

[illegible]

MY GET DOG

I'M TRYING
AWAY FROM

I'M TRYING TO GET AWAY FROM M!

I'M TRYING TO GET AWAY FROM MY DOG

I'M TRYING TO GET AWAY FROM MY DOG

I'M TR
AWAY FROM MY DOG

I'M TRYING TO GET AWAY FROM MY DOG

TO GET MY DOG

TIN
FROM M

IN
FROM

Dog City 2

CONTENTS

Diane Ward/Doug Lang.....	THESE PARTS
Doug Lang/Diane Ward.....	SOAPSUDS BLUE LIFE
P. Inman.....	from Á VIZ
Phyllis Rosenzweig.....	FOR ALAN POEM WITH "BABY" UNTITLED UNTITLED
Tina Darragh.....	from the "LONG ARMS" section of PI IN THE SKYE
Terence Winch.....	HAMBURGER GARDENS MINK COAT, CORDORoy PANTS, SNEAKERS, TWO HATS & A GLOVE
Joan Retallack.....	PORTFOLIO C: THE GOLDEN AGE OF GREECE, ETC. EXISTENCE IS AN ATTRIBUTE
Joan Retallack/Phyllis Rosenzweig...	THESE ARE THE GAR DISSOLUTE STREETS OF YOSHIWARA
Donald Britton.....	BLUE SKIES
Gardner McFall.....	JANUARY
Bernard Welt.....	STRING QUARTET MANY METAPHORS
Steve Benson.....	UNTITLED
Lynne Dreyer.....	UNTITLED

CORRECTION

"String Quartet" for Donald Britton should be

"Soapsuds" by Doug Lang/Diane Ward

"Soapsuds" by Doug Lang/Diane Ward should be

"String Quartet" for Donald Britton by

Bernard Welt

These Parts

for Tad Wanveer

I need a 21. Unimportant or something else. Its past.
 Its urban shapes cool the flair of Shade remaining
 listening, the talk walks in scattered edges
 no more Candy, no Lipstick, no arms and big eyes, too.
 Duality in logic gets cold below that smile
 there. Like longing, gone, a second voiceless
 prelude a theme for being. If it's still 'in love'
 please, no new proper nouns. The speed of now.
 Before was around. I haven't seen these parts before.
 Into the ever a flavored strata a kokomo batter
 a frame of atonement to fix the measure. Steady.
 Sappho went down in the look of that separate eye.
 There under that hat sitting mixed like children
 sensation like a grand slam, "You can't help it
 The compromise of world a word wound around etcetera
 nervous matter, "In love with the one
 Dove-gray name. Lonely rent. Monopoly meaning.
 Soapsuds weep for me. I haven't seen these parts.
 Former diffusion here and there preceeds
 a brush of language for behavioral behavior.
 Sidestepped regret. And nothing curves in this way.

String Quartet

for Donald Britton

Lightning blonded a book slapped
Fleshed and speed over recovered
Flavored strata
Flattening horizon, legs
Fluent in the realm of COMMON SENSE, lonely
Sidestepped
Nervous 13 days, unimportant logic charms, tricks-of-fever
Of Django who drew off fever a flair for shading
Higher and higher higher and higher
Cadmus and logic, get cold, blonded speed
Lipstick soapsuds lonely
Rent, separate measure, listening
Gray across behaviour
Names language and cools, there
Fixes your grand style
Voices "in love" the measure cold
Nervous legs, rent
Preceding fixes logic something
If charms if listening
You can't help it
If big eyes, big eyes, if sidestepped

BLUE LIFE

for Lyn Hejinian

downtown tiger, Bernard a
brush of language, keep loose for Albert
Roussel & Raymond. Appropriate, conserve,
adore, do. Walk like home, quick. Flip
one, where you didn't have fun, dipping to
Donald or Ariane or Jim & Angela, the sugar
on your shelf, the self. Keep bidding,
one-upping daddy, did you ever get me those
pills?

Rattan blue life a lamp or two, island of light under alto
solo, comping. "One travels only to verify one's dreams."

-- Gerard de Nerval. The body reduced to atoms,
amplification of small sounds, immanence.

P. INMAN

glode,)stokle / oicthr/bibc. cror)napkin cant be prediction ...)bromed

) tliner.

) ever her pines

0j)fraff

) carcen) later)s flasp

rub pletely placen)
enominee)
spauce/sonata)
incide)jave eatide)
tlaxent)sit/cludes)

"oreor")"malt make")

	deb)jare)tror)e	briden)
zule)	thone)yellow)slice)	
	grap)lid)br)ee	

settled)glaf)larch)
ophthalm) jlack)
mang-red hair) paled vore)
stope)fladdive)cclode)
oct)jam) lay)bratch)
swim of blass)

sping)

PHYLLIS ROSENZWEIG

For Alan

If only you painted, he says
I'd want you
For instance, your heart stops
Indistinct like American history
So here it is a typical occurrence
an absolute present tense chronology
It wasn't what you wanted at the beginning, was it?
This tension
Like a non-objective mural for no particular place
Like architecture
You can't interfere with nature
so learn to cooperate
For bad dreams about rejection
Same time, same place, same
material
The great American list and
The start of a new era of starting over
is starting over
Nothing follows nothing and
we keep going
The geography etcetera of 53rd Street
We repeat verticals like heartbeats
The beginning of one of those
very aggressive black and white situations
Meanwhile we have Beethoven and
The music you are hearing is the music you
selected
Meanwhile everything is inevitable and
All that glitters is not aura
Image doubles reflection
Subject evident, not relevant

Poem with "baby"

Changing the ribbon
on your typewriter, baby
Anything can happen

We were a school
We had to defend our reputation
He wanted an egg in his beer
a new brand of cigarettes
a new life
He knew the score Salami Palomino
baby the same
order of decisions
leaving it, developing it, painting it out
a theory of surplus desire
from one seedy bar to another seedy bar
You can't escape sentiment
"it's inescapable,"
he said

He was a co-author
He would like to conclude this conversation
He thinks we should conclude this conversation
He wishes to conclude this conversation

And then it is your birthday
Our experience, so to speak
It all began with a friendly kiss
and that's the story morning glory
If I told you you had a great body
would you hold it against me?

Looking is not eating
You are my ami sense of mysterioso
In the scheme of things
my happiness is nothing compared to
your happiness
Nothing is as terrific tonight
as it was last night
Free ride as in orbital flight
We topped our tank here and there
an undertone here and there
new restaurant anxiety
"Starry Night" the feeling of being
in two places at once
Nantucket is no Illinois

Mojo meaning
Number seven meaning faith
Cha cha cha
He puts his socks on first
He once called you a slob
but you were only being more relaxed
She was one of those big girls
who everyone expects to be more grown up

You have a man-woman relationship here

First class
The wind picks up
day to year too slow
The parts of the body are: name
The reasons for stopping are:
Keeping one thing firmly in mind

Roach hotel. They check in but they don't check out
Blue water or something like that. Coffee. Or other
drinks to go. A twist is a donut. You know so
many songs now.

It is the way this area and this area
move together and are separate. If I were
an old master who would I be? Some Spaniard?
After I came back
When I saw the show
After lunch
After lunch refreshed
No figure, No Rembrandt, no Titian
No hands Clancy. It's a nice attitude
and it can make you happy while you hang around

Exactly sought and exactly left undefined
appears on the surface, parts, illusions of space,
in masking; overlays, interchangeable anatomies,
intimate proportions and colors, no-environment, etc.
All brought up close to the surface
He didn't know where to put all the blue

Muchas gracias. Thank you very much.
We had to go places this week on Monday, Tuesday
and Wednesday
Rhubarb Rhubarb Rhubarb
When you go to a party you eat spinach
even when you don't like spinach
When I return from a meal I want another meal

We have thoughts and we have emotions. In some cases we have only thoughts, in others, only emotions, and in still others, we have confusion.

Of all the rooms I like this room best

This is my friend This is my boyfriend
This is my desk where I work
This is my job
This is me
This is the way things go

Merrick Parkway Utopia Parkway
This is the fourth page
This is the fifth page
They offered me a lot of money
so I agreed to do it.

Cook an egg Cook another egg
These are the vitamins in your life
You could line people up
Is this pink?
Is this blue?
Is this worth continuing?

You get pessimistic
Like we're in the same field and it
seems to be working
It's not even half of what it should be
so passive and perfect
The glittering metropolis

The teeming metropolis

This is real wool
This is my one true bargain
Everything in your life is fast
but not me
We eat out too much but good food
is good when good food is good
You want to talk about it and
I want to get off this train

Easy directions Easy to follow
It is about perception which is
not memory; to be alone to eat
a cookie to get dressed up

Assuming, for the sake of argument
Supposing, for the sake of argument
That everything (perception) is based
on endless temporary experiences
An absolute fulfillment of human desire
Stolichnaya. Scientific Valentine.
Venus in a terrifying light

from the "Long Arms" section of *pi in the Skye*

la di da

It was a special day, A TENPOUNDER, and they had to pay only a dime to get in. The ambassador and his lady arrived late. Between whites of eggs and fruit-nut spread, pussy's toes were used for everlastings. "Lady-of-the-night," they called. "Franciscan nightshade."

Slipper smock thistle thumb
Washington geranium
stethoscope
epithet
cannibals in mid-Lent

Nap Lajoie proposed to "win," opening his bid by combining "recurved" with "petal," "puff" with "paste" and "fugitive" with "yellow." It didn't matter that, in taking the tricks, he made his "l"s as "y"s and his "r"s like "w"s. When the hand was his, he produced a diagram showing the deviation of his compass from the magnetic north at any heading.

HAMBURGER GARDENS

The hot smoke leaked out of the instrument
 my hands went numb I keep falling off the wall
 & you come & hang me up & hang me up
 & hang me up again you are piled up
 against my door you are breaking up
 with someone who is breaking up with you
 pieces of both of you clog my dreams
 I dream about your pink continent
 where fur falls like snow
 I am eating what I find in your teeth
 & licking the white streaks off your mirror
 I am disembodied like a saxophone solo
 you disconnect me in the middle of a conversation
 about the wind whistling through your t.v. set

MINK COAT, CORDOROT PANTS, SNEAKERS, TWO HATS & A GLOVE

for Steve & Linda

29 South, The Beltway, all the highways,
 are the swirls of your smallest right fingerprint.
 The cathedrals of the Catholics, Mormons, and Masons
 are giant Coke bottles, blue-green American.

We eat snow tonight, as a secret cure,
 but are too late for MacDonald's or Colonel Sanders.
 But that's okay. One magic drop of the pure
 & we begin to sing of soldiers slain in Flanders

And of Willie killed in Germany, and of death
 and love and of foolish young men who drown.
 This is the Indian winter, our cold breath
 is hot smoke & hot smoke from the hard ground

Warms our holy feet in the back seat of the car
 as we drive in circles, getting nearer, then too far.

JOAN RETALLACK

EXISTENCE IS AN ATTRIBUTE

A.

1. All I can remember is I thought I heard
2. "jowls of the madonna" on the car radio.
3. We had just passed the sign that says Darnestown.
4. There was a red, white and blue mailbox on the left
5. that said Owens. There was a cardboard box
6. in the middle of the road. It was raining.
7. You said, I can prove you don't exist:
8. If you exist, I can't prove you don't exist.
9. Either you exist or I am proving
10. you don't exist.
11. I am proving you don't exist.
12. You don't exist.

B.

1. All I can remember is I thought I heard
2. "jowls of the madonna" on the car radio
3. as we passed the sign that says Darnestown, 8 mi.
4. I knew it couldn't be right, "jowls."
5. You said you were going to prove I didn't exist.
6. This is no idle threat, you said, laughing;
7. logic forces you to certain conclusions.
8. It was raining hard, mud washing onto the road.
9. All I can remember is "jowls," though I knew
10. only a split second later it couldn't be right.
11. You swerved to avoid what turned out to be
12. a box in the middle of the road.

Read A&B combined as follows:

A - 1

B - 1

A - 2

B - 2

A - 3

B - 3

etc.

PORTFOLIO C:
THE GOLDEN AGE OF GREECE, ETC.

eating with fingers out of communal bowl
animal motion
velocity of poetry
foreign affairs

got the
got the
got the
Chevy Chase Circle blues

this story old as time
devolution
fulguration
Dear _____:

blanch and die
that is
Renaissance in England
regain balance before
Oresteia
Oresteia
family reunion
regain balance before
small instance
as it were

barking crow
pigpens and rumors of emeralds
not a
not a
not a
delicatessen

not an
intuition

Oshitashi
Oshitashi
not a game

despite
HA HA HA
canned laughter
HA HA HA
Academic Overture
HA HA HA
polyphonic powers

ostensibly of or set in countryside
yes
yes
yes
shepherds and other rural types
trees and streams
cows and sheep

all the while
monitoring inner distraction
idly turning pages
to
eliminate time
eliminate space
eliminate all 12 catagories
facsimile first edition
O
illuminated manu-script
illuminated manu-script

these are the
graceful hoops
these are the
broad attempts
these are the
(slew the Meaningless-Ness Monster)
these are the
Real Life
these are the
nervous giggle
these are the
monumental abandon
etc.

this is it
alright
this is it
sun is rising
this is it
Real Life
this is it
sun is setting
this is it
turn pages slowly
this is it
across great divide
this is it
passion
attachment
commitment
direction

HA HA HA
easily portable smile

HA HA HA
power on
HA HA HA
volumne up
HA HA HA
pizza
HA HA HA
pizza with everything

power is on
volumne is up
sun rises
sun sets
etc.

that is
just missed
that is
inside the
that is
she surely
that is
what?
that is
that he
that is
not his best
that is
perhaps
that is
meanwhile
that is
no doubt
that is

in some cultures
that is
screening applicants
that is
naming and knowing
that is
common knowledge
that is

Academic Overture

that is

1. the Spartan Lawgiver
2. Ethelred the Unready
3. the former capital of Russia
4. mouse-like rodents living in Mexico
5. buttered noodles peas and tofu
6. mountainous regions full of historical documents

JOAN RETALLACK/PHYLLIS ROSENZWEIG

THESE ARE THE GAY DISSOLUTE STREETS OF YOSHIWARA

there is no contact with the outside world
cold air passes over warmer air
this is a cruel but reasonable justice
this can be used in conversations
a new class arises with vulgar cheerfulness
the process of adjusting is much like zeroing-in

BLUE SKIES

for Michael Faubion

Around the corner of the sky
Some birds are making themselves
Useful. They've been especially
Flown in. Odd, to see flamingoes,

Albeit paper flamingoes
Covered with handwriting
As louvers you peer through, there
In the lithop garden

Where the days transparent
Insignias have bloomed: a perfect scene
For the credits to roll under
While a song indelibly sad is played,

Occluding further comment
Like a man doused in gasoline.
If I step into your clothes
With you in them, I'm no better

Than a flamingo set afire,
Or into the several hearts of that flame
An idea whose time never comes.
Yet all summer long we will wait,

Gloving the stony hands of the garden,
And on through winter too,
Until our faces, frozen
Into passport photo parodies

Of how we look, fade and ravel
Even in the minds of unborn police.
And that kitchen gadget, the one
With a thousand household uses --

We discovered only two or three,
But the universe absorbs these regrets,
Which is why space doubles back
On itself and allows no room

To step outside and rotate it
In the proper fashion
So that we may return, like pages
In a notebook, to the lost place

Of unforgiven edification. There was
Something unholy about the way you bulged
That plummeted us into historical time,
Though I still remember the sky's map,

How all the countries touch
In one color, how the same glove
Fits either hand, and how a care
As of lepidopterists maneuvering in tall grass

Reigns there, dust rapidly reclaiming
The halls. The halls of dazzling light.

JANUARY

At 28 degrees in the hard to reach
basin of Washington, where it never sticks,
you can justly be surprised by snow.
Though the weathermen have warned us,

hush. Go to the window. Be amazed:
four inches in the Circle.
The car won't start. The key won't fit
the frozen lock.

Over your shoulder 18th & P is a black and white
postcard of Paris circa '30, a postcard before
there were postcards, picturing the same
snow, treelimb, eyelash.

We should be irritated. You are late.
I am cold. But Beauty, we are overcome.
And just when we promised ourselves
not to write another snow poem.

BERNARD WELT

Many Metaphors

for Steve Benson

The funny thing about the climate
here is that it imposes a limit
on the sincerity of your glee and remorse
and the number of things you can do with your voice.

The king's daughter. The sparrow. The hoop.
Have wanted to. Am glad. But an idea keeps
and I'm not certain, like the rain you notice
floats and doesn't drop within your practice,

like something you smoke, or a telephone number.
Late at night, after work we do, we remember
new ways of involving horrible consequences
in the jerk-off repertory of the day's responses

but it's like theory how the library of medicine
shakes brilliance off the edges of our reticence
and we're embarrassed. I think I like it, though:
ass-backwards, and retreating from this new

and maniac vocabulary, still I want to admit
into your sense, and mine, remarkable and flat
but necessary tones: because you are the air's fresh
breath, that chastens pretense with a sudden flash.

I don't say these things to you because I want to,
I say them because I have to. Then you were also
like a small jar I could keep coins in, a scissors
I could use to cut stars in paper with.

SOAPSUDS

Another thing to breathe. The stars decline. The moon is dissipating light, the summer night is quiet and remote, the ocean is terrific, impassive and "vast," like a catalogue of frequent stylistic errors; it's

this weakness, a gas-line crack leaking poison air we have to breathe, the music beginning quietly and getting louder, a flight down the Eastern Seaboard, low and close to the wave: you love those things you give away

and that makes the act important, a love song, as I have fear of letting go those things I give to you. In one ear and also in the other, the sound of, you know, those people who run, running, like pages flipping in a book,

on the banks of a river in England during a famous war, the power beginning at a station somewhere along the Potomac, running through wires to the walls of your house and into your head: it hurts. A standard evening during which

too many cigarettes are smoked and every act is interpreted, translated to a very high note you could never sound, the last gasp of Prince Albert strangling in a can, a bet, a hand, a sign, the logical endpoint of the road to excess.

Come to the window. The sound of violins gone automatic as they're played inside an electronic device, like water dripping in an empty cavern, an automatic melody for busted strings, an event to be judged against other events in its

intensity and focus, a list of all the words you've ever spoken, a moment of silence, a note, the human voice.

STEVE BENSON

What you think you would like to know
does it exist in the air you would have to breathe
when you try to hold your breath long enough you forget
confusing the reflections of two lamps either side of
the window

and if the corner is turned excite a different kind of
love

to wear across its face a satin sheet, a white glove, an
arm covered with laces the groan under the weight of
organdy velour muffled by spices
vellum muddled

the time hastened to its retreat, the clock unwound, the
forgiveness sought to no avail

or a shape crowded in among the blank goals, quivering like
outmoded robots that dangle along the pieces of stone
overlooking a river like the Seine like neon at night like
creeping fog like white shadows like blistered soles of the
feet of waitresses in allnight diners like cab drivers home
at 3 in the afternoon complaining of sore throats like sharp
pains in the back like whistling into the wind like a song
without rhythm without percussion without a tune without a
voice

the shape of retarding the ribs of frost if the window is
cold because the temperature of the air outside has dropped
and your eyes are lowered in anticipation of a violent sneeze

and since the noon reminds itself with bells and whistles it
occurs that you might too, shinnying up a pole in place of a
ladder or lying on your side beside a pool gazing in the
reflection of the slightest outcropping of the surrounding
architecture, your face, hair, the retraction of the sun

it goes in because it has no expectation that the memory of
its retreat will embarrass any hazard of possible completion
that isn't as likely as not unwelcome to fruition anyway

by your own lights

There were fakirs in the song, the carousel projector, O in the English accent, automatic cassette, interpreter replacement. It laughs just like a friend. It laughs up to me.

The black guy is falling around, more like oozing, flowing, and I think about him being languid, how I've always thought of it as a female trait. But then I think he is, he seems calm until he stands in front of us and declares his hello and that a business is every American's dream come true or did he say back drop to Baltimore to the office moving home - changing his position trying to decide if they can get machines to do maintenance. Think about the 100 year quarter rest, last reciprocal needles on the bed, hitting the monkey's head, trying to test their volition, they're crowding them out.

Are the cows home? Are they surviving? Are they complementing your survival? They're cultivated, luxurious, admitting to being a luxury item. As sentimental as the electric birds the trip is planned for fall. First on the island then at the shopping center where everything is smooth you appear with your yellow silent eyes.

Erskine and Tony are explaining the difference between pat and fat and pat fat. At the end of the process the machine stops. It's not dramatic but it's clear, it's talking about power, about the languid men who pose, the difference between the quiet men and Erskine says Aw Lynne Come on like don't be bad don't be serious Coops his man - he says he knows it will follow him but not Frank cause Frank is so clear, he's too concise and too short, and he won't listen to him he won't take orders from him from his voice.

It's school, high school, cool groundshirt, reverse to hip and what is allowed and what isn't for artistic lifestyles or P.G. county tough guy shy or joke shy about it.

Or the lifestyle where the women back up their men, they're wanting to be tough like in Antin's airline stewardess tough. "Why honey, look at this new outfit, won't he go wild."

Well Erskine and Tony are moving up, they want to know what other things you can do such as walk on the outside, hold the door, light the cigarette. It's European, everyone knows you shouldn't advertise, or follow a bike so close where the holiday brings the announcement and are the judges being bought off, colliding? Are these disneyland ships following the dream where it's too slow and you can't connect, you could possibly find a way to write.

She is holding her ear with her hand, her mouth cast down, wondering if things will go all right with her boyfriend. At the same time the other guy walks in worrying about her. She glances up, taking everything in. She's trying hard to be light.

Now is the time to be generous and nice, if it gets quiet enough we will all die. If you don't understand me I would live. It didn't strike her fancy, it wasn't intelligent, it craved attention and it was ashamed. Does the face feel its soft age?

How blue does the train become? Look around and lose its empty life. Image equalling a duplicate. Naming your child in the Evangelical Church. If they're holding their hands high, they're praying, the white men standing in front of the blacks. I need you when I chance to say it, murky eyes lost, two evacuation process images, as if everyone else idolized Memory. Hanging comforting things on the wall, leaving the stationery in a pleasant fashion making the f as if it was a great whale.

Those who talk for the sake of talking or silence it take the great black chorus and sing out. Take the sea and describe its ridiculous glory. The mast becomes the lightning cross, personalized to the nth degree, tracking time with heavy steps. Black the time when friends become pods, or appeasing witnesses to your clever deeds. The bridge turns over and over in my mind.

Stop watching proud sow.

While they're waiting for the salute they show a double take, reminiscent of the "Old South." Then they're off promenading.

What a strange way to play the flute, between two men. Stout illustrated words. Flat about the house. Coy about Boston.

A tape to play to Boston. They're acting a certain way. Now they're talking about stinking in a classical dignified, monstrous humorous mod way. They exquisitely try to pick their nose.

The big white hero has a disease. In a monstrous loud voice he shouts, "The only effect of your death is the lazy side of your mouth." Words become letters in my dream world of poetry ones I try to understand. I'm not here for all to see, water giggles a common side. You've seen this thing before when you reached out. Record that into cliches.

Fingers regard the self. I'm not the carousel that reels empathy. Not once on the ship's time were your words with me. Make the time go for a lend when the night turns bright and cold and you're walking white and diligent and the people stand up to chalk life, to say it's a mere excuse, mere when it's so far from your voice. Why, these big rooms become a sweep and the woman in her long dress becomes the one with her pockets filled with her hands.

When the excellent sounds become a life story, Get out, try it out, block the view where it's quiet enough to send you dreaming. The letters had all of that personality, you can't very very far into it with that. You can't think it all by yourself. Extend it, force it out, think and let go, fall back and let it go. Stop being so cute, no need to be tough, leave that for the movies, calm down, don't try to explode, don't be watching out. The cat comes near you, think it out don't put it down with the organ and the holiday which become forceful, polished, magnetic and weak. Write through the lines in the book. There now you feel better. Do you excuse yourself? Exclude yourself? Now isn't that what all of this is about today. Can I bring myself together through my words without the image of the grazing cows?

DOG CITY 2 / Washington, D.C.

Copyright (c) 1980: Steve Benson, Donald Britton,
Tina Darragh, Lynne Dreyer, P.Inman, Doug Lang, Gardner
McFall, Joan Retallack, Phyllis Rosenzweig, Diane
Ward, Bernard Welt & Terence Winch.

Correspondence: c/o Phyllis Rosenzweig
1545 18th St NW #116
Washington, D.C. 20009

Covers, layout and design by Diane Ward &
Doug Lang.