



SMELTMONEY6SMELTMONEY6SMELTMONEY6SMELTMONEY6SMELTM

the small tugs,  
gravitations.

Trees clacked  
--with the wind--

& refuse  
on the ground made

an eddy making  
noise. The

two happening in  
space almost together

To think the book  
& twinkle,

to keep it  
there along with

the glare, at  
attention, standing

there, the two  
kinds of gaze.

The notes go  
in his book in-

stead of him not  
thinking about

them, then he  
could go out

& be noteless  
& be there.

No more gleams or

silvery omen  
in glimpse,

hunch. The  
window admits &

I want hard  
light.

It is the world  
--the sky, the

bush--& is  
it a part?

I saw a profile  
against both

& the profile  
& I wondered.

SMELTMONEY6SMELTMONEY

ambiguity  
(of life) and  
infinite contradictio

Well, we all came out  
of  
the water  
and some spread seed  
over the land  
and replenished them

and some spread their  
out of hand  
and surprised themsel  
at how easy it was  
to murder and steal

And there was Oz  
(like heavy metal)  
sucking it up  
smoking that shit

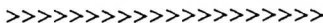
Or there was Ez  
tripping his brains o  
when he learned  
the whole shabang  
was unnecessary:  
If the warriors and m  
had merely asked,  
been able to communic  
and feel vulnerable,  
power,  
the farmers would hav  
"Here's bread  
and knishes and temp  
and tofu and corn  
enough for Everyman.  
Tomorrow I'll show yo  
how to go down to th

even when it's a dry  
been pushing your bu  
for decades."  
But the warrior smel

blood, warm blood,  
in the farmer's big  
and killed him  
over and over  
and had something li  
Mac attack because m  
makes men big  
and muscular,  
whereas grains merel  
sustain life

so the farmers  
of Catal Huyuk died,  
and the warriors  
repeated themselves,

Ez



ambiguity  
(of life) and  
infinite contradictions

Well, we all came out  
of  
the water  
and some spread seed  
over the land  
and replenished themselves

and some spread their seed  
out of hand  
and surprised themselves  
at how easy it was  
to murder and steal

And there was Oz  
(like heavy metal)  
sucking it up  
smoking that shit

Or there was Ez  
tripping his brains out  
when he learned  
the whole shabang  
was unnecessary:  
If the warriors and nomads  
had merely asked,  
been able to communicate,  
and feel vulnerable, feminine  
power,  
the farmers would have said  
"Here's bread  
and knishes and tempeh  
and tofu and corn  
enough for Everyman.  
Tomorrow I'll show you  
how to go down to the water

even when it's a dry wind's  
been pushing your buttons  
for decades."  
But the warrior smelled

blood, warm blood,  
in the farmer's big heart  
and killed him  
over and over  
and had something like a Big  
Mac attack because meat  
makes men big  
and muscular,  
whereas grains merely  
sustain life

so the farmers  
of Catal Huyuk died,  
and the warriors  
repeated themselves,

Ez

Now sound  
is being &

acute: tick  
of latch, or  
bump near or  
far: the

measurings: pun-  
gent hearings.

What I might  
love of clouds is

the "when" of their  
rolling over--

then a bus with  
"No Passengers"

on it rushes past  
like shadow act.

I make motion  
& emotional

coffers change.  
Someone else is

on the block,  
to do is have.

The practice puts  
you in a state.

Warp & woof, the  
irreducible

plane & sheath.  
When standing

walking watching.  
Folds of being.

"Its miraculate,  
enchanted surface."

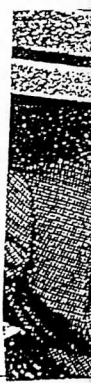
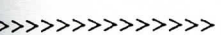
You want to write  
autobiography

(no article) like  
it was running

water, it's wider  
before it turns

back into the  
tunneling city.

\*\*\*\*\*



from Steve Tills

Rant 67

We all came down  
to  
the  
wa-  
ter

with our ships and shit

There was Homer

or maybe some Orange  
juice, bro

And there was Ez

sucking it up,  
a half century

of fire in the sky

not a deep purple  
micro-dot  
(not even a mouse)

but alcohol to rinse the wounds  
of 2-3-4 wars

all of which  
could have been avoided  
had several different  
Trojans slipped into  
their sheaths their dinky  
little swords  
and kept to themselves

The cream of the crop  
was slaughtered  
10,000 years  
ago Morons Rome/-  
of eventually

Catal Huyuk, tho,  
revered fertility  
(goddesses, too), controlled  
birth, connected  
corpus collosums  
enough to nourish



Cool photo just like Details.SM editor gathering prose for #7.

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from Louise Landes-Levi

HENRI MICHAUX

Henri Michaux was a beautiful person. I can personally attest to that. I shall one day have to tell the story of how I met Michaux & eventually became his English teacher. He once threw a book across the room because his picture was on the cover. He was extremely gentle & immaculate in every way. He once put a dressing on a wound of mine. He offered me a bath because he knew the maid's room in Paris, located on the 6th floor of all the old buildings, had none. He was like a poet-prince (monk) & also an erotic & disciplined European gentleman.

He was my unofficial 'mentor' & when he wore a light brown shawl on one of our last meetings, I later felt he wanted, somehow, to pass the mantle on, perhaps,

to  
me.

\*\*\*\*\*

Toxic move reviews always welcome. The following just in from up north.

READING CRUMB AS SNUFF

Bare thread bobbins with faces  
inked on, books shelved spines inward, a  
clutter of made things, embellished  
mind becomes a fret saw, exposing  
"the real world at the expense of  
everybody"

Signed "The Saw"

Identify this author/critic-receive a swell treat.  
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**SMELT MONEY**

% Jim McCrary  
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