

Wine. [Berkeley, Calif.] Printed for Oyez by The Auerhahn Press in San Francisco, c1964.

Wine

Sick desire! Lovesick desire!

" On vit plusieurs vies d'hommes en l'espace d'une heure" "Commence," dit le guitariste au marbrier .

He draws the sounds forth from his drunken violin Bacchus in delirium cuts from the stone with a saw.

What does he play? What does he attempt to play?

It makes no difference the first ayre comes.

And suddenly, an energy, a melody suave capricious all the time encircles me, stifles the cry in my mouth, stops the beat of my heart, conceals the rage of the child squalling, until I lie at the edge all the time, I have been at the edge of this avidity, this din. *La guitare chante .*

He lies in wait for the passing glance, the aroused glitter, the sullen change in the light of this hard-on the music presses its rime *que le violon ne entend plus* but gives itself over to the need, the guitar's imperative. Release, I sing, without sound, Release the thunders from this cloud that gathers impending song. The threatening air, drunken air, that has broken thru, I sing without sound to take over the aroused marbler.

The guitar takes over, takes the voice, its sound enormous, the enormous sonority at the edge of the void.

The voice chatters, it chants, it declaims with a frightful verve, (He cuts the marble with his saw—to answer) . A surety. A sure thing.

The guitar moves in with a purity unknown to speech improvises a variation upon the theme of the blind violin following his lead.

The marble-cutter lets himself be led by him.

He takes on splendidly and as if in marriage the high-pitcht nakedness of his wooing tones.

And now where is he? What sun contemplates his last dreams? What soil receives his cast-off skin?
What ditch shelters his agony? Where are those thick perfumes of those lost flowers, mimosas of
those afternoons?

Where are the fairy colors of long-gone suns bedded down?

"Je vois longtemps la mélancolique lessive d'ors du couchant."

Robert Duncan

Note: *Passages 11*, drawn from Baudelaire, "*Du Vin et du Haschisch*". The closing quote is from Rimbaud.

OYEZ 4. Copyright 1964 by Robert Duncan. Printed for Oyez by The Auerhahn Press in San Francisco.

Gift Source Unknown July 18, 1966

2/39z3 2/39zc

II-39z3