

LASTMAN TO YACHTSMAN  
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*Ken Jones* The new horse's feet  
full poem from notes made last  
summer while caring for The Hero.

*Ken*

THE POLANYI CATS

From David a line of pointed faces back:  
Minimum, Bella (Belushka),  
The Major, Kissy, none of them dogs  
middle-class and wanting to please,  
but cats  
whose hundred hairs fly out of cushions.

Outside, as if surprised at  
the size of David's second breakfast  
(the first from a rabbit's balled  
body bumped up each basement  
stair still alive for our delight)  
a bird cries like a cat  
who turns his head at that,  
then back to speak to us  
in a range of half-cries  
like a bird, at the limit  
of his powers. Then abruptly  
cleans.

As abruptly, sleeps.  
And dreams, I would think, from such  
breathily silvering-black belly  
swelling back to his hindquarters,  
about runnings back to the basement tail  
high from wild swamp island cats,  
running at the low mosquitoes in  
the evening down to the river  
beside me and meowing at  
the great dorsal fin of steel  
mist rising beyond the far bank,

lollopping loose-pawed after the round  
 grey cat with bell and collar,  
 running asleep with the squeals of tiny  
 animals on his leather-rimmed lips.

I lay fingers gently on  
 the sleeping cat's forepaw  
 which withdraws, is raised, opens  
 like a fan, and is laid  
 on my knuckles, how long peacefully  
 how long in a cat's lifetime?  
 I squirt cream and compressed air  
 air on the paw's white tip.  
 He is awake now, with a - what?  
 a there! all in one  
 greasy footmark to the door.

And later in the afternoon  
 ran back calling for company.  
 Where the river enters the lake  
 on a step cut in the dusty bank,  
 he had stepped upon the skin  
 of a cat, stiff, clayey, flat  
 pointed nose and incisors laughing.  
 What? On running back:  
 where am I?

he?

The cat is demoralized  
 by comings and goings,  
 car startings, slammings, lights  
 on then off again in the  
 empty house. They are  
 not here; they appear,



and food. He tries to remember  
 the when, what. But who?  
 Does he even see my face  
 except to scan it  
 for the source of sound?

Sorry or glad for David is silly,  
 when his white mask fades or  
 reforms in the dimensionless  
 black vegetation. It is all alive  
 around him. He is not lost.  
 He answered at first to just  
 another rustle or cry, when we found  
 a name for him like the others.  
 But he has not been heard to purr  
 away from the house,  
 and walks back through the weeds  
 in the early morning mewing  
 a long way off, and gently  
 bites bare ankles by the refrigerator.

It is not the fault of any of us,  
 cats' mistresses or their furred own masters,  
 that each morning's freshness  
 finds a jay's long feather on the grass  
 in two shades of blue.  
 The tall chicory is blue too  
 fringing the driveway on tough stems,  
 and its clustered flowers hang in white ash  
 by eleven o'clock on a fine fine morning.

VÁCZI MIHÁLY

Mikor vetkezni kezd es karcsu

mikor vetkezni kezd es karcsu  
teste mint rozsaszinu enek  
felszall a szoknyak hullt habjaiból  
mellet baranyfelho remegessel  
keresnek tenyeret es combjai kacagva  
a viragkönyu nadragból kibujnak  
hajladozva e fényes barna nadak  
olyankor ramnevet tiz ujja rejtekebol  
- te mit bamulsz - mert en csak allok  
szemem tag partjain s. lehelkedem  
mint ha kamasz fiu fürdo leányt lee  
lopva  
mikor vetkezni kezd es karcsu



When She Starts to Undress and Slender

when she starts to undress and slender  
her figure like a rose-coloured song  
soars upwards from the fallen waves of skirts  
her breasts with the shimmering of curly clouds  
are looking for palms and her thighs full of laughter  
unfold themselves like flowers from flimsy pants  
swaying-swinging these brown and shining rushes  
sometimes she laughs at me hiding behind ten fingers  
- what are you staring at - since i just stand  
on the wide banks of my eyes and peek  
like a boy in his teens peeps at a bathing girl  
stealthily  
when she starts to undress and slender

November 3, 1963



Map  
Summeria

"Slovakia"  
"Antakaa"

"Stack"  
Leemans  
Lewy  
"Montgomery"

If Hershkovits collaborated with Gilbert and Sullivan, he might have sent the following reply to Frank Knight and have him sing it to that edifying aria "Model of a Modern Major General" from The Pirates of Penzance.

It might go something like this: \_\_\_\_\_

MODEL OF A CLASSICAL ECONOMIST

I am the very model of a classical economist;  
I've information on the subject making me an optimist;  
I know the pricing system, so I ignore the historical  
From Paleolithic to Neolithic in order categorical.  
I'm very well acquainted though with matters mathematical;  
For fuller understanding I'll just supply the quadratical.  
Any problem is answered by my marginal analysis

Analysis, analysis..(pause- forgetting, then suddenly remembering)

(Joyfully) When you grant my assumption of a "ceteris paribus!"  
Chorus:(repeat) Any problem is answered by his marginal analysis  
When you grant his assumption of a "ceteris paribus!"

I delve into the market with an insight analytical  
And ignore the other sciences as hyper-hypocritical.  
Although the "economic" is filled with perplexity  
My model gives the answers with utmost facility.  
I pride myself on comprehension of demand elasticity  
And stretch this to prove the consumption of necessity.

My market system works in the realm of the mechanical,  
So I give answers culturally, morally, and practical.

(Chorus: repeat) His market system works in the realm of the mechanical  
So he gives answers culturally, morally, and practical.

If other disciplines pose a problem, I am very devious  
And claim their lack of tact couldn't possibly make them serious.

I can answer the query of man's rationality,

For his every dollar spent equates his personality.

All my economic knowledge though I'm plucky and adventurous  
Has only been brought down to the beginning of the century.

But still in learning economics I am still an optimist;

I am the very model of a classical economist!

Chorus:(repeat) But still in learning economics he is still an optimist;

He is the very model of a classical economist!