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LN's (most) favorite quotes from Louis Zukofsky with the following excerpt from her essay on the poetry of LZ, Quarterly Review of Literature v.VIII no. 3.

[s.l.]: [s.n.], [s.d.]

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(9)

For Gail

LN's (most) favorite quotes from Louis Zukofsky
with the following excerpt from her essay on the poetry
of LZ, Quarterly Review of Literature v. VIII no. 3 :

Aside from the fact that Zukofsky's short poems are intensely individual, and their energy sings in a new way, they move in a circular path "so that we may think in our time." Indeed they seem to move in all directions at once - each of the smallest and the most quiet a field of magnetic force. ... Multiple interests, poetry following an order of speech, new ideas generating new metrics - these are now fairly well accepted criteria unless at times there is still "too much in the air". There is also the dictum to mean exactly what you mean. Poets who reach out ahead of readers necessarily find themselves called obscure. A current of reality always exists in Zukofsky even if involved. It is one of his own tenets that "The emotional quality of good poetry is founded on exact observation" (A Test of Poetry).

The essay has other valuable information - how he writes i.e. the ^{mean} so-called calculus of poetry, ratios etc. (scientific bent coming out in the Marx section, which by the way does not mean he is a Communist, he is not, he is merely reporting history).

of "A"

Celia's Birthday poem

No ache, love, 's the way to start the New Year, -
chant, then, "New Year" like "No ache" in your ear,
All the while I praise wind and love your face
above snow that melts over trees thru space:
carol "No ache" like "New Year" between trees
that removed still share a few centuries.

(No. 40, ANEW)

Strange
To reach that age,
remember
a tide,
And full
for a time
be young.

(No. 36, ANEW)

And so till we have died
And grass with grass
Lie faceless as the grass
Grow sheathed with the grass
Between our spines a hollow
The stillest sense will pass
Or weighted cloud will follow.

(No. 19, ANEW)

Hello, little leaves,
Said not St. Francis
But my son in the spring,
Doing at two
(Neither really begged)
What it took the other -
He'd agree and laugh -
44 years to do.

O sleep, the sky goes down behind the poplars,
I scrape the gravel with my shoes and toe
The ties:
The milky moon is in the clearing,
Only the power-plant hurries in winter.

(No. 21, "55" Poems)

Being driven after the hearse thru suburbs -
the dead man who had been good
And by a coincidence my father-in-law,
I sped by shop signs:
Handel, Butcher, Shelley, Plumber
a beautiful day, blue wintry sky
such is this world.

(I think he headed this poem
H.T. which was the father-in-
law's initials for Hyman Thaew -
in Hebrew Hyman means Life and
Thaew means Good)

From LZ's prose piece "Poetry - For My Son When He Can Read" --

To record and elate for all time ... [poems] based on
nothing less than the world, the entire humanly known world.
Good verse is determined by the poet's susceptibilities
involving a precise awareness of differences, forms and
possibilities of existence - words with their own at-
tractions included. The poet, no less than the scientist,
works on the assumption that inert and live things and
relations hold enough interest to keep him alive as part
of nature.

. . . .

Felt deeply, poems like all things have the possibilities
of elements whose isotopes are yet to be found. Light
has traveled and so looked forward.

From "A" --

And all planets emit light
and indeed all bodies do

(from "A" - 10)

It's a hard world anyway,
Not many of us will get out of it alive.

(forgotten where in "A" -
one of the early sections)

By the green waters oil
The air circles the wild flower; the men
Skirt along the skyscraper street and carry weights
Heavier than themselves;
By the rotted piers where sunk slime feeds
the lily-pads;

Not earth's end.
The machines shattering invisibles
And which wrecked the still life
Procede the singling out; the setting up of things
Upholds the wrist's force; and
The blood in the ear
Direction of the vertical
rigidly bound to the head, the
accelerated motion
of rotation of the head
Under the head's hair.
SOCONY will not always sign off on this air.

(from "A"-8)

for Celia and Paul

River that must turn full after I stop dying
Song, my song, raise grief to music
Light as my loves' thought, the few sick
So sick of wrangling: thus weeping,
Sounds of light, stay in her keeping
And my son's face - this much for honor.

(first stanza of "A" - 11
best read in chanting tone)