



**Walter Havighurst Special Collections
Miami University Libraries**

**James Reiss Collection
(1960-2008)**

OVERVIEW OF THE COLLECTION

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| Title: | James Reiss Collection |
| Dates: | 1960-2008 |
| Media: | Correspondence, newspaper clippings, photographs, manuscript material and miscellanea |
| Quantity: | 17 cubic ft. |
| Location: | Closed stacks |

COLLECTION SUMMARY

This collection includes correspondence, newspaper clippings, receipts, photographs, manuscript materials and miscellanea.

PROVENANCE OF THE COLLECTION

This collection was assembled by James Reiss and donated to The Walter Havighurst Special Collections at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio.

JAMES REISS BIOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION

James Reiss is a widely published writer and poet. Reiss was born in New York City and grew up in Washington Heights. He received both his B.A. (1963) and M.A. (1964) in English from the University of Chicago. Reiss began teaching at Miami University in 1965 as an instructor of English and served as an assistant professor (1969-73), associate professor (1973-81), and professor of English (1981-2007). Reiss retired from Miami University in 2007, and is currently a Professor Emeritus of English. Reiss was also a Visiting Poet and Associate Professor of English at Queens College from 1975-76. Reiss spent many of his teaching years commuting between Oxford, OH and New York City on a weekly basis.

Reiss has published five books of poems, *The Breathers*, *Express*, *The Parable of Fire*, *Ten Thousand Good Mornings and Riff on Six: New and Selected Poems*, and was the co-editor of a sixth book, *Self-Interviews: James Dickey*. His poems have appeared in numerous publications including *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Esquire*, *The Hudson Review*, *The Kenyon Review*, *The Nation*, *The New Republic*, *The New Yorker*, *The Paris Review*, *Poetry*, *Slate*, and *The Virginia Quarterly Review*.

Reiss has received several writing fellowships and awards and has been nominated for a National Book Award and a Pulitzer Prize in poetry.

Source:

Reiss, James. "A Few Things About James Reiss." James Reiss. 16 Dec. 2008

<http://www.jamesreiss.com/About.html>.

SCOPE AND CONTENTS OF THE COLLECTION

This collection starts with correspondence and includes letters from colleagues and fellow writers, which offer valuable information on writing and publishing, from finding work and applying for grants to the writing process and getting published. Colleagues and former students sometimes included copies of their work in their correspondence for Reiss to read over and critique, while Reiss did the same with his new work. Reiss also wrote and received many congratulatory letters in response to new poems or books recently published. The collection also includes a large amount of correspondence from publishers, whether they were rejecting, accepting, or soliciting work, and offers information on the publishing process.

The correspondence also contains letters of a more personal nature, including holiday cards, post cards and letters to and from family. These family letters, covering a range of topics from visits, to health and family disputes, provide insight and background into Reiss's more autobiographical poems. Letters from friends and colleagues sometimes contain a combination of both personal and professional matters. James Reiss's correspondents include Rita Dove, John Irving and Philip Schultz, among many others.

The collection also includes correspondence and papers from Reiss's time as a Professor of English at Miami University, and covers a wide range of subjects from class schedules and course loads to setting up and teaching workshops, materials covered in class, and the creation of a Miami University Press poetry series.

The bulk of the collection is made up of manuscript materials. As a writer, James Reiss had a specific system for filing his work. Both working copies and final versions of the poems were kept in folders separated by year, ranging from 1969-2007. Many of the poems have the corresponding month and day noted. The poems, both handwritten and typed, were often composed on the back of other poems, student work and even correspondence. The working copies together with the final versions, give valuable insight into Reiss's working style as a writer. Sometimes he would make several photocopies of a poem and then make changes and corrections by hand. Other times he would take an entire piece of paper to simply rework a single line of a poem, over and over, till he got it right. He would also change or re-purpose rejected titles. Many times a line that was cut from one poem would end up in another.

Interspersed with the poems are journal entries and notes. Many of these discuss Reiss's writing and feelings, family matters, daily life, publishing and Reiss's career. Often the journal entries served as a type of "warm-up" or automatic writing that Reiss would use at the beginning of a writing session and can include what Reiss was hoping to accomplish with his writing and how he felt about his work.

The collection also includes a small amount of miscellaneous unpublished writings, not included in Reiss's year by year filing system, including introductions written by Reiss, juvenilia, short stories, plays, visual poetry and drawings. Also included in the collection is Reiss's line-editing work on the translations from Hebrew of his estranged brother's poetry.

The collection contains published material as well. Reviews both written by and about Reiss and articles written by and about Reiss are included within the collection, along with a scrapbook of newspaper clippings collected by Reiss.

The collection also includes photographs, consisting of family and friends, colleagues, book and retirement parties, travel, and publicity headshots.

The rest of the collection is made up of miscellaneous materials and includes items such as pamphlets from Miami University, financial receipts and paystubs from publishers, announcements, writings by others, the journals of Reiss's mother and father, awards and plaques and even a lock of Reiss's first wife's hair.

ORGANIZATION OF THE COLLECTION

Note for series II, sub-series I and II: The original order of Reiss's filing system was maintained when possible. For the years 1969-1983 versions of the same poem were grouped together for easier access, while keeping the overall original order of the rest of the papers. For the years 1984 and later, Reiss had begun to group his poems together himself; therefore the original order established by Reiss was maintained completely. The year with which the poems and notes are labeled corresponds directly to the yearly folder in which Reiss filed the poem, not necessarily when the poem was written. Versions of the same poem are sometimes found in multiple years.

Series I: Correspondence

Series II: Manuscript Material**Sub-Series I: Poems/Stories****Sub-Series II: Notes/Journals****Sub-Series III: Misc.****Series III: Published Material****Sub-Series I: Tear sheets/Clippings****Sub-Series II: Books/Journals****Series IV: Miscellanea****Series V: Photographs****Series VI: Recordings****ADMINISTRATIVE INFORMATION**

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| Access: | This collection is open under the rules and regulations of the Walter Havighurst Special Collections, Miami University Libraries. |
| Preferred Citation: | Researchers are requested to cite the <i>James Reiss Collection</i> and <i>The Walter Havighurst Special Collections, Miami University Libraries</i> in all footnote and bibliographic references. |
| Processed By: | Ashley Jones, 2008; 2014 |
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DETAILED DESCRIPTION OF THE COLLECTION

Note to Researchers: To request materials please note both the box and folder numbers shown below.

Series I: Correspondence

| Box | Folder | Correspondent | Summary of Contents | Date |
|-----|--------|--|--|--------------------|
| 1 | 1 | Jeffrey Abrahams | Multiple letters of both personal and professional topics, including writing, job opportunities, and family. | 1974-1975, 1996 |
| 1 | 2 | Terry Adams | Letter discussing poetry, reminiscences, other poets. Includes several of Adams's poems. | Feb. 16, 1986 |
| 1 | 3 | Gerry and Michele Adler | Correspondence includes marriage announcement/invitation, Christmas card, reminiscences and birth announcement. | 1961, 1983, 1987 |
| 1 | 4 | Aileen (surname unknown) | Letters discussing poems, publications, job offers, and professional contacts. | 1974-1975 |
| 1 | 5 | Dick Allen | Letters discussing poems, publications, jobs, visits and arrangements, critiques and family. Includes examples of Allen's work. Includes letters both written and received by James Reiss. | 1982-1988 |
| 1 | 6 | Phil Appleman | Letters discussing poetry, work opportunities, and publications. Includes examples of Appleman's work. | 1974, 1987 |
| 1 | 7 | Marvin [Bell?] | Letter discussing poetry, Reiss's work, upcoming visit and directions, and Rita Dove | Dec. 29, (no year) |
| 1 | 8 | Reuven (Bob) Ben-Yosef (Reiss's brother) | Letters discussing poetry, publications, visits and family disputes. Includes examples of Ben-Yosef's work and copy of letter addressed to Ben-Yosef, written by Reiss. | 1981-2000 |
| 1 | 9-14 | Yehudit (Jody) Ben-Yosef (Reiss's | Letters discussing Reuven Ben-Yosef and other family members, family disputes, Ben-Yosef's poetry and translations, Ben-Yosef's health and death, | 1999-2008 |

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|---|----|--------------------------------------|--|------------------|
| | | sister-in-law) | and financial matters. Includes examples of Ben-Yosef's work. | |
| 1 | 15 | Naim Ben-Yosef (Reiss's nephew) | Letter discussing Reiss's poetry and portrayal of Naim in poem "Ammunition Hill." | Oct. 28, 2003 |
| 1 | 16 | Michael Benedikt | Note written on announcement for Michael Benedikt poetry reading. Suggesting poetry reading and congratulations on Reiss's work. | 1985 |
| 1 | 17 | "Bibs" (Reiss's aunt, mother's side) | Copy of letter written by Reiss to Bibs, discussing Bert (Bib's husband) reminiscences, and Bert's death. | April 18, 1988 |
| 1 | 18 | Peter Blaxill | Note expressing thanks for workshop Reiss taught and Reiss's book "Express." | May 14, 1986 |
| 1 | 19 | Robert Bly | Letter thanking Reiss for sending copies of new poems. | Dec. 26, 1987 |
| 1 | 20 | Peter Cooley | Letter thanking Reiss for writing. | Dec. 1, 1984 |
| 1 | 21 | G.I. Cecil (former student) | Letter discussing poetry, job opportunities. Includes examples of Cecil's work. | undated |
| 1 | 22 | Gheorghe Costinescu | Letters discussing poetry and putting Reiss's poems to music. Includes copy of letter addressed to Costinescu, written by Reiss. | May 1988 |
| 1 | 23 | Tom Cox | Letters discussing poetry and work, visits, letter of recommendation, personal matters. Includes examples of Cox's work and letters both sent and received by Reiss. | 1985-1988 |
| 1 | 24 | Sue Dill (former student) | Letters discussing writing, schools, letters of recommendation and jobs. | 1984, 1986, 1989 |
| 1 | 25 | Rita Dove | Letters discussing poetry, publishing and publications, jobs, family, travel, visits. Includes letters both sent and received by Reiss. | 1975-1997 |
| 1 | 26 | Jim Elledge | Letters discussing Weldon Kees essays and book. | 1983, 1985 |
| 1 | 27 | Wayne and Marilyn Elzey | Letters, postcards discussing travel, Reiss's work, and family. | 1975-1987 |
| 1 | 28 | "C. Fitzgerald" | Practical joke letter. | Sept. 1976 |
| 1 | 29 | Lyle Fox | Letters discussing Reiss's book "The Breathers," possible poetry reading, Fox's work. | Jan. 8, 16, 1975 |
| 1 | 30 | Peggy Garrison | Letters discussing Reiss's work, Garrison's work, poetry workshops. Includes examples of Garrison's work. | 1982-1985 |
| 1 | 31 | Dan Giancola | Letters discussing Giancola's accident, Giancola's work. Includes copy of letter addressed to Giancola, written by Reiss. | 1984 |
| 1 | 32 | Dana Gioia | Letter written by Reiss offering condolences on the death of Gioia's infant son, and response letter from Gioia. | 1988 |
| 1 | 33 | Tirsta Haik (Reiss's niece) | Letters, postcards, discussing jobs, family and Reiss's mother. | 1986-1987 |
| 1 | 34 | Leo Hamilton | Letter written by Reiss discussing work opportunities and response from Hamilton. | Sept. 1974 |
| 1 | 35 | Jerry Harp | Letters discussing poetry and writing, publishing, movies. Includes examples of Harp's work | 1987-1988 |
| 1 | 36 | Mariann Hofer | Letters discussing Bowling Green, teaching, writing, job opportunities, publishing. Includes examples of Hofer's work. | 1981-1987 |
| 1 | 37 | David Ignatow | Letters discussing "The Breathers," copy of letter of recommendation for Reiss by Ignatow. | 1974-1982 |
| 1 | 38 | Teresa Imfeld | Correspondence includes Christmas cards and note about Imfeld's publication. | 1985-1988 |
| 1 | 39 | Colette Inez | Cards discussing Reiss's work, includes examples of Inez's work. | 1983, 1986 |
| 1 | 40 | John Irving | Note from Irving discussing meeting Reiss in NY. | July 5, 1978 |
| 1 | 41 | Debra Kinnebrew | Card thanking Reiss for sending his new book. | Oct. 10, 2003 |

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|---|-------|-------------------------------|--|----------------|
| 1 | 42 | Galway Kinnell | Letters discussing possible poetry reading dates. | 1980 |
| 1 | 43 | Judd Klinger | Letter discussing work, writing. | July 22, 1975 |
| 1 | 44 | Jeffrey Lee | Letters discussing everyday life, writing, critiques, professional advice. Includes letter addressed to New Yorker Magazine written by Lee, asking for Reiss's address and Letter addressed to Lee, written by Reiss. Includes examples of Lee's work. | 1982 |
| 1 | 45 | Phil Levine | Letter in response to Reiss's invitation to Miami University. | Nov. 23, 1980 |
| 1 | 46 | Robert Levy | Letter in response to Reiss's apology for mistaking his name and thanking Reiss for his introduction at Levy's poetry reading. | March 1, 1988 |
| 1 | 47-48 | Cindy Luvaas (Reiss's sister) | Letters discussing Luvaas's art, the sale of a painting to Reiss, Reiss's publications, job opportunities, professional contacts, visits, family disputes. | 1974-1986 |
| 1 | 49 | Tom Lux | Letters, postcards discussing travel, visits, teaching, poetry, publishing, acquaintances, | 1979-? |
| 1 | 50 | Ginny Mackenzie | Letters discussing poetry, publishing, work, "New York to Beijing" show | 1987-1988 |
| 1 | 51 | Frank MacShane | Note about an acquaintance living near Reiss, written on a copy of a letter sent to the acquaintance. | May 28, 1978 |
| 1 | 52 | David and Cathy Mann | Letter discussing teaching and Miami University. Copy of a letter addressed to Mann, written by John McKernan mentioning Reiss. | 1974, 1981 |
| 1 | 53 | Gary Margolis | Letters discussing Reiss's work. Includes examples of Margolis's work. | March 18, 1975 |
| 1 | 54 | Gardner McFall | Note thanking Reiss for sending a copy of "Riff on Six." | Oct. 10, 2003 |
| 1 | 55 | Cleo McMillin | Personal note. | April 26, 2004 |
| 1 | 56 | Mary Jo McMillin | Post card, wishing Reiss a happy Valentine's Day, letter with a poem written by McMillin. | 2005, 2006 |
| 1 | 57 | Gail Mozur | Postcard discussing date of visit. | 1974 |
| 1 | 58 | Carol Muske-Dukes | Letters, postcards discussing visits, travel, recommendations, job opportunities, family, publishing, writing. Includes letters both written and received by Reiss. | 1980-1998 |
| 1 | 59 | Ron Offen (Free Lunch) | Letters discussing poetry, "Free Lunch," publication, critiques. | 1988-2006 |
| 1 | 60 | Jose Padilla | Letters written in Spanish. | 2001-2003 |
| 1 | 61 | Jay Parini | Letter discussing Parini's new book, possible poetry reading, teaching, travel. | March 7, 1982 |
| 1 | 62 | Jim Parlett | Letter discussing Reiss's work, jobs, writing. | Feb. 1, 1982 |
| 1 | 63 | Molly Peacock | Postcards discussing visits, Reiss's work. | 1980, 1987 |
| 1 | 64 | Ed Pharr | Letters discussing poetry, colleagues, publishing, jobs, teaching, family. Includes examples of Pharr's work. | 1970-1988 |
| 1 | 65 | Carl Phillips | Note thanking Reiss for dinner and poetry reading. | April 22, 2000 |
| 1 | 66 | Deanna Pickard | Postcard thanking Reiss for information and books. | undated |
| 1 | 67 | Philip Pierson | Letters discussing poetry, books, publishing, Reiss's work, colleagues/acquaintances, personal matters. Includes examples of Pierson's work. | 1874-1978 |
| 1 | 68 | Robert Pinsky | Letter responding to Reiss's request for a blurb. Family. | April 17, 2000 |
| 1 | 69 | Michael Prochak | Letter discussing the death of Prochak's infant son. | April |

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| | | | | 20, 1981 |
| 1 | 70 | Barbara Reiss (Reiss's ex-wife) | Cards and letters discussing poetry, reading, personal matters, family. | 1963- 1975 |
| 1 | 71-73 | Cecilia Reiss (Reiss's mother) | Letters discussing personal matters, health, work, family disputes, visits. Includes letter addressed to Cecilia written by her sister, Lil. | 1933, 1969- 1994 |
| 1 | 74 | Cecilia and Joseph Reiss | Letters discussing daily life, travel, business. | 1968 |
| 1 | 75 | Crystal Reiss (Reiss's daughter) | Letters written from camp, cards for Reiss's anniversaries. Includes letter addressed to Crystal from Reiss. | 1980- 1994 |
| 1 | 76 | Heather Reiss (Reiss's daughter) | Letters and postcards. | 1974- 1989 |
| 1 | 77 | Joseph Reiss (Reiss's father) | Letters discussing daily life, personal matters, family, Reiss's work. | 1967- 1969 |
| 1 | 78 | Larry Russ | Letters discussing poetry, publishing, music. Includes letters both written and received by Reiss. | 1987- 1988 |
| 1 | 79 | Mike Ryan | Letters discussing possible poetry reading, job at Queens College, work, Family. | undated, 1990 |
| 1 | 80 | Ira Sadoff | Postcard discussing possible poetry reading, letter discussing poetry, music. | 1975 |
| 1 | 81 | Philip Schultz | Cards, letters discussing Reiss's work, Schultz's work, writing, family, personal matters, visits. | 1976- 2003 |
| 1 | 82 | Hugh Seidman | Letters, postcard discussing travel, daily life, jobs, disagreements. | 1975- 1983 |
| 1 | 83 | David Shevin | Letters discussing jobs, teaching, possible poetry readings, Reiss's work. Includes examples of Shevin's work. | 1987- 1988 |
| 1 | 84 | Lynn Shoemaker | Letters discussing Jim's work, family, possible poetry reading, visits. Includes example of Shoemaker's work and letter addressed to Shoemaker, written by Reiss. | 1975, 1983, some undated |
| 1 | 85 | Dave Smith | Postcard about Reiss's "Riff on Six." | Oct. 10, 2003 |
| 1 | 86 | Kirt Snyder | Letter discussing poetry. Includes a poem by Snyder. | Feb. 3, 1975 |
| 1 | 87 | Arlene Stone | Letters discussing Stone's work, professional advice, Reiss's work. Includes examples of Stone's work. | 1975 |
| 1 | 88 | Mark Strand | Letters discussing Reiss's work, family | 1974 |
| 1 | 89 | Ruth Vande Kieft | Letters, postcards discussing Reiss's work. | 1974- 1975 |
| 1 | 90 | Constance Wagner | Letters discussing writing, Reiss's work, family, grant funding. | 1974- 1987 |
| 1 | 91 | James Vescovi | Letter discussing teaching, job opportunities, | Undated |
| 1 | 92 | Chuck Wagon | Letters discussing daily life, Miami University | Undated |
| 1 | 93 | Michael Waters | Letter discussing "The Breathers," publications. | 1974 |
| 1 | 94 | Milton White | Letters discussing Miami University, teaching, Reiss's work. | 1974- 1975 |
| 1 | 95 | M. Wolf | Letters discussing graduate programs, writing. | 1982 |
| 1 | 96 | Gwen Worley | Letters discussing writing, colleagues. | 1975 |
| 1 | 97 | Harriet Zinnes | Letters discussing possible position at Queens College. Includes letters both written and received by Reiss. | 1974 |
| 1 | 98 | Jack Zucker | Letters discussing work, writing, publishing, family, personal matters. | 1974- 1989 |
| 2 | 1 | Kramer | Letter discussing writing, includes samples of work. | 1996 |
| 2 | 2 | Publishers | Letters soliciting poems, rejections, acceptances, critiques | 1975-87 |
| | | Publishers | Separate scrapbook of rejection and acceptance letters from various publishers | multiple |
| 2 | 3 | Queens College | Letters regarding a job opening at Queens college | 1975/75 |
| 2 | 4 | CAPS | Letters from Creative Artists Public Service Program regarding grants | 1974 |

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|---|----|--------------------------------|---|-----------|
| 2 | 5 | Bread Loaf Writer's Conference | Correspondence regarding Bread Loaf conference | 1975 |
| 2 | 6 | Poetry Society of America | Correspondence includes contest winnings, fellowship awards | 1989 |
| 2 | 7 | Ohio Arts Council | Correspondence includes regulations, budget, applications | 1974-1982 |
| 2 | 8 | Misc. Professional | Correspondence with colleagues, job enquiries, publishing, writing | 1974-1985 |
| 2 | 9 | Ohio University | Correspondence about Reiss's papers | 1980 |
| 2 | 10 | Misc. Colleagues | Correspondence with colleagues discussing personal and professional matters | Multiple |
| 2 | 11 | NYC job search | Professional letters inquiring about job opportunities, includes resumes | 1974-1988 |
| 2 | 12 | Letters about Express | Letters and cards regarding Reiss's book <i>Express</i> (folder contents and title original) | 1983 |
| 2 | 13 | Miami University | Correspondence relating to Reiss's position at Miami University. Includes correspondence with Colleagues and inter-office memos | 1974-84 |
| 2 | 14 | Ex students | Correspondence with ex-students | 1980-2007 |
| 2 | 15 | Student requests | Letters requesting recommendations or critiques of work | 1975-88 |
| 2 | 16 | Tenant | Correspondence between Reiss and his tenant | 1975 |
| 2 | 17 | Recommendations | Letters of recommendation written by Reiss | Multiple |
| 2 | 18 | Recommendations | Letters of recommendation written for Reiss | Multiple |
| 2 | 19 | Readings | Correspondence regarding details of poetry readings | Multiple |
| 2 | 20 | Responses to work | Correspondence regarding Reiss's poetry | Multiple |
| 2 | 21 | Holiday cards | Holiday cards from various friends and colleagues | Multiple |
| 2 | 22 | Miscellaneous | Misc. correspondence including cards, letters, post cards and notes | Multiple |

Series II: Manuscript material

Sub-Series I: Poems/Stories

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|---|--|------|
| 3 | 1 | Everything But | Have you ever really looked under the kitchen sink? | 1969 |
| 3 | 2 | The Unthinkable: Father and Daughter | He mounts first, then lifts her up gently | 1969 |
| 3 | 3 | Remember Me? | The only thing I remember about Ibsen's <u>An Enemy of the People</u> | 1969 |
| 3 | 4 | The First Time | Three years old, you dress up | 1969 |
| 3 | 5 | Special Report (previously, "Africa Special" and "Twilight Poem") | Somewhere in the back country a boy's hair | 1969 |
| 3 | 6 | Trampoline | What goes up | 1969 |
| 3 | 7 | Good Things | Good things come | 1969 |
| 3 | 8 | Magic Fingers | Nebraska, in the bathroom I just read with interest that your state flower | 1969 |
| 3 | 9 | Natural History | The baseball hit her in the back with the thump | 1969 |
| 3 | 10 | Untitled | The parked Ford is a green spot, then it dips | 1969 |
| 3 | 11 | Untitled | She sat in the light of her work, typing | 1969 |
| 3 | 13 | Untitled | To live, say, fifty years | 1969 |
| 3 | 14 | He's Actually 5'4" | I have just learned, that my father-in-law | 1969 |
| 3 | 15 | Tell Me a Story | Right up to the moment of impact | 1969 |
| 3 | 16 | The Horror: Mother and Son | He sat in the corner screaming, Mommy | 1969 |
| 3 | 17 | Untitled | What can you buy at the Thunderstore | 1969 |
| 3 | 18 | Surprise | The last time I heard Beethoven's Third Symphony | 1969 |
| 3 | 20 | After Finishing <u>Crime & Punishment</u> | I sleep and dream of Sonia entering new rooms | 1969 |
| 3 | 21 | A Slight Confusion | A slight confusion has resulted in your telephone | 1969 |
| 3 | 22 | New York In Summer | When it goes over 80, the streets smell of DD | 1969 |
| 3 | 23 | The Saddest Place in the World | Far Rockaway is the saddest place in the world | 1969 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|--|---|------|
| 3 | 24 | Untitled | Tranquility Base here, the eagle has landed | 1969 |
| 3 | 25 | Masturbation | My three-year daughter slowly finds herself | 1969 |
| 3 | 26 | Untitled | A man came down a road and passed a house | 1969 |
| 3 | 27 | The Scream | Through the floor | 1969 |
| 3 | 28 | Untitled | This dirt road off Vaseo de bama Lane | 1969 |
| 3 | 29 | Untitled | Word has it he dresses neatly | 1969 |
| 3 | 31 | G.M. Hopkins | Peggy, are you uptight... (written on back of rejection letter from "Virginia Quarterly Review") | 1969 |
| 3 | 32 | The Disappearance | From across the store they half-saw her | 1969 |
| 3 | 33 | Untitled | You must believe, my father says | 1969 |
| 3 | 34 | Under the Humble Sign | I used to think that Garden City | 1969 |
| 3 | 35 | Final Examination-it is: The Poetry Drag | Essay | 1969 |
| 3 | 36 | Scenario for a Soap Opera | That year of the horse Clara and her father | 1969 |
| 3 | 37 | Dunes | Two rowboats thumping tails | 1969 |
| 3 | 38 | The Wild Horses of Chinkotegae | Suddenly the air is full of them, like horse-- | 1969 |
| 3 | 39 | Two Birthday Limericks | On March second, a girl named Cecilia | 1969 |
| 3 | 40 | Untitled | In the middle of a field two men mating dogs rub faces | 1969 |
| 3 | 41 | Untitled | Often the desert floor rises for miles | 1969 |
| 3 | 42 | Untitled | Having access to privileged information | 1969 |
| 3 | 43 | Untitled | Mother phones to tell it like it is | 1969 |
| 3 | 44 | Untitled | Three months after he had been gone | 1969 |
| 3 | 45 | Often | Often I wake up late | 1969 |
| 3 | 46 | Hong Kong Flu | I can't turn my head off | 1969 |
| 3 | 47 | Fin du Monde | He came in when the pipes burst, gesturing and | 1970 |
| 3 | 48 | Small Thin Children Live in Flat Holes | Often on Fridays you see them | 1970 |
| 3 | 49 | Untitled | His mouth never stopped speaking, rustling the false | 1970 |
| 3 | 50 | Ah God, the Mountain Meadows, the Deep Free Air! | Colorado's Beaver Meadow is covered with deershit | 1970 |
| 3 | 51 | Why I Became a Poet | Eat liver, my mother said | 1970 |
| 3 | 52 | No buts about it | Mt mother-in-law, an old-guard Russian, shyly | 1970 |
| 3 | 53 | Negroes | We are doing busy work, making beds in the house of the Lord | 1970 |
| 3 | 54 | Tell Me a Story | Right up to the moment of impact | 1970 |
| 3 | 55 | Barbara Is Beautiful, the World Is Free | The ripe horse chestnuts in your hands | 1970 |
| 3 | 56 | Barnaby's Tonsillectomy | While doctors counting up to ten | 1970 |
| 3 | 57 | A Sad Story | My mother told me "never go" | 1970 |
| 3 | 58 | My Father's Diary: 1923 | January 1 st : "Rained in the morning but cleared up in the afternoon" | 1970 |
| 3 | 59 | Morningside Heights: Fragment of a Film | George used to say we all need an hour a day | 1970 |
| 3 | 60 | In the Village | My neighbor has just glanced back an instant before crossing the street | 1970 |
| 3 | 61 | Untitled | When my father died his face turned blue | 1970 |
| 3 | 62 | Untitled | Behind every fig leaf, my mother said...(written on back of rejection letter from "The New York Times") | 1970 |
| 3 | 63 | Untitled | Dr. Bates is proud and prim | 1970 |
| 3 | 64 | Untitled | Looking out my window, I see through my neighbors | 1970 |
| 3 | 65 | Untitled | In Dusseldorf, where such things are bound to happen | 1970 |
| 3 | 66 | Untitled | Years later Col. Sidney Burns describes how your relatives | 1970 |
| 3 | 67 | My Kinsman, Yussell Ivanovich | I am writing this on the back of an old envelope to tell you | 1970 |
| 3 | 68 | The Reprieve | You have fallen into debt and must borrow | 1970 |
| 3 | 69 | Harry | From his delicatessen on 49 th St | 1970 |
| 3 | 70 | The Macy's Poem | On the southwest up-escalator at the back of my mind | 1970 |
| 3 | 71 | Even now | My mother always had such blonde | 1970 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|--|---|------|
| 3 | 72 | The Grass Racers | In Edward Hopper's paintings | 1970 |
| 3 | 73 | The Seventh Inning Stretch | At twilight the rain blew leaves into the pool | 1970 |
| 3 | 74 | Pay Phone | Your first important phone call to Uruguay | 1970 |
| 3 | 75 | After the Summer Riots | In the deserted playground | 1970 |
| 3 | 76 | Love Poem | Today, again, I fired | 1970 |
| 3 | 77 | The telephone Tree | Its roots are twisted around the necks | 1970 |
| 3 | 78 | Oh Yes! | You are not a fighter so you | 1970 |
| 3 | 79 | The Surprise | Light the candle, call your girlfriend | 1970 |
| 3 | 80 | As It Were | Due to the prevalence of anti-perspirants | 1970 |
| 3 | 81 | Death | In the middle of a tense long distance phone conversation | 1970 |
| 3 | 82 | New Hampshire: 1970 | At the dark heart of the forest the light | 1970 |
| 3 | 83 | Hotpoint | From the moment he laid | 1970 |
| 3 | 84 | He Looks Out the Window | For about a month nothing stirs | 1970 |
| 3 | 85 | Untitled | In the house of the Great Man | 1970 |
| 4 | 1 | Looking For Mt. Mornaduock | They said it was here | 1970 |
| 4 | 2 | Ode On the Subjection of Women | Take this simple social situation | 1970 |
| 4 | 3 | Ah, Me! | Soup spills all over my pants, my love | 1970 |
| 4 | 4 | The Poet of the Real Word | Because the room is hopelessly stuffy | 1970 |
| 4 | 5 | Needless to Say | Because my mother rebuffed me when I tried to sleep with her | 1970 |
| 4 | 6 | ABC, Dog, a Helicopter! | Back in the kitchen a pretty lady.../I'm Jewish | 1970 |
| 4 | 7 | I Love You, Darling! | A man makes a long distance call to his lover | 1970 |
| 4 | 8 | The Hole In the Forest | Directly in front of my window | 1970 |
| 4 | 9 | A Slight Confusion | A slight confusion has resulted in your office | 1970 |
| 4 | 10 | An Ordinary Night at the MacDowell Colony | All day I write you love letters | 1970 |
| 4 | 11 | The Scream | For five years you live happily enough | 1970 |
| 4 | 12 | For Your Sleep | You ask for a poem before bed | 1970 |
| 4 | 13 | The Sun and Moon Went to Florida on a Bus | Then as he sat there | 1970 |
| 4 | 14 | I Can Touch the Ceiling | Look at that beach ball floating out to sea, my mother said | 1970 |
| 4 | 15 | A Sonnet of Smiles | You are now asked to read a sonnet of smiles | 1970 |
| 4 | 16 | Under Blue Mountain | This morning I had a very curious feeling which | 1970 |
| 4 | 17 | Untitled | His letter said | 1970 |
| 4 | 18 | Habla Usted Espanol? | The Spanish expression <i>Cuando yo era muchacho</i> | 1970 |
| 4 | 19 | A Recurrent Dream | All night I have been dreaming of the word "curmudgeon" | 1970 |
| 4 | 20 | BEWARE!! DO NOT READ THIS!!! | Once upon a time long long ago | 1970 |
| 4 | 21 | Threads | I have just learned that my grandparents met | 1970 |
| 4 | 22 | The Real Truth about Aunt Bibs and Me | When I was three my mother would leave me | 1970 |
| 4 | 23 | A Little Self-Analysis in a Farmhouse in Maine in Summer | You'll write better in Maine, I said, so try it | 1970 |
| 4 | 24 | Untitled | The first thing was clear | 1970 |
| 4 | 25 | The Cat | Three months after he has been gone | 1970 |
| 4 | 26 | The Bundle | He looks up while she stands staring | 1970 |
| 4 | 27 | A Recurrent Dream | I am barely asleep when the sound of my father's | 1970 |
| 4 | 28 | Untitled | After many years of shooting pistols | 1970 |
| 4 | 29 | The Mafia Bird | In the middle of a slim volume | 1970 |
| 4 | 30 | The Birthday Poem: August 4, 1970 | The other day as I paused to urinate | 1970 |
| 4 | 31 | Untitled | Suddenly I get up from my vodka and chicken kiev | 1970 |
| 4 | 32 | The Mountains in the Short Shy Snow | In late autumn, after many years, I will return to my birthplace | 1970 |
| 4 | 33 | Untitled | Only someone like me, who grew up east of Pittsburgh can appreciate | 1970 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|---|--|------|
| | | | the value | |
| 4 | 34 | Lobsters | Huddled and restless we lie | 1970 |
| 4 | 35 | At Throgs Neck Beach: 1923 | The smell of locker rooms | 1970 |
| 4 | 36 | The Men Without Faces | Shortly they come, heads swaddled in gauze | 1970 |
| 4 | 37 | See | How the twilight from a hospital window | 1970 |
| 4 | 38 | Two Stories | For three years they live on Green St | 1970 |
| 4 | 39 | The Beautiful Bathroom | At the end of the dark hall | 1970 |
| 4 | 40 | The Observer | Up the road the post comes closer, becomes a girl | 1970 |
| 4 | 41 | Bushwick | A man and his wife are enjoying throwing | 1970 |
| 4 | 42 | Old People Making Love | On one of those post-war six-floor red-bricks | 1970 |
| 4 | 43 | The Wind in the Pillows | What is this heavy breathing | 1970 |
| 4 | 44 | To a Futurist with Hips | You said, "We have transisted," spoke | 1970 |
| 4 | 45 | A Child Stuck in a Freezer | Nobody knows I'm here | 1970 |
| 4 | 46 | Love Letter from the MacDowell Colony | Unhook your bra, this is going to be a love poem | 1970 |
| 4 | 47 | Large Black Man Sighing | Bent over the desk his back heaves gently | 1970 |
| 4 | 48 | The Breathers | In Ohio, where these things happen | 1970 |
| 4 | 49 | Buying Prophylactics | It is like being a teenager | 1970 |
| 4 | 50 | Pretty Soon I Think I'll See Out of my Ear | With your brown eyes | 1970 |
| 4 | 51 | Their husbands | The big sun of Condominia | 1970 |
| 4 | 52 | Chain Letter from Mom | Please forgive this form | 1970 |
| 4 | 53 | Short Poem for Helen A. | Never forget Helen, when you let your hair fall | 1970 |
| 5 | 1 | Untitled | Draft of a letter to an editor | 1971 |
| 5 | 3 | Untitled | This morning with binoculars | 1971 |
| 5 | 4 | The Molecular Moment | At the top of the stairs | 1971 |
| 5 | 5 | My Father's Album | All those old Buicks, runningboard | 1971 |
| 5 | 6 | Untitled | On September 9 th I got out | 1971 |
| 5 | 7 | Untitled | When the five crackers went off I lay down | 1971 |
| 5 | 8 | Untitled | It is beautiful the way wives support their husbands | 1971 |
| 5 | 9 | Untitled | Tired of the gimpy dodders | 1971 |
| 5 | 10 | Untitled | Women over 50 show off their spinach knees | 1971 |
| 5 | 11 | Untitled | Because my mother used to put me to sleep with radio music | 1971 |
| 5 | 12 | For My Father | You've been dead more than a year now | 1971 |
| 5 | 13 | Women | The woman downstairs sits under a painting | 1971 |
| 5 | 14 | The Salton Sea | The Salton Sea is a large body of water southeast | 1971 |
| 5 | 15 | Mozart | I keep listening to Mozart and thinking what | 1971 |
| 5 | 16 | Untitled | Your neighbor's wife is edgy | 1971 |
| 5 | 17 | A New Road | A man with half his stomach leaves | 1971 |
| 5 | 18 | Untitled | Certain evidence has led me to suspect my dead | 1971 |
| 5 | 19 | Rimsky, Nijinsky and a Pile of Wet Blankets (previously No Buts About It) | My mother-in-law, and old-guard Russian, is embarrassed | 1971 |
| 5 | 20 | Come Out, Come Out! | Looking at those snapshots of last August, I see | 1971 |
| 5 | 21 | The Star | I am continually being mistaken for somebody famous | 1971 |
| 5 | 22 | A Child Stuck in a Freezer | Nobody knows I'm here | 1971 |
| 5 | 23 | The Men Without Faces | Softly they come, heads swaddled in gauze | 1971 |
| 5 | 24 | The Grass Racers | In Edward Hopper's paintings | 1971 |
| 5 | 25 | The Birthday Poem | The other day as I paused to urinate | 1971 |
| 5 | 26 | The Golden Retriever | There is a woman in high heels sashaying up a back alley called History | 1971 |
| 5 | 27 | Ich Bin Ein Musikanter | I sit here waiting for the mail with Mozart | 1971 |
| 5 | 28 | Untitled | Does anyone out there remember that movie Bullet? | 1971 |
| 5 | 29 | Untitled | All these old faces, runningboard Fords | 1971 |
| 5 | 30 | The Dead Man | It may be that some terrible code | 1971 |
| 5 | 31 | Untitled | The red house across the street has been empty | 1971 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|---|--|------|
| 5 | 32 | Lost Marbles | Last night Richard forgot to smile | 1971 |
| 5 | 33 | Untitled | Well, it is time to stand and say it: I am unhappy | 1971 |
| 5 | 34 | Let Go Let God | People are always telling me to enjoy myself | 1971 |
| 5 | 35 | Untitled | You did not think things like this mattered | 1971 |
| 5 | 36 | ABC, Dog a Helicopter! | I'm Jewish | 1971 |
| 5 | 37 | The Drift | This evening I glimpsed Hudson's bay | 1971 |
| 5 | 38 | The String | I have not heard from my old girlfriend Alice | 1971 |
| 5 | 41 | Habla Usted Espanol? | The Spanish expression cuando yo era un muchacho | 1971 |
| 5 | 42 | At Throg's Neck Beach 1928 | The smell of locker rooms | 1971 |
| 5 | 43 | Tilton and Cook, Gartner and Bender | Everybody grows up | 1971 |
| 5 | 44 | Remembrance | My mother always had such blonde hair | 1971 |
| 5 | 45 | A Tight Little Poem | A man is running through the rain with | 1971 |
| 5 | 46 | Bench Warmers | What's the matter? Aren't we | 1971 |
| 5 | 47 | I Love You, Darling | Why don't you come out here and let me | 1971 |
| 5 | 48 | Drinking beer (Beer Song) | Does anybody out there remember "Pistol-Packin' Mama?" | 1971 |
| 5 | 49 | The Airplane Is Flying in the Sky... | I realize now I have never been to Chicago | 1971 |
| 5 | 50 | Looking For Maisie | I had been reading Delmore Schwartz's | 1971 |
| 5 | 51 | Mirage (I Can't Remember) | Last Sunday I missed that Gregory Peck movie | 1971 |
| 5 | 52 | After Great Pain | It was one of those post card cities | 1971 |
| 5 | 53 | The Barbecue in the Meadow | What it was doing sizzling | 1971 |
| 5 | 54 | The Post Card | Two days before my father died I received a post card | 1971 |
| 5 | 55 | Untitled | Look, we are gradually turning into statues | 1971 |
| 5 | 56 | The String | I have not heard from my old girlfriend Alice in years now | 1971 |
| 5 | 57 | Untitled | Sometimes, I find I am bothered by my own pipe tobacco | 1971 |
| 5 | 58 | The Green Tree | Ever since my daughter started to walk | 1971 |
| 5 | 59 | A Confession | For many years I have been unable to wash dishes | 1971 |
| 5 | 60 | The Play | I no longer remember the play or the year | 1971 |
| 5 | 61 | Untitled | I was in the library the day I realized | 1971 |
| 5 | 62 | Nameless | Right now, somewhere, someone is thinking of me | 1971 |
| 5 | 63 | The Coke Machine on the Porch | The Coke machine on the porch was put there by some idiot thirsting for kicks | 1971 |
| 5 | 64 | In the Village | My three-eyed neighbor glances back before crossing the street | 1971 |
| 5 | 65 | The View | For years you live across the street from the woman with tiny ankles | 1971 |
| 5 | 66 | Soldiers | There is a tape of my dead Father's voice | 1971 |
| 6 | 1 | The Seduction | The day my student, a dancer in her early 20's | 1972 |
| 6 | 2 | The Blue Snow | Right now, somewhere, someone is thinking of you | 1972 |
| 6 | 3 | For a Long Time | I used to fall asleep with the light on | 1972 |
| 6 | 4 | Soldiers | There is a tape of my father's voice in the attic | 1972 |
| 6 | 5 | Uncle Alvin, Sylvia Greene | Sometime during the War my father appears at the edge | 1972 |
| 6 | 6 | Crystal | A man wets his forefinger with his tongue | 1972 |
| 6 | 7 | Short | As I screwed-in the new bulb | 1972 |
| 6 | 8 | The Toolbox | Just as my mother starts knitting | 1972 |
| 6 | 9 | The Seagull | Mother, I walked to Q Street | 1972 |
| 6 | 10 | A Small Town | A radio is on in a small town | 1972 |
| 6 | 11 | What Barbara Must Be Thinking | Sitting at her desk, by her window | 1972 |
| 6 | 13 | The Blimps | A boy and his mother clutch rolls of toilet paper | 1972 |
| 6 | 14 | The Cough | The curtain rises, and a young girl | 1972 |
| 6 | 15 | The Heap | The sea is calm, and the deck chairs | 1972 |
| 6 | 16 | Never | A woman who says she is my editor | 1972 |
| 6 | 17 | This is a Sad Poem | Two women stand in the glow of a street light | 1972 |
| 6 | 18 | The First Poem | I wrote my first poem listening to Grieg | 1972 |
| 6 | 19 | Untitled | A man and a woman are sitting on an overstuffed sofa | 1972 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|---|--|------|
| 6 | 20 | The Meadows | I used to go out to a meadow | 1972 |
| 6 | 21 | Subway Station | How many times has my match | 1972 |
| 6 | 22 | An Old Man | A film drops from a wall of trees | 1972 |
| 6 | 23 | The Children Tree | The piano has a nose | 1972 |
| 6 | 24 | Untitled | A widow who lived with her baby burned | 1972 |
| 6 | 25 | Kafkaesque | You inherit a large sum of money and can quit | 1972 |
| 6 | 26 | I Roared the Lion Summer Once Was Me | Memory juice which, when swallowed, reminds you of the smell of pine | 1972 |
| 6 | 27 | Row, Row | A woman is stepping out of a car across the street | 1972 |
| 6 | 28 | Untitled | The faces of the dead get younger | 1972 |
| 6 | 29 | The Wise Guy | Suddenly the desk gave way, the sky darkened | 1972 |
| 6 | 30 | The Books | A man dies and wills his books to you, a stranger | 1972 |
| 6 | 31 | This Poem | I died and my mother put this poem in a desk drawer | 1972 |
| 6 | 32 | Untitled | When the phone rang and you got up | 1972 |
| 6 | 33 | No One | There once was a man who wrote poems about something | 1972 |
| 6 | 34 | For Bob | A young man sets out to search for his brother | 1972 |
| 6 | 35 | Darkness, Horse, Trees | A friend of mine once told me I take lots of risks in my poems | 1972 |
| 6 | 36 | A White Table | Your daughter is dying of cancer | 1972 |
| 6 | 37 | Busy Hands | Hi, I said, and slammed the door | 1972 |
| 6 | 38 | Directions | Flex your elbow | 1972 |
| 6 | 39 | Boys on Lunch Break | Break out of line like a school of blue fish | 1972 |
| 6 | 40 | The Grunt | For a long time I thought Wallace Stevens | 1972 |
| 6 | 41 | A Public Poem | Inside the political bathroom a toilet flushed | 1972 |
| 6 | 43 | The Hemophiliac | I stayed indoors until I could no longer breathe | 1972 |
| 6 | 45 | Untitled | The year the war ended I must have caught a bad cold | 1972 |
| 6 | 46 | Untitled | Baltimore is in my nose | 1972 |
| 6 | 47 | For a Very Bad Ed Pharr | You rucker, I see you in your apartment | 1972 |
| 6 | 48 | Untitled | The room dissolves into soup | 1972 |
| 6 | 49 | The Hospital poem | Night comes like an old doctor with sad hands. | 1972 |
| 6 | 50 | The Bag | I get inside the moment like a bag | 1972 |
| 6 | 51 | Sunspots II | When my father died my mother | 1972 |
| 6 | 52 | Untitled | Would you like to hear an old story | 1972 |
| 6 | 53 | The Condition | A radio is on in a small town | 1972 |
| 6 | 54 | Riddles | What's a tree and a horse? | 1972 |
| 6 | 55 | Marry Me, Crazy Mother | I jump into the typewriter, dreaming | 1972 |
| 6 | 57 | Untitled | Here I am, doing what I want to do | 1972 |
| 6 | 58 | The Poem | You can feel it coming | 1972 |
| 6 | 59 | Instructions on How to Be a Poet | It is best to smash-out your brains on a stone | 1972 |
| 6 | 60 | Sorry | Somewhere in New York City an editor is reading | 1972 |
| 6 | 61 | Untitled | You are reading along like this, calmly, just | 1972 |
| 6 | 62 | Untitled | It is hot, so I take my shirt off | 1972 |
| 6 | 64 | Untitled | I arrived at noon when the huts | 1972 |
| 6 | 65 | Untitled | One summer I grew a beard | 1972 |
| 6 | 66 | Hedy Lamarr to the Street Workers | Bring me your picks and shovels | 1972 |
| 6 | 67 | This Is a Poem | I have always wanted to begin a poem with the line | 1972 |
| 6 | 68 | Untitled | An old man sits at a desk writing letters to his children | 1972 |
| 6 | 69 | Untitled | A father summons his only son to his bedside | 1972 |
| 6 | 71 | A Little Night Music | Do you drive a Cadillac? | 1972 |
| 6 | 72 | Untitled | She comes in saying her feet hurt | 1972 |
| 6 | 73 | Tsk | An old lady has died in your neighborhood | 1972 |
| 6 | 74 | For My Father, Again | Today you would be 64 | 1972 |
| 6 | 76 | Untitled | I miss you, dad | 1972 |
| 6 | 77 | Shit | What a ridiculous title for a poem! | 1972 |
| 6 | 79 | How to Grow a Poem | Well you take your penis and think of your mother | 1972 |
| 6 | 80 | Night's Moonlit Lake was | Suppose you take an apple and hold it up to the sun | 1972 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|---|---|------|
| | | Neither Water Nor Air | | |
| 6 | 81 | My Friends | Ann is a nervous little laugh in the kitchen | 1972 |
| 6 | 82 | To the Reader | Fine so you read big deal | 1972 |
| 6 | 83 | Giving Literature Up | My poems are terrific | 1972 |
| 6 | 84 | Each Line of This was Written on a Different Day | It is snowing as I write this | 1972 |
| 6 | 85 | Untitled | I am guilty for not having touched you, paper | 1972 |
| 7 | 1 | The Cut glass Bowl | Somewhere a woman is washing dishes | 1973 |
| 7 | 2 | Courage | Pick up the ball and throw it | 1973 |
| 7 | 3 | The Dress Form | In a damp basement in New Jersey | 1973 |
| 7 | 4 | The Proprietors | You would button your shirt wrong | 1973 |
| 7 | 5 | Signals | The painters began work on the house | 1973 |
| 7 | 6 | Four | No one would ever be as terrifying or sexy | 1973 |
| 7 | 7 | The People | The people are blue from working | 1973 |
| 7 | 8 | Untitled | During winter Smith develops warts on the back | 1973 |
| 7 | 9 | The Cry | The cry comes in whispers whimpers | 1973 |
| 7 | 10 | Untitled | These marvelous unimpassioned dialogues | 1973 |
| 7 | 11 | Untitled | In the shade of the live oaks | 1973 |
| 7 | 12 | Untitled | Somewhere in the back country the President | 1973 |
| 7 | 13 | My Sisters | You get married | 1973 |
| 7 | 14 | Untitled | You find me out of my skull | 1973 |
| 7 | 15 | Untitled | A woman rises from a pool chair in a black bikini | 1973 |
| 7 | 16 | Untitled | A telephone is ringing in a posh villa | 1973 |
| 7 | 17 | Untitled | I left home, too, years later | 1973 |
| 7 | 18 | Your Life Style | A phone is ringing in the next room | 1973 |
| 7 | 19 | A Heritage | The spring I left graduate school | 1973 |
| 7 | 20 | Untitled | Three years after my father disappeared | 1973 |
| 7 | 21 | Conversation In the Parlor of Madam Eglantine | The music of Handel makes me think of trees in a black line | 1973 |
| 7 | 22 | Untitled | A policeman calls to tell me my wife and children have been hit by a car | 1973 |
| 7 | 24 | Tony's Mother Dies | He is mowing the lawn when he hears about it | 1973 |
| 7 | 25 | Untitled | An old woman thinks of moving to Los Angeles | 1973 |
| 7 | 26 | Untitled | The year I won the National Book Award | 1973 |
| 7 | 28 | Untitled | At the end of a long day a man comes to a room | 1973 |
| 7 | 29 | For My Mother-in-law | The bulldog mouth of Lennox Hill Hospital | 1973 |
| 7 | 30 | How It Is | A woman is crossing a street with her son who has polio | 1973 |
| 7 | 31 | Darkness, Horse, Trees | A man and a woman are making love in a dark room | 1973 |
| 7 | 32 | The Wise Guy | Suddenly the desk gave way, the sky darkened | 1973 |
| 7 | 34 | Things In the Sun | The Sun Hits a Bottle and smithereens of light explode | 1973 |
| 7 | 36 | The Highball Express | My brother worked in the candy store of our bedroom | 1973 |
| 7 | 37 | Darkness, Horses, Trees | For a long time I thought Wallace Stevens | 1973 |
| 7 | 38 | The Seduction of Mrs. Turtle | She lifts her nightie over her head like a ballet dancer playing a swan | 1973 |
| 7 | 39 | The King of Kashmir | My friend is about to leave for Kashmir | 1973 |
| 7 | 40 | Untitled | My daughter asks me "what was Grandpa like?" | 1973 |
| 7 | 41 | Untitled | A few minutes before a man dies in a car crash | 1973 |
| 7 | 42 | For Don | Don, you learned to play Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue in the eighth grade | 1973 |
| 7 | 43 | Self-Portrait | Jamie is an Associate Professor now | 1973 |
| 7 | 44 | The Man Who Never Heard of Mozart | Lumbers toward you on all fours | 1973 |
| 7 | 45 | Quick Service | For quick service phone Ms. Martha Gardner | 1973 |
| 7 | 46 | The Snow Princess | He was a fool, so he did not notice | 1973 |
| 7 | 47 | Poet Killed by Flying Pigeon in Ventral Park | It happened late in the afternoon as he was strolling by the Metropolitan | 1973 |
| 7 | 48 | For Aaron Schwartz | I used to cut pictures out of magazines and sleep with the best ones | 1973 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|--------------------------------|---|------|
| 7 | 49 | Untitled | A man who has forgotten his father died exactly three years ago | 1973 |
| 7 | 50 | The Geese | It is always late in the afternoon | 1973 |
| 7 | 51 | Untitled | Do you know what it is to pick your nose alone in your room late at night? | 1973 |
| 7 | 52 | Untitled | I used to want to be a dentist like Armand Oppenheimer's father | 1973 |
| 7 | 53 | Untitled | Not you, let everyone in the wide world lose his teeth | 1973 |
| 7 | 54 | Untitled | Years from now I shall be walking these same streets | 1973 |
| 7 | 55 | Millie | She would eat fried eggs for dinner | 1973 |
| 7 | 56 | Any Questions | I asked my students to write poems about their dreams | 1973 |
| 7 | 57 | Untitled | In the middle of a terrible argument | 1973 |
| 7 | 58 | Untitled | Have you ever seen the faces of people talking on telephones? | 1973 |
| 7 | 59 | The Lakeside Motel | A woman is sitting on a green bench by the shore. | 1973 |
| 7 | 61 | Happiness | To be able to see yourself as others do | 1973 |
| 7 | 62 | The Post Card | The summer Barbara gave birth I received a post card | 1973 |
| 7 | 63 | This Poem | I died and my mother put this poem in a desk drawer | 1973 |
| 7 | 64 | Something Like an Apple | Once an old man was an only child | 1973 |
| 7 | 65 | The Bundle | He looks up while she stands staring at the floor | 1973 |
| 7 | 66 | For a Long Time | I used to fall asleep with the light on | 1973 |
| 7 | 67 | The Wind in the Pillows | What is this heavy breathing like | 1973 |
| 7 | 68 | Homage to Stevens | In the woods of words the whisper-tree was you | 1973 |
| 7 | 69 | Remember Me ? | The only thing I remember about Ibsen's An Enemy of the People is Peter Stockmann | 1973 |
| 7 | 70 | At Throg's Neck Beach | The smell of locker rooms | 1973 |
| 7 | 71 | In the Village | My walleyed neighbor glances back before crossing the street | 1973 |
| 7 | 72 | The Disappearance | From across the store they half-saw her | 1973 |
| 7 | 73 | When Sarah Slipped | When Sarah slipped and broke her nose | 1973 |
| 7 | 74 | ABC, Dog, a Helicopter! | I'm a Jew | 1973 |
| 7 | 75 | Palm Springs | Under the fat thigh of a hill | 1973 |
| 7 | 76 | Conclusions | The parking lots are empty | 1973 |
| 7 | 77 | On Hot Days | Remember those X-ray machines in shoe stores | 1973 |
| 7 | 78 | As It Starts to Rain | A father is reading by a window | 1973 |
| 7 | 79 | Yes, There | Father, you were working in your blue robe late | 1973 |
| 7 | 80 | The Seasons: a Sonnet Sequence | In winter Smith has an affair | 1973 |
| 7 | 81 | Flatbush | My people are doing things like folding letters in small rooms | 1973 |
| 7 | 82 | Untitled | The man brings tears in vials | 1973 |
| 7 | 83 | Song of the Bandage Vendor | It may be that my name is Fred Astaire | 1973 |
| 7 | 84 | Paper Mache | A girl and her mother rip newspaper into strips | 1973 |
| 7 | 85 | The Old One | Out there somewhere between the molecules of the grey hill | 1973 |
| 7 | 86 | The Ledge | Kids in black jackets roll a snow ball | 1973 |
| 7 | 87 | Growing Old | The day I turned 31 | 1973 |
| 7 | 88 | Untitled | My mother came from Ossining | 1973 |
| 7 | 89 | Downstairs | You are shaving downstairs when a door slams | 1973 |
| 7 | 90 | The Poets | In an abandoned schoolyard somewhere in the Bronx | 1973 |
| 7 | 91 | The Poet | My mother says that when I was a child | 1973 |
| 7 | 92 | The Magna-Glow Writing Ring | From Taiwan to places like Battle Creek | 1973 |
| 7 | 93 | The Magic Steps | A few moments after my daughter got over scarlet fever | 1973 |
| 7 | 94 | Heh-Heh | One day T.S. Eliot grew a long beard and said | 1973 |
| 7 | 95 | Kathleen | She was small when the pine needle pierced her eye | 1973 |
| 7 | 96 | Untitled | A man raises his lager | 1973 |
| 7 | 97 | The Grass Racers | In Edward Hopper's paintings | 1973 |
| 7 | 98 | Nocturne for Barbara | My darling sleeping in the next room | 1973 |
| 7 | 99 | O City | "Mobil Homes Provide Security for Blue Collar Workers in the Sun." | 1973 |
| 7 | 100 | The red Box | An old man bequeaths his daughter a red velvet box | 1973 |
| 8 | 1 | A Candystore in | One of those twobit lunch counters on a nothing block | 1974 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|--|--|------|
| | | Washington Heights | | |
| 8 | 2 | Suenos | In my dreams I always speak Spanish | 1974 |
| 8 | 3 | A Day in Ohio | The painters began work on the house | 1974 |
| 8 | 4 | Mozart's Right Eye | I was determined to learn from the man in the blue blazer | 1974 |
| 8 | 5 | In a Moment | American flags the size of football fields | 1974 |
| 8 | 6 | A Poem Called Forever | Boys are playing stickball by a lighthouse | 1974 |
| 8 | 7 | The Squirrel Man | Boys are playing cops and robbers | 1974 |
| 8 | 8 | The Folding Father | The doorman has taken his coffee break | 1974 |
| 8 | 9 | In the Tunnel | The body on the IRT tracks north of 42 nd St | 1974 |
| 8 | 10 | Sadness | When he finished he got up and went out | 1974 |
| 8 | 11 | Approaching Fort Tryon Park | North, near the tip, where the island raises | 1974 |
| 8 | 12 | 33 | As the skin gets loose around my lip | 1974 |
| 8 | 13 | Cynthia | Years after she moved to the city | 1974 |
| 8 | 14 | The policeman on 57 th Street | People ask me what I am doing here | 1974 |
| 8 | 15 | The Ohio Massacre | The convention of sweethearts | 1974 |
| 8 | 16 | How It Must Be | Someone named Gus must always be an Irish doorman | 1974 |
| 8 | 17 | Living With It | It was like peering through a peephole | 1974 |
| 8 | 18 | Princess | A phone is ringing in a dark apartment | 1974 |
| 8 | 19 | Credo | In a country that has no name | 1974 |
| 8 | 20 | Linda | During the day she worked as a beautician | 1974 |
| 8 | 21 | Linda | The dustmice skittered all night | 1974 |
| 8 | 22 | Untitled | Why is it I cannot relax in this room? | 1974 |
| 8 | 23 | Jimmy Loves Sally | Everybody else was getting old or rich | 1974 |
| 8 | 24 | The Rabbit in Winter | They lift it out of its cage in the schoolyard | 1974 |
| 8 | 25 | John Doe, D.O.A. | He hung around the pool halls till it got dark | 1974 |
| 8 | 26 | Going Up | A man in an elevator is gazing up | 1974 |
| 8 | 27 | Elegy | For months you evade the secret police | 1974 |
| 8 | 28 | New Hampshire | The flies died-off in August | 1974 |
| 8 | 29 | The Escape of the Convict | As dawn broke over Frog Mountain | 1974 |
| 8 | 30 | Things to Remember | That the man stooped over his desk all day | 1974 |
| 8 | 31 | The Code | Two men sit drinking in a bar under an El | 1974 |
| 8 | 32 | Teddy | He was three when his parents took the airplane over the ocean | 1974 |
| 8 | 33 | The Last Gas War | A woman in blue jeans rushes out of French doors | 1974 |
| 8 | 34 | Daytona, 1950 | I stretched a rubber band between two fingers | 1974 |
| 8 | 35 | Cecilia | A woman in a blue housedress | 1974 |
| 8 | 36 | The Boarders | Two men are sitting at a long table | 1974 |
| 8 | 37 | My Honeymoon | When I finally made it to Holland and stood arm in arm with my bride by a windmill | 1974 |
| 8 | 38 | A Poem for the End of Summer | He took off his shirt when he wrote it | 1974 |
| 8 | 39 | An Old Story | The wind told the leaves to be quiet | 1974 |
| 8 | 40 | 1948 | A boy and his father are playing catch | 1974 |
| 8 | 41 | Elizabeth | Before she fell asleep in her warm room | 1974 |
| 8 | 42 | Riding the Circuit | Someone is lighting a cigar | 1974 |
| 8 | 43 | Becoming Bisexual | On a certain morning when you wife rolls over in bed | 1974 |
| 8 | 44 | The Aluminum Twilight | You put down this book | 1974 |
| 8 | 45 | People in Sunlight | A man and woman are sitting on an overstuffed sofa | 1974 |
| 8 | 46 | The Sensitive Piano Tuner | Imagine him at a concert | 1974 |
| 8 | 47 | The Sky, the Ocean... | On a folding lounge chair on a terrace | 1974 |
| 8 | 48 | Untitled | I get back to my room | 1974 |
| 8 | 49 | Untitled | I used to want to be a dentist like Aaron Oppenheimer's father | 1974 |
| 8 | 50 | Aubade | I would button my shirt wrong | 1974 |
| 8 | 51 | The Dead Paratrooper In the Half-Track | I fought for you, my brother | 1974 |
| 8 | 53 | A Child Stuck in a Freezer | Nobody knows I'm here | 1974 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|------------------------------------|---|------|
| 8 | 54 | For Aaron Schwartz | I used to cut pictures out of magazines and sleep with the best ones | 1974 |
| 8 | 55 | Something Like an Apple | Once an old man was an only child | 1974 |
| 8 | 56 | Darkness, Horses, Trees | For a long time I thought Wallace Stevens | 1974 |
| 8 | 57 | In the Park | My mother says the summer I was two | 1974 |
| 8 | 58 | Millie | She would eat fried eggs | 1974 |
| 8 | 59 | The Witness | My mother came from Ossining | 1974 |
| 8 | 60 | Where Is Jimmy? | Here I am | 1974 |
| 8 | 61 | The Pipe Tool | When I was in Mexico last summer | 1974 |
| 8 | 62 | Untitled | A woman in a black bikini | 1974 |
| 8 | 63 | Untitled | So they went on living in a room above an ocean | 1974 |
| 8 | 64 | A Cat Called Mozart | The summer I first made it with my wife | 1974 |
| 8 | 65 | Untitled | In the sixth grade you came home | 1974 |
| 8 | 66 | Untitled | By evening we arrived at the river | 1974 |
| 8 | 67 | Untitled | The fog recedes and a mountain comes into view | 1974 |
| 8 | 68 | Untitled | I have a Polaroid snapshot on my desk | 1974 |
| 8 | 69 | Starplay | Somewhere, beyond the Crab Nebula | 1974 |
| 8 | 70 | Untitled | Now that your marriage is on the rocks | 1974 |
| 8 | 71 | My Friend | Up in Michigan a boy named Wayne | 1974 |
| 8 | 72 | Spacey Riddles | Does intelligent life exist outside of the earth? | 1974 |
| 8 | 73 | Untitled | Let me press the fat blue vein on the back of your hand | 1974 |
| 8 | 74 | The Selling of the Handguns | Dirt farmers shot with sleep from rooms with drawers full of pistols | 1974 |
| 8 | 75 | Untitled | I was arrested for arson the day I pledged myself to these streets | 1974 |
| 8 | 76 | Untitled | “Pedro,” I will whisper without knowing why | 1974 |
| 8 | 77 | Untitled | At precisely this moment I realize I will die | 1974 |
| 8 | 78 | Untitled | The biographer hovers over his subject | 1974 |
| 8 | 79 | Untitled | Notitas al Senor Presidente del Departamento de quejas | 1974 |
| 8 | 80 | Untitled | Across the street from your apartment | 1974 |
| 8 | 81 | The Magic Steps | They were there when you weren’t looking | 1974 |
| 8 | 82 | The Father | He reads by a window, glancing out at his daughters with their dolls | 1974 |
| 8 | 83 | Theo After His Parent’s Divorce | When his father moved away | 1974 |
| 8 | 84 | Untitled | There is a little box I carry around in my head | 1974 |
| 8 | 85 | Tom, Dick, and Harry Are Punished | He stood in the corner till it got dark | 1974 |
| 8 | 87 | Untitled | Not while I’m typing | 1974 |
| 8 | 88 | Untitled | I carry a gun in my jacket | 1974 |
| 9 | 1 | The Take-Over of Pegasus Magazine | Surrealists with pencils in their ears | 1975 |
| 9 | 2 | Still Life | All morning the wall phone slept in its cradle | 1975 |
| 9 | 3 | Why Poets Write Love Poems | There is so little love in our lives that we must invent these poems | 1975 |
| 9 | 4 | Roosevelt and the Boy | Two figures appear in dense fog | 1975 |
| 9 | 5 | Leaving Happy Valley | The stooped little woman with the honey-tinted hair looks like a candy cane | 1975 |
| 9 | 6 | Visit Sunny Palms | She hung a silver whistle by the phone | 1975 |
| 9 | 7 | Leaving | Where was I that day I gazed down a tree-lined street that dead-ended in hayfields? | 1975 |
| 9 | 8 | Untitled | A painter dies and wills his estate to a woman with auburn hair | 1975 |
| 9 | 10 | Night in the Poet’s Apartment | Locks pop, and a burglar with a flashlight slinks into a dark apartment | 1975 |
| 9 | 11 | The Trip to Florida | There was the motel with the green carpet | 1975 |
| 9 | 12 | Poem for Mark Strand | The man in the blue jeans and tweedy jacket is reciting poetry | 1975 |
| 9 | 13 | Sunshower | We had just arrived late on a Friday | 1975 |
| 9 | 14 | He Vanishes Forever From Her Sight | On one of those bush-and-bench islands that thrust up north Broadway | 1975 |
| 9 | 15 | The Writer as Compassionate Fool | I have a warm personal relationship with Mimi, my 1940’s Underwood typewriter | 1975 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|---|--|------|
| 9 | 16 | Nina's Story | The doctors smooth their long white coats | 1975 |
| 9 | 17 | Mozart and the Merchant | Imagine it is the final summer in the life of Mozart | 1975 |
| 9 | 18 | These Days, Say, By a Phonebooth | These days whenever I speak to anyone my hands dive for my pockets | 1975 |
| 9 | 19 | Untitled | The Greeks own small restaurants in Manhattan | 1975 |
| 9 | 20 | Clearing and Colder | Sometimes I still sniff laundry soap to make myself sneeze | 1975 |
| 9 | 21 | Walk-In-Closet | The smell of sweat on a working man's hatband | 1975 |
| 9 | 22 | Untitled | Sometimes walking late down park avenue | 1975 |
| 9 | 23 | American Gothic | Lately I have become aware of a rag mop in my left hand | 1975 |
| 9 | 24 | 8:42 | I live in a railroad apartment facing an El. | 1975 |
| 9 | 25 | The Song of the Vacuum Cleaner Salesman | The day I won my trip to the moon I drove home in a sweat | 1975 |
| 9 | 26 | Ballet | At first I tried dancing | 1975 |
| 9 | 27 | Trompe L'oeil | Lights drop on an audience of schoolboys | 1975 |
| 9 | 28 | The Firewoman in the Blue Suspenders | I peeked under the sink but she was not there | 1975 |
| 9 | 29 | New Hampshire | The flies died off in August | 1975 |
| 9 | 30 | The Woman in the Rose Coat | Suddenly the grass has never been greener | 1975 |
| 9 | 31 | The Bell | A roly-poly poet with an oiy vay sense of humor | 1975 |
| 9 | 32 | Untitled | Once when I took drugs | 1975 |
| 9 | 33 | Untitled | Someone calls who says he is you Cousin Moe | 1975 |
| 9 | 34 | Adagio | We are kissing in a hotel room in Italy | 1975 |
| 9 | 35 | Untitled | Perhaps Bertrand Russell was right | 1975 |
| 9 | 36 | The Caller | My neighbor's doorbell rings | 1975 |
| 9 | 37 | The Choke Collar | After my dog died I continued taking long walks before bed with her leash | 1975 |
| 9 | 38 | Glad he Would Learn | Yesterday I told my class masturbation was an act of patriotism | 1975 |
| 9 | 39 | God Knows Many Secrets | This morning walking to work I thought of silos in South Dakota | 1975 |
| 9 | 40 | A Man Masturbating | The mirror on my ceiling gives me back to myself | 1975 |
| 9 | 41 | For my Brother, Reuben Ben-Yosef | Eighteen years you beat me over the head with the wet noodle of our brotherhood | 1975 |
| 9 | 42 | Upstairs, Downstairs | In the boiler room of a high-rise apartment | 1975 |
| 9 | 44 | The Execution of the Artists | They are led down to a river | 1975 |
| 9 | 45 | Untitled | The shawl of fresh snow | 1975 |
| 9 | 46 | Untitled | Years ago I worked one summer picking peaches | 1975 |
| 9 | 47 | The Wrinkles in the Ice Cream | The ice cream must be old, older than the sun | 1975 |
| 9 | 48 | Untitled | What if, after all, we were wrong about everything | 1975 |
| 9 | 49 | Untitled | Suddenly your wife yells from the next room | 1975 |
| 9 | 50 | From and Old Journal | By nightfall we came to a river | 1975 |
| 9 | 51 | In a Moment | American flags the size of football fields | 1975 |
| 9 | 52 | Untitled | O.K. the, lay the tongue over on itself | 1975 |
| 9 | 53 | Untitled | The trouble is, I care too much about eternity | 1975 |
| 9 | 54 | Untitled | I think of the moment two minutes into the first movement of Mahler's Ninth Symphony | 1975 |
| 9 | 55 | Untitled | Nothing had mattered to me | 1975 |
| 9 | 56 | Untitled | I stepped out into the noon heat | 1975 |
| 9 | 57 | The Wool Rose | Take a ball of rose wool and shape it into a flower | 1975 |
| 9 | 58 | The Ohio Massacre | The convention of sweethearts is meeting in the chandelier ballroom | 1975 |
| 9 | 59 | Untitled | Gradually you get used to a world without your mother bending over your bed to undress you | 1975 |
| 9 | 60 | Untitled | All stores are museums | 1975 |
| 9 | 61 | Untitled | Where were you the summer of 1968? | 1975 |
| 9 | 62 | Lunchbox Juice | To express feeling in a century with streetcars | 1975 |
| 9 | 63 | Untitled | In the hills north of Acapulco | 1975 |
| 9 | 64 | Untitled | It is true that painfully shy girl may view herself as a boiling extrovert | 1975 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|--|---|------|
| 9 | 65 | Untitled | My daughter waddles over and innocently kisses my fly | 1975 |
| 9 | 66 | The Escape of the Convict | As dawn broke over Frog Mountain | 1975 |
| 9 | 67 | On Old Story | The wind told the leaves to be quiet | 1975 |
| 9 | 68 | The Cop on 57 th Street | People ask me which way to Gimbel's | 1975 |
| 9 | 69 | Friday Night Fog | Beyond the halo of headlights | 1975 |
| 9 | 71 | Vanishing | The Commissioner of Parks has caught pneumonia | 1975 |
| 9 | 72 | Alison | The dustmice skittered all night | 1975 |
| 9 | 73 | Untitled | Suddenly a woman with a laundry cart appears at the door | 1975 |
| 9 | 74 | Mozart's Right Eye | I was determined to learn | 1975 |
| 9 | 75 | The Body on the Subway Platform | Because of what I have seen on a subway platform | 1975 |
| 9 | 76 | Journal of the Cave Year | By nightfall we came to a river | 1975 |
| 10 | 1 | Anna's Song | By now the Master was deaf and went on working | 1976 |
| 10 | 2 | New York is My City | Here where the wind from New Jersey dumps buckets of ice on the skin | 1976 |
| 10 | 3 | For My Brother, Reuven Ben-Yosef | Eighteen years you beat me over the head with the butt-end of our brotherhood | 1976 |
| 10 | 4 | For My Brother in Israel | Unhooding my eyes, looking east | 1976 |
| 10 | 5 | Bobbie Tailfeather | Her breasts, the small of her back | 1976 |
| 10 | 6 | Approaching Washington Heights | North, near the tip, where the island raises its head like a factory worker | 1976 |
| 10 | 7 | By the Steps of the Metropolitan Museum of Art | Choking with silent laughter, the chalkfaced mime jousts with the crowd | 1976 |
| 10 | 8 | Untitled | A man in a phonebooth in Grand Central Station | 1976 |
| 10 | 9 | Untitled | Outside it is snowing | 1976 |
| 10 | 10 | Buffalo Reiss | West of Topeka where the trees stop | 1976 |
| 10 | 11 | Untitled | He was just an ordinary Jew with an ear for words | 1976 |
| 10 | 12 | Untitled | They want to screw off the caps and toss a match | 1976 |
| 10 | 13 | Untitled | This side of the sun's gold yolk | 1976 |
| 10 | 14 | Untitled | Until I in my city sneakers | 1976 |
| 10 | 16 | Untitled | What is the sound of Coke pouring over perfect icecubes into a rum glass? | 1976 |
| 10 | 17 | Untitled | I develop laryngitis rather than phone my friend | 1976 |
| 10 | 18 | Dear Hart | Your father invented Life Savers | 1976 |
| 10 | 19 | Alba | You wander up a grassy knoll | 1976 |
| 10 | 20 | Untitled | I understand what it is that makes Flounder tender | 1976 |
| 10 | 21 | Soundings | My face, my smile like lock jaw | 1976 |
| 10 | 22 | Holding My Own Hand [Flight 395] | Yesterday 35,666 feet over Pennsylvania I thought of my mother | 1976 |
| 10 | 23 | Untitled | Where were you when Jack Kennedy died? | 1976 |
| 10 | 24 | Untitled | Haydn is this Prussian with an affinity for bull fiddles | 1976 |
| 10 | 25 | Untitled | I heard the wind's commentary | 1976 |
| 10 | 26 | For Barbara | This morning we reached Mars | 1976 |
| 10 | 28 | Untitled | During a power failure two men approach the window of their skyscraper | 1976 |
| 10 | 29 | The Black Macadam | Doesn't everyone have a private language of snuffs and budes? | 1976 |
| 10 | 30 | Untitled | How I love you, Ohio, who leadeth me to lie down | 1976 |
| 10 | 31 | Skyscrapers, Prologue | In late August at the end of ten endless dog days | 1976 |
| 10 | 32 | Sonnet | And so I grow old | 1976 |
| 10 | 33 | Untitled | There was a red devil in my skin | 1976 |
| 10 | 34 | Untitled | Then there were two of us | 1976 |
| 10 | 35 | The Hill Wife 1976 | This morning you lit my Franklin stove before you left for work. | 1976 |
| 10 | 36 | Untitled | Quiet, head, you make too much noise | 1976 |
| 10 | 38 | Poles | I hang my hat on two racks | 1976 |
| 10 | 40 | Untitled | The man sawing wood in the airshaft reminds me I should be asleep at my desk | 1976 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|---------------------------------------|---|------|
| 10 | 42 | Untitled | I wish I could write myself out of this mess called brotherhood | 1976 |
| 10 | 43 | Hired, Tired, Fired | Here I am with my Elliott Gould face | 1976 |
| 10 | 44 | Credo | I believe there is a movie camera hidden in the leaves | 1976 |
| 10 | 46 | Untitled | In the beginning there was a bridge | 1976 |
| 10 | 47 | The Triumph | My balding friend with the beard who looks like Shakespeare | 1976 |
| 10 | 48 | The Conductor | A man sneezed so I said bless you | 1976 |
| 10 | 49 | A Child Asked What Is Majesty | It is the first movement of the Emperor Concerto | 1976 |
| 10 | 51 | Adagio | We are kissing in a hotel room in Italy | 1976 |
| 10 | 52 | Untitled | The Rorshack pattern of leafshadow on my porch screen tells me I will do no work today | 1976 |
| 10 | 53 | Putting It Thru the Typewriter | I love my wife. | 1976 |
| 10 | 54 | Barbara Swimming | It is an underwater ballet | 1976 |
| 10 | 55 | Untitled | I just passed a billboard with elephant-sized letters | 1976 |
| 10 | 56 | Wood Studio, 1976 | Here in New Hampshire, like a hen sitting on a nest of dictionaries | 1976 |
| 10 | 58 | Save a Skyblue Laundry Tag | During his middle years the politician gave speeches about Chagall | 1976 |
| 10 | 59 | Untitled | Today I read Mozart's daughter died right before he wrote his last three symphonies | 1976 |
| 10 | 60 | Untitled | A need for song no fire can warm us better | 1976 |
| 10 | 61 | Pumas | A woman in a mauve dress mentions her passion for pumas | 1976 |
| 10 | 64 | Untitled | Where the hill winks, here wink I | 1976 |
| 10 | 66 | Blurb for Harriet Zinne's Book | (book blurb) | 1976 |
| 10 | 67 | One Day You'll See | One day you'll see it will happen like this | 1976 |
| 10 | 68 | Untitled | Because I played stickball under the struts of a steel suspension bridge | 1976 |
| 10 | 69 | Summer Window Green | Just because you call your horse silver does not mean that you are a masked man | 1976 |
| 10 | 70 | Untitled | Yesterday my oldest student | 1976 |
| 10 | 71 | Thinking of Cancer | So what if the pink spot on my chest turns brown? | 1976 |
| 10 | 72 | Sunspots | When my father died my mother told me | 1976 |
| 10 | 73 | A Professor Tries to Speak | I must have been nervous I was speaking so fast | 1976 |
| 10 | 74 | Howard Hughes (1905-1976) | He who was richest among us | 1976 |
| 10 | 75 | Lynette | I once wrote a Ph. D dissertation called Ungelding the Rainbow | 1976 |
| 10 | 76 | Untitled | Think of Nixon smiling from a postcard on a rack in Idaho | 1976 |
| 10 | 77 | Woodcliff Lake | A pine tree island by a reservoir | 1976 |
| 10 | 78 | Barbara's Words | A country weekend with ice skates under snowy hills finds me brooding over thin ice signs | 1976 |
| 10 | 79 | After Reading Yeats Again | Willie, we hardly knew ya | 1976 |
| 10 | 80 | Untitled | Most men in my generation married young | 1976 |
| 10 | 81 | Song of the Night Trucker | His truck keeps pace with the moon | 1976 |
| 10 | 82 | The Firewoman in Blue Suspenders | Was it Nick Adams or Nick Carraway who hurled a stone at his house and left the next morning? | 1976 |
| 10 | 83 | Amen | Where are the candystore cowboys? | 1976 |
| 10 | 84 | Arigato Means Thank You | This morning I woke with the word arigato on my lips | 1976 |
| 11 | 1 | Visiting the Cloisters with my Sister | That day it sleeted so hard the driver balked and would not go past 190 th street | 1977 |
| 11 | 2 | King of Kings | What is Martin Luther King doing on my grandmother's bagel? | 1977 |
| 11 | 3 | Untitled | My upstairs neighbor's leaky radiator caused my ceiling to cave | 1977 |
| 11 | 4 | Untitled | Down a skinny river in a skiff so light it nosed over rocks and merged with the scrub brush | 1977 |
| 11 | 5 | Untitled | Where was it? Was it a taxi? | 1977 |
| 11 | 8 | Untitled | He was a bear before breakfast | 1977 |
| 11 | 9 | Untitled | Yeats said truth flourishes alone—or something like that | 1977 |
| 11 | 11 | Untitled | To each his own said the clown to the clone | 1977 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|--|---|------|
| 11 | 12 | Rich People | Frick sitting on his throne in his library on Fifth Avenue | 1977 |
| 11 | 14 | Untitled | To kneel before the Prince of Dishwashers | 1977 |
| 11 | 15 | Yeah, Sure | When you see a mountain range do you think of the Emperor Concerto? | 1977 |
| 11 | 16 | Untitled | The name on his birth certificate was John Daniels | 1977 |
| 11 | 17 | Untitled | She told me her mother smoked to much | 1977 |
| 11 | 18 | Doing the Dishes | Hunched over the sink, scrubbing cups | 1977 |
| 11 | 19 | Untitled | I am a shy man | 1977 |
| 11 | 20 | A Barn with Mail Pouch Tobacco | White clapboard houses with royal blue shutters line an avenue I have never seen | 1977 |
| 11 | 22 | Sitting on Wayne Elzey's Porch in Ohio | Beer and cigars do not a small town make | 1977 |
| 11 | 25 | New York is My City | Notes | 1977 |
| 11 | 27 | Untitled | Not guitars but scotch bottles | 1977 |
| 11 | 29 | Like an Old Victor Mature Movie | If a man in his tenderness teaches his son how to box fist over glove | 1977 |
| 11 | 30 | The Mittenleaf Tree | Then he hid behind the tree and showed her his gismo | 1977 |
| 11 | 32 | Untitled | I just felt the rush of pain Sheri Moskowitz felt | 1977 |
| 11 | 33 | Untitled | When was it you first started noticing dress fashions were ridiculous? | 1977 |
| 11 | 34 | Untitled | The violins going crazy at the end of the William Tell Overture | 1977 |
| 11 | 35 | Untitled | It's like the Talmud says, sometimes you have to go a long way to go a short way | 1977 |
| 11 | 36 | Estelle Sue Thompson | Where to now, Muse? I feel ripe for the taking | 1977 |
| 11 | 37 | No Laughing Matter | I will be serious. I will not crack a smile from now to next October | 1977 |
| 11 | 39 | The Purloined Typewriter | Once upon an office desk | 1977 |
| 11 | 41 | Blooey | The Blue Cross Knight jogged across 92 nd Street, | 1977 |
| 11 | 43 | Milestones | Sarah was sixteen when she went on a bike trip across Canada | 1977 |
| 11 | 44 | Palisade Amusement Park | I think of a park at the end of a trolley car line, the hump and bump of a rollercoaster | 1977 |
| 11 | 45 | Soap | The summer he learned he was dying | 1977 |
| 11 | 47 | The Desire to be Puerto Rican | It is like the desire to be closer to the earth and the beginnings of time | 1977 |
| 11 | 48 | Stightsworth | All day alive amid bugspray and geraniums | 1977 |
| 11 | 50 | The Binge | Have you ever had a hankering for sex so bad you couldn't tell a Spanish fly from a horny toad? | 1977 |
| 11 | 51 | Untitled | A housewife in a Laundromat stares at the glass bulb of a Bendix clothes washer | 1977 |
| 11 | 52 | Untitled | Below the water table there is another table set for a prince of darkness whose name is Mud | 1977 |
| 11 | 54 | Untitled | The red head with the big ass was getting noisier | 1977 |
| 11 | 55 | Untitled | I gotta stop talking with my eyes and staring with my mouth | 1977 |
| 11 | 56 | Locker Room | Just take one sniff, Ben says, and steps back | 1977 |
| 11 | 57 | Untitled | As I slink into boredom like a giant panda admiring my stripes | 1977 |
| 11 | 59 | For My Brother in Israel | Eighteen years you beat me over the head with the butt-end of our brotherhood | 1977 |
| 11 | 60 | Buffalo Reiss | West of Topeka where the trees thin | 1977 |
| 11 | 62 | Switches | An American tourist pauses before closing time | 1977 |
| 11 | 64 | Easter 1977 | When was it day broke down over Fifth Avenue | 1977 |
| 11 | 65 | Tom, Mike, Bill, and Jim | In a dark bar under 42 nd Street they cavort with the cheese dip | 1977 |
| 11 | 67 | The Last Stretch | Down a hill Flexible Flyers | 1977 |
| 11 | 68 | Untitled | Now as I lay me down in the dull muck of self-pity | 1977 |
| 11 | 70 | The Lavender Envelope | Someone has left me a note | 1077 |
| 11 | 72 | Spaldeen | What is pink and smells like all the rubber plantations in Malaysia rolled into one | 1977 |
| 11 | 73 | Flight 395 | When was it Pennsylvania stepped out from behind cloud cover like a traveling salesman | 1977 |
| 11 | 74 | Trompe l'oeil | Lights drop on an audience of schoolboy's | 1977 |

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|-----|--------|--|---|------|
| 11 | 75 | It Could Be Carnegie Hall | A player piano alone on a lake of blue spotlights | 1977 |
| 11 | 76 | Prof. James Yeast | I am shirttails I am buttonfeathers | 1977 |
| 11 | 77 | Lux | As we banked over lower Manhattan on our final descent toward streetlights that bathed | 1977 |
| 11 | 78 | Post | A cat starts awake at 4 a.m. and leaps from a windowsill | 1977 |
| 11 | 79 | The Trouble | Sitting in a duck blind sipping bourbon and tea | 1977 |
| 11 | 80 | Professor and Mrs. James Yeast | I had barely slammed into the back seat and yelled through the shield La Guardia | 1977 |
| 11 | 81 | Maids at Faybreak | How many dawns have we packed up our vacuums | 1977 |
| 11 | 83 | Hags at Dawn | When dawn steps forth and tips his hat | 1977 |
| 11 | 84 | Four and a Half | It is a small word <u>benwhy</u> | 1977 |
| 11 | 86 | I-75 | The road to the airport cuts through sheer magnificent cliffs | 1977 |
| 11 | 88 | Untitled | Words aren't they aren't enough | 1977 |
| 11 | 89 | Untitled | I want to be an Emcee on the TV show called Interview the Poets | 1977 |
| 11 | 90 | Camp Song | Why o why would a nice Jewish boy leave his hometown Manhattan | 1977 |
| 12 | 1 | Untitled | Three cheers for the man of feeling | 1978 |
| 12 | 2 | Untitled | I remembered my mother telling me my mission in life | 1978 |
| 12 | 3 | The Softie | Muscle builders pressing barbells in the back room | 1978 |
| 12 | 4-5 | [Flight 395] | Where was it? Was it a taxi? | 1978 |
| 12 | 6 | Untitled | A professor is having an affair with on of his students | 1978 |
| 12 | 8 | Untitled | He'll kill me if I let him | 1978 |
| 12 | 10a-c | On Learning the People's Republic of China has Lifted Its Ban on Beethoven | a million shuttered windows in Shanghai are opening at this moment onto wall posters and housing projects | 1978 |
| 12 | 11 | Epilogue | A marine convicted of looting a village and killing two hundred peasants relaxes with TV | 1978 |
| 12 | 12 | Untitled | Seeing my sister as a saint of devotion | 1978 |
| 12 | 13 | Untitled | Sketching the side of a barn is an exercise in transforming a tobacco sign into a post office | 1978 |
| 12 | 14 | Untitled | Sing now of how despair same wriggling its painted toenails under a sheer translucent gown | 1978 |
| 12 | 15 | Notes During a News Strike | A dead Pope lies in state powdered and propped by an altar | 1978 |
| 12 | 16 | Untitled | Snow has begun to fall over a drab landscape | 1978 |
| 12 | 17 | Untitled | Something is about to happen---I can feel it in my fingertips | 1978 |
| 12 | 18 | The Mittenleaf Tree | Then he hid behind the tree and showed her his gizmo | 1978 |
| 12 | 21 | Does Poetry Make Things Better? | I hit a cat on a country road | 1978 |
| 12 | 22 | Post | A cat starts awake at 4 a.m. | 1978 |
| 12 | 23 | New Zealand | War resisters of the sixties thought of it as a refuge | 1978 |
| 12 | 24 | Untitled | His last words were: 'I'm gonna pour it all out in torrents of serenity.' | 1978 |
| 12 | 25 | Untitled | On learning the borough of Queens has eight times as many people as Vermont | 1978 |
| 12 | 26 | Untitled | So he said to me, he said, he said why can't I come over to your house instead of screwing the lamppost? | 1978 |
| 12 | 27 | Untitled | Words pop like dead lightbulbs pitched against the brick foundation | 1978 |
| 12 | 28 | Untitled | Ferryboat clopping through the wake of a tanker fresh from the narrows | 1978 |
| 12 | 29 | Untitled | History is the sensitive younger brother of Genius | 1978 |
| 12 | 30 | Untitled | What if the oriental masters of water color gathered with Panama hats in their hands | 1978 |
| 12 | 31 | Untitled | Is that you, Walt? | 1978 |
| 12 | 32 | Untitled | Deep in the shady sadness of a grove I picked | 1978 |
| 12 | 33 | Untitled | The Occidental Poem must question time and be Perma-Fresh as a space suit, yet local | 1978 |
| 12 | 34 | Untitled | Nowadays I cry more easily an wash dishes like a good Papa | 1978 |
| 12 | 35 | Accidie | As I slink into boredom like a giant panda admiring my stripes | 1978 |
| 12 | 37 | Untitled | Six cars palaver by all day on the dusty sideroad | 1978 |

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|-----|--------|---------------------------------------|--|------|
| 12 | 38 | Pandowdy | Is it a deepdish apple spiced, sweetened with maple sugar from Grafton | 1978 |
| 12 | 39 | Untitled | ...and I were known as the Four Musketeers | 1978 |
| 12 | 40 | Masquerade | I keep thinking things will get better | 1978 |
| 12 | 41 | Untitled | The bridle path around a public reservoir is filling up with joggers | 1978 |
| 12 | 42 | Untitled | Who on the parapet of an old fort by a river can resist the tinkling of xylophones | 1978 |
| 12 | 43 | Untitled | Give me the heavyweight beach towels with sunburst motifs carried over to curtains | 1978 |
| 12 | 44 | Untitled | Why should a grown man in a gray decade care for a crimson piece of cloth? | 1978 |
| 12 | 45 | Students, Friends | In my garret on Main Street, students, friends | 1978 |
| 12 | 46 | Guess Who? | The monster musician has extra sensitive skin | 1978 |
| 12 | 47 | For Heather One More Time | One morning I saw what I saw | 1978 |
| 12 | 49 | Samson and Delilah | "Go on, fill the water bottles." | 1978 |
| 12 | 50 | Untitled | Down a skinny river in a skiff so light it nosed over rocks and rolled between whitecaps | 1978 |
| 12 | 51 | Untitled | Of all music I prefer Schubert's Violin Concerto | 1978 |
| 12 | 54 | Home, James | Why is he kissing her in a phonebooth | 1978 |
| 12 | 56 | Class of '63 | Let's hear it for Heinrich Schultz at the U of C | 1978 |
| 12 | 57 | Untitled | Ohio is such a lonely flatchested place | 1978 |
| 12 | 58 | Miami University, oxford Ohio | Yesterday I asked my students: "Who wrote 'Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free' engraved on Upham Arch?" | 1978 |
| 12 | 59 | Secretaries at CBS | Peasants prostrate before the czar of broadcasting | 1978 |
| 12 | 60 | The Mud Prince | Below the water table there is another table set for a prince of darkness whose name is Mud | 1978 |
| 12 | 62 | Bobbie Bristol Just Called | A pianist on a lake of blue spotlights plays a trill that reminds me of wind chimes | 1978 |
| 12 | 63 | Untitled | The poetry of other poets, while it pleased him | 1978 |
| 12 | 65 | Palisades Amusement Park | I think of a park at the end of a trolley car line | 1978 |
| 12 | 66 | Poem for the Guise | Thanks a lot for your note | 1978 |
| 12 | 68 | For My Brother in Israel | Eighteen years you beat me over the head with the butt-end of our brotherhood | 1978 |
| 12 | 69a-b | Visiting the Cloisters With My Sister | Up loomed a ridge with a monastery swirling in sleet | 1978 |
| 13 | 1a-d | Flight 395 | Where was it? Was it a taxi? | 1979 |
| 13 | 2 | Goodbye to the Diamond | Who on the parapet of an old fort by a river can resist the tinkle of xylophones | 1979 |
| 13 | 3 | Poles | I felt bereft and sought relief in the blonde tenets of your hair | 1979 |
| 13 | 4 | Whole Hours of Us | Time and again when I entered you I felt fire up my spine | 1979 |
| 13 | 5 | Feeling Immeasurably Richer | Someone is writing a letter | 1979 |
| 13 | 6 | A Bus Ride Through the Park | Fifty cents to West End Avenue and India via the Sidda Yoga ashram | 1979 |
| 13 | 7 | Untitled | Wind, I am mad for your smack in the face | 1979 |
| 13 | 9 | Chicago | Sailboats on a lake, the Water Tower on the Gold Coast | 1979 |
| 13 | 10 | Nixon | (notes) | 1979 |
| 13 | 11 | The Cold Wars | The difference between a mosque and a steeple has to do with the matins bells in a monastery | 1979 |
| 13 | 12 | Untitled | Now as we shrink and share each other's nostalgia | 1979 |
| 13 | 15 | Untitled | On my way from the airport I pass a nuclear power plant by a river | 1979 |
| 13 | 17 | Lament | Alas, I can never mention your name | 1979 |
| 13 | 19 | Contents | Table of contents of express | 1979 |
| 13 | 20 | Saint Augustine | In my salad days I could Hold the idea of two women in my head at the same time | 1979 |
| 13 | 21 | Matins | Am I ready for higher worlds, I asked myself as I knotted my gym shoes this morning | 1979 |
| 13 | 22 | [poem list] | List of poems to include in book | 1979 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|--|--|------|
| 13 | 23 | A Rhesus Monkey in Lapland | It is the inky ribbon of dawn against the midnight sun that saves us— not the regular Volvo | 1979 |
| 13 | 24 | Palisades Amusement Park (1897-1971) | The world's largest electric billboard bright enough to read across a mile wide river | 1079 |
| 13 | 25 | The Take-Over of Pegasus Magazine | Surrealists with pens raised, schlock troops of the imagination | 1979 |
| 13 | 26 | Untitled | Making love to the smell of bacon and eggs | 1979 |
| 13 | 27 | Untitled | I conjure a woman with Slavic cheekbones | 1979 |
| 13 | 28 | Warm-Up: Automatic Writing | Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party | 1979 |
| 13 | 29 | Jobless | Hence, spirit of self-loathing, coated in rags and holding out your hat for donations | 1979 |
| 13 | 30 | The Loveliest Shall Be Chosen | My fat friend with the beard and yarmulke who parks his Dodge on alternate sides of the street | 1979 |
| 13 | 31 | Heat Wave Headline | Electrocuted when his ice pack leaked onto the faulty wiring in his fan | 1979 |
| 13 | 32 | The Rating Game | If I'm a pro like Jim Rice, the expectation is that I can be as good as Hank Aaron | 1979 |
| 13 | 33 | Booth With a View | I almost lost you once in a maternity ward | 1979 |
| 13 | 34 | The Enigman Variations | I am grateful to have found a companion to follow my steps even now as I backtrack and trip | 1979 |
| 13 | 35 | The Joy | What is Albert Einstein doing on my grandmother's bagel? | 1979 |
| 13 | 36 | The Noisy Creek | Here high in the Ozarks time crawls like a hemline up your leg | 1979 |
| 13 | 37 | Slice of Life | Will the white-laced bride, Faith, please stand up and show her face alongside the groom | 1979 |
| 13 | 39 | Brothers (I) | Eighteen years you beat me over the head with the butt-end of our brotherhood | 1979 |
| 13 | 40 | On Being Accused of Perpetrating Irregular Line Breaks | These accusations smack of the second grade | 1979 |
| 13 | 41 | Viajes Sinaloa | Shrimp boats ply the horizon off Mazatlan with tiny lights all night | 1979 |
| 13 | 42 | Lovers Parting | Scrunched on a picnic table they count sailboats by the lake and tickle one another sick | 1979 |
| 13 | 43 | If the Weed Had Its Way | One of the side effects of marijuana is it's a coolant | 1979 |
| 13 | 44 | Petrarchan/ A Polish Joke | In monk's robes I sweep you off your feet and clamber up the convent path | 1979 |
| 13 | 45 | Exhortation In Despair | Let us roll with love's punches, its left hooks and haymakers | 1979 |
| 13 | 46 | Who's Absent? | Today the wind is wheezing on the leash of a master who scolds him and leads him to fields | 1979 |
| 13 | 47 | Untitled | I love to think of us as classical lovers eating olives on a sunny divan | 1979 |
| 13 | 48 | Untitled | Lately I've been happy with the way we've grown together and apart | 1979 |
| 13 | 49 | Victory | Nagged at by our daughter, we retreat to the bedroom as doggedly as border collies | 1979 |
| 13 | 50 | Overheard In My Nephew's Bedroom | Aaron: Mommy's vagina is as big as the universe | 1979 |
| 13 | 51 | Untitled | You think I'm sweet and tell me so in a lime bedroom | 1979 |
| 13 | 52 | Sonnet | I stroke the pages of my latest poem | 1979 |
| 13 | 53 | The End of a Book is Nearing | Now the day is over I am turning a corner lit by lamp posts of the unconscious | 1979 |
| 13 | 55 | Untitled | Call it jet leg, call it a cow | 1979 |
| 13 | 56 | This Is the Thesis Scrivened in Delight | As the bricks in my air shaft brighten and spend their daily allotment of sun in five minutes | 1979 |
| 13 | 57 | Modern Athletics | If Anna bent over naked when her father beat her with a belt for getting knocked up by a miller | 1979 |
| 13 | 58 | The Silver Spacesuit | When he put it on he felt better | 1979 |
| 13 | 59 | Titles for book: | (possible book titles) | 1979 |
| 13 | 60 | Trying Not To Feel Desperate | I try to think of a ranch in Nevada | 1979 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|--|---|------|
| 13 | 61 | Novella Romantica | Muscle builders pressing barbells in the back room of a warehouse are calling to me to come lift | 1979 |
| 13 | 62 | Untitled | Politics is the art of doing favors | 1979 |
| 13 | 63 | The Girl Who Wanted to be a Nun | In white shoes with a lace handkerchief kneeling in the front row | 1979 |
| 13 | 64 | Losses | Why should a grown man in a gray decade care for a crimson piece of cloth? | 1979 |
| 13 | 65 | A First Draft | I'm sick of your piss and palaver | 1979 |
| 13 | 66 | Resident Adviser | Let's hear it for Heinrich Schultz at the University of Chicago | 1979 |
| 13 | 67 | Philip Schultz in Lamplight | Lion-colored, trimmed to a T, like Shakespear's your beard brought back a host of odd associations | 1979 |
| 13 | 68 | Epilogue | A marine convicted of looting a village and killing two hundred peasants relaxes with TV | 1979 |
| 13 | 69 | The Song of the Vacuum Cleaner Salesman | The day I won my trip to the moon I drove home in a sweat and burst into our yellow house | 1979 |
| 14 | 1 | Dearest | Now that you're safely tucked away in the next room I can speak to you about an event... | 1979 |
| 14 | 2 | Poetry 1979 | You are the elsewhere I always wanted, | 1979 |
| 14 | 4 | Harry Teegarden | Ran with a fast crowd, with cheerleaders | 1979 |
| 14 | 5 | Visiting the Cloisters With My Sister | The Unicorn Tapestries weathered all storms with smells of wintergreen and feverfew | 1979 |
| 14 | 6 | Epilogue | A Marine convicted of looting a village and killing two hundred peasants relaxes with TV | 1979 |
| 14 | 7 | Trying Not to Feel Desperate About My Life | I try to think of a ranch in Nevada | 1979 |
| 14 | 9 | Untitled | Did we think our love could survive a winter of botched arrangements and emerge rebuilt? | 1979 |
| 14 | 10 | Untitled | Last night the smell of cigar smoke brought back more than uncles | 1979 |
| 14 | 11 | Untitled | Get away from me, Sister | 1979 |
| 14 | 12 | Reasons Why I Don't Like Sarah | 1. She's so mean. | 1979 |
| 14 | 13 | Nixon | The sweat on his upper lip beaded through his make-up | 1980 |
| 14 | 14 | Passage | Near South Fallsburgh the woods thin out | 1980 |
| 14 | 15 | Pictures at an Exhibition | In the back seat of a black limousine a man puff's a Balkan Sobranie | 1980 |
| 14 | 16 | Arrowhead Drive | Outside across the tracks the town garage spills over onto an acre of asphalt | 1980 |
| 14 | 17 | Express | In the indigo nightlight of a Pullman roomette I climb down from my tangle-blanketed berth | 1980 |
| 14 | 18 | Sonnet | One pinhead-sized droplet of Isopropylmethylphosphonoflouridate on the palm of your hand feels less like liquid | 1980 |
| 14 | 19 | Table of Contents | (table of contents for book) | 1980 |
| 14 | 20 | Foster Hall | After the sullen arrival, the tense introduction to the Resident Head who used the phrase... | 1980 |
| 14 | 22 | Rites of Summer | Picking peaches the summer before college | 1980 |
| 14 | 23 | The Playwright and the Playmate | Near the end of one of their classic fights she picks up the receiver to call her agent | 1980 |
| 14 | 24 | The House on Pascack Road | My brother's jazz piano hits a lull | 1980 |
| 14 | 25 | Two | So what if I get to the office at eight every morning and wait and hour for coffee | 1980 |
| 14 | 26 | Chain | The jewelry box sat on the shelf under the sill where he paused | 1980 |
| 14 | 27 | Forum | In Rome, poking through the Forum with my wife of sixteen days, picking up chalky bits of columns | 1980 |
| 14 | 28 | Sissy | You think its easy typing letters and fielding phone calls for Charlie? | 1980 |
| 14 | 29 | Professor Warren Bates | A towheaded boy is grinning under an apple tree | 1980 |
| 14 | 30 | Suzanna Hargrove | Let me prop myself up by the window and wait | 1980 |
| 14 | 31 | The Memoirs of Percival Goldman | In an early poem about a mother and son in a medieval garden | 1980 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|--------------------------------|--|------|
| 14 | 32 | Untitled | I've always been a shy person | 1980 |
| 14 | 33 | The Sneeze is an Orgasm | It that is so, then a heart attack is a sneeze prolonged into a spasm that has no end | 1980 |
| 14 | 35 | Near Warrensburg, 1948 | That night we drove with broken window wipers | 1980 |
| 14 | 36 | Untitled | Men snap at one another on telephones | 1980 |
| 14 | 38 | The Artists Studio | Ping! A string-pulled light bulb floods a room | 1980 |
| 14 | 39 | Soap Opera Villanelle | What made him think that he would leave his wife | 1980 |
| 14 | 40 | Samantha | Arches her back and purrs for her mistress | 1980 |
| 14 | 41 | Guy | A porky ex-quarterback from Bowling Green | 1980 |
| 14 | 42 | Untitled | Right from the start I loved Eliot | 1980 |
| 14 | 43 | To Be a Bus Driver | Pretending to be a bus driver, Crystal wears a coin changer on her belt | 1980 |
| 14 | 45 | Elegy for Jay Silverheels | The night the Lone Ranger got shot and you leaped onto the screen lithe as a wildcat... | 1980 |
| 14 | 46 | Untitled | They didn't have much trouble | 1980 |
| 14 | 47 | Poetry | It bears the mark of its age, wrinkles, the decade's manners, opinions about pot or nutrition | 1980 |
| 14 | 49 | 110 North University Avenue | "Daring and inventive, glacial and reserved" | 1980 |
| 14 | 50 | Guarde El Cambio | "favor que me Lace, amigo, pero se reputa lo que se oye" | 1980 |
| 14 | 51 | Writer's Cramp | Do it over! My English teacher ranted and polished the apple of my dissatisfaction | 1980 |
| 14 | 52 | Untitled | I'd like to go out in a canoe with Tony Hecht and observe marsh birds squalling | 1980 |
| 14 | 54 | Philip Schultz in Lamp Light | "no more description! Henceforth neither canyon-carved faces of Indian nor saguaro bearded gulleys | 1980 |
| 14 | 55 | Untitled | A sullen muskrat ambles past a snowcapped hedge | 1980 |
| 14 | 56 | For Shirley | When Hannah returned from her honeymoon skiing I noticed her acne vanished | 1980 |
| 14 | 58 | Untitled | The lure of the abstract dangles above | 1980 |
| 14 | 59 | Lake Placid | Sleek in a wind shift, wax-winged, shy | 1980 |
| 14 | 60 | Contents | Table of contents for Express | 1980 |
| 14 | 61 | Beginning at Jones Beach, 1946 | Super fortresses loom overhead, dropping shadow bombs on camped families | 1980 |
| 14 | 63 | [Assignment] | Assignment for poetry workshop | 1980 |
| 14 | 64 | Untitled | I am a ladies' man | 1980 |
| 14 | 65 | Untitled | Consider for a moment the to be or not to be speech | 1980 |
| 14 | 66 | Untitled | Where have we come through many a blackout, surefootedness our only guide? | 1980 |
| 14 | 67 | Untitled | We thought we could rewrite Genesis by taking off our clothes in a roof garden | 1980 |
| 14 | 69 | Untitled | The American Poet Tries to Get Through | 1980 |
| 15 | 1 | For Ed Pharr | The night your kid brother listened beside my fireplace while we yammered about the draft | 1981 |
| 15 | 2 | Avatar | He descended first as a fish to swim in lagoons where mendicants attended Him, fin and gill | 1981 |
| 15 | 3 | For John Di'Selt | Yesterday a jazz musician floated a riff over Avenue A—his last arpeggio | 1981 |
| 15 | 4 | The House on Pascack Road | My brother's jazz piano hits a lull | 1981 |
| 15 | 5 | Contents | (table of contents) | 1981 |
| 15 | 7 | Mattie | Reached the mustard in the cupboard | 1981 |
| 15 | 8 | Willow Avenue | Three white picket fences cross my view | 1981 |
| 15 | 9 | Cheers | I pass a great pianist on the street everyday | 1981 |
| 15 | 10 | Orange Ice | A green-slatted bench under a mulberry tree, sticky in the heat and jelly of June | 1981 |
| 15 | 11 | Driving My Daughter to Camp | The bumblebee on Paddington Bear that stung you on the stomach and made you howl | 1981 |
| 15 | 12 | Inner Sanctum | From the glassed-in ramp at the airport | 1981 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|--------------------------------------|--|------|
| 15 | 13 | Untitled | Leonardo's sketches of ravines and river bottoms are replete with minutae | 1981 |
| 15 | 14 | Untitled | The stranger making love to my wife | 1981 |
| 15 | 15 | Shyness | I choose not to go to the Inauguration of the President in cap and gown | 1981 |
| 15 | 16 | Untitled | He put down the phone and stared out the window | 1981 |
| 15 | 17 | Nixon | The sweat on his upper lip beaded through his make-up and we saw he was nervous | 1981 |
| 15 | 18 | Word Has It | I heard my brother laughed when I appeared on a home movie screen in his living room | 1981 |
| 15 | 19a-b | Our Story | Me at his feet on all fours, at forty, hunched like a cheetah | 1981 |
| 15 | 20 | The Ramble | A green-slatted bench under a mulberry tree, sticky in the heat and jelly of June (poem has same first line, but is substantially different from Orange Ice) | 1981 |
| 15 | 22 | Untitled | I tend to forget names | 1981 |
| 15 | 23 | A revolutionary Setback | To push the lyric poem over the edge of Story Mountain | 1981 |
| 15 | 24 | Titles For Book | (book title ideas) | 1981 |
| 15 | 25 | Waltz in A-Flat | I used to plot the trajectory of trashed lightbulbs by lobbing them like hand grenades | 1981 |
| 15 | 26 | Skinner's Falls | When we hit that patch of rapids hard and capsized, thrashing neck deep in white water | 1981 |
| 15 | 27 | A Writing Exercise for English 225 | A 25 cent hamburger joint, a dilapidated mass of meat | 1981 |
| 15 | 28 | Untitled | A Pepsi truck parks across the street | 1981 |
| 15 | 29 | A Letter For My Wife | This house is so dead without you, the wallpaper just hung itself | 1981 |
| 15 | 30 | Speak Into the Microphone Please | I'm so talkative I could chew your ear off | 1981 |
| 15 | 31 | The Washboard | Freeways stretch between billboards advertising bio-feedback and Scientology | 1981 |
| 15 | 32 | Roland | While he is making love he has fantasies of his wife | 1981 |
| 15 | 33 | Untitled | The day you said "Dad, you're handsome enough to be a model---like really," I was too busy packing to notice | 1981 |
| 15 | 34 | Notes For My Aunt Marianne | I'm a literalist of the imagination, too, Marianne | 1981 |
| 15 | 36 | Nineteen Hundred and Eighty-One | Spinks takes it on the lip, a bite plate pops out of his mouth | 1981 |
| 15 | 38 | Untitled | Take a week and hack it to bits | 1981 |
| 15 | 39 | Untitled | I would become an Australian just to be about to sing Waltzing Matilda | 1981 |
| 15 | 41 | Arrowhead Drive: A Fragment | Outside across the tracks the town garage spills over onto an acre of asphalt | 1981 |
| 15 | 42 | Mom | Mom's Spanish accent was so bad she pronounced the food "arros con pollo" as "rusty pole." | 1981 |
| 15 | 43 | September 1979 | At the end of ten endless dog days when I lost my voice to hay fever | 1981 |
| 15 | 44 | Professor Warren Bates | A twoheaded boy is grinning under an apple tree with his grandparents | 1981 |
| 15 | 45 | Sissy | It's not easy typing letters and fielding phone calls for Charlie | 1981 |
| 15 | 46 | Untitled | This craving is monumental | 1981 |
| 15 | 47 | The Wish To Burn Down the Lyric Poem | Let us burn down the lyric poem, let us chant in its ashes | 1981 |
| 15 | 48 | Twitchy Reiss | Was my father's nickname, or so some radio talk show host once called him, we saved the tape | 1981 |
| 15 | 49 | Mac & Joe's Poetry Reading | (list of poems for reading) | 1981 |
| 15 | 51 | Anandi | Smooths her mat on the floor and does her Sun Salute with arms spread-eagled and the look of joy | 1981 |
| 15 | 52 | Untitled | My friend cried out in a conference room whose chairs were a bed of nails | 1981 |
| 15 | 53 | 1290 Madison Avenue | On 4 th street blasters hollowing a foundation for a high rise give us due | 1981 |

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|-----|--------|---|--|------|
| | | | warning with a tweeter shrill | |
| 15 | 54 | Comeuppance | For ten bob a man could get his head blown off near Piccadilly Circus because of an insult | 1981 |
| 15 | 55 | Untitled | I have just spoken with a White house staff member who said she loved my work | 1981 |
| 15 | 57 | Chain | The jewelry box sat open on the shelf under the sill where he paused | 1981 |
| 15 | 58 | Schilfgraben | Is German for “reedy ditch.” | 1981 |
| 15 | 59 | Grass Fire Outside a Yellow House | It spread so fast I could not run for water | 1981 |
| 15 | 60 | A Grapefruit-sized | The day I learned my mother had cancer I put down the phone and told Barbara a nervous joke about grapefruit | 1981 |
| 15 | 61 | After Long Silence | Today I wrote a letter to my brother | 1981 |
| 16 | 1 | Arrowhead Drive | Outside across the tracks the town garage sprawls on an acre of asphalt | 1982 |
| 16 | 2 | Woodland Sketches | Leonardo’s tiny sketches of ravines and river valleys about with minutiae | 1982 |
| 16 | 3 | Correspondence | Mt friend, relentless as a drill sergeant, aims to get married | 1982 |
| 16 | 4 | Locomotive | Translates as: the reason for being in one place | 1982 |
| 16 | 5 | Let Us Pause For a Few Words From Our Resident Artist | I have paused too often at the head of dinner tables when I knew I should do the talking but leave it to Heather of Phil | 1982 |
| 16 | 6 | Semites | Out pops a helmeted head from the hatch of a tank | 1982 |
| 16 | 9 | The First (Last) Supper | Because I felt trapped at the table | 1982 |
| 16 | 10 | Mnemonics for Kevin and Nate | Columbus sailed the ocean blue in fourteen hundred and ninety-two | 1982 |
| 16 | 12 | Seedling Days | Across from Stag Field the redbud trees were Aristotelian in their moderate slant | 1982 |
| 16 | 13 | Untitled | He’s no more than an idea but she is alive in her flesh | 1982 |
| 16 | 15 | The Flute Maker Speaks of His Master | When I arrive he is playing his pipe in a gulch with cows and a three-legged pony | 1982 |
| 16 | 17 | Anger At My Mother’s Cancer | Those years you left me to go to work when you could have gad me, your favorite son | 1982 |
| 16 | 18 | Great Expectations | I remember Magwitch called Pip “dear boy.” | 1982 |
| 16 | 19 | Poetry | It has nothing to do with words | 1982 |
| 16 | 21 | A Berkeley Freshman | My nephew reads me Nietzsche’s passage about the man who bites off a snake’s head | 1982 |
| 16 | 23 | Three Women | That day in Antwerp I opened the door on my father making love with Edlecko, his secretary | 1982 |
| 16 | 25 | Mideast Journal | This scrappy country has invaded Lebanon again, yet the cafes in Tel Aviv still pour espresso | 1982 |
| 16 | 27 | Sylvia Greene, Uncle Rudy | Sometime during the war my father steps off a bus with his secretary, Sylvia Greene | 1982 |
| 16 | 28 | Untitled | Whatever happened to Gwen Worley with her fat cheeks and buck teeth | 1982 |
| 16 | 29 | Rites of Summer | At the top of Closter Dock Road in Alpine near a bus stop where I waited for my cousin | 1982 |
| 16 | 30 | An Outdoor Café In Spring | Your sunglasses look natural today, Jake | 1982 |
| 16 | 32 | A Drama In One Scene | Setting: inside a bank’s Citicash center, 5 pm, Friday night, summer | 1982 |
| 16 | 33 | Cigar Store | “Gimme some Montecristos,” I said to the swarthy man behind the counter | 1982 |
| 16 | 35 | The Retirement | (play) | 1982 |
| 16 | 36 | The Poetry Reading | (play) | 1982 |
| 16 | 37 | The Interview | (play) | 1982 |
| 16 | 39 | Artists Against Armageddon | Its acronym sounds like the Automotive Club of America | 1982 |
| 16 | 40 | Flight 395 | As I settled back, safety-belted, the horizon tightened round the waist of the eastern seaboard | 1982 |
| 16 | 41 | Untitled | A bullfrog the size of a volleyball was struggling with a water snake | 1982 |
| 16 | 42 | Untitled | I tease the bank teller and lure her to my house | 1982 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|--|---|------|
| 16 | 43 | Untitled | A yacht commandeered by dope smugglers lists, tied and anchored to the mind's eye | 1982 |
| 16 | 44 | The House on Pascack Road | My brother's jazz piano hits a lull | 1982 |
| 16 | 45 | Untitled | Sentimental? Are you kidding? These poems cost me no tears | 1982 |
| 16 | 46 | Untitled | On the top floors of their Bronx walk-ups once they are seated in armchairs | 1982 |
| 16 | 48 | The Genius | In his notes he appeared crotchety | 1982 |
| 16 | 50 | The Creative Process | It is nothing if we cannot surrender to it | 1982 |
| 16 | 51 | No Phone Calls, No briefcase | Only treeless slopes sparsely planted with cattle and burrows | 1982 |
| 16 | 52 | For My Nephew | I meant to mention his mouth, the gap between his teeth as he reeled off facts about wave packets | 1982 |
| 16 | 53 | Holiday Mountain | People in swimsuits lounge by a pool | 1982 |
| 16 | 54 | On the Way to Lunch at Ju Siang Garden | Blue school busses with grillwork over their windows are parked outside the city jail | 1982 |
| 16 | 55 | Moors | A school of dolphins raced the hydrofoil that whisked us past Gibraltar | 1983 |
| 16 | 56 | Avila | Storks landing on top of a convent belfry clattered their bills but could not rouse you | 1983 |
| 16 | 57 | Aviso Para Jovenes | Habian des sombreros en una mesa | 1983 |
| 16 | 58 | At Dover Air Force Base | The flag-draped coffins arrive, borne by Marines | 1983 |
| 16 | 59 | Unfinished Still life, 1957 | The flower in my father's still life looks like a mallard's head | 1983 |
| 16 | 60 | Isn't It Heartwarming | I have seen families clustered round the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center | 1983 |
| 16 | 61 | Wally | The shy giant in his mansion made toys for his own enjoyment | 1983 |
| 16 | 62 | Self-Serve | Alongside his school bus done over with curtains, repainted red, white and blue | 1983 |
| 16 | 63 | Woodcliff Lake | Francis, with you French-Canadian lumberjack biceps, your father paid you a dollar an hour for chores | 1983 |
| 16 | 64 | Table Talk | How tired I am of this fierce chatter is seen in my green eyes closing | 1983 |
| 16 | 66 | Paco | After introducing himself as our tour guide and calming oceans of protest that the beach was two blocks away he dished out pitchers of sangria | 1983 |
| 16 | 67 | Kif | A rock of Gibraltar the size of a lemon wedge has sweetened my dreams of Tangier | 1983 |
| 16 | 68 | The Professor's House in Town | My cottage behind a beauty shop was once a draftman's studio | 1983 |
| 16 | 69 | On Learning of the Revival of the Film Twilight Zone | Every generation will have its revival of red Serling's classic because everyone wants to believe in the supernatural possibilities dusk suggests | 1983 |
| 16 | 70 | Ocean Beach | I finger a reed by an outdoor shower I have just taken on the back porch of my daughter's summer rental | 1983 |
| 17 | 1 | Poem | (visual poem) | 1983 |
| 17 | 2 | Amrita | In her lakeside tent under evergreens she flicks on her lantern | 1983 |
| 17 | 3 | Tie | This hand-sewn silk twill tie with an orange and black geometric motif suggests an eighteenth century Japanese laquer | 1983 |
| 17 | 4 | Missing Woman's Car Found | It had been lost for weeks | 1983 |
| 17 | 5 | [Spanish Language poems] | (collection of several Spanish Language poems) | 1983 |
| 17 | 6 | Untitled | Five red carnations decked with greens and set in a vase on a plane become five hundred hearts | 1983 |
| 17 | 7 | Runes | Back to slats of sunlight between the boards the day was getting to be too much for you already | 1983 |
| 17 | 8 | At Its Height the Downpour | Four hundred thousand rock music fans camped in the Park got drenched when a concert was cancelled | 1983 |
| 17 | 9 | Dansky Pothole, M.D. | Dear Dr. Pothole: Neither halitosis nor hemorrhoids brings me to address you, Sir. | 1983 |
| 17 | 11 | Untitled | Separation is like death: you are not here means you may never return | 1983 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|---|---|------|
| 17 | 12 | Hartman on Trial | What have I done but settle in this town with kids, a dog, a wife who loves me? | 1983 |
| 17 | 13 | After Seeing Amadeus | The rumor that Salieri murdered his rival has little to do with you sweating after your shower | 1983 |
| 17 | 14 | Untitled | Now that my father's away on the biggest trip ever | 1983 |
| 17 | 16 | The Language of Flowers | Is a product of the oils secreted by petals distressed | 1983 |
| 17 | 17 | Untitled | Summertime is a coming and going time | 1983 |
| 17 | 19 | Accordion | I stretched its bellows to the limit without ripping the fabric | 1983 |
| 17 | 20 | Opening Night: the Mikado | With pillows to make me fat and a pigtail to give me headaches I ambled downstage in a spotlight | 1983 |
| 17 | 21 | Speech By the President of the Perseverance Society | In my youth I tried to satisfy all factions. | 1983 |
| 17 | 22 | Note For L.S. | Did I ever tell you my sister-in-law's maiden name is the same as yours? | 1983 |
| 17 | 24 | Untitled | O this need to feel rejected by a woman goes back to the son sulking behind a locked door | 1983 |
| 17 | 26 | Apology to a Working Wife | What old mother leaves me in a cupboard when she goes to work each morning? | 1983 |
| 17 | 27 | The Wars of Willy & Wally | Willy's warriors wore kilts while Wally's followers sported executive suits | 1983 |
| 17 | 29 | The Professor Makes It to Class | To get where you're going you want more than hit-or-miss | 1983 |
| 17 | 30 | Untitled | What was he trying to tell us all those years he battered his wits behind locked doors? | 1983 |
| 17 | 31 | Fin De Siecle Piece | The half-life of poems is hard to predict | 1983 |
| 17 | 32 | Untitled | Two world wars and a Depression cost a generation more than it could pay without pills | 1983 |
| 17 | 33 | Don't Hang Up | I tell my friend I miss him and recoil, shy of the phone for weeks | 1983 |
| 17 | 34 | Memoirs of a Pulitzer Prize Winner | Spaghetti dinners meant talk about Truman or Stevenson defeated | 1983 |
| 17 | 35 | Gadroon | The inscrutable hostess toast at her diamond anniversary | 1983 |
| 17 | 36 | Untitled | Whether it woks depends on your giving yourself over to it | 1983 |
| 17 | 37 | Quiet Sidewalks | Girls playing tag on a sidewalk pretend its cracks form a ladder whose rungs they must land on | 1983 |
| 17 | 38 | The Flute Maker Speaks of His Master | Amid ebony chips, at my workbench, I hear woodwinds warbling and walk outside | 1983 |
| 17 | 39 | My friend In Lamplight | Ever since he shaved his head light gilding has played over his cheeks cleanly | 1983 |
| 17 | 40 | Summer 1959 | Hank called his father Tom, an acronym for The Old Man | 1983 |
| 17 | 41 | Codicil | A prevalence of skylscapes in Nineteenth Century English painting is the product of rainy weather | 1983 |
| 17 | 43 | Women | At the Metropolitan Museum on Monday when it's closed to the public we walk through the Great Hall with your staff card pinned to your blouse | 1983 |
| 17 | 45 | Playlet | He: These waiters from Venice, this pastry with chocolate canals running through whipped cream | 1983 |
| 17 | 46 | Forum | In Rome, poking through the Forum with my wife of sixteen days, picking up chalky bits of columns | 1983 |
| 17 | 47 | Things To Do With My Colleague | Go get my tray and silverware to choose turkey a la king with stuffing as you point to Welsh rarebit | 1983 |
| 17 | 49 | Dirt Bombs | In flower beds I shouldn't have invaded I grabbed them, clumped after rainstorms, and ran | 1983 |
| 17 | 50 | Bobbie Tailfeather | Her breasts, the small of her back, her way of pronouncing debauch as debouch | 1983 |
| 17 | 52 | Chain | The jewelry box sat open on the shelf under the sill where he paused | 1983 |
| 17 | 53 | The Jogging Track in Central Park In Early March | As I jog round the Reservoir, Herring Gulls squeal at hundreds of ducks becalmed by the leeward shore | 1983 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|--|---|------|
| 17 | 54 | Demolition | Atop the roofless framework of a building a demolition man swings his sledge-hammer | 1983 |
| 17 | 55 | Solano Park | All winter ground fog gripped us in a two-room apartment for students while I plodded through grad school | 983 |
| 17 | 57 | A Midwinter's Night in Manhattan | Centipedes, lured to water, droplet oases in the desert of their habitat behind walls | 1983 |
| 17 | 59 | Poem for My Mother on Her Seventieth Birthday | How can I give advice to one wiser than I in years? | 1983 |
| 17 | 60 | Table Talk | Two women in La Jolla place a table between their knees, intent on asking questions to summon up my father, dead a decade | 1983 |
| 17 | 61 | Untitled | To compose a tone poem called Hegel in Pittsburgh would require the synthesis of steel and laid-off smelters eating good cheap sauerkraut | 1983 |
| 17 | 62 | We the Jury | When Henry Bell approached the subway stairs he noticed Sandy Hampton coming up | 1983 |
| 17 | 64 | For Joe | Who gave me my first panatela to smoke alone by my mirror till my face turned green as tobacco | 1983 |
| 17 | 65 | London, 1905 | I used to feed the pigeons in the park | 1983 |
| 17 | 66 | A Cosmic Chorus on the Advent of Jim's Book Number Two | You did it! It's a big one! It's silver and blue. | 1983 |
| 17 | 67 | Take Me Out | When the lure of rootbeer and ice cream ruled every summer and Sal Maglie pitched fast balls like a titan striding the mound | 1983 |
| 17 | 68 | A High-School Student Working Afternoons | How many hours bowed over an ironing board alone in the heatless basement of a West Side boutique can make her squirm | 1983 |
| 17 | 69 | Rondo | It rained all night in the west garden but morning grew an orange in the East | 1983 |
| 17 | 70 | Reasonable Sites | It isn't that I meant to do it, but nothing has meaning anyway | 1983 |
| 17 | 71 | Mowing the Law at twilight | When I am anxious in an easy chair surveying an acre of grass, I will arise and push my power mower up a hill | 1983 |
| 17 | 72 | June, 1968 | Under the carbon arc light by the gas pump Dickey looms larger than my station wagon | 1983 |
| 17 | 73 | Billy | Sprawled over a book, he leaps into discourse | 1983 |
| 18 | 1 | San Zeno Di Montagna | Twice a day jet fighters roar overhead | 1984 |
| 18 | 2 | E.P. | Mussolini-mad, thrown in a cage to unlock the Pisan Cantos from a strongbox older than the sun | 1984 |
| 18 | 3 | Untitled | In the vestibule of mailboxes where he sets down his pouch to distribute post cards and catalogues | 1984 |
| 18 | 4 | Pencil Sketches | The autumn he lost weight maples yellowed behind a shell station | 1984 |
| 18 | 5 | Thrushwood lake | Beside an oblong lake last summer we spoke of the poet who combed beaches of the Sound | 1984 |
| 18 | 6 | There | Her red winter coat, glimpsed from afar, made him a marksman of moving objects | 1984 |
| 18 | 7 | Untitled | The image of a timid Romeo is the last line of a sonnet I wrote in college | 1984 |
| 18 | 8 | Two Men At Twilight | That house in Brooklyn Heights with nautical rigging and a ladder from the dining room to a crow's nest had a desk at its helm | 1984 |
| 18 | 9 | Benevento | Consider a statue which cost the goldsmith weeks to mold in wax, then cast in bronze | 1984 |
| 18 | 11 | Flight 395 | Pennsylvania poked out from behind cloud cover like a traveling salesman in a forest | 1984 |
| 18 | 12 | Summer Job, 1959 | Hank called his father Tom, an acronym for The Old Man | 1984 |
| 18 | 13 | Whitman at a Grain Depot | By a loading bay that smells of millet I tell him about photos of the Okies in pick-ups | 1984 |
| 18 | 14 | Lifelines | The sight of a lifeguard giving mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to another man once made me queasy | 1984 |
| 18 | 15 | Panorama | On the train from Zurich when the Alps shone through fog, you were the solitary spirit | 1984 |
| 18 | 16 | Epithalamion For Marilyn | While Vasco sailed around the Cape, back home a tiny chapel on the | 1984 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|---|---|------|
| | | and Wayne | border between Elvas and Badajoz was built as a shrine | |
| 18 | 17 | Hermes Restored | He has draped his cape over a post and hold a cluster of grapes overhead | 1984 |
| 18 | 18 | A Restaurant Terrace At Dusk | Waiters, tables: a hilltop cypress grove overlooking cathedral domes | 1984 |
| 18 | 19 | Libretto | Safety-belted as the horizon stretched round the arc of the Eastern Seaboard | 1984 |
| 18 | 20 | Untitled | The amber candle in my daughter's bedroom looks like a lump of honey | 1984 |
| 18 | 22 | Memories of Brienz & Grindelwald | In our honeymoon suite by the lake the maid had puffed the quilt into a ball | 1984 |
| 18 | 23 | Untitled | On Father's Day I still do the dishes and wash the laundry with no help from my daughters | 1984 |
| 18 | 25 | Untitled | Because my father went bankrupt | 1984 |
| 18 | 26 | Europe | Because back home bland prairies bred a taste for bitter espresso | 1984 |
| 18 | 27 | Fear of Innovation | The suppression of innovation because of an old guard's fear the new will oust them | 1984 |
| 18 | 28 | On Reading Rilke and Playboy in San Francisco | Who, after spending the night with a fool, has not woken and said "Good morning, Mule?" | 1984 |
| 18 | 29 | Untitled | A cat starts awake at 4 am | 1984 |
| 18 | 31 | Demolition | Atop the roofless framework of a building a demolition man swings his sledgehammer | 1984 |
| 18 | 32 | Untitled | What prickly quills, night creature, prevent me from touching your shoulder | 1984 |
| 18 | 33 | Amrita | In her lakeside tent under evergreens she flicks on her flashlight and steps out into moccasins | 1984 |
| 18 | 34 | Holiday Mountain | People in swimsuits lounge by a pool | 1984 |
| 18 | 36 | Symposium | In Nahuatl the truth is described as a root, as if facts sprang out of the ground | 1984 |
| 18 | 37 | A Clearing At Nightfall | At dawn he jogs in the fog down a hillside on campus where ice on a pond has melted | 1984 |
| 18 | 38 | Lessons | Mr. Romano called my accordion an "ax" in jazz lingo | 1984 |
| 18 | 40 | Hectic Red | Ghost leaves blowing | 1984 |
| 18 | 41 | Moors | A school of dolphins raced the hydrofoil that skimmed us past Gibraltar | 1984 |
| 18 | 42 | Thumbnail Sketch | Because I caught it in a drawer, my thumbnail turned black and grew out | 1984 |
| 18 | 44 | Brothers | I squint, looking east where a pigeon pencils a black line over an azure slit of the sky | 1984 |
| 18 | 46 | Wine-Dark | At cocktail hour when he felt expansive his voice crackled long-distance | 1984 |
| 18 | 47 | Exhortation | I, a New Yorker, mid-century born, a war baby weaned off Hitler's milk by the honey bucket of Korea—I'm starved for adventure | 1984 |
| 18 | 48 | Nocturnal | Down windowless halls he tunnels, rooting for gossip | 1984 |
| 18 | 49 | Two Dreams | (short story) | 1984 |
| 18 | 50 | Surprises of Summer | Ron's colon cancer worried us all | 1984 |
| 18 | 51 | Ode to the Republic | Three thousand years ago, while eunuchs sang, a pharaoh fell asleep and dreamed the clang of hammers chipping stone would make his tomb | 1984 |
| 18 | 52 | Laundry | The summer I was four, away at camp, once, fighting off a fever, I was forced to sleep beside my briefs and dungarees | 1984 |
| 18 | 53 | The Farm House in Mid-Summer | The finch that sat below our bedroom window and woke us in July no longer sings | 1984 |
| 18 | 55 | The Knack | In the Gothic splendor of the college chapel one day I heard my baritone vibrato merge with the tenor's, then be submerged by altos | 1984 |
| 18 | 56 | Good Evening From Evansville | She says he must face his feelings, not hide behind a smile | 1984 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|---|---|------|
| 18 | 57 | Solitaire | He knew he could be happy in crowds of maples lining an empty street | 1984 |
| 18 | 58 | Avatar | He descended first as a fish to swim in lagoons where mendicants attended Him | 1984 |
| 18 | 59 | Water Music | Just as fog blankets the shore of a rocky island, a river, invisible, runs underneath everything we do | 1984 |
| 18 | 60 | Untitled | Mama, last night I strained my neck in a deck chair looking for meteors | 1984 |
| 18 | 61 | The Blissniks | They lay down before lunch | 1984 |
| 18 | 63 | Grandma Nina | Arthritis in her neck prevents her from sitting upright | 1984 |
| 18 | 64 | Sunspots | When my father died my mother told me "Your father's gone to the Empire State Building." | 1984 |
| 18 | 65 | Amphitheater Canyon | A girl in a cowboy hat went horseback riding and flirted with the wrangler from a dude ranch | 1985 |
| 18 | 67 | Foothills and Field Stones | She strolled through parks and gardens, loving the pruned hedge by the sundial | 1985 |
| 18 | 68 | O.K. Fruits and Vegetables | Three years Lee stacked crates of oranges outside the corner green-grocer | 1985 |
| 18 | 69 | Letter To Guido Novello, Lord of Ravenna, From His Ambassador's Assistant, 1321 | Because the Doge denounced our legation, forbidding us ships to return to Ravenna, we hired mules in a fly-buzzing stable | 1985 |
| 18 | 70 | Castrati In Caesar's Court | Remus: of all court singers Caesar loves me best | 1985 |
| 18 | 71 | On Earth, As It Is | At first it sounded like a jet above their paddles slapping | 1985 |
| 18 | 73 | The Amanuensis | While Father dictated to me yesterday, I stuck my tongue out at him and made faces | 1985 |
| 18 | 74 | A Churchyard In South Devon | Five hundred years before the Norman conquest this yew tree stood above the River Dart | 1985 |
| 18 | 75 | Current Events | An accidental pregnancy occurs in nineteen-eighty-five | 1985 |
| 18 | 76 | Barkston Gardens | My hotel window fronts a row of yards where two old pensioners bring trowels and jars to tend their patch in bathrobes every morning | 1985 |
| 18 | 77 | The Awakening | Despite espresso and three cans of Coke, such heat exhaustion dazzled him | 1985 |
| 18 | 78 | Nocturne | My neighbor, a brunette, is preening in the next apartment | 1985 |
| 19 | 2 | Where the Buffalo Roam | What's the next idiot thing she'll stage? | 1985 |
| 19 | 3 | Franz Peter | Lodged above a meat shop in Vienna | 1985 |
| 19 | 4 | Ninety-Second Street Rag | At the piano once I improvised a riff and felt its syncopation in my kneecaps | 1985 |
| 19 | 6 | Death By Cancer | Aunt Shura and Cousin Gene who followed his brother Harry by ten years: do they prefigure my wife? | 1985 |
| 19 | 8 | Untitled | Jamaican workmen replaced our curved glass windows with state-of-the-art metal frames | 1985 |
| 19 | 10 | A Trojan Soldier Mourns His Wife | Before I left for the ship when I stood by our burnt-out hearth and thought about huddling for months alone under horse hair blankets | 1985 |
| 19 | 11 | UBI SUNT | The blackboard's phrases, "soph hop" and "beat Pascack Valley" have not been erased | 1985 |
| 19 | 13 | Unfinished Still Life, 1957 | The flower in my father's still life looks like a mallard's head | 1985 |
| 19 | 14 | Quiet Sidewalks | Girls playing tag on a sidewalk pretend its cracks form a ladder whose rungs they must land on | 1985 |
| 19 | 15 | There | Her red winter coat, glimpsed from afar | 1985 |
| 19 | 17 | Sunspots | When my father died my mother told me, "Your father's gone to the Empire State Building." | 1986 |
| 19 | 18 | The Purloined Typewriter | Once upon an office desk a sleek magenta Royal sat next to a Bloomingdale's Buddha | 1986 |
| 19 | 19 | Sylvie | While her hammock arcs between two maple trees, she studies pasture land on hills nearby | 1986 |
| 19 | 20 | In Praise of Salt | This morning after my jog when I hung my clothes outside on the line to dry, I noticed insects | 1986 |

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|-----|--------|---|--|------|
| 19 | 21 | A Call | A family feud that lasted years gives way when someone makes a phone call and suggests it's time for a reunion | 1986 |
| 19 | 22 | Friedhof Fluntern, Plot 147 | An hour's climb above the limmatquai, next to the city zoo, amid a burst of May green | 1986 |
| 19 | 23 | White-Out in Val Roseg | From his seat on top of the carriage the Austrian horseman could see how the mountains arose | 1986 |
| 19 | 24 | On Finding Jung's Castle | The lane beside the train tracks passed a gate without a padlock | 1986 |
| 19 | 25 | Mexico | In Mazatlan on their second honeymoon she lets him speak Spanish to porters | 1986 |
| 19 | 26 | Awakening Four Thousand Miles From Home | My hotel window frames a row of yards where to old pensioner bring trowels and jars to tend their patch in bathrobes every morning | 1986 |
| 19 | 27 | Famous Families | From overseas a niece you've never met arrives with gifts | 1986 |
| 19 | 28 | Untitled | The day before you started your first play...you visited a museum and found it | 1986 |
| 19 | 29 | Foothills and Field Stones | The wind moved through tall grass | 1986 |
| 19 | 30 | A Churchyard in South Devon | Five hundred years before the Norman conquest this yew tree stood above the River Dart | 1986 |
| 19 | 31 | Oberland | Your business was printing for a museum, but you knew the shyness of art | 1986 |
| 19 | 32 | Notes From Morocco | A school of dolphins raced the hydrofoil that skimmed us past Gibraltar | 1986 |
| 19 | 33 | A Restaurant Terrace at Dusk | Waiters, tables: a hilltop cypress grove overlooking cathedral domes, towers and the darkening Adige | 1986 |
| 19 | 34 | A Jogging Track Around a Reservoir | On the roof of a gatehouse so close I can hear the stomach grumbling of their speech | 1986 |
| 19 | 35 | Flight 395 | Pennsylvania poked out behind cloud cover | 1986 |
| 19 | 36 | Epithalamion For Marilyn and Wayne | While Vasco sailed around the Cape, back home a tiny chapel on the border between Elvas and Badajoz was built a shrine | 1986 |
| 19 | 37 | Amphitheater Canyon | A girl in a cowboy hat went horseback riding and flirted with the wrangler from a dude ranch | 1986 |
| 19 | 38 | Landscape With Jagged Lines | Our tennis shoes fill up with sand as we hike on a steep arroyo south of town | 1986 |
| 19 | 39 | The Confederation | Reto waxes with diffidence in a windowless conference room while his colleagues quibble about profit-sharing | 1986 |
| 19 | 41 | Deconstructionists | He hears their pounding upstairs every day | 1986 |
| 19 | 42 | Sylvie | While her hammock arced between two maple trees, she studied pasture land on hills nearby | 1986 |
| 19 | 44 | Awakening Six Hundred Miles From Home | Last night's rain turned my dustbowl of a street into a mudhole | 1986 |
| 19 | 46 | My Mother's Feet | Unsightly, with bunions, they lost their shape | 1987 |
| 19 | 47 | Meridians | Minutes elapsed between Bridgeville's noon fire siren and the hoot of New Waterston marking midday | 1987 |
| 19 | 48 | On Learning My Uncle Is Gravely Ill | Everyone believed you when you said you went to Dartmouth | 1987 |
| 19 | 49 | Swallow | Its shrill iambic warning cries bring a dozen twittering siblings up from the barn | 1987 |
| 19 | 51 | Elaine Mendelssohn Descends 137 Steps | At the bottom of the steep spiral staircase she arrived at the mouth of a cave in the clay | 1987 |
| 19 | 52 | The Evening News | The network anchor has trouble with el's | 1987 |
| 19 | 54 | Mother and Son | She phones to say she wants to leave her body to a medical school | 1987 |
| 19 | 55 | Kathleen | She was small, it was snowing: the pines were glued with ice in the garden | 1987 |
| 19 | 56 | Lake Night Festival, June 1987 | Some beer and bratwurst vending stands marked Angst- a family name- raked in Swiss francs | 1987 |
| 19 | 58 | Arise, My Love | Okay, you say I've woken us both with my sleep-talking, as likely to sit bolt upright as flop on my stomach | 1987 |
| 19 | 59 | Untitled | A couple of ducks have been scooping up bugs with their bills in the | 1987 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|--|--|------|
| | | | week-long rain | |
| 19 | 60 | Guatemalan Worry Dolls | The handcrafted dolls my friend gave guests at her wedding are tiny enough to keep beneath a pillow | 1987 |
| 19 | 61 | Untitled | He sets the phone down gently, well aware the news he's waited for will not allay the dizziness | 1987 |
| 19 | 62 | A Piece of cake | In case you haven't guessed, I'm moody and depressed | 1987 |
| 19 | 63 | She Turns To You | Your sister-in-law, who barely left the house except to shop for food, looks at the wall and says she's getting used to being a widow | 1987 |
| 19 | 64 | The Procedure | No-smoking signs in the waiting room accompany Visa and Mastercard decals | 1987 |
| 19 | 65 | My Brother's Face | Thin lips and whiskerless cheeks, his cleft chin greasy from steak as he twists his napkin into knots | 1987 |
| 19 | 66 | Untitled | A distant relative from Tokyo spent three days in our guest room | 1987 |
| 19 | 67 | Howie and Sheely In Hazor | Late afternoon in a rented Daihatsu, they paid at the gate | 1987 |
| 19 | 69 | Ammunition Hill | This hilltop park with paths between the trees was once a Jordanian stronghold | 1987 |
| 19 | 71 | Limestone Triptych, 1200 B.C. | When we first rode into the rift down a barren wadi, the parchment-colored dunes, the camel-backed hills seemed endless | 1987 |
| 19 | 72 | Supper In Tiberias | On the western shore of the Sea of Galilee a waiter lures you with a smart Shalom | 1987 |
| 19 | 73 | Gag | At work he never cracked a smile, but watching a home video once, he embarrassed his date | 1987 |
| 19 | 74 | On the Plains of Moab at the Jordan Near Jericho | As long as the hills across the river hold the sun above their crests in Canaan, I will sit here | 1987 |
| 19 | 75 | Untitled | Jason is a big boy and can fight if he is provoked | 1987 |
| 19 | 76 | Through Wilson's Arch | Men in black caftans draped with shawls chant and bob their heads, churning the stale air | 1987 |
| 19 | 78 | Lod | When I stepped off the plane and saw sun coloring the slopes east of the airport, I said "Look, the Judean Hills," surprised I knew their name | 1987 |
| 20 | 1 | In Memory of Yuri Gagarin | When Gaga coined the catchword cosmonaut, the Russians danced all night in Red Square | 1988 |
| 20 | 2 | Untitled | Sweeping a bird's nest from under the eaves | 1988 |
| 20 | 3 | Professor Winston Bone | Thirty years after braces straightened his jaw his teeth started shifting positions | 1988 |
| 20 | 5 | The Blue Bird Inn | Grandpa, you had it all, right down to the shiksa bookkeeper, the banker who covered you mortgage | 1988 |
| 20 | 6 | Untitled | My mother was a dime store cosmetics queen | 1988 |
| 20 | 7 | Give Us This Day | To an ill person by a window pigeons grumbling sound like vaudeville comedians | 1988 |
| 20 | 9 | Kissing Cousins | Suppose now she holds him, her tongue in his ear, her legs wrapped around him | 1988 |
| 20 | 11 | Memorial Quilt, Central Park | Forget that it was windy and the parched ball diamonds were dustbowls | 1988 |
| 20 | 12 | Untitled | On his birthday, as she has every year, his mother phones to tell her son she's changed her will | 1988 |
| 20 | 14 | Carnegie Hill | In the cigar store where I buy lottery tickets the man who puts my card through the computer smiles the way I would if I'd just won millions | 1988 |
| 20 | 15 | Epithalamion For Two Philosophers | The flutist, recently widowed, whose husband died while jogging on Mother's Day, played Back at my nephew's wedding | 1988 |
| 20 | 16 | On Block Island Sound | When the captain cut his engines and described the mottled mola mola basking off the bow as "the pitt bull of fish," I had to laugh | 1988 |
| 20 | 17 | Rock Climber | Not that he wanted applause, scaling the cliff as we watched his chalked hands hunt for notches | 1988 |
| 20 | 18 | Crickets | As house pets in China they lunged, open-jawed, at one another | 1988 |
| 20 | 19 | Untitled | While Moscow's winter twilight played scales on the rug by the piano stool | 1988 |

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|-----|--------|--|--|------|
| 20 | 21 | Arriving At a Lakeside Restaurant After Dusk | How, years from now, after retiring to a hose in the desert will the scalloped impressions of waves by a window will take on a violet glow | 1988 |
| 20 | 22 | Carnegie Hill | On the hood of a parked car the man sitting with his chin propped on his fist like The Thinker | 1988 |
| 20 | 23 | Ode | The guy behind the desk who's been reading my poems can't part with them | 1988 |
| 20 | 25 | Lines Based On a Zen Koan | Before my parents were born, my face was pasted onto the black backdrop of the Kaiser's eyelids | 1988 |
| 20 | 27 | Lies About Magnolias | Late bloomers, by Halloween they unmask every branch and flower for weeks | 1988 |
| 20 | 28 | Mr. & Mrs. Whittle | Times he thinks she'll slip away she's grown so thin | 1988 |
| 20 | 29 | Aquarian Evenings | As an infant, pigeon-toed, in corrective shoes, you tried to crawl over a barrier of books | 1988 |
| 20 | 30 | Diseases of the Blood | One drained your lymph while pretending to be Little Red Riding Hood | 1988 |
| 20 | 31 | New England | In her cozy mobile home, alongside a fill-in-the-blanks painting of a windjammer under white cliffs | 1988 |
| 20 | 32 | Prayer | Home from school, my child has been coughing—ahem, ahem—while I have imagined Ethiopias | 1988 |
| 20 | 33 | Pills | Some must be swallowed whole, some must be chewed, their capsule chomped like L-pills | 1988 |
| 20 | 34 | Blues Riff | Two notes on your harmonica recall a lighthouse mouthing tones over Land's End Bay | 1988 |
| 20 | 35 | A Key | Instead of "spaghetti," "pisghetti." | 1988 |
| 20 | 36 | The Bug | They couldn't be sure if it hung out in her spleen or sipped white wine like big girl inside her liver | 1988 |
| 20 | 37 | The Test | I took a test and failed, or so I thought | 1988 |
| 20 | 38 | Untitled | Notes an essay about daughter's "false positive" HIV test | 1988 |
| 20 | 39 | [completed poems] | Collection of completed poems (original grouping) | 1989 |
| 20 | 40 | Poems Omitted From Book | Collection of poems omitted from new book (original grouping) | 1989 |
| 20 | 41 | Untitled | A tour group of biddies—bluehairs with flight bags | 1989 |
| 20 | 42 | Untitled | Essay about religion and poetry | 1989 |
| 20 | 44 | The Fifties | The summer the movie Shane came to town I played center field in Little League | 1989 |
| 20 | 45 | Woodwind Trio | Her bedroom faced two trees | 1989 |
| 20 | 46 | The Net | A nation hit with famine, doubled over, holding onto its midriff, blames its hunger pangs on shortages of peasant hordes to till the land | 1989 |
| 20 | 47 | On This Street | I don't like lists. I'm not a lister like Whitman | 1989 |
| 20 | 48 | The Woman In the Moon | Before a lunar eclipse, last night I discovered the Woman in the Moon | 1989 |
| 20 | 49 | Youngsville | A pair of Mourning Doves just landed on a barn whose shingles and windowpanes are missing | 1989 |
| 20 | 50 | Allegory of the Cave | Before long fall rains will arrive. Auto mechanics will lower their lifts and sniff the air | 1989 |
| 20 | 51 | Stump Pond Road | Some ponds are natural; others take bulldozers | 1989 |
| 20 | 52 | The New Narrative | What if the story line is missing and there is no setting, no frame to see a face in...? | 1989 |
| 20 | 53 | General Store | Don and Wanda at the general store married after Wanda's first husband died in a freak accident | 1989 |
| 20 | 54 | Weekend House | The Quickway winds around rocky outcroppings and dips through a boggy notch before straightening on a plateau | 1989 |
| 20 | 55 | The Shandee Road | On the road's shoulder a woodchuck once rose on squat hind legs to eye the horizon | 1989 |
| 20 | 56 | Shandee | In the mind of a man too busy driving to notice, couples out for an evening stroll in the road might be mailboxes leaning on posts | 1989 |
| 20 | 57 | Cousin | At your wedding when I met you holding my cousin Sheila's hand, you barely gave me yours to shake | 1989 |
| 20 | 58 | The Adventures of Dry | I ride out storms. I weather the day for months | 1989 |

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|-----|--------|---------------------------------|--|------|
| | | Rider | | |
| 20 | 59 | Dogs of the North Road | The dachshund that strains at its chain | 1989 |
| 20 | 60 | Visiting Merrie Wold | Expecting Tudor beams and Robin Hood to leap through the windshield | 1989 |
| 20 | 61 | Flight 395 | Hoola Hoops circling the waists of sweater girls outside a college field house I passed | 1989 |
| 20 | 62 | The Search For a Martyr | Winter dawn plays tricks with the sentry, making him blink awake, though it is still dark. | 1989 |
| 20 | 64 | Letter to the Editor | T those in favor of cutting off funds for women who choose to have thee husbands, I say up yours | 1989 |
| 20 | 65 | Cutting My Nails | Poor paws de-clawed, your prehensile thumbs once lingered in the mouth of a hairy ancestor | 1989 |
| 20 | 66 | Flourishing Trumpets | The Council of Freedom has given me leave to speak to the troops | 1989 |
| 20 | 67 | A Sofa Celadon Pillows | Actually, I'm anxious about a sofa | 1989 |
| 20 | 68 | Senator Church | Her letters were unforgettable | 1989 |
| 20 | 69 | Travels to Lapland | Up, up and away. Who said that? | 1989 |
| 20 | 70 | In Support of the Space Program | When our astronauts walked on the Moon, we felt less tied to Earth | 1989 |
| 20 | 72 | Poem Ending With an Imprecation | Socked-in for a soggy holiday, I build fires in a Belgian woodstove | 1989 |
| 20 | 74 | Forbidden City | When the square fell silent, stripped of civilians, you booed the masquerade | 1989 |
| 20 | 75 | Bedtime Story | Once a man with a mark on his forehead would not harden his heart while his countrymen all but starved | 1989 |
| 20 | 76 | Directions For a Film | Start with a farm and tall grass where the picnicked and lived for a month | 1989 |
| 20 | 77 | Aunt Lil | On birthdays and at Christmas she gave me clothing | 1989 |
| 20 | 78 | Jimmy Winter | When mama moistens the tip of a napkin with her tongue and wipes my mouth off, I taste her saliva | 1989 |
| 20 | 79 | Silver Anniversary | He feels as though he just met her playing her guitar at a party | 1989 |
| 20 | 80 | Untitled | The man in saffron robes at the Buddhist temple who hadn't said a word in forty years | 1989 |
| 20 | 81 | Untitled | The summer Neil Armstrong took one giant leap for mankind | 1989 |
| 20 | 83 | Untitled | The night the Magic Fingers got stuck I lay on my motel bed, trying to relax | 1989 |
| 20 | 85 | On Reading Health Columns | Consider the doctor, eager to speed patients through his doors | 1989 |
| 21 | 2 | Untitled | He played the harmonica the winter he learned his daughter was dying of cancer | 1989 |
| 21 | 4 | Untitled | Only the weatherman warned his viewers not to lie out too long on beaches | 1989 |
| 21 | 6 | Lines For Lionel Johnson | Downstairs Rory's door doesn't slam the way the previous luncheonette's used to | 1989 |
| 21 | 7 | Fragment | Once the shard of a 7-Up bottle sandblasted by breakers acquired a matte finish | 1989 |
| 21 | 8 | Hudson River School | Moored below bluffs, a schooner, the Clearwater, bobbed with the waves, her sails half-furled | 1989 |
| 21 | 10 | Calling My Friend's Mother | I phone to tell her I can't go to the reception. As if she doesn't her, she gives me directions | 1989 |
| 21 | 11 | Untitled | Two supers in the alley have been squabbling all morning | 1989 |
| 21 | 13 | Untitled | Broomstick in hand, I hack at twigs and stones a wren carried up in its bill from the stream below | 1989 |
| 21 | 14 | Sonata | I make an overseas phone call and tell my brother I have just composed a sonata | 1989 |
| 21 | 15 | Untitled | Compressors in an air shaft resonating at a perfect sixth below water towers and tarpaper roofs | 1989 |
| 21 | 17 | Portrait | A friend from Brisbane once told me she saw a wallaby tuck its head | 1989 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|--|---|------|
| | | | inside its mother's pouch | |
| 21 | 18 | To His Friend Away on a Business Trip | At home after school the day my mother first left for work, I turned on Junior Frolics | 1989 |
| 21 | 19 | Finished drafts | Collection of finished poems (original grouping) | 1990 |
| 21 | 21 | Red Chevy | So what if her first impressions were of snow | 1990 |
| 21 | 22 | A Modest Inquisition | When an image takes root and grows into an idea that can cure or kill us, how can we rest | 1990 |
| 21 | 24 | Reflection: My Mother | A woman nearing eighty says, "I feel lonely..." | 1990 |
| 21 | 26 | Little Requiem | On a tenement roof with a view of mid-Manhattan Marlon Brando no longer raises pigeons | 1990 |
| 21 | 27 | Evergreen Lake | The lifeguard who dunked his face in the crib, then twisted his head out of water and told him to breathe slept in a cabin with girls | 1990 |
| 21 | 28 | After a Year's Wait For My Ticket | The day I misbehaved the taxi with my mother and sister cleared the corner without me | 1990 |
| 21 | 29 | Career Shoes | One lace is untied, the other knotted too tight | 1990 |
| 21 | 30 | The Great Satan | When the path to the beach became overgrown, I bushwhacked in my coonskins | 1990 |
| 21 | 31 | Untitled | Grass cutters, one bald on his sit-down machine, a hearing aid clamped to his t-shirt | 1990 |
| 21 | 32 | The Three Musketeers | No, not a candy bar or a misspelling of Mickey Mouse's devotees | 1990 |
| 21 | 34 | Seven Limericks | There once was a sage from Sri Lanka who offered his students an anchor | 1990 |
| 21 | 35 | Sununu | Whose name sounds like a Japanese car or the Inuit word for sunrise | 1990 |
| 21 | 36 | Xanthippe's Husband on Campus | A passing bell: as coeds fill the quads—all tanned, with notebooks—and they hear its knell | 1990 |
| 21 | 37 | Dim Lands of Peace | A rat that ran between the third rail and the platform right after the train's guillotine wheels | 1990 |
| 21 | 38 | Untitled | The dirty faces and bare feet of Albanian refugees landing in Brindisi thrill her | 1990 |
| 21 | 39 | Untitled | As banner headlines shrink or grow even bolder and the next few days spell out the same old answer | 1990 |
| 21 | 41 | Flabbio Bottomwaddle | You do three hundred sit-ups every morning but still grab hunks of flesh around your waist | 1990 |
| 21 | 44 | As I Imagine It | I imagine enormous canoes, double-hulled, with outriggers, with kids and their mothers | 1990 |
| 21 | 45 | The Big Island | When Pele's hair, hurled from a fiery red caldera, cools to long stone strands that land near Keauhou | 1990 |
| 21 | 46 | Charon's Day Off | The blindfold I wear to trick myself into thinking it's night when daylight leaks through the curtains | 1990 |
| 21 | 47 | Prelude | Inside a limo, behind bullet-proof windows, when the President flashed his famous gap-toothed grin | 1990 |
| 21 | 48 | The Poet Addresses His Censor | Not till my head un-fills and the wineskin of my heart splits open will I pause | 1990 |
| 21 | 49 | Bachelor Party | After their baked Alaskas, one by one they raise glasses to toast the groom | 1990 |
| 21 | 50 | Me Siento Como Pollo Comprado | Abuelita en el altiplano, hay lomas alrededor de tu pension? | 1990 |
| 21 | 51 | Before Leaving Saginaw | When I woke with silvery scales and pains all over I groaned, "Parasites! I'll be dead within a week." | 1990 |
| 21 | 53 | Old Man | Best man at my wedding, your own worst enemy elsewhere | 1990 |
| 21 | 54 | On Giving Directions To a Student Asking for 332 Bachelor Hall | Enter behind steel bookcases lined up to form a passageway without character between the door and inner sanctum where a gray face gazes | 1990 |
| 21 | 55 | Dark Conceit | In the parable of Fire a driver who has been dozing lowers his car window and pitches his cigarette | 1991 |
| 21 | 56 | Dorland | You can't think of that pine tree by the window without your mind skipping and scraping over rocks away from it | 1991 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|--|--|------|
| 21 | 58 | Untitled | A world event occurred. Not just a word | 1991 |
| 21 | 60 | Call Me Harpo | Whose novel about a whale was first considered a white elephant? | 1991 |
| 21 | 61 | A Rented House in the Country | Nail a bushel basket without a bottom to the inside wall of a barn converted into a garage | 1991 |
| 21 | 62 | Dorland | You can't think of that pine tree by the window without your mind skipping and scraping over rocks away from it | 1991 |
| 21 | 63 | Roman A Clef | Caught by her camera: hundred-year-old marble monuments of robed women with hands clasped | 1991 |
| 21 | 64 | Untitled | Every autumn hunters light fires to flush woodchucks and squirrels from hollows | 1991 |
| 21 | 66 | Ballad | On the path to the Far Spring I met myself limping around a bend | 1991 |
| 21 | 67 | Untitled | If a child spreads ketchup on his face and ran into his parent's bedroom shouting "Help!" | 1991 |
| 21 | 69 | Untitled | Don't tell me you're unhappy because your job leaves you no room for imagination | 1991 |
| 21 | 71 | Red Chevy | Its rusted hulk on concrete blocks stood for Texarkana | 1991 |
| 21 | 72 | Untitled | Before my hair turned gray under my ten-gallon hat it was black | 1991 |
| 21 | 74 | Aquarian Evenings | As an infant, pigeon-toed, in corrective shoes you tried to crawl over a barrier of books I put up | 1991 |
| 21 | 75 | Mysteries | My building super used to call me Mr. Reiss, which I spelled in my mind m*y*s*t*e*r*i*e*s | 1991 |
| 21 | 76 | Untitled | Down narrow streets, toward the Boboli Gardens a young woman jogging in a sweat suit | 1991 |
| 22 | 1 | Jerome | In case you haven't guessed, he's frightfully depressed | 1992 |
| 22 | 2 | Bobby | I think I know whose woods these are | 1992 |
| 22 | 3 | Mr. and Mrs. Whittle | Times he thinks she'll slip away she's grown so thin | 1992 |
| 22 | 5a-b | My Fiftieth Birthday: Eclipse, July 11, 1991 | The highway pocked with potholes crossed a sun-beaten plateau, pat goats herded by boys | 1992 |
| 22 | 8 | Main Drag 2 | Home again home again jiggety jig | 1992 |
| 22 | 9 | The Woman in the Moon | On the right half of the full moon, look for a head in profile, hair piled high in a bun | 1992 |
| 22 | 10 | The Big Island | When Pele's hair, hurled from a fiery red caldera, cools to long stone strands that land near Keauhou | 1992 |
| 22 | 12 | The Continental | When the middle-aged guy in the wingback chair by the fireplace poured two glasses of champagne | 1992 |
| 22 | 14 | Affaire de Coeur | The night I told me sweetheart Faith how I once fell in love with a mannequin in a store window | 1992 |
| 22 | 15 | Him | Warm weather rousts him from floorboards to my bay windowsill | 1992 |
| 22 | 16 | Flight 395 | By the window seat when my briefcase of student sestinas bulged with thirty-nine reasons not to read them Pennsylvania broke out | 1992 |
| 22 | 18 | Untitled | He feels like the President today in his wingback chair by the window | 1992 |
| 22 | 19 | I Work For a Jewish Carpenter | He built a house for which he was nailed | 1992 |
| 22 | 21 | Love Story | If thirty years wedded to one partner are like thirty partners wedded to thirty vows, must spouses uncouple? | 1992 |
| 22 | 23 | Untitled | Remembering rest stops on toll roads, an acre of gas pumps | 1992 |
| 22 | 25 | Married Poets | The only thing worse than both of them receiving rejection slips in one day is for one of them to receive an acceptance | 1992 |
| 22 | 26 | On Looking Back Into Gibbon's Decline and Fall | I home-in on a tree branch, a bird's nest | 1992 |
| 22 | 28 | The Evolution of Art | The summer I moved back to the city to write songs for a show one night the ceiling fan over my bed stirred circles of stale air | 1992 |
| 22 | 29 | The History of a Woman as Artist | The yellow leaf that looked like a canary nested over the bunk house for three weeks | 1992 |
| 22 | 30 | Untitled | I chose to use my feet and run around a jogging track, bone cold I chose a girl in gold slippers | 1992 |
| 22 | 31 | A Voter's Footnote | The new emphasis on the word "about," as in "Politics is not about | 1992 |

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|-----|--------|---|---|------|
| | | | truth,” suggests a preference for precision, a desire for definition | |
| 22 | 33 | In Memory of a Colleague | His diminutive Harvard-man’s hands, his stone house with hardback editions of Robinson Crusoe | 1992 |
| 22 | 34 | Main Drag (alt. titled College Avenue) | So what if on hot nights High Street smells like the La Brea tar pits | 1992 |
| 22 | 35 | Crabbing | Something about a lighthouse beacon’s beam crisscrossing a path through saw grass | 1992 |
| 22 | 36 | Untitled | If we talk about a “watershed event” as a forest with a root system, what about two men on the edge of a plain speaking Zulu, waiting for rain? | 1992 |
| 22 | 37 | For Cindy | Just as Mom realized she was having a heart attack and phoned for an ambulance | 1992 |
| 22 | 38 | [A Poem About a Nickname] | Her boyfriend called her Pickle; the nickname stuck | 1992 |
| 22 | 39 | Veteran’s Day | Carpenters climb to the roof of a two car garage | 1992 |
| 22 | 40 | No Me Digas | El onze de Julio de noventa y uno e eso de la una de la tarde mi cuate y yo estuvimos manejando | 1992 |
| 22 | 41 | Untitled | Phone calls between New York and Beijing cost more during daylight | 1992 |
| 22 | 43 | Evergreen Lake | The lifeguard who dunked my face in the crib, then twisted my head out of water and told me to breathe slept in a cabin with girls | 1992 |
| 22 | 45 | I swear I’ll Kill You, I’ll Hit You a Million Times | When the comedian waltzed across the stage with a powder puff and slapped his partner | 1992 |
| 22 | 47 | Blind Pig | visual poetry with a rejection letter from the New Yorker, original grouping | 1993 |
| 22 | 48 | An Artist Colony in the Mountains | Bird’s Happy Hour commences at raucous pre-dawn | 1993 |
| 22 | 49 | Emiliano Zapata in Heaven | With my down-curving mustache and an ammo belt over my shoulder | 1993 |
| 22 | 51 | Say a Sunday Hunter | Say a Sunday hunter takes aim at wild turkeys in the rain. No question he’ll miss more than a few | 1993 |
| 22 | 52 | Riddles From Riverside County | While medicine men conjured clouds over groves of live oaks | 1993 |
| 22 | 53 | Stump Pond Road | Some ponds are natural, others take bulldozers | 1993 |
| 22 | 54 | Menagerie of Poets | The day every mule braying, nay-saying every goose rhyming feathers with fathers | 1993 |
| 22 | 55 | Dark Conceit | In the Parable of Fire a driver who has been dozing lowers his car window and pitches his cigarette | 1993 |
| 22 | 56 | July, 1974 | At Colony Hall a ping pong ball; a table for cowboy pool; Lux with a cue stick | 1993 |
| 22 | 57 | Untitled | I roared the lion summer once was me | 1993 |
| 22 | 58 | Robledo de Encinas Siempreverdes | Aqui en el monte despues de un alluvia | 1993 |
| 22 | 59 | 5 de Mayo, 1993 | A las montanas llego tarde el alba revolucionaria | 1993 |
| 22 | 60 | How To Say the Name of the State Where Las Vegas Is Located | If you pronounce the middle-A to rhyme with Ah you’re a pasty-faced New Yorker | 1993 |
| 22 | 61 | Untitled | The callous on my thumb is from striking a match | 1993 |
| 22 | 62 | Brontosaurus | [visual poem] | 1993 |
| 22 | 64 | [My New Poems] | Collection of newly completed poems, original grouping | 1993 |
| 22 | 65 | Autumna | Her many-colored wigs green going gold going brown | 1993 |
| 22 | 66 | Untitled | January thaw grips the nation as the President goes to work | 1993 |
| 22 | 68 | Untitled | I, JR, lonely as the clouds that float on high o’er High Street swear that I love solitude | 1993 |
| 22 | 70 | Lines for Marilyn | Face it kid you never lived a line of poetry or died in Rome | 1993 |
| 22 | 71 | Sonnet | Tetragrammaton Yahweh a.k.a Elohim | 1993 |
| 22 | 72 | The Woman Who Loved Cats: A Proem | Review of Jean Garrigue, Selected Poems | 1993 |
| 22 | 73 | Untitled | Visual poems | 1993 |

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|-----|--------|--|---|---------|
| 22 | 74 | Ideas for a Novel | There is really only one idea the story of your life walking to work so why bother with westerns | 1993 |
| 22 | 75 | Hooked | At first he was slick as a skillet | 1993 |
| 22 | 76 | Untitled | Visual poems | 1993 |
| 22 | 78 | Untitled | Just mechanical wheels conform to the slope of a floor I am learning about ruts and ridges | 1993 |
| 22 | 79 | The Possibilities | Either freak seas the moon-swell of waves that wreck bowspirit and crow's nest | 1993 |
| 22 | 80 | Chicago | At a college reunion party my Chinese fortune cookie read: stiff in opinion, always in the wrong | 1993 |
| 22 | 81 | That Famous Fall | The standoff death toll rose on roads around the capital city | 1993 |
| 22 | 82 | After a Class on Whitman and James | Return by cable car to a room with a Murphy bed | 1993 |
| 22 | 83 | Bob | Waters fennel and devil's paintbrush says the hills are boring | 1993 |
| 22 | 84 | Three Sentences and an Epilogue From a Novel | The minute he caught a glimpse of Stighsworth Institute he knew he would fall in love there | 1993 |
| 22 | 85 | Moe At the Podium | The man with three penises tells us he likes to step out of his morning shower and towel | 1993 |
| 22 | 86 | Bishop Berkeley Drunk | His solipsism is a myth he slurs and says "I don't exist" | 1993 |
| 22 | 88 | Such a Lovely Gulch | When a red-headed hummingbird swooped down on the porch and hovered beside the feeder | 1993 |
| 22 | 89 | Orchard House | Who's peeking through the knotholes? | 1993 |
| 22 | 90 | Colon Habla Can Su Esposa | En calle y cama tengo hambre | 1993 |
| 22 | 91 | Humungous Succulent | A thumb-sized hummingbird cozied up to a cactus spine | 1993 |
| 23 | 1 | Florisota Gardens | On vacation with her parents an only child by a swimming pool | 1994/95 |
| 23 | 2 | Sweet Water Beach, 1962 | Two rowboats thumping tails like restless animals were tied up at a lake | 1994/95 |
| 23 | 3 | The Visitor's Pillow | Retained the shape of her head for days after she left anorexic wired | 1994/95 |
| 23 | 4 | Girl Growing Up Outside of Town, 1950 | My mother taught me how to knit and stitch but I saw wrinkles in her Sunday dress | 1994/95 |
| 23 | 5 | Girls in Rogers Park | Stuck up one another's assholes and clung to each other under a front porch | 1994/95 |
| 23 | 6 | Aunt Bibs Looks Beyond the Intracoastal | Not palm trees but radar beacons. Not sketchpads but the century's blueprint | 1994/95 |
| 23 | 7 | Prelude | "A sculpted rose, the thing itself, its dream..." I wrote those words in college, at nineteen | 1994/95 |
| 23 | 8 | Weekend Hotel | No honking ducks, no squealing geese no fog lifting long enough for him to pause | 1994/94 |
| 23 | 9 | Reeds at the Foot of Palisades | In a clump by a cove they stand stem-elegant, elephant-tall | 1994/95 |
| 23 | 10 | How Quiet the House | He ran into the living room where they had been squabbling and knocked their heads together | 1994/95 |
| 23 | 11 | Piano Concerto in G | On the beige living room carpet by the fireplace while our children slept in their bedrooms upstairs | 1994/95 |
| 23 | 13 | The Hammock | While Harry Arrow napped the cheekiest crickets stopped shrilling | 1994/95 |
| 23 | 14 | For Crying Out Loud | You get benched with a whack on the ass from a Louisville slugger | 1994/95 |
| 23 | 15 | Round | In the car rental's green oval office just west of the Beltway when she turned round | 1994/95 |
| 23 | 16 | Single | Alone I pinch myself; I tell you not to worry, I'll come back soon—soon—to start over | 1994/95 |
| 23 | 17 | Marriage of Heaven and Hell | When I gave up evil for good I thought my spouse's hand in time would lead me to Beulah Land | 1994/95 |
| 23 | 18 | The Big Island | When Pele's hair, hurled from a fiery red caldera, cools to long stone strands that land near Keauhou | 1994/95 |
| 23 | 19 | Prelude | "A sculpted rose, the thing itself, its dream..." I wrote those words in college, at nineteen | 1995 |
| 23 | 20 | Ring Out, Wild Bells | As his grandfather clock struck past the hour the bald carillonneur | 1995 |

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|-----|--------|--|---|------|
| | | | who'd stepped from the shower when I came for my interview told me I was a "dead ringer" for the minor matinee Idol | |
| 23 | 21 | Weekend Hotel | No honking ducks, no squealing geese no fog lifting long enough for him | 1995 |
| 23 | 22 | An Artist Colony in the Mountains | Birds' Happy Hour commences at raucous pre-dawn when a pileated woodpecker on a century plant sounds the way | 1995 |
| 23 | 23 | Reeds at the Foot of Palisades | In a clump by a cove they stand stem-elegant, elephant-tall | 1995 |
| 23 | 24 | [Rejected Poems] | New Yorker rejection letter with four rejected poems | 1995 |
| 23 | 25 | The Parable of Fire | Press release for new book | 1995 |
| 23 | 26 | Cycle | What why when where who I crush my wedding glass beneath my shoe | 1995 |
| 23 | 27 | Orchard House | Who's peeking through the knotholes? | 1995 |
| 23 | 28 | Riddles From Riverside County | While medicine men conjured clouds over groves of live oaks | 1995 |
| 23 | 29 | Aunt Bibs Looks Beyond the Intracoastal | Not palm trees but radar beacons, not sketchpads but the century's blueprint | 1995 |
| 23 | 30 | Starved Rock | If the trees were olive drab the boulders were khaki, the river was invisible in mist | 1995 |
| 23 | 31 | Saints Alive | After the croupier with his black eye patch the wheel of fortune and one-armed bandits in a penthouse suite above a beach | 1995 |
| 23 | 32 | Je Sens Mon Coeur | Years later she thought of the door how when she'd finished the dishes and looked up at his green car pulling out of the driveway | 1995 |
| 23 | 33 | Strophes | I tried to exorcise grief but my poems grew fists | 1995 |
| 23 | 34 | Starved Rock | If the trees were olive drab the boulder was khaki | 1995 |
| 23 | 35 | [various] | Visual poems | 1995 |
| 23 | 37 | Have Lighted Fools | Still feeling very trashy un-liberated this morning after fireworks day wanted to wallow to mope | 1995 |
| 23 | 38 | The Visitor's Pillow | Retained the shape of her head after she left anorexic | 1995 |
| 23 | 39 | Die Winterreise | Tight as the briefcase cuffed to a courier's wrist | 1995 |
| 23 | 40 | Untitled | As a tow-headed toddler in black-and-white silent home movies you never stopped crawling up and down the staircase behind your apartment | 1995 |
| 23 | 41 | On a Hill Above the Tappan Zee bridge | You reached out to the wind and said Touche | 1995 |
| 23 | 42 | Stump Pond Road | Some ponds are natural others take bulldozers | 1995 |
| 23 | 43 | 112 Soldiers Standing at Attention | [Visual poem] | 1995 |
| 23 | 44 | Sarah Shawcross | Her first published short story, "Dear Tolstor," ends with its skewed point of view focused on the wheels of a Broadway local | 1996 |
| 23 | 45 | Dew Drop Inn, 1959 | She flimflammed him slam-bang grinning then gave it the gun | 1996 |
| 23 | 46 | Stanzas for an Anti-Semite | I am an American Yid who will not rest until I kill all Christian babies in bed | 1996 |
| 23 | 47 | Fill 'er Up! | Do you remember old street addresses or the way phone booths used to smell | 1996 |
| 23 | 48 | From the Notebooks of Mohammed Jesu Tahweh | In my last published short story, "Jerusalem Tech," a young man undecided about college visits a campus surrounded by cornfields | 1996 |
| 23 | 49 | Violin Lesson | How fit is a fiddle? If a bluegrass musician with a hardy arm with fingers trained to do sprints over strings saws away at a soundboard | 1996 |
| 23 | 50 | Starved Rock | If the trees were olive drab the boulder was khaki | 1996 |
| 23 | 52 | The Barrier Leaves | The honeysuckle and hardwood leaf barrier between my backyard and a Black Baptist church | 1996 |
| 23 | 53 | Autumnal | If I sound as though I'm in good spirits while Stealth bombers are plying oilfields | 1996 |
| 23 | 54 | The Eighties | When the East Village in full swing had art shows featuring wannabe Schnabels & Salles, even black cats from back alleys would saunter in front of a truck and flaunt their good luck | 1996 |

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|-----|--------|---|---|------|
| 23 | 55 | Voices | Not far from a brownstone in Brooklyn Heights where I hailed this cab, he told me wrote “voices” | 1996 |
| 23 | 56 | My Daughters in New York | What streets, what rubber wheels transport them over bridges and speed bumps | 1996 |
| 23 | 57 | Egg, Bort, Oberhaus | Eeeny-meeny three tram stops the first on a dead-level snow field | 1996 |
| 23 | 58 | Long Island Sounds | From Manhasset to Syosset it’s no hassle to deposit | 1996 |
| 23 | 59 | Knight’s Castle | Locally known as Old Stone Road, U.S. 9W hugs the west bank of the Hudson below Albany | 1996 |
| 23 | 60 | Good Grief | Is more than an expression of shock | 1996 |
| 23 | 61 | Names | Gert Klinkel smoked Chesterfields and had breath that Mom said smelled like “putrid garbage” | 1996 |
| 23 | 62 | Church League | The Lutherans shut out the Mormons, went on to trounce Father McCartney’s nine Catholic townies | 1996 |
| 23 | 63 | King | The rhythm of my days and nights as I tap out these words which smell of heroin | 1996 |
| 23 | 64 | Touch Tones | Press 1 for information on land scams | 1996 |
| 23 | 65 | How Now Brown Cow | Was what we said back in New Jersey when it was cool to like Ike and skip school | 1996 |
| 23 | 66 | Postscript | As I fondle and tug at your hair, I recall a young mother, my former wife kneeling by the bath | 1996 |
| 23 | 67 | A Writer with Lyme Disease | The ugly tick in Belgium that bit my friend and made her sick has reared its sluggish head | 1996 |
| 23 | 68 | Conference Call | The feistily fusty book critics and dons, all tenured, who wet in a swank Radisson’s green conference room to discuss the demise of the avant-garde | 1996 |
| 23 | 69 | Volunteers in East Africa, Fall 1963 | All day driving inland from Dar, peering out their car windows and that night at the White Horse Inn | 1996 |
| 23 | 70 | Just Yesterday | Summer twilight lingering was so intense that I could see cloud clusters and smell reddish gold in the sky as oil paint just laid down | 1996 |
| 23 | 71 | Larry Mapaho | To contemplate complacently to sip or twiddle in a storm | 1996 |
| 23 | 72 | The Seventies | After years of denial, dope-smoking, rope-a-doping our Asian opponents how could we own up to the names of our war dead engraved on a wall? | 1996 |
| 23 | 73 | Judas | A vulture’s in the redbud tree | 1996 |
| 23 | 74 | The Walks | For all I knew they never occurred the park was a mirage the path an illusion | 1996 |
| 23 | 75 | Circleville | Does anyone know where Elizabeth’s been with her Sunday purse and lopsided grin? | 1996 |
| 23 | 76 | The Day the devils Left Hell | George Gershwin and Thelonius Monk jammed in Heaven one day in a funk | 1996 |
| 23 | 77 | Skimming Toward Blue | He was no vegetarian saint, by God. No avuncular hubby, he did what he did | 1996 |
| 23 | 78 | The Discovery of Hawaii/ The Big Island | I have read about giant canoes, double-hulled, with outriggers, with kids & their moms on decks | 1996 |
| 23 | 79 | In Praise of Salt | This morning after my jog when I hung my clothes outside on the line to dry, I noticed insects buzzing | 1996 |
| 23 | 80 | Elegy for my Mother’s Pet | I never liked him, no ma’am, not one bit when he stopped being a pup and turned into a high strung puffball nipping & yapping | 1996 |
| 23 | 81 | An American Dream | My ex-wife who was fired from her job has succeeded in reaching my heart to hear me say Sorry | 1996 |
| 23 | 82 | Apple Face | Your Russian mother called you the “epple” of her eye | 1996 |
| 23 | 83 | Faithful Edgar | Reader, heed the rhymes I’m making & lament—rejoice no more | 1996 |
| 23 | 84 | Je Sens Mon Coeur | Years later she thought of the door how when she’d finished the dishes * looked up at his green car pulling out of the driveway | 1996 |
| 23 | 85 | Sweet Water Beach, 1962 | Two rowboats thumping tails like restless animals were tied up at a lake & I was just awake | 1996 |
| 23 | 86 | Strophes | I tried to exercise grief but my poems grew fists | 1996 |

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|-----|--------|---|---|------|
| 23 | 87 | Questions for the Custodians of Correctness | If a heterosexual white guy chooses to write about a woman are his words worse than worthless? | 1996 |
| 24 | 1 | Tax Preparers | This good old boy with a huge toy car collection posters of Ferraris & Porches hung on his office walls itemizes his mileage | 1996 |
| 24 | 2 | (Un)coupling | Table of contents for fourth book | 1996 |
| 24 | 3 | Requiem for an Ex-Wife | As a blonde toddler in black-&-white silent home movies when she was not clambering onto a backyard swing set she was riding her bike | 1996 |
| 24 | 4 | Tommy Gun Bathtub Gin Rummy | Gin club grin Tommy rum bath | 1996 |
| 24 | 5 | Dillinger's Derringer | By billiard halls in alleys it did its little belly dance | 1996 |
| 24 | 6 | The Possibilities | Either freak seas the moon-swell of waves | 1996 |
| 24 | 7 | Untitled | Brand name chicken breeding (southern accent) | 1996 |
| 24 | 8 | Skimming Toward Blue | So what if he drank... & stomped on his colleagues | 1996 |
| 24 | 9 | Redbreast | This dumb cluck bird's been stalking me | 1996 |
| 24 | 10 | Table Talk | In Spanish "Here is a table" sounds like the Yiddish for "A cow eats without a knife." | 1996 |
| 24 | 11 | Lowland Rebel | Fact is Amsterdam didn't give a damn | 1996 |
| 24 | 12 | The Day the Devils Left Hell | George Gershwin & Thelonius Monk jammed in Heaven one day in a funk | 1996 |
| 24 | 13 | The Editor Hedges His Bets | Why do editors refer to a line with a single word as a widow? | 1996 |
| 24 | 14 | Third Rail Riff | On the way back from Gristede's you felt the buses and trucks lunging toward Grand Central | 1996 |
| 24 | 15 | The Elegist Sets Down His Pen | No more deaths please, girls & boys. It's recess, time for a ring-a-levio | 1996 |
| 24 | 16 | Heather in Berlin | By the Brandenburg Gate the American Beauty striding unsmiling who calls herself Trudie | 1996 |
| 24 | 17 | My Two Front Teeth | In the FAO Schwartz catalog not a toy truck but a hardback book with hundreds of pages | 1996 |
| 24 | 18 | Singsong | I sang a song for mommy dear I made her laugh I made her cheer | 1996 |
| 24 | 19 | Divorced People | Now that they no longer phone each other on their birthdays or exchange post cards | 1997 |
| 24 | 20 | Girl's Life | He hooked the wire of half a steel paper clip over a rubber band stretched between fingers | 1997 |
| 24 | 21 | Chalice | Near a town whose name is on the tip of my tongue by a falling-down barn | 1997 |
| 24 | 22 | The Times | At nine my time you called to say although I'd been away a week you really had no news | 1997 |
| 24 | 23 | Let's Just Be Friends | Hell yes, she said it | 1997 |
| 24 | 24 | Triptik | From Nogo from Whatwhy from Duh & Dickcity | 1997 |
| 24 | 25 | A House Near High Street | Garage door ajar, windows shut in summer, mud mess in the first floor bathtub | 1997 |
| 24 | 26 | Lulu City | The trail to a ghost town climbed past apsens & boulder fields | 1997 |
| 24 | 27 | Letter #19 | Dear X, decades from now ninety-something in a nursing-home wheelchair, waiting for visitors | 1997 |
| 24 | 28 | Voices | Not far from a brownstone in Brooklyn Heights where I hailed his cab | 1997 |
| 24 | 29 | Third Grade | One day I raised my hand: "Which is farther away, Africa or India?" | 1997 |
| 24 | 30 | Aunt Bibs Looks Beyond the Intracoastal | Not palm trees but radar beacons not sketchpads but the century's blueprint | 1997 |
| 24 | 31 | Egg Bort Oberhaus | Eeeny-meeny three tram stops the first on a dead-level snow field | 1997 |
| 24 | 32 | Jeremiah Botwottle | Are temperaments inherited? | 1997 |
| 24 | 33 | Near Shandelea | Why bother about that red farmhouse on a hill when its porch drooped & its rooms whispered mildew? | 1997 |
| 24 | 34 | Incident on Main Street | Cop drove over to check out noise said Mister the law's no leash no muzzle for masters | 1997 |
| 24 | 35 | Closed Until August | No more tables, no more plates, no more scandals | 1997 |
| 24 | 36 | Vermont, Summer 1978 | Monday we swam in a mountain creek between shadowy evergreen slopes | 1997 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|---|---|------|
| 24 | 37 | Lily | went out & scissored a lily, brought her inside to study her fuzzy brown anthers loaded with pollen | 1997 |
| 24 | 38 | The Cut | Our last summer together we beached a boat near an inlet where a salt pond me the Atlantic | 1997 |
| 24 | 39 | Crabbing | Something about a lighthouse beacon's beam crisscrossing a path through saw grass | 1997 |
| 24 | 40 | I Promise Forever | The pit bull next door that kept me awake with his whining has finally fallen asleep | 1997 |
| 24 | 41 | In a Moment | American flags the size of football fields drape from the towers of the George Washington Bridge | 1997 |
| 24 | 42 | By Any Other Name | A single woman, having long mistaken "Brooklyn Rose" for "Brooklyn Roads," makes eye contact | 1997 |
| 24 | 43 | Cracked Walnuts | Whether it's spelled longue or lounge, I lay out on my chaise yesterday & got sunstroke | 1997 |
| 24 | 44 | Dying to Draw | Did you just say you were "hungry for lunch" or "suffering a crunch?" | 1997 |
| 24 | 45 | Lock Up the Shadows | Lately, the words "healed" & "closure" have been used vis-à-vis unpleasant events | 1997 |
| 24 | 46 | Piglet's Soliloquy | Of all the names for Pop, none has less pomp than on which Crystal sometimes calls me: Skwomp! | 1997 |
| 24 | 47 | Outreach | My friend with whom I quarreled has phoned after a decade to say, let there be conversation | 1997 |
| 24 | 48 | Our Religion, Our Culture, Our Whaddyacallit | My father-in-law pronounced it "Judoism" as if our seven tribes practiced the Oriental martial art | 1997 |
| 24 | 49 | Violin Lesson | How fit is a fiddle? | 1997 |
| 24 | 50 | The Red Steer, Glenwood Springs, Summer 1961 | Bud Hawkins was having an affair with his cocktail waitress & wouldn't give over the good tables | 1997 |
| 24 | 51 | Miss Eastman's Five Most Famous Beginnings of Stories for First Graders | The fire that stripped the forest of a thousand lodge pole pines | 1997 |
| 24 | 52 | Mother Sun | For the first time in a fortnight Mother Sun's dusted off her Gray cloud coverlet | 1997 |
| 24 | 53 | On Seeing a Print of John Donne's Face as a Young Man | His swarthy good looks, his roguish beard, recall an organ grinder on a sixteenth century side street | 1997 |
| 24 | 54 | Something I knew Long Ago | Part pantywaist, part Job, I've whined about this or that till I swallowed the lump in my throat | 1997 |
| 24 | 55 | A Bouquet for MJ | Monkshood black-eyed Susan tulip | 1997 |
| 24 | 56 | From the Cool | From the cool purity of Peruvian Spanish to Cuban fast talk the accents of Latinos mimic the lilt of their feelings | 1997 |
| 24 | 57 | The Electrolysis | Whatever happened to the bald little man who charged fifteen dollars a session so his clients could be as hairless as he? | 1997 |
| 24 | 58 | Libby Larouche | Sitting at luncheon, I noticed that her complexion was blotchy as though she were ill | 1997 |
| 24 | 59 | Fortune Cookies | Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong | 1997 |
| 24 | 60 | Woodruff Court | Phooey on rue! The wind's brisk, the sky's blue | 1997 |
| 24 | 61 | Generation Z | What held them back? It's hard to say | 1997 |
| 24 | 62 | An ordinary Morning | Is it treason to say that Wallace Stevens lacked compassion? | 1997 |
| 24 | 63 | Aubade | While the penny-ante sunlight grudgingly slunk up an office building's mirrored windows | 1997 |
| 24 | 64 | Chapters from the Life of JP | Past midnight "Minnie the Moocher" on a ukulele drifting upstairs to my bedroom awoke me to moonlight | 1997 |
| 24 | 65 | This Note Is Legal Tender for All Debts, Public and Private | Cover a bank note's tag so it spells "gal tender and private" | 1998 |
| 24 | 66 | Never Alone | Never alone but in huge groups those blackbirds | 1998 |
| 24 | 67 | Big Sib | At the New China Inn he ordered "egg, roll & cheese." | 1998 |
| 24 | 68 | Lake Street | Sheathed between steak houses in his shop under the Green Line, the sharpener's knife gave off sparks | 1998 |

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|-----|--------|----------------------------------|---|------|
| 24 | 69 | Water Tower Down | Gawkers brandishing camcorders caught the cone-shaped crown as a monster crane lifted it high | 1998 |
| 24 | 70 | Wave One Last Good-Bye | The last line of an unpublished poem describes Gentiles on a river bank who “wave to the silent thousands” | 1998 |
| 24 | 71 | Lives of the Saints | The dun-colored wren tipped back its head to sing | 1998 |
| 24 | 72 | Postmodern Romance | Was he a creepy wimp or a wimpy creep? | 1998 |
| 24 | 73 | Morning After | I feel like a minor character in a thriller who says Gimme a brewski Suze | 1998 |
| 24 | 74 | Hearsay | What say today? Say What? Say you look good | 1998 |
| 24 | 75 | Liebschaft (or, Viagra, Anyone?) | Sing sang sung Gunter was well-hung | 1998 |
| 24 | 76 | Breakthrough | The day a herd of steers made their first appearance outside his rented house’s fenced-in | 1998 |
| 24 | 77 | Attachment | The smiley platinum blonde who eyes him from a laser printed photo foxy as the stock shot | 1998 |
| 24 | 78 | Hotel Giacomo | By an arched window the American with a walkman tuned to Madame Butterfly | 1998 |
| 25 | 1 | Moosehead Lake | When Brockie & I gunned all ten horse & full-speeded over a mirror of cloud banks | 1998 |
| 25 | 2 | Windbreak | Without dope the trees across the ravine looked like everyday hardwoods *conifers | 1998 |
| 25 | 3 | In a Moment | American flags the size of football fields drape from the towers of the George Washington Bridge | 1998 |
| 25 | 4 | Finish Up For God’s Sake | I’m Paul Valery with a mustache mais oui but you can call me Paul | 1998 |
| 25 | 5 | Popular Mathematics | Near a schoolyard during recess all at once a skinny kid who’s playing hooky thinks <i>If I squeeze this trigger if I pump a dozen rounds into this crowd</i> | 1998 |
| 25 | 6 | Joe Niver | His last name rhymed with survivor though I’ve no idea if he’s still alive | 1998 |
| 25 | 7 | Stairways | Does anyone remember <i>I Remember Mama</i> Friday nights on CBS? | 1998 |
| 25 | 8 | It All Comes Out | The dryer’s tumble cycle squeaks as if a mouse were trapped inside | 1998 |
| 25 | 9 | Ted | A tattered hammock hanging in an attic is where he napped & dreamed up a greenhouse | 1998 |
| 25 | 10 | Keening For Kettler | During the redbud month on a Wednesday of work in the wee hours without a murmur for insulin someone rolled over & died in bed | 1998 |
| 25 | 11 | Choo-Choo Train | The guy who backhoed my front yard popped a can of Bug Light & called his parked machine “one helluva hunk of metal.” | 1998 |
| 25 | 12 | Rain | Even as I key in these words I’m revising the whole notion a drastic rehabbing Semaphore evermore lead me to a switchyard | 1998 |
| 25 | 13 | The Cut | Our last summer together we beached a boat near an inlet where a salt pond met the Atlantic | 1998 |
| 25 | 14 | Mother Sun | For the first time in a fortnight Mother Sun had dusted off her gray cloud cover, restoring the sky’s luscious blue luster | 1998 |
| 25 | 15 | Apple Face | In London once a summer he aimed a Polaroid | 1998 |
| 25 | 16 | So What Are You Going To Do? | How fitting that the person who hid his feelings invented the zipper | 1998 |
| 25 | 17 | Girl’s Life | He hooked the wire of half a steel paper clip over a rubber band stretched between his thumb | 1998 |
| 25 | 18 | Just Yesterday | Summer twilight lingering was so intense that I could see cloud clusters as bouquets | 1998 |
| 25 | 19 | So What Are You Going To Do? | How fitting that the person who hid his feelings invented the zipper | 1999 |
| 25 | 20 | Girl’s Life | He hooked the wire of half a paper clip over a rubber band stretched between his thumb | 1999 |
| 25 | 21 | Abigail | If a cloudburst packs winds of 100 mph can a loner pack grief in his knapsack before blowing town? | 1999 |
| 25 | 22 | Document found in a Drawer | The night I picked the lock of her apartment & left my footprints on the rug that ran along her hall | 1999 |

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|-----|--------|---|--|------|
| 25 | 23 | The Legacy | All night climbing stairs from the IRT to rain-glazed thoroughfares, then going back down underground, in search of signs of his nose ring | 1999 |
| 25 | 24 | Summer of '99 | Despite many sadnesses--Kennedys killed in a plane crash, a country at war--the season beguiled us | 1999 |
| 25 | 25 | Cape | A young man named Brilliant awakes before dawn to cook yams for his mum | 1999 |
| 25 | 26 | Spanish Lesson | When Mexicans geet one another <i>Como andas, buey?</i> (How's it going, ox?) they routinely reply <i>No mames</i> . (Don't suck.) | 1999 |
| 25 | 27 | Oh Wha Ta Goo Siam | When I was in Thailand I thought of an island | 1999 |
| 25 | 28 | Do You Dig? | Hocus-pocus jiminy-ocus | 1999 |
| 25 | 29 | Letter to My Daughter | Well, here I gaze at Dorland Mountain's tawny chaparral just as you did three summers back | 1999 |
| 25 | 30 | Untitled | In casual conversation when you hear your birth date mentioned you feel your pulse quickening | 1999 |
| 25 | 31 | Unto the Lowly | God was about to give me a blow job | 1999 |
| 25 | 32 | No Exodus | Not knowing the word "galoot," a Russian-Jewish woman referred to her husband of sixty years hiding behind a newspaper as "a strange gazoot" | 1999 |
| 25 | 33 | Go Soak Your Head | If Oxford was named for a place where oxen could ford The Thames River | 1999 |
| 25 | 34 | Oedipus Now | What's summer for? A pocketful of pills & surgery? | 1999 |
| 25 | 35 | Cousin George | When my friend's Colorado cousin George Herbert became a born-again Christian he played the good shepherd with his hammer & hoe | 1999 |
| 25 | 36 | Post-Op | This tube down my throat this IV needle in my arm | 1999 |
| 25 | 37 | Role-Play | Every night he lies down with Loneliness he feels Her arched feet | 1999 |
| 25 | 38 | Fable | They must have followed a pheromone trail to water | 1999 |
| 25 | 39 | The Big Out There | Past Pluto's orbit & Orion's bow past super clusters & the blackest holes | 1999 |
| 25 | 40 | This Note Is Legal Tender For All Debts, Public and Private | Cover a banks note's tag so it spells "gal tender and private." | 1999 |
| 25 | 41 | Mary Had | A brief, witty poem's an epigram, the same word that stands for little lamb hunks | 1999 |
| 25 | 42 | American Watchwords | Whether you use the word "seesaw" or "teeter-totter" depends on whether you're from New York or Chicago | 1999 |
| 25 | 43 | Singsong | I sang a song for Guinevere I made her laugh I made her cheer | 1999 |
| 25 | 44 | Bush Honeysuckle | "Hobo weed" is what she calls it | 1999 |
| 25 | 45 | Rap 27 | Avoid narrative, sentiment, he-sees-tree syntax | 1999 |
| 25 | 46 | The Hell You Say | God bless the whole damned bunch of thugs who run this country | 1999 |
| 25 | 47 | Get Fresh With Me | Whatever happened to the word "harridan" also happened to the notion that girls are made of sugar and spice | 1999 |
| 25 | 48 | A Long Story Short | We invent what's predestined | 1999 |
| 25 | 49 | Triptych | [Three poems: "Prequel," "The Big Out There," "Sequel"] | 1999 |
| 25 | 50 | The Trash Bashers (also titled "Prequel") | The guest list included Wilson Rainrod, Jenny Turvelle, & that spielmeister of wit, F.U. Cocoon, Esq | 1999 |
| 25 | 51 | Progress | Once and for all the infection cleared out riverside beaches and parks | 1999 |
| 25 | 52 | Mexico Minus You | Taquerias & outdoor cafes but no heart-to-hearts | 2000 |
| 25 | 53 | Riff On Six | All my decades have told me nothing you couldn't have said on a minute | 2000 |
| 25 | 54 | Bush Honeysuckle | She calls it "hobo weed," says it takes over yards | 2000 |
| 25 | 55 | Paintable Lady | Cecilia, a 1950s cosmetics queen, the five-&-dime rival of tonier Estee Lauder | 2000 |
| 25 | 56 | Words to an Old Song | I'm looking over a four-leaf clover that I've overlooked before | 2000 |
| 25 | 57 | Pidgin | Yadda yadda ding dong boozleberry tree why not try a forkful of peas & broccoli | 2000 |
| 25 | 58 | There's an Old Hotel | What if a jeep trail on Overlook Mountain winds through deciduous thickets | 2000 |

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|-----|--------|--------------------------------------|---|---------|
| 25 | 59 | Cloud Eight-&-A-Half | Back from Nepal, my student says he trekked to 18,000 feet on Everst | 2000 |
| 25 | 60 | Two-Part Invention | As if he never earned it, as if she never sat & told him she was glad | 2000 |
| 25 | 61 | Excursion | C'mon, Reiss! Your nostalgia's wearing thin as Twiggy in a swimsuit | 2000 |
| 25 | 62 | Yippee for the <i>Demos</i> | A gang of loud male voices cuts across my yard & fills my ears | 2000 |
| 25 | 63 | Slap Me Five | I believe in the separation of Church & State as fervently as our Founding Fathers | 2000 |
| 25 | 64 | Interior with Stairway & Orange Door | This miniature painting on paper portrays a railroad apartment whose hall travels back through windowless rooms | 2000 |
| 25 | 65 | Woodcliff Lake | Think of the spillway in spring after three days of rain made the lake overflow in a rush down the concrete sluice | 2000 |
| 25 | 66 | Joseph Reiss Associates | My father was sickly & henpecked at home, but downtown he was tyrant-in-residence | 2000 |
| 25 | 67 | Cecilia Products | Puff'n'Plush "blushers" in purple boxes; lipsticks: Hawaiian Hues | 2000 |
| 25 | 68 | When Skies Are Blue | My mother torments me | 2000 |
| 25 | 69 | O My People | Piggyback, see all the exes, the has-beens we carry | 2000 |
| 25 | 70 | Jalisquillos en Ohio | Aca en el pueblucho, Aca donde vivimos | 2000 |
| 25 | 71 | Mother and Son | Below a sandstone cliff the semi-circular mini-beach encompassed a pod of sea lions | 2000 |
| 26 | 1 | As Minutes Go By | I'll spend another minute in my wish to sweep the floor entirely of distrust, to dust off amity and its big sib | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 2 | Mother & Son | In a little over a year they lay down their arms | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 3 | Reuven Ben-Yosef | For most of his life, in between—in a waiting room, reading Ha'aretz, at the market, food-shopping, reciting a line by T. Carmi | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 4 | Slap Me Five | I believe in the separation of Church & State as fervently as our Founding Fathers | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 5 | Yes, Right Here | At the western edge of the time zone, on the northern shore of an ocean of light when the sun floods my study's window | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 6 | Nine-One-One Oh-No | Inside the burning twin towers when the workaday lives of three thousand folks from all over the globe came together | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 7 | The Note Sender | Bolted to the floor, desks studded with thumb tacks rigged to a string between them | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 8 | Inscription | That stairway hugging the bluff, that narrow beach, those mini--whitecaps—all come back | 2201/02 |
| 26 | 9 | Two Old Dogs | Another rainy day: we're waterlogged | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 10 | July Fourth at the Elzeys' | It rained so hard the swale beside your house filled up with runoff from your neighbor's field | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 11 | Whachamacallit | Call it Big Creek, call it Little River | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 12 | Castle Village | Tanning salons notwithstanding, we're supposed to beware of the sun | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 13 | Fifty Grand a Year | Our university is doing fine. | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 14 | What Else Is New | The water gushing from my toilet means another flood because of tree roots clogging my sewer line | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 15 | Get a Whiff of This | The maple towering over my backyard, dead for as many years as I have lived here | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 16 | Don't Go There | I won't go, no, I won't! | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 17 | This Spring | The nest a robin built beside my door's abandoned | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 18 | Getting High in Tyler, Texas | What if the wish of a pissy performer in tow with his partner, an acrobat, actually happened | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 19 | Jody | My sister-in-law grew up on a farm in Ohio nine miles from where I live on Woodruff Court | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 20 | Lollapalooza | While most of us safely stayed home, there were always those who set out at daybreak | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 21 | Aunt Bibs in Medias Reiss | Bibs says I'm "really a good schnook" to care about family | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 22 | The Magni-Glow Writing Ring | Tuesday nights listening to ads on Sky King, I learned I could send for an unheard-of ring | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 23 | In My Parents' Bedroom | Beside my mother's footstool I harmonized while she sang "Love O love O carless love." | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 24 | Ruth | Is grief the false face of fury? | 2001/02 |

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|-----|--------|---------------------------------------|--|---------|
| 26 | 25 | Will Simpson | Somewhere between the street & the stacks he aimed his books, not just for shelves | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 26 | Bob | With whom I was principally pissed, who never answered my letters except for one he sent me 11 years after it was mailed & returned to him | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 27 | The Doctor Will See You Now | It's one of those I'm-ok-you're-ok mornings you used to hear about ages ago | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 28 | Tex-Mex | Duh, the word mata means "bush," as in "build a missile shield & see a burning bush." | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 29 | Bits & Bytes | I wonder whether our offspring will see this planet as a junkyard for throwaway Apples & Dells | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 30 | Judges | "Judge not, that ye not be judged," she scolded | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 31 | As Minutes Go By | I'll spend another minute on my wish that my sister set down her palette & brush | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 32 | Pussy Willows in Spring | Facing traffic delays by returning on freeways squeezing past orange barrels in a single lane | 2001/02 |
| 26 | 33 | Cooking Up Trouble At the White House | One day while standing by the stove I stirred a pot and blushed deep mauve | 2003 |
| 26 | 34 | Boy, Is the World | Boy, is the world retarded, dumb | 2003 |
| 26 | 35 | Episode in Mosul | Away where a ranger shot bullets of lead | 2003 |
| 26 | 36 | Wreck the Walls | Wreck the walls with one long volley | 2003 |
| 26 | 37 | Battle Hymn | Mine ears have heard the story of the coming of the troops | 2003 |
| 26 | 38 | Jingo Yells | Jingo yells, Jingo swells, Jingo whoops hooray | 2003 |
| 26 | 39 | Violent Night | Violent night, lowly night, all is bombed, nothing's right | 2003 |
| 26 | 40 | Guess Who Knows the Rules | Whenever you feel bad and want to howl, remember someone in our government | 2003 |
| 26 | 41 | Zonked | I never thought a war would wake me up from dreams of olive branches by the sea | 2003 |
| 26 | 42 | Anchors Hooray | Anchors hooray, oh boy! Anchors hooray! | 2003 |
| 26 | 43 | No Tea for Kofi | Come closer, girls and boys, so you can hear a Story I recorded from a man in Lebanon | 2003 |
| 26 | 44 | The Importance of Marshes | The other day I asked to share ribs with a table of marsh Arabs | 2003 |
| 26 | 45 | Gin Rummy | Don Rumsfeld! You're high-powered, that's for sure! | 2003 |
| 26 | 46 | The Obscene Hymn | From the stalls of Muslim Russians to the slums of Ketchikan we will blask our dark-skinned cousins | 2003 |
| 26 | 47 | Touring the Lily Pads | It's great to travel to new places to meet yanks and foreign faces | 2003 |
| 26 | 48 | Depleted Uranium | If you're lucky enough to get hit in the cranium, the bullet that's tipped with depleted uranium | 2003 |
| 26 | 49 | In Praise of Sam Hamill | Mid-April's come and gone. The lilacs show it | 2003 |
| 26 | 50 | Gosh Yes America | Gosh yes America, I see a dove fly beside you | 2003 |
| 26 | 51 | Moving Right Along | The world moves on | 2003 |
| 26 | 52 | I Want to Marry Ari | I never known a fellow nicer than the spokesman, Ari Fleischer | 2003 |
| 26 | 53 | United States | Oh, Brits and yanks, heroic guys who cause civilians pain | 2003 |
| 26 | 54 | Off We Go | Off we go into the wildest blunder since the war in Viet Nam | 2003 |
| 26 | 55 | Nothing Is So Beautiful | When I drowse at my desk or walk outside, too dazed to glance at robins after rain | 2003 |
| 26 | 56 | Reading the Tea Leaves | Forget about the tepid word, Preventive | 2003 |
| 26 | 57 | Liberation | Now that we have liberation, we must learn our occupation | 2003 |
| 26 | 58 | America | My country, 'tis of thee, land of hostility, of war I sing | 2003 |
| 26 | 59 | A Child's Garden of Evil | (book of poems) | 2003 |
| 26 | 60 | Newspeak | The brass have said it's time to put aside the old term, <i>friendly fire</i> | 2003 |
| 26 | 61 | What? Me Worry? | Let's say some pissed Imam from Mal or Mahwah issues an explosive | 2003 |
| 26 | 62 | Collateral Damage | Why fret when a misguided missile kills a widow in the dark? | 2003 |
| 26 | 63 | Anthem | Oh, say can you see how we don't disagree | 2003 |
| 26 | 64 | Out of Print | I no longer remember the plot of <i>Never Call Retreat</i> or why <i>The Gates of Aulis</i> graced my bookshelf | 2003 |
| 26 | 65 | March Madness, 2003 | The Battle for Baghdad: it looms like minefield | 2003 |

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|-----|--------|--|---|---------|
| 26 | 66 | Bullet | When it hits you, zinging between your eyes | 2003 |
| 26 | 67 | Rules of Engagement | Whether to fire on kids with Kalashnikov rifles | 2003 |
| 26 | 68 | France | By a red-roofed tool shed, with two trees casting shadows that don't reach her brown ringlets | 2003 |
| 26 | 69 | Thoreau | They must have followed a pheromone trail to water | 2003 |
| 26 | 70 | Cape Town | A young man named "Brilliant" awakes before dawn to cook yams for his mum | 2003 |
| 26 | 71 | The White Peacock and the Dull Brown Bird | Review of <u>Annonciade</u> by Elizabeth Spires and <u>God Hunger</u> by Michael Ryan | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 72 | By the Way | The strawberry you picked in Freels' field were so sweet I gorged on them | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 73 | Bagatelle | Who was it said we don't have to be stuck together to belong together? | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 74 | Epistle of James | Both Allah & Yahweh instruct us that killing each other has...us | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 75 | Day of Atonement | As city kids we called it Young Kipper & stayed home from school | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 76 | Bris | When the rabbi reached for his scalpel at first I lay quiet but when he lopped my foreskin my face turned red as a radish | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 77 | Myrtle Grove | Inside a stone wall four huge yew trees said to be a thousand years old towered above the house | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 78 | Ellsworth Farm | Dick Calyfield lobbed a garter snake that slid off my bare shoulder & slithered through cattails | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 79 | America | Bridge, out rain, lake mud, berm back, up bump | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 80 | Maria | If it takes a woman crawling on her knees up the nave of a Morelian cathedral three hours to reach its altar | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 81 | Post-Op | This tube down my throat, this IV needle in my arm which cling to me | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 82 | Canada Nap Time | At a hundred-and-three you're still the stud you were in Paris | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 83 | The Cut | Their last vacation together they beached a boat near an inlet where a salt pond met the Atlantic | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 84 | The Firewoman in Blue Suspenders | I peeked under the sink but she was not there | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 85 | Neil | Not far from Edmonton the artist with digital paintbrushes once painted his dorm room black | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 86 | Ditty | Time was, you took up ballet | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 87 | The Visitor's Pillow | Retained the shape of her head after she left without breakfast | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 88 | October 23, 1950 | Inside the schoolyard's chain link fence with Howie Green on third and Bruce Rossman at the plate | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 89 | Chipped Tooth | Bite down on a sliced tomato and hear a crunch that sounds like a fracture | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 90 | Man Seated on a Sofa | His eyes' glint the red wine stain on the pink twill of his GAP shirt | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 91 | Neutral | I built a chalet out of stone and wouldn't let anyone in | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 92 | Field Trip | By the mudroom's rubber doormat a dead hummer iridescent below gnats and midges | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 93 | Fairy Tale | Deep in the shady swale of the Reagan Years from a house on top of a hill in Connecticut | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 94 | Growth | It nested on his face for thirty years, a perfect circle on his sun-tanned cheek | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 95 | Palm Springs, 1968 | When Capote greeted us at the door of his ranch house with "Can I bring you a dwinkie?" | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 96 | Cooking With EB | She slices a page of notebook paper into squares and prints words on each piece | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 97 | Event Horizon | The night James Baldwin visited Deerfield, Illinois his intensity electrified the dining room | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 98 | Mailers Drop By 151 East 80 th Street | After I buzzed them in, newlyweds, late one night, and they plopped on my Park Avenue cast-off | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 99 | Knight's Tale | Here comes my neighbor Bruce atop a whirring blade cutting swaths across the green fiefdom of his lawn | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 100 | Death of a Father | On the ceiling your fingers' shadows said <i>He went to the Empire State Building</i> | 2004-08 |

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|-----|--------|--|---|---------|
| 26 | 101 | The Piano Tuner | Says wolf tones on stringed instruments howl in resonance, like spaces between leptons and quarks | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 102 | A Hop, Skip, and a Jump | Your head's an empty hornets' nest as passengers twitch in their seat belts | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 103 | Windowscape | From his crested head and black mask to the yellow fringe on his tail | 2004-08 |
| 26 | 104 | Bureau of Missing Persons | In the dead writer's last short story the characters have no names | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 1 | Arabesque | This morning I woke in Djibouti to the thought of Blue-barred Parrotfish trolling the Gulf of Aden | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 2 | Your Two Front Teeth | In the FAO Schwartz catalog not a toy truck but a hardback book with hundreds of pages | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 3 | Inscription | That stairway hugging the bluff, that narrow beach, those mini-whitecaps—all come back | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 4 | Peninsula | Yesterday in Shiretoko you stared out the window and lifted your quill | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 5 | Speech to the Veterans of Foreign Wars | My fellow Americans, why mispronounce it Eye Rack, as in "I rack up three-pointers?" | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 6 | Three Leos | I roared the lion summer once was me | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 7 | Nine Bean Rows | In a peach orchard juice dribbling over your chin, J. Alfred Prufrock | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 8 | The Cold Cuts Woman at Kroger | Told me she'd thrown three cooked chickens & two turkey breasts plus the leftover prepped spaghetti & deviled eggs into a dumpster out back | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 9 | A Medic Training for Iraq Uses an Anesthetized Animal | My pig? They shot him twice in the face with a 9-millimeter pistol, and then twice with a 12-gauge shotgun. And then he was set on fire | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 10 | Forgive Me | Can fourteen lines sum up a lifetime, even when every word suggests silence? | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 11 | Bergen County | They circled the rug to Grieg's "In the Hall of the Mountain King" and collapsed | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 12 | Point Blank | A mugger fires his glock but you don't feel anything even the horror | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 13 | BB Gun | Press its stock to your shoulder and squint out your bedroom window | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 14 | The Hairdresser | Who says she was born in 1969 weighing one pound (while my son, born the same year at two pounds rests in a casket) says she knew | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 15 | Dressing Up for Bill | The olive drab shirt with the buttondown collar beige slacks and shoes, with an Old Navy jacket | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 16 | Squeezebox | You stretched its bellows to the limit without ripping the fabric | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 17 | Raiding the Hive | Five-floor bee-keep spray-soaked bug-strewn | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 18 | Words for the Big Guy | The needle pierces deep & hits a nerve | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 19 | Amber | By the shore at the trailhead reeds with hollow stalks & plumelike panicles | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 20 | Door County | Meant pup-tenting pan-frying fish on a Coleman stove as we told ghost stories | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 21 | On Learning the Retaining Wall at Castle Village Has Collapsed | One day up, one day down: rubble, the split lip of a landslide | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 22 | Luau | After I lifted my punch glass to Kilauea, the host asked the oldest among us what was the secret of longevity | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 23 | History 101 | A sidewalk orange crate with Superman comic books hawked by a kid withstood the Holocaust | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 24 | John Above | Around about now West Cork's beaches are wall-to-wall | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 25 | This Statement Is False | "Out yonder," said Einstein "an old man with a fly rod may be telling the truth..." | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 26 | Church Street | On her hardwood floor the blur that looks like a dust ball turns out to be something else no vacuum cleaner could've hoovered up | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 27 | When It | Hits you in the chest bouncing you flat as a skip stone against an embankment | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 28 | Opening Night: the Mikado | With a pillow to make me fat & a pigtail to give me a headache, I waddled downstage in the spotlight | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 29 | Liebschaft (or Cialis, Anyone?) | Sing sang sung Gunter was well-hung | 2004-08 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|--|--|---------|
| 27 | 30 | Overheard in the Bedroom of the Apostle James's Children | Adam: Grandma's vagina is as big as the Cave of the Patriarchs | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 31 | Fiddler | Give me a month, and these late summer trees will do their eye-popping October strip tease | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 32 | Ellen Remembers | The Trail to a ghost town climbed past aspens and boulder fields as I glanced back at her | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 33 | Raggedy Annabelle | I heard the first part of this story while I was washing dishes | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 34 | Brown Study | Comes out so slow gets stuck fast | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 35 | Ficus Tree | Pot-bound in autumn, I lose my leaves | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 36 | Talk to Me | Isgriefaformoffuryiaskmyselftoday | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 37 | Yellow Jackets | Their nest a hole below my eaves | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 38 | E Equals | What is Albert Einstein doing on my grandmother's bagel? | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 39 | Tryst | A two-lane road through the foothills | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 40 | Decibels | Must poetry be a rant of ast talk & nyah-nyahs? | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 41 | Herself at Last | Sixteen years later the rice-sized lump in her neck blew up into the size of a walnut | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 42 | Hillcrest Drive | The mud-brown doe outside my kitchen window keeps trotting while she craps on backyard lawns | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 43 | Q/A | Who likes death threats? Nah tie | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 44 | The Trend-Setters | As they lead us away from the light, they are chanting, "Holy!" | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 45 | Catching On | I write a line and try to catch my breath when words lead me to Marathon or Thrace | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 46 | Hemistichery | I sit here flicking lint with wool shirts from Goodwill | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 47 | Avatar | He descended first as a fish to swim in lagoons where mendicants attended hi, fin and gill | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 48 | Backyard Mousers | On a barren patch by my lawn a calico tom mounts a tabby | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 49 | Lies About Magnolias | Late bloomers, by Halloween they unmask every branch, and flower for weeks | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 50 | Counterpunch | Now that Bush appointed the worst dolt in Washington to lead us at the U.N., we might as well resign ourselves | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 51 | Charles Burchfield | December sunlight cracks the whip at rails of rolling stock | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 52 | DH | Has the man I used to call Dan who started a press that said yes to my first book, sound a new nook | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 53 | Grass Fire by a Yellow House | It spreads so fast why dial nine-one-one? | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 54 | Raga for Pennywhistle and Jew's-Harp | Me at his feet, on all fours, at forty, hunched like a cheetah | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 55 | Sixth Avenue, 1939 | My mother came from Luxembourg, my father gulped Moselle | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 56 | On the Morning of Christ's Nativity | I dream I am making love with my father | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 57 | Four a.m. | A cat starts awake and leaps from a windowsill | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 58 | Riddle | What smells like all the rubber plantations in Java rolled into a ball the size of a fist | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 59 | Aisha at Rosarito Beach | When the shard of a 7-Up bottle sandblasted by breakers acquired a matte finish | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 60 | Cut Flowers | They rob the room of air, highlight the wallpaper's drabiness | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 61 | Choo-Choo Train | The guy who backhoed my front yard popped a can of Bud Light & called his parked machine "one heeluva hunk of metal" | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 62 | Epithalamion for Two Philosophers | The flutist, recently widowed, whose husband had died while jogging on Mother's Day | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 63 | Aids Scare | We hike west of the Hudson capped with ice | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 64 | Delivery Boy | Who goes there with a parcel under his arm while he fumbles for coins at a bus stop? | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 65 | Storm Kills Two | Beforehand a skyful of seedpods out toping the chimneys of houses in town | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 66 | Here Kitty Kitty | [visual poem] | 2004-08 |

| Box | Folder | Title | First Line/Summary | Year |
|-----|--------|---|---|---------|
| 27 | 67 | Walter Cronkite's Favorite Food | Walter Cronkite's favorite food is string beans | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 68 | Morning Song | I will button my shirt wrong | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 69 | Stopping by Words in Favor of Privatizing Social Security | Whose words these are I think I know. He's stationed at the White House, though | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 70 | Bush | I think that I shall never see a president as great as he | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 71 | Doorman | When at the rear door of the vault of love I all alone bewEEP my outcast state | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 72 | Words for My Daughter's Child | Right now in your mother's womb an embryo hugging its walls while you feed on her vegan's cuisine after she jogs, then goes walking | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 73 | Spring 2004 | Cicadas chirring after seventeen year's sleep | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 74 | Dear Cleo | As I gaze out at my back yard, I want to thank you for your card | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 75 | Homage to Stevens | In woods of words you were a whisper-tree | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 76 | Please Pass the Stuffing | When Boots was stuffed I said Oh no! | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 77 | Uncle Bert, Gravely Ill | Everyone believed you when you said you went to Dartmouth | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 78 | Friedhof Fluntern, Plot 147 | An hour's climb above the Limmatquai, next to the city zoo, amid a burst of May green | 2004-08 |
| 27 | 79 | Our Dinner at the Ruden Hausen Restaurant | First course: salmon tartar with scallops & hot toast | 2004-08 |

Sub-Series II: Notes/Journal Entries

| Box | Folder | Summary of Contents | Year |
|-----|--------|---------------------|------|
| 3 | 12 | Journal/notes | 1969 |
| 3 | 19 | Notes | 1969 |
| 3 | 30 | Poem titles? | 1969 |
| 5 | 2 | Notes | 1971 |
| 5 | 39 | Notes | 1971 |
| 5 | 40 | Journal | 1971 |
| 6 | 12 | Notes | 1972 |
| 6 | 42 | Journal | 1972 |
| 6 | 44 | Notes | 1972 |
| 6 | 56 | Notes | 1972 |
| 6 | 63 | Notes | 1972 |
| 6 | 70 | Notes | 1972 |
| 6 | 75 | Journal | 1972 |
| 6 | 78 | Notes | 1972 |
| 7 | 23 | Notes | 1973 |
| 7 | 27 | Notes | 1973 |
| 7 | 33 | Notes | 1973 |
| 7 | 35 | Journal/notes | 1973 |
| 7 | 60 | Notes | 1973 |
| 8 | 52 | Journal | 1974 |
| 8 | 86 | Journal | 1974 |
| 9 | 9 | Journal | 1975 |
| 9 | 43 | Notes | 1975 |
| 9 | 70 | Notes/ideas | 1975 |
| 10 | 15 | Letter draft | 1976 |
| 10 | 27 | Notes | 1976 |
| 10 | 37 | Letter draft | 1976 |
| 10 | 38 | Journal | 1976 |
| 10 | 41 | Journal | 1976 |
| 10 | 45 | Journal | 1976 |
| 10 | 50 | Notes | 1976 |
| 10 | 57 | Journal | 1976 |
| 10 | 62 | Journal | 1976 |

| Box | Folder | Summary of Contents | Year |
|------------|---------------|---|-------------|
| 10 | 63 | Journal | 1976 |
| 10 | 65 | Journal | 1976 |
| 11 | 5 | Notes | 1977 |
| 11 | 6 | Journal/Notes | 1977 |
| 11 | 10 | Notes | 1977 |
| 11 | 13 | Notes | 1977 |
| 11 | 21 | Journal/notes | 1977 |
| 11 | 23 | Journal | 1977 |
| 11 | 24 | Journal/Notes | 1977 |
| 11 | 26 | Journal/Notes | 1977 |
| 11 | 28 | Journal | 1977 |
| 11 | 31 | Journal | 1977 |
| 11 | 38 | Journal | 1977 |
| 11 | 40 | Notes | 1977 |
| 11 | 42 | Notes | 1977 |
| 11 | 46 | Journal/notes | 1977 |
| 11 | 49 | Notes | 1977 |
| 11 | 53 | Notes | 1977 |
| 11 | 58 | Notes | 1977 |
| 11 | 61 | Notes | 1977 |
| 11 | 63 | Notes | 1977 |
| 11 | 66 | Journal/Notes | 1977 |
| 11 | 69 | Notes | 1977 |
| 11 | 71 | Notes | 1977 |
| 11 | 82 | Journal | 1977 |
| 11 | 84 | Journal | 1977 |
| 11 | 87 | Notes | 1977 |
| 11 | 91a | "Notebooks, 1977-1987 etc." | 1977 |
| 11 | 91b | "Notebooks, 1977-1987 etc." | 1978 |
| 11 | 91c | "Notebooks, 1977-1987 etc." | 1987 |
| 11 | 91d | "Notebooks, 1977-1987 etc." | 1986 |
| 11 | 91e | "Notebooks, 1977-1987 etc." | 1989 |
| 11 | 91f | "Notebooks, 1977-1987 etc." – Short story | No date |
| 11 | 91g | "Notebooks, 1977-1987 etc." – Short story | No date |
| 11 | 91h | "Notebooks, 1977-1987 etc." | Multiple |
| 12 | 7 | Notes | 1978 |
| 12 | 9 | Notes | 1978 |
| 12 | 19 | Journal | 1978 |
| 12 | 20 | Notes | 1978 |
| 12 | 36 | Journal | 1978 |
| 12 | 48 | Journal | 1978 |
| 12 | 52 | Journal | 1978 |
| 12 | 53 | Journal/notes | 1978 |
| 12 | 55 | Notes | 1978 |
| 12 | 61 | Notes | 1978 |
| 12 | 64 | Journal | 1978 |
| 12 | 67 | Journal | 1978 |
| 12 | 70 | Journal | 1978 |
| 13 | 8 | Notes | 1979 |
| 13 | 13 | Journal | 1979 |
| 13 | 14 | Notes | 1979 |
| 13 | 16 | Notes | 1979 |
| 13 | 18 | Notes | 1979 |
| 13 | 38 | Notes | 1979 |

| Box | Folder | Summary of Contents | Year |
|------------|---------------|--|-------------|
| 13 | 54 | Notes | 1979 |
| 14 | 3 | Notes for poem about brother | 1979 |
| 14 | 8 | Notes | 1979 |
| 14 | 21 | Journal | 1980 |
| 14 | 34 | Journal/notes | 1980 |
| 14 | 37 | Notes | 1980 |
| 14 | 44 | Notes | 1980 |
| 14 | 48 | Notes | 1980 |
| 14 | 53 | Notes | 1980 |
| 14 | 57 | Notes | 1980 |
| 14 | 62 | Notes | 1980 |
| 14 | 68 | Notes | 1980 |
| 15 | 6 | Notes | 1981 |
| 15 | 21 | Notes | 1981 |
| 15 | 35 | Notes | 1981 |
| 15 | 37 | Journal | 1981 |
| 15 | 40 | Notes | 1981 |
| 15 | 50 | Notes | 1981 |
| 15 | 56 | Notes | 1981 |
| 16 | 7 | Journal | 1982 |
| 16 | 8 | Journal | 1982 |
| 16 | 11 | Journal | 1982 |
| 16 | 14 | Journal (about Bob) | 1982 |
| 16 | 16 | Journal (about Steve Birmingham) | 1982 |
| 16 | 20 | Journal (lists: things that make me mad, things about myself that embarrass me, why I can't express myself to my best friend...) | 1982 |
| 16 | 22 | Notes | 1982 |
| 16 | 24 | Notes on poems Merging and My Brother in Beirut | 1982 |
| 16 | 26 | Notes | 1982 |
| 16 | 31 | Journal (automatic writing) | 1982 |
| 16 | 34 | Notes | 1982 |
| 16 | 38 | Notes | 1982 |
| 16 | 47 | Journal | 1982 |
| 16 | 49 | Notes | 1982 |
| 16 | 65 | Notes | 1983 |
| 17 | 10 | Notes | 1983 |
| 17 | 15 | Journal (writing, family) | 1983 |
| 17 | 18 | Journal (mother leaving), poem notes | 1983 |
| 17 | 23 | Notes for poem about his mother | 1983 |
| 17 | 25 | Notes (titles of new poems) | 1983 |
| 17 | 28 | Notes about writing, some drawings | 1983 |
| 17 | 42 | Notes (list of new poems, sketch) | 1983 |
| 17 | 44 | Notes (Bach's manuscripts) | 1983 |
| 17 | 48 | Notes (about depression and suicide statistics) | 1983 |
| 17 | 51 | Notes | 1983 |
| 17 | 56 | Notes about writing | 1983 |
| 17 | 58 | Journal (about Barbara's new job, spring, personal issues) | 1983 |
| 17 | 63 | Notes on writing | 1983 |
| 18 | 10 | Notes | 1984 |
| 18 | 21 | Notes | 1984 |
| 18 | 24 | Notes | 1984 |
| 18 | 30 | Journal (about publishing industry, writing, notes for poems) | 1984 |
| 18 | 35 | Notes | 1984 |
| 18 | 39 | Notes | 1984 |
| 18 | 43 | Journal (about sick leave, weekend plans, notes about poems) | 1984 |
| 18 | 45 | Notes | 1984 |

| Box | Folder | Summary of Contents | Year |
|------------|---------------|--|-------------|
| 18 | 54 | Notes (about swearing off cannabis) | 1984 |
| 18 | 62 | notes | 1984 |
| 18 | 66 | Journal (about mood/depression/writing, publishing) | 1985 |
| 18 | 72 | Journal (about vacation and writing) | 1985 |
| 19 | 1 | Notes (about writing) | 1985 |
| 19 | 5 | Notes (about dreams, writing) | 1985 |
| 19 | 7 | Journal (about writing, his brother, cannabis) | 1985 |
| 19 | 9 | Journal (about dream, traveling, replacing windows) | 1985 |
| 19 | 12 | Notes | 1985 |
| 19 | 16 | Notes (the poet as historian-prophet) | 1986 |
| 19 | 40 | Notes | 1986 |
| 19 | 43 | Journal (writing, travel, summer) | 1986 |
| 19 | 45 | Journal (writing, teaching) | 1986 |
| 19 | 50 | Journal (family) | 1987 |
| 19 | 53 | Journal (writing) | 1987 |
| 19 | 57 | Notes (poem ideas) | 1987 |
| 19 | 68 | Journal (visitors, writing) | 1987 |
| 19 | 70 | Notes for "Dead Sea" poem | 1987 |
| 19 | 77 | Journal (about poetry reading, writing/publishing, teen suicide) | 1987 |
| 20 | 4 | Journal (family, vacation, writing) | 1988 |
| 20 | 8 | Journal (poetry reading) | 1988 |
| 20 | 10 | Journal (writing, poem ideas) | 1988 |
| 20 | 13 | Journal (family matters) | 1988 |
| 20 | 20 | Notes (ideas for a novel) | 1988 |
| 20 | 24 | Journal (court case, dreams, Barbara, poem ideas) | 1988 |
| 20 | 26 | Journal (notes on writing, publishing) | 1988 |
| 20 | 43 | Flow chart about missing his daughters | 1989 |
| 20 | 63 | Notes (list of poems) | 1989 |
| 20 | 71 | Journal (memories, publishing) | 1989 |
| 20 | 73 | Journal (Crystal leaving, separation and loss) | 1989 |
| 20 | 82 | Journal (birthday, writing, poem ideas) | 1989 |
| 20 | 84 | Journal (Heather leaving for Nova Scotia) | 1989 |
| 21 | 1 | Journal (Barbara, writing) | 1989 |
| 21 | 3 | Notes (about Barbara's illness, poems) | 1989 |
| 21 | 5 | Journal (visitors, Goya exhibit, writing) | 1989 |
| 21 | 9 | Notes | 1989 |
| 21 | 12 | Journal (writing) | 1989 |
| 21 | 16 | Notes | 1989 |
| 21 | 20 | Journal (relationship with Barbara) | 1990 |
| 21 | 23 | Journal (dreams, writing, family) | 1990 |
| 21 | 25 | Journal (about Crystal leaving) | 1990 |
| 21 | 33 | Notes | 1990 |
| 21 | 40 | Journal (Barbara returning from Australia) | 1990 |
| 21 | 42 | Notes | 1990 |
| 21 | 43 | Notes (about new historical poem) | 1990 |
| 21 | 52 | Journal (writing, quality of poems) | 1990 |
| 21 | 57 | Notes (poem ideas, writing) | 1991 |
| 21 | 59 | Journal (about his feelings on writing "Dark Conceit") | 1991 |
| 21 | 65 | Journal (stay at Dorland, writing) | 1991 |
| 21 | 68 | Notes | 1991 |
| 21 | 70 | Journal (fight with his daughter, writing) | 1991 |
| 21 | 73 | Journal (writing) | 1991 |
| 21 | 77 | Journal (publishing, writing, Barbara) | 1991 |
| 22 | 4 | List of poems | 1992 |
| 22 | 6 | Notes for poem | 1992 |
| 22 | 7 | Journal (warming-up) | 1992 |

| Box | Folder | Summary of Contents | Year |
|-----|--------|---|------|
| 22 | 11 | Notes | 1992 |
| 22 | 13 | Journal (relationship with Barbara) | 1992 |
| 22 | 17 | Notes | 1992 |
| 22 | 20 | Journal (poetry reading, new book, writing) | 1992 |
| 22 | 22 | Journal (writing, new poems) | 1992 |
| 22 | 24 | Journal (feelings, daughter's writing) | 1992 |
| 22 | 27 | Notes | 1992 |
| 22 | 32 | Journal (writing) | 1992 |
| 22 | 42 | Journal (Miami University writing program) | 1992 |
| 22 | 44 | Journal (dreams, writing) | 1992 |
| 22 | 46 | Praise for the Poetry of James Reiss | 1992 |
| 22 | 63 | Notes | 1993 |
| 22 | 67 | Journal (dream about Barbara) | 1993 |
| 22 | 69 | Journal (dream about Barbara, weather, writing, poem and book ideas) | 1993 |
| 22 | 77 | Journal (dream about Tom Lux) | 1993 |
| 22 | 87 | Poetry reading notes | 1993 |
| 23 | 12 | Journal for 1995, dated (writing, Oxford, divorce, Mary Jo) | 1995 |
| 23 | 36 | Journal (automatic writing, family) | 1995 |
| 23 | 51 | Notes | 1996 |
| 24 | 79 | Ten Thousand Good Mornings table of contents, list of completed poems | 1998 |

Sub-Series III: Miscellaneous Writings

| Box | Folder | Summary of Contents | Date |
|-----|--------|--|----------|
| 28 | 1 | Introductions prepared by James Reiss. Includes introductions for Robert Bly, Charles Wright, Steve Orlen, Ira Sadoff, Jim Dickey, Hugh Seidman, Elder Olson, Rita Dove, Robert Levy, Rika Lesser and Lawrence Russ. | Multiple |
| 28 | 2 | Reviews by James Reiss. Includes final drafts of poetry reviews written by Reiss | Multiple |
| 28 | 10 | <i>Elizabeth Kray, a Remembrance</i> , includes remarks by Reiss | 1988 |
| 28 | 11 | Misc. writings, includes notes and journal entries covering a wide range of writing topics | Multiple |
| 28 | 12 | Grouping Reiss entitled "Juvenilia," includes short stories written by Reiss | Undated |
| 28 | 13 | "Strictly Among Friends," autobiographical play by Reiss | 1966 |
| 28 | 14 | Drawings by Reiss | Undated |
| 28 | 15 | Visual poetry by Reiss | Undated |
| 28 | 16 | "Blind Pig, a Chronicle" visual poetry by Reiss | Undated |
| 28 | 17 | "27 Marksmen Take Aim" visual poetry by Reiss | Undated |
| 28 | 18 | Reuven Ben-Yosef's poetry and line-editing of translations from Hebrew | Undated |

Series III: Published Writings

| Box | Folder | Summary | Date |
|-----|--------|--|-----------|
| 28 | 3 | Published Reviews. Photocopies of newspaper clippings of published poetry reviews written by Reiss | Multiple |
| 28 | 4 | "The Locksmith With the Blowtorch" review by Reiss | Unknown |
| 28 | 5 | "Waiting for Edward Hopper" review by Reiss of <i>Edward Hopper</i> by Lloyd Goodrich. Published in Southwest Review, Winter. | 1973 |
| 28 | 6 | Original newspaper clippings of book reviews written by Reiss, most published in The Plain Dealer | 1971-1974 |
| 28 | 7 | Copies and tear sheets of published poetry by Reiss | Multiple |
| 28 | 8 | <i>Winning Poems from the Big Apple Poetry Contest</i> , includes Reiss's poem, "New York is my City." Two copies, both signed by Reiss. | 1976-77 |
| 28 | 9 | <i>Arts Interaction News</i> , includes Reiss's poem "New York is my City" | Feb. 1978 |
| 28 | 19 | Returned published manuscripts, includes publishing agreements, line editing and acceptance letters | Multiple |
| 28 | 20 | Photocopies of reviews of Reiss's work, from multiple publications | multiple |
| 28 | 21 | Original newspaper clippings of reviews of Reiss's work, from multiple publications | multiple |
| 28 | 22 | Newspaper clippings of articles about Reiss | Multiple |
| 28 | 23 | Photocopies of articles about Reiss | Multiple |

| | | | |
|--|--|---|----------|
| | | Scrapbook album of newspaper clippings about Reiss and his work | Multiple |
|--|--|---|----------|

Series IV: Miscellanea

| Box | Folder | Summary of Contents | Date |
|-----|--------|---|----------------|
| 28 | 24 | Announcements for exhibits, poetry readings, workshops, book releases | Multiple |
| 28 | 25 | Poetry reading introductions for Reiss, written by others | Multiple |
| 28 | 26 | Lists of poems for poetry readings | Multiple |
| 28 | 27 | Materials for cover of <i>Parable of Fire</i> | Undated |
| 28 | 28 | <i>The Poetry Society of America</i> , bulletin and newsletter | 1974-75 |
| 28 | 29 | The University of Chicago Class of '63 Reunion Directory | 1998 |
| 29 | 1 | <i>The Voice and the Word</i> , publication of the Ohio Poet's Association, includes short biography of Reiss | Undated |
| 29 | 2 | <i>The Writer's Voice</i> , newsletter, includes advertisement for poetry workshop taught by Reiss | Fall 1986 |
| 29 | 3 | Personal Pocket Diary, calendar includes appointments, events | 1987 |
| 29 | 4 | "Poets Who Got Books," list of people who received copies of Reiss's book | Undated |
| 29 | 5 | Financial receipts, includes pay stubs for publications | Multiple |
| 29 | 6 | Miami University miscellanea, includes pamphlets from the university as well as class assignments from Reiss | Multiple |
| 29 | 7 | Miscellanea; includes business cards, publicity postcards, lists, drawings, articles, applications, lock of Barbara's hair etc. | Multiple |
| 29 | 8a-f | Works by others, includes writings by Philip Schultz, Rita Dove and Tom Lux | Multiple |
| 29 | 9 | Newspaper clippings about others, including Anne Sexton, Rita Dove and Lynn Shoemaker | Multiple |
| 29 | 10 | Newspaper clippings about Deanna Pickard, also includes gift to Reiss from Pickard | Multiple |
| 29 | 11a-g | Cecilia Reiss, includes journals, writings and family matters | Multiple |
| 31 | | Set of Karuta cards (Japanese card game) | Undated |
| 31 | | CD, "Sheppard, selected EVI music, 5 tracks, 31:49" | Undated |
| 31 | | Film, <i>James Reiss : A Poetry Reading</i> , 40 minutes, 8 mm. | Oct. 2, 1985 |
| 31 | | CEAO Nancy Dasher Book Award plaque, Miami University | 1984 |
| 31 | | University of Chicago diploma, Bachelor of Arts | 1963 |
| 31 | | University of Chicago diploma, Master of Arts | 1964 |
| 31 | | Helen and Laura Krout Memorial Ohioana Poetry Award | 2005 |
| 31 | | Journal of Cecilia Snyder (Reiss) | 1978-89 |
| 31 | | Journal of Joseph Reiss | 1970 |
| 31 | | Winter College, Miami University diploma | 2006 |
| 31 | | Yearbook, Northern Valley Regional High School | 1959 |
| | | Promotional poster for poetry reading from <i>Parable of Fire</i> , Books & Co. Dayton , OH | April 30, 1996 |
| | | Framed lithograph of Beethoven and his Friends, given as a gift from Deanna Pickard | Approx. 1980 |

Series V: Photographs

| Box | Folder | Contents | Date |
|-----|--------|--|-------------|
| 30 | 1 | James Dickey, Poet | 1968 |
| 30 | 2 | Family photographs | 1977? |
| 30 | 3 | Pictures from Cecilia Snyder (Reiss) | 1978? |
| 30 | 4 | Mis cuates, Los Padilla (wedding) | Undated |
| 30 | 5 | Spain (with Barbara) | 1983 |
| 30 | 6 | Book Party for Seidman's "People Live, They Have Lives" (MU Press, 1993) | 1993 |
| 30 | 7 | Pictures from Rich and Stevens retirement Party, from Hugh Morgan | May 2, 2006 |
| 30 | 8 | Pictures from retirement reception, MU Art Museum, from Hugh Morgan | April 2007 |
| 30 | 9-11 | Headshots | Multiple |
| 30 | 12 | Wedding pictures | 2005 |
| 30 | 13 | Reference pictures and painting pictures for 'Express' portrait | 1982 |
| 30 | 14 | Negative | 1960 |

| | | | |
|----|----|--------------------------------|----------|
| 30 | 15 | Misc. | Multiple |
| 30 | 16 | Misc. | Multiple |
| 30 | 17 | Misc. photographs of Reiss, MJ | Multiple |
| 30 | 18 | Misc. photographs of Reiss | 2008 |

Series VI: Recordings

| Box | Folder | Contents | Date |
|------------|---------------|---|-------------|
| 31 | 1 | <i>Self-Interviews: James Dickey</i> (3 reels - magnetic tape recordings, original tapes) | 1968 |