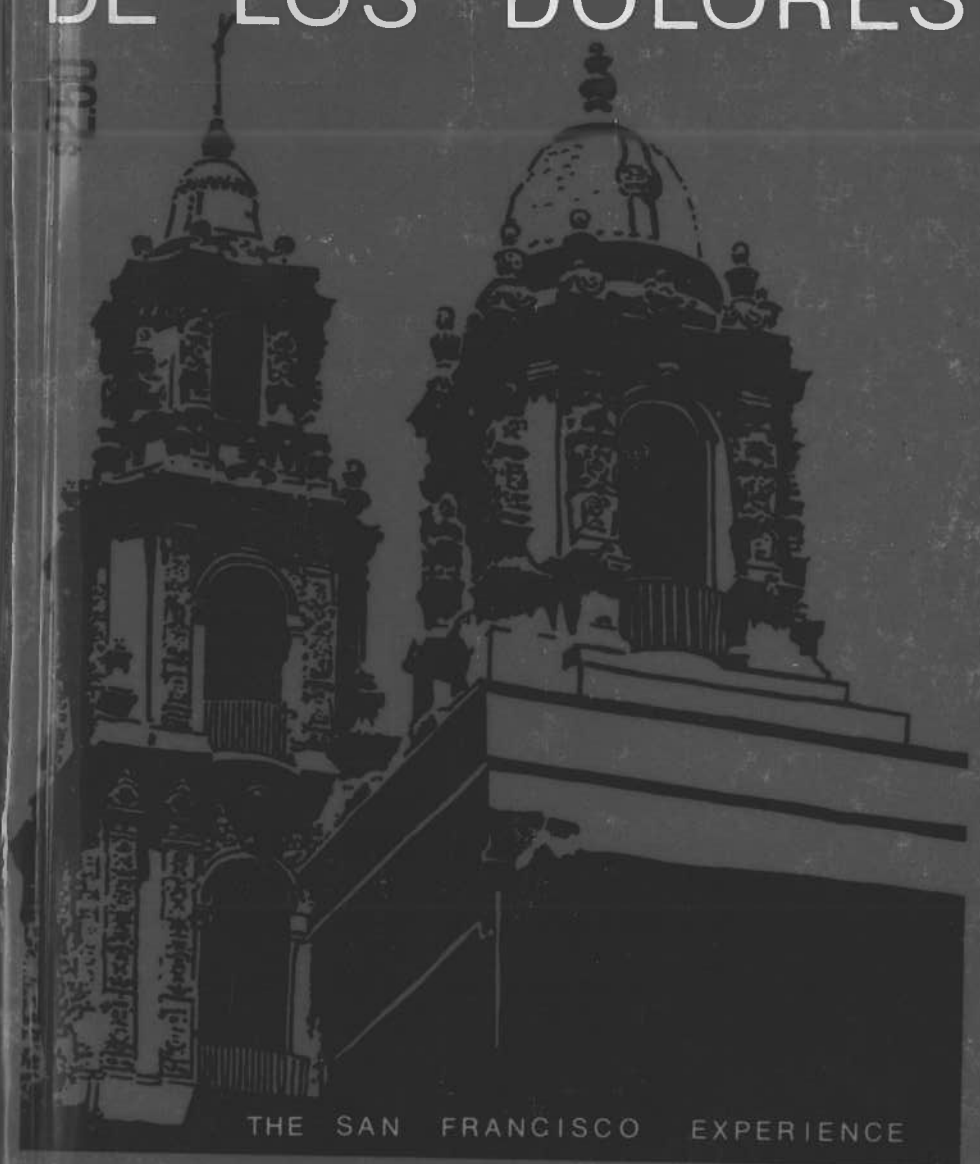


NUESTRA SENORA DE LOS DOLORES



THE SAN FRANCISCO EXPERIENCE

BY CHARLEY SHIVELY

Nuestra Senora de los Dolores

The San Francisco Experience

Charley Shively

Charley Shively



1975

for Jon Franck

c 1975 Charley Shively

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Good Gay Poets
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MISSION DOLORES

gardens gather
rebuilt grounds
neon coffee
electrical light
stucco construction
spray bullets
paint *Chile Libre*
until red tiles
melt grey cream
in blue lines
so narrow these
pedestrian hoisery
Cadillac exhaustion
fumes speak tongues
eat boughten oranges
their heads floating
by some valley or hill
(little matter which)
children lure an overweight dog
to run for affection
not one speaks of
their secret sorrow

THESE THREE FREE

candy flames
alabaster claims
antique rosin
sand frames
bugle talon
begonia tiled rosary
loft lodging B-flat
sharp stained glass
waiting light signals
Bach rose at dawn
brought clouds to tears
ate rhubarb in
his custard nerves
audiences pass hands
for stable water
trombone flares
 have to go to work
 catch you later

ANUS MYSTERY

in fifteen minutes
you could expose yourself
to purple pants blue shirt
why does he continue
 to wear a sweater
 with red knit trees
 or are those diamonds
 in some dogwood half sleep
 wine bottle in plain brown wrapper
 he passed in a white blouse
 without seeing me
 a dirigible
 over Treasure Island
 reams of words
 dogs fountains
we sat on
wooden stairs
shaking at
dreams of
nude photographers
 then he turned
 away from my side
 into another wall
 I needed his arms
 to cry a red bandana
 handkerchief
I forgot to mention
white flowers with yellow holes
 he was a thief

CASTRO VILLAGE

young men grow
salmon orchids
peach faces
citrus eyes
June beaches
lilacs on brown hills
 their flys
 undisguised
 luxuries of
an aquatic civilization

old people go South to die
and we eat mock orange
in our morning pie

their shadow draws
us into manikins
over mirrors
windows unprepared
 for islands mountains
 or unassigned glass beads
 broken in accordance
 with continental contours
 on a relief map of
 a city whose name is
 a cliché

we pile out of doors
to eat chili or stack drums
 inside this place
 space heater
 prune tree
 hung with a plastic
 bleach bottle
 out to dry
 my ass on
 evergreen needles
tickling as they yell
 at us about incoherence
 power, discipline
 meaning communication
 and then eat
 chocolate eclairs

for Steve Lowell

MIXED MATCH

silver honey
hoed rows
of parsley houses
horned flowers
erect unicorns
hidden in palm
tree fingers over
streetcar knolls
no underwear at this
distance their trails
attach faces attack
swings nude bench
worked concave
soft mowed grass
you can hear wet cut
moans under cover

BLONDS HAVE MORE FUN

What to do
waiting earth
it's not my fault
Andreas did it
how many pecan pies
can you mock
or why translate
when falling's there
one thing's certain
continuation repli-
cation clone seed
pock pod pollen
or other hollow garland
will only wilt in-
spiration plantation
Plato plantain pattern
begin ripping stitches
in nylon striped blue
eyes look out for
falling rocks we ran
for Dolores Park
out of basin
mountain masonry
exclusive seaside residency

for Paul Mariah

RICH STREET

each aphrodisiac
flashes in pillow
dots on microwaves
washed hair in halls
hung on shoulders eyes
century on location
feet move locked
curls fallen on snow
towels whisper open
knots on five star
swimmers dim noises
five hold on hard ons
he checks green carpets
avoiding me once around
they wilt who wait
for touched note cards
Crete figured columns
woodwork lightening
afterwords in lounges
we forget other life
sunlight moon phase
pumpkin seed and such
niacin denying suburbs
until someone splits
in a funny mirror

for Jon Franck

am i blocking your view?

watch what way
you go down
every right has
some left
landslides caves
open trench
energy grows purple
sleeves tunes
rear end collisions
your skin
olive silver lines
blooming
in orchid wainscoting
sleeping
shallow ribs
hat band
I saw it go brown
your jet
solid
hair
handles
a pewter blue
lounge couch
spread in lace
resthme carpeting
they gather
money
to buy
beer.

for Salvatore Farinella

COURT APPEARANCE

their bodies
 flowers
tennis stems
teaspoon gardens
ladled tears
morning glory runners
table roses or at
sunset wild bird
of paradise shoe scuff
back blade leaves
suntan rib work
lilies grow waist high
wild borders set on
thigh monument towers
how many children
grow gardenia cornices
fashion station for
simple marigolds in ivy
 following a
 tendrill game

SHOWCASE

They could cut
laughter into holes
tape out animals
search for oral tone
birds fly elsewhere wild
from eucalyptus smells
little candles kerosene
even stars lamplight
camping pedestrians
red leather brief laid
black and brown
trapped under glass
doors to an ordinary house
evergreen swings idle
ocher skinned abdomen
away from his ear
he smiled Hi
then said Yes
something else
was meant
one with raw laughter
pissed walked his dog
 these are all streets
 where angels passed
 just a few years ago
fashion changes quickly.

MADONNA

Oh shit!
 am I embarrassed
Madonna junkie
and child asleep on
 a wall to wall carpet
Allan sits above
 his loom
 volume tuned
 lower greens
 playing belt loops
 warp and wolf
 woven warm
 heaving hair on
 a spinning wheel
 we all like extremities
in every line of a run
 a cloth design
 goes so fast
 his feet in high
 my mouth a city
 spotted lights
 these rooms fly
 are wired for brights
 specking fresh cloth
we love each bell necked
sound the organ makes
dressed in yellow satin
savor every latin phrase

you can read them
embroidered in weekly
serving kitchens
such apples
how they appear
red lines arrowing a way
 to tulips fleurs de lys
 other yarrow associations
 frames rattle fresh wood
 burning slightly on white enamel
your teeth haven't changed
eyes wait on saddle stiches
sideways shag
 or is this some gift
 sound application
 initiation worn
 like foam rubber
 pillows on inlaid
 oak floors
eat this border
into your hills
she will come to
another nursery
before trees break
 out of their own
 hidden laughter.

for Sativa & Allan Berube

HILLTOP

I am this/ passion parody
birds resemble
eucalyptus leaves taste
or garbage bones for dogs
a toot unexplained
calls just out of sight
a moving stomach feeling
lights seen only once
gears straining on a hill
sunrise over Oakland
goodwill box treat
carrot cake vanilla icing
lilac cologne another aside
a floating leaf in salvage
leg lifted tail ready
abstract sodium bicarbonate
gloss on shrubbery
 just in tune
 for bedtime

for Winston Leyland

MUCH FAN

I feel grace
fallen in palms
they rustle
real green
memories of
Ohio Sunday School
fans in June
we sang of dew
and roses walking
startled heaps
of them trimmed
brown edges
only a touch
of life on top
memories of Christ
entering Jerusalem
grey ascetate with
little yellow dressed
children rubbing
off in blue eyes
here they grow
that way even
without watering
my paper taste
coated photograph
 perfection is
 so demanding.

