

w. s. merwin

ninja press





BRASIL

LORETO

PERU

HUANCAVELICA

ATAQUICHO

AREQUIPA

MEQUIPA

MODERNA

LA PAZ

COCHABAMBA

ACRE

UCAYALI

MADRE DE DIOS

DUZCO

FUNO

AREQUIPA

MEQUIPA

LA PAZ

COCHABAMBA

AMAZONAS

PASCO

MOYATAJUBA

ATAQUICHO

AREQUIPA

MEQUIPA

LA PAZ

COCHABAMBA

SANTA CRUZ

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

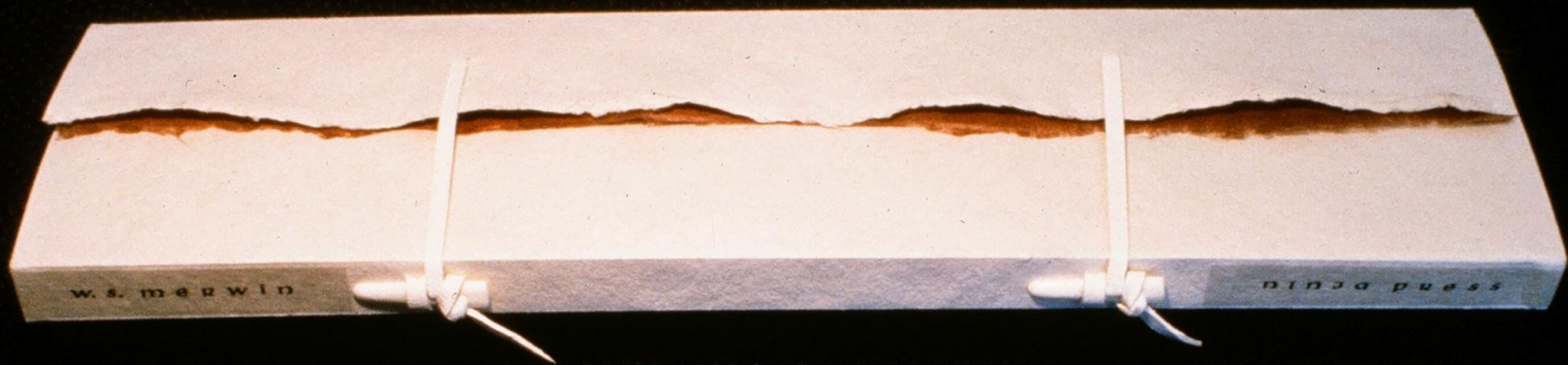
AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

AMAZONAS

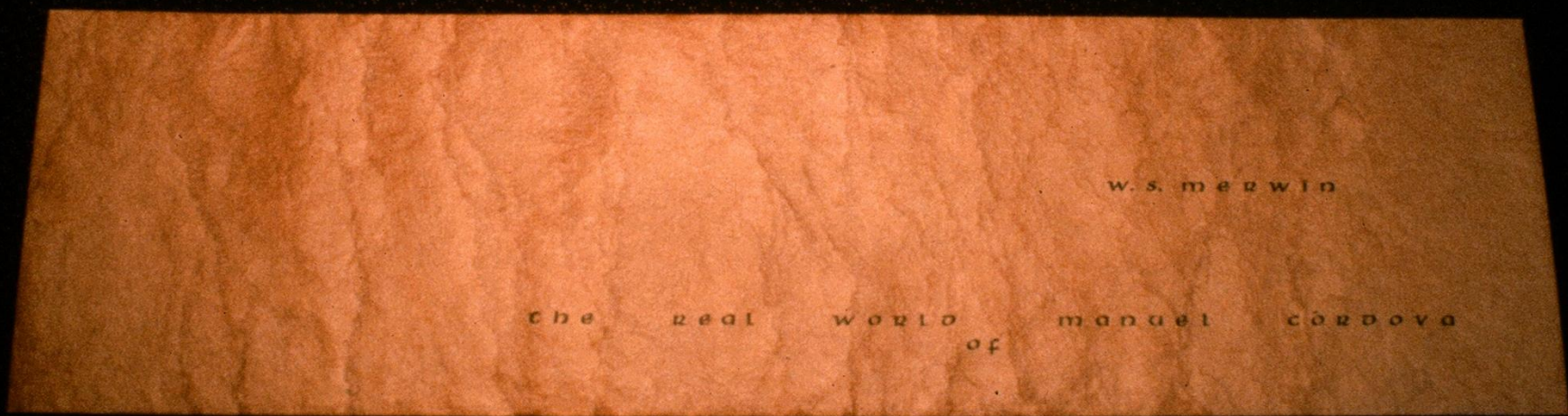
AMAZONAS





w.s. merwin

ninja press



w.s. merwin

the real world of manuel cordova



w. s. merwin

the real world of manuel cordova
of

ninja press

w. s. merwin

the real world of manuel cordova
of



RIVERBANK
 WOODS
 STATE

INTO THE WILD
 HOW AT LAST WHO WAS SO
 THE OLD CHIEF WAS CALLED
 THE CHIEF WAS CALLED
 THE CHIEF WAS CALLED
 THE CHIEF WAS CALLED

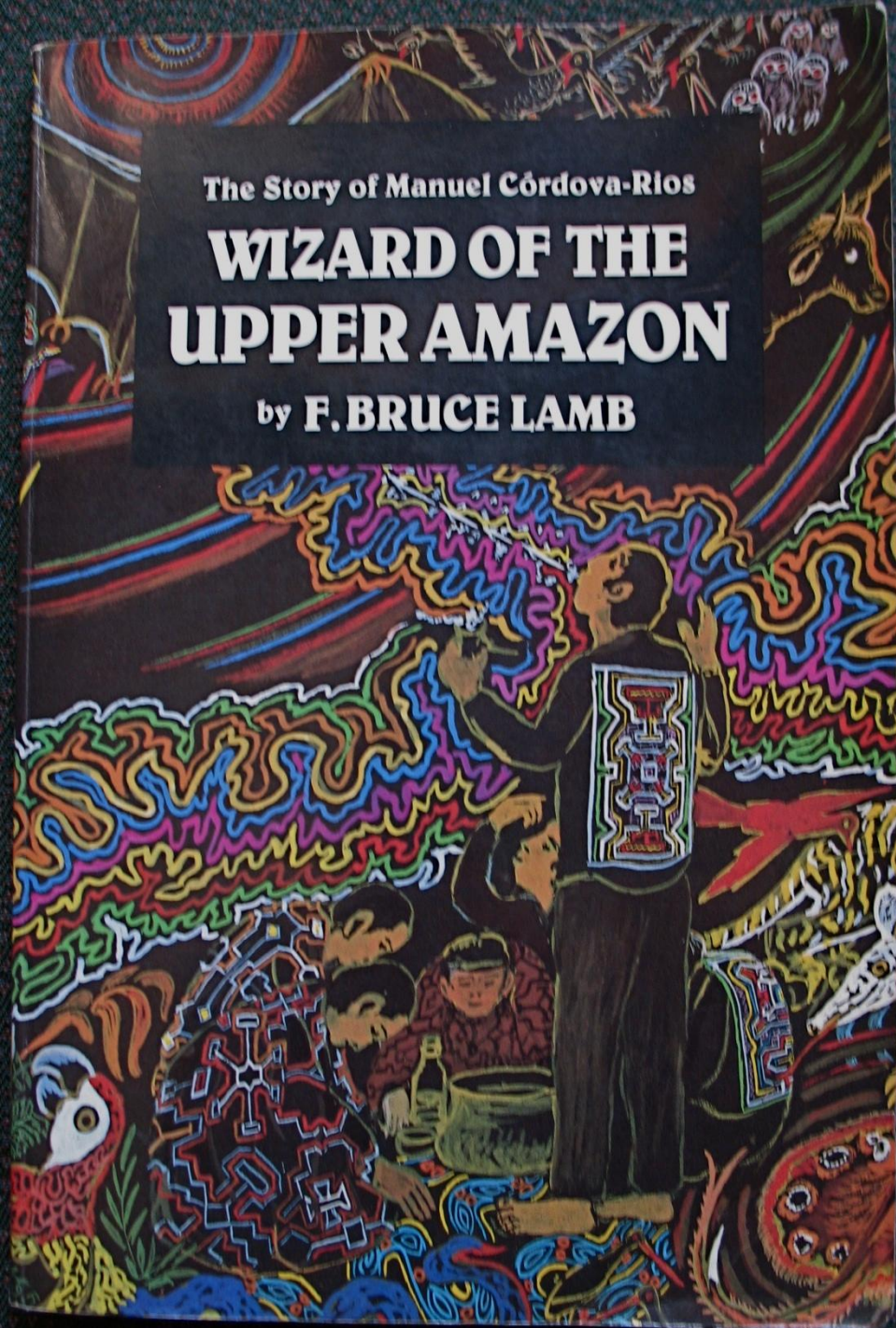
THE OLD CHIEF WAS CALLED
 THE CHIEF WAS CALLED
 THE CHIEF WAS CALLED
 THE CHIEF WAS CALLED

THE CHIEF WAS CALLED
 THE CHIEF WAS CALLED
 THE CHIEF WAS CALLED
 THE CHIEF WAS CALLED

The Story of Manuel Córdova-Rios

WIZARD OF THE UPPER AMAZON

by F. BRUCE LAMB



The Story of Manuel Córdova-Rios
**WIZARD OF THE
UPPER AMAZON**
by F. BRUCE LAMB

Third Edition

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY ANDREW WEIL

NORTH ATLANTIC BOOKS, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

















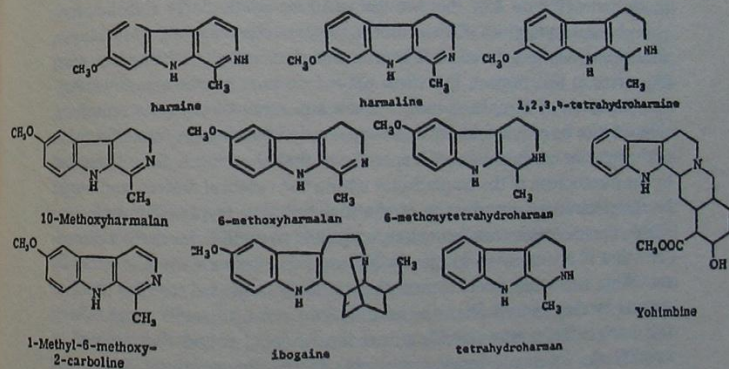
BANISTERIOPSIS *Caapi*

(*Spruce ex Griseb.*) Morton

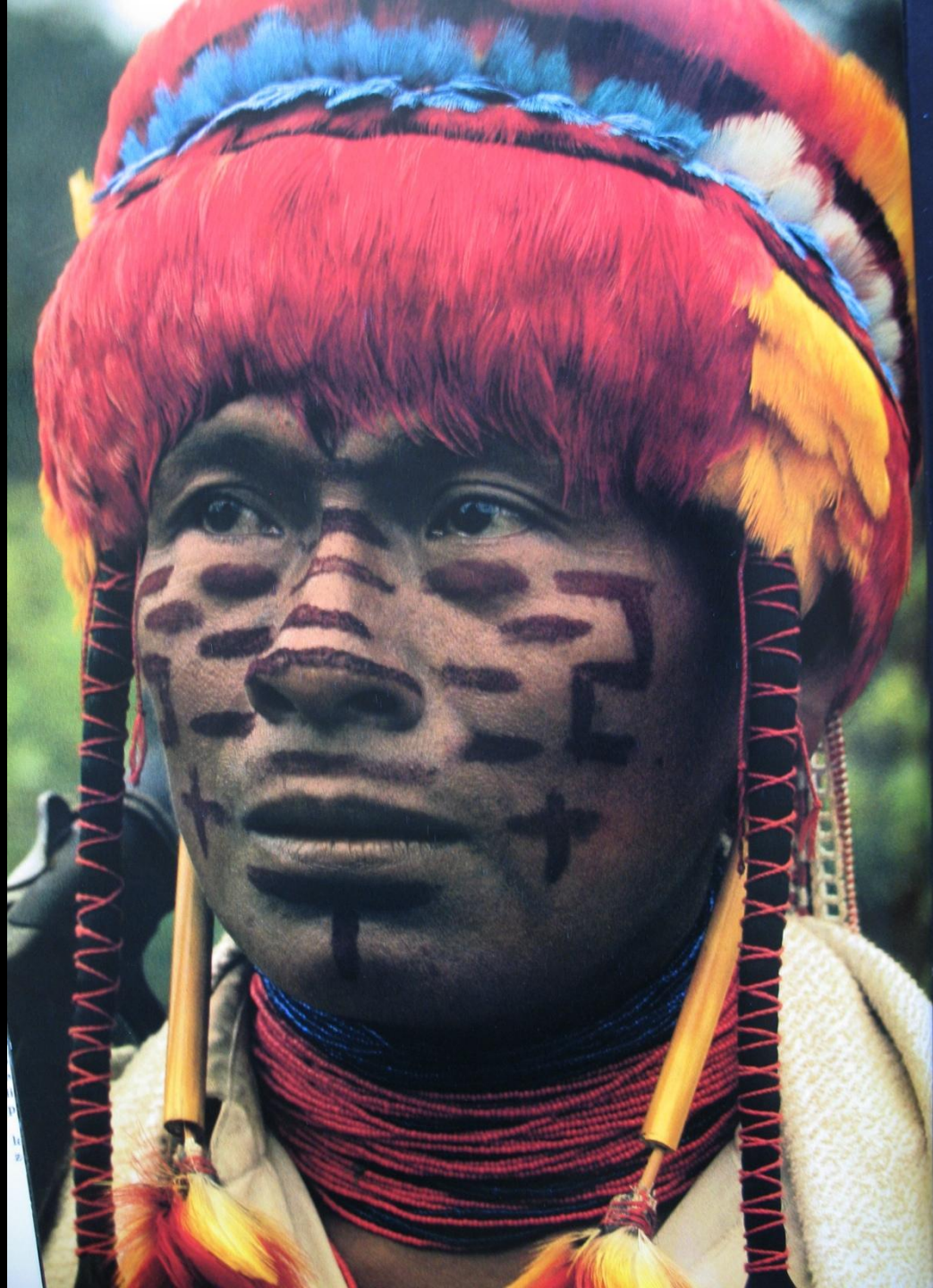


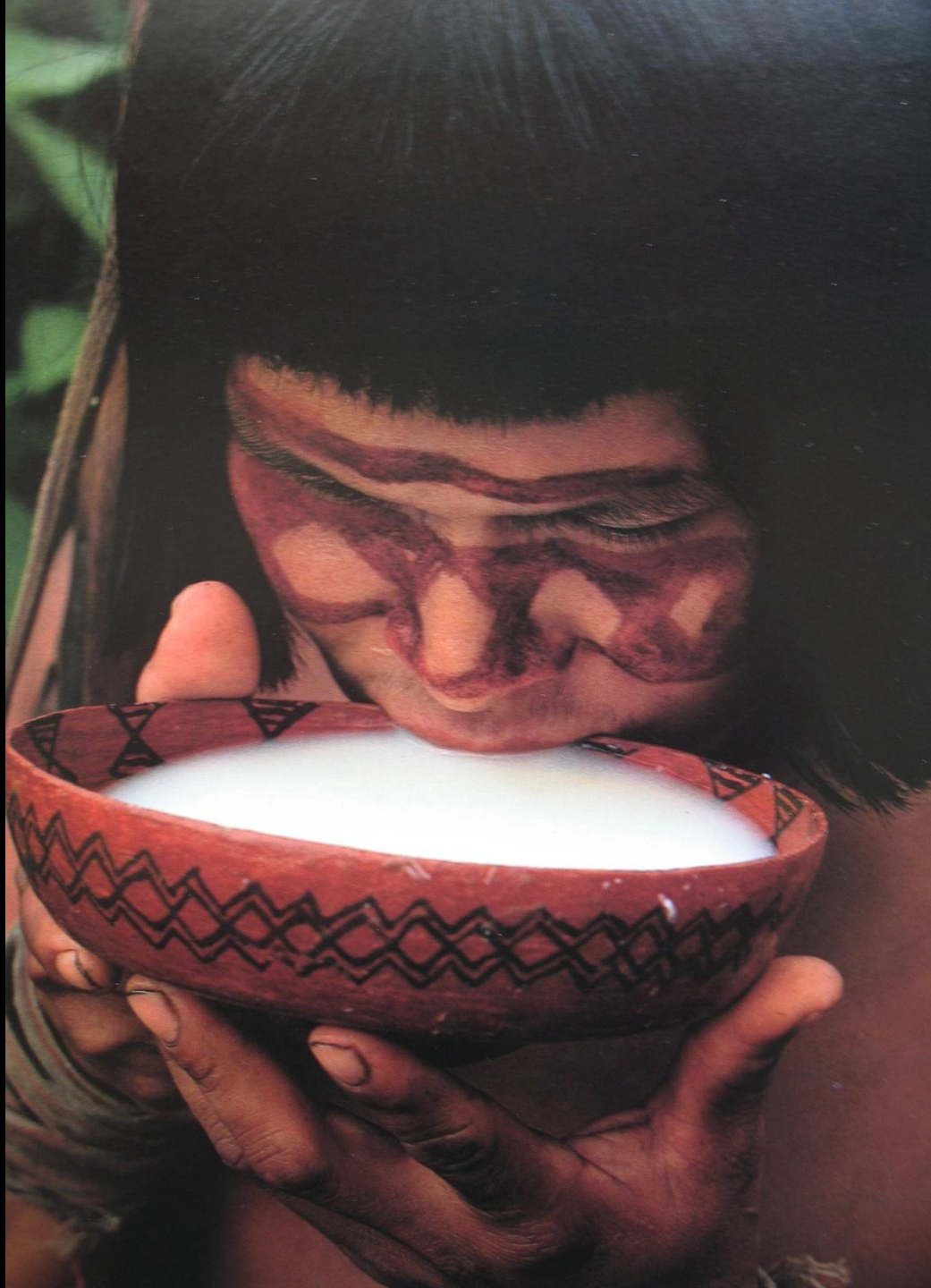
FIGURE 12

BANISTERIOPSIS *Caapi* (*Spruce ex Griseb.*), a woody liana of the new world tropics, is a source of harmine and other harmala compounds. It is found in the equatorial areas of western South America drained by the upper Amazon's tributaries and used by the tribes of Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, and Brazil as an hallucinogenic substance. *B. Caapi* belongs to the family Malpighiaceae. The same plant has various names, *Caapi*, *ayahuasca*, *natema*, and *yagé* and these names are also applied to the beverage prepared from it. Harmala compounds and their analogs (below) are very potent monoamine oxidase inhibitors.



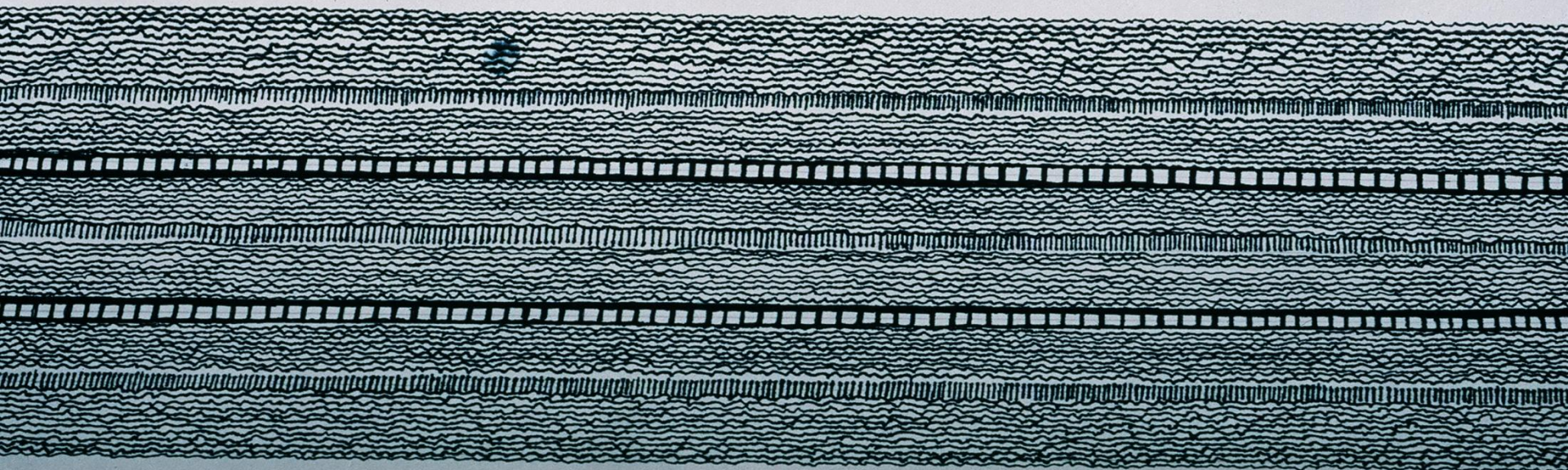
Some harmine analogs







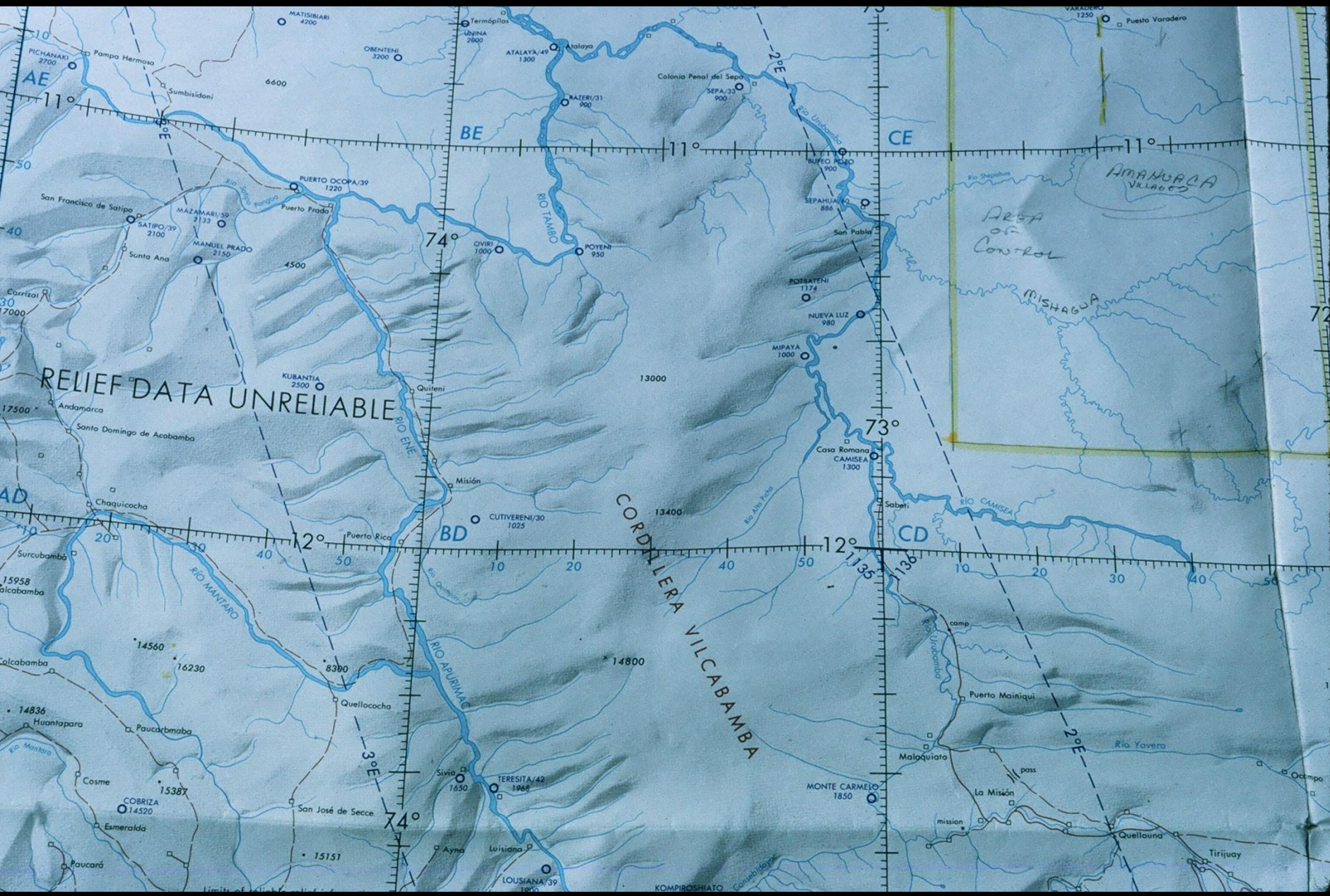
EARLY BOX EXTOLIC
DESIGN 105A



FACE PAINT







RELIEF DATA UNRELIABLE

AREA OF CONTROL

AMANUACA VILLAGES

CORDILLERA VILCABAMBA

RIO ENE

RIO MANTARO

RIO URUBAMBA

RIO CAMISEA

AE

BE

CE

BD

CD

3E

2E

11

11

11

12

12

74

73

74

10

50

40

30

20

10

0

-10

-20

-30

-40

-50

-60

-70

74

74

10

20

30

40

50

60

70

80

90

100

110

120

135

136

137

138

139

140

141

142

143

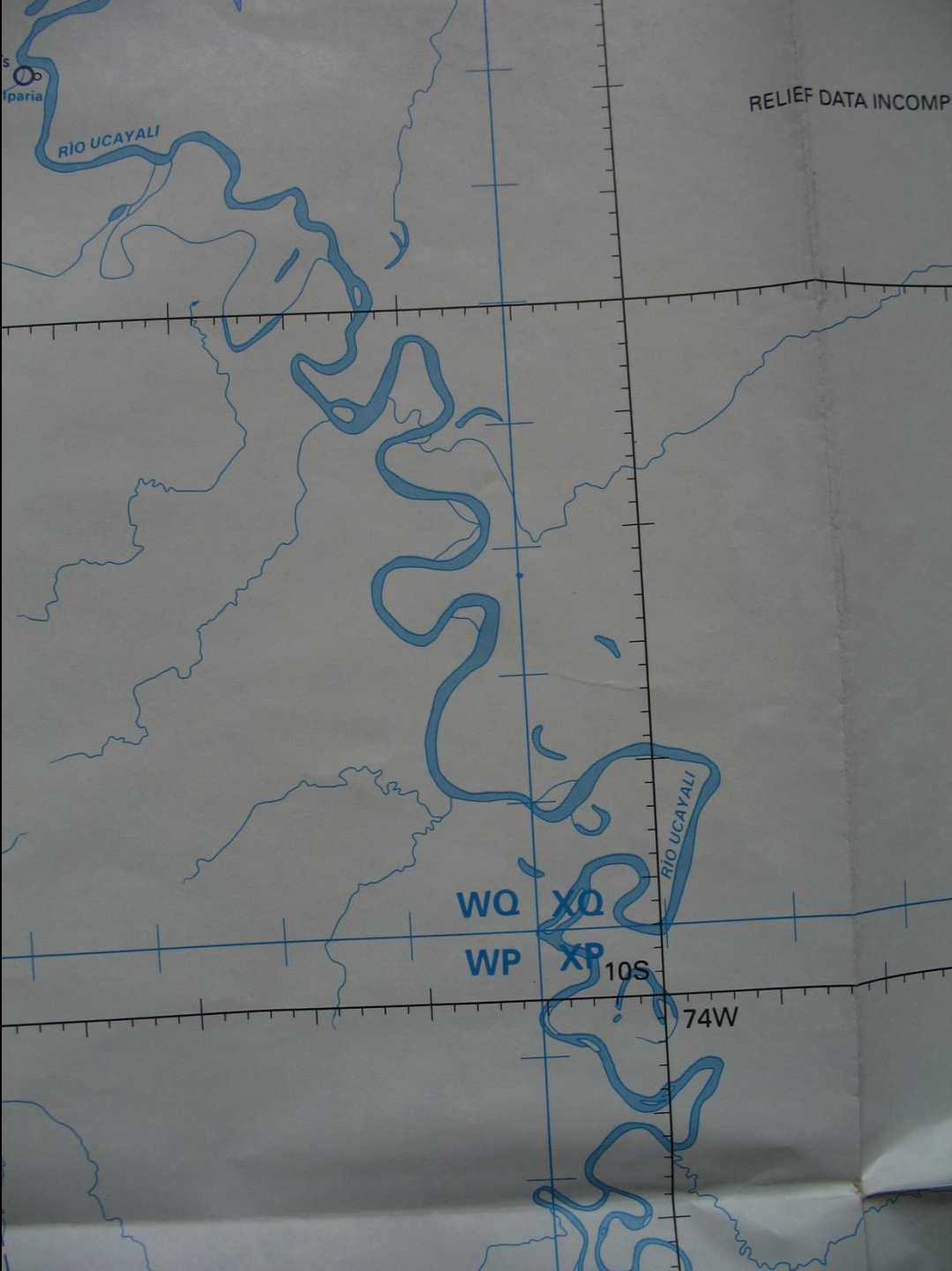
72

14

1

1

1



s
Iparia

RIO UCAYALI

RELIEF DATA INCOMP

WQ

XQ

WP

XP

10S

74W

RIO UCAYALI

w. s. merwin

the real world of manuel cervera

nina press
1995

The American Poetry Review (ISSN 0380-3708) is published bimonthly by World Poetry, Inc., a nonprofit corporation, 1721 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103. Single copy \$3.00. 1 year (6 issues) \$18.00; 2 years \$33.00; 3 years \$51.00. Foreign rates: 1 year \$24.00; 2 years \$44.00; 3 years \$63.00. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Please send address changes to The American Poetry Review, 1721 Walnut St., Phila., Pa. 19103. POSTAGE: DISTRIBUTION: EASTERN NEWS DISTRIBUTORS, INC., 1149 Cleveland Road, Sardinia, Ohio 44870. Advertising correspondence should be addressed to THE AMERICAN POETRY REVIEW, Dept. A, 1721 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103. (215) 495-0438.

The AMERICAN POETRY REVIEW

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1992

VOL. 21/NO. 5

in this issue

W.S. MERWIN	3	The Real World Of Manuel Córdova
NUALA ARCHER	8	A Story That Preceded My First Hearing Of The Word Orgasm & From A Mobile Home: See You In Electra
A.F. MORITZ	10	Hymn Of Praise & Outdoor Crucifix And Clock Radio
BROOKE HORVATH	11	The Prose Poem And The Secret Life Of Poetry
CARL DENNIS	15	Art News
MICHAEL FRIED	16	Somewhere A Seed & Japan
DONALD REVELL	17	Betraying The Silence
SARAH MENEFEE	19	A Curb-By-The-Fender Life
YANNIS RITSOS	20	Prose from Aristotle the Goutous translated by Martin McKibbin
GORE VIDAL	21	Lincoln A Special APR Supplement
ULI LEGARDEUR	29	What's New?
JUDITH INFANTE	29	Retrato de Helen
KAREN FISH	30	Paradise & Letter From The Modern World
RUTH STONE	32	It Follows & Other Poems
C.D. WRIGHT	34	A Series Of Actions & Morning Star
DENISE LEVERTOV	35	Tesserae
ELLEN BRYANT VOIGT	41	Variations: The Innocents
MARIANNE BORUCH	42	Distance
EDWARD DORN	43	An Interview by Kevin Bezner
ROGER WEINGARTEN	47	In The Cloud Chamber
HARRY RAND	47	Concerning Men And Women & Other Poems
CAROLYN CREEDON	48	litary

Stephen Berg David Bonanno Paul Cummins	BOARD OF DIRECTORS	
	Jennie Dietrich Helen Druff English William M. Hollis, Jr.	Jerome J. Shestak Emily Sunstein Arthur Vogelsang
	BOARD OF ADVISORS	
Steve Allen Cathy Apothaker Richard Boyle Marian Gartinkel	Werner Gundersheimer Sondra Myers Elinor Newbold Carol Parssinen	Vivian Potamkin Peter Straub Rose Styron David Sulton
Dannie Abse Yehuda Amichal John Ashbery Ann Beattie Robert Coles James Dickory Carolyn Forché Allen Ginsberg	Donald Hall Daniel Hoffman Galway Kinnell Maxine Kumin Stanley Kunitz Norman Mailer Emily Mann Joyce Carol Oates	Cynthia Ozick Philip Roth Frederick Seidel Ted Sclafotoff Kenneth Tyler John Updike Rickey Wagman Ted Weiss

The Editors of *The American Poetry Review* announce three annual prizes of \$1,000, \$500 and \$250 for poetry published in the magazine during each year.

W.S. Merwin's new book of prose, *The Lost Uplands* (1992), and his recent book of poems, *The Rain in the Trees* (1988), were published by Knopf. When he is not writing, the Pulitzer prize-winning poet is cultivating a garden of palms, many of them endangered or disappearing, from habitats throughout the tropics.

W.S. MERWIN: The Real World Of Manuel Córdova



W.S. Merwin: photo by Matthew C. Schwartz

And so even as True Thomas had done after seven years had gone and no cell of his skin and no cell of his brain bone blood or brain was what it had been the night that the rain found him alone neither child nor man in the forest and at dawn looking into the swollen stream toward the sudden flash of a fish and then

up he saw them standing around him more silent than tree shadows from which they had come each holding the aim of a spear for some moments before they came without a word and from him took knife bucket the freedom of his hands binding them behind him and hauling him for days through the green spinning dome to bring him at last half dead home into their own dream

in which there was yet something like time yes it was still a kind of time as he turned slowly to realize where not one of his syllables touched any surface and what had been his voice proved to be nobody's wondering unheard for days whether they would eat him as they kept feeding him dishes cooked before his eyes for his mouth alone and across what felt like his own face

and down over the meat of him everywhere first there was the water they warmed at the fire to pour on him as a mother would do and then the knowing finger of the old man their leader tracing a signature of the forest in one color after another along him with roots to enter him and go on growing there then one night the bitter juices they held up for

him to swallow while they watched the apple climb in his throat and fall but he thought he could tell by then a little of that turning pool their single will and if they meant to kill him there with their sentinel keeping watch on the hole in the forest far from the bubble of the village then why was the bowl passed from his mouth to theirs until each one in the circle

had drunk and he looked on as one by one they lay down and looking on he discovered that he was lying down and they were all together by day there in their forest where he understood every word they were telling him while they travelled and already when he came to each tree he knew that it would be just where it appeared and they were its name as they

passed touching nothing until the morning when they heard the same birds sing and he was sitting with the others in a ring around the ashes knowing much of what they were saying as though it were echoing across water and he was learning that they had been dreaming the same dream then they were filling like water out of the clearing and he kept recognizing the face of everything

APR

Second-class postage paid Philadelphia, Pa. and at additional offices. POSTMASTER: Please send address changes to The American Poetry Review, 1721 Walnut St., Phila., Pa. 19103. POSTAGE: DISTRIBUTION: EASTERN NEWS DISTRIBUTORS, INC., 1149 Cleveland Road, Sardinia, Ohio 44870. Advertising correspondence should be addressed to THE AMERICAN POETRY REVIEW, Dept. A, 1721 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103. (215) 495-0438.

Vol. 21, No. 5 Copyright © 1992 by World Poetry, Inc. All rights, including translation into other languages, are reserved by the publishers in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, Canada, and all countries participating in the Universal Copyright Conventions, the International Copyright Convention, and the Pan American Convention. Nothing in this publication may be reproduced without permission of the publisher.

Library: Microfilm, miniature, reduced form, audio, and enlarged editions of THE AMERICAN POETRY REVIEW can be purchased at the end of each volume year from Xerox University Microfilms, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.

This magazine is assisted by grants from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania Council on the Arts, the National Endowment for the Arts, The Detroit Foundation, The Samuel S. Fays Fund, The Larned Foundation, The New Hope Foundation, The Stockton Rush Barco Foundation, The Council of Literary Magazines and Presses.

The columns in APR are forums for their authors who write without additional interference.

The Editors are grateful for the opportunity to consider unsolicited manuscripts. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your manuscript.

A SUBSCRIPTION BLANK FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS OR THOSE WHO HAVE REACHED THE RENEWAL TIME APPEARS ON PAGE 46.

party of enemies se
arrows out of hiding
near the village ha
before the pursuing
guns vanishing
leaving one behind only

and so another caravan
like a snake soon
slipped out in the track of the first o
but the season by then
had moved on and the rain
they seemed to have forgotten
caught them out and began
to drum down
on them all night and in
the misty days as they went on
sliding and splashing in
running mud and then
when they reached the river again
and he took the raft alone

to the trader
the value of rubber
had fallen the rifles cost more
all they had carried bought fewer
bullets he sat down there
that time at table to share
the soup of the invader
and it was a fire
he did not remember
burning over
his tongue to sear
his throat and pour
through him everywhere
melting him so that no water
welcoming them
from their own house

the old chief was dying
the old people were
the old people were
the old people were

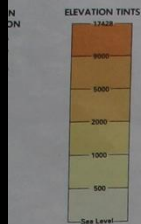
t h e a r g u m e n t

samson made captive/ blind/ and now in the
prison at gaza/ there to labour as in a BO
common work house/ on a festival day/ WO
in the general cessation from labour/ LA
comes forth into the open air/ to a place LE
nigh/ somewhat retir'd there to sit a while ER
and bemoan his condition/ where he happens
at length to be visited by certain friends BY
and equals of his tribe/ which make the
chorus/ who seek to comfort him what they ← E
can/ then by his old father manoa/ who KE DE
endeavours the like/ and wichal tells him
his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom/ LY
lastly/ that this feast was proclaim'd by the
phillistins as a day of thanksgiving for their
deliverance from the hands of samson/
which yet more troubles him/ manoa then VO
departs to prosecute his endeavour with
the phillistian lords for samson's redemption/
who in the mean while is visited by other ← LA
persons/ and lastly by a publick officer to
require his coming to the feast before
the lords and people/ to play or shew his
strength in their presence/ he at first ES
refuses/ dismissing the publick officer LE
with absolute denial to come/ at length
perswaded inwardly that this was from
god/ he yields to go along with him/ who
came now the second time with great
threatnings to fetch him/ the chorus yet YE
remaining on the place/ manoa returns
full of joyful hope/ to procure ere long his
sons deliverance: in the midst of which
discourse an ebrew comes in haste confusely
at first/ and afterward more distinctly WA
relating the catastrophe/ what samson
had done to the phillistins/ and by accident DO
to himself/ where with the tragedy ends.

ELEVATIONS IN FEET
VALUES (AERONAUTICAL RELIEF AND
ARE BASED ON MEAN SEA LEVEL.

LEGEND

RELIEF PORTRAYAL



CONTOURS

Interval 500 feet

PEAK ELEVATIONS

..... 0000
within 100 feet 0000
within 100 feet 0000
within 100 feet 0000
within 100 feet 0000

CULTURE



PLANT CLASSIFICATION

..... TORINO
..... PESCARA
..... Lucera

ATTENTION

..... THIS SYMBOL CONTAINS MAXIMUM
..... ELEVATION FIGURES (MEF)
..... In those locations limited by dotted lines of
..... boundary or MEFs are MEFs of low areas
..... used as information available concerning the highest
..... elevations in the area and elevation lines, lower
..... elevations available only, the MEF is shown by a solid
..... line.

12⁵

AIRCRAFT INFORMATION

AERODROMES

..... NICARAGUA
..... 700
..... (Elevations) 312
..... (Elevations) 312
..... may not have a hard surface runway
..... more. When runway pattern is not
..... shown, the name indicates length of
..... the nearest hundred feet. Diameter of
..... feet.

OBSTRUCTIONS

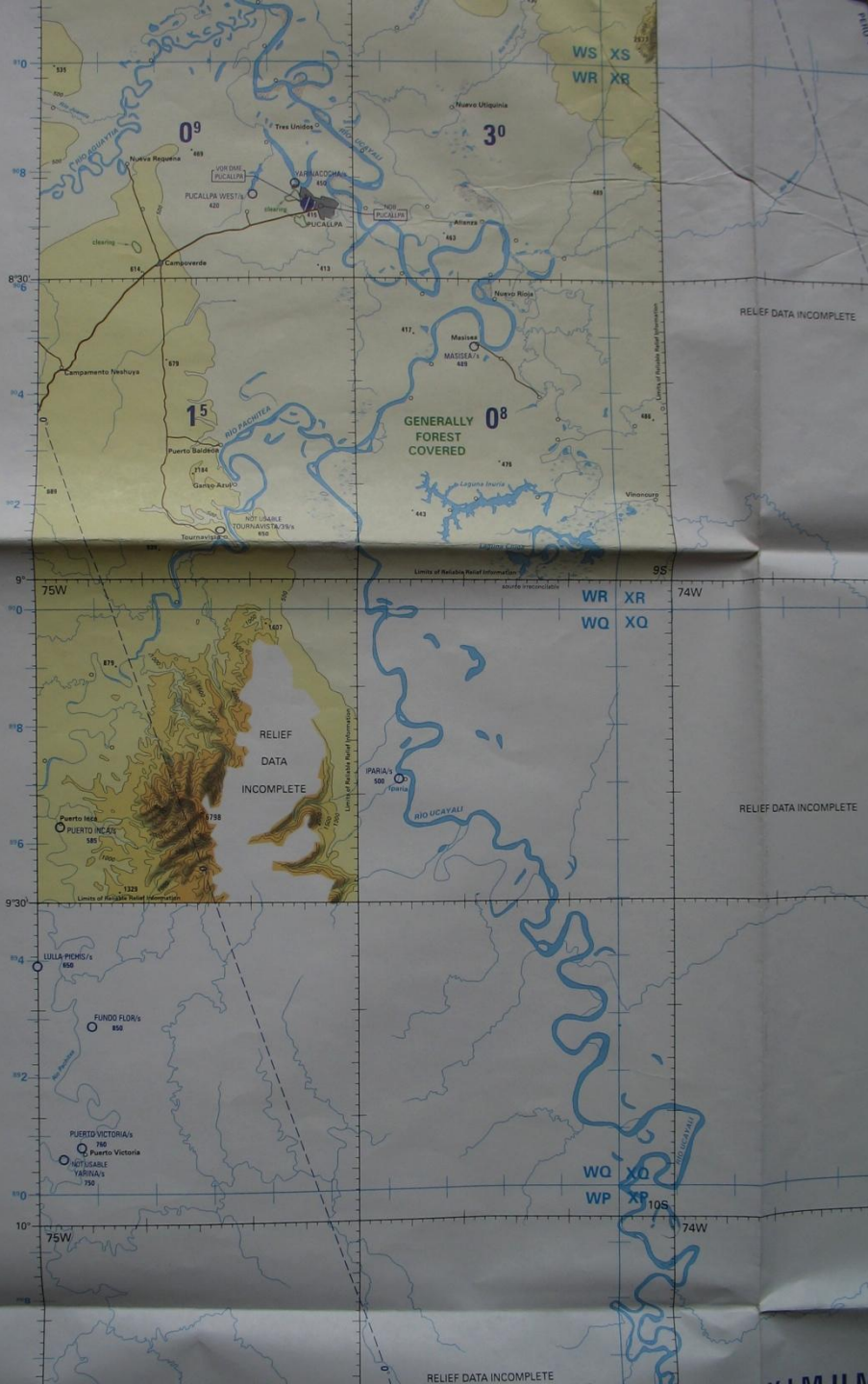
..... 1476
..... (ASL) Multiple
..... (ASL)
..... within
..... 1476
..... (ASL)
..... above mean sea level (MSL)
..... above ground level (AGL)

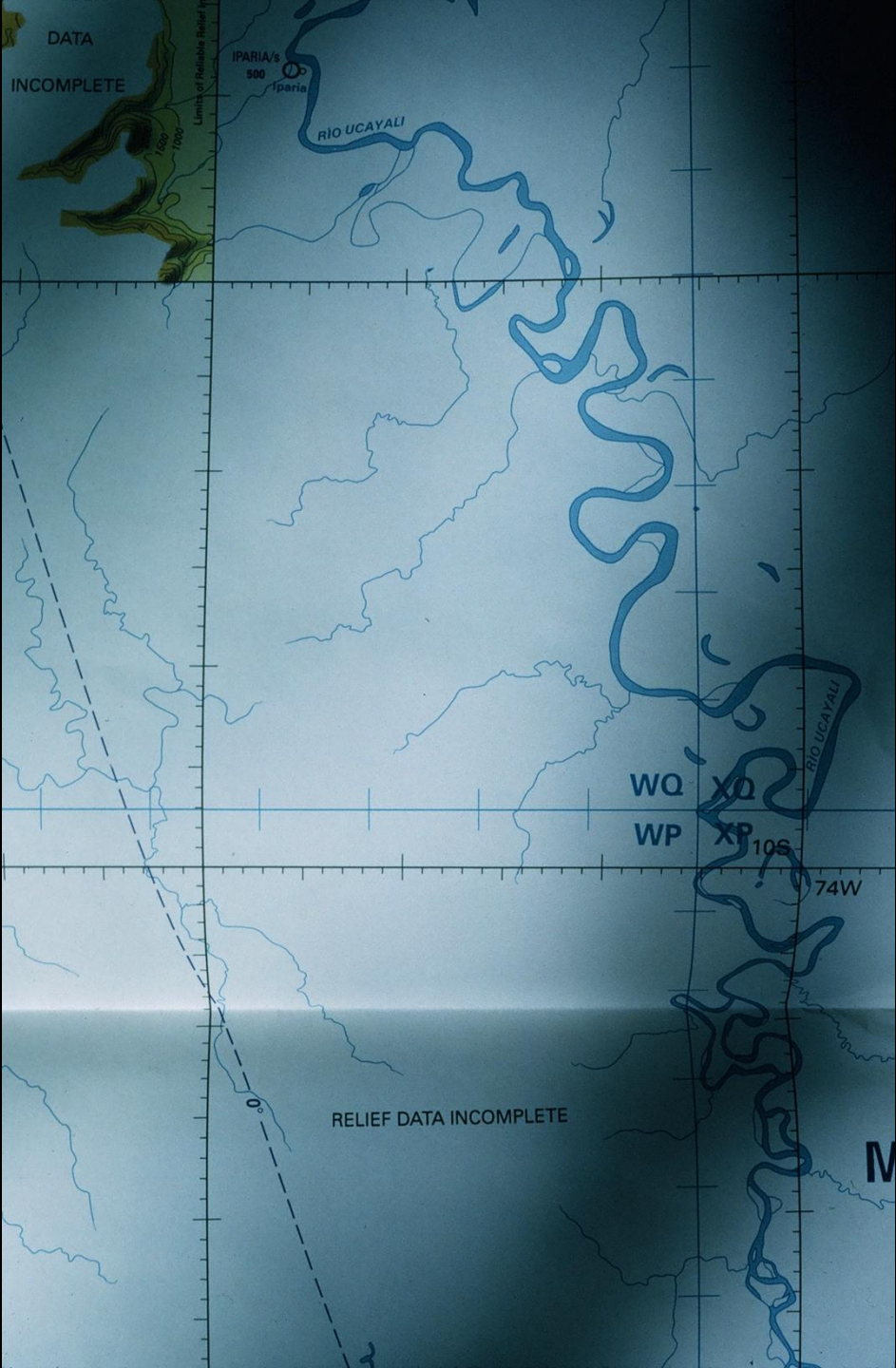
..... LOCATIONS SHOWN HAVE BEEN
..... INFORMATION AVAILABLE AS OF
..... JULY 1953

..... 500 feet AGL and higher cannot be
..... ground feature identity. In general, this
..... information by 1 minute analysis (containing
..... or 15 minutes intervals. In areas of dense
..... or 15 minutes intervals. In areas of dense
..... or 15 minutes intervals. In areas of dense

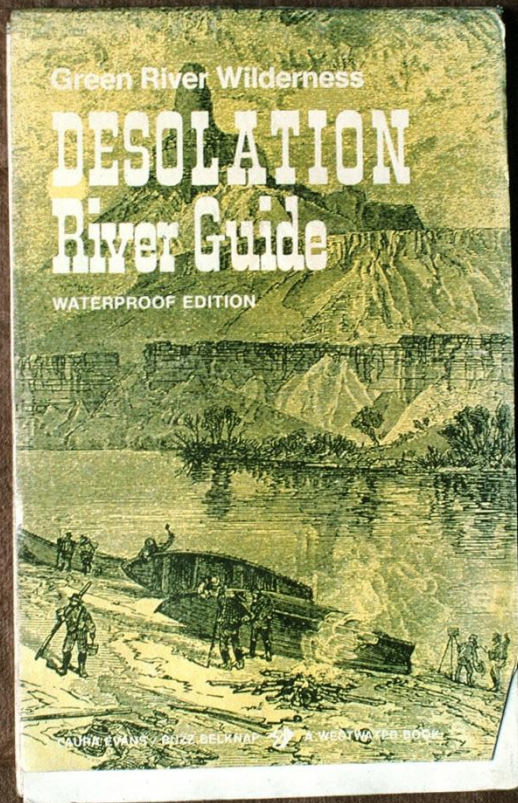
..... CAUTION
..... reducing generalities have been extracted from
..... as available; however, there is no assurance
..... that their locations or heights are exact.

RADIO FACILITIES





the real world of maduel corpova



forest in confusion

him and they used
his own the rifle

and so another cogavan
like a snake soon
slipped out in the crack of the first and

he drank could cool him and
he wept and imagined
that he would be burned
to death as if he had

but the old chief was dying
turning before long
into a mummy blackening
in the smoke clouds of the ceiling
and the others were wandering
into themselves being
from him exhaling
hazes that meant nothing
to him they were waiting
he thought for the dying
of the old man and for the mourning
to be done and then they were looking
as he saw for something
and the one thing

of forest and they
with their silent weaponry
went on hunting in the old way
wanting the guns as he
understood them only
for humans such as the enemy
tribes with their angry
language but principally
for the aliens every
change of season so many
more coming up the rivers he
was taken on a winding journey
to see a succession of empty

into the wild

panic that they knew and he was told
how at last when the old
chief had led them to the stream curled
like the road where the field
would be and where they would build
the house that now held
their hammocks and the bundled
corpses creaking in the smoke-filled
ceiling with the creaked
guns among them the chief had called

for the end of his

words but the voices

they were hanging even as



...such less he discovered
and casha white they pte...
light their past in a mustered

where several medicines
travel to the dark how potatoes
how leaves some reflections
and harmless water

...the work on seeing
the city was la...
...the work on seeing
...the work on seeing

...the work on seeing
...the work on seeing
...the work on seeing

...the work on seeing
...the work on seeing
...the work on seeing

...the work on seeing
...the work on seeing
...the work on seeing

...the work on seeing
...the work on seeing
...the work on seeing

...the work on seeing
...the work on seeing
...the work on seeing

...the work on seeing
...the work on seeing
...the work on seeing

...the work on seeing
...the work on seeing
...the work on seeing

...the work on seeing
...the work on seeing
...the work on seeing

...the work on seeing
...the work on seeing
...the work on seeing

...the work on seeing
...the work on seeing
...the work on seeing

...the work on seeing
...the work on seeing
...the work on seeing

...the work on seeing
...the work on seeing
...the work on seeing

...the work on seeing
...the work on seeing
...the work on seeing

the moment he saw the light
also he saw the light
to which so many of the
cheerful faces of the
bis of the city
the light of the
with him the
light that fell in
music never heard
not even when he
except as a shadow

Page 20

Add Keenod
Y
Sub B.V.

Page 21
LIVE LIVED IN 39
Some more of them

along him with
him and go on

Add Keenod
Y
The Place B.V.

Add Keenod
K
WALTONS

ONE MORE I THINK
THAT

Add Keenod
K
Would be like

Add Keenod
Y

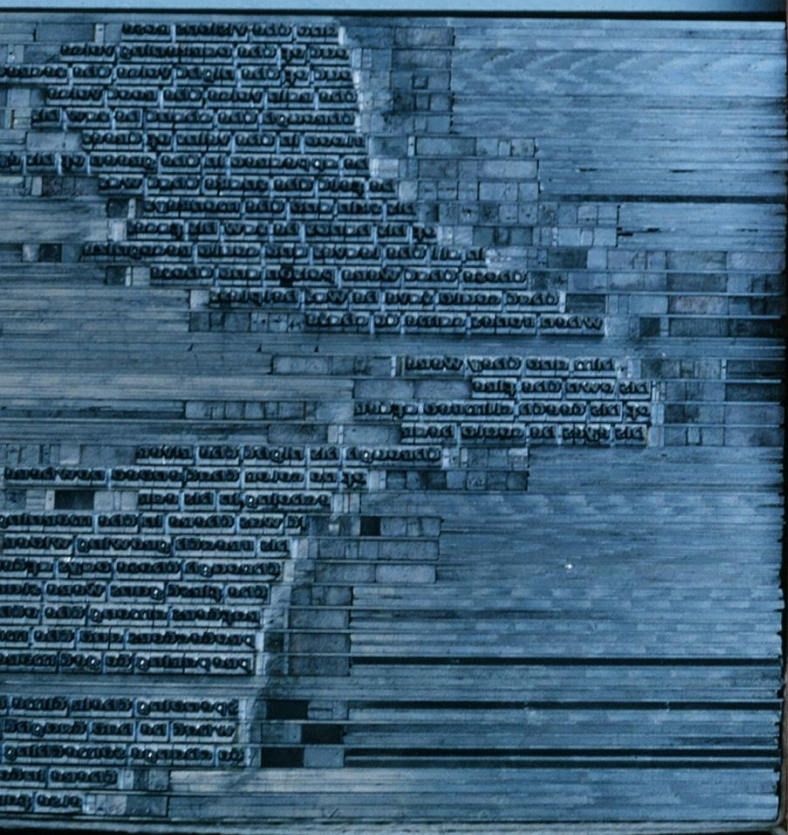
For the end
36 11 5

for the end of his
y was out the voices
that they were hearing
he spoke had no peace
for the living life no place
an for a secret to the restless
much passing for the days
as they passed to the gates
across the gates and the smoke
that they were the smoke and the
the smoke was shot for the
like a man who each time his
an exchange with the trader
for them each time the price

11710
11711
11712
11713
11714
11715
11716
11717
11718
11719
11720
11721
11722
11723
11724
11725
11726
11727
11728
11729
11730
11731
11732
11733
11734
11735
11736
11737
11738
11739
11740
11741
11742
11743
11744
11745
11746
11747
11748
11749
11750
11751
11752
11753
11754
11755
11756
11757
11758
11759
11760
11761
11762
11763
11764
11765
11766
11767
11768
11769
11770
11771
11772
11773
11774
11775
11776
11777
11778
11779
11780
11781
11782
11783
11784
11785
11786
11787
11788
11789
11790
11791
11792
11793
11794
11795
11796
11797
11798
11799
11800

one with the unwarned
air of the forest around
them now began to offend
him with their ripened
scent they hardly listened
to him or so he imagined
and a silence widened
between them until a band
went on a raid as he found
out later and when the men returned
with eyes ablaze and blood-stained
bodies he learned
only from the shouts that night around
the fire what kind

of game they had taken
that trip what meat they had eaten
and in those days the men
worked without urging and too soon
had another caravan
ready and they set out again
but on this journey storm and rain
would not let them alone



watched over him when
more and more often
after the day's lesson
was done he was taken alone
with the chief at sundown
to the opening in
the trees where the old man
gave him the bowl and began
the chants while on his own
he drank the potion

and the visions rose
out of the darkening voice
out of the night voice the secret voice
the rain voice the root voice
through the chant he saw his
blood in the veins of trees
he appeared in the green of his eyes
he felt the snake that was
his skin and the monkeys
of his hands he saw his faces
in all the leaves and could recognize
those that were poison and those
that could save he was helpless
when bones came to chase

him and they were
his own the fire
of his teeth climbed after
his eyes he could hear

through his night the river
of no color that ended nowhere
echoing in his ear
it was there in the morning under
his breath growing wider
through those days after
the first guns were slung in their
rafters among the other
protectors and the men were
preparing to get more

spending their time doing
what he had taught them working
to change something living
there into something
else far away putting
their minds that far away
guns guns becoming
more ardent still after
part of enemies sending
arrows out of hiding
near the village had van
before the pursuing
guns vanishing



not even remembered
except as a shared

dream which he found
when they returned
to the village remained
visible around
him a presence that had opened
in the foreground
of the day and as he listened
he could still understand
enough out of the sound
of their words to attend
as the old chief his friend
pointing to the morning summoned
to him the world and
piece by piece explained

where certain medicines
live in hiding where directions
travel in the dark how poisons
wait how the snake listens
how leaves store reflections
which of the demons
are nameless where dying begins
and as the days' lessons
taught him to pronounce
some of the questions
growing in him since
they had him in their hands
he was answered with instructions
from the forest of the old man's

mind carefully
guiding him until he
believed almost that he
had followed his own way
into the only
place alive and when the
moon was right and again
stood after dark in the empty
tower of trees where one by
one they drank from the bowl
down he thought it was the same
that he knew but he could see
through each of them an entry
to the forest and as he

turned he went on seeing
everywhere something
the chief was letting
him know even while he was dreaming
what they were all dreaming
together flowing
among the trees and







w. s. merwin

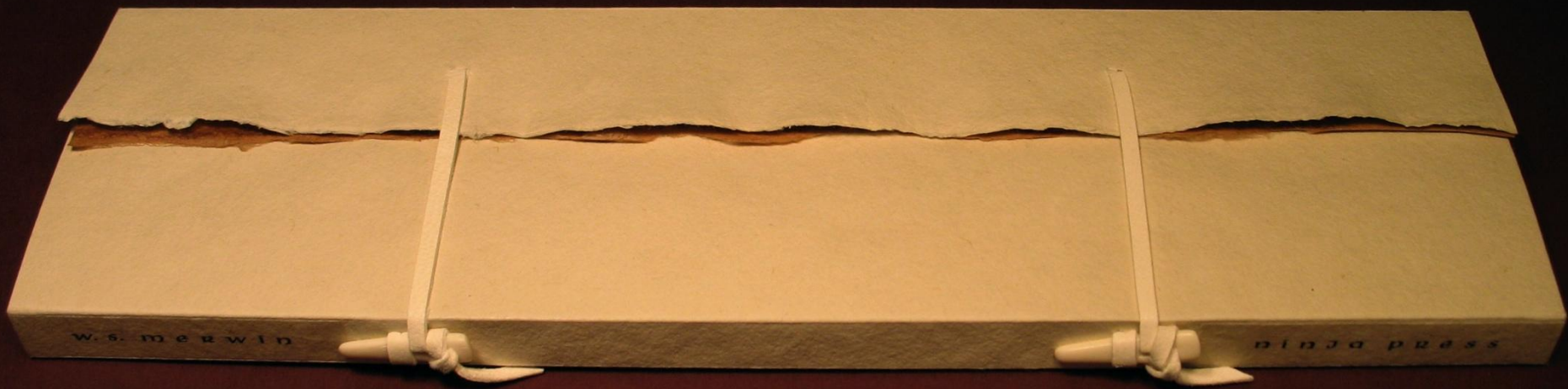
the real world of manuel cordova
of

ninja press

w. s. merwin

the real world of manuel cordova
of





w. s. mead

seed paper



w. s. merwin

the real world of manuel cónsola

pinja press

w. s. merwin

the real world of manuel cónsola



the real world of



the moment it appeared
also he was interested
how and where the water
to which something was added
there he suddenly then that he realized
his own nature and purpose

where people had ideas
live in hiding when they were
caught in the dark how people
could be were on seeing
everywhere some thing
the chief was talking
him know even while he was nodding

him and they were
in that way he became
the chief couldnt him

and so another caravan
like a snake soon
slipped out in the crack of the glass era
but the old chief was dying

of people and they
were on hunting in the old way
watching the game as he
understood them only
and humans such as the enemy
into the wild
how that they knew and he was told
chief had to them to the schism cableo
like the dog when the field
would be and where they would build
the chief now had
the people

to the people and some watching
the old chief had been looking
the old chief had been looking
the old chief had been looking

the old chief had been looking
the old chief had been looking
the old chief had been looking
the old chief had been looking

the old chief had been looking
the old chief had been looking
the old chief had been looking
the old chief had been looking

him and they were

and so another caravan
like a snake soon

he drank could cool him and
he wept and imagined

but the old chief was dying
burning before long

of forest and they

into the wild

fabric that they knew and he was told

for the end of his

words but the voices

that they were hearing even as

in the gathering dark watching
for a glimpse of something

the old chief had been hoping
he would come to but was soon beginning

to shiver running
with sweat a nausea clutching

him the coils of writhing
serpents knotting

him on the ground then he was being
in the milk of

he saw that
knew ever
had been

live in him
wait how the
how leaves
which of the
and of the
caught him
some of the
blowing in
they had
he was
from the

curled he went on seeing
everywhere something
the chief was letting
him know even while he was dreaming
what they were all meaning
came the flowing
among the trees entering
cat for monkey voice owl wing
but he found in the morning
that he was talking
spoke in the old man's talking
ocean and was as cogitating
in the surrounding
day a forest being

from the
and that his
whisper and
had gathered
accused to
hanging
that were
he visited
in his own
of which
in charge
practices
and from

he came to see
that they wanted him to be
the lord of every
secret and therefore ready
to be next on that day
no longer vary
distant when their chief would die
for they believed that they
must have somebody
to guide them who already
understood the deadly
allies steadily
withering their way
into the only

forest somebody who
had been allies and knew
the ocean waves and how to
keep some kind of the forest into
what could save them to
carry part of their life for the new
reach an older person who
could teach them how to
have guns and someone who
had gone with them into
the ocean flowing through
the forest and knew
the arduous and the spirits who
never let go

in that way he came
all that the chief taught him
and all that appeared to him each time
he went into the ocean
farther and it came
out with him into the day and from
then on was all around him
they gave him a name
and he started to show them
what they could take from
trees that would buy them
guns they gave him
a girl to be with him
they almost trusted him

some of them and under
his guidance they put together
a great camp on
careless of danger
that they would carry for
many days to the river
where he would go to the canoe
alone and gather
everything they had brought for
trichasans and bullets and after

...and then the sun
...the night
...the day was setting

he could not see
that they would turn to see
the form of water
about and there for the day

found in confusion

him and they were
his own the time

and so another caravan
like a snake soon
slipped out in the crack of the first one
but the season by then

he drank could cool him and
he wept and imagined
that he would be turned
to death

but the old chief was dying
earning before long
into a mummy blackening
in the

of forest and they
with their silent weaponry
...in the old way

into the wild
fabric that they knew and he was told
how at last when the old
...them to the scream called

for the end of his
words but the voices
that they were hearing even as
he spoke had no peace
for the living and no place

dark watching
something
to been hoping
to but was soon beginning

sea clatching
yaching
cting
ound then he was being
ess like a waving
nding
and his mother was dying
and he saw himself lying
an arrow through him nailing

designed, printed, and bound by carolee campbell at ninja press.
the type is samson uncial. the handmade papers are persimmon-washed
kakishibu for the text and raw flax paper for the enclosure which is
fastened with alum-tawed goat skin and bone. the map of the world
printed on the liner is from the original, the first to show
the world's currents, drawn in 1605 by achanasius kircher.

there are 100 signed and numbered copies in this edition along with
18 lettered hors commerce.

this is number 155

W.S. Merwin

reprinted from travels, published by alfred a. knopf, inc.,
new york, pp. 96-114. originally published by american poetry
review. copyright 1992 and 1995 by w.s. merwin. this special
edition published by arrangement with alfred a. knopf, i

and down
the most
just then
they wanted
no time
which he
of the old man

to show
of the
after

had drunk
looked
lay down
discovery

the moment
also he
have and
to which
them it
his own

where certain
live in
crawl in

turned he
everywhere
the chief
him know
what they

in that way
all that
him and they

him and they

and so another
like a snake
slipped out
but the

but the old
crawling

of forest
with their
went on
wandering
understood

for humans
came with
rage and
into the wild

panic that
how at last
chief had
like the
would be
the house
their hammocks
the breaking
had called

the sun
a dark
was a
always
was a
at evening

