



Versuche: 23

**Three Pastiches of
Ezra Pound (and others)
[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

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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 ^{sung} Essentialist jingles, and counter-

Essentialist jingles. (Nuts!)

Affluent Dino, ^{sung} 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, ⁱⁿ wandering
eye here? No? So!

^{the} And I have taught instructions on the proper use of ^{the} Rolodexes
under the mountains of rolling froth. It is the same.

Alphabetical. ^{all}

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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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 ^{Now} 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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