

DIANE DI PRIMA

Poem Based on Three Bardic “Topics”

IRRUPTIONS

BURST into my room like the sun
thru old venetian blinds.
 A little too bright
a little
 undercover. “Swift as the sun

when it breaches
 the horizon
 so swift the spirit
to the one who calls”

VISIONS

That was the dream.
I woke looking at the Atlantic
light pouring thru plate glass
& over my bed.

ADVENTURES

I was there to sit w/ the stash until the men
came to take it elsewhere. Was there to keep
Big John company.

 Jamaican weed
ragged, untrimmed a bit damp
arrived in burlap bags
 on a truck w/ CB

at our trailer
among the palmettos (no ocean *here*)

We were there to keep the weed & keep it
 from mildew
spread it to dry on the roof

I did Protection Circles around the clearing
studied the cards, listened for helicopters
while Big John slept on the sofa
TV blaring

*[May 10, 2003
"Foundations of Poetics" Class]*