MAN-ROOT #8
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And is especially grateful to Bruce Leary, Lee Bailey, and Leland Stoney for helping us to see this issue to press, and to the friends who have helped collate past issues. 

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**MAN-ROOT #9** will feature Victor Borsa. 

Special thanx goes to Professor Hall at UC Santa Cruz, William Talcott at UC Davis, and Faye Kicknosway at Wayne State for using Man-Root in their English and Creative Writing classes. 

Man-Root will continue thru issue #12. We cannot at this time commit ourselves to issues beyond that. 

All submissions must be typed, original copy, SSAE incl. 

Patrons and subscribers are direly needed and welcomed. The CCLM grants and subscriptions do not cover all of our expenses in this costly publishing venture. 

Subscription for four issues is $5.00. Some back copies are available. Please inquire. 

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Editors: Paul Mariah, Richard Tagett 

Man-Root Member: COSMEP 

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I LIVES IN'A GARBIJ CAN

Corso Kerouac Cassidy McClure Orlovsky Ginsberg Burroughs I came 'cross your old school pictures Front row kneeling like angels lifted outa pickpocket files down onto finegrain photographic sands dissolving in hypo tears Mistygustyyouths in fascination of your own wonder there wasn't semen smears on your pants' pleats

In this only Writer's School of its kind I'm not sure where Ferlinghetti fits in Call him Handbill The only girl in class Denise Levertov was told: Stay home the Day the Picture Took

CorsoKerouacCassidy BIGFRAMING OrlovskyGinsbergBurroughs Lil'uns sidlin' up to Big'uns Mouthing Hiya Gunslinger McClure with arrows coming out his chin chips coming out his shoulders like Gillette dispensers gits to be Blueblade Badboy )Bad boys only get to wear bootroar of the skin of the transvestite of the lion(Hart....

...........

.....Crane..

pinned-pining in lockers of lockshorn hicksailor Ginsberg The Poet-Aboard-Boat Of wild-spinach expression toot-tooting hooka to Algiers A one-stuntman band leapfrogging in handspringing love with Peter Frau-licking another firm-bodied author upon Freak Beach (Peter Orlovsky authored Allen

In Tangier

the Bluemen

Parade Blackmen paint themselves) blue
Aunty Burroughs' Blueblooded Finishing School of limping Voices Growing Vaulted over backrow of mirrored boys immune to girls segregated from lockerroom stances of saints' blowjobs on Clark-Gable-Beautiful with-an-earthquake-going-on workout

Work-It-On-Out Coruac Casslure Orlovbergough You never let me be in the school picture Ferlinrov you never put my poetry in yourYearlyYearbooks You sent my poems home with coffee blood ass stains on them I'll have my turn at the top o' 1970 I'll Be QUEEN O' THE CLASS IyamIyamIyam While youse dead or turned into old men peeing in your cinched-up rantpants Sheiks in your pockets holes in your Trojans So ancient you'll turn into OliveOil Crones I'll be yr wust w'mun English teacher's favorite pet in an EXclusive ALL GIRLS' School For Writers IcanIcanIcan
FOR WHOM RICHARD BRAUTIGAN CAN DO NOTHING

The poet in the sunlight said he would do twice as much for a woman with only 15% more beauty. Richard Brautigan is not 1% more handsome than I am beautiful. In addition, he has curvature of the spine and is pushing me to the point of reminding him of that delicate matter. If I kept up the digs at the hump as Richard Brautigan reads off women as light airy nothings, the lump of listening men and women would grow into a din overpowering my crude attempt at rhyming likenesses. To think in the beginning, I too thought a poet in sunlight beautiful.
EXPRESS

I do not see a bridge  I just saw a pig  A cloud hump a hill  
Dogs in Osaka have curled tails  The weather today is many impure dogs  
An half-breed atmosphere  What are you Kabuki of the moment in a country of an eternity of opposites of a thousand painted dolls' constantly altering faces  I put a wet finger out to paper fish flying helter-skelter in rain

Blue tile red tile grey tile red green green red grey grey green grey red grey grey grey grey grey grey green grey red grey grey grey grey grey grey grey grey grey grey grey

The white-maned lion was once  The Empress of The Marmalade Tree  
The Marmalade Tree looks like the repair job on the face of a Hiroshima Maiden  I said marmalade
Tiger Man has air inside With a tiger's face and a body and sound like a lung A dishtowel tied on for flying Not to be confused with Soft Man on a bicycle wearing a surgical mask out of courtesy for having a cold On his way to the plastic ice cream cone factory

How many miles to old times old smiles When my reflection was gold fleck in the black pearls of your ancient eyes Where names of cigarettes were Hope and Peace

Rage of the taxicab youth driving toward death Missing life an inch honking endlessly at every stone garden narrowing At the slow layout of affairs Our single affair No longer love but deep love No longer an ancient city but full of slow toilets a Venice of sewers above which poetry is written of cherry blossoms and escape
Past pillars past water-immersed eyes past the slow drag of the heartbeat modernizing me This morning you told me through bitter eye drinking I'd have to wait I wanted to make love You wanted to pack for Tokyo

A great Japanese actress down spiral glitter stairs followed by a long train of smooth-flowing tresses masses of Japanese breathing steamily move rope-handled bags and different feet some wrapped in cloth wooden clomp-clomps shiny rain leather black & white 1940 oxfords shuffling over trowel-smoothed land As though the Japanese were Detroit in the grip of an electromagnetic crush Bodies feelings pressing in on all sides A race of people reduced to cubicle one-foot-by-one-foot American livingroom conversation-piece coffee tables The kindling features of old men and women snapped in front of Kodak Camera's Pavilion the souls of their gold teeth showing through chocolate People from the provinces wearing distinct straw bonnets or silk ribbons at the 1970 World's Fair to keep from getting lost Men standing like children in the women's bathroom so as not to lose track of the female half of the province

Japan glimpsed from a night train O Awkward dream of a maiden hidden under sequins
You wear 10 gallon stud hat Men want to feel my blond hair apart
Women hug you They've never felt such big earth You are my
manager moonlighting as a genuine Tokyo Texas salesmanwoman of
cowboy boots worth a million I am the Japanese blond dream
Hanky department store dummies are blondes I'm going to paint
my face shock white geisha wear shimmering spangles under a
pagoda of gold hair have surgery on my eye corners get rich
appearing on stage as an American impersonator The clincher:
I sing the latest hit with the voice of a Japanese wrestler

The drunk lady went into the men's toilet to find out if the American
had a big one or a little one He had a little one

You were not drunk You were you I was not me We fought
Two godzilla monsters wending their way at nineteen o'clock night
their feet on roofs Webbed rage raising itself through a thousand
prisms of spiny fly bodies You Waving Saw-Toothed-Back at me
Me my mouth Full Of Pins Miniaturizing Joy
You sent five monkeys home to respond to you. Do you hear their cymbals clapping across the ocean, a mechanical band of approval flying goldenly into the sun: The beginnings of the first Monkey Empire in America.

I've lost weight nibbling all that sushimi affection served in inch-by-inch cakes slurping up all those noodles for approval going into the future with consuming hunger for the past.

_Nanji desuka kudasai:_ What time is it please

Time I rubbed your soles and calves

Time I talked

Time I cut

through squid

or Time I was silent

An impeccably arranged unpained cottage

The particles of our affair swept into a corner

Cornered I sit and watch for hours

What is the Japanese word for "dustpan" How do the Japanese rid themselves of particles

Where do feelings go: The reduced footprint

_Hush_ Hello Hush

Rush on train in a tunnel out

I force fast-moving evasions to the surface They boil You ruv me You don't ruv me

Define please Sank you
The strength of the Bunraku puppeteer drawn into the puppet until the puppet drags the man behind it

Who occupies your compartments now And all your births I'm in the one with plush yellow that goes swoosh over the bridge rumbles past tiny manufactured cities clangs back into sprigs of pink permanence thrusts out to hillsides of silk exposure I like and I don't like that your new girlfriend's emotions were my emotions dripping down to you from peppermint-edged envelopes (Envelopment) (My new girlfriend is too new to ask for a postcard She still has an old girlfriend) (If this is too geographic I will make it more pictorial) (Your new girlfriend plays pool with her old girlfriend while Oldyu travels with Newmi to Tokyo)

You and I not say Sayonara Sayonara is like Jade like chipped crystal It is easy but expensive Rather two steaming dragons breathe on each other as in a bad play The sun rising red of hunger at outskirts of sliding screens and tatami mat breath
QUARTET OF CELLOS

A British woman asked what car I drive British I said Year 1959
Sure is an attractive little sports car she said her lips bent
into a beaming jewel atop a silk cravat atop a plaid riding jacket
atop a Year 1939 renovated rare roadster Sporting I roared

A woman kissed me She put her lips softly to mine and pressed
while her lover looked on I let her kiss and kiss me entrails
of ivy lips' single perfect milk-to-wine morning-glory's spreading
Tendrils: The finger ends of her suspended lover looking on

A girl told me I felt like a cello player What does a cello player
feel like She didn't answer almost gone She hangs about the beach
and never heard of Pablo Casals I didn't give her my phone number
She couldn't know to here to touch

A woman I thought I recognized thought she knew me We didn't speak
I liked her I love her I dwell on the stars the moon The Blonde Archer
of the Night stringing blue without a bow /HER) I thump out on
a mourning fingerboard
ARMADILLO ON ICE

The hockey goalie is my kind of man a veritable bastion of security caught in mad genius grimace strategizing the mint the plate the brick intimating a dull glint surrounding it with 0 instant electrical storm A sting in the brain A Frankenstein revival of aurora spreading purple through a shin Overprotecting eye-rolling cold feet fending and wending imagination of assault of injury over a ice precipice in a blood arena of matador-ripped groins

Gargantuan the mask that hides the face that hides the slight gesture of ice skate swagger (heel turn in) The blade/In Error Eternal Affirmation of imperfection emphasized and exaggerated in all its ramifications in all its grotesqueries Click:to:click men in their eyes being batted All for keepsake of dark clippings and bullgore reward overHope I go for you goalie My kind of man
OTHER TWIN OTHER SHORE

Frying bananas a Chinese twin frying bananas confessed she dreamed she's two homosexuals making love

6 ft. religious cowboy hymn-singing Sunday morning Him-sidling horse upta nearest Preachermobile singlehandedly sprinkling tobacco outa pouch onta skywriting wisps of prairie guitar-plucker's finger uvuh woman turning thread in rolling horizons inta thunderEnd TITAN'HIGH Spitt:licking ends lassoing constellations along the creamy steerhorn all the zigzagnight holds match to finger Spitt:fireforth expertise

Hornrimmed silver homosexual stage designer drowning British stages in roles of chintz wallpaper as if it was women in purple-wound fevers unraveling in elevators on-top-of coffee interior sounds halfmilkhalf tea Twin stage designers whose accidental oriental preference for cowboys at banana fries becomes evident the third accidental oxidental waltz 'round the Virginia Woolf cast party punch bowl Virginia Woolf's two women with men's voices

(When Virginia Woolf changed sexes she didn't change voices) Some enchanted stranger evening Virginia Woolf's oxidental oriental other shore:George Sand:Singlewoman:Twin of Two sitting puffing wallpaper crossing stiff denim legs like tied-up tumbleweeds identifiable as next morning's society page pantsuit man:Sand's other twin frying bananas offering stogies to Theboys
HANNAH OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

Admission

If I'd seen your relationship as the aurora borealis I wouldn't have touched your lover with a ten-foot poem. Canadian-born For you the Northern Lights were a vague thing hanging there I would give a pint of poet's blood to see

Astigma of a Jewish Mother

Knifing through her lover's clothing insisting something was faded a hem not straight Labeling everything Butch or Fem I won't go with you to the Female Impersonator Show in that stomping dike jacket Now would she put a foot in any German restaurant in La Jolla while telling her daughter You have a plain face your clothes look schlocky Interrogating the eighteen-year-old (Half hoping for the hint of curtain glow before the First Act of A Daughter-Saving Mother finds the trashier pocketbooks from her collection on THAT subject in one of her daughter's drawers): You're not a lesbian are you

Hannah in overhead light

She asked a question only to interrupt the answer. As if the role Querant of Queers was flattering to a maturing figure. How could you how could you the She-Husky of the North howled whose ears were jaded to the break in the ice whose eyes were jazzed-up-day-light in the middle of the night I heard her coming through the front door and scrambled into a closet She opened a second door to find her sleeping lover nude in a double-sleeping bag She tested the other half: Warm I slipped on a robe entered the scene nonchalant my mouth full of cigarettes Not to have to speak Lynn not you how could you And to her sweetheart's scare stirring perfumes In Love: Get up You're going home with me You BELONG to ME
Last time I saw Hannah

Last time I saw Hannah she was between two white-haired social worker lesbians with motherly expressions doing 70 miles an hour in a black 16 cylinder cadillac Trio resembling Cerberus the three-headed dog Guardian of the gangster world Missing props were cigars to be bitten down on Hannah watching out for Hannah on either side The left head fulfilling all her urgencies The right head listening to her every chirping (as well as wolfhounds can be expected to obey a she-bitch with big dugs playing one against the other) Both up swatting flies over gaily-laid Sunday brunch table setting

Lover-leaving

Hannah doesn't love who she throws a bone She pats them dusts them like bookends after holding intercourse every Saturday night in heat with all those art books on the coffee table made by her former lover It's OURS you made it FOR US she proclaims Koffee-Klatch-Like refusing to let go of a coffee table in the middle of a sky-collapsing migraine
Ingmar Bergman and I agree the Norwegian fish run shall not outlast a Swede's loyalty. Ingmar and I ( )Bosom buddies Thru aquavitae treachery and plague the towhead remains yours true True in Sweden to one order of farm folk who do not speak. They with complexion of snowflakes converse thru song Loyalties intoned back and forth until feelings passing between them grow swift thick and higher than a logjam Great hand of a collective of people squinting in their beer takes my head and steadies it toward the burning light

DORA

Mother has a girlfriend a Russian! Help! Help! I am running from (the (Russians! The woman speaks bell-like and with an accent of a sign in a park not far from Kiev on which is written NO DOGS OR JEWS And her little nose and eyes are troika bells hanging on a rack in a row on her leather-red face She is gracious intelligent unpainted soft-of-voice and fixes blood-red borsch running both cold and hot for lunch On holidays: A heavy little rumcake representing one great snowfall-laden Kremlin I love a lovable old cupcake of Socialist Order Of Mother's choosing Whether they do or whether they don't (whether she's trueblood Russian) doesn't matter to an only erotic daughter of a mother
IT IS WRITTEN ON THE WALLS OF THE WORLD'S BATHROOM:
A RUTABAGA* IS THE WART HOG OF THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM

I am a lesbian I am a gay queer Christian queen a homosexual
faggot fairy a transsexual bisexual unisex bivalve hermaphrodite
I am an albino biggot a tripod sodomite a Catholic Martian negro
masher heterosexual Doppelganger Jew-Potato Alien-Pervert Commie-
Convict I am an American-Hell's-Legion-Angel-Irish-Junkie

The Top O' the Mornin' do you, Mrs. Calibash,
wherever you are, do you, do you do?

*A Swedish turnip

EMULSION

Picture a lesbian estate on the cliffs of California where doors
open green and bodies open blue Where dye is let down on the
rooms each day and Amazons wearing tiger rags come out of trees
for lunch served by monkeys stained purple Amazons eat monkeys
A most satisfying experience alive in the digestive tract as the
rooms water and color and wait for the night

Picture female figures pregnant with purple monkeys carrying bows
and arrows netting more monkeys albino monkeys with warning light
eyes chattering pink on the cliffs of California their snarls
frozen purple Night uninterrupted but by a monkey's scream
Picture fuchsias in the dark under pressure of animal skin
Amazons in rooms
GRAVESIGHT

A forest holding a match in its hand
The burned-out side of a hill
An ice prince stealing into a sleeping bag
Fog pushing its way onto cracker flavor
A.R.T. carved on a wood table
Stone stove
No wood available
Super camper freaks throwing sugar cubes to a raccoon
Its eyes instimatic flash-glazed
My lover centering glass beads on a fishline in dark glasses by firelight
If I speak in midst of her coloration will her eye slip a bead
Will last century's lover bring me flower monuments from next morning's hill

PILLOW: NOTE

Jane Jane If and If I ever was published and never was again I'd dwell in a corny posthumous belief in a fine old house for turning out fictions touring The Garden of Helen Indulging my mood of big blooddrop fuchsias and bleeding fingers of pyracantha

Helen Regalia Last night you removed the hooks today you wash the curtains I'd like to send you something ethereal like bottled rainbows you could hold For Jane A hundred-year-old unopened midafternoon aperitif called Deerrantler Velvet of Melancholy

Helen Jane Thank you for room for my proclivities toward recluse my seeing things in circumspect to time-lapse photography of daisies pushing against a window shuddering like glimpses of a golden dream (Sometimes I find myself dancing when I'm stopped-----)

You allowed that I love a woman called Wormwood that I wear red shoes to protect to assure earthlings I am Good-Witch-Patchwork-Girl in Time Of a Visit to Oz Remember me as the blond boy standing staring out a Andrew Wyeth canvas field of wheat
I HEAR YOU GUARDED TWO-SEX SAY MY NAME

A-frame

It is a mistake these varicose veins and fat tempting to pinch off the backs of the legs fat/as on a chicken cooking. The same legs that fit like a wishbone over the pinto pony the man led around to take children's pictures. TinT job of The War years: Hair yellow eyes hazel lips red complexion pink Say "CHEESE" Summers' and winters' lost count held by Kodak Company's XX border with fold-back tab A triangle the mother placed on the mauve buffet A 30 years' body of exposure to hair and skin and emotions unknown to itself. The cardboard learning of the alphabet. The feeling of a great hulk of pointed head Legs set at weird angles to the earth Sex obliterated by a straight line.

The little girl who got a gold star for letting the red-haired Sunday School teacher with pince-nez look pave the flames of Hell in her three Sundays in a row Is the same little angel face reading about hermaphrodites Sunday morning January 18 1970.
There is god  there is man  and there are monsters

When my hermaphrodite meets your hermaphrodite  the 3rd hermaphrodite  
the one with two arms two legs and two heads  erupting salamanders 
out its sex  lets all creatures under earth  and a kettle of fish 
up under hags' skirts

When my hermaphrodite meets your hermaphrodite  the sun and moon 
play tricks on a toad:  A roCK iS  a cONE  A DOve is A bONE  
A tHORN is A POPe  bLOod Is tHE roAD a Rose is A  
rOPe The ROBe is A sTONe

Where witches walk  beasts and bad smells are let out the shadows 
of their centipede rags  Hoop snakes  tails in mouths  jump out of 
their skirts  roll uphill scarin' the slithers out of villagers 
The villagers scatter like stars

When my hermaphrodite meets your hermaphrodite  hermaphrodite will 
turn from hermaphrodite (body kiss of body)  Heaven turn around 
and  song stand still  when Hermaphrodite Your meets Hermaphrodite  
My
Your hermaphrodite is a breastplate with nine big tits down the side of Zeus. Carl Jung in armor. The shining might of the Myth of the ani-Ma and ani-Moose.

My hermaphrodite is a young boy initiated into manhood by taking a woman's dress off him. Your hermaphrodite is the same boyhood finalized by putting on male attire never before touched by woman.

My hermaphrodite was a disease lowered by umbilicus into the sea. The boat maneuvered to deep waters where the cord was cut so the blood of a hermaphrodite wouldn't pollute shore. Your hermaphrodite is the head removed from an Greek hermaphrodite, the sex of whose head is impossible to tell as were thousands of such heads of statues.

My hermaphrodite was an abandoned baby found by a shepherd and raised as a boy until he started menstruating and his chest grew moons. The shepherd took the boy to the village. Ropes were slipped over the confused youth. Wood and leaves were heaped upon him. And set afire.

Your hermaphrodite women bring flowers to men erect temples for men and women exchanging clothing in the shadow of the phallic altar erected by men brought flowers to by women.

My hermaphrodite will bleed to death in a ward full of tangled organs if (an half)a man(half a)woman isn't separated by the sterile implements of Man. Your hermaphrodite has a woman's breasts and a man's penis covered by the Lady Museum's Restoration League and uncovered by The Museum Friends' Society. That the school teacher in quest of Art hurries her tittering charges out of the room of...

My hermaphrodite is half Don Quixote half windmill. I a woman attending a Women's Liberation meeting wearing a man's mask flying a witches' flag over my crotch. The women wouldn't let me in the door. I a member of W.I.T.C.H. The Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell.
A case

Leave the hermaphrodite where one of the few authentic maidenheads left on reserve won't let you at the hermaphrodites in i.e. meaning 'locked case' unless you are an doctor an psychologist or charmed to pass through glass and wood How I got in

Leave the snakeousunction of organs vulgarized in an surgical diagram like an stomach speaking in an dream Leave the sacred sack all of nature folded and tucked like His/Her lingerie into so little space compounded in an suitcase bobbing along an terminal conveyor of lost revolving and unclaimed tenderness

Leave the hermaphrodite to suffer severe abdominal pains from an undescended testicle Probe the one gonad which on microscopic examination proves to be an testis Dissect labial folds fused posteriously concealing between them anteriorly an phallus five centimeters long Apply scalpel and scribble in the unknown: Urethra complete patient married coitus normal

Leave the hermaphrodite without clothes on her shoulder blades hooked over the height chart Tell her to look straight into an camera so large it is an room full of negative pronouncements: An female with receding hairline increase of muscle deepening voice and no breast development I say female because prior to operation she stole lowcut sweaters from I. Magnin's
The wish to be both sexes

The mythological figure Tiresias came upon two snakes copulating. He hence turned into Joan of Arc who wore men's clothing against judges. When ordered burned, Tiresias again saw two snakes copulating and turned back into a man, abandoning Joan to the psychiatrists. Looking at hermaphrodites under lock and key at the nearest medical library, I felt a lowering in my throat, a Highness in my head. The descent of the conquering fang of the vampire Wolfman's hairs take hold the crackling power of this old skin of the female that flowed over these ladybones. The Laser Lady evaporate from women's quarters situated at the outskirts of The Sun. I too had seen two snakes ringing halos through the grass. The Physique of Mixed Form Light.
A little dream of me

Last week I was an hermaphrodite this week I'm a witch What kind of witch A good one What kind of witch A white one What kind of witch A bad witch but never a wicked one Only as bad as a bad boy

How do you spend your days In suspension How do you spend your nights Waving my broom to Hades What do you do there Greet each witch on the fly with a sniff to the side of the nostril What do you do there Drop live frogs in a pot of hot water Why do you do that The devil told me to Why do you do that To help the Revolution What revolution My own

So you are guilty Unwind her from the rack Prepare the boiling fat By her confession she is proven deserving of such end I knew all the time she was a witch What kind of witch A frightened one What frightened her A nursery rhyme 'There was a little girl, and she had a little curl Right in the middle of her forehead; When she was good she was very, very good, But when she's bad she should be salted, Peppered and cooked alive.' That's how the nursery rhyme ended No That's what the good little girl was afraid of when she was horrible

LYNN LONIDIER