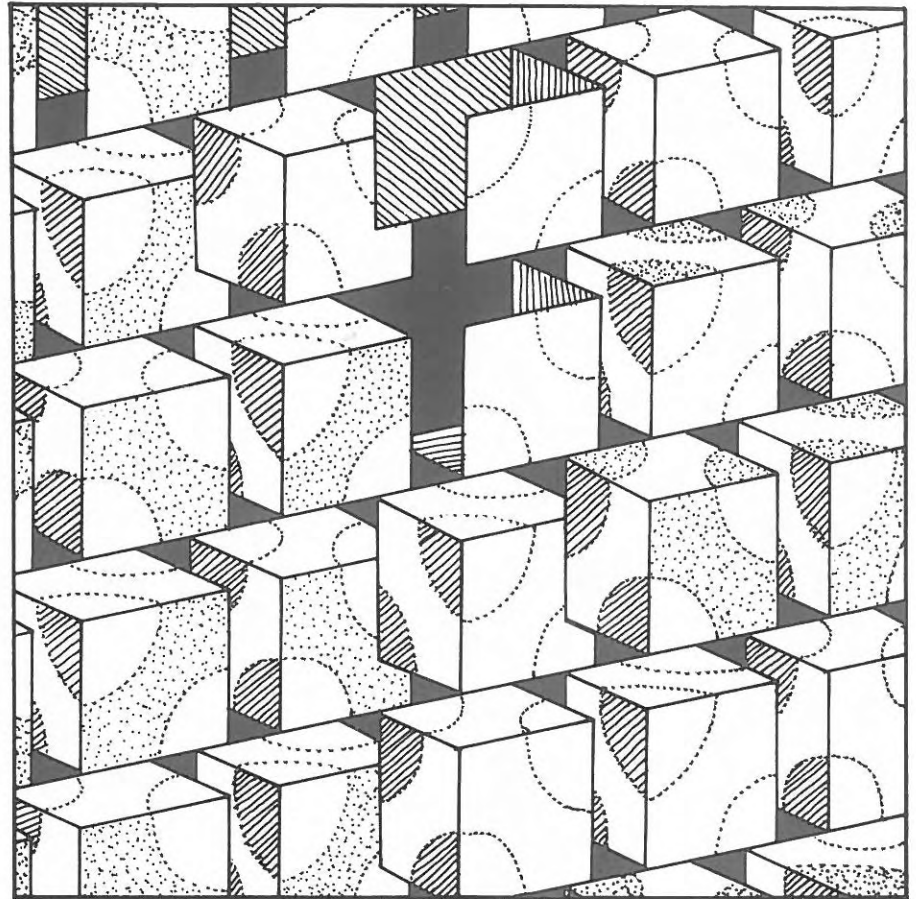


*fifteen
false propositions
about god*



jack spicer

15

FALSE

PROPOSITIONS

ABOUT

GOD

by

JACK

SPICER

September, 1974

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1

The self is no longer real
It is not like loneliness
This big huge liveness. Sacrificing
All of the person with it.
Bigger people
I'm sure have mastered it.
"Beauty is so rare a thing," Pound sings
"So few drink at my fountain."

2

Look I am King Of The Forest
Says The King Of The Forest
As he growls magnificently
Look, I am in pain. My right leg
Does not fit my left leg.
I am King Of The Forest
Says The King Of The Forest.
And the other beasts hear him and would rather
They were King Of The Forest
But that their right leg
 would fit their left leg.
"Beauty is so rare a thing," Pound sang.
"So few drink at my fountain."

3

Beauty is so rare a th--
Sing a new song
Real
Music
A busted flush. A pain in the eyebrows. A
Visiting card.
There are rocks on the mountains that will lie there
 for fifty years and I only lived with you
 three months
Why
Does
Your absence seem so real or your presences
So uninviting?

4

Real bad poems
Dear Sir: I should like to--
Hate and love are clarifications enough of themselves,
do not belong in poetry, embarrass the reader
and the poet, lack
Dignity.
Or the dignity of a paper airplane
That you throw at someone's face
And it swoops across the whole occasion quickly
Hitting every angle.
Hate and love are clar--
Dear Sir: I should like to make sure that everything
that I said about you in my poetry was true, that
you really existed,
That everything that I said was true
That you were not an occasion
In a real bad scene
That what the poems said had meaning
Apart from what the poems said.
Dear Sir:
My mouth has meanings
It had not wanted to argue.

5

When the house falls you wonder
If there will ever be poetry
And you shiver in the timbers wondering
If there will ever be poetry
When the house falls you shiver
In the vacant lumber of your poetry.
Beauty is so rare a thing, Pound sang.
So few drink at my fountain.

6

Drop
The word drops
As if it were not spoken
I can't remember tomorrow
What I said tonight
(To describe the real world.
Even in a poem
One forgets the real world.)
Fuzzy heads of fuzzy people
Like the trees Williams saw. Drop
The words drop
Like leaves from a fuzzy tree
I can't remember tomorrow
I (alone in the real world
with their fuzzy heads nodding at me)
Can't
Remember.

7

Trees in their youth look younger
Than almost anything
I mean
In the spring
When they put forth green leaves and try
To look like real trees
Honest to God my heart aches
When I see them trying.
Comes August and the sunshine and the fog
and only the wood grows
They stand there with big rough leaves amazed
That it is no longer summer.
The cold fog seeps in and by November
They don't look the same (the leaves I mean)
the leaves fall
Such a hard reason to seek. Such heart's
Timber.

Shredded wheat, paper mache
 Nobody believes in you
 Least of all us trees.
 Who find ourselves at the final edge
 Of a cliff or at least an ocean
 Eating salt air and fog and rock
 Just standing
 There
 Bother your fuzzy heads about God. Gee
 God is not even near your roots or our roots
 He is the nearest
 Tree

After you have told your lover goodbye
 And chewed the cud of your experience with him
 Your bitter experience:

What else?

Perhaps trees. Slippery elm. Birch
 That knows no thankless nights. Oaktrees and palm
 Ready to start a revolution.
 No you should stay there with your roots in the ground
 Ready to drink whatever water
 The rain is willing to send you. The rain
 The cow
 And my true body a
 Revolution.

"Trees. Those fuzzy things?" Williams' grandfather
 or was it his grandmother asked on the way
 to the hospital. A journey

We will take.

I do not remember the poem well but I know that beauty
 Will always become fuzzy

And love fuzzy

And the fact of death itself fuzzy

Like a big tree.

Let me chop down then one by one

Whatever is in the way of my eyesight

People, trees, even my own eyestalks.

Let me chop apart

With my bare hands

This blurred forest.

In the grotto of knowingness

There is born a child. There is born a child

Like we Protestants say in our Christmas carols.

Saint Mary

Virgin Mistress

Author of One Word

Give me strength to have joy. The heart wants it

The ball bounces

Faster than any eye can see. I believe you love me

Like a fried egg can exist on a purple plate alone

Or being born.

How love can exist without any flavor to it

As George told me you said the

Joyful mysteries.

12

Millions of meaningless toys
If the child isn't born soon we'll have to close
the toyshop. The second
Joyful mystery.
They make them out of trees and rubber bands
and place them in stockings and cradles
No one
Knows how to play with them.
Kneel
At his birth
Meaningless
As he is
They are not his toys or our toys we must play with.
They are
Our toys.

13

Hush now baby don't say a word
Mama's going to buy you a mocking bird
The third
Joyful mystery.
The joy that descends on you when all the trees
are cut down and all the fountains polluted
and you are still alive waiting for an absent
savior. The third
Joyful mystery.
If the mocking bird don't sing
Mama's going to buy you a diamond ring
The diamond ring is God, the mocking bird the
Holy Ghost. The third
Joyful mystery.
The joy that descends on you when all the trees
are cut down and all the fountains polluted
and you are still alive waiting for an absent
savior.

If the diamond ring turns brass
Mama's going to buy you a looking glass
Marianne Moore and Ezra Pound and William
Carlos Williams going on a picnic together
when they were all students at the
University of Pennsylvania
Now they are all over seventy and the absent baby
Is a mirror sheltering their image.

Dear Sir:

In these poems I tried to find the three-headed God
I believed in sometimes both when talking with
you and living with you. The abysmal toyshop

Intrudes.

(It is hell where no one
Guesses another. It is after
Every thing.)

No thought coheres or sensation. It is five o'clock
in the morning.

If the mocking bird don't sing
Mama's going to buy you a diamond ring
This is the last joyful mystery
The end of all guessing.



Other Books by Jack Spicer:

- After Lorca* (White Rabbit Press, 1957)
Homage to Creeley (private, 1959)
Billy the Kid (Enkidu Surrogate, 1959)
The heads of the town up to the aether
(Auerhahn, 1962)
Lament for the makers (White Rabbit, 1962)
The Holy Grail (White Rabbit, 1964)
Language (White Rabbit, 1965)
Book of Magazine Verse (White Rabbit, 1966)
A Book of Music (White Rabbit, 1969)
Caterpillar 12 (1970) (Collected by Stan Persky)
The Red Wheelbarrow (Arif, 1971)
Admonitions (Adventures in Poetry, 1974)
15 False Propositions About God (ManRoot, 1974)

*This poem first appeared in BEATITUDE
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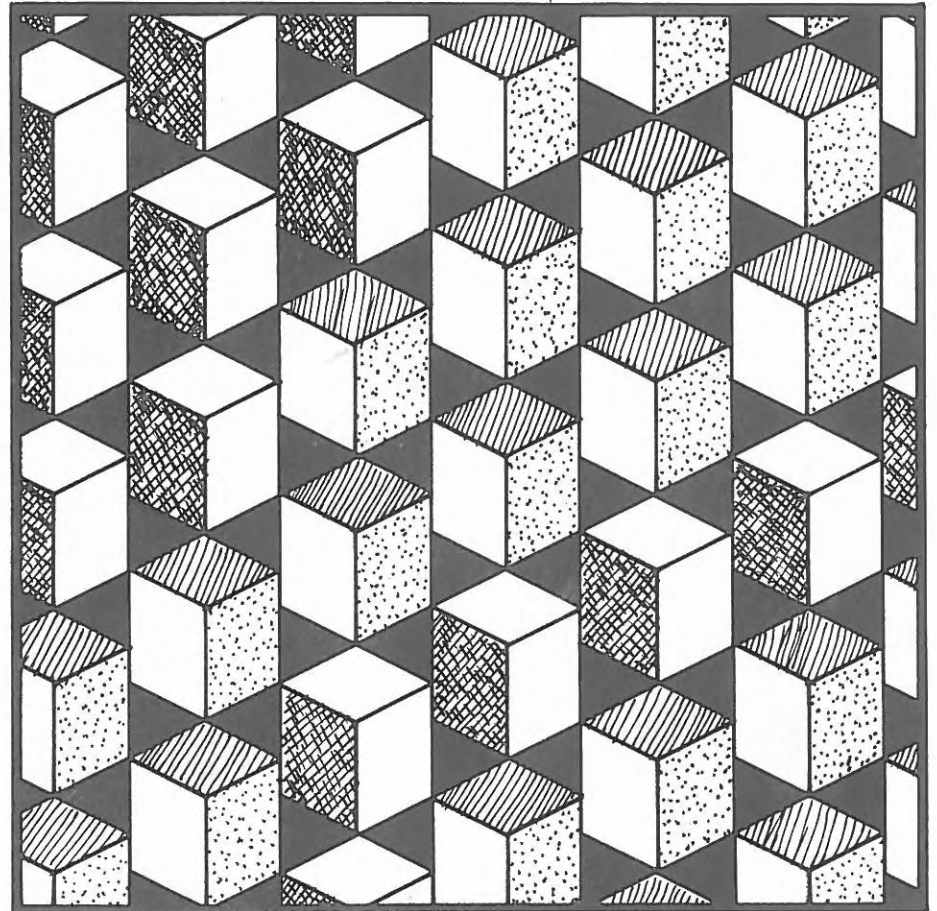
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