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You are cordially invited to the reading presentation of Alex Fisher's

Masters work and reception:

JULY 27TH, 1995 OLIN AUDITORIUM, ROOM 102 8:45 P.M.

MILTON AVERY
GRADUATE SCHOOL OF THE ARTS
BARO COLLEGE
ANNANOALE-ON-HUDSON, NY

Alex Fisher

Thesis:

Poetry is Oklahoma, a long shedded husk of some sort, and any specimen worth crushing, loving, or declining—it is too an exodus: an either/or with a large room in between housing the unrequested spider's web seemingly no longer velvety because the settled dew has subdued it's engaging glare, but because I have made it that way. I have made its shine flute—like in segments, and between hesitations a shooting of unafraid membranes scrambling, for godsake, without courtesy and innumerable deities, a veranda of graceful maintaining—no, no, that is not right; there is a courtesy. Do you see what I mean?

The poems I have collected for this presentation represent, with some exceptions, all the Odd, irrelevant, sensual, organic, satirical, arbitrary, and then relevant stages I have entered, ebbed in, and left over the better part of the last three years. Galway Kinnell once wrote in an introduction to The Essential Whitman, "revision succeeds in inverse ratio to the amount of time passed since the work

nostalgic reference, remembrances of the land, of the body, the government, Webster's, the Rockefellor's, of the poor and underprivileged, the National Park Service, of the silence, and of the hope* Poetry was a polyester, became a velvet, and now it is a blend: an abstract landscape of your ripe hypnosis soaring page to page, a precise place and then much more: a trembling extinction from stagnant waters to a flooding-- upstream doggy-paddling and then always a starving of underfed orange (because it is orange) lichen quenched sometimes by a forgiving stanza and sometimes not.

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of underfed orange (because it is orange) lichen quenched sometimes
by a forgiving stanza and sometimes not.

Two bugs fucked

like a tiny pump up & down and down to sink her delicate abdomen-midriff thru soil to lay. On removing nail-polish: for *Mary* Rose

She likes the entire erosion process:

to put it on and to let it deteriorate

on the nails. On her toes underneath the pink

she has black she says from when she was a condor.