

Lee Ann Brown

Dome Poem

Dodecahedrons
are the basis for
these pods of wildness
two angular breasts
up on the hillside

Spoletto has one
as you enter town
Bucky Fuller was
there in spirit at
least we walked across

aqueducts – angels
of angles repeat,
repeat and set up
for disaster relief —
Iraq and elsewhere

I saw it on the
Internet – it said
“Geodesic Domes
for Less – Try eBay!”
When I do Google

I must Stop Shopping
I have enough – more
than enough to keep
me entertained till
The horses come home

To our geodesic dome
On Merrimon they
make “Yomes”:
Yurts plus Domes
Equals Yomes but I

Don't know yet if I
Would want one, would you?
wouldn't they mildew? I like

The clear plasticene
Ones that Jimmy O'

Neal built out near
the resevoir. One's
equiped with night sight
goggles so you can
observe animals

without them smelling
you so much – he made
his sights manifest
and the rest isn't
history – I wonder

about the windex
though being a house
cleaning mom nowadays
it isn't history
because its still now

present but isn't
that history in the
making? (riverside)
extreme home making
art alongside kids

I know how it is

Erin O'Neal

Ephemerization

Ovum geometric order
pecking points of Fuller
Five, mirrors cranium
contained twice brain hull
geodesic web, blown
through graph paper,
3 D bubble gem,
erector set to the human spider,

Exerting what is effortless
to each cell, Hive heralds
the spherical omniscience

School of minutea made immense,
connector scale holds roost
to clutch pronged foot,

Under our bones, under our skin,
then clothes, under our shelter,
under the atmospheric sky,
as gravity plays with
our disciplined constructs;

Attempts to outdo our thumbprints,
"upon the premise that the sum-total
of human desire to survive is dominant
over the sum-total of the impulse to destroy"

Eliminating known resistances,
so then we explore consciously
and rationalize abstractly,
premium ideas buzzing and facets
on circles,

Who absconded with the plans?
I am aware
yet cannot demonstrate straight
line perfection of radiant matter.

Thus employing simplification
and rampant selfishness,

SOS to progressive roccocco!
The World's Fair,
dishonor to the debt structure;

Sum total of alloys
exaggerated by representation,
Ephemerization or
right makes might.

Might compresses abstraction,
Backbones epoch solutions,
craft unions with occupancy,

The Houses of the Future,
telescoping a dignified cloak;
lifted to an industrially ,
emancipated human community,
or the Self Ship.

Balance tensile strength,
elasticity of family,
pulls taut compression, of
spontaneous masonry.

Load then the eccentric contraption,
vast of principle,
the longing necessity of individual,
direct supervisions,

Deluxe balance carries out the
letter underwritten by SEEM.
Witnesses will recognize these
stick figures and illumination shall detonate,
Skyscraping speculation,
Perpetually Now.

Cheryl J. Fish

Pleasure Dome

Geodesic Mesozoic
Black Mountain assemblage
Intermingled minds and tales of
unabridged buildings
on twice five miles of fertile ground

Molecules in man and nature
Have a sage plan to stage
Technology is no apology
Bucky's arc of intercrossing great circles
In spherical form: in North Carolina it was born
that summer they compounded curvature
concave and complex. Already had
flattened distorted water and land in world map.
Bending, breaking, edging, like Dymaxion house
In a box, now the dome would be our home
Simple and curved, we can transport it
And feel compact, unattached to the props and chasms
Of Kubla Khan
bending our long learned solutions to live
huge fragments vaulted and folded in a ball

Cheryl J. Fish

Supine Dome

The students measured strips and
Computed tensile strength of each piece
They coded and made marks, within reach
On a rainy day, Fuller and his students
Gathered in the grass
to build a geodesic dome
Elaine de Kooning was in that class

It did not rise, it was no soufflé
It was too delicate too terse
Too much process and not enough verse

Failure is part of invention
Invention comes from years of tension
On a rainy day, it neared completion
magic heeds infinite consummate attention

Leah Souffrant

Long Short Talk on My Black Mountain, Which is Invisible

Black Mountain is in Brooklyn.

Not today, not a walk. Yet never stop looking, saying the effort of attention is more important, the effort of attention is more important than its object. What are you paying attention to? This is an inheritance.

John Cage is a Classroom.

There is a pedestrian bridge between mountains over a river outlet from the Hudson, and I walked there, I did, and pointed, saw and pointed out to you the red mushrooms, exploding like orange bigger than our outspread hands, and we continued walking. The thing about mushrooms is that often they do not appear to be mushrooms at all. Rather like silence. Rather like all this: noise.

Denise Levertov observed that the linebreak "can record the slight (but meaningful) hesitations between word and word that are characteristic of the mind's dance among perceptions.

There is milk or there is white or there is both and the space between them, like saying violence and closing the lid.

I hear trucks pass more loudly sometimes.

Creeley's linearity in Vermont was

In a dark hall with light at the bottom, an auditorium made of wood, a roll of words tumbling a poem a speech an answer display the being is the making turning the room into a rotunda like the poem turns the poem into a light at the bottom of a dark hall.

Stop Trying to Explain Things.

Tossing coins is a poem. Like the walk. T'ao Chi'en looked at chrysanthemums and went mute, drank wine, threw his arms open. Who looks out the window or up from the curb? It is the reminder to walk and open one's eyes.

Sebastian Matthews

Merce & Hazel, Black Mountain College, Summer 1948

*"A one-eyed man is able to see,
a lame man is able to tread."*

I-Ching

Naming a lake "Eden" sort of raises the stakes, don't you think? Though wasn't that the point at Black Mountain? — where the men and women came ready to work. Rice's Socratic attacks on placidity, Albers' *to make open the eyes*, and Olson all-night ranting at the local tavern. *Heaven above, the lake below*. Picture Hazel in her wheelchair, camera in her lap. Someone's helped her to the field or she's roughed the ruts on her own. Merce's begun his next course in soaring. Earthbound seer, airborne spirit, they inhabit reciprocal zones in the frame. Absolute stillness coupled with essential motion. But don't the eye and finger flick and the body in space come to momentary rest? *Not standstill but progress*. In each new shot, Merce defies even our idea of gravity. He floats out of the frame, hang-time galore, then drifts across the lens' ground, a balloon in his own parade. Hazel's in the middle of it all, the traffic of simple creativity swirling around her. At still center, the flag of her vision flaps on its pole—each unfurling clap a shudder click, each breath a hurling jump in the air. Off in the distance, out of the cropped frame, Black Mountains rise in an old staircase dance. The water on the lake makes its topographic music. Soon it will be time for dinner, a much needed break to reload.

for Alice Sebrell