

# EVERY DAY

Poems by

Philip Whalen

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Coyote

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# EVERY DAY

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Philip Whalen



Coyote

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2nd printing

#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

A few of these poems first appeared in NOW magazine, edited by Charles Plymell, San Francisco. THE BEST OF IT was printed in LINES #3, edited by Aram Saroyan, New York. The poem GODDESS was first published in a private edition of 100 copies printed at Auerhahn Press.

a COYOTE book, published by James Koller  
distributed by City Lights Books  
261 Columbus Ave., San Francisco 11, California

This book is respectfully dedicated to the memory of

JOHN McLAREN

1846-1943

Builder of Golden Gate Park

225082





## THE PREFACE

A continuous fabric (nerve movie?) exactly as wide as these lines -- "continuous" within a certain time-limit, say a few hours of total attention and pleasure: to move smoothly past the reader's eyes, across his brain: the moving sheet has shaped holes in it which trip the synapse finger-levers of reader's brain causing great sections of his nervous system -- distant galaxies hitherto unsuspected (now added to International Galactic Catalog) -- to LIGHT UP. Bring out new masses, maps old happy memory.

12:VIII:64

7:XI:64



## THE DAYS

---



March 1964

more than welcome  
more than enough -

of all things!

where's all this cold air  
come from?



What's your platform?

Ressurexion

Renaissance

Total Paradise

I put down programatical funk. {speaking, now,  
absolutely off the record - my business isn't  
really to put anything down - I want  
a new life} I say **RISE AND**

**FLOURISH**

for all you're worth {it is all  
you're worth?}

**SHINE**, Radiate,

Joy bliss and whoopee vibrations!

{The night air!}

{The weather!}

**EXQUISITE**

what did you say the message was?



CORINTHIAN COLUMNS

Let me get up, I have to look, to smell, to taste everything.

in out of	fall petal	dust	In,
in, out of the	blossom	hairs	Out of the
WEATHER	leaf	lint	rain
	twig		
	Perish in the dust		dust
	Become jewels		lint
	of rare worth and		hairs
	color		

dust is powdered rock, metal, flesh, bones, woods, fruits  
-- a pulverized universe

Water is even finer

Gas.

22:III:64

MEXICO

Baja California

far away underneath where we are now

("O "Kiki" / O Miss Margaret Jarvis")

the way things fit together

a drill which makes a square hole

"DO ME NEXT!"

25:III:64



## CHAGRIN

Winter is gone -- how I abused it!  
Wasted an age, an elderly child

What's become of Christopher's painting?  
Where is Mertis her coal-oil stove?

26:III:64

## COMPOSITION

I teeter I dangle I jingle  
Fidget with my fingers ears and nose

Make little repairs -- tape or glue  
And the floor is filthy again

putting on hats in front of a mirror  
down in front  
down in back  
slauchways

mugging and posing, thinking of  
those beggars Bunuel shows in VIRIDIANA,  
gesture of one finger, two eyes,  
the smallest imaginable shimmy  
creates a gigantic bacchanal

Iron straps won't hold it all together  
It's already there, a piano -- in tune with itself --  
a closed system:  
Even if you play on it with feathers, rocks, rubber tubing,  
Dear John Cage

26:III:64

## THE LOTUS SUTRA, NATURALIZED

I got drunk your house  
You put that diamond my shirt pocket  
How am I supposed to know?  
Laying there in drunk tank  
                  strange town don't nobody know  
Get out of jail at last you say  
"You already spend that diamond?"  
How am I going to know?

27:III:64

EARLY SPRING

The dog writes on the window  
with his nose

30:III:64

## THE MYSTERY

Who are they when  
I don't see them?

I hear walking in the next house  
What face?

Walking in the next room is Mother,  
    same as usual, visible or not  
    I trust her to remain herself

Who's next door?

---

Presumably them Chinamen know what's  
    happening on their own scene

---

30:III:64

## THE PROBLEM

Hot tea for breakfast

Hot tea is

breakfast

With sugar in it

What's for lunch and

where

?

13:IV:64

HOPE  
FOR  
THE  
BEST

EXP  
ECT  
THE  
WOR  
ST \*

you'll get what's coming to you

House painters on their scaffold  
They whistle & sing  
a pair of maggots pies

All paper bends in dry weather  
\* A cranky fountain pen \*

\* Real worry \*

The roof is really flat  
The gutter in idea...  
No stringfles

the usual San Francisco fake  
hot asphalt & little rocks  
the asphalt is cut with  
a saw

I suspect the asphalt is cut with  
a saw

No BATTERMAN  
re. Constance Compton  
A number 11  
Goodbye, N. & Kenzie

## THE METAPHYSICAL TOWN HALL AND BOOKSHOP

"I was sitting there. I knew it was her.  
I knew she had a message and the message was love."

17:IV:64



## ABSOLUTE REALTY CO.: TWO VIEWS

### 1.

#### THE GREAT GLOBE ITSELF

I keep hearing the airplanes tell me  
The world is tinier every minute  
I begin believing them, getting scared.  
I forget how the country looks when I'm flying:  
Very small brown or green spots of cities on the edges  
of great oceans, forests, deserts

There's enough room. I can afford to be pleasant & cordial to you  
...at least for a while...

Remembering the Matto Grosso, Idaho, Montana, British Columbia,  
New Hampshire, other waste places,  
All the plains and mountains where I can get away from you  
To remember you all the more fondly,  
All your nobler virtues.

7:V:64

### 2.

#### VULTURE PEAK

Although my room is very small  
The ceiling is high.

Space enough for me and the 500 books I need most  
The great pipe organ and Sebastian Bach in 46 volumes  
(I really NEED the Bachgesellschaft Edition)  
will arrive soon, if I have any luck at all.

Plenty room for everybody:  
Manjusri and 4700 bodhisattvas, arhats, pratyekabuddhas,  
disciples, hearers, Devas, Gandharvas, Apsaras,

kinnaras, gnomes, giants, nauch girls, great  
serpents, garudas, demons, men, and beings not  
human, flower ladies, water babies, beach boys,  
poets, angels, policemen, taxi drivers, gondoliers,  
fry cooks and the Five Marx Brothers

All of us happy, drinking tea, eating Linseartorte,  
Admiring my soft plum-colored rug  
The view of Mt Diablo.

11:V:64

15:V:64

a date, a cribbage score?  
the size of a machine part

"Hello,  
HOW  
are you?"

"Fine."

So that was the meter man from the Gas company  
15:V:64 being cubic yards of gas at

"HOW  
are you?  
HOW  
are you?  
HUH?"

Is the gas man simple-minded?  
Thousand cubic feet per minute  
Volume, a rolled-up scroll

"HEY, yaaa, here, yaaa,  
here's yaaa  
pistol  
Here, yaaa, HEY!  
Hey!  
Hey!"

## TOMMY'S BIRTHDAY

O Greta Garbo!

The flowers all came back again --

More & faster than the slugs can eat --

Tragic Swede bouquet, camellias

all are fallen,

You midnight sun!

1:VI:64

CAPTION FOR A PICTURE

A home of many-colored gas,  
A way from A S I A, monster. Soul-trap. Bactria!

21:VI:61

## MAGICAL INCANTATION

Pig fuck pig baby pig shit. ham, bacon, pig  
sausage, Charles Lamb

A beautiful sunset  
A gorgeous broad



Fallen stars, fallen arches at Nimes,  
broken dick, fallen womb, Chagrin Falls  
Ohio for the view,  
no fun for anybody.  
Farewell Wilhelm Reich.

7:IX:64

## GODDESS

Where I walk is with her  
In fire between the ocean waves  
Towards that Lady I stand beside  
Center of the earth in the center of the air  
Stand moving star cloud  
Roar music silence  
Waves break over our muddy heads  
Dash against our sunny feet

14:IX:64

BUCK ROGERS

Continual  
departure from Earth towards the Magellanic Clouds

Let me out of here  
I don't think you realize who I am  
Officer! Officer! I  
Want to make a phone call.  
Officer!  
I am entitled to make one phone call --  
Officer! Officer!

Shut up and go to sleep. Bust out of here. Blow this flytrap.  
C O U R A G E !

O U T O U T O U T O U T O U T

"...can't do that to M E !"

leave  
town

11:X:64



## THE CHAIN OF LAKES

For Donald Carpenter

Call of passing swans, why not  
I haven't seen or heard a wild one --

Look -- that woman's trying to draw it,  
big notebook & brown crayon,  
her husband watches --

"Swan" translates the Sanskrit "hamsa",

The great Gander whose flight is this universe, its nights & days  
his breathing

Because "goose" means "fool" in English 19th Century,  
A hundred years before that, a tailor's implement  
And always a bird which defends the Capitol from invasion

Splash mudhens, chase mallards and  
Fly again, fall back into

no geese in this pond  
cars and beer cans & horse manure  
as it might be John Muir's Trail  
high in the Sierra

We hunted the buffalo but found none  
Until we started home  
Saw them standing or lying in a row  
East fence of the meadow  
Where a tree full of pigeons  
(Flowers!)  
Shot up and away  
No single fallen petal.

12:X:64

## TRUE CONFESSIONS

My real trouble is  
People keep mistaking me  
for a human being

Olson (being a great poet) says  
"Whalen! -- that Whalen is a -- a ---  
That Whalen is a great big vegetable!"

He's guessing exactly in the right direction.

6:XI:64

## DYING AGAIN

---

Destruction, Death, Depression, Dismal & Up Again,  
With Any Luck At All:

Funerals, a set of 12.



1.

Ever since you shot me down a year ago  
I've run the night journey (music by Sibelius)  
Hanging in chains, face blackening, eyes & tongue forced out,  
drying  
strangling lungs, trying to crawl up  
inside my throat

Kydde the Pirate swung in chains  
Wapping Old Stairs

8:VII:64

2.

### TESTING REALITY

I wander through the movie in my skull, fortunately  
I wasn't in the street just now, I'd have been hit by a trolley,  
a bike, a rollerskater

Sitting here I didn't see where I was going except  
backwards through a meat-grinder

check    check    check

The test for blackness

15:V:64

3.

I went to your house after you were dead  
Nothing left except your pet white goat  
grazing the green meadow

4:VI:64

4.

What do I care my old leaves crack  
and wrinkle, bent flat broke and killed against  
the windows,

I have more, every spring  
Even this June morning smell the fragrance!

Dear Avocado.

---

Avocado made laws about the expansion or compression of gases  
The birds do a rain dance and jibber song:

"bee-deep-dja  
bee-deep-dja  
bee-deep-dja"

Some kind of magnolia

29:VI:64

5.

During the day I'm all right, I understand  
We no longer see each other.

In dreams I go to pieces --

Four times I see you in tears, running away from me  
I can't stand it, your hating me--

I wake up, eat breakfast, the day's filthy, we're apart

If we meet, later, you'll be gentle

This is all wrong, the dreams are true, your kindness when we  
/ meet

A waking dream, the consolation, the booby prize

15:VIII:64

6.

Dying I see my soul depart -- a black, feathery flying thing,  
Completely alien --

This is my first and last view of

it. Europe and all goodbye.

29:IX:64

7.

## ORDERS OF THE DAY

Cancel all engagements: baleful influences  
reign: coughing & sickness brought on  
by rapid travel through Berkeley Hills  
the stars shower malign vibrations  
moon rots, leaves decay  
fever  
and fog,  
suffocation panic &c., also  
a sore thumb.

26:X:64

8.

Labor Day fog is brilliant Rosh Hoshana  
I see my spirit, my soul, whoever it is  
She sits under a tree, he sits under a bush  
all of us writing and singing

brighter than the sun  
darker than today



T R O P E      C I T Y





try running it  
more slowly -- a  
pleasure at every  
speed or delightful  
keeping still (together)  
? B L U E   S P A R K S ?

---

?

---

try having it both ways  
if the pen travels over a  
small area, perhaps it could  
be both fast and beautiful?

---

SHOWER/SPRAY OF ZIRCONS

7:IX:64

9.

### THE RENAISSANCE

Some days nothing  
gets done

I just sit and laugh.

When I do anything, everything is fine.  
You laugh, if you notice me at all.

B E W A R E   T H E   D A Y   O F   J U D G M E N T ,  
the   E L E C T I O N , Bloody Lamb Flag waving

the splitting of the rocks  
the ocean's death  
what shall we say then,  
boiling,  
What shall I say, "Maybe we can get you a cancellation;  
there is nothing available at this time."

Fell & terrible doom,  
Quiet grass beside the lake

5:VI:64

10.

When I forget you,  
Nothing happens except sleep, and  
waking with mouldy fur eyes  
dull skin slime drear tongue  
collapse nose loose balls  
no self to sink into  
(McClure's favorite botanical animal  
MIXOMYCETES, the slime mould  
walking fungus)  
I wandering feeble terror  
Until I think of your appearance  
  
gold bees fly in my room

31:VII:6

11.

Brightly under the apple tree  
White skulls in green grass  
    (that's you and me)  
We sing alternately alas  
    and praise the blossoms  
        perennially



Dark jeweled emblems of bright death.

6:VII:64

12.

TWO IS A PAIR

I.

To live forever &  
    never die, so  
We are here together,  
In the morning.

II.

How did I ever get here  
    Without ever moving from  
        there,  
A magic, an enchantment, or a dream?

19:V:64

END OF DESTRUCTION, DEATH, DEPRESSION &c.

---

P R O C E E D   A T   O W N   R I S K



THE ODE TO MUSIC

---

for Morton Subotnick



# THE ODE TO MUSIC

For Morton Subotnick

Where'd all the music

\*go?\*

"There's a piano in there, but nobody here can play on it.  
Old Clodfelter can sing better than he ever lets on."

\*\*\*\*\*

We wait

for the fire from heaven  
for the maturation of our annuities  
for the new life, new earth  
(Who's going to pay for the roof?)

\*\*\*\*\*

"Georgette used to play just beautiful on her saxophone"  
"Waiting for the Robert E. Lee"

\*\*\*\*\*

"We got this radio, the cabinet is just gorgeous  
I've always loved the way it looks, it's got  
beautiful wood in it  
We listen to AMOS & ANDY and THE RICHFIELD REPORTER  
But I'm asleep by the time AMOS & ANDY's half over

\*\*\*\*\*

I never could stand all that symphony music  
All that high tone shrill screechy singing I just hate it  
Some of it is beautiful, I guess, but oh God, when they get

Some woman with one of those high shrill sopranos...  
I just never cared for it at all

\*\*\*\*\*

...but I love nice quiet organ music  
it's so soothing and restful I could listen to it for hours  
or a violin with it-- love to go to sleep listening to it  
an organ and a violin

\*\*\*\*\*

Dad and them get a big kick out of playing their fiddles .  
I never could read a note. Your own Dad has a beautiful voice  
I never get tired of listening to him sing."

\*\*\*\*\*

"It's a pleasure if your own kids are doing it,  
terribly expensive and you've got to keep after them to practise  
--I'm so grateful to my mother, she made me  
absolutely made me practise and I'm so thankful for that  
today;

I take such pleasure in my music."

\*\*\*\*\*

The length of a song, a short one by Stephen Foster  
Or a hymn, that's all we got time for;  
In the middle of a second or third verse,  
A whispered conversation is likely to begin, something  
We've just recollected (did the music remind us?)  
To add to what we were saying

before the music began

"...that old Mrs R. turned around,  
gave us a dirty look,

"SH\*H\*H\*H !"

I don't know who that old cat thinks she is--

Mrs Astor's plush horse?"



\*\*\*\*\*

How -- or why

do I fizz and throb

I guess I understand

"Camptown Races", the "Archduke" Trio,

"The Pearl Fishers"

(Even if I don't like the first or the last)  
are matters of life and death

I congratulate myself

I know all about art and I know what I like

(Q. : "...but you are queer, aren't you?"

(A. : "Yes --

but I don't

like

you.")

What do I know or care about life and death

My concern is to arrange immediate BREAKTHROUGH

Into this heaven where we live

as music

\*\*\*\*\*

the fingers that hear it as it happens

as it is being made, Thelonius Monk

"has the music going on all the time," AG told me

"You hear it while he's at the piano,

you see him listening to it when he's out walking around  
it's going all the time."

\*\*\*\*\*

The best music I make myself, with a piano, or borrow

a pipe organ

(People think the elephant bells beside my door

are purely decorative:

wait until you hear my concerto)

Quite seriously the best is my own

Heard in a dream, I conduct a total orchestra  
    (from the podium or from the organ console)  
A gigantic auditorium (is there an audience?)  
I wonder if all that

                    can be heard by other beings --  
people from other stars or maybe sea-beasts,  
                    just beyond our shore

While I sleep in stillness

\*\*\*\*\*

ALIVE! Joyful or horrendous Being,  
A goddess, they said,  
Or a god,  
Meaning that it zooms us away,  
We find ourselves dancing,  
Singing,  
We are changed, we --           who so seriously commanded  
So solemnly understood ourselves  
the world,

Spin,  
Leap and holler,  
Out of our skulls  
Life and death no problem, not interesting,  
Free in the air as in happiest vision dream

A W A K E !

and smiling (weeping)  
We dance

                    together and apart  
Awake and tireless  
We soar beyond clouds and lights are music  
Which streams from our moving  
body mind laugh leap

2:III:64  
2:V:64

1:II:59 a very complicated way of saying "appearances deceive"?

## Subjects



1. I see a bird
2. Some birds are good to eat
3. Birds' eggs are good to eat
4. Bird feathers make good pillows
5. Bird dung is hard to remove from automobiles & buildings
6. My Grandmother kept canaries
7. I can take birds or leave them alone

F



1. Walking thing goes away quick in the air. Where? How? BAW!



1. I see a bird
2. I love birds
3. All birds are beautiful & free
4. Birds ought not to be kept in cages.
5. People ought not to shoot birds.
6. Poor bird, starving in the snow!
7. Dear birds!



B

1. I see a bird.
2. I hate birds
3. What if it bit me?
4. I'm going to hit that bird with a rock.
5. What if it got loose inside the house? TERROR
6. Uncle Lester's parrot bit me.
7. The world without birds would be better.

E

1. I see a bird.
2. The bird is a thrush, mis-takenly called "robin" in the USA, "Turdus migratorius"
3. Habitat: Spring to Autumn US Winter: South America
4. Diet: bugs & worms
5. Call: "peewoo-poo"
6. Many feathers.
7. Fits an ecological niche.



1. Bird
2. No bird
3. Bird

4. I'm not a bird. ?
5. Bird's name is Sam.
6. If Subject B kills Sam with a rock, that will be hard luck for both B and Sam; however it is B's nature to kill birds - he'll have to figure it out.
7. B & Sam & me - ? Subject? object?



THE BEST OF IT

---



Worry walk, no thought appears  
One foot follows rug to wood,  
Alternate sun and foggy sky  
Bulldozer concrete grinder breeze  
The windows open again  
Begin

                  a line may  
                                start:  
spring open, like seams of a boat high on the hot sand

\*\*\*\*\*  
with luck  
water will seal them again  
and I'll float on the soundless  
                  wave

\*\*\*\*\*  
No airhammers today, so far  
Perhaps all of 16th Street  
                                opened  
          & the sewer  
                                made perfect at last?

\*\*\*\*\*  
Earth-mover, power-shovel, ditch-digger,  
Whine clank and rumble, whichever  
Bless you and your  
                                fourteen dollars by the hour

\*\*\*\*\*

Write it off as a day when I can't work,  
tomorrow is a holiday. I can't handle books

& paper, having just put a layer of grease on  
my hands, shedding their skin again, my  
nerves wear it out from the inside I can't lie down  
to write this in bed because I just re-heated  
the tea, can't go to bed because I must  
wait until Tommy brings me the key so I  
can feed the cats tonight and tomorrow,

Here it all sets, or freezes, two  
things have to be moved before I can do one  
that I wish,

which is this  
whoever has,  
is responsible

Try (the policemen, the doctor, my friends  
insist-- none of them is my father, my mother,  
none of them knowing or feeling what I am)

to face  
reality

or we will kill you.  
None of them able to escape my enchantment, magic spells.

---

The head of Orpheus appears to me, crowned with  
vine leaves, old wrinkly beard or sleeping youth, a wing  
seems to spring out beyond his left temple, as in marble  
fragment known as "Hypnos"-- wise, drugged, golden  
the continuous great song

---

Please return daily. Look at me, Kids.

---

What's the big idea?

---

Nothing else will do except to begin performing, having had 20  
seconds notice. (Suppose that the seconds are years.) Try not



to do it in your sleep.

---

What's the big idea?

---

Once it begins, it remains an embarrassment until one reaches the end, when another perhaps more disgusting mental savor manifests itself.

---

Deep glass fire crystal  
There we throw down our crowns of gold

---

\$250 at a clatter

---

a cure exists

---

The crystals are growing in the pressure tank, or so I must, at last, believe. I find them lying on the ground, or on my table or while I wander, sleeping, through moss forests dimly green. These crystals have a taste, a smell, many colors, combinations of sound, texture, a spectrum appealing directly to the mind alone.

---

\*\*\*\*\*

## DELUSIONS OF REFERENCE

Occupied just now -- taping a worn book jacket  
I was whistling

"These Foolish Things Remind Me Of You"

Seeing myself -- and feeling  
sensation of dream, quite as if I were sleeping  
"Seeing myself," I say, walking in a strange city  
(Seattle downtown, Vancouver BC?)

My father used to say, "Don't believe everything you hear  
and only half of what you see."

\*\*\*\*\*

Let this be a season of prosperity and happiness,  
Joy & gladness unconfined. Preposterous glee.  
Cat cries on the back porch. Forget it. A  
Fire truck ambulance police car siren -- Let  
Them rave. Maybe we should.

Think about the treasures of reason,  
logical delights

\*\*\*\*\*

hispid. Many insects are hairy.  
Read the Greeks, read nudist propaganda with bright colored  
photographs

The Greeks are enchanting  
as far as they go but there are many more things  
to know and discuss, more worlds of  
trouble and delight than they had time to know

\*\*\*\*\*

Do you know how many senses you possess  
and how far they will take you, how many kinds  
of music, how many kinds of food how many ideas  
about the world have you known?

What passions you have? Are any of them  
beyond your understanding, beyond your control,  
beyond the bounds of polite society (I was raised pure  
lower middleclass white Protestant American: Emily Post  
fake genteel overdone roast beef or chicken on Sunday)

What do you care about Western Civilization -- as a friend has lately written, "How big a piece of it do you own... how much would you miss it if it disappeared tomorrow?"

\*\*\*\*\*

A THRILL A MINUTE  
EVERY SECOND

\*\*\*\*\*

I say,  
Believe some of the senses part of the time,  
although I've seen my share of mirages,  
visions, optical illusions, fake skin pangs,  
nightmares, dejas vus, false memories,  
lies, frauds, theaters, governments, universities, magicians --  
come hell or high water. "It don't stand to reason,"  
they used to say -- other times, "If I hadn't  
seed it I never would have believed it"

\*\*\*\*\*

Get the words out of my head  
Lewis looked at me one day and yelled,  
"Look at your head! You got all those words in there!  
Your head is full of words!"

Mine them out of the bone, scrape out  
With special tool steel chisels and corkscrews  
Rake and scrape out, these caries  
Hard brown crystals of living rot in the brain bone

All my nerves yell, my muscles resist  
The brain thinks it's evading the probe

It lies there, helpless oyster  
Bubbling in its own thin juices...

\*\*\*\*\*

Today I want to evade all my responsibilities (I write in bed)  
If the rug were cleaner, I'd lie down and  
roll on it.

I practise looking out through  
the top of my head,  
brain surface receives direct radiant energy  
it responds like the compound eye of insect  
which is also the eye of bodhisattva watching everything  
at once with perfect detachment, perfect compassion, perfect wisdom....

World seen via sensitive head of my dong--  
Like elephant's trunk, yogis  
Inhale air ocean through that little tube  
    (Lady in Russia has fingers which tell her she's  
    TOUCHING "blue"... "red"... "yellow")  
Also through belly button, pores of the skin  
Fresh air & the world's "evil"  
Converted into beneficence, blessings

\*\*\*\*\*

I wrote "46" a few days ago.

---

GOLD

Earthquake washing-machine

---

EXCELLENT  
HOW  
IT SHINES  
HEAVILY  
WELLS FARGO BANK  
& UNION TRUST COMPANY

California Belt Line Railroad crash hump freightcars  
midnight roar and cool

---

What other word can I comb out of my moustache?

---

Tilden Park:

a quince bush with fruit. (hispid.)  
Come home to the year's first  
pomegranate

---

coffee and tea  
blacken my teeth

---

Jewel facet, hairline edge, sapphire  
emerald ruby the pure colors have  
settled out, petrified from white  
crystal prism light split breakdown  
One precious gem the ancients believed was crystalized leopard pis

blang, blang, blang, six times  
red orange yellow green blue violet  
some people say "indigo" for "blue". I feel it  
has too much black in it,  
flat vegetable dye

blang, blang, blang  
noiselessly: a chord of music for the eye  
God's promise in the sky,  
Goethe believed Sir Isaac too prosaic  
Herman Weyl says that color is real  
a separate realm of existence

---

blang

---

very little else works as well -- printers ink  
(magenta blue and yellow) makes the whole schmeer

---

The Tropics! ablaze with flowers and gorgeous  
porcelain bugs rare spicy odors  
perfumes and rotting brain eyes curry!  
gone up the spout or down the chute  
an extended vacation -- federal pen or a State  
Asylum for the criminally  
insane

---

J E W E L S   A N D   G O L D  
priceless treasure   J E W E L S   of the rarest  
color and water, countless rivers, lakes, creeks  
and streams   fish gems   frog pearls  
bug articulated jewels  
crystals inside rocks  
jewel fern   jewel moss   flash water diamond

---

The animals are silent and very powerful.  
Fishes and frogs have other kinds of lives, they  
are doing something else, they have a plan,  
they also have great powers  
Fire-opal worms: beneficent presences  
Microscopic walking jewel beasts, living  
crystals, the virus living molecule  
all the rocks and mud, all the plants,  
all the elements, the sun, moon and stars

---

at the aquarium we see gar-fish six feet long  
"What do you suppose he's thinking?"

Snyder says: "Most animals are in some state of samadhi  
most of the time."

---

O Goddess I call on you constantly  
People laugh when I speak of you  
They don't see you beside me,  
I'm young again when you appear

"It stands to reason," people say,  
But I mean Holy Wisdom  
Buddha-mother Tara  
Bringing poems as I asked, as I

Was lonely and impatient  
Drug with literature and politics  
Almost convinced that writing's impossible,  
Totally controled by professors and publishers

One small zap-ray blink of your eye  
Demolishes all these tinny dreams of Art  
Breakthrough to actual skin throb stroke

And beyond all this --  
Countless worlds, life as joy knowledge  
Flower freedom fire  
My doubt impatience fear and worry  
Consumed in wisdom flame garland  
I can bless the editor, the PhD, the New York Review of Books  
The poems and the writing all are yours.

3:X:64  
7:XI:64











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## Date Due

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