

# lost? u r not alone

By Linda Ball

All sorts of people—friends, colleagues, wives, teenagers, middle-aged, people from time to time to time to time to poetry.

Sometimes they crowd into the Gate. This is a small dark basement room at Trinity Cathedral. It gets hot and there aren't many more chairs but still they come in and stand and wait.

At the entrance to the Gate is a poster with a quote from John F. Kennedy:

"Healthy controversy is the hallmark of healthy change."

The room is clean. The tables and chairs are painted bright orange, green, yellow. There is a bar lighted with red bulbs. It calls Tamm and Coke go together.

THE GATE is a coffee house opened last September by the University Christian Movement. A liter of beer will set you back \$1.50. "If you are lost the price of the place will not be above."

We sit waiting for the reading to begin. Mr. Cleveland State University student, who of anyone who would like to read who hasn't signed up yet. He waves a yellow sheet with a list already long.

A high school boy opens the brown manila envelope he is carrying and spills pages and pages of poetry onto the table in front of us. "Which ones should I read?"



Randy Bloody

poetry is happening more  
and more these days in  
attics, garages and even  
church basements  
this is the story of a poetry  
happening. P.D. SEP 23 '66

*Poets — Ch.*

there up. I and these. Hey, can anyone  
tell d.a.?

There is a lot of discussion about d.a.  
hey. "Is he here?" "Will he read?" "D.A.  
poems he read some of his poems to a  
third grade class?"

d.a. hey is the reigning poet of The  
Gate.

The poetry begins. There is a specified  
arrangement for the readings. Four poets  
read for five minutes each, followed by a  
thoroughly interactive.

Many read almost shyly, tentatively and  
hesitantly return to their seats. Others read  
surprisingly with anger, hate or compassion.  
Poems are written on scratch paper,  
manila paper, cardboard and to elaborate  
the poem will slant-cut covers.

THE AUDIENCE forms black silhouettes  
against the lighted platform where  
the poets read, and the candle on the  
platform throws dark shadows against  
the faces of the speakers.

Some of the better poems are quickly  
of height, others are only recognized  
expressions of thoughts. But everyone's  
poem is unique and original.

d.a. hey is associated with a definite  
life he lead and surprisingly small.

The Report Your City's Poets can  
be collected only \$2.00. He writes, "This  
may be the last time you see me here. I'm  
going to start digging." A quarter Shucks  
is the sum he'll take and he picks it up.

"\$2.00," says d.a. hey.

He reads several of his poems. One,  
The Para-Chomsky Manifesto, is an ex-  
position of the poetry he writes:

Our sincere poems are written in  
poetry, not made out rotations of all  
Western sophisticated happenings... such  
poem... a child playing in a number in  
the middle of a run riot, such poems—a  
string of notifications for the ages of ex-  
istences... such poems... a true death of  
Words As Art such poems—a death, such  
poisonous poet.

A POET named Randy Bloody walks to  
the front of the room. He is wearing a red  
woolen sweater and a gold medallion. He is  
tall, thin and has long, well combed hair.  
He reads:

Drive your audience out to the sun  
then Harry like someone and run  
into the night  
run further, faster until you're free  
wherever you can be freely  
whatever you choose  
they say you are lost  
but what they really mean is now  
they can't bury you  
refuse to be one of yourselves  
and stories all the grueling  
time keepers  
with their backs to the windows

The heat sits firmly in the room, but  
few leave and more keep coming. Twenty-  
three poets read poems of Cleveland, poli-  
ticians, political protest, despair, love and of  
their thoughts.



Poets at the Gate include (from left) and d.a. hey, teacher H. R. Wagner, Walter Keller and Kent Taylor, street John Corrigan.

## perpendicular porpoises

villainous, vixen-crowned age

taunted her to apprehended darkness  
time of voice box caravans  
and coal incite

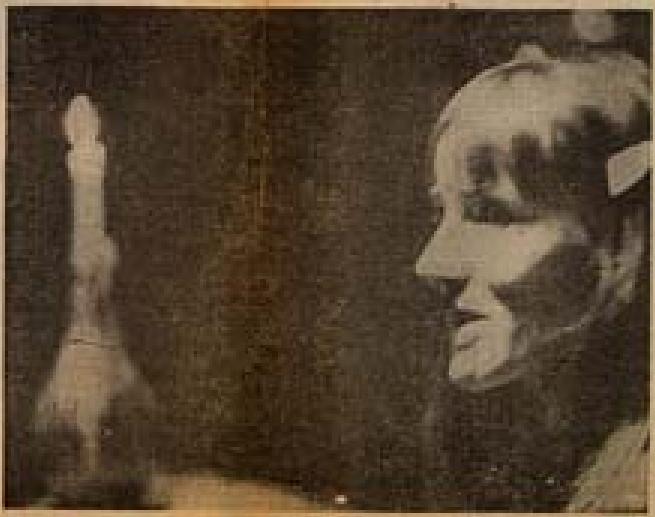
daedally, diabolical age

stamped with a modern imprimatur  
time of cereal box love promises  
and fast boys

patrid, pluperfect age

programmed as the dirigible  
time of perpendicular porpoises  
once called men

—2000



Grace Reicher