

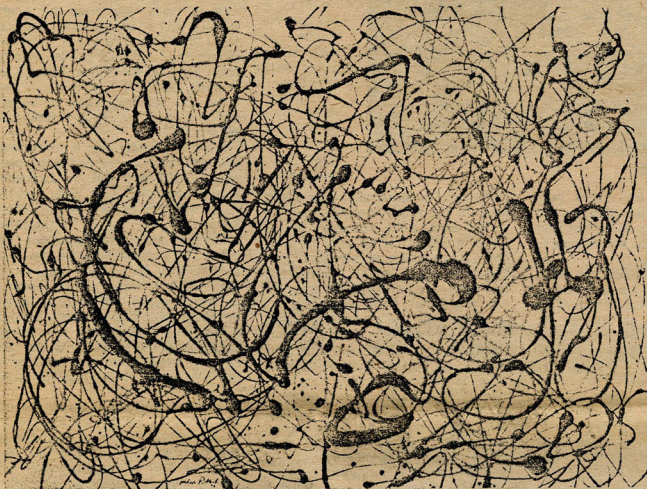
RHYTHMS

Staccato rhythms drumming through my head  
 Coming from someplace I can't see  
 I am tapping my foot to them  
 Singing them fully orchestrated  
 Until I hear them and wonder  
 Where do they come from And they stop.  
 Having grown up in Portland I find that I like drizzly  
 rainy weather better than a lot of people I find it  
 Wonderful. Sometimes I find wonder in things  
 I've never seen. This is a wonder of pasts. (Some of which  
 I may or may not have ever been in)  
 The pine tree through the misty rain is  
 from a past I've been in  
 but this wind well I've felt it before but now  
 it seems new and I like sitting by the window.  
 Dr. blank's words in the background feel like the familiar  
 patter of rain on the roof at night that used to seduce  
 me under warm covers to sleep  
 And suddenly I realize I've been tapping staccato rhythms  
 And things get quiet except for the subdued murmur of his voice  
 and the subdued patter of the rain.

bits of red sand and dust  
 the sun is also there  
 four dark animals shaped like housepets  
 and here: corroding silver  
 polishes off table  
 clock set three hours late  
 losing time + old photos like—  
 and-or forgetting what to say  
 time of blood in the downswing  
 white hoods and cloaks around  
 tarnishing too

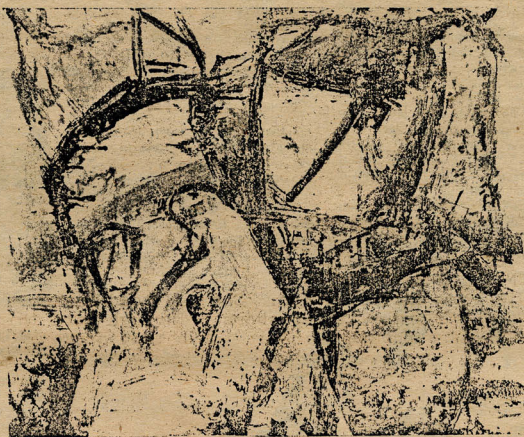
the soft dark nouns die on thick cardboard  
 paper expensive printing  
 all the words have been used  
 (see dictionary)  
 used their chances climbing hills  
 now walking down again wilting  
 as the butter churn cracks around the sides  
 spilling butter - cracks - more pours out  
 glistening the ground

Bruce Covey



SCHNAPPS

THE SKY IS MADE OF ROPES  
 I live in a kerosene house  
 flammable like strong rum  
 which sunsets my insides burning  
 in flaming colors  
 the liquid murderor  
 it carries a knife  
 and glows behind glass eyes  
 which have no brain  
 we swing up and down from sky ropes  
 they are wicks on fire  
 fuses which slowly burn  
 yes fuses  
 the water is 23 feet deep  
 my lead boots don't  
 help none and there are  
 too many spaceships anyway  
 which sail above the water  
 disguised as humans  
 ready to kill



Bruce Covey



Paintings by Jackson Pollock and Willem De Kooning