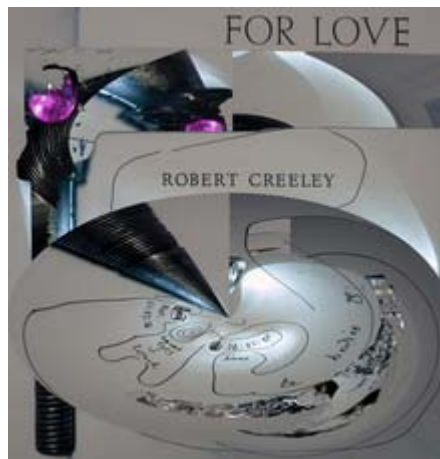


bialy/s

## For The Poets

He Saw More With One Than Most With Three



Sublimation of the Goddess Stone, for George Quasha and Robert Kelly



Robert Kelly :: A Christmas Poem and a "Bedtime Story" (2005/2006)

(To Charlotte)

**B**ut it is another language

he found it inside the apple

what could he do but say it

it sounded like someone beautiful

speaking Danish, sounded

like a cormorant screaming

at a fisherman, sounded

like a seal asleep on the shore

what could he do but swallow

everything he heard

and turn it into numbers,

numbers and stones, stones

and scratches on the stones,

blind men know how we look

by how we sound, what could he do

but say everything he could?

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2.

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The Truth behind Santa Claus

## MMVI

This text, requiring & anticipating Oral Commentary is placed before  
the Well-dispos'd Reader at the beginning of the Year

Mindfulness Mandates Virginal Insight

**We** start out in Smyrna or Izmir  
a city full of Byzantines, Armenian  
poets, Circassian dancing girls,  
Greek alchemists. The sea not far.

We see him standing, a fat bishop  
as it seems, over a fat barrel  
from which three naked boys  
are beginning to stand up—

they had been slaughtered, chopped  
in pieces, pickled in the barrel  
and meant for food. Saint Nicholas  
(for that is who the bishop is)

has not only brought them back to life  
but made them whole, each collop  
neatly back in its original boy  
and all the boys unpickled, sweet

pre-adolescent flesh, ephebes anew.

“The Desalination of the Virgins”

some called this miracle, others

“He is good to children, very.”

The reputation lingered. But slowly

he turned port wine red and jolly—

we picture that Anatolian bishop

morose as any prelate (they get points

for frowning at the laity) suddenly

blossoming into smile. We ask:

where have we seen another picture

much like this, a naked human

reconstituted from a cauldron,

the old king made young again?

Aha! The old alchemical burlesque,

the lugubrious history of the elements

rescued from chemistry into Spirit

Land and some merry old party

giggling with Faustian delight

that life and light have come again.

Santa Claus is all we have left  
of the Alchemist. But how (and why!)  
does he migrate to the North Pole,  
surround himself with dwarves

and compact deer, why toys,  
chimneys, Christmas Eve?

As Philo Vance would say, Perpend.

Here comes the explanation.

Thule. The magic mystical order  
of the Sun Behind the Sun  
the Tropical Civility (two words  
that seldom go together) hidden

in the Arctic, the North  
beyond mere north, the Polar  
Crown, the light that loves us  
and speaks Old German,

the runes that Jack Frost scrapes  
along your windowpane

this very day, a message from Thule,  
the autograph of Santa Claus.

The secret of alchemy is the northern light.

It comes through every window  
but up there it's purest. The little men  
(homunculi) the alchemist creates

(they are not dwarves at all,  
they're just smart and small,  
like the puzzling Cabeiroi  
of old Samothrace or the Three

Gods Wearing Hoods in Yorkshire),  
compact people, compact reindeer,  
hidden in the glory of aurora,  
busy in their workshop making

what? What do they make  
so far away from raw materials?  
Why there? It's light they build with  
and the mind they make

into the dreams that stream

down along earth's magnetic field  
(the Reindeer Path) and come  
every night (not just Xmas)

down into your dreamless body  
and fill it with their information  
from which you wake astonished  
and run to share it with

all the other lucid human children.

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More, recent work can be found at Kelly's [new website](#)

1.7.2006 10:17am

## Wolf-Light, for Michael McClure



bialy:

The photograph upon which *this fond memory* of an old friend is based was taken in 1968, and is the first (and only) photograph for which i received money...150 to be exact...i still have somewhere the check stub from grove..in 1968 a brand new vw bug cost 1800, and we owned a mint, creme colored with red leather upholstery 1958 mercedes 190 that had a total purchase price of 600 and which we paid 39 a month to drive. who says those were not excellent days to be young? not me.

4.19.2005 5:40am

Mikhail (*mail*):

150 for something priceless? Not bad. (Not bad for Barney Rosset, that is.) But the fearful symmetry of "Wolf-Net" and the poetic vision of the bard who inspired it shine on, beyond all chinking of shekels . . . . the howl of here in the belly of the blog is directly proportional to the shimmer of Shekinah in the brain of Bialy . . . .

4.22.2005 3:34pm

bialy:

### 'Godfather' Actor Killed by Bus in NYC Sun Feb 19, 6:34 PM ET

Richard Bright, a character actor who appeared in all three "Godfather" movies and more recently on "The Sopranos," was struck and killed by a bus, police said.

Bright, 68, was hit by a private Academy Bus as he crossed the street at about 6:30 p.m. Saturday in his Manhattan neighborhood, police Detective Bernard Gifford said.

There were no arrests as of Sunday but police said the investigation was continuing. The bus driver told police he was not aware that he had hit anyone.



Bright played mob enforcer Al Neri in the "Godfather" movies, a bodyguard to the Corleone family patriarchs played by Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.

He played a con artist hustling Ali McGraw in 1972's "The Getaway" and acted in dozens of other films such as Sergio Leone's "Once Upon a Time in America" and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" and in TV shows such as "Hill Street Blues."

**"He always said it was the work that was the reward,"** said Brett Smiley, a friend and fellow actor.

**Bright was arrested in 1965 on an obscenity charge for language he used in a San Francisco production of poet Michael McClure's two-person play "The Beard," which was shut down.**

**The American Civil Liberties Union took up the case and the charges against Bright were later dismissed in what was considered a precedent for artistic expression rights.**

2.20.2006 2:02am

### **Construed for Carlos**



bially:

### *A 24-Year Old Postcard Finally Sent*

This morning i discovered, *Nomadics*, the new weblog of my old

friend Pierre Joris. At its top was a hyperlinked reproduction of the entrance to *When In Rome, Do As the Greeks Did*.

Apart from making me feel good, it reminded of the asiderial here because the Carlos of the piece is Dr. Stein, and moreover the palimpsest-like poem in the right side concerns an event in which Pierre participated, and indeed without whom it never would have been, since it was Pierre who introduced me to Jeremy Prynne in the flesh on the occasion celebrated there.

The poem itself was written in a very special 'notebook', the first pages and cover of which are reproduced in *The Book of the Book*, and which was given to me by Jack Shoemaker, my friend and first 'real' publisher as a bon voyage present on my way to Ife in 1975. i stopt to visit Pierre in London en route. Thus the impetus to the excursion to Cambridge to visit the two dons, Crick and Prynne. i'm sure Pierre still has many of the same memories of the week we spent together.

A short while ago, when i went to recover a few more and picked up the notebook to read over the pages covering that timeless time in London town, out fell the postcard written to Dr. Stein on 9 june 1981 and never mailed (until now).

[not easily discernible is the attribution to *What is Writing* (by G. Stein) from which the numeric puzzle that prompted my pregunta is quoted.

6.20.2005 4:19pm

CStein ([mail](#)):

I wonder. The collective form of the kings of Yorubaland--striking--thought provoking, like they say. The collective form of kings. I remember sometime back then I wrote a batch of notes on G. Stein which I think you read and found interesting. But that business about the three and the four, who knows. It could have been Dr. Jung hisself. What is the 45 rpm like thing not quite spinning in the backwards of it?

CS

6.23.2005 3:38pm

bially:

it is, like they say, a visual enhancement, na mas, & created from the real estate savvy and muy rico kings translated in the direction of the dog star and then faded to 37%. i may have been thinking of the

wheels of the oni's rolls royce.

for the rest: i also wonder.

6.23.2005 4:05pm

bialy:

### *The Way To The Inside Of The Ifa Temple*

6.23.2005 5:18pm

bialy:

The poem hyperlinked [here](#) is literally a bridge between the asiderial directly above and *African Elements*.

7.3.2005 3:57pm

### **A Gazelle for Gerrit**



bialy:

***This poem*** [originally published in Ed and Jennifer Dorn's journal, *Rolling Stock*], and ***this one*** (unpublished), together with the notebook jottings (recycled in the "Gazelle for Gerrit"), tell one of the '4E3' histories of my life, and one that like the combinatorials displayed in "Tina and Timotha & the Hungry i" has come to a previously unimaginably dulce closure as i enter the last decades of my time on this plan/et ( or is it plan/ette).

5.1.2005 9:57am

bialy:

the partly-in-frog poem above is distinguished among my laughingly called *obras* in that the first choruses, which composed themselves almost spontaneously, came with a melody that at the time seemed to me to be as quintessentially french as the overblown lyrics. i had never before written a song with an actual tune, nor a poem in the frog language (nor have i since).

[here](#) is an early-morning, under the volcano 15 years later rendition of this oddity.

5.3.2005 8:30am

bialy:

[Paris in the Spring of '89 when Camerounian songbirds sang, and in the Fall of '05 when the chickens came home to roost](#)

11.7.2005 1:23pm

bialy:

[Here is the "Ghazel"](#) behind the *Gazelle for Gerrit*.

The poem linked above, from *The Heavenly Tree Grows Downward*, was the first of Mr. Lansing's that i ever read. i was around 18 years old and remember as if it were yesterday the electricity that ran through me as it did. i had never considered that a poem could take on such a substantiation, and its totem of the exotic erotic has stayed with me since.

11.9.2005 9:59am