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William Carlos Williams's "Rome"

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The cover illustration is the reproduction of an etching by Dellas Henke and is one of a suite of thirteen he has made for his special edition of Waiting for Godot.

Note: Because of the unavoidable intrusion of summer plans, the poetry in this issue is the responsibility, finally, of the editors and assistant poetry editors rather than of Stanley Plumly.

In our next issue. . . .

Stories or poems by Nicholas Delbanco, Gordon Weaver, Mark Halperin, Stephen Dobyns, Dennis Schmitz, Judith Moffett, Charolette Mandel and others. Translations and adaptations of Propertius, Igor Calvo, Anna Akhmatova, Joseph Brodsky, and Michael Butor. A transcription of a question and answer session following Brodsky's reading here and an interview with Edwin Thumboo, a poet from Singapore, on writing, largely in English, from well beyond our borders.

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The thing is not finished out gas in

ROME

*re-related means
clear - to be clear*

*Des came in to
started to write:*

Venus Capitolenus : There is a separate marble, buried in sand, lost, returned to light or there new - that exists there is that to take, the chisel starts from the navel of the man who is -

He throws out of himself a force - a strength - No it is a restraint he breaks with his habit - he is - There is no writing but a moment that is and dies and is again wearing the body to nothing .

Violence is dull as young Hindus embracing Christianity and becoming priests -

To write is to go in the rain to be bitten by a dog If it could be like footsteps that cinemetographs break and rejoin it would be poetry - Throwing himself off upon plates going to see Cardinals created - incidentally Venus is caught at the edge of the film .

It is to hold tight and to let go . No longer write to be read, to make the endlessly made, basilicas fallen, broken columns - death is not picturesque . If a man have changed - he is

Nero killed children and could not kill himself - it is impossible longer to break the habit of self

Leda knew a swan, it is Michael Angelo

It cannot be broken down - but if it could, pecking away, if the moon could succeed .

All this Roman mortar would yield up a poem .

It would be ~~in~~ . It would be ~~in~~ in basilicas, altar pieces, ~~in~~ Mino da Fiesole .

The scale of flesh it is - beauty , as they call it It is impossible to write a poem save as hair grows. It is cut or not .

I can never again write anything to be a certain shape . But there is a kind of thing I could do : to have out of me the hell of a life I will not understand . And to have myself for a work of the will . *clear*

There is in the figure of a girl in marble by P*R*A*X*I* I*P*S*E*L*E*S* that onl. for boys to put a ~~point~~ with lead pencil. It is exactly the same when a pope orders plaster of Paris on ~~the~~ ~~of~~ of Apollis . *he follows but*

Praxiteles screwed and used a chisel, he fucked his models - it all went into his work . *about 8 then models*

He scraped his way - There is use in sand-paper even, as a sharp edge is necessary for shaving or a monocle to give the final pointed touch when a man looks at a whore . So a monocle is a cunt to the eye .

One could burst through churches and laws, the hell of money, marriage, occupations with sand-paper - or by spitting. It is done .

From this, from the smile in an old man's eye it falls as Pallas Athena .

Age has nothing to do with it : This is poetry .

Dripping from the wet body - wet because it is wet, wet - There is no rebellion, no escape by leisure, by religion, by painting, by farming

Peasants are free because they tie the grapes and rich because the law is made to rob them and religion to enslave them and science to break them from their homes and possessions

They are free, the dead of life is lifted . They give the grape vine a twist and it has grapes on it . Their life is stupid and happy and horrible .

*in
Greek*

the world is not to be that thing

*Doesn't
do it*