CAMP PRINTING

ROSMARIE
WALDROP

CAMP PRINTING

Burning Deck

[1970]

A SERENADE AND REQUIEM
FOR PUBLIC FIGURES PLAYING PRIVATE PARTS

In the crowded days of summer
A white swan swam to the shore and died
In the weeds by the moving river,
Where I have seen the swans glide
So smoothly over the sunlit water
I almost thought they had no legs for walking,
Until one day I saw one stride
((Waddle would be the better word))
Its then ungainly big fat ass
Over the closely clipped grass,
Down the path to the rose bushes
To poke its smooth orange beak
Into a large black turd.

Then I thought of you, Leda,
And the maker of you,
And how I make songs and am made by songs,
Sung for the viscious and voiceless swans,
For the great white feathery swans
That die in the weeds by the moving river
In the crowded days of dying summer,
And how now I know
I shall never get to know you.

A SERENADE AND RECITUM
FOR PUBLIC FIGURES PLAYING PRIVATE PARTS

In the crowded days of summer
A white swan swam to the shore and died
In the weeds by the moving river,
Where I have seen the swans glide
So smoothly over the sunlit water
I almost thought they had no legs for walking,
Until one day I saw one stride
(Would he would be the better world)
Into an ugly big fat ass
Over the closely clipped grass,
Down the path to the rose bushes
To poke its snout in a foul bank
Into a large black turd.

Then I thought of you, Edith,
And the maker of you,
And how I make songs and am made by songs,
Sung for the vicious and voiceless swans,
For the great white feathery swans
That die in the weeds by the moving river
In the crowded days of dying summer,
And how now I know
I shall never get to know you.

A SERENADE AND REQUIEM FOR THE LOCOMOTIVE PHOTOGRAPHER

In the cool days of summer
A white swan sat on the shore and did
In the waves by the quiet river,
Where I have seen the swan glide
So soft by over the still water
I almost thought they could fly away,
Under the dark sky
(Would be the better world)
In the quiet grass
Over the dark sky,
Down the path to the rose bushes
Top back to the dark
In the dark.

There I thought of you, lady,
And the rider of you,
And how I made songs and music by songs,
Sung for the visions and voices,
For the green white days
There in the waves by the quiet river
In the cool days of flying summer,
And how I knew
I still have yet to know you.

A SERENADE FOR JERUSALEM
FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE MASSACHUSETTS

I [illegible] manner
A [illegible] did
I [illegible] river,
W [illegible] side
S [illegible] water
I [illegible] ing,
U [illegible] side
([illegible])
I [illegible] ass
O [illegible] ass,
D [illegible] ses
T [illegible] k
I [illegible] d.

T [illegible] a,
A [illegible] you,
A [illegible] gs,
S [illegible] ass,
F [illegible] ass
T [illegible] river
I [illegible] r,
A [illegible] w
I [illegible] you.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Jack
[illegible] faces

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] history.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible] off.
[illegible] year
[illegible] off.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] faces;
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] year."

[illegible] Grave

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

born Oakland, Mississippi

O Dilly who lives on in the dance
O Dilly who lives on in the dance
O Dilly who lives on in the dance,
O Dilly who lives on in the dance,
I keep notes, pretty well focused,
I dance and sing with enough
I dance and sing with enough.

You will fade away in a respected phase;
You will fade away in a respected phase;
Dilly, you look like an unspoiled image;
"Dilly, you look like an unspoiled image;
It's inappropriate and yet celebrate
I have probably seen what.

I didn't laugh at the carnival "Swan;"
I didn't laugh at the carnival "Swan;"
Now I stand in the crowd's
Now I stand in the crowd's
Later the cheers fell down
Dilly, you look like an unspoiled image;
You must have tried to take
And I stand in the crowd
And I stand in the crowd.
I don't care if I
I don't care if I.

But old man, who tried to take my image
But old man, who tried to take my image
Photo lies beyond greatness?
Nothing tells where you are not
Nothing tells where you are not.
I'm seeing a world
I'm seeing a world that.

The tomb at Colonus is empty,
The tomb at Colonus is empty,
And you are not in the olive.
And you are not in the olive.
Dilly, stay with me
You will be a dancer.

[illegible]

[illegible] Mississippi

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

THE IRON YEAR

„Already snow submerges an iron year.“

Hart Crane

Positions of pigeons on train cars
Just outside my window
Where, on snowy metropolitan
Nights the New York Central
Opens huge cracks in my dreaming...
This imagery is a given
And what are my
Fancy variations on
Recollected clanging,
Watching the cars in
A scene that only I
Have made lonely,
My mind calls upon
Crane who escaped but surely
Must haunt this place.
Thousands are calling
From the vestibules
Of lesser buildings,
But tears do not remain
Tears here, they freeze
Into the mirrors of winter.
My feet are on covered iron
Not bronze or gold,
And already the snow
Is making the clanging
Into an undersea sound.

THE IRON YEAR

"Already snow submerges an iron year."

Hart Crane

Positions of pigeons on train cars

but surely

remain

winter.

iron

flowing

ground.

into an undersea sound.

AESTHETIC DISTANCES

The necessary indecent exposure.

AESTHETIC DISTANCES

of mirrors

of errors

walls

dim

to Pompeii:

The necessary indecent exposure:

AESTHETIC DISTANCES

AESTHETIC DISTANCES

Cake, ice cream and soda pop,

Cake, ice cream and soda pop,

of mirrors

of mirrors

of mirrors

dim

finally all right,

to Pompeii.

time—

indecent exposure.

The necessary indecent exposure.

AN OBELISK AT EVENING

Fernandez was a haven for Crusoe.

THE WHY OF DEATH IN DE CHIRICO

In the early afternoon
The Sienese sunlight
Falls obliquely across the statues
As it surely must fall.
And above the piazza Il Campo
The sky is bluer than
The enameled blue
On this icecream machine
That whirs softly
But does not disturb the siesta scene:
Complete true blue:
And one would think
That in this almost silent afternoon
There would be no need for metaphor
No need to carry anything beyond anything
And yet across the rainbow of my rised eye
As in another who must have looked with startled eyes
There comes a faint green
Which I cannot see because
I am framed by my deceiving eyes
As by the underlying shine
Of some great yet delicate machine.
De Chirico, poet of death,
Now that you see outside the picture
More than I can
What is that shape that so discolors the sky?

A SERENADE AND REQUIEM FOR PUBLIC FIGURES PLAYING PRIVATE PARTS

In the crowded days of summer
A white swan swam to the shore and died
In the weeds by the moving river
Where I have seen the swans glide
So smoothly over the sunlit water
I almost thought they had no legs for walking
Until one day I saw one stride
(Waddle would be the better word)
Its then ungainly big fat ass
Over the closely clipped grass
Down the path to the rose bushes
To poke its smooth orange beak
Into a large black turd.

Then I thought of you, Leda,
And the maker of you,
And how I make songs and am made by songs,
Sung for the vacuous and voiceless swans,
For the great white feathery swans
That die in the weeds by the moving river
In the crowded days of dying summer,
And how now I know
I shall never get to know you.

A SERENADE AND REQUIEM FOR PUBLIC FIGURES PLAYING PRIVATE PARTS

In the crowded days of summer
A white swan swam to the shore and died
In the weeds by the moving river,
Where I have seen the swans glide
So smoothly over the sunlit water
I almost thought they had no legs for walking,
Until one day I saw one stride
(Waddle would be the better word)
Its then ungainly big fat ass
Over the closely clipped grass,
Down the path to the rose bushes
To poke its smooth orange beak
Into a large black turd.

Then I thought of you, Leda,
And the maker of you,
And how I make songs and am made by songs,
Sung for the viscious and voiceless swans,
For the great white feathery swans
That die in the weeds by the moving river
In the crowded days of dying summer,
And how now I know
I shall never get to know you.

FOR ANDREW CAMP

born Oakland, Mississippi
buried Olivet, Michigan

Old man, who lives on in the dance
Of my trumped up and untrue remembrance,
I kept only part of what I promised,
I didn't dare or care enough.
You sailed away in a respected phase;
They took you through the distinguished home;
"The Swan," cellos slowly through the daze
Its simple ornate and yet appropriate throne;
They, not seeing, saw to that.
I didn't laugh at the carnival "Swan;"
No lady stared me down as rude;
Let the bearers put you down;
You lie in a rot at latitude
And in unsanctioned ground.
I didn't care or dare enough.
But, old man, who tried to take my image
Into the silence beyond greenness,
No tablet tells where you are not.
I, seeing, saw to that.
The tomb at Colonus is empty,
And no grave at Olivet.
You stalk with me in my anger.

A WINTRY FEVER

It's getting harder to remember the things.
It's getting harder to remember the things.
Pale geniuses are so replacing private embraces
Pale geniuses are so replacing private embraces
Tonight, anything back, I can visualize old faces, I think
Tonight, anything back, I can visualize old faces, I think
Gonder, locear than some of the unknown faces
Gonder, locear than some of the unknown faces

Of girls I once thought I would marry.
Of girls I once thought I would marry.
Of all very sad, this famous composing
Of all very sad, this famous composing
Of misery bravery which will finally leave
Of misery bravery which will finally leave
Only fundres of stellit history.
Only fundres of stellit history.

I can say: "We stood this way some day."
I can say: "We stood this way some day."
But which of three hundred and sixty-three?
But which of three hundred and sixty-three?
Summer or winter? Mostly, I can't remember.
Summer or winter? Mostly, I can't remember.
I can remember we were very much alive
I can remember we were very much alive

One winter when all West Tennessee was blanketed
One winter when all West Tennessee was blanketed
With ice that crystallized the trees and the roof.
With ice that crystallized the trees and the roof.
Cracks in the creek grew wider that year
Cracks in the creek grew wider that year
When April came and the bank broke.
When April came and the bank broke.

That year my sister modeled in a bathing suit,
That year my sister modeled in a bathing suit,
And that year the Depression crept into the house;
And that year the Depression crept into the house;
That year we bought "Lum and Abner."
That year we bought "Lum and Abner."
Was that year I fell in love with Ann?
Was that year I fell in love with Ann?

And I stored memories in wooden boxes
And I stored memories in wooden boxes
Along with seed monitors and dolls;
Along with seed monitors and dolls;
Those faces, I forgot their faces;
Those faces, I forgot their faces;
Now only shadows move behind the eyelid
Now only shadows move behind the eyelid

you had thought,

mbed,

Rome.

ne.

m

—

—

chelangelo,

s;

s"

w.

ening finger,

ger,

ered

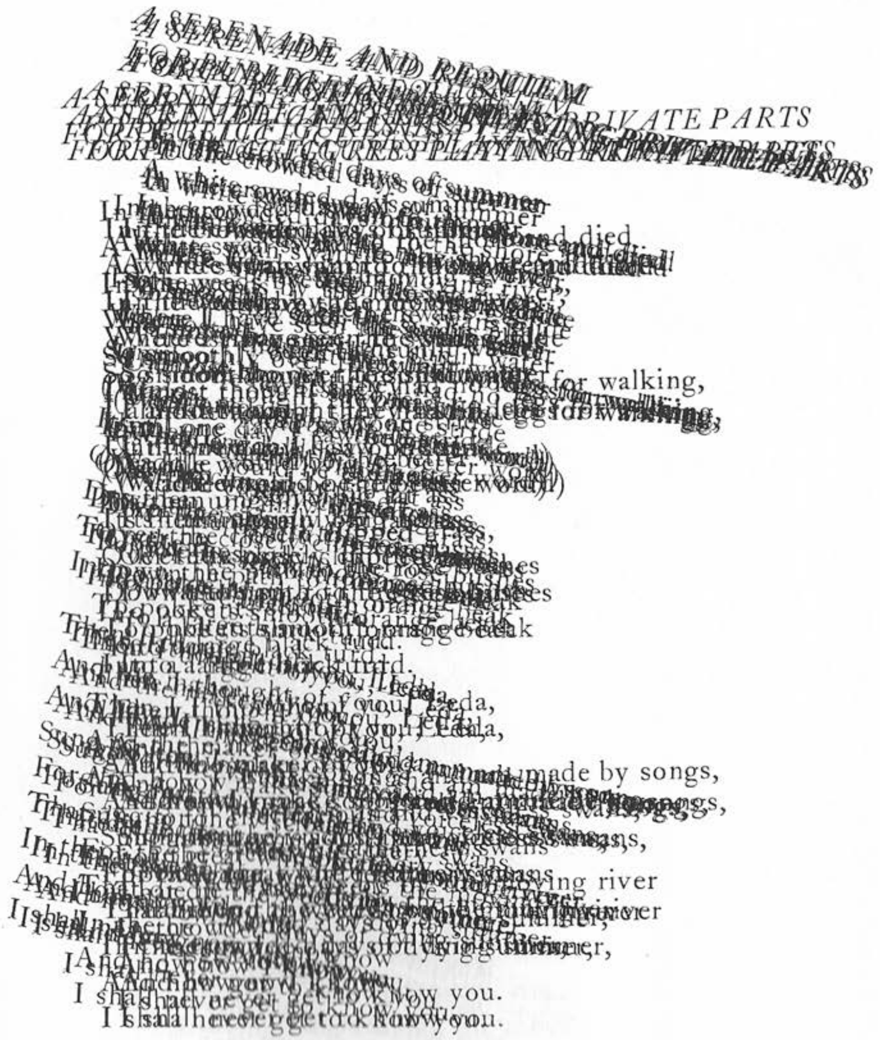
ed

ne,

the rough stone

ne

To hunger again for what you touch.


A SERENADE AND REQUIEM
FOR PUBLIC FIGURES PLAYING PRIVATE PARTS
In the crowded days of summer
A white swan swam to the shore and died
In the woods by the running river,
Where I have seen the swans glide
So smoothly over the water
for walking,
(I almost thought they had no legs for walking,)
Until one day I saw one stride
(Waddle would be the better word)
clipped grass,
the rose bushes
smooth orange beak
large black turd.
And then I thought of you, Leda,
made by songs,
swans,
ing river
summer,
And how
I shall never get to know you.


A SERENADE AND REQUIEM
FOR PIANO
I shall never get to know you.

FOR ANDREW CAMP

JULY, LATE

Old man, old man, remember, remember,
Of my young days, long, long ago.
I kept my vigil, I did my penance;
I didn't dance, I didn't prance;
You said, "Come, come, come, come;
They goose-stepped, they marched, they paraded,
"The sword, the sword, the sword;
Its image, its image, its image;
They drummed, they drummed, they drummed.
I didn't laugh, I didn't sing;
No lady smiled, no lady smiled;
Later, the ground, the ground, the ground.
Your mouth, your mouth, your mouth;
And darkness, darkness, darkness;
I didn't carve my initials;
But, oh, my heart, my heart, my heart;
I, seeing, seeing, seeing;
Maybe, maybe, maybe, maybe,
The Colonel's daughter, daughter, daughter;
The company, company, company;
Are you, are you, are you, are you,
And you, you, you, you, you,
You talk with me in my tiger.

A WINTRY FEVER

remember the Thirties.

Jack

leave

day,"

ber—

glazed

roof.

roof.

uncle,

hate;

hate.

plays;

plays;

faces;

glazed

faces;

Now only shadows move behind those glazed

to this:

believed

Judas kiss

settle all,

clothing;

of Defoe,

Crusoe.

"I suppose that

Mary

Your mind unalterably

And knew

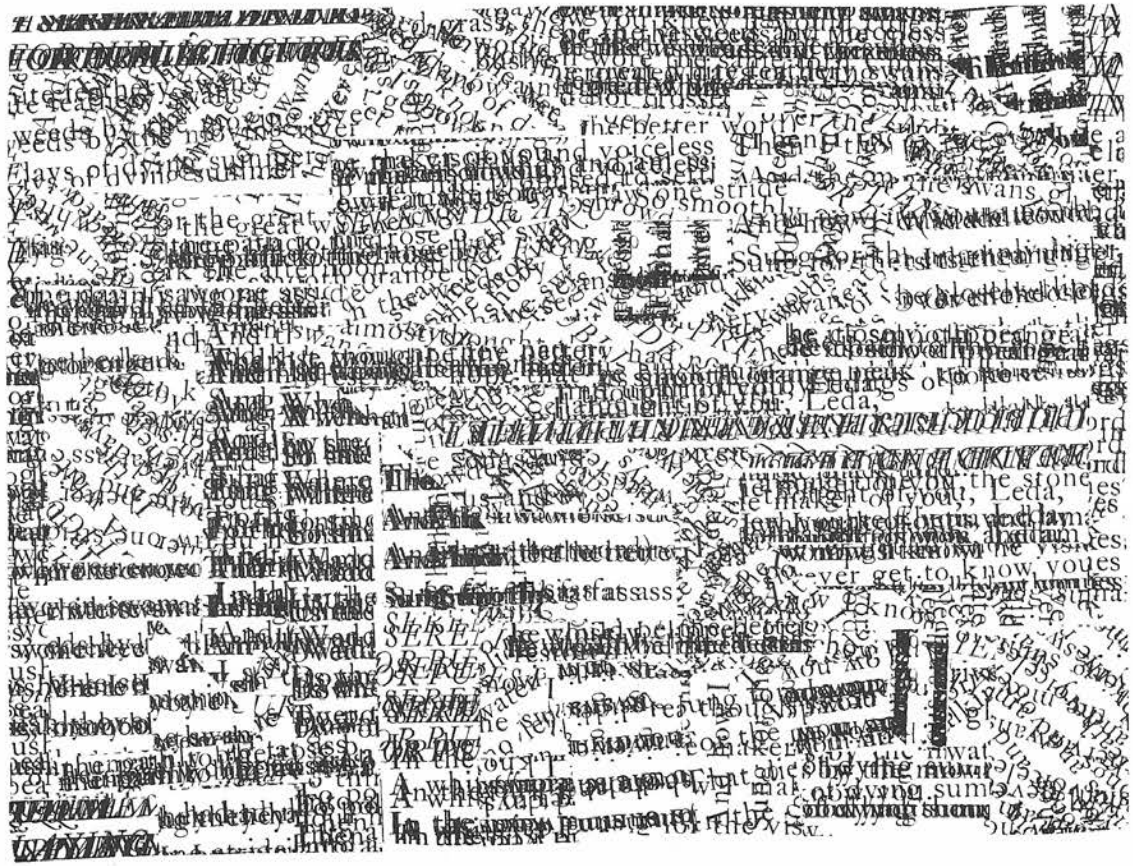
And now you

You had not closed the

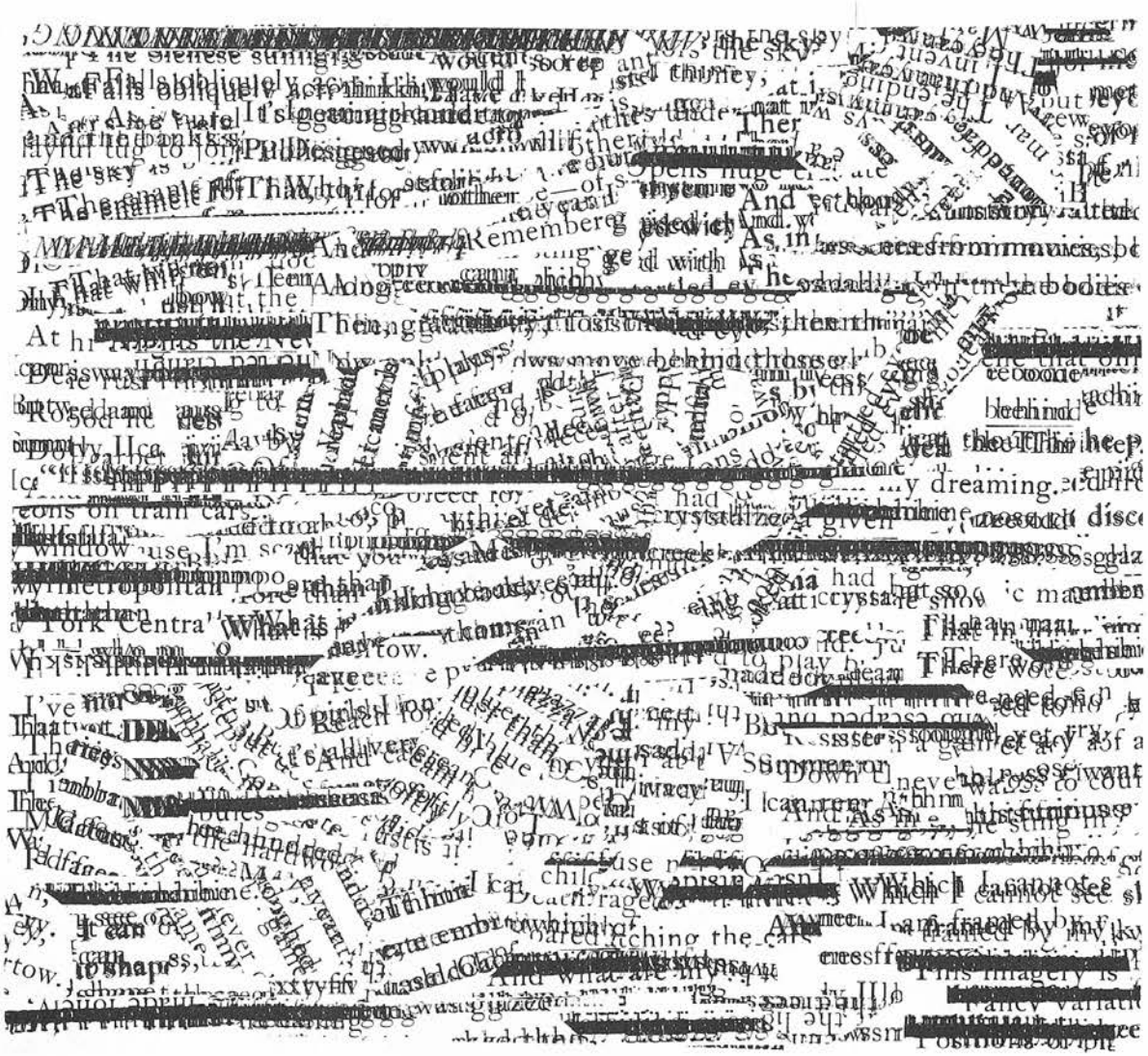
Were no more

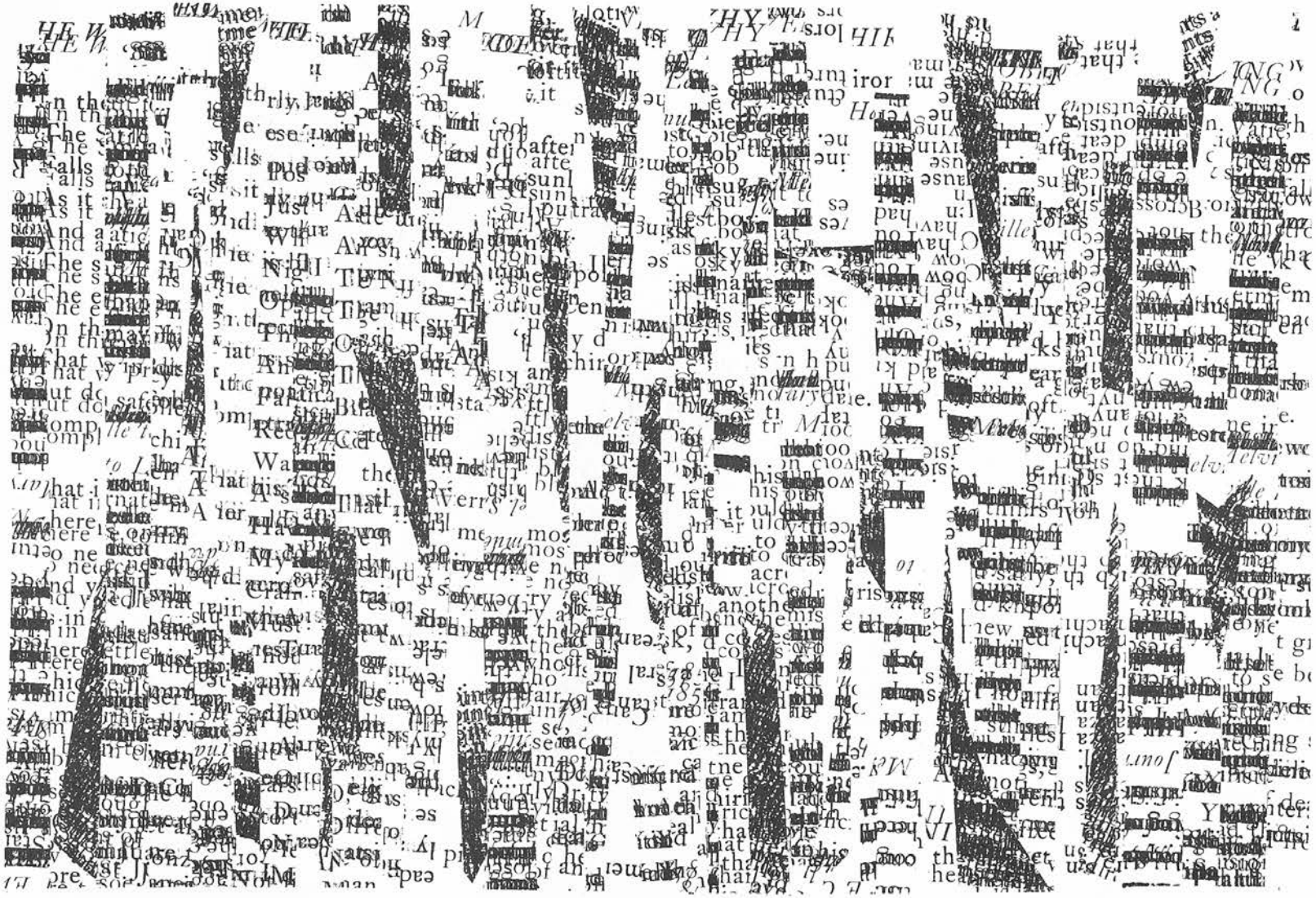
Crusoe.

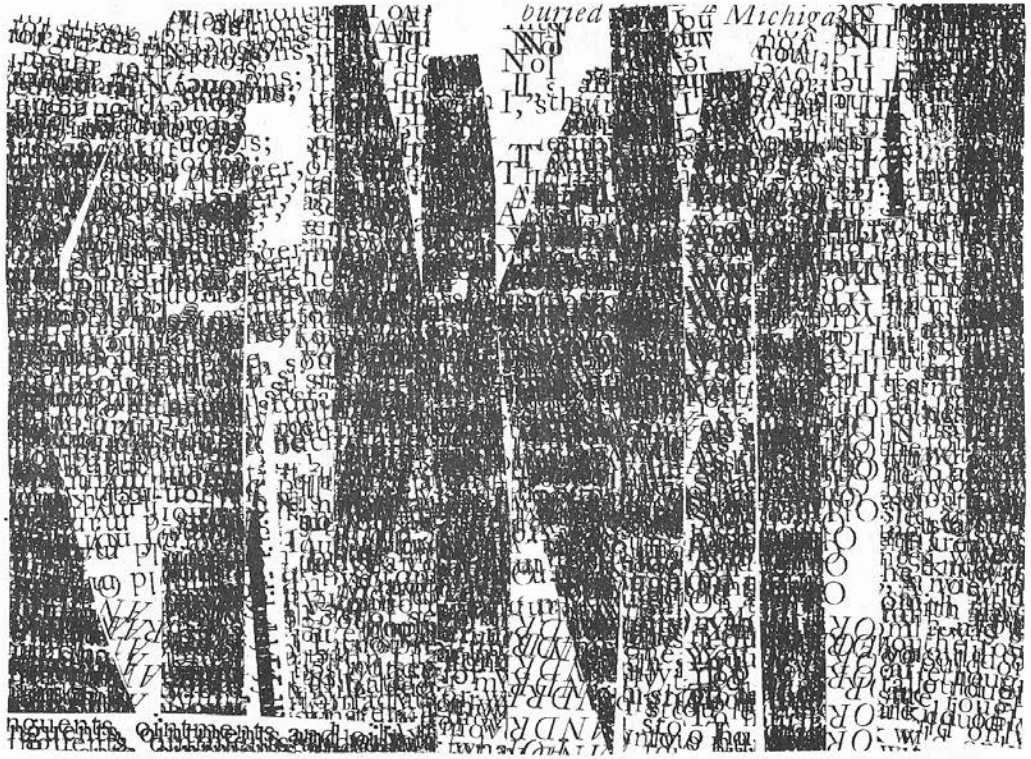
[illegible]

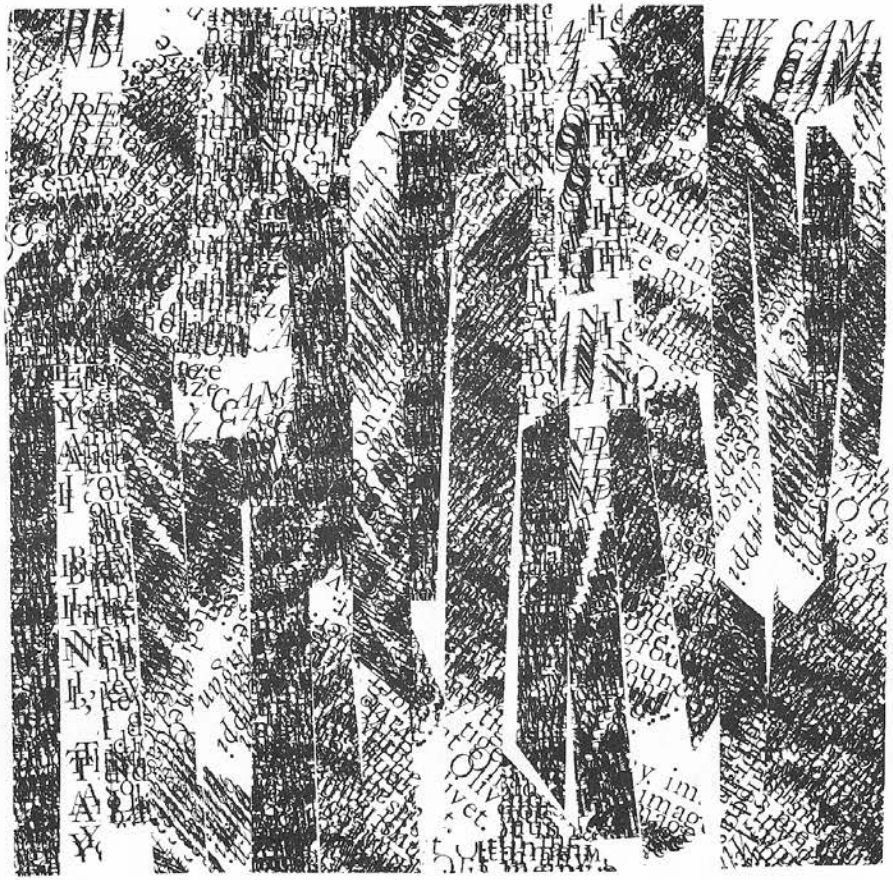


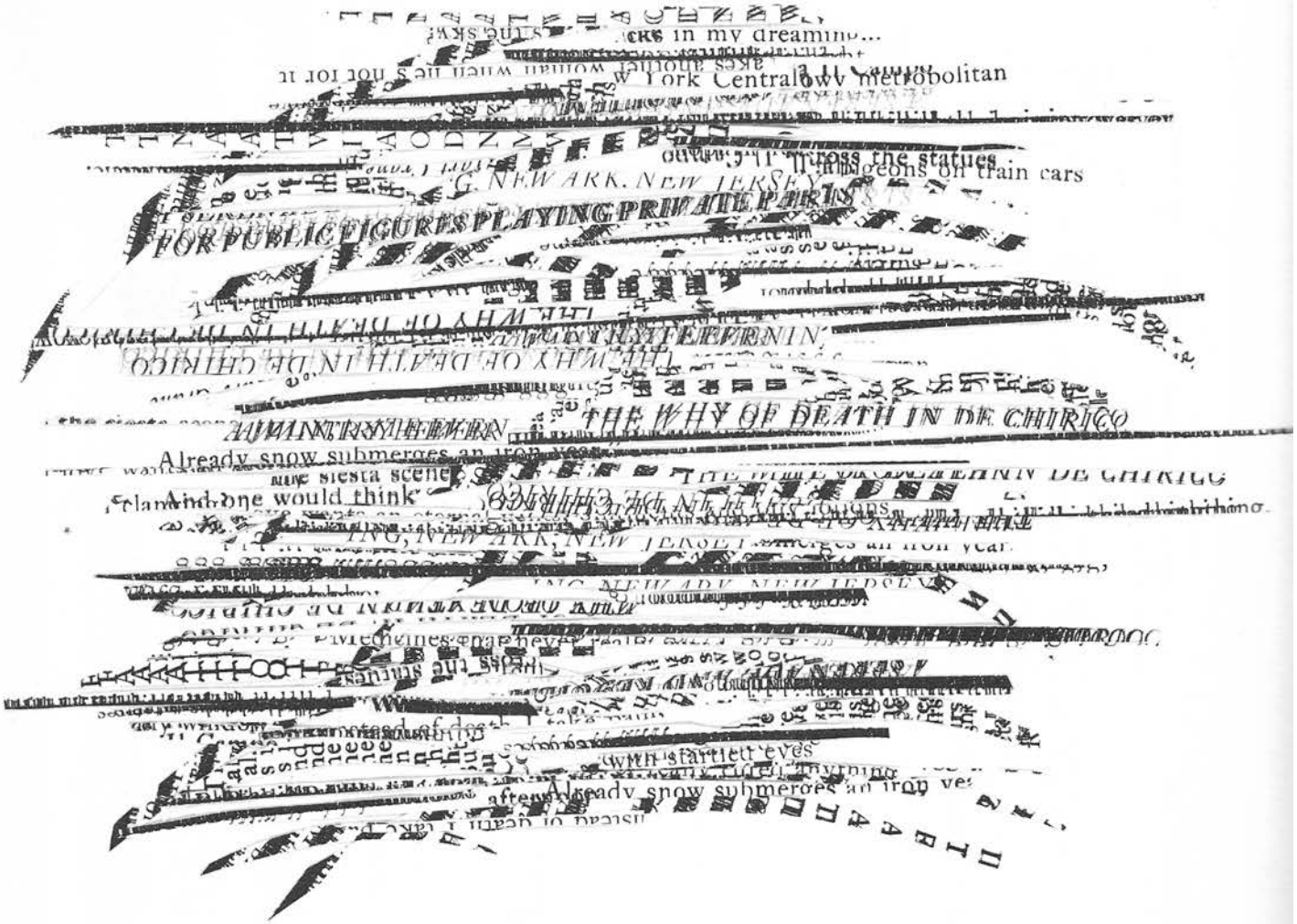
Of unguents, blis
show had thought,
Now
in my tiger
Olivet
Watching th
Must
winter
Tal










in my dreaming...
York Central
metrobolitan
across the statues
pigeons on train cars
FOR PUBLIC FIGURES PLAYING PRIVATE PARTS
THE WHY OF DEATH IN DE CHIRICO
Already snow submerges an iron year
siesta scene
And one would think
starlett eyes

Sung for the viscious and wordless swamp.

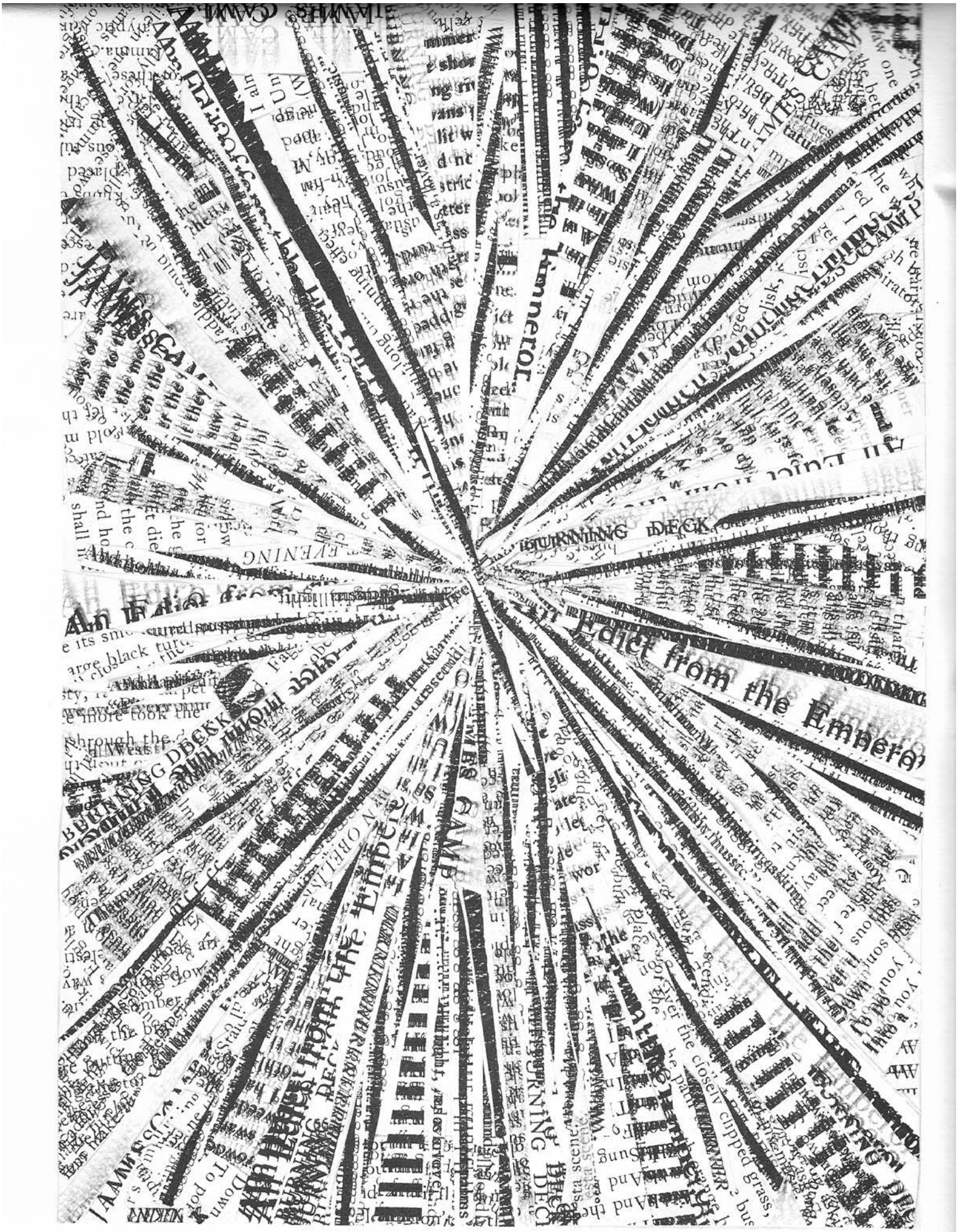
I shall never get to know you.

Then I thought of you, Leda,

And now now I know

of you,

another woman. When he s. not. for. it


BURNING DECK
Relief from the Emperor

The poems were by
James Camp.