

Zonko / THREE POEMS

IS MURDER MURDER OR MURDER

(a blues for Gertrude

love love?
the knife the knife?
sales tax sales tax?

loving you is murder
murder understands me
in my bones

murder in my kitchen
murder on my toast
murder in my living room

slain in my seat
jumping to my feet
I hope I needn't repeat love love

the body
the body needs
needs
fine white wine

settles for
knocking off
a beer
killing some time

sometimes you make a killing
and sometimes you face
a fall on your face

is murder murder or murder
something else international
international pastime
international dateline
international cartels

the
(money money)
line expands
the dead have
opened up their hands

love love
sleep sleep
work work

circle cycle
or circle
coming round
to square the sung
a song in which
our hero is hung.

WHICH IS WHICH

or would you say
it depends
on which you wish

if you want a blue one
a blue one
if you want a red
a red

I suppose you read
where this guy Heisenberg
had a tea kettle

found a watched pot
will boil, but.

Boiling madly
here's Doubt's condensation

playfully Penelope rolls her
disintegrating tapestry out.

It's not me there.

BOTH TRUE

(for V & K

both
true

blue
too

two
one

another
and

the world to boot?

the push of the question mark
to exclamation!

Zukofsky dies
part way
into this poem
the fire tells me

the trees change
the insects
blaze in their burrows

this is a door tree
rooted on its hinges
rooted in the image of
the corruptibility of means
we feed you fire

Zukofsky

a miniature
umbrella handle tree
almost vinelike
in appearance

“keep silent
for faults of vision
always come
from question
and answer”

unleavened
true to their experience
and
true to their nature
unleashed

Appearance and Reality
came into
the store today

I put it on the shelf
in its light green jacket
& Further Speculations
by T. E. Hulme

out in the rain
in his sleeves, philosophical Van
and out in the rain
under her smile, proud Kathy
come to this
— going together.

My heart gets soggy
I smoke and smoke
perspiration & Zukofsky
evaporates from this poem
leaving the hair
under my arms
crisp

electric both
true
heart
true hair

through thinking here?

this is not the end.
this is simultaneously.