

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?

does his presence persist  
though cornered from his lecturers  
despising the meaning of him?

on the shelf, awaiting  
the burial of words, his eyes  
pierce the mast as they

do the spirit. he is an  
example, we see; a training unit  
for the contempt of style

he is assigned his floorward place  
in the mind, but in space  
his regal power knows no time.

## The Silent Songwriter of Our Apocalypse / Reginald Lockett

*for James Washington Blake*

He's got a high stepping Texas Hop  
in his walk  
an old-time bottleneck blues in the  
way he talks & countless records of  
events & unheard of songs in the  
expression on his ageless face.  
Collages of gutbucket truths &  
revelations persist in his  
endless gaze.  
He's the silent songwriter  
of our Apocalypse.  
He keeps a Big John de Conqueror  
root in his hip pocket & a  
lodestone hidden  
neatly away in his vest.

The golden radiance of his smile  
dances pass trembling veils & travels  
far beyond the comprehension of  
reddish clouds in the hot pinkness of  
warm evening skies.