Poetry in Detroit

Fifth Estate Collective

1970

Untitled by Ken Mikolowski

[Original printed as spiral]
Is there poetry in Detroit?
There IS Poetry in Detroit!
MICK VRANICH "SALAD" magazine
BOOKWORLD.
Wednesday afternoon readings Miles Modern poetry room 5157 Cass 4 pm FREE
STEVE TUDOR (cider & donuts come as you are)
Dudley Randall and the BROADSIDE PRESS 12651 Old Mill Place.
Is JOHN SINCLAIR in Marquette poetry in Detroit?
Right On!
Poetry in Detroit is ARCHIE ANDERSON & BOB ANDREWS and their magazine "ACTUAL SIZE" Common Ground of the Arts.
FAYE KICKNOSWAY & JON SCHWARTZ and the new Miles Poetry Anthology.
BOB SERLING & DAVE FRASER and one incredible issue of "PLO-JECT."
DICK SWEENEY & god bless MRS. SMITH.
HANK MALONE WXYZ-FM.
Poetry in Detroit is WALT HALL in Oregon, DON McCAIG & ANDREI CODRESCU in New York, GEORGE TYSH in Paris, JIM GUSTAFSON wandering in Europe,
someone in your own backyard or in Brazil.
KAREN KNORP "OLD SECOND" WSU English Dept.
ESTHER BRONER, DAN HUGHES, SHELDON TANNENBAUM & HARRY STRICKHAUSEN of course.
These names are praise—don't skip even one.
ROBIN EICHELE, BRADLEY JONES DONNA BROOK JOEL DRESSLER (anonymous) DAN BELLINGER ARTHUR LICHTENSTEIN JIM SEMABILL DOKIANOS TOM FITZSIMMONS & the festival of life.
JUDITH GOREN DOUGHTRY LONG DAVE HERRESHOFF JUDY McCOMBS BENJAMIN ALVIN'S FINER DELI PAM SHRIMAN DENNIS MOORE MATTHBLACK'S "OYSTER" CLAUDE JACKSON.
a few of your friends & a bottle of RIPPLE.
LARRY PIKE MARY JO OLESZEK A. QUINN SMITH HENRIETTA EPSTEIN JIM KRPPS.

POETRY IN DETROIT



FOLLOWtap

ALp stop moist de/cay in the upper mouth
area soft teeth eat slower steak hand meat
in the wet space called wet spaced
HAND under stood replay making success
with without in doors again call for
broiler control by the WLP-6 theo-
meter controler box put installed
the man in the blue suit gas meter screw
driver: lack of glucose distilled
blood red/white corpusals retain
water non sugar ingredients compose
the bulk meat body walks for 1 mile
stops & waits for de/LIVER to RE/gain
bile climate: context ^16 context ^17
Context ^(18-37) omitt details
redline all else re/READ red
in order non CONTEXT total structure
for form texture: continue of street
white ankle sack yellOW stain 2 night
IN/side as usual^: REPLAY 2
BE.....GIN ( ) begin at front gate
g//////////////ATE/gate of HERE:

Michael Vranich

To Marvin Bell

Perhaps if I said, I don't like Iowa, it would
interest you. No one gets born there because of the freeway.
It isn't so in Nebraska, except it's like riding a yoyo string
in and out of Mother. In Iowa, all you see
is her public hair but you have to twist your head up
to see it above the embankment. And when you eat
at a truck stop, you can't be sure what
you're eating.

Faye Kicknosway

three
(after Diane di Prima & Doug Featherling

i can imagine you riding a horse so
fast, trying to lose what living in a city
has given you but,

when you get back at night, don't
give me that look unless
you have an uncut diamond under your tongue
& want me to find it.

David Fosser

language
I will remember you by yr eyes
while my tongue moves deep within yr mouth
across yr teeth
& hard against yr tongue like a language
a language
spoken in a voice that is the sleep of whores
the words forgotten after the act
betrayed like a pile of flesh
lying in the corner of some room
some humid room
or like our clothes small animals of this line
lying in piles while we fuck
language sanctioned and
functional as functional as
the hot wet flesh of a shoulder wound
that accepts the bullet
the way my mouth accepts yr breast
language sanctioned
by my open mouth resting against yr hand
my breath
committed to the hand like flame
and the stain of yr blood
committed to the bedsheet like a burning city

Robert Serling

JAP's at THE WALL with the mad manifestos & other non-negotiable demamds.
FREE broadsides every month from THE ALTERNATIVE PRESS.
insane articles in the "FIFTH ESTATE" that try to put the Detroit Seen on paper.
your MOTHER writes Poetry in Detroit
POETRY IN DETROIT IS DETROIT
POETRY IS

FOLLOW/up

ALp stop moist de/cay in the upper mouth
area soft teeth eat slower steak hand meat
in the wet space called wet spaced
HAND:under stood replay making success
with without in doors again call for
broiler control by the WLP-6 theo-
meter controler box put installed
the man in the blue suit gas meter screw
driver:lack of glucose distilled
blood red/white corpusals retain
water non sugar ingredients compose
the bulk meat body walks for 1 mile
stops & waits for de/LIVER to RE/gain
bile climate:context:"16 context "17
Context "(18–37) omitt details
redline all else re/READ red
in order non CONTEXT total structure
for form texture:continue of street
white ankle suck yellOW stain 2 night
IN/side as usual@':REPLAY 2
BE GIN ( ) begin at front gate
g/////////////ATE/gate of HERE:
—Michael Vranich

To Marvin Bell

Perhaps if I said, I don't like Iowa, it would
interest you. No one gets born there because of the freeway.
It isn't so in Nebraska, except it's like riding a yoyo string
in and out of Mother. In Iowa, all you see
is her pubic hair but you have to twist your head up
to see it above the embankment. And when you eat
at a truck stop, you can't be sure what
you're eating.
—Faye Kicknosway

[untitled]

three
(after Diane di Prima & Doug Featherling)
i can imagine you riding a horse so
fast, trying to lose what living in a city
has given you but,
.
when you get back at night, don't
give me that look unless
you have an uncut diamond under your tongue
& want me to find it.
—David Fraser

[untitled]

language
i will remember you by yr eyes
while my tongue moves deep within yr mouth
across yr teeth
& hard against yr tongue like a language
a language
spoken in a voice that is the sleep of whores
the words forgotten after the act
betrayed like a pile of flesh
lying in the corner of some room
some humid room
or like our clothes small animals of this line
lying in piles while we fuck
language sanctioned and
functional as functional as
the hot wet flesh of a shoulder wound
that accepts the bullet
the way my mouth accepts yr breast
language sanctioned
by my open mouth resting against yr hand
my breath
committed to the hand like flame
and the stain of yr blood
committed to the bedsheet like a burning city
—Robert Serling

fifth estate

Fifth Estate Collective
Poetry in Detroit
1970

https://www.fifthestate.org/archive/107-june-11-24-1970/poetry-in-detroit
Fifth Estate #107, June 11–24, 1970

fifthestate.anarchistlibraries.net