APPROXIMATELY THE TWENTIETH POEM THAT DAN CONAWAY EVER WROTE

12:36 noon (E.S.T), February 23, 1981.
Unusually warm recently. Presently cloudy,
looks like rain.
Soon it will snow again and bury us deep.
Us: those in particular at St. Lawrence University, though
possibly including people in the surrounding area.
Last night Bob and I (Bob Kopp: you * probably don't know
him) wrote a song tentatively called "Money"
in a pseudo-new wave fashion that neither
* you refers to the reader of us is much accustomed to.
Has potential for gritty guitar sounds.
Bob and I (I am the author: see title) had a
good time writing "Money" (we may not call it "Money"
so don't be looking for a song called that. Listen
for gritty guitar sounds.). Neither of us has spent
much time in our lives trying to play such a "primitive" rhythm.
We generally try to be more "sophisticated".
12:49 now. The poem continues.
Played raquetball this morning against Con (I don't know
his last name. Maybe you do). I think that he's I better than
me but I always win. We both agree that we wish
the gym coach would spend more time with the girls
and leave us alone. Con and I had a
good time playing raquetball.
Any questions?
You may be wondering what this has to do with "poetry".
I don't know.
Any questions?

THE MESSAGE

I carve a slow neat path out
to the wood stacked like aging wine
dry and magnificent as ripe grain in the barn
scraping the steps with my red blade
snow sparkling in the cement crevices
billowing now like tiny air-borne diamonds
and the wind flapping the wolf's-hair of my hood
the distant fence aglitter with frozen light
the white birches stiff in their icy shells
bright shadows of chimney-plume rising
like a signal-fire across the yard

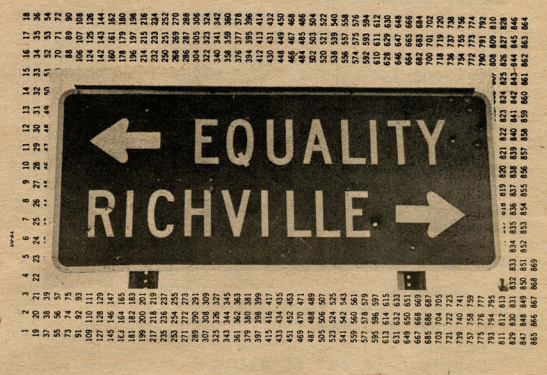
Copyright c 1981 by Joe David Bellamy

Joe David Bellamy

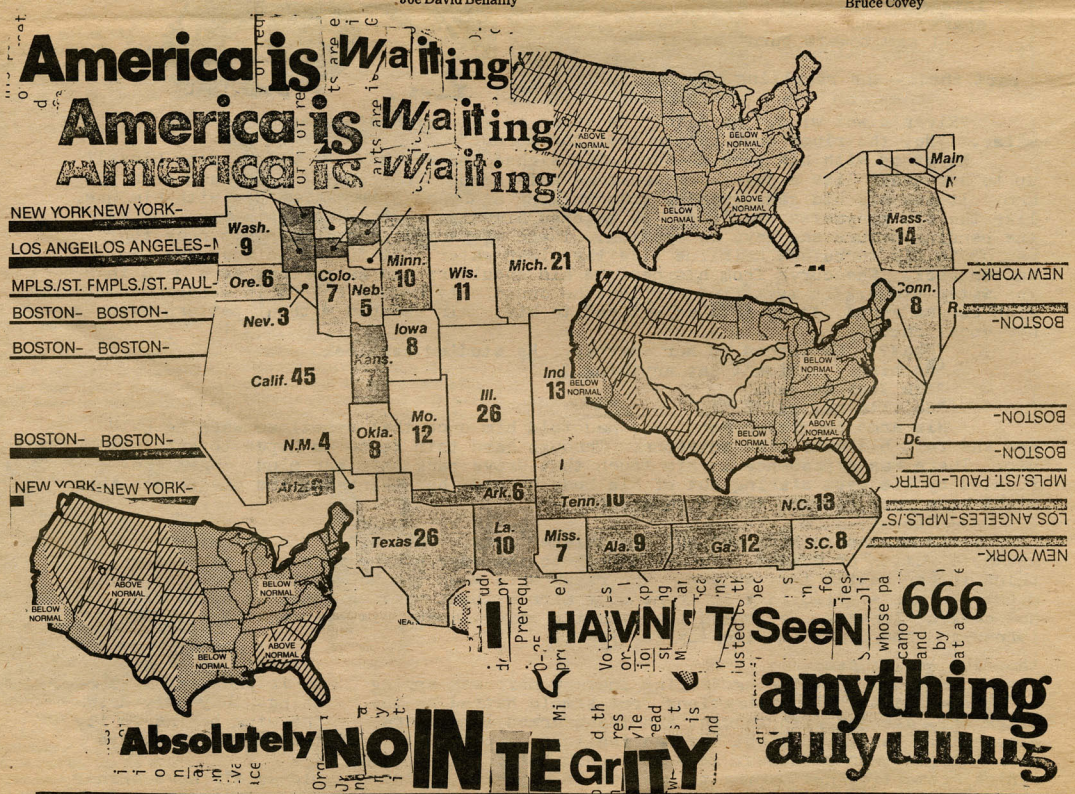
NIGHT

By Bruce Covey

thick imagination lofty earth
motionless sounds in stagnant air
stop the circle stop and stare
into limitless black depths black thirsty
stop black smaller space of darkness sphere
an alone
lifeless eyes around in stupors stoned
time passing blanket-death no fear
the inside-out box peace of ugly sandwiches
untouched— black glass shrinking comes
turtle cave dirt iceberg dead
stop as black the iceberg's dead bland
nature high as writing peace beside opium
thinking sigh, stop black dream



THE HISTORICAL MAP

big apple big orange
Washington D.C.
Detroit
splash —
lake michigan

Bruce Covey