



Born in Grand Rapids, MI. Living in San Francisco since 1991. Before then, Denver, Laramie, Vancouver, Ann Arbor, and periodically up and down the San Francisco peninsula. Grad school in Wyoming and the University of Michigan (Hopwood prize in major fiction in 1980). Author of three novels, *Trees for Tomorrow*, *Blasphemous Rumors*, and *Piggery*, and a short story collection, *The Mountain King*. Whatever else of much importance is in the poems.

"This book is an amazing collection, traveling a lifetime of work from the personal to the political, from religion to the environment to baseball, ringing in tone from righteous wrath to tenderness to hilarity, sounding echoes of fellow, but sadly passed on, poetic travelers Ted Berrigan, Anselm Hollo, and Charles Olson. As enlightening as it is entertaining—and boy is it entertaining—we get intimate glimpses of De Vries' life and times, ranging from Michigan to British Columbia to California and back again. He speaks of poetry as a life of "wealth without money." Indeed! It is alive and well in Dan's living and breathing character. Amen to that."

- David Schaafsma, Associate Professor of English, University of Illinois, Chicago

"Read the whole book. It will give a poetic understanding of now."

- Washboard Hank, iconic Canadian country songwriter.

"The voice has an edge to it, you'll notice....

There is exuberance in the voice too. Watch for it."

—Paul Harris, *Professor of History, Minnesota State University Moorhead*







Dan De Vries

Past & Presently

POEMS



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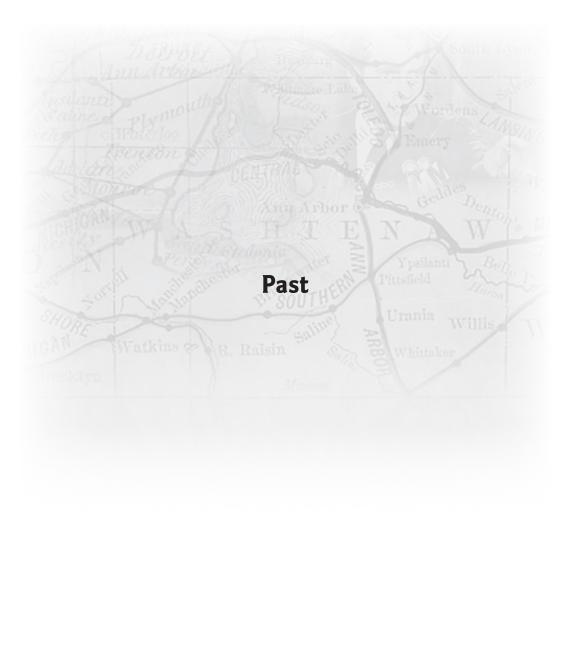
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Sonnet for Foole and Exxon's News

The President's wife takes the hand of a weird green thing that looks like it should eat her. The President, she tells the weird green thing, ignoring reporters, is doing fine. The President is obviously one tough son of a bitch. He stops bullets with his chest. Poison bullets. Killer bullets. On the White House lawn the kids push Easter eggs from one end to another, scrutinized by androids of TV's cartoon world. Thus, happily, we celebrate the American Easter; our leader's lady blessing resurrection amid forms suggesting his ritual own.

Verbal Assassination, a quibble

Lacking the guts for "real" battle the sentient being strikes with words.

The urge to kill and the point-lessness of "real" death are both admitted; that death may form release, if not reward.

The death of mind and spirit are another matter.

The undead appear to govern and make us like themselves. How now.

Old Zombie? What has been made the schedule for this gunpowder day? How many words to be processed? How many tanks to be filled? How many coyotes shall we poison?

It is easy to want none of it, these 80s in this America but a program proves hard to come by.

Verbal Assassination may not work
on the undead much as sense cannot
be made where none exists to begin with.

ARCO

1.

They tested the air blast gun and found it did not kill whales

They tested the ocean with the air blast gun and found that it did contain oil

They killed the whales and examined their air bladders and found that the blast had not killed them.

The whales were out of their route and would not have been killed if they were not

2.

The Arcadian Commander commanded they send him dead whales to prove he had not killed them

We are not, he said disturbing their migration and we are not, he said, hunting them. No one knows

for sure, he said, how they follow their route and they gave premature birth in cold water.

3.

One dreams only the great blue stolid immensity of the life of the whale

One imagines only a living sonar tracking migration through ancestral sea

4.

In another world, another dream later an eyeless Ahab forgets his orders and dives deeply in imagination to frolic with the whale children



Great Grey Queer

Whitman tending the sick & broken in Washington hospital, shadowed by stubby Washington Monument & half erect capitol dome.

I sing the body broken.

Queer as confederate money from a Cheerios box. Erect as plastic missiles from Wheaties.

Long John, Truthseeker they gave us these as children while horsedrawn wagons still delivered milk on Adams Street at the foot of Calvin.

We ducked and covered as best we could & read the billboards by the station with the flying horse: I like Ike.

I write in darkness sleepless in the cocoon of my own strange existence

and all she says is, why don't you just leave the light on?