregg Sharits. Photo by Craig Love.

# Gregg Sharits

## Bone Wings



Slow Tapes



Gregg Sharits, photo by Craig Love

## Preface

Gregg Sharits was likely born in 1945 in Denver Colorado. His older brother Paul (a well known experimental filmmaker) was born there in 1943. I was born in 1947 and Gregg was a year or two older so 1945 sounds about right.

I met Gregg in either late 1965 or early 1966 during my freshman year at the University of Colorado, Boulder. I had become interested in film (mostly international) and saw posters at the Student Center advertising “experimental” films. I went to a few screenings and met Gregg, John Chick and Don Yannacito who were running it at the time. Later Dana Young and I would join the group. Concurrently we were putting on light shows under the name Bardo Matrix. Either John or Gregg or both came up with the name. No one alive today really seems to know.

Through the university we had use of a Kodak 16mm Cine Special which was a big box of a camera, but worked just fine. On our limited budgets film was expensive and I remember driving to Denver to W.A. Palmer Labs and buying short ends that had been left behind by news cameramen. Often all that they had was negative film which was common in the day. Since it was expensive to have prints made part of what we shot was projected as negatives.

Gregg, John and I bought little Bolex 8mm cameras and began shooting our own “experimental” films. Many of the things that we shot were made into film loops that we could project at our Bardo Matrix light shows. I had a VW van which we used to pick up our overhead projectors and the like for our light shows all around the Boulder area. We rented barns out in the country, dance halls downtown and the like for our shows. We hired local Denver bands and put on a good show for all, similar to what was happening at the Fillmore and Avalon Ballroom in San Francisco.

In 1967 John, Gregg, myself and a few other friends piled into my VW van and set off to explore the Mesa Verde Indian ruins. The ruins were closed that day, but we decided to drop acid and climb the fence. Gregg had his little autoharp which he played in the kivas at the ruins. Everything was cosmic and great until the rangers showed up and told us to leave. it is



FEB 67



FEB 67



FEB 67



FEB 67



FEB 67



FEB 67

Trip to Mesa Verde, 1967. Gregg playing autoharp (upper right and bottom left).  
Photos by Craig Love.

hard to deal with authority in the middle of a trip! Anyway we made it out and I do have some photos from that day...

At some point John took off for Kathmandu to explore the Far East. This would eventually turn into the Bardo Matrix publishing venture with Ira Cohen, Angus MacLise and Dana Young.

After John left for Kathmandu, our joint ventures would come to an end. Gregg, Dana and I would still get together and shoot short experimental films. This would be the early 1970's and I was married with a son so our priorities became different. I did not realize it at the time, but Gregg was a bit antisocial. This can be seen in his later writings. I remember one line well: "You have your idiosyncrasies, creep, and I have mine". He did not fit in as well and Dana and I went on to become very good friends. We stayed in touch until his Dana's death in Bali in 1979.

Gregg at some time around 1973 went East to visit his brother Paul who was teaching film in Buffalo. I would later learn that Gregg would attempt suicide on his trip home. From Gregg's accounts later, he jumped out of a 4 or 6 story window of a hotel he was staying in. I believe it was in Indiana or Ohio.

In 1974 my wife and I decided to move back to the Bay Area with my son. Colorado was getting too cold and with all of the snow it was time for a change. I was stopped at a traffic light at Fifth and Market Streets in San Francisco when I saw a familiar person limping across the crosswalk. Immediately I recognized Gregg and got him into my car. This was likely 1975. He had jumped out of the window but survived. This renewed our friendship and we saw each other regularly. He got a room in a hotel on Shattuck Avenue in Berkeley and we were living in West Marin at the time.

Gregg still had the little 8mm Bolex that many of us had and he continued to shoot and splice together his films. I remember going to his room with my wife to see his projected films. He would visit us from time to time in Marin and everything seemed to be just fine.

I was working in San Francisco in the late 1970's, likely 1978. I was early that day and was having a cup of coffee and reading the San Francisco Chronicle newspaper. A few pages in was an article about Gregg who had pulled out a handgun and was waving it around in the lobby of his hotel/boarding house. I had no idea that he even had a gun, but my guess

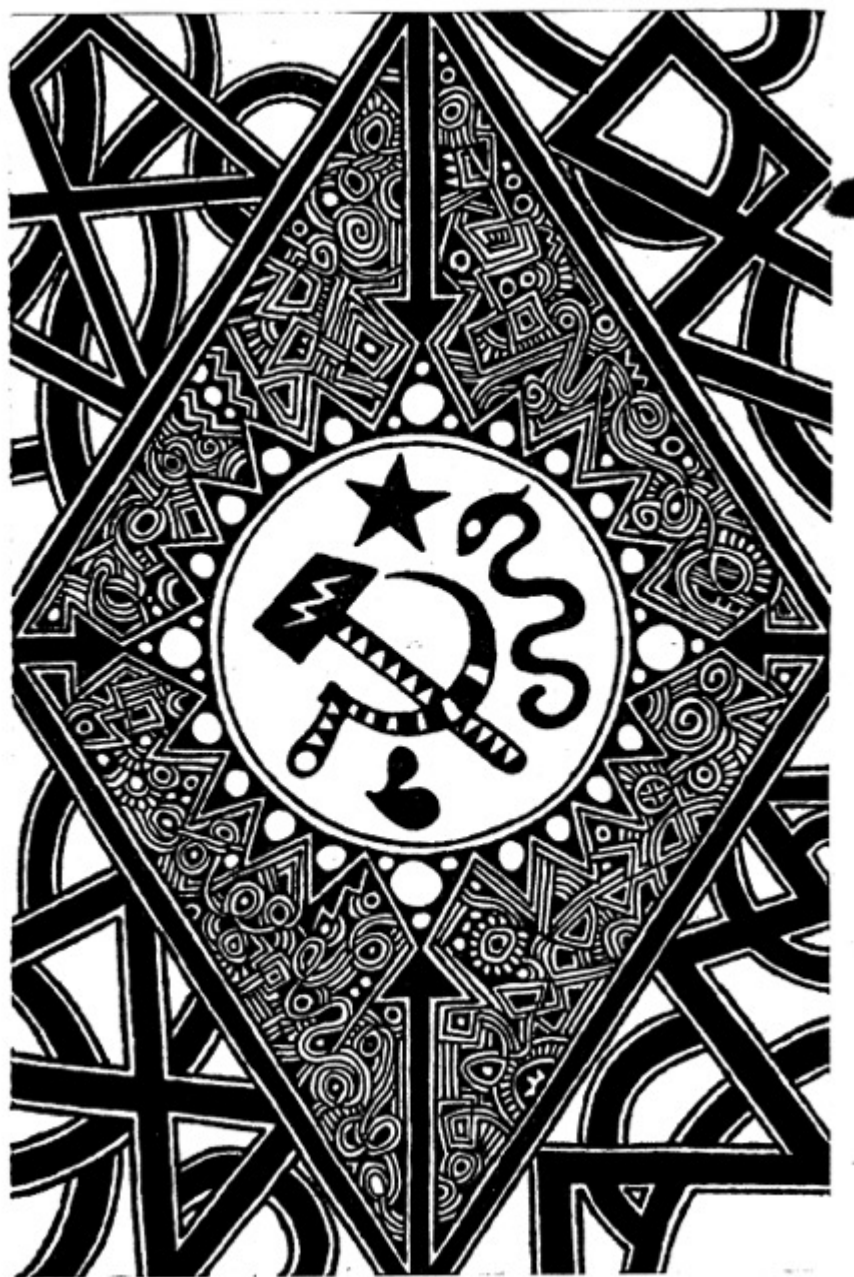
was that he was considering suicide again. The police were called and he refused to drop the gun. They opened fire and he died. I guess today it would be called "suicide by police".

I believe that his brother Paul did come out and collect Greg's belongings and films which I knew he had in his room there. it appears the Canyon Cinema or Pacific Film Archives may have his films. I have emailed them but have received no reply. Personally I do have 8mm footage of Gregg that I need to get transferred to video.

RIP Gregg who was a true artist who was living with the artist's demon inside. I hope this helps shed some light on his short life.

Craig Love. October 2015





from: Boulder Poems:  
Sept.-Dec., 1968

Love Poem 1:

light-  
bulb,  
socket  
wrench  
&  
tubing;  
a floor  
with  
walls  
&  
clean  
white  
paper  
sheets.

Love Poem 3:

the table  
top  
covered  
and  
struck  
with  
light;  
a vase  
of  
flowers  
in  
space;  
a window;  
a  
silver  
chrome  
velvet  
radio  
mouth.

Love Poem 4:

the  
yellow  
blanket  
on  
the bed;  
the glass;  
seems  
to be  
nothing  
but;  
a reflection;  
of you;  
true  
to the  
light  
of it;  
glowing  
off  
the walls.

Love Poem 8:

a.

car  
seat  
clock  
bench  
poem;  
drain  
dish  
plate  
cup &  
coffee;  
a dark  
dream  
ghost  
has  
made its  
light.

b.

this  
visit  
has  
changed  
its  
shape;  
place  
lace  
towel  
&  
face;  
blue  
water  
bowl  
with  
black  
rings.

c.

a hand  
full  
of  
color  
foto  
prints;  
white  
crystal  
pushed  
out  
cartons;  
crayons  
laid on  
the  
faucet  
sink  
branch.

LIBBY FOR REDON'S "EVOCATION OF ROUSSEL":  
(Chorale for Autoharp & Tibetan Cymbals): 6/8/69:

Prologue: "One day Jesus stopped at a rich man's door,  
what must I do to be saved!  
Sell all yr. goods & give it to the poor,  
so they laid Jesus Christ in his grave."  
--W.Guthrie: Jesus Christ.

1. All this floodin' white sunlite is gone (3)  
& now all I do is sing my song. (3)
2. The two orange cats play in the lile of the sun (3)  
& now my God & I are all but done. (3)
3. The purple flowers outside my window are gone (3)  
& all I can do is sing my song. (3)
4. So are the roses in the green of the lawn (3)  
& they've all been replaced by a big, white swan. (3)
5. The wall of the garage made of hand-laid stones (3)  
washes my face clean as the colours of roan. (3)
6. The rain falls in sheets all over the place (3)  
& comes as my mother in satin & lace. (3)
7. The two brown doors are stained by the rain (3)  
& now I have coze & I'm going again. (3)
8. The green & white lawn chair stands in the grass (3)  
& all the people fade into the past. (3)
9. The litebulb reflects off the surface of glass (3)  
& floats in the space thru which I must pass. (3)
10. The chariot descends in colours of gold (3)  
& washes the earth with stories of olde. (3)
11. The Palace of Leaves must be swept clean (3)  
as my bosom becomes one with queens. (3)
12. "God gave Noah the Rainbow Sign, (3)  
No more water but fire this time." (3)
13. The mushroom goes white & clouds the sky (3)  
& the people all chant, "Oh me, oh my" (3)
14. My God & I have let lastingly again (3)  
& it's hopeless the win amongst this sin. (3)
15. So now it's our turn with this fancy fun (3)  
& we will dance till the flames have begun. (3)
16. Then we will mount the chariot ascending (3)  
& enter the world of Love neverending. (3)
17. And all the leaves will fall to the ground (3)  
& enter the emptiness to which they all bound. (3)
18. The purple flowers outside my window are gone (3)  
& all I can do is sing my song. (3)
19. The two orange cats play in the lile of the sun (3)  
& now my God & I are all but done. (3)
20. All this floodin' white sunlite is gone (3)  
& now all I do is sing my song. (3)
21. & now all I do is sing my song (3)  
& my song is simply: Gone:Adam:Gone. (3)

Epilogue: "Everybody might be just one big soul,/Well, it looks that  
way to me -/Everywhere that you look in the day or nite./  
That's where I'm going to be,/That's where I'm going to be."  
-- W.Guthrie: Ballad of Tom Jod.

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POEM II: 4/11/69:



I wanted to make it Enormous -  
I mean, I wanted to make it stretch & roll  
from one end of the paper  
and fall off at the other:  
I wanted to make it so filled  
with Pure, White, Glowing Love  
that yu cldn't even hold it in yr. hands -  
Yu'd have to read it outside thru a window:  
I wanted to make it so Packed with Joy  
that a band of Angels wld. have to  
Scream it at yu with Megaphones:  
I wanted to make it kick thru yu  
with such a Force that  
yu'd have to spend the rest of yr. Life  
in a Mental Hospital:  
I wanted to and, By God, I cld. have done it, too:  
I cld. have made yu cry out Bouquets  
of Radiant Rainbows & Glittering Diamonds:  
Cld. have forced yu to crawl thru Deserts  
of white-hot coals into my room:  
Cld. have made yu mean prescriptions  
for tranquillizers thru a bathroom faucet:  
Hell, I cld. have done all that but,  
Oh, well, what wld. it have mattered anyway?  
What wld. it have meant, after the fact?  
I mean, why shld. I when it is so much easier,  
So much more Rational,  
So very much more Reasonable  
to simply say my prayers  
and go back to work?

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Gregory Shanks

DOWN SOUTH SUMMIT MEETING ALONG THIS LONESOME STRETCH OF ETERNITY UNFOLDING;  
(Adagio for Autoharp, Tibetan Cymbals & Tuba): 6/8/69:

Prologue: NIKHAMA: 1. In Buddhism, the state of perfect blessedness achieved by the absorption of the soule into the supreme spirit, or by the extinction of all desires & passions. 2. In Hinduism, a blowing out, or extinction, of the flame of life; reunion with Buddha.

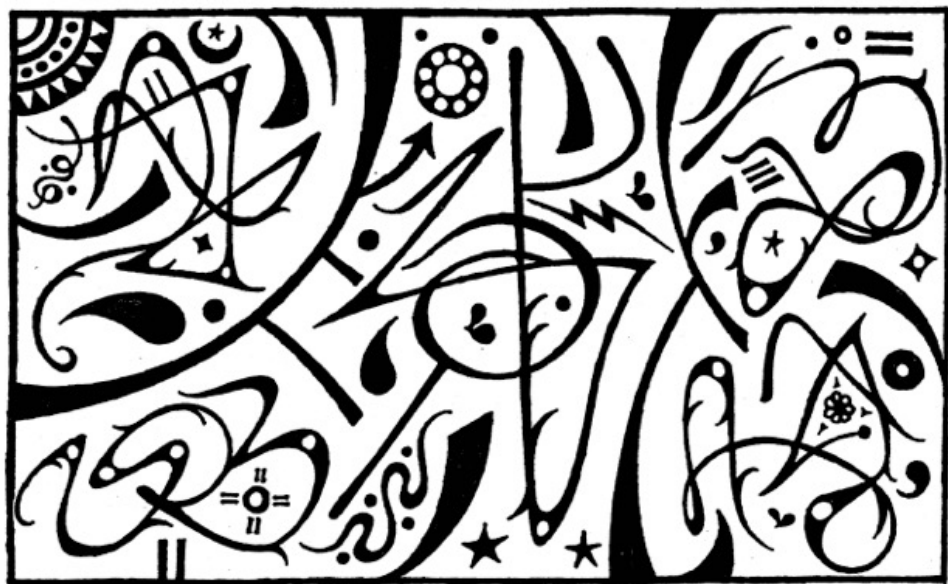
Invocation: O, Let this masked petal sing!  
O, Allow the honey bee its sting!  
O, Mouth dripping bloodiest wings!  
O, Mother of the Blackest of Kings!

Induction: Strips of highly polished silver chrome;  
Waving lines of crispy melted flesh;  
Rolling in charred lumps from skulls;  
White lines wrapped corpses in fresh loam;  
Surging orange flares & flames of foam;  
Swirling black rainbows & brass doorknobs  
Twist open & out into empty pits of space;  
Catacombs & caves bright candles & domes;  
Reins & draws the speckled horse to roam;  
Frics the spur & velvet sable towards home;  
To the hi-vaulted harmonik cherubs chanting: "Om,Om,Om!"

Song: Along this lonesome stretch of Eternity  
a meeting of opposing forces is unfolding;  
Towards what price is the skylite lit so bright  
that's paid by Greed in resolving its flight?  
Conditioned & brought forth into the fearsome fight,  
The marvel is conquering without using night;  
The lightening crackles & draws out the sight  
of two separate shadows merging at nite:  
"What froth torment & crippled nipping delite  
Makes course fluids dribble pour out-so tight?";  
The spirit falls as fast descending chinese kite  
Writhing slowly thru the dragon-shaped wight;  
The curtains close asunder with touches slight  
& melt to creamy soft lanterns chewy to bite:  
O! Endless pluvial pulse scream from the height!  
O! Curséd folds unfolding & blank cheerless plight!  
O! Victory over corrupt cloudy sunsets of noh delite!

Epilock Soft grainy-eyed bandits of majikal vision!  
Code: Lacy silk fantums of automobile crashes!  
Vacant tombéd lilies of elevator shafts!  
Creamy shamans & ebony-staffed angels!  
Hollow vortexes of morbid nightmares!  
Glitter ghosts & metal-flaked fenders!  
Rosy violet daemons & leafless dryades!  
Sacred Heart of Jesus & Passionate Buddhas!  
Save My Soule! Let This Masked Petal Sing!

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from: *Boulder Poems:*  
Sept.-Dec., 1968

The Filaments:The Faces:The Forceps:

the silver chain click razor slash:  
the dull thud metal into the brain:  
the stinking strat in the darkness:  
the glitter tooth cunt shining wet:  
the pink clean grain cunt and dark:  
the story of the old horror chamber  
where all old men clink and clanger  
to wither and waver together:clank:  
the fabulous story of delitter suck  
the water and whether the youngster  
plaster the weather to gather:wear:  
the blunt socket bath studded vats:  
rather:glare:rather:the poar stair:  
the climbing out to the empty pair:  
the walking thru the forest frying:  
frying and cooking and looking sad:  
the casting it off:the back:rather:  
the spilling it into the dull halls:  
the room:lite:bulb:white & flarings:  
the sitting in towards the windows:  
the sitting there in the day light:  
the flooding of the light on chair:  
the sitting in the flooding lights:  
the flooding slit slidding the air:  
the air flooding the room the site:  
the gun:the site:the sun:the flite:  
the song shock cock light slidding:  
the slidding into the tomb's light:  
the cocking site light the gliding:  
the sun:the light:the pun:so brite:  
the climbing the stair wards chair:  
the old magus sighs the last aires:  
the bold pious hare blue silk cunts  
glaring the white green glass glare  
the dark black chair:the empirical:  
the emperial glare:chair:the beare:  
the barrel staring into the flares:  
the flaring glaring into the blare:  
the blare blasting into the tearing  
into the shed baring the bright sun  
the ring the barrel cloud blood gun  
the clack click stung song repeater  
going black sung gone along the way  
to the silver gate spring to gather  
the light:blue phone:dial tone purr.

\*\*\*\*\*





COMBOY NIGHTMARE:  
THE PRINCIPLE:  
November, 1968:

1.  
can't  
distinguish  
this  
from that  
hill:  
that point  
blank  
wall  
against that  
dresser  
there  
(pointing):  
but of space  
star  
hair  
room  
face:  
(there):  
can't tell  
yr.gonna  
stair  
down  
or not:  
but time  
tells  
of itself  
weather  
window  
bullet  
glass:  
or did  
yu forget  
something:  
back there:  
friend?  
2.  
brown oval  
mirror  
and drawers:  
white blue  
flaked  
porcelain  
pitcher:  
at rest:  
yellowed  
lace slip  
covered:  
over all:  
on top:  
a knock:

a door  
wide open  
grinning  
mouth:  
a bowl  
(there)  
at dusk:  
sticky  
colored  
blanket  
spittin'  
and  
touchin'  
leather  
casing  
with  
black  
chrome  
vinyl  
sipper.  
3.  
do yu  
mind:  
at all  
thereof  
and  
after  
wards  
fills  
the  
tank  
(glancing)  
with  
pouder  
water  
mix:  
(thereof)  
bowing  
back  
wards  
arcing  
wax  
caking  
itself  
as  
tiny  
fine  
metallic  
pins  
stack

into  
the  
mind:  
skull  
face.  
4.  
wha? says  
this clean  
less on  
feather  
pillow  
drain:  
what say  
this green  
paint  
glass  
with dusty  
exit sign:  
(wha?):  
happiness  
here  
dealleth  
towards  
what  
other  
rainbow  
dimensions:  
mention  
the  
fan.tomb  
clock  
leather cloth:  
clock spindle:  
wha? says:  
this grey  
disappled  
spider  
crawls  
forth  
into  
day.

THE CORALLARY:  
THE DREAM:

a.  
questionable  
of yu to ask:  
friend:  
in its ear:  
we lead yu

away down  
from here:  
to there:  
where then  
people  
warp wound  
wind wait  
and  
clear  
some air.  
b.  
maybe later  
lark yard  
tree blue  
screen:  
in my site  
line hair  
there  
wear silk  
crease:  
glitter:  
talk clear  
cloud come  
rain fall  
where then  
folks is.  
c.  
dorado silver:  
linen wrapped:  
alleyway fount:  
vesuvian mount:  
torch bearer  
to thee  
o sacred tree:  
honey suckle  
weather  
bee:  
this deportee  
faint fancy  
claw gut boot  
straps  
release.  
d.  
dolarosa gold:  
packs dog cards:  
corner socketed:  
soyths and torn:  
twix strung taut  
tight:  
all this floodin'  
white light  
fallin'  
water  
all over this  
brand new  
clean red  
checkered shirt:  
in varicolar spurts.  
...

BOULDER FORMS: Dec., 1968:

A dream of dead bodies  
with no connections:  
This drift pain boots,  
is drained clogged dusts:  
Take this paper is white  
and full-grain trigger:  
Find out which is there  
and which is absent:  
Then you will die empty  
with each thing free.

Hanging in this manner from the fenders:  
Twisting into a verbiage of physically  
transfixed ritual weaving into the song:  
Song made hearable in the singing of it:  
Made hearable without pain denaging you.

Pentangle with fireworks sparklers pink:  
Pink stars with smooth blue-white cloths:  
Pairs of living matter shimmering light:  
into the structural plastics of red eye.

Coding without pulse trees or sea waves:  
Dark glowing from the religious centers:  
congruent to the cornea's glassy surfaces:  
congruent to the way the hands melt thru  
the heat vibrations of fluid textuality.

how do I get out of here in living conditions:  
how does a mirror reflect the particles and  
all the threads of dirt free its blank face:  
until choose deadly gloves all coffins cops  
force you open and examine yr. terrible inner  
self and feel you to relax their ugly pains:  
until boot saddle rope glass ribbons magic  
enter into the energy bundle of yr. person:  
will you be opulance ridden rainbow & wings.

a romantic:fallucyia fantasy in clucking rhythms:  
chinese: crystal wave of lite: a moony blue diskus:  
pricked by a thorn & died: they say it poisoned em:  
used and died: they say: the old hill folk say: etc.:  
when you want goose to eat: you do not puniya kill em.

mixed field of vision distance & time:  
a distorted outpost near the periphery:  
a battery running its current out the  
bundle of wires pressed against yr.  
legs and thru the rubber insulation  
the sock: pants: body hairs & flesh.

\*\*\*\*\*

trying to shake it  
from the back  
as when dog  
wakes from sleep  
to snap at air  
and eyes'  
own grains:

as when animal  
catches wind  
of other's meat  
marked & pted,  
with chemical  
clouds  
in its nose:

shaking all nite  
with confused  
groans snapping  
off walls in  
chain reactions  
of self's own  
falling flight

that  
time when  
down  
in valley  
with  
blue lake  
and  
very green  
grass  
rain  
stars  
night  
and glass  
crystals,  
flaked,  
moving  
and making  
one united  
forest  
in  
one  
united  
world  
of  
vision  
mind  
body  
soft  
and full  
strong  
now gone  
and  
facing  
the window  
as cars  
shatter  
all hope...

\*\*\*\*\*

mixed with  
tight black  
blur of  
other's  
visible  
visibility.  
\*\*\*\*\*

LUST 1:

Particles of dust  
float into the lite  
coming thru the window  
from the morning sun  
and strike my eyes:  
Particles of lite  
float into the dust  
coming thru the window  
from the morning sun  
and strike my eyes:  
Particles of dust  
float into the eyes  
coming thru the window  
from the morning sun  
and strike my lite:  
Particles of lite  
float into the eyes  
coming thru the window  
from the morning sun  
and strike my dust:  
Particles of eyes  
float into the lite  
coming thru the window  
from the morning sun  
and strike my dust:  
Particles of dust  
float into the lite  
coming thru the window  
from the morning sun  
and strike my eyes.  
\*\*\*\*\*

LUST 4:

Haven't yu tried  
to leave it:  
Haven't yu begged  
for a release:  
Haven't yu given  
all yu owned  
& accepted  
the very limits  
of human concerns  
as yr. fatal  
mark in life?:  
Haven't yu gone  
far enough to  
cleanse yrself  
when no cleansing  
was necessary?:  
Haven't yu deserved  
any thing but this

LUST 2:

Farewell, sweet ease  
& stupidity:  
Farewell, soft flesh  
& stability:  
For with all this  
Liberty & Freedom  
Granted me,  
I have found nothing  
to replace  
The Melqcholy Fool,  
This Clown,  
Dancing out  
of my self &  
making me  
drown in my  
own  
pitiful  
sorrow.

\*\*\*\*

LUST 5:

I can't go on  
with this grief:  
this unending pain  
eating out of  
my brain &  
into my body  
dragging itself  
over mounds  
of hair & flesh  
shivering &  
laughing  
to the touch  
of other hands  
& cocks,  
fingers &  
tongues:  
other mouths  
sucking &  
carving their  
image into  
my cracked face.

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/spittle dripping  
from those thorns  
wrapped & clamped  
about yr. dying head?  
\*\*\*\*\*

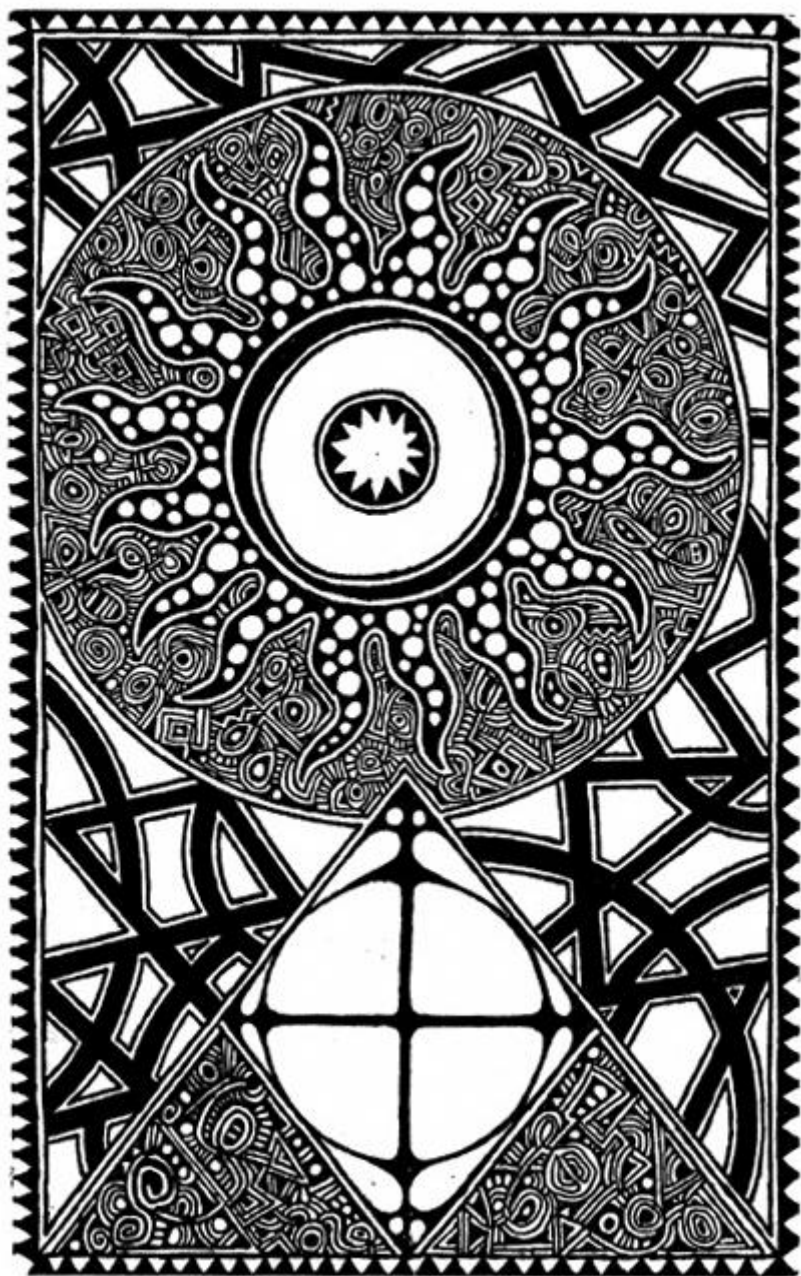
LUST 3:

Beat it & make it  
clean,  
Insert the blade  
and slit it open,  
Run the razor  
across the throat,  
Place the pistol  
to the head &  
squeeze  
the trigger:  
Fall out into space  
with purple flowers  
smothering  
yr. face  
& blurring  
the pain  
which has  
wrapped itself  
about yu  
& carries yu  
to its  
extreme.  
\*\*\*\*\*

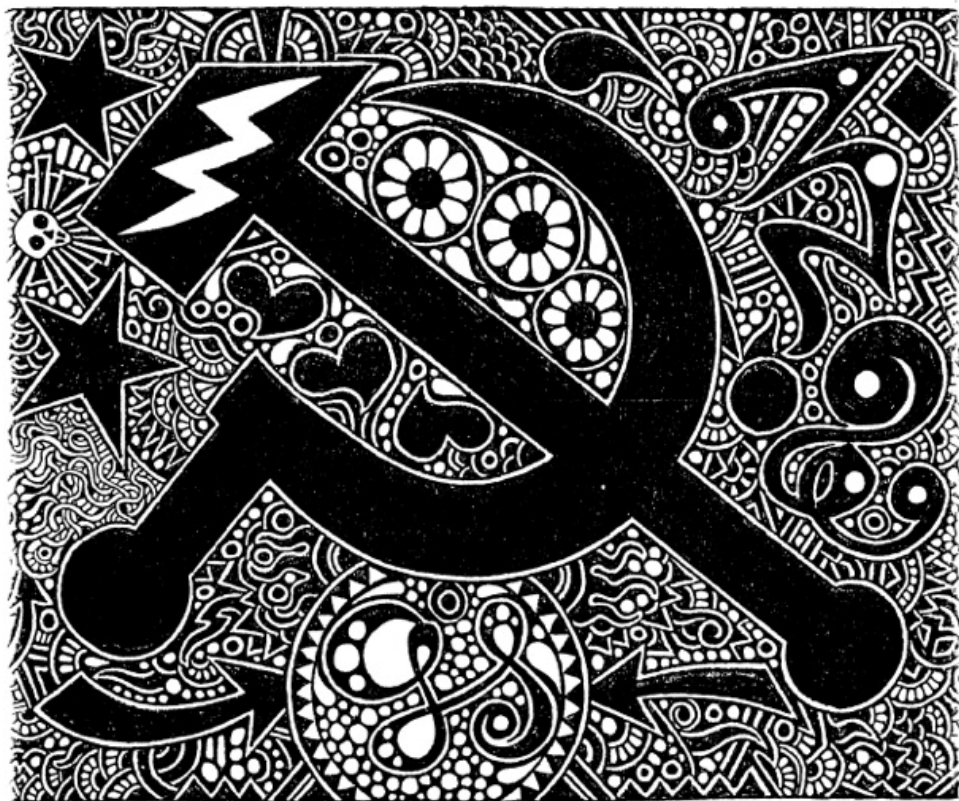
LUST 6:

Having bottled myself  
into a space &, now,  
forcing myself out  
of it into another,  
i feel  
a sharp series of  
points fire thru me,  
kill me, kill all  
unreal phantoms  
from unreal stars  
glittering out of  
unreal space  
into my room  
grinning his sick  
& ugly green smile,  
sliding his slick  
white bony hands  
about my weak &  
falling flesh,  
dragging me down  
into his own  
pure black &  
shiny tomb.  
\*\*\*\*

4/9/69



**BARDO**



**MATRIX**

dear b. matrix:

welpersday the 65th of zombik anal passage;

9714 q.d.

1. borneo is melting fog pumas along primordial r  
rivers of decaying flame-moths & anacondas.
2. new drawings for b.matrix files & possible pub  
lication.
3. will have set of new poems completed (or, at l  
east, started) soon. titled: "bone marrow depr  
ession."
4. take yr. empty operations of tribal scorpions,  
take yr. elevated shoes & others diagrams over  
there & place them in the iron vat pleez.
5. may stay here thru the winter. snow-drizzled l  
epers eat one anothers legs for dessert. wow!!
6. "the work must contain nothing real, not a sin  
gle observation of the world & of minds. Nothi  
ng but completely imaginary combinations." --  
Raymond Roussel
7. finished fila. untiled floormats emit death.
8. when are yu coming, dana? precision is dead.
9. milkly amber breasts blob up & down, poring mi  
crofones & deadly insects into t.v. ultrafaze.
10. will try & record burroughs/elorno tribunal of  
revolutionized plastik rice soil sayz carol &  
craig.
11. 'jolly green porcupine skeletons grin & laugh  
along hiway totem poles...fluttering bananas.
12. send new info.input kaput meridians of earthly  
opression. Operas without song; cordial dying  
ghosts lead to gold encrusted masoleums where  
peace is freedom from people. crop dusters....
13. blessings to dorje. may saliva-the-serpent ins  
ert benevolent wafers of creamed body lice & a  
tomic bombs float thru yr. periferal visions.

flowers crushed into networks of spy-ring tombs;

muscular pains translated to infinite bliss

greg.....

(you have I & II)

from:  
BOULDER JOE'S;  
SEPTEMBER-DECEMBER:  
1962:

III.

A great & classic lever pool of rain:  
water soaked & street blood swirling:  
know a plain of light incompost hall:  
played in plaid patch of colored fields:  
drift of snow: a head: a cholered head:  
Born to drawn in morning song a lark: a spur:  
a quest: a shun dug gush: a clip of wings:  
a thick green glue gloom glaphed eyelids:  
Storm    Stork    Struck  
crush the welter sung of hobble blocks:  
mygordero panteloom & overturn oleomages:  
of dumb dupe doubt darmed & doomed:  
a durgitical literalurgical purispurtical  
corridor of spritual glass spinning yarn:  
(furtill crinctent cryptal capittallary)  
course of the course grain fluid:  
flour ground by the Wheel of Power:  
Four    Powder    Poudre  
plunder beheld the mushrooming calderon  
of groos graves & grateful groves:  
The blacker hand thrust thru the door:  
The dove dipped lattle lower darker & damper:  
Shower the clamp about the legs pumped & shimmers:  
The shifts beneath the monsteraries flashy frame:  
Brown & Warmth: Wood Grainy Fingers Thorn Hollows:  
Sporn Spawn the Spinners Split-Handled Hook & Horn.

\*\*\*\*\*

fragments:

Left is up but: right is down:  
Set: clear the margins: ribs &  
supreme the delight: fully:  
in toms which roots reveal:  
blind adorn the spokes:  
the wheel: the totem: flesh.

go forward: to dog: to track.

A point: parallel: & curving.

Too consistent  
with the facts  
to matter.

LEAR: 4/11/69:

I have been waiting now  
for a number of years-  
Four, five, six perhaps-  
and, still, the growth continues  
and refuses to stop,  
refuses to hold itself in place:  
Gradually, it drops over me  
with all the force  
of a very large boulder  
and crushes each  
and every illusion  
of each & every colour  
from my senseless,  
shrivelled-up mind:  
It makes me weep to see  
the three of them there,  
calling to one another  
in hopeless derision  
& impossibility of their act:  
In a stupor of under-  
standing the fatalism  
of their washed-out lives:  
Watching them prance on by  
in total neglect of,  
& in total disrespect for  
the sick, anemic blood  
barely able to make it  
thru yr. dried & tired  
veins  
pulsing out of nowhere.  
.....

POEM I: 4/11/69:

Stuck in my own gloom,  
I open a window,  
and i freeze -  
I close a door & burn:  
I try to blame it on:  
the furnace,  
the system,  
the indifference,  
the insensitivity  
to respect the world  
out of which i am made  
& cast like dice  
across the grey  
concrete pavement:

DINNER: 4/11/69:

For several days now  
i have wanted to compose  
a love poem-  
or, at least, a poem  
about living with vitality:  
I have wanted to compose  
a melody from yr. hair  
or yr. face or yr. belly:  
I have wanted to speak  
of OUR endeavor or of  
OUR struggling thru it  
together all the way  
without once stopping  
& i knew i cld. do it,  
i cld. feel the images  
coming out of my brain,  
Cld. see myself in yr. kitchen  
by the window with  
the still, glittering-wet  
dishes on the blue rack  
reflecting that intense,  
diffused yellow sunlite  
& so on & so forth:  
But, ah, well, what can i do?  
What can i say as i sit here  
feeling drained of all my hate  
& find myself as empty as  
a sterile, white hospital ward?  
.....

I try to take on  
the character of:  
an explosive tyrant:  
a leather-bound shaman:  
an apocalyptic demon  
spewing forth flames  
intermingled with  
melting corpses of  
a dead Tibetan dream:  
I turn on the radio  
& i hear a young Fop  
sing of it in such  
luridity of Vision -  
that i fall on the bed  
& feel my stomach turn.  
.....



3:20:69:

"Art is of an infinite loneliness" - Rilke.

slides over and  
glides into her  
chair:  
her legs  
shoot out  
my eyes:  
my god:  
one mere day:  
"one more mor  
mens more":  
one more day  
till Spring  
comes slip  
ping in &  
opens up the  
tomb of lust  
& greed & hate  
to free us all  
open & caring  
for one another:  
equipping our lights  
& making Nature,  
All of Life,  
come to our aid  
as if some  
thing had been done:  
as if all this pain  
& suffering were  
to bear forth  
some kind of fruit:  
as if the lace  
& beauty of her  
most delicate face  
were just &  
necessary  
after this  
most grim &  
terrifying of  
deaths.

.....

3:21:69:

helical coil of  
colored plastic  
balls & silver  
rods:  
prime mover of  
rainbow bridge  
& harmonious  
reunion:  
allow us thru  
this ridged path  
into yr. valley. ....

SPRING  
PRAYER

old. it possibly be:

this sadness  
emptying from  
pink & white  
blossoms of  
the tree,  
Itself,  
poaring out  
into its  
own sweet  
musik:  
a theme,  
a melody  
of grief  
or, at least,  
a tune  
of what  
it is  
to be alive  
& breathing.

.....

3:21:69:

This first full day  
of Spring  
shoots across all  
my life  
& fills it up  
to the brim  
with the flow  
of babies  
rhythmically  
pushing out  
of wombs  
into the lite  
bulb dew of  
New Life:  
New Earth:  
New Love  
& Beauty  
& Truth  
& all things  
making our  
story grow  
& chant out  
of itself:  
a song of Life  
& Love reborn  
from our mouths.  
.....



CHTHONIAL HEIGHTS

On this land where each blade of grass  
is human hair,  
Each foot of soil  
is human flesh,  
Where it rains blood,  
hails bones  
LIFE MUST FLOWER. - Ngo Vihn Long.

Carving yr. face last nite left bones protruding -  
Smooth sheets of osteological debris covered yu.  
Yr. mouth melted & gunshots rang thru yr. throat.  
Yr. belly slit open & beams of white lite escaped,  
lead particles perforated yr. rib carriage.

(In the caverns, deep down in the earth, they grow  
wild flowers which glow in the dark & appear  
black when brought up into ordinary sun light.)

I dreamed it rained continuously all winter.  
Yr. hair finally became lush, green grass &  
towards spring, yu gave birth to a small snake.  
The crack of yr. mouth sealed over completely -  
the snake slithered under the door & disappeared.

(Following the caverns beyond the flower gardens,  
the serpentine passageways become narrower & darker  
until one is forced to crawl thru them blindly.)

Upon waking, yu were standing before the mirror  
shedding yr. flesh in the yellow candlelight.  
Yr. internal organs glowed but gave no reflection.  
They finally shriveled into small crisps of dry ash  
& all that remained was yr. luminous blue skeleton.

(At a certain point, when there is absolutely no light  
& the tunnels are like constricted capillaries,  
the walls become empty space studded with stars.)

Yr. skeleton shrunk & became a phosphorescent mound  
of blue powder laying effortlessly on the floor.  
I scattered yu around in the garden outside &  
the plants have grown more vigorously ever since.  
Sometimes the flowers remind me of yr. eyes.

(The stars are, in fact, the souls of dead people  
which cluster together & send their energy to earth,  
bathing the world in a strange spectra of light.)

\*\*\*\*\*

BARD@ MaTrIx

So

13 INCONGRUOUS REMARKS ON THE LUNAR CRESCENT: 2/15/75

"To explain: the amusement of redbellies  
in the mills of empty skulls." - Tristan Tzara.

1. Totally incoherent blue-black wavelengths regurgitate two bright lights - one is Venus, the other is Maidu. They swirl periwinkles & chopsticks glued together. ULNAR ANAGRAM. Red.
2. Moderate strumming over endometrium with clairvoyant hands - predestined dynamite flowers travel thru time-lapse membranes, their feathered arteries sprout beautiful ribbons of lavender.
3. Ultraviolet teeth in the washroom become aware of Springtime. (SOIL swimming WORM TUNNEL - streams sparkling barbs & brains.)
4. Gopher-time is expanding toast (SEXTILLION TIMES) in Sardinia. Majikal masks blossom tomato green dot, RADIO SWEET, gardenia. Frogmen dance vacant-eyed to Persian platypus scintillations.
5. Driving thru the forest of Lily Laudanum welded to Bumper Ben - transmigratory snails wail DREAM-TIME MELODIES to bird wings. SATURN MOBILE VENTILATOR CHASTISES ISOTOPIC DULCIMER DRONING.
6. BEE-LINE TO BLISS: BASAL METABOLISM: SKYLINE SILVER: SODA POP.
7. Dimensions lack quality; quantity needs redistribution; surgery. Lovely animals, well-trained in pacifism, deform the monster. It is thought SUMMER will follow SPRING, ovary turning mauve. Positron said the leather fringe fluttered over ocean's rim....
8. MAY DAY: TURN TAURUS LEFT TENTACLE: NOH PLAY: STAPLE CUT BURN. Spectacular clarity of color mixing - the blue-white expansion! Divine modalities sparkle off hair in solid-gold ingots & COWS.
9. Lovely lively visions of molehills marked with raindrop refractions: Save the MICROSCOPIC DIVINATIONS & soft-cushioned TERRITORY. Angiosperms begin wriggling tendrils of downy atmospherik CHARGE.
10. Light spreads out over endless starry nites & temperate DAZE. Sunlight on flesh: Fodder in Veins: Shelter of Warm Lites: Distant flares of horizontal incaminations inscribed GOGGLES.
11. DIVA - GODDESS - RAINBOW WAVE - PRISMATIK REVOLVING MIRRORS!! (Nunca podemos permitirnos amore quandado perguncias tambien, si.) Keyboard lymphocytes revive old balancing act - NO MORE WAR!!
12. TENDER TOBACCO WINDMILLS TRIUMPH OVER AQUAMARINE INVASIONS: OH!!
13. FINALE: the last trickled hubcap hysterical RUBY shorelines go tumbling last tune mortarhead block unwinding love's shoetree - RETURNING THRU MOVING VOID: WINDSHIELD WIPERS BEAT JUBILANTLY.

Attack after Attila activates atomic amphibian angstroms from Azania;  
All atmospherically amorphous antelope will actualize abnormal, ancient,  
archaic ampers of arranged aqueducts, agrarian & automated:  
Arabesques of Amethyst - amorous atheists of African ancestry will  
attain acute, acrimonious attitudes of Asian adroitness:  
Aardvarks alliterate in "A" - amplitudes & awesome alligators await  
absolute ascendancy above arctic aviaries - animals adumbrate  
arithmetic alsholes!:  
Anal, achromatic & artesian, an anarchist author assesses anklets, asps  
& anthropoid apes:  
Antlers alter ants as appliances accelerate against an Azelea's anther:  
Alexandrian autocrats agglutinate antimony agnostics of anemones &  
aneometers  
according to which the apron-artifices of Aggamemnon's adrenal asters  
in air apocalyptically aspirate apiary - apogee anyplace, anytime -  
an ambiguous Aphrodite!:  
Agrippa astronomically aspires to adder-like afflictions with (amarillo  
y azul) armadillos - athletic acrobates angrily analyze after autopsy  
& agree as aghast aborigines aggressively accost anti-matter:  
"August amigos! Another año with accretions & audio-feedback aberrations  
amalgamates amazonians & albatross! Albinoni accents Aegean affair. Ah!  
Alkali of Aggamoto! Announce asteroids of Amerikan abysmal animism.  
Abyssinians & Akkadians already assembled!"  
Arapahoe; Amanita; Arawak; Aztek - armored artillery ambles, assymet-  
rically, astutely, along argonik acetate; Alamagordo; Addis Ababa; Albion;  
Acheullian axes:  
Allah, alchemical astrologer, apoligizes audaciously to Atlas; Albania;  
Argentina; Altai; Armenians in Alleghenies -  
Abbeviat accidental absolutions of automobiles! Abbevillian artifacts  
astoundingly attest, against all abbreviations, to Afghani arboreal  
arrowheads in acclimatized alimentary alfalfa; Ablaze! Aflower!  
Abdor absorbed in arduously alfabetizing Arabik afterimages:  
Ahmed Aragon avenges Attica with Austrian Alps, Apennines avail Artemis  
to algebratize Algeria -  
Annals appreciate Aunt Annie's Apollonian Aires! Arterial affidavits!  
Agricultural apex aflight, aloft amsthetic, axial accordians:  
Anxious & affixed; adhesive & alligned; Antilles Archipelago:  
Anglesized antiks of analogous artistic assumptions - arboles altos!  
Aerobic amoebas in abiotic aerospray - Aleutian, Auroran, Acrylic access:  
Antiphony with affectations & adjustable ancillary armpits:  
Australian antigens acquire another aulait antibody - aciduous accomplishment!  
Accustomed albinos of anode androgynes!!  
Anointed antédiluvian anodynes to aquatic apricots!!

\*\*\*\*\*

M I N O L T A

R O E M

C Y C L E

G. I. M. SHARITS



O Thou who sleepest on Thyself, apart  
Like ocean athwart lanes of death and birth,  
And all the eddying breath between dost search  
Crœlly with love thy parable of man,-

\*Hart Crane: "The Bridge."

THE SHADOWS OF NITE SHALL DESCEND: A Rainbow of Blue & Stars  
 AT A LAMBENT UMAN UPON

**DI AL** **JESSEXIT:** **WHITE KOCK**

2. **SALTYMIK** **MELTING...** **SMOOTH** **OUR FATHER** **OUT** **THE GREAT FLOOD OF FLORENCE**

**GRAIL:** **NO SPACE NO BUENO** **VEIN** **NO FREEZE** **HO:** **GHOST...** **THE GREAT FLOOD OF FLORENCE**

**NO** **TELEP** **HO:** **GHOST...** **THE GREAT FLOOD OF FLORENCE**

**DEM:IAN** **GRANGE** **VIR:AL** **THE GREAT FLOOD OF FLORENCE**

"all that is small set" 4.

**PITCHDAR** **TFL'SHELE**  
**KOVENBU** **CTRICSHOT**  
**RNINGMEA** **GUNMOUTH**

I AM AN INFANT: WHO BUT I  
PEEPS FROM THE UNHEWN



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50  
>DOLMEN ARCH? (SONG OF AMERGIN)<

BARK manapokART M M

HEM N E X U S E I R



POAT O V A H A GATA



VORN ONTA .ATO

GATA H A G

KODA A N

ZOHR N



1234: D ARO

JRSL VERE LEAF K!





# CHASTIK

COURSE CLOGGED DRAIN

DANCE  
Circle  
WINGS  
CHANT  
Sweet  
SHADOW  
of DEATH  
COAT by:  
Throat  
Neck, LAMB  
Sprouting  
COLORFUL  
Flowers:

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'NO GOOD  w.s.b.  NO BUENO''



# CASKET

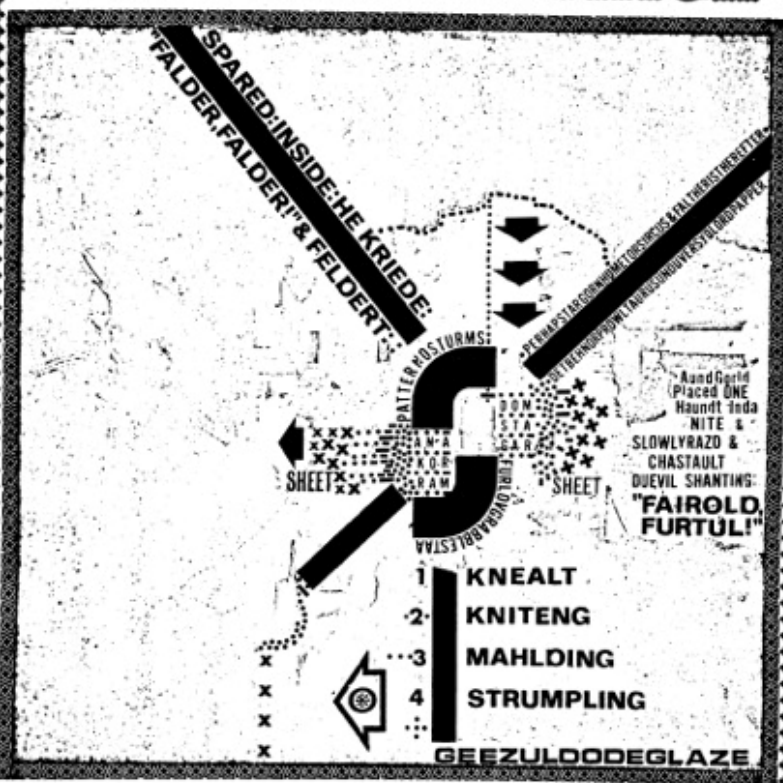
CUPFULL OF CREAMY JOYS:



LEAVES  
FULL OF  
SARROW FULL  
MIST HER  
EYE: He Art  
STARS Are  
EATING MINE OLD  
Brain CAVITY:  
MINE FINE GRAIN  
LUSTre:  
Groaning:  
FLARE,  
PHONE

# LULLABY

**WHAT DEASTARS DIES**  
**WARM STUDDED CRIES**  
**MAKE MY BODY SIGH?**  
**OPEN POAR THY THIGH**



**NOW ALL IS AS**  
**DIALS, FALLING**  
**CRYSTAL WINGS**  
**WHITE ASHES &**

