



Terrestrial Illuminations

$[F]^+ \rightleftharpoons R+S \rightarrow T + S \rightleftharpoons E[L] \rightleftharpoons EC^+ \rightarrow TT^+ + N$

DUANE LOCKE

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATIONS
FIRST SELECTION

DUANE LOCKE



Fowlpox Press
©2013 Duane Locke
ISBN: 978-1-927593-07-3

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, NO. 329

I rest on shore sands sparsely covered
With fallen green, fallen brown pine needles.
There are some fallen items other than those of long and green lines,
Cones ending in sharp points, pine cones. Some cones are layers
Of brown wood, something like a wild flower with wood
Sprouting from an oval stem. The seeds have popped
From these wood flowers. Other cones still have not yet popped open,
And have a texture of green among brown. The green now
Asleep prepares for a green explosion. There are other wonders near me,
The blue clip, a unique blue that dazzles and charms from a blue crab's leg,
A red-painted splinter from a board of a wrecked boat, once
It was simulation of the red hair of a stereotyped mermaid
Painted on a boat's side. Now, it is a dazzling red glow next to
To gold of a twisted whelk egg case. Also, another wonder
This day, a sliced small onion that washed in from somewhere.
Sliced, I gaze at its crystal layers that are now folded hemispheres.
I turned off my cell phone. I did not be disturbed by a human voice
And its spoken trivia.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, NO. 330

This sleeve, once a sunburst unseen
In a closet, now a faded yellow,
An orator of color, but still not heard
By most eyes.

I looked at your sleeve, your sleeve, without your arm. You never seem
Present, but always seem to be somewhere else.
I gaze at your sleeve on the screen of my mind.
This cloth that touched my cloth and separated our skins.
But I did not express my feelings. You were too lovable, gold-twists of hair.
To be forced to listen silly words human beings speak when frustrated.

I now alone gaze a torn off yellow sleeve, partially covered with sand,
And crossed by pine needles. The sleeve was tossed into my alley.
Now the yellow of the sleeve appears almost gone, but there is a
Slight brown, a pale brown, quasi-bronze,
That was once a bright yellow and covered an arm.

This torn off and tossed away sleeve
Resembles your sleeve without you
That I see on the screen of my mind.
But this rag in the alley speaks to me.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, NO. 340

Their kiss

Did not close

To a relationship

With the earth,

Only echoed the world

And its lies,

The advertised lies,

The much spoken lies.

Their kiss was a copied kiss.

So the kiss

Intensified their loneliness.

What could the two do.

Get rid of their past,

Unlearn everything

They have been taught by

Popular and unpopular opinions.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, NO, 341

It is difficult for singularity to stay alive
And not become one of the living dead
When situated in the social,
For the singular is expected to want
What others want, although
Actually the others really do not want,
but expend much energy,
Lying to themselves,
Trying to maintain the illusion they want
What they do not want. Also,
The singularity situated in the social
Is expected to believe what other believe,
Although the other do not understand what
They believe and just repeat
A list of signifiers without signifieds.
It is difficult for a singularity to stay authentically alive
When situated in the social
That is composed of those dead
While still living.
Real life and social life
Are opposed to each other.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, NO. 342

Watched a varied shape of black,
Apparently immobile for a moment
Before disappearance. Sand beneath the appearance,
Tiny crystals so close, the sand appears as a mass, a seamless one.
Our visual limitation creates the conception of a unity,
But the brightness that comes to us as light to dwell in our flesh
And in our bones is from the singularities that we cannot see.
So this bottom sand that brings enchantment to our being
Is more than what we can rationally articulate, classify, catalogue.
The transformation, this abundance, begins with a visceral vision,
But soon ends to prepare for a new beginning and new endings.
The surface cold water is clear and distinct and distorts images of
The tadpoles that swim beneath, changes their black shapes,
So what we see is partially due to illusions with some bit of reality.
But the origin, even if mediated and altered through a clear surface, possesses
An intrinsic power in its small darkness and even smaller darknesses,
The shadows of the tail swishes, to enlarge us with a sense of wonder.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, NO. 343

Celia, or is your name Amaryllis. Perhaps, Stella,
Or Delia. Or are you just referred by a suppose property
Or attribute of your interpreted nature, Dark Lady.
It does not matter, for you are too status quo, too social,
Too much a majority, too much a slave mentality
Ever to be real and have a singularity. As I always say,
“A pose by any other name is just as unreal.” You are
One of the living who chose to live as if dead, although
Your contours are a hallucinate that drugs us into believing
You are alive. What I am
Obsessed by is the generative power of the song of
A very small bird with an upright tail, most of the time,
Called the Florida Carolina Wren. I believe, have faith,
That this feature of the small creature is an intrinsic
Power of the bird itself and not just imposed by the mind
That perceives the sound and whose life is transformed
From a state of living by fantasies, illusions, and lies to
Singularity and reality. Although the power is intrinsic,
It requires a certain quality of the mind to hear and participate
In its transformative power. The power would be there,
If there were no human beings are earth, but the power
To be actual needs a special human mind. The power
Is an intrinsic force, a real feature of the wren, but the force

Becomes a generative activity when perceived by the qualified human corporeality.

To be qualified for this enchantment, one must have a hidden background

That is receptive to the singularity of the concrete particular and its power and

Eschews the illusions and fantasies of ordinary social discourse and beliefs,

And can transcend both the cognitions of the status quo religious and scientific.



TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, NO. 344

Rust, dark brown layered flakes, posses
Invisible indestructible teeth that are ineffable
And with their anticlock arguments eat away
The oscillating and shuddering existence
Of the apparent imperious and imperial state,
Of beings that are iron with an illusory intangibility
And ineffectual solidity. Rust has a singularity,
And like all singularity is beyond our understanding
As are, the cliff dwellers, pigeons, putting straw
On skyscraper ledges. In winter we were warmed
By the imaginary heat of non-existent absolutes
And the way their imagined shoulder bones stretched
The skin in the area under the chin and towards the elbows.
Summer's light has returned with the grebes' return to pond,
Empty in winter and now surfaced with water lettuce,
And summer's intense light that spotlights and reveals the rust
Around the body of the bolt that holds together the bench
Whose bolts were erased by winter's littered twilight.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION NO 345

My a priori knowledge of birds

Became obsolete

When standing in a shiny black mud

Where a twig with small green buds

Curled in front of night-scratched cypress bark

And its still clinging splinters of wood that

Were silver in front and a dusty red in back,

And on the twig contour with a dark emerald green lichen

Lit a Cardinal.

A new ontology was born

From a new epistemology—and my vocabulary to represent

Vanished, and thus I was saved from losing the experience

Of the bird by the substitution of signifiers for the elusive

And actual reality. It was an enchantment, a rapture

Existing temporarily in this anticlock moment of no thought

And the mind did not attempt to describe what cannot be described,

This privileged moment outside of a text that defied being in any text.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, NO. 346

The first words of regimentation I heard after being born
Were spoken by a shotgun, it was a long disquisition
On how to overcome singularity and become a puppet
Of the social, how to have invisible screw eyes bored
Into my shoulder bones, so the power structure could
Could insert pretty silver colored wires and control
My motions as its puppet. The word were
Bass in tonality and came from deep inside
A steel tunnel that was called "A barrel."
The shotgun had a place of dignity in my birth
Farm house, raw-wood, unpainted room.
It was secured above the blond brick fireplace
By two scraped and shellacked tree twigs.
And it became the priest and professor of all
Who entered the room and the needle of its voice
pierced its words into all the people for miles around.
It requires years of singularity, saying "no" over and over
To the lips and money of the social structure
Before the voice of the shotgun
With its booming loud words was overcome,
Before its orations directing every gesture
Were obliterated from my corporeality.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, NO. 347

I appropriated an approximation of Heraclitus' truthful assertion
That the sensible world was not divided from the supersensible.
Nature is dark, obscure, even opaque. The religious interpretation,
A fantasy, and the scientific only partial and incapable of ultimate
Unconcealment.

Western thought started its misinterpretation of what is with a
Series of errors in their misthinking when the Heraclitean insight
Was overlooked. The overwhelming majority of people have lived
By a strong belief in lies for centuries.

One of the causes of misdirection and establishing mendacity
As a foundation was due to Plato adopting some of the views
Of Pythagoras. Of course, Neo-Platonism with Plotinus, Proclus,
Iamblichus, Porphyry forfeited the fallacy of "Oneness," through
Their misinterpretation of the Timaeus' demiurge.

If Aristotle had been more skilled in the use of the Greek language
And not used the prefix "Meta" for his next book on "Physics," and
Use a prefix not meaning "beyond" but "deeper into," he might
Have directed toward the truth and saved us from the fantasies
That came from the word "metaphysics." I wonder what thought
After Aristotle would have been like, "If he entitled his book.

“The Unconcealment of Nature.”

Perhaps, due to the severe limitation of human intelligence, we, as a
Civilization would continue to live by lies and speak a language of lies,
No matter what type of thought preceded.

It is so much more materially comfortable to be a slave mentality
Than be a singularity, one who lives by the real rather than lies,
And who is marginally outcast.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION NO. 367

This poem was inspired
By the first five words in
Jones Very's poem, "Beauty."

I tried, I worked hard at it, I tried
To gaze upon her face, but I could not
Fix one face on the movie scene of my mind.
Face replaced face. Many faces appeared.
Face after face. I only wanted one face
To gaze upon. But there were many faces,
A multiplicity of faces, not just one face.
Even the lips were not fixed. Lip after lip
Had different contours, different colorations.
What I saw was a multiplicity of particular faces
That could not be precisely, clear and distinctly fixed
By a visual signifier. So I stopped gazing at her
Actual face, closed my eyes. I imagined and
Had faith I was watching a fixed face. I gazed with closed eyes
Long at this fixed face created by my rational thoughts.
When I opened my eyes, she was gone.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION NO. 372

Sargasso fish strolls across the shelf's antique bric-a-brac,

Wonders after its leap where the water went.

Where was the water? Its world

Had been perceived through glass, but

The world now entered was not water.

Where did the water go? Now leap from aquarium

The freed Sargasso fish fin-walked on alienation.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION NO. 396

What was fully real and existent in the world, fully concrete,
Remained dormant and was belatedly awakened too late,
And thus as a surrogate for actualization became a speculation
That was transformed into fantasies in such places as the
Waiting rooms of doctor's offices. What is an approximation
And shares a resemblances to the real undergoing generative simulative
Emotions in its geometrical structures provides
The efficacy of a non-present excrescence and ghostly experience,
Provides a palliative and anesthetic condition for the nonsense of current
Man-made existence. Perhaps, our life of lived legends
Abolished multiplicities and replaced
With a One as an algebraic escapism and popular narcoticism. These were the thoughts
That occupied the non spatial operations of the space of my brain while waiting.
The facticity of the causation was that the popular, wide circulation magazines
In the rack confronting me in this locality were too dull, banal, and filled with
Fraudulent and unsubstantial hearsay to be perused for waste of life that is called
"Killing time."

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION NO.398

The grounds we possess for perception of and belief
In reality or realities are enfolded invisible vapors.
We feel we breathe these vapors in and out, but
A scientist will postulate we breathe something else,
More atomistic and subjected to mathematical expression.
But the scientific chicanery usually amuses the savants
And is used to asset authority by those who do not understand it.
As it said in the Age of Torture or what is called the “Middle Ages”
Carnival were needed to provide an escape from reality
Into “An upside down world,” but our everyday, quotidian
Life in the 21st century is a carnival. Sideshowes are replaced
By shops in shopping malls. We keep viewing perceived
And experienced reality, actuality, conceptually and convert
It into something else. The thing in itself becomes what it is not.
We are always grafting bushes that grow wax roses onto
The limbs of oaks. We are constantly replacing realities with fantasies.
Yes, Delia, or Celia, or Amaryllis, or whatever your name is,
It is difficulty for a realists to live in society that survives
By living by lies. The few, the extremely few, who can
Sense the truth are aliens.



TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION NO. 400

Actualized states of local manifestations are rarely allowed to exist.
These events are not fully actualized, due to cherished equipment
Such as logic that to be clear and distinct reduces the actual to
Something other than what it is; the total referential complexity is destroyed.
The local is hidden by a smoke screen from burnt reality and becomes
A fantasy. What is present is destroyed to become teleological
And have a projected and potential actualizing in a possible future actualization
That will never be actual. A prevalent action of the human mind
Is to destroy actualized states of local manifestation as the mind
Borders on the discovery of the existence. Presuppositions,
Preconceptions, and traditional modes of interpretation become
Chain saws cutting into chips and sawdust the tree of an actualized
State in a local manifestation. The living tree will be replaced by a
Tree of plastic, and the people will believe the plastic is wood.
Those who do not believe that plastic is wood will be subordinated
And rejected, cast out as aliens.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION NO. 401

Our man-made beliefs and our behaviors, often
Action being the reverse of that is believed, are vaguely constituted,
Constructed mysteriously by a unknown few, usually dehumanized
Trivialities who are rich or who are expert dehumanized con men
That can fool the many in believing what they the one
Really do not believe, but use to play a their game of solitary
Whose illusion is a vague power. These fantasies purported to be
Truth and realities are promulgated to diminish and check
The power of people by diminishing the people's senses and intelligence.
So the life of most people becomes a life of vague recognitions
And false knowledge. Their lives truncated by their beliefs rendered
Them incapable of being excited by what actually excites, and thus
Can only experience a tepidity, a simulated excitement, from what
Is deemed "Popular entertainment" and "Popular culture."
So people have substituted desperation and deprivations
For pleasures and happiness, lost their receptivity on a deep
And authentic level to respond to the earth and others.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION NO 403

It is the subterranean dimension concealed in the way
Your fingers form imperfect triangles and send
Their shadows engendered by light from a simulated candle
Across the white spaces between the red lines on
This stereotypical tablecloth in a simulated Italian
Ristorante that dominates and invents the event.
Your hand has become an allegory
Or more properly stated a “symbolization,”
Or it might be said in postmodern parlance, “a text,”
With its infinite extension of interpretations
And misinterpretation. Or your hand with the slender
Fingers could be experienced as an observed existence
That will reveals a this-worldly mystical disclosure
Concomitant with a transformation of one’s life.
My apprehension commences
With a closed system, my presuppositions and preconceptions,
Which my corporeality struggles to overcome, deconstruct,
And change into an open system, if am to experience
Ever a partial reality of this local manifestation of a
Hand on a red checked tablecloth with a simulated candle
In a simulated Italian *ristorante*. I noticed that the shadow
Of a crimson-fringed carnation on a curved cut-glass vase

Darkens blue veins on the back of your hand, and that your fingernails

Are painted cerise.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION NO. 404

The beige horse taps a beige hoof on a beige rug
That covers beige sawdust. His rider, silent, immobile, is dressed
In a burnt sienna brown suit. The riders wear a tango
Dancers hat, fluffy globes hang on swirled string
From a wide brim. I was speculating on whether or not
A contract with a hand coming out of black cuff
Of a black sleeve would cause a traumatization or
Began a tintinnabulation. What disturbs the smooth
Running of things is the scintillations of the diamonds
On her white gold wedding ring. I am a passive object
Working on an active subject. All this is the consequence
Of my intellectual endowment or my background formed
By a history of social failures and a feeling of ostracism.
I am very much like Jules Laforgue's Harlequin as I
Am awkward and not very skilled at making the *premier pas*.
So I sit here while a horse tap dances, trying to give my
Current state of existence predicates, but no predicate
Connects or relates, no predicate fits. So I accept and
Enjoy a most solitary pleasure the unconcealment
That in actual occurrences there are no adequate predicates
To indicate what occurred. The horse taps dances. I am distracted from
My joy of uncertainty, by conceiving a potentiality:
She might be my Clotilde de Vaux and inspire me

To be a leader in forming a religion of humanity.

The horse has ceased tap dancing and has pranced to its stable.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION NO. 406

The multiple perspectival inconsistencies that chaoticize
The companionship into a crisis reverse the local manifestation
From its anticipatory potential conceptualization which is as reductive
Of a total referential actuality as mathematics or the scientific method.
Instead of a clarity whittled out from its source by fictional
Interpretations, conceptualized from the hearsay of public
And learned presuppositions, there is a withdrawal of what
Can be linguistically constituted of the non-linguistic activity
As what is near becomes farther away due to its complexity
And entanglements, its endearments and their cost. What
Is actual cannot be understood from a conceptual structure
So life appears as a fleshless skeleton whose bones are words.
Curved space means little to one who is phenomenally alone
With someone in a space that is felt as being empty and uncurved.
Method is our mythology, a fictionalized illusion that functions
As a surrogate for illegal chemicals ingested. Returning to the fact,
A triviality, that I am located in front of the show window
Of a flower shop, I speculate if I should buy that dark green paper wrapped pot
With three white orchids bloom from three green twisted stems
As a gift.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION NO. 407

Religion formed us to overlook the object, and glance
Towards a domain transcending the earth; the scientific
Attitude enframed us to capture the object, control,
Use as a resource. Both destroyed the generative powers
Of what appeared as an "object" to us. Postmodernism
Taught us to be transformed by sentences that diminish
The subjects and apotheosize the predicates. The subject
Is an arbitrary convenience that disappears to be replaced
By the actions of the predicates. Entities become processes.
Multiplicity is felt and exalts when oneness is overcome, and
We move from old dispensations that dehumanized to
Become humanized.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION NO. 409

Her face, primarily the lipstick, its color,
Its shape, its grainy texture, simultaneously
Keeps withdrawing to become another,
A stranger. I apprehended what I have
Been taught by savants and other slave
Mentalities that there is a substance beneath
Appearance is just another lie. This lipstick,
This phenomena, is really the reality. There
Is no substantial her beyond this lipstick.
This local manifestation coloring her lips
Is herself, of course an inauthentic self
In an ontological sense. So, I think and
Want to belief it is all a matter of interpretation.
Awareness of interpretations requires signifiers,
So what signifier am I to apply to the meaning
Of this lipstick whose meaning presents itself
Usually as a presupposition and then withdraws.
I can only mirror in my mind the linguistic, not the reflection
Of the lipstick as the pre-linguistic. Her existence
Is concealed under an entanglements of words,
But only words can make her real, a linguistic reality
That might or might not have any similitude
Between the representation and the represented.



TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION NO 411

When our current social organization and system is
Alienastically observed, a feeling of terror suffuses
Corporeality. As Aristotle observed that nothing exists
Apart from a system; everything is built out of other things.
This observation frightens, creates uneasiness and unrest, for what
We are to build our lives out of, on what are we to
Construct our self-creation (our autopoieticism).
The current social system in which we live is destructive of sensibility.
Our current social system is a terrorist,
A terrorist that is trying to destroy our humanity,
Convert us into slave mentalities and robots,
Make us allopoietically, built our lives out of a material
That is destructive to our humanity. The materials are
Popular values, popular beliefs, popular education,
And above all, popular entertainment.
People should be afraid of terrorists,
Not the external terrorists, but the internal terrorist,
Themselves. But most people are so self-deluded,
So accustomed to a life style of illusions, and to
Speaking a language of lies that they are incapable
Of realizing they are the real terrorists, the destroyers
Of autopoieticism, the self-creation of making themselves
Into human beings. But in our society, how can one

Built a life out what is, when what is is destructive

Of authentic humanity and the autopoietic.

TERESTRIAL ILLUMINATION NO. 413

I am perturbed by a stone. A perturbation that is
Is a love relationship on my part. I don't think
The stone has the least concern with my existence
As it is more occupied with touching earth and being
Toughed by wild grass and wild flowers. Sometimes by alien observers
It is called a "rock." The word usually spoken
Indifferently without affection. This white lump I am
Beginning to love, feel an intense love for, is usually called "limestone." This
Stone is brain-shaped as brains are shaped in human
Drawings of the brain, although not shaped this way in a singular
Brain in a human skull. This stone has irregularly shaped holes
Throughout its body, and the air dampened by raindrops
Left-over by night rains strolls through its body. I am
Not going to pick it up and disturb its local placement
And manifestations. The general consensus, the status quo
Attitude, is that this stone is unable to see color. I know this stone
Does not have eyes like leafhoppers, or aningas, raccoons, or
Human beings, but I feel this stone can perceive colors through
A process that yet known to limited and ill-equipped human intelligence.
People are so ignorant about the things of the earth, the un-man-made.
I feel this stone has autopoietic and allopoietic relations to the world
That we as limited and usually deluded human beings cannot understand.
Cannot understand. Somehow, it is incomprehensible, but I

Feel, I have an inner knowledge, that through mystic identification
With the stone and its capacity to generate mystic transformation
In human beings that I can now for a moment, a privileged moment,
See colors as the stone senses colors.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION NO. 414

Thought always seems unthinkable, and its factory,
Our corporeality, the brain and the body, uncanny, unseemly.
Do we make the “object” disappear when a black and white warbler
Is observed taking a path in a cypress swamp pond.
Does an inward electrochemical process process us into other realities
Or entangle us in past memories and present fantasies.
What is inside us, an intentional object of Brentano and Husserl,
That becomes another object. In actuality, is there really
An interior and an external. Is this division due to our falsifying mind.
Now,
This moment,
This quickly appearing seamless segment of duration,
That presents this mobile warbler
In a local manifestation of becoming,
Splashing water that becomes both amorphous and
Strings of crystal globes is an object related to other objects,
The swamp water, it’s strange dark blue streaked with silver,
The tree limb above, and the vine with minute lavender
Thin petals. It all depends on the singularity of the observers.
Some people, no matter what they are looking at,
Can only see a fantasy of his or her self. A few can see
A selection of what is actually there. What is seen, and
What is felt when what is seen is constituted

Through a bracketing encouraged by background.. Most observers
Cannot see beyond their petty illusions. Unfortunately, there are
So many of those who live by illusions, that the illusioned have become the norm.
I think of myself standing here on moist mud, blue darners
Flashing cerulean and a pastel green
As they fly in front of me while I think.
I should have exorcised all the passive thinking from my mind and entered
Into the active state of no thought and fully concentrated with intense
Attention on the black and white warbler taking a bath in swamp water.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION NO. 415

I look at a thing shook back and forth on a web, a net
Of silver when in sunlight, backed by blue, when sky
Is cloudless, it is scarlet and a shining white. On a clear day
Its surface is precious like Limoges enamel. It appears
Hand-painted, but is much superior to man-made art,
Even if made by an excellent and superior craftsman.
It is called in popular parlance a “crab spider.” Scientifically
It is rumored to be from a family called “Thomisidae.”
Information about the spider does not interest me.
I am concerned with its telluric thaumaturgic power
Over me. Seeing this spider in this isolated location
Rarely visited by another human being I am entranced.
As I look at the spider I feel a transmission of knowledge
That is beyond our conventional and false conception
Of knowledge—an authentic knowledge, a knowledge
Or a truth. This spider, unconcerned, unknowingly,
Is qualified to give a knowledge that no professor,
Priest, parent is qualified to give, and the spider
Is not a self-imprisoned egotist giving knowledge for prestige, or power.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION NO. 416

The egret, long sharp yellow bill, and then a body
Of feathers so white they look like a tabula rasa,
Stands on a slant of earth, bare sand with some grass,
Unhurried, immobile, Taoist, his legs are black lines
Against a background of water lily curled leaf green.
Once, during this duration of stillness, it made a sound
Which has in human language been designed as a squawk.
Sages and savants proclaimed that others than human beings
Are deprived of human language. Is it a deprivation or
A blessing. Its language is said to have real meaning,
Something which human language does not have.
Human beings mainly speak a language of lies advocating
Their belief, values, and autobiographies. Some who
Write poems have tried by distortions and metaphors
To turn the language of lies the people speak into
A language of truth. Most have failed. Their attempts
Were ex nihilo because no predecessors could be located.
All those who teach others to write poetry are frauds and slave mentalities.
But this singular sound of the egret was to me
Like reading all the volumes of the Encyclopedia Britannica,
Or those composed by Diderot and d'Alembert.

Duane Locke lives in Tampa, Florida near aninga, gallinules, raccoons, alligators, etc. He has published 6,710 poems, including 29 books of poems. His latest book publication, April 2012, is Duane Locke, The First Decade, 1968-1978, Bitter Oleander Press. This book is a republication of his first eleven books, contains 333 pages. Order from <http://www.bitteroleander.com/releases.html>, or Amazon.

For more information consult Google search engine. He has over 2 million entries under his name, or his name, attached with "Arts," "Books," or "First Decade."

