

(to supply missing text for page 11)

permission
 granted I had never
 imagined so fine
unless I could have
 (believed) experienced what I
believed (thought) was not
 real then-- there in
the bus jiggling in
to spring--one expanding
rack of hooks hanging my self
on thirteen years of knowing
loss to capture
 just such green.
no other word. not a synonym
 for, a substitute
but GREEN the hills, GREEN
 the trembling
leaves the colored air
above all flying slopes.

had a painter trapped
 this moment, my heart
had squeezed green
 fluid from (ex plosion)
spring green tree green grass green
chambers.
actually this cavity pumped
 a pain more acquiescent
 to stone conversations

Go

Helen Laurence

permission
 granted I had never
 imagined so fine
unless i could have
 (believed) experienced what I
believed (thought) was not
 real then— there in
the bus jiggling in
to spring— one expanding
actually this cavity pumped
 a pain more acquiescent
 to stone conversations
(than Saturday flirtations and i) knew this
then riding
the crowded bus to some where we
junior high orchestra enroute sure
to win our usual
prizes and what difference did/could this
make to my grief (green raped) me
almost unwilling to taste
 the curve of that hill
against me /my own
curv/ing to craving hills—
all these years

later the festival, shrill
violins tuning against my own
battered cello (tuning
pegs slipping again) my relative
pitch against
the indifference of the boy i thought
i
wanted (he had perfect pitch
played sonatas refused my
craving for
perfection.) yes all those
years and now what
i recall is this:
GREEN
and rosin on the bow
green and flowers some maybe under
spreading oaks with a woman a woman
awoman awomanawomanawoe
manawomanawoman was all even then
i wanted but
i thought
chairs scraping mr. maguire
(without baton) drunk
after concert bows hungry
for my ungiving
breast
i thought
yes, that too, that this
was real and the nonexistent/woman
lying
(i in her arms she in mine) under oaks
cradled
in GREEN did not
live, have our
being not knowing then

that forty years of future
did not exist either (now)
(then) no matter
how vivid the splendid/
terrible day sliced
night (not yet) so
GREEN remains

(remained) until i saw
 signal
light greening (permission
granted to) go