

on station, the *Charity*, 100 tons,
Capt Peirce who quieted
Standish, but the other two
Company ships fr London,
under the crook Allerton:
the *Little James*,
after cor-fish
(and got her fraughtage)
and the big one, the
White Angel, 300 tons
which went loaded
to Bilbao or Sebastians
towing the *Little James*
after her. Only the Turks
took the little one the moment
the Angel let her
loose

[my people - - p]

a nation fizzing itself
on city managers,
mutual losing banks,

how to send yr child
\$100,000 more a
lifetime than
poor old
dad

Which fight tells
what heat there was
in sd Harbour when
was site of
commerce

real bucks not
each man and woman
and child living off
things paid on
33 year schedule

credit out ahead,
each generation
living 33 years
of shoddy &
safety—not at all

living. Not all late
conantry (for which read

They should raise a monument
to a fisherman crouched down
behind a hogshead, protecting
his dried fish

118
[1114]

Mellow and enclosed both the local and the past
N.G. not the point not here I am not here to
have to do with Englishmen (in habit, but
canoes dugout as found Indian means of hauling
marsh grass by gundalows possibly old Venetian

who came out of their marshes likewise
to change the commerce of NW shifting
man—it ends, as Stefansson couldn't
stomach the dead end of his own prop-
osition, in the ice

dogs of the present don't even throw anything back The sea
it isn't 67 years yet that the First Parish (Unitarian) preach-
er of the anniversary sermon told them we must reckon
with the great sea the influences
of it the salt breath of it
have interfused the sadness of it have interfused
Zebulon

and John Trask Orator dedicated his address my father and mother
born and married in, his text Chapter XX the, Wonder-working Prov-
idence of, Of the planting the one and twentieth church (of Christ)
at a town called Gloster

being peopled with
Fishermen, this

lying out, about
fifty known, the access there unto by land becomes

uneasy

Which was the cause says the source this early why it was no more
populated

Had they men of Estates
their fishing trade,

Yet
are not without other means of maintenance, have good timber, And
a very sufficient builder (Stevens)

But that these times,
of combustion, the seas

the Peoples of the Sea Meneptha fell Kadesh they were there Ramses II
Greeks

from the sea Lebanese

to Gloucester these Englishmen what was Bruen doing

Piscataqua Bristol Z. Hill Wm Barnes Gloucester
Gloucestershire William Addes Frampton on Severn
Devon: Avery Parsons Southmead Dutch Dorset Ste-
vens alone London Stepney Middlesex yes Thomas
Millett Southwark: Holgrave, Dorset. Sylvester

Eveleth Eveleigh Yeverleigh
was selectman 1648 freeman
1652 representative 1673 his
wall and Perkinses (was Bru-
ens) Millett sold to Allen. From

then to now nothing
new, in the meaning
that that wall walked
today, happened a bull-
dozer discloses
Meeting House Hill
was a sanddune under
what was valued for
still the sun makes
a west here as on
each Gloucester hill
why one can say what
one can't say is

when did the sea so
roll over as later
the ice this stuck-out
10 miles Europe-pointing
cape, the lines of force
I said to her as of Rose-
Troup go to as one line
as taught as uroboros ar-
row hooped crazy Zen arch-
er fact that arm of bow Frances
Rose-Troup English maiden
lady told this city what

marchants Weymouth Port Book
No. 873 if East and West the
ship first employed was,
the date everything that
the local get off it Glouster
the old railroad joke
from the smell, the lovers
in the back seat the conductor
waking up from a snooze don't
look out the window sniffs
and calls out gloucester glouster
All off

Take the top off
Meeting House Hill
is 128 has cut it
on two sides

the third
is now no more than
more Riverdale
Park

and the fourth?
the west?
is the rubbish
of white man

Up River,
under the bridge
the summer people
kid themselves
there's no noise,
the Bridge
's so high.
Like hell. The Diesels
shake the sky

clean the earth
of sentimental
drifty dirty
lazy man:

bulldozer,
lay open
the sand some sea
was all over the
second third fourth
meeting house,

once. I take my air

where Eveleth walked
out the west
on these hills
because the river

it's earth which
now is strange The sea
is east The choice Our backs
turned from the sea but the smell

as the minister said
in our noses
I am interfused
with the rubbish

of creation I hear

the necessity
of the ludicrous reference to Wm Hubbard by the
tercentenary preacher that

the finny tribe come easily
to the hook

Fishermen
are killers Every
fifty of 'em I pick off
the Records seek
the kame I was raised
on and are startled,
as I am, by each granite
morraine shape Am in the mud
off Five Pound Island
is the grease-pit
of State Pier

Go 'way and leave
Rose-Troup and myself I smell your breath, sea
And unmellowed River under
the roar of A. Piatt Andrew
hung up there like fission
dropping trucks the face
Samuel Hodgkins didn't show
poling pulling I penny
per person 2
for a horse

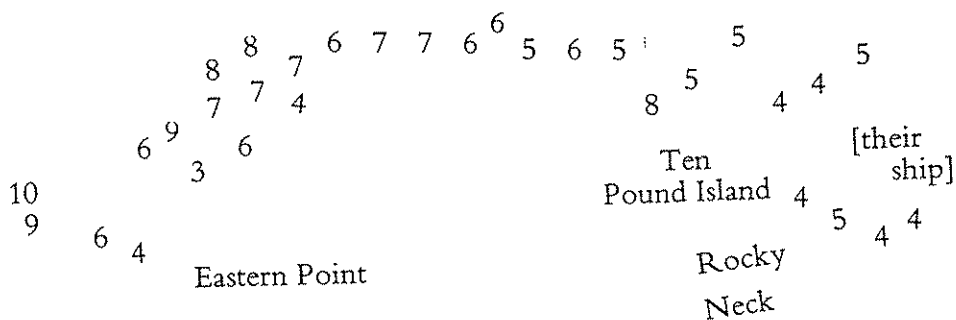
step off
onto the nation The sea
will rush over The ice
will drag boulders Commerce
was changed the fathometer
was invented here the present
is worse give nothing now your credence
start all over step off the
Orontes onto land no Typhon
no understanding of a cave
a mystery Cashes? . . . "but that these times of combustion
the seas throughout have hindered much that work" so sayeth

so early

Mr. Edward Johnson: "yet that there have been vessels built here at the town of late" I haven't noticed any single adult, the children however and up through 17 at least on the Fort or Fort high school men whatever hour of the day I see them even early on the Boulevard and a couple of them in uniform with rifle R.O.T.C. don't look like cowboys and English:

Stefansson's ice, what trade replaced Pytheas's sludge with, man goeth novo sibirskie slovo only a Chinese feeling not Canton silk or Surinam Rose-Troup to you, Gloucester, solely gave you place in the genetic world, she said Richard Bushrod George Way etc. she put you back on the launching platform said woman said John White planter Conant said Budleigh she said Cape Ann she said dorchester company she said so much train oil quarters of oak skins as well as dryfish corfish fox racons martyns otter muskuatche beaver some even entered as 'coats' thus indicating there were Algonquins left after smallpox? It looks as though Miss Rose-Troup connects back to Champlain the number of wigwams show Freshwater Cove above Cressys in Tolmans field near Half Moon or possibly the old Steep Bank where Kent Circle maybe it's Apple Row or Agamenticus Height

the river and marshes show clearly and no Indians along the Beach forest on Fort Point wigwams again at Harbor Cove in fact all up between what 1642 became the harbor and the town in other words "Washington" St to Mill River and on Fore Street to Vinsons Cove otherwise Indians about East Gloucester Square and then it's action: Champlain discovering the Indian attack to Sieur de Pountrincourt in ambush at the head of Rocky Neck, old European business as seven or eight arquebusiers the depths of the channel more interesting as from Eastern Pt and the compass rose thus:



Maximus to Gloucester, Letter 27 [withheld]

I come back to the geography of it,
the land falling off to the left
where my father shot his scabby golf
and the rest of us played baseball
into the summer darkness until no flies
could be seen and we came home
to our various piazzas where the women
buzzed

To the left the land fell to the city,
to the right, it fell to the sea

I was so young my first memory
is of a tent spread to feed lobsters
to Rexall conventioners, and my father,
a man for kicks, came out of the tent roaring
with a bread-knife in his teeth to take care of
a druggist they'd told him had made a pass at
my mother, she laughing, so sure, as round
as her face, Hines pink and apple,
under one of those frame hats women then

This, is no bare incoming
of novel abstract form, this

is no welter or the forms
of those events, this,

Greeks, is the stopping
of the battle

It is the imposing
of all those antecedent precessions, the precessions

of me, the generation of those facts
which are my words, it is coming

from all that I no longer am, yet am,
the slow westward motion of

more than I am

There is no strict personal order

for my inheritance.

No Greek will be able

[my paste up]

to discriminate my body.

An American
is a complex of occasions,
themselves a geometry
of spatial nature.

I have this sense,
that I am one
with my skin

Plus this—plus this:
that forever the geography
which leans in
on me I compell
backwards I compell Gloucester
to yield, to
change

Polis
is this

A Maximus

As of why thinking of why such questions as security, and the great white death, what did obtain at said some such point as Bowditch the Practical Navigator who did use Other People's Monies as different from his Own, isn't the Actuarial the Real Base of Life Since, and is different From Usury Altogether, is the Thing which made all the Vulgar Socialization (Socialism CulturISM LiberalISM jass is gysm) why I Don't Haven't Gotten it all Further?

Pound, a person of the poem

Ferrini

Hammond

Stevens

(Griffiths)

John Smith

fish

Conants

ships

Higginsons

Bowditch

Lew Douglas

fishermen

Carl Olsen

Hawkinses

Walter Burke

John Burke

houses

John White

finance

John Winthrop

wood (ekonomiko)
sculpture

marine
architecture

the plum
the flower

The Renaissance
box

the economics & politics
thereafter

Cosmos

the
"Savage God" - Agyasta?

primitive ("buttocks
etc

the prior

I have been an ability—a machine—up to
now. An act of “history”, my own, and my father’s,
together, a queer [Gloucester-sense] combination
of completing something both visionary—or illusions (projection? literally
lantern-slides, on the sheet, in the front-room Worcester,
on the wall, and the lantern always getting too hot
and I burning my fingers—& burning my
nerves as in fact John says or Vincent Ferrini they too
had to deal with their father’s existence. My own
was so loaded in his favor as in fact so patently
against my mother that I have been like his stained shingle
ever since Or once or forever It doesn’t matter The love I learned
from my father has stood me in good stead
—home stead—I maintained this “strand” to
this very day. My father’s And now my own

I face

the snowy hills
of Stage Fort Park—hanging ground
And the hill behind
where Ben Kerr’s house alone is still
stone
and the fore-hill
in front of my eye
(over Half Moon and between
Tablet Rock quite sharply marked
in mass
by the snow too [right up Kerr’s hill skinny trees alone
declare,
with the snow,
the hill

, the snow
on Half Moon “hill,”
and Tablet Rock—“Washing rock,” of the Parsonses?
and Stage Point their stage therefore Tablet
their washing Rock?

my beach only

in symbolic fact like wearing rubber suit
and going diving walking off heavily laden
like the Great Auk wobbling with lead all
weighing one at the waist
into the sea I never
liked Half Moon beach I liked Tablet Rock
and Cressys as I suppose my father also
he turned

as I tend to too to the
right when we
left the house he walked and I
grew up to meet him or stride after him
when he had set off
with his water-color box to paint
a scene Or
as so often to
go to the Coast Guard
Station at
Dollivers Neck or moonlight nights the lengths
of Hesperus Avenue to Rafe's Chasm (after
when he was dead and I was young I'd
do likewise with a girl or
friends

, the T the shore
today pure
snow and "drawn"
in trees and shaped
in snow's
solidifying
rocks let stayed black
(as the tide,
withdrawn an hour say now from high
has this eye-view line Lane so also
used to show distances
back of each other my father
And I
on the same land like Pilgrims
come to shore

he paid
with his life dear Love to take me
to Plymouth
for their
tercentenary

there
the U.S. Post Office
using
his purpose to
catch him
in their trap to bust him
organizing
Postal Workers
benefits—Retirement age
Widows pensions a different
leadership in Washington than
Doherty my father a Swedish
wave of
migration after
Irish? like Negroes

that city Obadiah Bruen

1st Town Clerk of Gloucester
went on [from New London] to from after
having come to Gloucester from
Strawberry Bank? how many waves
of hell and death and
dirt and shit
meaningless waves of hurt and punished lives shall America
be nothing but the story of
not at all her successes
—I have been—Leroy has been
as we genetic failures are
successes, here
it isn't interesting,
Yankees—Europeans—Chinese

What is the heart, turning
beating itself out leftward

in hell to know heaven

in this filthy land

in this foul country where

human lives are so much trash

It is the dirty restlessness

of fear and shame—human shame which doesn't even know how right

it is to hate what ignorance

pervades

the social climbing of this

Ararat this mountain

of rubbish taken from used up anything and made a hill and home for

rats big scared rats my father and I shot

off the back porch Worcester

as the rats came closer

as they filled the Athletic Field

—and Beaver Brook Goddamn US Papers.

with my 22

he gave me

and I don't have now to give

my own son

as I'd like to the bolt

was such a delicate

piece of machinery

and to lock to

fire

in your Praise
in counter
clockwise
Circle
rest
My beloved Father
turning this page to Right
to write
Beloved Father as Your Son
Paradise goes forth to create

Upon this Earth

Secular Praise
of You and the
Creator
Forever

And an end to Hell

—end even to Heaven

a life America shall yield

or we will leave her
and ask Gloucester
to sail away

from this

Rising Shore

Forever Amen [. . .]