



Versuche: 23

**Three Parodies of  
Ezra Pound  
[1990-1996]**

Blast

"Quant aux bas, ils sont inutiles."

--Rimbaud in a letter to his  
family

The general's horses--HIS horses even  
Are tired. Three weeks on the cavalry  
And these too DIE BY THE ROADSIDE. Is there such  
Exhaustion in London? The men here eat  
From tin cans, FLIES  
BITING AT THE NEW EARTH. Women now have  
DEATH ONLY with which to argue, and sight  
SLOWLY DIMINISHES, as shells burst,  
Seeming ONLY in the FOREGROUND. Do you feel  
Such confinement in your home?

The air remains thick and yet  
For all these trenchant things, NOTHING  
HAS CHANGED. LIFE REMAINS  
The SAME STRENGTH that propels EACH  
SMALL INDIVIDUAL to assert.

This morning I nipped  
From an enemy a MAUSER--an image  
Of PERFECT BRUTALITY.  
I found I did not like it.  
I broke the butt off and fashioned  
A gentler feeling. Both images TAUNTED  
MY SENSES. I emphasize,  
Both images, of GUN AND SCULPTURE  
GOT THEIR EFFECTS from a SIMPLE COMPOSITION  
Of LINES AND PLANES.

This war is a great remedy.  
It kills ARROGANCE  
SELF ESTEEM and PRIDE. It kills NUMBERS  
Of those USELESS UNITS that have proven  
SO NOXIOUS to our economy. It KILLS FEAR,  
Refers it back to MORE BASE RELATIONS  
As ONLY LIFE remains. But with all this  
Know that my views  
Remain ABSOLUTELY THE SAME.

A man with NOT YET  
EVEN A SCAR of his lost arm  
Sings into a harmonica, his torso  
ALL BUT CHARRED. His music cries, but Ah  
The notes sound sweet!  
Is this the falcon  
Losing sight of the falconer?  
Is this the sensation

Of DEATH'S PALE BREEZE  
That TIGHTENS MY SKIN in this fervor?  
I only hope  
I return to my country soon.

(Gaudier-Brzeska)

--Brian Stefans

## Blast

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Are tired. Three weeks on the cavalry  
And these too DIE BY THE ROADSIDE. Is there such  
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DEATH ONLY with which to argue, and sight  
SLOWLY DIMINISHES, as shells burst,  
Seeming ONLY in the FOREGROUND. Do you feel  
Such confinement in your own home?

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*(after Gaudier-Brzeska)*

The Oaths of Dino: Bell Cafe, March 16, 1996

Bah! I have sung poorly in three cities.  
It is all the same. Fun.

"Fun," they say, "Fun, that he were here,  
Dino, of the jibe, the laughter...

Dino the saur!

Would that Dino the Brontosaur were here  
ten seconds faster

to give us our midnight's rapport!"

It's... eh... kind of  
the same? (It's better than Pound.)

I have sung Howl rewrites to the Councils of Gods-  
on-Earth. (The same.)

I have sung Nutrition Values. (Tres Po-Mo!)

I have <sup>sung</sup> Essentialist jingles, and counter-

Essentialist jingles. (Nuts!)

Affluent Dino, <sup>sung</sup> of the withering thighs,

Arrogant Dino (the strut, the jibes), would that  
he were here

ruining his career,

Dino, the guy!

Hmm... eh... who... whoah?... Dino? Yeah.

Heh... Heh.... 1... 2... 3... Pfluagh? Yeah.

I have sung womanly in three cities. (That's hip.)

I have sung Bel Canto. (So.)

Eh... wha... er... and roughened my throat  
on Nirvana. (Plink!)

-- And it is all the same  
and I will sing of the sun. Er, rather --

('t's)"Under the Boardwalk." The guy!

Dino the Saur! Was Dino of the slobber, <sup>in</sup> wandering  
eye here? No? So!

<sup>the</sup> And I have taught instructions on the proper use of <sup>the</sup> Rolodexes  
under the mountains of rolling froth. It is the same.

Alphabetical. <sup>all</sup>

-----  
Thanks for coming to the reading. Here is a little improvisation,  
in celebration of your book o' Pound. I really do appreciate  
(or "did") your being there, and apologize for being so distracted  
afterwards. *Thanks also for the Muldeven - which I want*

Yours,

*Bur*

*poorly! -*

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(tsk!) “Under the Boardwalk.” The guy!

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Alphabetical.

Ode on the Letters of Pound and Williams

Drear Ez: What do you mean?! If you  
can't write one simple declarative  
sentence, perhaps you shouldn't (though I'd  
miss you) continue. Wake up!  
Ascorbic acid is the same as vitamin  
C. No one there? Screw your lordly Piss'em, and  
his Coattails Party. When can you think  
again, like the young man you  
wuz? (Serious enquiry.) Yours, Bill.

Ole Bull. Readin Gesell? Yer  
komments t'kin in stride, boy -- n th'  
soph'clean lusions. PERHAPS yu'd bettr <sup>Now</sup> be  
draggin yer provencial arse buttwards to  
Paris. Cluckteau's prob'ly  
not yer type -- dAMM if the jinx on  
FORdie -- Muss -- enc '  
new Bunting number of New Aj -- yours affect.

Dearest Ezzy: Floss has discovered  
a new type of mold growing, she feels, under  
YOUR BRAIN! and I heartily agree.  
Asked yesterday for statement on you by  
Poetry Chicag. on your trial, to which I responded, if  
it is an award for poetry, it's  
Ez's, tho I detest his politics (but my  
"communist sympathies" scratched  
it). Enclosed Paterson IV if Laughlin ain't  
sent you one, solly. Receivin' new  
books, daily it seems, but they have not got  
to the words. These young people are incredible. Bill.

Weepsy Williams: -- told to me STRAIGHT  
-- I mean gastrointentional -- JJ was  
killed of it. RE: Pat. IV munny goot  
pages, but criticzm's are slo  
cummings -- mind's too bent. AND shits  
re looking -- plus vert. What beats jock itch? Ez.

Dear Re: Spring has come again to Rutherford, I feel  
strength returning. Quite a twister. You  
must meet young man Gins. at soonest possible  
moment, IF you want (or are interested in)  
America. Bill has new tooth. Please...  
pull your head out of your ass. This is the United States, baby.

WCW: rec'vd. If ovid hadn't sed it, &  
gave ol' grandpa a chanz -- Jeff. MUss. right. Agassiz,  
yo mamma. AND cranks, Roos. Say hi to your Mom. HELL,  
eff Kenner won' DO Steevens no. -- p '  
raps YOU shld. This Zukofsky's a find. Bimpie. Your frind. ZZ



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