

I lead you into the house, where we lie on the floor.  
I rub your hands over my body.  
Lucifer, the Apocalypse is over.  
I am the First, the Last  
and you are nothing. . . . Hold me.

Silent Canto / Horace Coleman  
*for Ezra Pound*

fallen  
the last petal  
from our sour  
cherry tree  
floats on  
turned earth

the roots  
go deeper  
now  
the tide  
in Venice  
lifts

In an Office of English / Ron Welburn

in bookcase of yon . . .  
steeled in reflecting black  
leroi jones sits

absent of langston and  
alone of our long singers  
his 'dead lecturer' catfished

against the enclosure  
dovetailed to coleridge's  
mariner, awakening that

sensation of floating, that  
tingling of seas. is it he hanging  
from someone's neck?