



FOR MAJOR GENERAL
Abner Doubleday

*Inventor of Baseball
and First American President
of the Theosophical Society*

**BY
JACK SPICER**

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These poems from circa summer 1961 have
not previously been published and are from
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Without A Period At The End

Sorrier for themselves
Those are that aren't there
Dead

 Certain.

 The curtain
Of light dazzles all the air
We are free, we are one, we have had
Motion



Quondam et Futurus

Arthur's body is buried out there
Under two stone of rock
A new aesthetic
What is not willed in a poem
Will rise
Casting off each stone.
King
Once and future
Them
Rocks.



Mary Murphy's Chowder

What it means, of course, is millions of
bridges
Built across a world where you would
never know it
A sham. Man does not believe these things
The Krazy Kat howls at the edge of the
bunker. The world's dead and
Hitler's going with it. The time's
Ripe.



Concerning the Future of American Poetry II

My grandmother always told me
That when you get in a fight with a dog turd
You only get shit on your fingers.



Scheme

Crap of the ocean
Displayed
On every piece of beach
They have to go on.
Timber with a soft sound of it
Pieces of crab. The
Sea shells.
Yells
In front of the ocean.
No.
Disappearing.
“No.”



Possession

A small French hound
Bound to a time traveler—
The soul in a boat.



Friday Or Saturday

After all nothing is very surprising to
you if you're locked up with it
You, hypocrite lecture
I don't mean to call you my brother because
you aren't
A mere semblance of flesh
Hypocrite lecture, love
Is an idiot daughter of memory
Born of a single womb. Murder
Is what I mean.
Not lampshade.
But wristwatch
Or something round the wrist.



Exercise

Is it the word "dream" that causes so much
trouble?
Dreams are there like clouds floating endlessly
in an except for them blue sky
Over the rim
Is it the word, dream, that causes trouble?
The clouds move in such un-
significance
The winds blowing there
That
Flag.



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