

VENICE POEM/found, with apologies

the air smells drunk.

this is a little poem about my grandfather.

he lived in Baltimore.

I only thought of this because he had a little
book of Pliny.

this little book with its broken back
comes stepping out over the palm fronds
at the Venice Pavilion.

Goodbye California

goodbye grass

goodbye women

goodbye drum thundering sexual waves on
Spring street

Jean Harlow, do you hear?

Goodbye. Goodbye

drunk tubercular sky

we're stinking in jail

chairs

stage props

corporations used up Shakespeare

used up me

used up grandfather beating up grandmother

stage props-tree stumps

branches of the military