

Morning Glory On The Vine



The Carver

The carver comes in  
Indian with thin whiskers  
And a wife with strawberry hair  
And an infant  
With brand new teeth  
Offers a beaded bag to me.  
A strawberry voice  
Softens the room  
"She holds things out to you  
But she takes them back."  
I'm thinking - W.C. Mitchell.  
"Little Indian - Isiver"  
The man is tracing genetic visions  
With magic markers on a pad -  
"Maybe she's just showing it to you."  
He speaks not looking up  
From the mystery  
Of green eyes and lightning  
Flowing from his finger guides  
And the grass  
Smells sweet in the room.  
I'm thinking, "It's hard to raise girls -  
Harder in these times  
Now that they're being liberated  
If they didn't like their dolls  
You know they're on their way."  
She gets up  
Takes the baby outside in the sun  
And her blue velvet skirt  
And her strawberry hair passing  
Stirs the smoke around.

"The Haidas carve fine pipes  
Animals all along the stem  
Flowing together like smoke  
A small bowl  
And a fine hole right through -  
Wonder what they smoked in those pipes  
They had big boats  
Travelled a long way  
Maybe from South America  
Or some islands  
Where they grew cocaine leaves  
Or something.  
They grew their own smoke here  
Tobacco the old ones say  
But it wasn't tobacco  
See this here drawing  
I did this part on cocaine  
It looks like Haida work  
This snake coming up here looks Haida  
They believe smoke goes to another world."  
I'm thinking, "And it takes you  
Through your own world  
As an alien - "fearful and full of wonder."

Jane Mitchell

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100



Tapwater

Not wishing to appear too fussy  
May I have a plain glass please?  
A China cup will do as well  
A brass dipper would have been best  
Look, I hate to appear a pest  
It is my love of ritual you see  
Like wind now merry from a bride's slipper...  
A little ice  
Please and thanks  
See the stars cracking inside?  
Cold and brilliant...  
We used to suck on icicles picked off the eaves  
Mountain springs  
Artesian wells  
Drew up such drinks as these  
But when you bring it  
On that thermo-glass  
I have to pass  
No thanks, I pass  
Plastic  
Thick  
Against my teeth it clicks  
Biting  
Thick  
Against my lips it stings  
Narrowing terminal components  
And alternate spongers  
So cheap  
So pink  
So thick  
It makes me think  
Of cupie dolls  
Wet nail polish  
And chewing on rat-tail combs.  
It is a drag to drink.







### The Priest

The priest sat in the airport bar  
He was wearing his fathers' tie  
And his eyes looked into my eyes so far  
Whenever the words ran dry  
Behind the lash and the circles blue  
He looked as only a priest can thru  
And his eyes said, "Me"  
And his eyes said, "You"  
And my eyes said, "Let us try."

But he said, "You wouldn't like it here  
It's no place you should share  
The roof is ripped with hurricanes  
And the room is always bare  
I need the wind and I seek the cold."  
He reached past the wine for my hand to hold  
And he saw me young  
And he saw me old  
And he saw me sitting there.

Then he took his contradictions out  
And he splashed them on my brow  
So which words was it then to doubt  
When choosing how to vow  
Should I choose them all  
Should I make them mine  
The sermons, the lies, and the valentines  
He asked for truth  
And he asked for time  
And he asked for only now

Oh now the trials are trumpet scored  
Oh will we pass the test  
Or just as one loves more and more  
Will one love less and less  
Oh come let's run from this ring we're in  
Where the christened clap and the lions grin  
Crying "Let them lose"  
Or "No, let them win."  
Oh make them both confess."





### Electricity

The minus is loveless  
He talks to the land  
The leaves fall - the pond over-ices  
She don't know the system  
Plus - she don't understand  
She's got all the wrong fuses and splices  
No she's not going to fix it that way."

The masking tape tangles  
It's sticky and black  
And the copper - proud headed Queen Lizzie  
Conducts little charges  
That don't get charged back  
"Well, the Technical manuals' busy  
She's not going to fix things so easy  
She holds out her flashlight  
And she shines it on me  
She wants me to tell her  
What the trouble might be  
But I'm learning - it's peaceful  
With a good dog and some trees  
Out of touch with the breakdown  
Of this century  
They're not going to fix things too easy."

We once loved-together  
And we floodlit that time  
Input - output - electricity  
But the lines overloaded  
And the sparks started flying  
And the loose wires were blinking out at me  
No she's not going to fix that so easy."  
She holds out her candle  
And she shines it in  
And she begs him to show her  
How to fix it again  
While the song that he sang her  
To soothe her to sleep  
Rings all through her circuits  
Like a heartbeat  
No she's not going to fix that so easy."





The Uprising Fantasy

Bring us up out of the sewer  
Like shining rats  
And this time let them follow  
To our piper's tunes  
They with their brute clubs concealed  
Behind their cardboard honor  
We will not honor that honor now brutes!  
The brutes courtesy to our numbers  
Like milkmaids under their ribbons  
At a spring festival -  
They dance behind our piper  
Take off your steel-toed boots  
And follow brutes  
Follow barefoot with a flower in your ear  
Like an army of Crusades  
Coughed up  
From the broken belly of a storm.

Bring us up now like shining rats  
For in the sewer or the cage  
We sleep upon the printed page  
And litter on the headlines rage.



I'm a Radio

If you're driving into town  
With a dark cloud above you  
Dial in the number  
Who's bound to love you

Honey, you turn me on

I'm a radio

I'm a country station

I'm a little bit corny

I'm a wildwood flower

waving for you

I'm a broadcasting tower

waving for you

And I'm sending you out this signal here

I hope you can pick it up loud and clear.

I know you don't like weak women

You get bored so quick

And you don't like strong women

Cause they're hip to your tricks

It's been dirty for dirty down the line

But you know I come when you whistle

When you're lovin' and kind

If you've still got too many doubts

If there's no good reception there

Then tune me out

Cause honey, who needs the static -

It hurts the head

And then you wind up cracking

And the day goes dismal

From "Breakfast Barney"

To the sign off prayer

What a sorry face  
You get to I bear  
I'm going to tell you again  
If you're still listening there  
Ok honey, you turn me on!

If you're driving into town  
With a dark cloud above you

Dial in the number

Who's bound to love you -

If you're lying on the beach

With the transistor going

Kick off the sandflies sweetheart

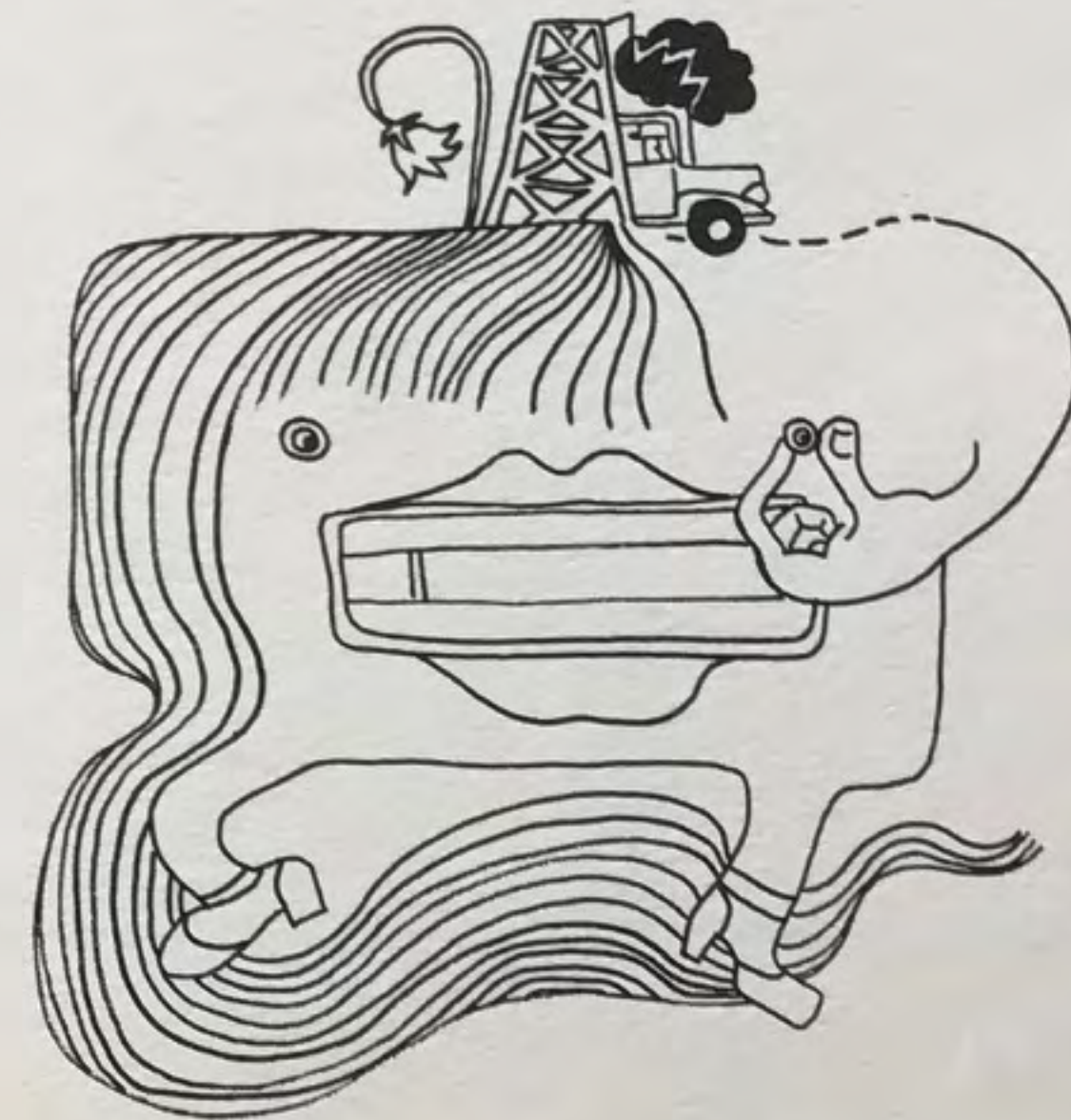
The love's still flowing

If your head says "Forget it!"

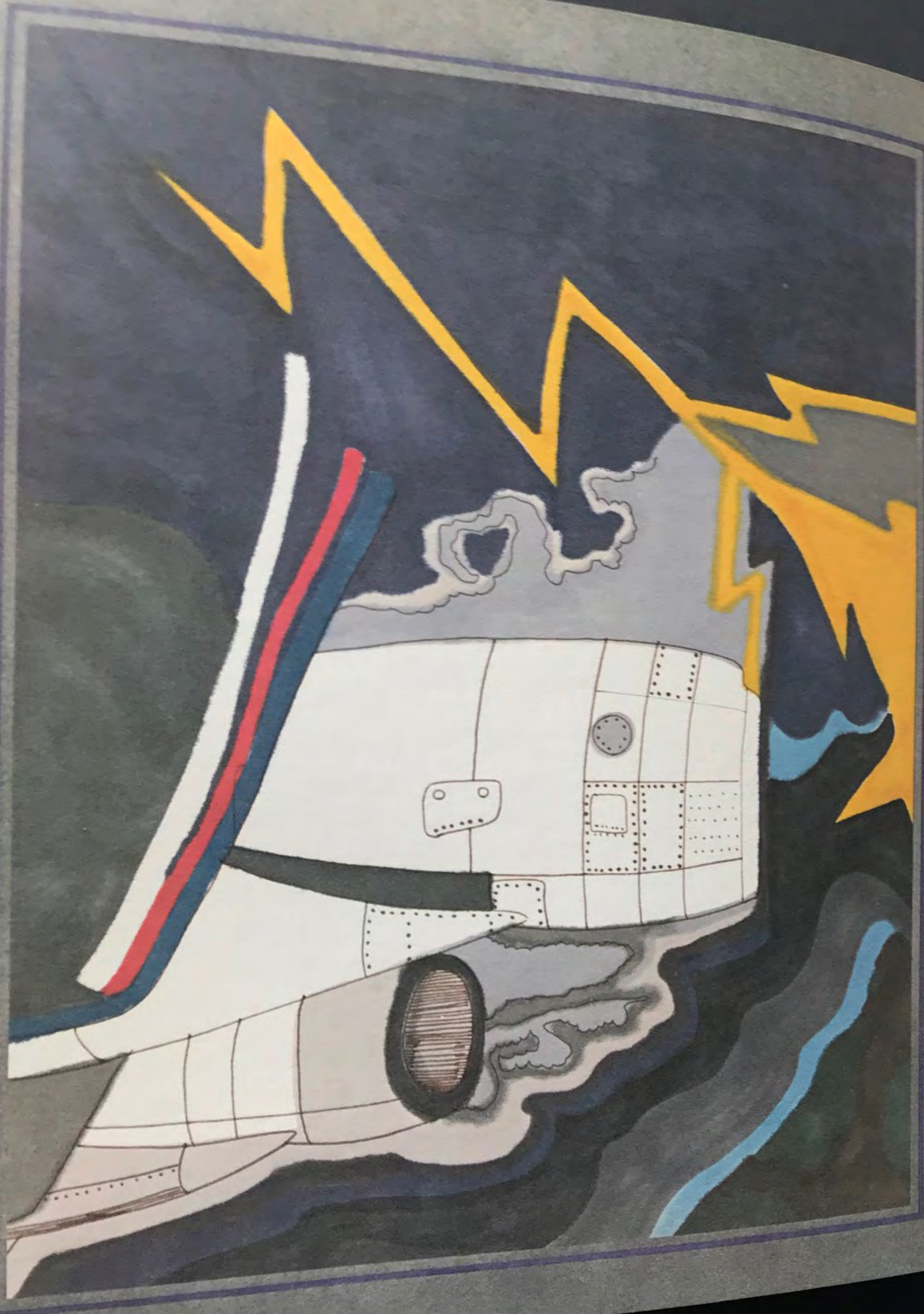
But your heart's still smoking

Call me at this station

The lines are open.







May 28/69

A Plane is a Bird ...

A plane is a bird  
That when singing  
has no soul -  
When winging  
it had a pilot in the pit.  
Like a spirit in the spit  
Of waters  
Split  
Hits on rocks  
Buzzing docks  
Mild Hawks and seabirds  
Gather in the sky like storms  
Swarming the warm jet winds  
Warning the sky master  
That now he had gone too far!  
Now with the high sky dying  
Choked with smoke  
And other heartless jokes  
They gather in circles  
And croak,  
croak  
croak  
They gather together  
And croak



### The Banquet

Come to the dinner gong  
The table is laden high  
Fat guts and hungry little ones  
Tuck your napkins in  
And take your share  
Some get the gravy  
Some get the gristle  
Some get the marrow bone  
And some get nothing

Though there's plenty there to share  
I took my share down by the sea  
Paper plates and Jaxex bottles on the tide  
Seagulls come down and they squawk at me  
Down where the water skiers glide

Some turn to Jesus  
Some turn to Heroin  
Some turn to rambling round  
Looking for a clean sky  
And a clear drinking stream  
Some watch the paint peel off  
Some watch their kids grow up  
Some watch their stocks and bonds  
Waiting for that big deal American dream  
I took my dream down by the sea  
Yankee yachts and lobster pots and sunshine  
And logs and sails and Shell Oil pails  
Dogs and tugs and summertime  
Back in the banquet line  
Angry young people crying

Who let the greedy in  
And who left the needy out  
Who made this salty soup  
Tell him we're hungry now  
For a sweeter fare.  
On the cookie bed read  
"Some get the gravy  
Some get the gristle  
Some get the marrow bone  
And some get nothing."







## River

It's coming on christmas  
They're cutting down trees  
They're putting up reindeer  
And singing songs of joy and peace  
Oh, I wish I had a river  
I could skate away on  
But it don't snow here  
It stays pretty green  
I'm going to make a lot of money  
Then I'd be going to quit this crazy scene  
Oh, I wish I had a river  
I could skate away on

I wish I had a river  
So long  
I would teach my feet to fly  
Oh I wish I had a river  
I made my baby cry.

He tried hard to help me  
To put me at ease  
He loved me so naughty -  
Made me weak in the knees  
Oh, I wish I had a river  
I could skate away on  
But I'm so hard to handle  
I'm selfish and I'm sad  
Now I've gone and lost the best baby  
That I ever had

Oh, I wish I had a river  
I could skate away on  
I wish I had a river  
So long  
I would teach these feet to fly  
Oh I wish I had a river  
I made my good baby say goodbye.





As I lie in my garden thinking... (Aug 2/68)

Flies are scattering their thin shadows  
Over my face  
Like planes above a planet -  
People who die in plane crashes  
Come back as flies;  
People who die in cave-ins  
Turn into crystal;  
People who live in sin  
Come back as serpents,  
Crawling on spiny bellies  
So grandma says  
Over her rimless glasses.

I don't believe in sin  
Or serpents for that matter -  
They're only guilty ghosts  
Come back to tease you  
With their chatter  
Like the fester in my hallway  
Like the lion that is growing  
In my ivy tree.





Tempting

"Have some," she said  
And the serpent curled  
Out of the rubber  
Round the refrigerator door  
"Have some more  
That's what I made them for."  
Calories  
Calories  
Saliva secretions  
Drool  
Keep cool  
Count the sweet inches on your tongue  
The sweet tooth  
Has a mainline  
Leading to the hips  
Clench your lips  
"Oh let us both eat some," she said  
"Let us grow fat together!"

Munch  
Munch.  
Just like Adam, & Madam.