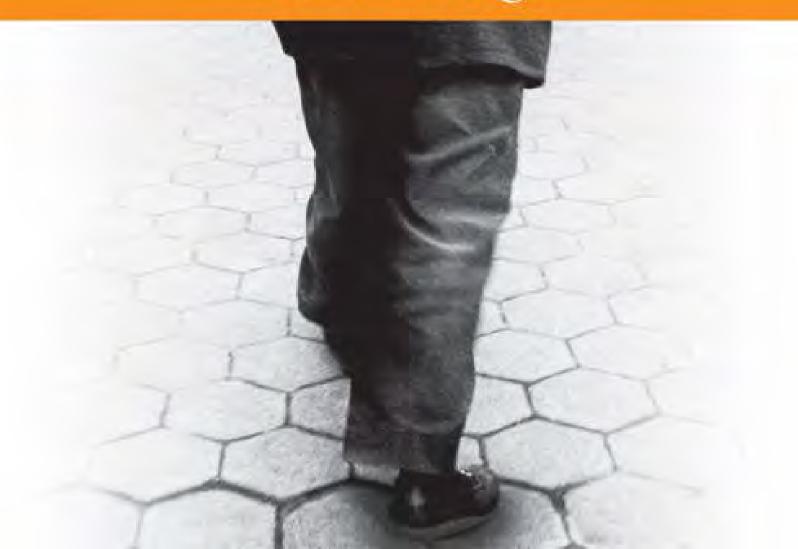


Collected Poems

# Allen Ginsberg



ALLEN GINSBERG

COLLECTED
POEMS
1947–1997



HarperCollins e-books

Collected Poems 1947–1997 is a compilation of the texts of Collected Poems 1947–1980, White Shroud: Poems 1980–1985,

Cosmopolitan Greetings: Poems 1986-1992, and

Death & Fame: Poems 1993-1997.

The Estate would like to express gratitude to Eliot Katz for his dedication and assistance in preparation of this manuscript, Danny Mulligan at HarperCollins for attentive coordinating, and Jeffrey Posternak at the Wylie Agency for his tireless intermediation.

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ALSO BY ALLEN GINSBERG

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About the Publisher

# **COLLECTED POEMS 1947–1980**



"Things are symbols of themselves."

Portions of this work have appeared in the following Allen Ginsberg books:

Airplane Dreams. House of Anasi, Toronto/City Lights Books, San Francisco, 1968.

Angkor Wat. Fulcrum Press, London, 1968.

As Ever: Collected Correspondence Allen Ginsberg & Neal Cassady. Creative Arts Book Company, Berkeley, 1977.

Empty Mirror, Early Poems. Totem/Corinth, New York, 1961.

The Fall of America, Poems of These States 1965–1971. City Lights Books, San Francisco, 1973.

The Gates of Wrath: Rhymed Poems, 1948–1951. Grey Fox Press, 1972.

Howl & Other Poems. City Lights Books, San Francisco, 1956.

Indian Journals. City Lights Books, San Francisco, 1970.

Iron Horse. City Lights Books, San Francisco, 1974.

Journals: Early Fifties Early Sixties. Grove Press, New York, 1977.

*Kaddish and Other Poems, 1958–1960.* City Lights Books, San Francisco, 1978.

*Mind Breaths: Poems 1972–1977.* City Lights Books, San Francisco, 1978.

Planet News. City Lights Books, San Francisco, 1968.

Plutonian Ode: Poems 1977–1980. City Lights Books, San Francisco, 1982.

Poems All Over the Place: Mostly Seventies. Cherry Valley Editions, Cherry Valley, NY, 1978.

Reality Sandwiches: 1953–1960. City Lights Books, San Francisco, 1963.

Sad Dust Glories: Poems Work Summer in Woods 1974. Workingmans Press, 1975.

Straight Hearts' Delight: Love Poems & Selected Letters, by Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky. Edited by Winston Leyland. Gay Sunshine Press, 1980.

To Naomi Ginsberg 1894–1956

Louis Ginsberg 1896–1976

## **Author's Preface, Reader's Manual**

#### Arrangement of Text

Herein author has assembled all his poetry books published to date rearranged in straight chronological order to compose an autobiography. *Collected Poems* includes seven volumes published in City Lights Pocket Poets series: *Howl, Kaddish, Reality Sandwiches, Planet News, The Fall of America, Mind Breaths*, and *Plutonian Ode*, backbone of three decades' writing.

Books circulated less widely by delicate small presses (excepting song experiments in *First Blues*) fill gaps in the sequence. Youthful poetries were printed in *Empty Mirror* and *The Gates of Wrath*. Three odd books, *Angkor Wat, Iron Horse* and *Airplane Dreams*, interleaf poems of the 1960s. *Poems All Over the Place* flash on spots of time from President Kennedy's assassination day, through 1972 Presidentiad, to author's meditation practice in his fiftieth year.

Among half-dozen poems taken from prose journal and letter books, one singular rhapsody, "The Names," falls into place, with motifs from "Howl" particularized in 1958.

"Many Loves" manuscript, detailing first erotic encounter with a lifelong friend, not printed till now for reasons of prudence and modesty, completes a sequence of writing that included "Sunflower Sutra" and "America," Berkeley 1956.

### Advantages of Chronological Order

The Gates of Wrath's imperfect literary rhymes are interspersed with Empty Mirrors raw-sketch practice poems. Disparate simultaneous early styles juxtaposed aid recognition of a grounded

mode of writing encouraged by Dr. Williams, "No ideas but in things."

"A Strange New Cottage in Berkeley" precedes "A Supermarket in California" because it was composed on top of the same page, originally one poem in two parts, here rejoined.

Travel poems Calcutta-Saigon-Angkor Wat-Japan, 1963, mixed through three separate books, now cohere in sequence.

Cross-country Auto Poesy chronicle starts 1965 at Northwest border (*The Fall of America*), continues through Wichita vortex East (*Planet News*), recrosses U.S.A. Oakland to New York (*Iron Horse*) and tarries 1966 East, returns via Chicago North of vortex 1967, and comes back through Northwest passage 1969 (*The Fall of America*).

\* \* \*

Reader exploring *Collected Poems* mass of writing will find Contents divided into ten sections, roughly indicating time, geography, and motif or "season" of experience.

Reader may further observe poetic energy as cyclic, the continuum a panorama of valleys and plateaus with peaks of inspiration every few years. This chain of strong-breath'd poems links "The Song of the Shrouded Stranger of the Night," 1949, with "The Green Automobile," 1953, "Siesta in Xbalba," 1954, "Howl," "Sunflower Sutra" and "Many Loves," 1955–1956, "The Names," 1958, "Kaddish," 1959, "TV Baby," 1960, "The Change," 1963, "Kral Majales," 1965, "Wichita Vortex Sutra," 1966, "Wales Visitation," 1967, "On Neal's Ashes," 1968, "September on Jessore Road," 1971, "Mind Breaths," 1973, "Father Death Blues," 1976, "Contest of Bards," 1977, "Plutonian Ode," 1978, "Birdbrain!" and "Capitol Air," 1980.\*

#### Texture of Texts

"First thought, best thought." Spontaneous insight—the sequence of thought-forms passing naturally through ordinary mind—was

always motif and method of these compositions.

Syntax punctuation Capitalization remain idiosyncratic, retaining the variable measure of nervous systematics. In many poems, semiirregular indentation of verse conforms to divisions of original notation or spacings of first thought-speech mindfully recollected. "Mind is shapely, Art is shapely."

Nevertheless some touches are added here and there, adjustments made after years of reading works aloud, changes few and far between. Defective passages or words are excised from several poems, including "Sunflower Sutra" and "Wales Visitation." Author has altered a dozen or more phrases that consistently annoyed him over years, eliminated half-dozen foggy adjectives or added a half-dozen factual epithets to clear up the sense of dated verses, notably in "America."

Typographical errors, misalignment of verse on pages of previous printings, and unintended grammatic quirks are corrected. Apparent solecisms were judged, approved or cast out.

#### Assembled Appendixes

"Notes" transmit cultural archetypes to electronic laser TV generations that don't read Dostoyevsky Buddha bibles. Karma wants understanding, Moloch needs noting. Mini-essays hint further reading for innocent-eyed youths. Author took opportunity to verify ephemera in his poetry, interpret recurrent reference images for peers and elders.

Dante, Milton, Blake and Smart footnotes were made by scholars. Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley wrote extensive commentaries for Percy Shelley's posthumous collections. Wordsworth and Eliot favored readers by composing their own notes; their practice had precedents.

The back of this book preserves old title-page "Epigraphs" and "Dedications," artifacts of original pamphlets which played their part in the drama of breakthrough from closed form to open form in

American poetry. A small-press culture revolution helped change hyper-industrialized public consciousness from provincial wartime nationalist-history-bound egoic myopia to panoramic awareness of planet news, eternal view of both formal charm and empty nature of local identity. "Acknowledgments" alphabetize an extravagant list of publications that first printed these poems throughout three decades of explosive humor during which legal censorship broke down. Present gratitudes find place here. Artisans who collaborated on this volume are specified. William Carlos Williams's "Introductions" to two early books are retained, as well as "Author's Writ," jacket-blurb prose-poetries once composed as précis for each book.

"Index of Proper Names" is designed to make this large volume "user friendly." *Collected Poems* may be read as a lifelong poem including history, wherein things are symbols of themselves. Cross-reference between texts and notes can serve as rough concordance to the book's mythic actualities, from Cassady to CIA to Sakyamuni. "Index of Proper Names" and "Index of Titles, First Lines, and Original Book Sources" complete the work.

ALLEN GINSBERG

New York City June 26, 1984

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;White Shroud," 1983, dream epilogue to "Kaddish" and title poem of book subsequent to *Collected Poems*, is late work of true inspiration in this sequence.

#### **EMPTY MIRROR:**

#### **GATES OF WRATH**

(1947-1952)

### **In Society**

I walked into the cocktail party room and found three or four queers talking together in queertalk. I tried to be friendly but heard myself talking to one in hiptalk. "I'm glad to see you," he said, and looked away. "Hmn," I mused. The room was small and had a double-decker bed in it, and cooking apparatus: icebox, cabinet, toasters, stove; the hosts seemed to live with room enough only for cooking and sleeping. My remark on this score was understood but not appreciated. I was offered refreshments, which I accepted. I ate a sandwich of pure meat; an enormous sandwich of human flesh, I noticed, while I was chewing on it, it also included a dirty asshole.

More company came, including a fluffy female who looked like a princess. She glared at me and said immediately: "I don't like you," turned her head away, and refused to be introduced. I said, "What!" in outrage. "Why you shit-faced fool!" This got everybody's attention. "Why you narcissistic bitch! How can you decide when you don't even know me," I continued in a violent and messianic voice, inspired at last, dominating the whole room

Dream New York-Denver, Spring 1947

### The Bricklayer's Lunch Hour

Two bricklayers are setting the walls of a cellar in a new dug out patch of dirt behind an old house of wood with brown gables grown over with ivy on a shady street in Denver. It is noon and one of them wanders off. The young subordinate bricklayer sits idly for a few minutes after eating a sandwich and throwing away the paper bag. He has on dungarees and is bare above the waist; he has yellow hair and wears a smudged but still bright red cap on his head. He sits idly on top of the wall on a ladder that is leaned up between his spread thighs, his head bent down, gazing uninterestedly at the paper bag on the grass. He draws his hand across his breast, and then slowly rubs his knuckles across the side of his chin, and rocks to and fro on the wall. A small cat walks to him along the top of the wall. He picks it up, takes off his cap, and puts it over the kitten's body for a moment. Meanwhile it is darkening as if to rain and the wind on top of the trees in the street comes through almost harshly.

Denver, Summer 1947

#### **Two Sonnets**

After Reading Kerouac's Manuscript
The Town and the City

I dwelled in Hell on earth to write this rhyme, I live in stillness now, in living flame; I witness Heaven in unholy time, I room in the renownèd city, am Unknown. The fame I dwell in is not mine, I would not have it. Angels in the air Serenade my senses in delight. Intelligence of poets, saints and fair Characters converse with me all night. But all the streets are burning everywhere. The city is burning these multitudes that climb Her buildings. Their inferno is the same I scaled as a stupendous blazing stair. They vanish as I look into the light.

Π

Woe unto thee, Manhattan, woe to thee, Woe unto all the cities of the world. Repent, Chicagos, O repent; ah, me! Los Angeles, now thou art gone so wild, I think thou art still mighty, yet shall be, As the earth shook, and San Francisco fell, An angel in an agony of flame. City of horrors, New York so much like Hell, How soon thou shalt be city-without-name, A tomb of souls, and a poor broken knell. Fire and fire on London, Moscow shall die, And Paris her livid atomies be rolled

Together into the Woe of the blazing bell—All cities then shall toll for their great fame.

New York, Spring 1948

## On Reading William Blake's "The Sick Rose"

Rose of spirit, rose of light, Flower whereof all will tell, Is this black vision of my sight The fashion of a prideful spell, Mystic charm or magic bright, O Judgement of fire and of fright?

What everlasting force confounded In its being, like some human Spirit shrunken in a bounded Immortality, what Blossom Gathers us inward, astounded? Is this the sickness that is Doom?

East Harlem, June-July 1948

## The Eye Altering Alters All

Many seek and never see, anyone can tell them why.
O they weep and O they cry and never take until they try unless they try it in their sleep and never some until they die. I ask many, they ask me.
This is a great mystery.

East Harlem, June-July 1948

### **A Very Dove**

A very Dove will have her love ere the Dove has died; the spirit, vanity approve, will even love in pride;

and cannot love, and yet can hate, spirit to fulfill; the spirit cannot watch and wait, the Hawk must have his kill.

There is a Gull that rolls alone over billows loud; the Nightingale at night will moan under her soft shroud.

East Harlem, July 1948

#### **Vision 1948**

Dread spirit in me that I ever try
With written words to move,
Hear thou my plea, at last reply
To my impotent pen:
Should I endure, and never prove
Yourself and me in love,
Tell me, spirit, tell me, O what then?

And if not love, why, then, another passion
For me to pass in image:
Shadow, shadow, and blind vision.
Dumb roar of the white trance,
Ecstatic shadow out of rage,
Power out of passage.
Dance, dance, spirit, spirit, dance!

Is it my fancy that the world is still,
So gentle in her dream?
Outside, great Harlems of the will
Move under black sleep:
Yet in spiritual scream,
The saxophones the same
As me in madness call thee from the deep.

I shudder with intelligence and I

Wake in the deep light

And hear a vast machinery

Descending without sound,

Intolerable to me, too bright,

And shaken in the sight

The eye goes blind before the world goes round.

East Harlem, July 1948

#### Do We Understand Each Other?

My love has come to ride me home
To our room and bed.
I had walked the wide sea path,
For my love would roam
In absence long and glad
All through our land of wrath.
We wandered wondrously
I, still mild, true and sad,
But merry, mad and free
My love was. Look! yet come love hath.
Is this not great gentility?

I only remembered the ocean's roll, And islands that I passed, And, in a vision of death and dread, A city where my soul Visited its vast Passage of the dead. My love's eternity I never entered, when, at last "I blush with love for thee," My love, renewed in anger, said. Is this not great gentility?

Over the road in an automobile Rode I and my gentle love. The traffic on our way was wild; My love was at the wheel, And in and out we drove. My own eyes were mild. How my love merrily Dared the other cars to rove: "But if they stop for me, Why, then, I stop for them, my child." Is this not great gentility?

East Harlem, July 1948

#### The Voice of Rock

I cannot sleep, I cannot sleep until a victim is resigned; a shadow holds me in his keep and seeks the bones that he must find; and hoveled in a shroudy heap dead eyes see, and dead eyes weep, dead men from the coffin creep, nightmare of murder in the mind.

Murder has the ghost of shame that lies abed with me in dirt and mouths the matter of my fame. With voice of rock, and rock engirt, a shadow cries out in my name; he struggles for my writhing frame; my death and his were not the same, what wounds have I that he is hurt?

This is such murder that my own incorporeal blood is shed, but shadow changes into bone, and thoughts are doubled in my head; for what he knows and I have known is, like a crystal lost in stone, hidden in skin and buried down, blind as the vision of the dead.

Paterson, August 1948

#### Refrain

The air is dark, the night is sad, I lie sleepless and I groan. Nobody cares when a man goes mad: He is sorry, God is glad. Shadow changes into bone.

Every shadow has a name; When I think of mine I moan, I hear rumors of such fame. Not for pride, but only shame, Shadow changes into bone.

When I blush I weep for joy, And laughter drops from me like stone: The aging laughter of the boy To see the ageless dead so coy. Shadow changes into bone.

Paterson, August 1948

### A Western Ballad



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#### A Western Ballad

When I died, love, when I died my heart was broken in your care; I never suffered love so fair as now I suffer and abide when I died, love, when I died.

When I died, love, when I died I wearied in an endless maze that men have walked for centuries, as endless as the gate was wide when I died, love, when I died.

When I died, love, when I died there was a war in the upper air: all that happens, happens there; there was an angel at my side when I died, love, when I died.

Paterson, August 1948

## The Trembling of the Veil

Today out of the window the trees seemed like live organisms on the moon.

Each bough extended upward covered at the north end with leaves, like a green

hairy protuberance. I saw the scarlet-and-pink shoot-tips of budding leaves wave

delicately in the sunlight, blown by the breeze, all the arms of the trees bending and straining downward

at once when the wind pushed them.

Paterson, August 1948

### **A Meaningless Institution**

I was given my bedding, and a bunk in an enormous ward, surrounded by hundreds of weeping, decaying men and women.

I sat on my bunk, three tiers up next to the ceiling, looking down the gray aisles. Old, crippled, dumb people were

bent over sewing. A heavy girl in a dirty dress stared at me. I waited for an official guide to come

and give me instructions. After awhile, I wandered off down empty corridors in search of a toilet.

Dream, Paterson, Fall 1948

#### A Mad Gleam

Go back to Egypt and the Greeks, Where the Wizard understood The spectre haunted where man seeks And spoke to ghosts that stood in blood.

Go back, go back to the old legend; The soul remembers, and is true: What has been most and least imagined, No other, there is nothing new.

The giant Phantom is ascending Toward its coronation, gowned With music unheard, but unending: Follow the flower to the ground.

New York, January 1949

## **Complaint of the Skeleton to Time**

Take my love, it is not true, So let it tempt no body new; Take my lady, she will sigh For my bed where'er I lie; Take them, said the skeleton, But leave my bones alone.

Take my raiment, now grown cold, To give to some poor poet old; Take the skin that hoods this truth If his age would wear my youth; Take them, said the skeleton, But leave my bones alone.

Take the thoughts that like the wind Blow my body out of mind;
Take this heart to go with that And pass it on from rat to rat;
Take them, said the skeleton,
But leave my bones alone.

Take the art which I bemoan
In a poem's crazy tone;
Grind me down, though I may groan,
To the starkest stick and stone;
Take them, said the skeleton,
But leave my bones alone.

#### Psalm I

hese psalms are the workings of the vision haunted mind and not that reason which never changes.

am flesh and blood, but my mind is the focus of much lightning.

change with the weather, with the state of my finances, with the work I do, with my company.

ut truly none of these is accountable for the majestic flaws of mind which have left my brain open to hallucination.

ll work has been an imitation of the literary cackle in my head.

his gossip is an eccentric document to be lost in a library and rediscovered when the Dove descends.

New York, February 1949

#### An Eastern Ballad

I speak of love that comes to mind: The moon is faithful, although blind; She moves in thought she cannot speak. Perfect care has made her bleak.

I never dreamed the sea so deep, The earth so dark; so long my sleep, I have become another child. I wake to see the world go wild.

1945-1949

### **Sweet Levinsky**

Sweet Levinsky in the night Sweet Levinsky in the light do you giggle out of spite, or are you laughing in delight sweet Levinsky, sweet Levinsky?

Sweet Levinsky, do you tremble when the cock crows, and dissemble as you amble to the gambol? Why so humble when you stumble sweet Levinsky, sweet Levinsky?

Sweet Levinsky, why so tearful, sweet Levinsky don't be fearful, sweet Levinsky here's your earful of the angels chirping cheerfully Levinsky, sweet Levinsky, sweet Levinsky.

New York, Spring 1949

#### Psalm II

Ah, still Lord, ah, sweet Divinity Incarnate in our grave and holy substance, Circumscribed in this hexed endless world Of Time, that turns a triple face, from Hell, Imprisoned joy's incognizable thought, To mounted earth, that shudders to conceive, Toward angels, borne unseen out of this world, Translate the speechless stanzas of the rose Into my poem, and I vow to copy Every petal on a page; perfume My mind, ungardened, and in weedy earth; Let these dark leaves be lit with images That strike like lightning from eternal mind, Truths that are not visible in any light That changes and is Time, like flesh or theory, Corruptible like any clock of meat That sickens and runs down to die With all those structures and machinery Whose bones and bridges break and wash to sea And are dissolved into green salt and coral.

A Bird of Paradise, the Nightingale
I cried for not so long ago, the poet's
Phoenix, and the erotic Swan
Which descended and transfigured Time,
And all but destroyed it, in the Dove
I speak of now are here, I saw it here,
The Miracle, which no man knows entire,
Nor I myself. But shadow is my prophet,
I cast a shadow that surpasses me,
And I write, shadow changes into bone,
To say that still Word, the prophetic image

Beyond our present strength of flesh to bear, Incarnate in the rain as in the sea, Watches after us out of our eyes. What a sweet dream! to be some incorruptible Divinity, corporeal without a name, Suffering metamorphosis of flesh.

Holy are the Visions of the soul The visible mind seeks out for marriage, As if the sleeping heart, agaze, in darkness, Would dream her passions out as in the Heavens. In flesh and flesh, imperfect spirits join Vision upon vision, image upon image, All physical and perishing, till spirit Driven mad by Time, a ghost still haunted By his mortal house, goes from the tomb And drops his body back into the dirt. I fear it till my soul remembers Heaven. My name is Angel and my eyes are Fire! O wonder, and more than wonder, in the world! Now I have built my Love a sepulchre Of whitened thoughts, and sat a year in ash, Grieving for the lost entempled dead, And Him who appeared to these dead eyes, And Him my wakened beating mind remembered, And Love that moved in substance clear as bone, With beautiful music, at the fatal moment, And clock stopped by its own, or hidden, hand. These are the hollow echoes of His word.

Ah, but to have seen the Dove of still
Divinity come down in silken light of summer sun
In ignorance of the body and bone's madness.
Light falls and I fail! My youth is ending,

All my youth, and Death and Beauty cry
Like horns and motors from a ship afar,
Half heard, an echo in the sea beneath,
And Death and Beauty beckon in the dawn,
A presage of the world of whitening shadows
As another pale memorial.
Ah! but to have seen the Dove, and then go blind.

I will grow old a grey and groaning man,
Hour after hour, with each hour a thought,
And with each thought the same denial. Am I to spend
My life in praise of the idea of God?
Time leaves no hope, and leaves us none of love;
We creep and wait, we wait and go alone.
When will the heart be weary of its own
Indignity? Or Time endured destroy
The last such thoughts as these, the thoughts of Dove?
Must ravenous reason not be self-consumed?
Our souls are purified of Time by Time,
And ignorance consumes itself like flesh.

Bigger and bigger gates, Thou givest, Lord, And vaster deaths, and deaths not by my hand, Till, in each season, as the garden dies, I die with each, until I die no more Time's many deaths, and pass toward the last gates, Till come, pure light, at last to pass through pearl. Take me to thy mansion, for I house In clay, in a sad dolor out of joy.

Behold thy myth incarnate in my flesh Now made incarnate in Thy Psalm, O Lord.

### Fie My Fum

Pull my daisy,
Tip my cup,
Cut my thoughts
For coconuts,

Bone my shadow, Dove my soul, Set a halo On my skull,

Ark my darkness, Rack my lacks, Bleak my lurking, Lark my looks,

Start my Arden, Gate my shades, Silk my garden, Rose my days,

Whore my door, Stone my dream, Milk my mind And make me cream,

Say my oops, Ope my shell, Roll my bones, Ring my bell, Pope my parts, Pop my pot, Poke my pap, Pit my plum.

New York, Spring 1949

## **Pull My Daisy**

Pull my daisy
tip my cup
all my doors are open
Cut my thoughts
for coconuts
all my eggs are broken
Jack my Arden
gate my shades
woe my road is spoken
Silk my garden
rose my days
now my prayers awaken

Bone my shadow
dove my dream
start my halo bleeding
Milk my mind &
make me cream
drink me when you're ready
Hop my heart on
harp my height
seraphs hold me steady
Hip my angel
hype my light
lay it on the needy

Heal the raindrop sow the eye bust my dust again Woe the worm work the wise dig my spade the same Stop the hoax what's the hex where's the wake how's the hicks take my golden beam

Rob my locker
lick my rocks
leap my cock in school
Rack my lacks
lark my looks
jump right up my hole
Whore my door
beat my boor
eat my snake of fool
Craze my hair
bare my poor
asshole shorn of wool

Say my oops
ope my shell
bite my naked nut
Roll my bones
ring my bell
call my worm to sup
Pope my parts
pop my pot
raise my daisy up
Poke my pap
pit my plum
let my gap be shut

Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac & Neal Cassady New York, Spring-Fall 1949

### The Shrouded Stranger

Bare skin is my wrinkled sack When hot Apollo humps my back When Jack Frost grabs me in these rags I wrap my legs with burlap bags

My flesh is cinder my face is snow I walk the railroad to and fro When city streets are black and dead The railroad embankment is my bed

I sup my soup from old tin cans And take my sweets from little hands In Tiger Alley near the jail I steal away from the garbage pail

In darkest night where none can see Down in the bowels of the factory I sneak barefoot upon stone Come and hear the old man groan

I hide and wait like a naked child Under the bridge my heart goes wild I scream at a fire on the river bank I give my body to an old gas tank

I dream that I have burning hair Boiled arms that claw the air The torso of an iron king And on my back a broken wing Who'll go out whoring into the night On the eyeless road in the skinny moonlight Maid or dowd or athlete proud May wanton with me in the shroud

Who'll come lie down in the dark with me Belly to belly and knee to knee Who'll look into my hooded eye Who'll lie down under my darkened thigh?

New York, 1949-1951

## Stanzas: Written at Night in Radio City

If money made the mind more sane, Or money mellowed in the bowel The hunger beyond hunger's pain, Or money choked the mortal growl And made the groaner grin again, Or did the laughing lamb embolden To loll where has the lion lain, I'd go make money and be golden.

Nor sex will salve the sickened soul, Which has its holy goal an hour, Holds to heart the golden pole, But cannot save the silver shower, Nor heal the sorry parts to whole. Love is creeping under cover, Where it hides its sleepy dole, Else I were like any lover.

Many souls get lost at sea, Others slave upon a stone: Engines are not eyes to me, Inside buildings I see bone. Some from city to city flee, Famous labors make them lie; I cheat on that machinery, Down in Arden I will die.

Art is short, nor style is sure: Though words our virgin thoughts betray, Time ravishes that thought most pure, Which those who know, know anyway; For if our daughter should endure, When once we can no more complain, Men take our beauty for a whore, And like a whore, to entertain.

The city's hipper slickers shine, Up in the attic with the bats; The higher Chinamen, supine, Wear a dragon in their hats: He who seeks a secret sign In a daze or sicker doze Blows the flower superfine; Not a poppy is a rose.

If fame were not a fickle charm,
There were far more famous men:
May boys amaze the world to arm,
Yet their charms are changed again,
And fearful heroes turn to harm;
But the shambles is a sham.
A few angels on a farm
Fare more fancy with their lamb.

No more of this too pretty talk,
Dead glimpses of apocalypse:
The child pissing off the rock,
Or woman withered in the lips,
Contemplate the unseen Cock
That crows all beasts to ecstasy;
And so the Saints beyond the clock
Cry to men their dead eyes see.

Come, incomparable crown,
Love my love is lost to claim,
O hollow fame that makes me groan;
We are a king without a name:
Regain thine angel's lost renown,
As, in the mind's forgotten meadow,
Where brightest shades sleep under stone,
Man runs after his own shadow.

New York, March 1949

## After All, What Else Is There to Say?

When I sit before a paper
writing my mind turns
in a kind of feminine
madness of chatter;
but to think to see, outside,
in a tenement the walls
of the universe itself
I wait: wait till the sky
appears as it is,
wait for a moment when
the poem itself
is my way of speaking out, not
declaiming of celebrating, yet,
but telling the truth.

New York, Early 1949

#### **Sometime Jailhouse Blues**

Sometime I'll lay down my wrath, As I lay my body down Between the ache of breath and breath, Golden slumber in the bone.

Thought's a stone, though sweet or sorry, Run-down from an uphill climb: Money, money, work and worry, And all the aimless toil of Time.

Sometime I look up in light And see the weary sun go West; Sometime I see the moon at night Go hidden in her cloudy rest.

Sometime tears of death will blind All that was worldly, wise or fair, And visioned by the death of mind My ghost will wander in the air,

And gaze upon a ghostly face, Not knowing what was fair or lost, Remembering not what flesh lay waste, Or made him kind as ghost to ghost.

Brooklyn, April 24, 1949

## Please Open the Window and Let Me In

Who is the shroudy stranger of the night, Whose brow is mouldering green, whose reddened eye Hides near the window trellis in dim light, And gapes at old men, and makes children cry?

Who is the laughing walker of the street, The alley mummy, stinking of the bone, To dance unfixed, though bound in shadow feet, Behind the child that creeps on legs of stone?

Who is the hungry mocker of the maze, And haggard gate-ghost, hanging by the door, The double mummer in whose hooded gaze World has beckoned unto world once more?

Paterson, May 1949

Tonite all is well... What a terrible future. I am twenty-three, year of the iron birthday, gate of darkness. I am ill, I have become physically and spiritually impotent in my madness this month. I suddenly realized that my head is severed from my body; I realized it a few nights ago by myself, lying sleepless on the couch.

Paterson, Summer 1949

## **Fyodor**

The death's head of realism and superhuman iron mask that gapes out of *The Possessed*, sometimes: Dostoievski. My original version of D. before I read him, as the dark haunted-house man, wild, agèd, spectral Russian. I call him Dusty now but he is Dostoyevsky What premonitions I had as a child.

Paterson, June 1949

## **Epigram on a Painting of Golgotha**

On a bare tree in a hollow place, A blinded form's unhaloed face; Sight, where Heaven is destroyed, The hanging visage of the void.

New York, Summer 1949

"The road to a true philosophy of life seems to lie in humbly recording diverse readings of its phenomena."

—Thos. Hardy

# I attempted to concentrate

the total sun's rays in each poem as through a glass, but such magnification did not set the page afire.

New York, Summer 1949

# **Metaphysics**

This is the one and only firmament; therefore it is the absolute world. There is no other world. The circle is complete. I am living in Eternity. The ways of this world are the ways of Heaven.

New York, Mid-1949

#### In Death, Cannot Reach What Is Most Near

We know all about death that we will ever know because we have all experienced the state before birth.

Life seems a passage between two doors to the darkness.

Both are the same and truly eternal, and perhaps it may be said that we meet in darkness. The nature of time is illuminated by this meeting of eternal ends.

It is amazing to think that thought and personality of man is perpetuated in time after his passage to eternity. And one time is all Time if you look at it out of the grave.

New York, Mid-1949

#### **This Is About Death**

Art recalls the memory of his true existence to whoever has forgotten that Being is the one thing all the universe shouts.

Only return of thought to its source will complete thought. Only return of activity to its source will complete activity. Listen to that.

Mid-1949

### Hymn

o hyacinthine imagination can express this clock of meat bleakly pining for its sweet immaterial paradise which I have celebrated in one gone dithyramb after another and have elevated to that highest place in the mind's angelical empyrean which shall in the course of hot centuries to come come to be known as the clock of light:

ne very summa and dove of the unshrouding of finality's joy whence cometh purely pearly streams of reves and honey-thoughts and all like dreamy essences our hearts therefrom so filled with such incomparable and crownly creaminess one never knew whence it came,

hether from those foul regions of the soul the ancients named Malebolge or the Dank or the icicle-like crystal roads of cloudless sky called Icecube or Avenue where the angels late fourteen there convened hang on and raptly gaze on us singing down

newing voices liturgies of milk and sweet cream sighing no longer for the strawberries of the world whence in pain and wit's despair they had ascended stoops of light up the celestial fire escape no more to sit suffering as we do one and all on the thorn

or more we shall when the final gate is opened and the Diamond Seraph armed with 3 forks of lightning 7 claps of thunder 11 bursts of laughter and a thousand tears rolling down his silken cheeks bares his radiant breast and asks us in the Name of the Lord to share that Love in Heaven which on Earth was so disinherited.

September 1949

#### **Sunset**

The whole blear world of smoke and twisted steel around my head in a railroad car, and my mind wandering past the rust into futurity: I saw the sun go down in a carnal and primeval world, leaving darkness to cover my railroad train because the other side of the world was waiting for dawn.

New York-Paterson, November 1949

# Ode to the Setting Sun

The Jersey Marshes in rain, November evening, seen from Susquehanna Railroad

The wrathful East of smoke and iron Crowded in a broken crown; The Archer of the Jersey mire Naked in a rusty gown; Railroad creeping toward the fire Where the carnal sun goes down.

Apollo's shining chariot's shadow Shudders in the mortal bourn; Amber shores upon the meadow Where Phaëthon falls forlorn Fade in somber chiaroscuro, Phantoms of the burning morn.

Westward to the world's blind gaze, In funeral of raining cloud, The motionless cold Heavens blaze, Born out of a dying crowd; Daybreak in the end of days, Bloody light beneath the shroud.

In vault dominion of the night
The hosts of prophecy convene,
Till, empire of the lark alight,
Their bodies waken as we dream,
And put our raiment on, and bright
Crown, still haloed though unseen.

Under the earth there is an eye
Open in a sightless cave,
And the skull in Eternity
Bares indifference to the grave:
Earth turns, and the day must die,
And the sea accepts the wave.

My bones are carried on the train Westward where the sun has gone; Night has darkened in the rain, And the rainbow day is done; Cities age upon the plain And smoke rolls upward out of stone.

New York-Paterson, November 1949–1950

#### **Paterson**

That do I want in these rooms papered with visions of money?

ow much can I make by cutting my hair? If I put new heels on my shoes, bathe my body reeking of masturbation and sweat, layer upon layer of excrement

ried in employment bureaus, magazine hallways, statistical cubicles, factory stairways,

oakrooms of the smiling gods of psychiatry;

in antechambers I face the presumption of department store supervisory employees,

ld clerks in their asylums of fat, the slobs and dumbbells of the ego with money and power

hire and fire and make and break and fart and justify their reality of wrath and rumor of wrath to wrath-weary man,

hat war I enter and for what a prize! the dead prick of commonplace obsession,

arridan vision of electricity at night and daylight misery of thumbsucking rage.

would rather go mad, gone down the dark road to Mexico, heroin dripping in my veins,

yes and ears full of marijuana,

ating the god Peyote on the floor of a mudhut on the border

r laying in a hotel room over the body of some suffering man or woman;

ther jar my body down the road, crying by a diner in the Western sun;

ther crawl on my naked belly over the tincans of Cincinnati; ther drag a rotten railroad tie to a Golgotha in the Rockies; ather, crowned with thorns in Galveston, nailed hand and foot in Los Angeles, raised up to die in Denver,

ierced in the side in Chicago, perished and tombed in New Orleans and resurrected in 1958 somewhere on Garret Mountain,

ome down roaring in a blaze of hot cars and garbage,

reetcorner Evangel in front of City Hall, surrounded by statues of agonized lions,

ith a mouthful of shit, and the hair rising on my scalp,

creaming and dancing in praise of Eternity annihilating the sidewalk, annihilating reality,

reaming and dancing against the orchestra in the destructible ballroom of the world,

lood streaming from my belly and shoulders

ooding the city with its hideous ecstasy, rolling over the pavements and highways

y the bayoux and forests and derricks leaving my flesh and my bones hanging on the trees.

New York, November 1949

# **Bop Lyrics**

When I think of death
I get a goofy feeling;
Then I catch my breath:
Zero is appealing,
Appearances are hazy.
Smart went crazy,
Smart went crazy.

\*

A flower in my head
Has fallen through my eye;
Someday I'll be dead:
I love the Lord on high,
I wish He'd pull my daisy.
Smart went crazy,
Smart went crazy.

\*

I asked the lady what's a rose,
She kicked me out of bed.
I asked the man, and so it goes,
He hit me on the head.
Nobody knows,
Nobody knows,
At least nobody's said.

\*

The time I went to China To lead the boy scout troops, They sank my ocean liner, And all I said was "Oops!"

\*

All the doctors think I'm crazy; The truth is really that I'm lazy: I made visions to beguile 'em Till they put me in th'asylum

\*

I'm a pot and God's a potter,
And my head's a piece of putty.
Ark my darkness,
Lark my looks,
I'm so lucky to be nutty.

New York, March-December 1949

#### A Dream

I waked at midmost in the night, Dim lamp shuddering in the bell, House enwracked with natal light That glowed as in a ghostly shell.

I rose and darked the hornlike flare, And watched the shadows in the room Crawl on walls and empty air Through the window from the moon.

I stared in phantom-attic dark At such radiant shapes of gloom, I thought my fancy and mind's lark So cried for Death that He had come.

As sleepy-faced night walkers go, Room to room, and down the stair, Through the labyrinth to and fro, So I paced sleepless in nightmare.

I walked out to the city tower, Where, as in a stony cell, Time lay prisoned, and twelfth hour Complained upon the midnight bell.

I met a boy on the city street, Fair was his hair, and fair his eyes, Walking in his winding sheet, As fair as was my own disguise. He walked his way in a white shroud, His cheek was whiter than his gown. He looked at me, and spoke aloud, And all his voice was but a groan:

"My love is dreaming of me now, For I have dreamed him oft so well That in my ghostly sleep I go To find him by the midnight bell.

And so I walk and speak these lines Which he will hear and understand. If some poor wandering child of time Finds me, let him take my hand,

And I will lead him to the stone, And I will lead him through the grave, But let him fear no light of bone, And let him fear no dark of wave,

And we will walk the double door That breaks upon the ageless night, Where I have come, and must once more Return, and so forsake the light."

The darkness that is half disguised In the Zodiac of my dream Gazed on me in his bleak eyes, And I became what now I seem.

Once my crown was silk and black; I have dreamed, and I awake.

Now that time has wormed my cheek, Horns and willows me bespeak.

Paterson, December 1949

# Long Live the Spiderweb

Seven years' words wasted waiting on the spiderweb:
seven years' thoughts harkening the host,
seven years' lost sentience naming images, narrowing down the name to nothing,
seven years':
fears
in a web of ancient measure; the words dead flies, a crop of ghosts,

seven years':

the spider is dead.

Paterson, Spring 1950

# The Shrouded Stranger

The Shroudy Stranger's reft of realms. Abhorred he sits upon the city dump. His broken heart's a bag of shit. The vast rainfall, an empty mirror.

2 A Dream

He climbed over the rim of the huge tower looking down afraid, descended the escarpment

over sheaves of rock, crossed railyard gullies and vast river-bridges on the groundward slope

under an iron viaduct, coming to rivulet in a still meadow by a small wood

where he stood trembling in the naked flowers, and walked under oak to the house of folk. I dreamed I was dreaming again and decided to go down the years looking for the Shrouded Stranger. I knew the old bastard was hanging around somewhere. I couldn't find him for a while; went looking under beds, pulling mattresses off, and finally discovered him hiding under the springs crouched in the corner:

met him face to face at last. I didn't even recognize him.

"I'll bet you didn't think it was me after all," he said.

# 4 Fragmenta Monumenti

It was to have a structure, it was going to tell a story; it was to be a mass of images moving on a page, with a hollow voice at the center; it was to have told of Time and Eternity; to have begun in the rainfall's hood and moon, and ended under the street light of the world's bare physical appearance; begun among vultures

in the mountains of Mexico,
traveled through all America
and ended in garbage on River Street;
its first line was to be
"Be with me Shroud, now—"
and the last "—naked
on broken bottles
between the brick walls,"
being THE VISION OF THE SHROUDED STRANGER OF THE NIGHT.

Paterson-New York, 1949-September 1950

# An Imaginary Rose in a Book

Oh dry old rose of God, that with such bleak perfume changed images to blood and body to a tomb,

what fragrance you have lost, and are now withered mere crimson myth of dust and recollection sere

of an unfading garden whereof the myriad life and all that flock in blossom, none other met the knife.

Paterson, Early 1950

# Crash

There is more to Fury Than men imagine Who drive a pallid jury On a pale engine.

In a spinning plane, A false machine, The pilot drops in flame From the unseen.

Paterson, Early 1950

# The Terms in Which I Think of Reality

a. Reality is a question of realizing how real the world is already.

Time is Eternity ultimate and immovable; everyone's an angel.

It's Heaven's mystery of changing perfection: absolutely Eternity

changes! Cars are always going down the street, lamps go off and on.

It's a great flat plain; we can see everything on top of the table.

Clams open on the table, lambs are eaten by worms on the plain. The motion

of change is beautiful, as well as form called in and out of being. **b**.

Next: to distinguish process in its particularity with an eye to the initiation

of gratifying new changes desired in the real world. Here we're overwhelmed

with such unpleasant detail we dream again of Heaven. For the world is a mountain

of shit: if it's going to be moved at all, it's got to be taken by handfuls.

c.

Man lives like the unhappy whore on River Street who in her Eternity gets only

a couple of bucks and a lot of snide remarks in return for seeking physical love

the best way she knows how, never really heard of a glad job or joyous marriage or a difference in the heart: or thinks it isn't for her, which is her worst misery.

Paterson, Spring 1950

# The Night-Apple

Last night I dreamed of one I loved for seven long years, but I saw no face, only the familiar presence of the body: sweat skin eyes feces urine sperm saliva all one odor and mortal taste.

Paterson, Spring 1950

#### Cézanne's Ports

In the foreground we see time and life swept in a race toward the left hand side of the picture where shore meets shore.

But that meeting place isn't represented; it doesn't occur on the canvas.

For the other side of the bay is Heaven and Eternity, with a bleak white haze over its mountains.

And the immense water of L'Estaque is a go-between for minute rowboats.

Paterson, Summer 1950

# The Blue Angel

Marlene Dietrich is singing a lament for mechanical love. She leans against a mortarboard tree on a plateau by the seashore.

She's a life-sized toy, the doll of eternity; her hair is shaped like an abstract hat made out of white steel.

Her face is powdered, whitewashed and immobile like a robot.
Jutting out of her temple, by an eye, is a little white key.

She gazes through dull blue pupils set in the whites of her eyes. She closes them, and the key turns by itself.

She opens her eyes, and they're blank like a statue's in a museum. Her machine begins to move, the key turns again, her eyes change, she sings

—you'd think I would have thought a plan to end the inner grind, but not till I have found a man to occupy my mind.

Dream, Paterson, Mid-1950

# Two Boys Went Into a Dream Diner

and ate so much the bill was five dollars, but they had no idea what they were getting themselves into, so they shoveled

garbage into a truck in the alley to make up for the food. After about five minutes, wondering how long they would have

to work off what it cost, they asked the diner owner when their penance or pay would be over. He laughed.

Little did they realize—they were so virginal— that a grown worker works half a day for money like that.

Paterson, Mid-1950

#### **A Desolation**

Now mind is clear as a cloudless sky. Time then to make a home in wilderness.

What have I done but wander with my eyes in the trees? So I will build: wife, family, and seek for neighbors.

Or I perish of lonesomeness or want of food or lightning or the bear (must tame the hart and wear the bear).

And maybe make an image of my wandering, a little image—shrine by the roadside to signify to traveler that I live here in the wilderness awake and at home.

Paterson, Mid-1950

# In Memoriam: William Cannastra, 1922–1950

He cast off all his golden robes and lay down sleeping in the night, and in a dream he saw three fates at a machine in a shroud of light.

He yelled "I wait the end of Time; be with me, shroud, now, in my wrath! There is a lantern in my grave, who hath that lantern all light hath."

Alas! The prophet of this dream is sunken in the dumbing clime: much is finished, much forgotten in the wrack and wild love of time.

It's death that makes man's life a dream and heaven's splendor but a wave; light that falls into the sea is swallowed in a starving cave.

Skin may be visionary till the crystal skull is coaled in aged shade, but underground the lantern dies, shroud must rot, and memory fade.

Who talks of Death and Angel now, great angel darkened out of grace? The shroud enfolds your radiant doom, the silent Parcae change the race,

while the man of the apocalypse shall with his wrath lie ever wed until the sexless womb bear love, and the grave be weary of the dead,

tragical master broken down into a self-embodied tomb, blinded by the sight of death, and woven in the darkened loom.

Paterson, September 1950

### Ode: My 24th Year

Now I have become a man and know no more than mankind can and groan with nature's every groan, transcending child's blind skeleton and all childish divinity, while loomed in consanguinity the weaving of the shroud goes on.

No two things alike; and yet first memory dies, then I forget one carnal thought that made thought grim: but that has sunk below time's rim and wonder ageing into woe later dayes more fatal show:

Time gets thicker, light gets dim.

And I a second Time am blind, all starlight dimmed out of the mind that was first candle to the morn, and candelabra turned to thorn. All is dream till morn has rayed the Rose of night back into shade, Messiah firmament reborn.

Now I cannot go be wild or harken back to shape of child chrystal born into the aire circled by the harte and bear and agelesse in a greene arcade, for he is down in Granite laid, or standing on a Granite stair. No return, where thought's completed; let that ghost's last gaze go cheated: I may waste my days no more pining in spirituall warre. Where am I in wilderness? What creature bore my bones to this? Here is no Eden: this is my store.

September 1950–1951

# **How Come He Got Canned at the Ribbon Factory**

Chorus of Working Girls

There was this character come in to pick up all the broken threads and tie them back into the loom.

He thought that what he didn't know would do as well as well did, tying threads together with real small knots.

So there he was shivering in his shoes, showing his wish to be a god of all the knots we tended after suffering to learn them up.

But years ago we were employed by Mr. Smith to tie these knots which it took us all of six months to perfect. However he showed

no sign of progress learning how after five weeks of frigid circumstances of his own making which we made sure he didn't break

out of by freezing up on him. Obviously he wasn't a real man anyway but a goop.

New York, Late 1950

# The Archetype Poem

Joe Blow has decided he will no longer be a fairy. He involves himself in various snatches and then hits a nut named Mary.

He gets in bed with her and performs as what in his mind would be his usual okay job, which should be solid as a rock but isn't.

What goes wrong here?
he says
to himself. I want
to take her
but she doesn't want
to take me.

I thought I was
giving her \* \* \*
and she was giving
me a man's
position in the world.

Now suddenly she lays down the law. I'm very tired, she says, please go.

Is this it? he thinks.

I didn't want it
to come to that but
I've got to get out
of this situation.
So the question
resolves itself: do
you settle for her
or go? I wouldn't
give you a nickel,
you aren't much of a doll
anyway. And he

picks up his pride and puts on his pants —glad enough to have pants to wear and goes.

Why is it that versions of this lack of communication are universal?

New York, Late 1950

### **A Typical Affair**

Living in an apartment with a gelded cat I found a maiden—and left her there. I seek a better bargain; and that aunt, that aunt of hers was an awful nuisance.

Seriously, between us, I think I did right in all things by her. And I'll see her again, and we'll become friendly (not lovers) because I have to work with her in the shoestore.

She knows, too. And it will be interesting tomorrow to see how she acts. If she's friendly (or even loving) I will resist: albeit so politely she'll think she has

been complimented. And one night drunk maybe we'll have a ball.

Paterson, December 1950

#### A Poem on America

America is like Russia. Acis and Galatea sit by the lake. We have the proletariat too.

Acis and Galatea sit by the lake. Versilov wore a hair shirt and dreamed of classical pictures.

The alleys, the dye works,
Mill Street in the smoke,
melancholy of the bars,
the sadness of long highways,
negroes climbing around
the rusted iron by the river,
the bathing pool hidden
behind the silk factory
fed by its drainage pipes;
all the pictures we carry in our mind

images of the thirties, depression and class consciousness transfigured above politics filled with fire with the appearance of God.

Early 1951

#### **After Dead Souls**

Where O America are you going in your glorious automobile, careening down the highway toward what crash in the deep canyon of the Western Rockies, or racing the sunset over Golden Gate toward what wild city jumping with jazz on the Pacific Ocean!

Spring 1951

#### **Marijuana Notation**

How sick I am!
that thought
always comes to me
with horror.
Is it this strange
for everybody?
But such fugitive feelings
have always been
my métier.

Baudelaire—yet he had great joyful moments staring into space, looking into the middle distance, contemplating his image in Eternity.

They were his moments of identity.

It is solitude that produces these thoughts.

It is December almost, they are singing Christmas carols in front of the department stores down the block on Fourteenth Street.

### **Gregory Corso's Story**

The first time I went
to the country to New Hampshire
when I was about eight
there was a girl
I always used to paddle with a plywood stick.

We were in love,
so the last night there
we undressed in the moonlight
and showed each other our bodies,
then we ran singing back to the house.

December 10, 1951

#### I Have Increased Power

over knowledge of death. (See also Hemingway's preoccupation.) My dreamworld and realworld become more and more distinct and apart. I see now that what I sought in X seven years ago was mastery or victimage played out naked in the bed.

Renewal of nostalgia for lost flair of those days, lost passions ...

Trouble with me now, no active life in realworld. And Time, as realworld, appearing vile, as Shakespeare says: ruinous, vile, dirty Time.

As to knowledge of death: and life itself as without consummation foreseeable in ideal joy or passion (have I exaggerated the terror of catastrophe? reality can be joy or terror—and have I exaggerated the joy?): life as vile, as painful, as wretched (this pessimism

which was X's jewel),
as grim, not merely bleak:
the grimness of chance. Or as
Carl wrote, after bughouse,
"How often have I
had occasion to see
existence display
the affectations
of a bloodthirsty
negro homosexual."

December 1951

## Walking home at night,

reaching my own block
 I saw the Port Authority
Building hovering over
 the old ghetto side
of the street I tenement
 in company with obscure
Bartlebys and Judes,
 cadaverous men,
shrouded men, soft white
fleshed failures creeping
in and out of rooms like
 myself. Remembering
 my attic, I reached
my hands to my head and hissed,
"Oh, God how horrible!"

New York, December 1951

## I learned a world from each

one whom I loved; so many worlds without a Zodiac.

New York, December 1951

# I made love to myself

in the mirror, kissing my own lips, saying, "I love myself,
I love you more than anybody."

New York, December 30, 1951

## **A Ghost May Come**

Elements on my table—
the clock.
All life reduced to this—
its tick.
Dusty's modern lamp,
all shape, space and curve.
Last attempts at speech.
And the carved
serpentine knife of Mexico,
with the childish
eagle head on the handle.

New York, December 30, 1951

I feel as if I am at a dead end and so I am finished.
All spiritual facts I realize are true but I never escape the feeling of being closed in and the sordidness of self, the futility of all that I have seen and done and said. Maybe if I continued things would please me more but now I have no hope and I am tired.

New York, Early 1952

#### **An Atypical Affair**

—Long enough to remember the girl who proposed love to me in the neon light of the Park Avenue Drugstore (while her girl friends walked giggling in the night) who had such eerie mental insight into my coldness, coupled with what seemed to me an untrustworthy character,

and who died a few months later, perhaps a month after I ceased thinking of her, of an unforeseen brain malignancy. By hindsight, I should have known that only such a state of deathliness could bare in a local girl such a luminous candor. I wish I had been kinder. This hindsight is the opposite, after all, of believing that even in the face of death man can be no more than ordinary man.

New York, January 1952

#### 345 W. 15th St.

I came home from the movies with nothing on my mind, Trudging up 8th Avenue to 15th almost blind, Waiting for a passenger—ship to go to sea. I live in a roominghouse attic near the Port Authority,

An enormous City warehouse slowly turning brown Across from which old brownstones' fire escapes hang down On a street which should be Russia outside the Golden gates Or back in the middle ages not in United States.

I thought of my home in the suburbs, my father who wanted me home,

My aunts in the asylum myself in Nome or Rome.

I opened the door downstairs & Creaked up the first flight.

A Puerto Rican in the front room was laughing in the night.

I saw from the second stairway the homosexual pair That lived in different cubicles playing solitaire, And I stopped on the third landing and said hello to Ned, A crooked old man like Father Time who drank all night in bed.

I made it up to the attic room I paid \$4.50 for.

There was a solitary cockroach on my door.

It passed me by. I entered. Nothing of much worth

Was hung up under the skylight. I saw what I had on earth.

Bare elements of Solitude: table, chair & clock; Two books on top of the bedspread, Jack Woodford and Paul de Kock. I sat down at the table & read a holy book About a super City whereon I cannot look.

What misery to be guided to an eternal clime When I yearn for sixty minutes of actual time. I turned on the Radio voices strong and clear described the high fidelity of a set without a peer.

Then I heard great musicians playing the Mahogany Hall Up to the last high chorus. My neighbor beat on the wall. I looked up at the Calendar it had a picture there Showing two pairs of lovers and all had golden hair.

I looked into the mirror to check my worst fears.

My face is dark but handsome It has not loved for years.

I lay down with the paper to see what Time had wrought:

Peace was beyond vision, war too much for thought.

Only the suffering shadow of Dream Driven Boy, 16 Looked in my eyes from the Centerfold after murdering High School

Queen.

I stripped, my head on the pillow eyes on the cracked blue wall. The same cockroach or another continued its upward crawl.

From what faint words, what whispers did I lie alone apart? What wanted consummation? What sweetening of the heart? I wished that I were married to a sensual thoughtful girl. I would have made a wedded workmanlike tender churl.

I wished that I were working for \$10,000 a year.

I looked all right in business suits but my heart was weak with fear.

I wished I owned an apartment uptown on the East Side, So that my gentle breeding nurtured, had not died.

I wished I had an Aesthetic worth its weight in gold. The myth is still unwritten. I am getting old. I closed my eyes and drifted back in helpless shame To jobs & loves wasted Disillusion itself was lame.

I closed my eyes and drifted the shortening years ahead, Walk home from the movies lone long nights in bed, Books, plays, music, spring afternoons in bars, The smell of old Countries, the smoke of dark cigars.

February 1952

[According to biographer Bill Morgan, the actual address where this poem was written was 346 West 15th Street.—The Allen Ginsberg Trust, May 2006]

### **A Crazy Spiritual**

A faithful youth with artificial legs drove his jalopy through the towns of Texas.

He got sent out of the Free Hospital of Galveston, madtown on the Gulf of Mexico

after he recovered. They gave him a car and a black mongrel; name was Weakness.

He was a thin kid with golden hair and a frail body on wire thighs,

who never traveled and drove northward timid on the highway going about twenty.

I hitched a hike and showed him the road. I got off at Small Town and stole his dog. He tried to drive away, but lost control, rode on the pavement near a garage,

and smashed his doors and fenders on trees and parked cars, and came to a halt.

The Marshal came, stopping everything pulled him out of the wreck cursing.

I watched it all from the lunch cart, holding the dog with a frayed rope.

"I'm on my own from the crazyhouse. Has anybody seen my Weakness?"

What are they saying? "Call up the FBI. Crazy, ha? What is he a fairy?

He must do funny things with women,

we bet he \* \* \* them in the \* \* \*."

Poor child meanwhile collapsed on the ground with innocent expression is trying to get up.

Along came a Justice of the Supreme Court, barreling through town in a blue limousine.

He stopped by the crowd to find out the story, got out on his pegleg with an angry smile.

"Don't you see he has no legs? That's you fools what crazy means."

He picked the boy up off the ground. The dog ran to them from the lunch cart.

He put them both in the back seat of his car and stood in the square hymning at the crowd: "Rock rock rock for the tension of the people of this country

rock rock rock for the craziness of the people of America

tension is a rock and god will rock our rock

craziness is a rock and god will rock our rock

Lord we shall all be sweet again."

He showed his wooden leg to the boy, saying: "I promise to drive you home through America."

Paterson, April 1952

### Wild Orphan

Blandly mother
takes him strolling
by railroad and by river
—he's the son of the absconded
hot rod angel—
and he imagines cars
and rides them in his dreams,

so lonely growing up among the imaginary automobiles and dead souls of Tarrytown

to create
out of his own imagination
the beauty of his wild
forebears—a mythology
he cannot inherit.

Will he later hallucinate his gods? Waking among mysteries with an insane gleam of recollection?

The recognition—
something so rare
in his soul,
met only in dreams
—nostalgias
of another life.

A question of the soul.

And the injured
losing their injury
in their innocence
—a cock, a cross,
an excellence of love.

And the father grieves
in flophouse
complexities of memory
a thousand miles
away, unknowing
of the unexpected
youthful stranger
bumming toward his door.

*New York, April 13, 1952* 

## II

THE GREEN

**AUTOMOBILE** 

(1953-1954)

#### The Green Automobile

If I had a Green Automobile
I'd go find my old companion
in his house on the Western ocean.
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

I'd honk my horn at his manly gate, inside his wife and three children sprawl naked on the living room floor.

He'd come running out to my car full of heroic beer and jump screaming at the wheel for he is the greater driver.

We'd pilgrimage to the highest mount of our earlier Rocky Mountain visions

laughing in each other's arms, delight surpassing the highest Rockies,

and after old agony, drunk with new years,
bounding toward the snowy horizon
blasting the dashboard with original bop
hot rod on the mountain

we'd batter up the cloudy highway
where angels of anxiety
careen through the trees
and scream out of the engine.

We'd burn all night on the jackpine peak seen from Denver in the summer dark, forestlike unnatural radiance illuminating the mountaintop:

childhood youthtime age & eternity
would open like sweet trees
in the nights of another spring
and dumbfound us with love,

for we can see together
the beauty of souls
hidden like diamonds
in the clock of the world,

like Chinese magicians can confound the immortals with our intellectuality hidden in the mist, in the Green Automobile
which I have invented
imagined and visioned
on the roads of the world

more real than the engine on a track in the desert purer than Greyhound and swifter than physical jetplane.

Denver! Denver! we'll return roaring across the City & County Building lawn which catches the pure emerald flame streaming in the wake of our auto.

This time we'll buy up the city!

I cashed a great check in my skull bank to found a miraculous college of the body up on the bus terminal roof.

But first we'll drive the stations of downtown, poolhall flophouse jazzjoint jail whorehouse down Folsom to the darkest alleys of Larimer

paying respects to Denver's father
lost on the railroad tracks,
stupor of wine and silence
hallowing the slum of his decades,

salute him and his saintly suitcase of dark muscatel, drink

and smash the sweet bottles on Diesels in allegiance.

Then we go driving drunk on boulevards where armies march and still parade staggering under the invisible banner of Reality—

hurtling through the street
in the auto of our fate
we share an archangelic cigarette
and tell each other's fortunes:

fames of supernatural illumination,
bleak rainy gaps of time,
great art learned in desolation
and we beat apart after six decades ...

and on an asphalt crossroad,
deal with each other in princely
gentleness once more, recalling
famous dead talks of other cities.

The windshield's full of tears,
rain wets our naked breasts,
we kneel together in the shade
amid the traffic of night in paradise

and now renew the solitary vow
we made each other take
in Texas, once:
I can't inscribe here....

• • • • • •

How many Saturday nights will be made drunken by this legend?
How will young Denver come to mourn her forgotten sexual angel?

How many boys will strike the black piano in imitation of the excess of a native saint?

Or girls fall wanton under his spectre in the high schools of melancholy night?

While all the time in Eternity
in the wan light of this poem's radio
we'll sit behind forgotten shades
hearkening the lost jazz of all Saturdays.

Neal, we'll be real heroes now
in a war between our cocks and time:
let's be the angels of the world's desire
and take the world to bed with us before we die.

Sleeping alone, or with companion, girl or fairy sheep or dream, I'll fail of lacklove, you, satiety: all men fall, our fathers fell before,

but resurrecting that lost flesh
is but a moment's work of mind:
an ageless monument to love
in the imagination:

memorial built out of our own bodies
consumed by the invisible poem—
We'll shudder in Denver and endure
though blood and wrinkles blind our eyes.

So this Green Automobile:

I give you in flight
a present, a present
from my imagination.

We will go riding
over the Rockies,
we'll go on riding
all night long until dawn,

then back to your railroad, the SP
your house and your children
and broken leg destiny
you'll ride down the plains

in the morning: and back to my visions, my office and eastern apartment I'll return to New York.

New York, May 22–25, 1953

## **An Asphodel**

O dear sweet rosy
unattainable desire
... how sad, no way
to change the mad
cultivated asphodel, the
visible reality ...

and skin's appalling
 petals—how inspired
to be so lying in the living
 room drunk naked
and dreaming, in the absence
 of electricity ...
over and over eating the low root
 of the asphodel,
gray fate ...

rolling in generation
on the flowery couch
as on a bank in Arden—
my only rose tonite's the treat
of my own nudity.

Fall 1953

### My Alba

Now that I've wasted five years in Manhattan life decaying talent a blank

talking disconnected patient and mental sliderule and number machine on a desk

autographed triplicate synopsis and taxes obedient prompt poorly paid

stayed on the market youth of my twenties fainted in offices wept on typewriters

deceived multitudes in vast conspiracies deodorant battleships serious business industry

every six weeks whoever drank my blood bank innocent evil now part of my system five years unhappy labor 22 to 27 working not a dime in the bank to show for it anyway

dawn breaks it's only the sun the East smokes O my bedroom I am damned to Hell what alarmclock is ringing

New York, 1953

### **Sakyamuni Coming Out from the Mountain**

Liang Kai, Southern Sung

He drags his bare feet

out of a cave

under a tree,

eyebrows

grown long with weeping and hooknosed woe,

in ragged soft robes

wearing a fine beard,

unhappy hands

clasped to his naked breast—

humility is beatness

humility is beatness—

faltering

into the bushes by a stream, all things inanimate

but his intelligence—

stands upright there

tho trembling:

Arhat

who sought Heaven

under a mountain of stone,

sat thinking

till he realized

the land of blessedness exists

in the imagination—

the flash come:

empty mirror—

how painful to be born again

wearing a fine beard,

reentering the world

a bitter wreck of a sage:

earth before him his only path.

We can see his soul,

he knows nothing

like a god:

shaken

meek wretch—

humility is beatness

before the absolute World.

New York Public Library, 1953

#### Havana 1953

```
The night café—4 A.M.
   Cuba Libre 20c:
      white tiled squares,
triangular neon lights,
   long wooden bar on one side,
      a great delicatessen booth
on the other facing the street.
   In the center
      among the great city midnight drinkers,
by Aldama Palace
   on Gómez corner,
      white men and women
with standing drums,
   mariachis, voices, guitars—
      drumming on tables,
knives on bottles,
   banging on the floor
      and on each other,
with wooden clacks,
   whistling, howling,
      fat women in strapless silk.
```

Cop talking to the fat-nosed girl
in a flashy black dress.
In walks a weird Cézanne
vision of the nowhere hip Cuban:
tall, thin, check gray suit,
gray felt shoes,
blaring gambler's hat,
Cab Calloway pimp's mustachio
—it comes down to a point in the center—

rushing up generations late talking Cuban,
pointing a gold-ringed finger
up toward the yellowed ceiling,
other cigarette hand pointing
stiff-armed down at his side,
effeminate:—he sees the cop—
they rush together—they're embracing
like long lost brothers—
fatnose forgotten.

Delicate chords
from the negro guitarino
—singers at El Rancho Grande,
drunken burlesque
screams of agony,
VIVA JALISCO!
I eat a catfish sandwich
with onions and red sauce
20¢.

II
A truly romantic spot,
 more guitars, Columbus Square
 across from Columbus Cathedral
—I'm in the Paris Restaurant
 adjacent, best in town,
 Cuba Libres 30¢—

weatherbeaten tropical antiquity,
 as if rock decayed,
 unlike the pure
Chinese drummers of black stone
 whose polished harmony can still be heard
 (Procession of Musicians) at the Freer,
this with its blunt cornucopias and horns

of conquest made of stone—
a great dumb rotting church.

Night, lights from windows,
high stone balconies
on the antique square,
green rooms
paled by fluorescent houselighting,
a modern convenience.

I feel rotten.

I would sit down with my servants and be dumb. I spent too much money.

White electricity

in the gaslamp fixtures of the alley.

Bullet holes and nails in the stone wall.

The worried headwaiter

standing amid the potted palms in cans in the fifteen-foot wooden door looking at me.

Mariachi harmonica artists inside getting around to Banjo on My Knee yet. They dress in wornout sharpie clothes.

Ancient streetlights down the narrow Calle I face,
the arch, the square,
palms, drunkenness, solitude;
voices across the street,
baby wail, girl's squeak,
waiters nudging each other,
grumble and cackle of young boys' laughter
in streetcorner waits,
perro barking off-stage,
baby strangling again,

# banjo and harmonica, auto rattle and a cool breeze—

Sudden paranoid notion the waiters are watching me:

Well they might,
four gathered in the doorway
and I alone at a table
on the patio in the dark
observing the square, drunk.

25¢ for them
and I asked for "Jalisco"—
at the end of the song
oxcart rolls by
obtruding its wheels
o'er the music o' the night.

Christmas 1953

## **Green Valentine Blues**



#### **Green Valentine Blues**

I went in the forest to look for a sign Fortune to tell and thought to refine; My green valentine, my green valentine, What do I know of my green valentine?

I found a strange wild leaf on a vine Shaped like a heart and as green as was mine, My green valentine, my green valentine, How did I use my green valentine?

Bodies I've known and visions I've seen, Leaves that I gathered as I gather this green Valentine, valentine, valentine; Thus did I use my green valentine.

Madhouse and jailhouses where I shined Empty apartment beds where I pined, O desolate rooms! My green valentine, Where is the heart in which you were outlined?

Souls and nights and dollars and wine, Old love and remembrance—I resign All cities, all jazz, all echoes of Time, But what shall I do with my green valentine?

Much have I seen, and much am I blind, But none other than I has a leaf of this kind. Where shall I send you, to what knowing mind, My green valentine, my green valentine? Yesterday's love, tomorrow's more fine? All tonight's sadness in your design. What does this mean, my green valentine? Regret, O regret, my green valentine.

Chiapas, 1954

# Siesta in Xbalba

AND

### **Return to the States**

For Karena Shields

I
Late sun opening the book,
blank page like light,
invisible words unscrawled,
impossible syntax
of apocalypse—
Uxmal: Noble Ruins
No construction—

let the mind fall down.

One could pass valuable months and years perhaps a lifetime doing nothing but lying in a hammock reading prose with the white doves copulating underneath and monkeys barking in the interior of the mountain and I have succumbed to this temptation—

'They go mad in the Selva—'
the madman read
and laughed in his hammock

eyes watching me:
unease not of the jungle
the poor dear,
can tire one—
all that mud
and all those bugs ...
ugh....

Dreaming back I saw an eternal kodachrome souvenir of a gathering of souls at a party, crowded in an oval flash: cigarettes, suggestions, laughter in drunkenness, broken sweet conversation, acquaintance in the halls, faces posed together, stylized gestures, odd familiar visages and singular recognitions that registered indifferent greeting across time: Anson reading Horace with a rolling head, white-handed Hohnsbean camping gravely with an absent glance, bald Kingsland drinking out of a huge glass, Dusty in a party dress, Durgin in white shoes gesturing from a chair, Keck in a corner waiting for subterranean music,

Helen Parker lifting her hands in surprise: all posturing in one frame, superficially gay or tragic as may be, illumined with the fatal character and intelligent actions of their lives.

And I in a concrete room
above the abandoned
labyrinth of Palenque
measuring my fate,
wandering solitary in the wild
—blinking singleminded
at a bleak idea—
until exhausted with
its action and contemplation
my soul might shatter
at one primal moment's
sensation of the vast
movement of divinity.

As I leaned against a tree inside the forest expiring of self-begotten love, I looked up at the stars absently, as if looking for something else in the blue night through the boughs, and for a moment saw myself leaning against a tree ...

in the apartments of New York,
half-created paintings on the walls, fame,
cocksucking and tears,
money and arguments of great affairs,
the culture of my generation ...

my own crude night imaginings, my own crude soul notes taken down in moments of isolation, dreams, piercings, sequences of nocturnal thought and primitive illuminations

—uncanny feeling the white cat sleeping on the tablewill open its eyes in a moment and be looking at me—

One might sit in this Chiapas recording the apparitions in the field visible from a hammock looking out across the shadow of the pasture in all the semblance of Eternity

... a dwarfed thatch roof
down in the grass in a hollow slope
under the tall crowd of vegetation
waiting at the wild edge:
the long shade of the mountain beyond
in the near distance,
its individual hairline of trees
traced fine and dark along the ridge
against the transparent sky light,

rifts and holes in the blue air and amber brightenings of clouds disappearing down the other side into the South ...

palms with lethargic feelers rattling in presage of rain, shifting their fronds in the direction of the balmy wind, monstrous animals sprayed up out of the ground settling and unsettling as in water ... and later in the night a moment of premonition when the plenilunar cloudfilled sky is still and small.

So spent a night
with drug and hammock
at Chichén Itzá on the Castle:—

I can see the moon
moving over the edge of the night forest
and follow its destination
through the clear dimensions of the sky
from end to end of the dark
circular horizon.

High dim stone portals, entablatures of illegible scripture, bas-reliefs of unknown perceptions: and now the flicker of my lamp and smell of kerosene on duststrewn floor where ant wends its nightly ritual way toward great faces worn down by rain.

In front of me a deathshead

half a thousand years old

and have seen cocks a thousand

—and have seen cocks a thousand

old grown over with moss and batshit stuck out of the wall

in a dripping vaulted house of rock—but deathshead's here

on portal still and thinks its way through centuries the thought

of the same night in which I sit in skully meditation

—sat in many times before by artisan other than me

until his image of ghostly change appeared unalterable—

but now his fine thought's vaguer than my dream of him:

and only the crude skull figurement's gaunt insensible glare is left

with broken plumes of sensation,

headdresses of indecipherable intellect

scattered in the madness of oblivion

to holes and notes of elemental stone,

blind face of animal transcendency

over the sacred ruin of the world

dissolving into the sunless wall of a blackened room on a time-rude pyramid rebuilt

in the bleak flat night of Yucatán

where I come with my own mad mind to study alien hieroglyphs of Eternity.

A creak in the rooms scared me.

Some sort of bird, vampire or swallow, flees with little paper wingflap around the summit in its own air unconcerned with the great stone tree I perch on.

Continual metallic
whirr of chicharras,
then lesser chirps
of cricket: 5 blasts
of the leg whistle.
The creak of an opening
door in the forest,
some sort of weird birdsong
or reptile croak.

My hat woven of henequen
on the stone floor
as a leaf on the waters,
as perishable;
my candle wavers continuously
and will go out.

Pale Uxmal,
unhistoric, like a dream,
Tulum shimmering on the coast in ruins;
Chichén Itzá naked
constructed on a plain;
Palenque, broken chapels in the green
basement of a mount;
lone Kabah by the highway;
Piedras Negras buried again

by dark archaeologists;
Yaxchilan
resurrected in the wild,
and all the limbo of Xbalba still unknown—

floors under roofcomb of branch,
foundation to ornament
tumbled to the flowers,
pyramids and stairways
raced with vine,
limestone corbels
down in the river of trees,
pillars and corridors
sunken under the flood of years:

Time's slow wall overtopping
all that firmament of mind,
as if a shining waterfall of leaves and rain
were built down solid from the endless sky
through which no thought can pass.
A great red fat rooster
mounted on a tree stump
in the green afternoon,
the ego of the very fields,
screams in the holy sunlight!

—was looking back
with eyes shut to
where they crawled
like ants on brown old temples
building their minute ruins
and disappearing into the wild
leaving many mysteries

of deathly volition to be divined.

I alone know the great crystal door to the House of Night, a legend of centuries —I and a few Indians.

And had I mules and money I could find the Cave of Amber and the Cave of Gold rumored of the cliffs of Tumbala.

I found the face of one
of the Nine Guardians of the Night
hidden in a mahogany hut
in the Area of Lost Souls
—first relic of kind for that place.
And I found as well a green leaf
shaped like a human heart;
but to whom shall I send this
anachronistic valentine?

Yet these ruins so much
woke me to nostalgia
for the classic stations
of the earth,
the ancient continent
I have not seen
and the few years
of memory left
before the ultimate night
of war—

As if these ruins were not enough,
as if man could go
no further before heaven
till he exhausted
the physical round
of his own mortality
in the obscure cities
hidden in the aging world

... the few actual
ecstatic conscious souls
certain to be found,
familiars ...
returning after years
to my own scene
transfigured:
to hurry change
to hurry the years
bring me to my fate.

So I dream nightly of an embarkation, captains, captains, iron passageways, cabin lights,
Brooklyn across the waters, the great dull boat, visitors, farewells, the blurred vast sea—one trip a lifetime's loss or gain:

as Europe is my own imagination
—many shall see her,
many shall not—
though it's only the old familiar world
and not some abstract mystical dream.

And in a moment of previsioning sleep
I see that continent in rain,
black streets, old night, a
fading monument...
And a long journey unaccomplished
yet, on antique seas
rolling in gray barren dunes under
the world's waste of light
toward ports of childish geography
the rusty ship will
harbor in ...

What nights might I not see
penniless among the Arab
mysteries of dirty towns around
the casbahs of the docks?
Clay paths, mud walls,
the smell of green cigarettes,
creosote and rank salt water—
dark structures overhead,
shapes of machinery and facade
of hull: and a bar lamp
burning in the wooden shack
across from the dim
mountain of sulphur on the pier.

Toward what city
will I travel? What wild houses
do I go to occupy?
What vagrant rooms and streets
and lights in the long night
urge my expectation? What genius
of sensation in ancient
halls? what jazz beyond jazz

in future blue saloons? what love in the cafés of God?

I thought, five years ago
sitting in my apartment,
my eyes were opened for an hour
seeing in dreadful ecstasy
the motionless buildings
of New York rotting
under the tides of Heaven.

There is a god dying in America already created in the imagination of men made palpable for adoration: there is an inner anterior image of divinity beckoning me out to pilgrimage.

O future, unimaginable God.

Finca Tacalapan de San Leandro, Palenque, Chiapas, Mexico 1954–San Francisco 1955

II

Jump in time to the immediate future,

## another poem:

return to the old land penniless and with a disconnected manuscript, the recollection of a few sensations, beginning:

logboat down Río Michol under plantain and drifting trees to the railroad,

darkness on the sea looking toward the stations of the classic world—

another image descending in white mist down the lunar highway at dawn, above Lake Catemaco on the bus —it woke me up the far away likeness of a heavenly file of female saints stepping upward on miniature arches of a gold stairway into the starry sky, the thousands of little saintesses in blue hoods looking out at me

and beckoning:
SALVATION!
It's true,
simple as in the image.

Then the mummies in their Pantheon at Guanajuato— a city of Cortesian mines in the first crevasse of the Sierras, where I rested—

for I longed to see their
faces before I left:
these weren't mythical rock
images, tho stone
—limestone effigies out
of the grave, remains
of the fatal character—

newly resurrected,
grasping their bodies
with stiff arms, in soiled
funeral clothes;
twisted, knock-kneed,
like burning
screaming lawyers—
what hallucinations
of the nerves?—

indecipherable-sexed; one death-man had raised up his arms to cover his eyes, significant timeless reflex in sepulchre:

apparitions of immortality
consumed inward,
waiting openmouthed
in the fireless darkness.
Nearby, stacked symmetrically,
a skullbone wall ending
the whitewashed corridor
under the graveyard
—foetid smell reminiscent
of sperm and drunkenness—
the skulls empty and fragile,
numerous as shells,
—so much life passed through
this town ...

The problem is isolation—there in the grave or here in oblivion of light.

Of eternity we have
a numbered score of years
and fewer tender moments
—one moment of tenderness
and a year of intelligence
and nerves: one moment of pure
bodily tenderness—
I could dismiss Allen with grim
pleasure.

Reminder: I knelt in my room
on the patio at San Miguel
at the keyhole: 2 A.M.
The old woman lit a candle.
Two young men and their girls
waited before the portal,
news from the street. She
changed the linen, smiling.

What joy! The nakedness!

They dance! They talk and simper before the door, they lean on a leg, hand on a hip, and posture, nudity in their hearts, they clap a hand to head and whirl and enter, pushing each other, happily, happily, to a moment of love....

What solitude I've finally inherited.

Afterward fifteen hours
on rubbled single lane,
broken bus rocking along
the maws and continental crags
of mountain afternoon,
the distant valleys fading,
regnant peaks beyond
to days on the Pacific
where I bathed—

then riding, fitful,
gazing, sleeping
through the desert
beside a wetback
sad-faced old-manyouth, exhausted
to Mexicali

to stand
near one night's dark shack
on the garbage cliffs
of bordertown overhanging
the tin house poor
man's village below,
a last night's
timewracked brooding
and farewell,
the end of a trip.

—Returning
armed with New Testament,
critic of horse and mule,
tanned and bearded
satisfying Whitman, concerned
with a few Traditions,
metrical, mystical, manly
... and certain characteristic flaws

# -enough!

The nation over the border grinds its arms and dreams of war: I see

the fiery blue clash
of metal wheels
clanking in the industries
of night, and
detonation of infernal bombs

... and the silent downtown of the States in watery dusk submersion.

Guanajuato-Los Angeles, 1954

# Song

The weight of the world is love.
Under the burden of solitude, under the burden of dissatisfaction

the weight, the weight we carry is love.

Who can deny?
In dreams
it touches
the body,
in thought
constructs
a miracle,
in imagination
anguishes
till born
in human—

looks out of the heart burning with purity for the burden of life is love,

but we carry the weight wearily,

and so must rest in the arms of love at last, must rest in the arms of love.

No rest without love, no sleep without dreams

of love—
be mad or chill
obsessed with angels
or machines,
the final wish
is love
—cannot be bitter,
cannot deny,
cannot withhold
if denied:

the weight is too heavy

—must give
for no return
as thought
is given
in solitude
in all the excellence
of its excess.

The warm bodies
shine together
in the darkness,
the hand moves
to the center
of the flesh,
the skin trembles
in happiness
and the soul comes
joyful to the eye—

yes, yes,
that's what
I wanted,
I always wanted,
I always wanted,
to return
to the body
where I was born.

San Jose, 1954

## In back of the real

railroad yard in San Jose
I wandered desolate
in front of a tank factory
and sat on a bench
near the switchman's shack.

A flower lay on the hay on
the asphalt highway
—the dread hay flower
I thought—It had a
brittle black stem and
corolla of yellowish dirty
spikes like Jesus' inchlong
crown, and a soiled
dry center cotton tuft
like a used shaving brush
that's been lying under
the garage for a year.

Yellow, yellow flower, and flower of industry, tough spiky ugly flower, flower nonetheless, with the form of the great yellow Rose in your brain!

This is the flower of the World

# On Burroughs' Work

The method must be purest meat and no symbolic dressing, actual visions & actual prisons as seen then and now.

Prisons and visions presented with rare descriptions corresponding exactly to those of Alcatraz and Rose.

A naked lunch is natural to us, we eat reality sandwiches.
But allegories are so much lettuce.
Don't hide the madness.

San Jose, 1954

## Love Poem on Theme by Whitman

ll go into the bedroom silently and lie down between the bridegroom and the bride,

nose bodies fallen from heaven stretched out waiting naked and restless,

rms resting over their eyes in the darkness,

ury my face in their shoulders and breasts, breathing their skin,

nd stroke and kiss neck and mouth and make back be open and known,

gs raised up crook'd to receive, cock in the darkness driven tormented and attacking

bused up from hole to itching head,

odies locked shuddering naked, hot hips and buttocks screwed into each other

nd eyes, eyes glinting and charming, widening into looks and abandon,

nd moans of movement, voices, hands in air, hands between thighs, ands in moisture on softened hips, throbbing contraction of bellies ll the white come flow in the swirling sheets,

nd the bride cry for forgiveness, and the groom be covered with tears of passion and compassion,

nd I rise up from the bed replenished with last intimate gestures and kisses of farewell—

ll before the mind wakes, behind shades and closed doors in a darkened house

here the inhabitants roam unsatisfied in the night, ude ghosts seeking each other out in the silence.

San Jose, 1954



Drawing by Robert LaVigne, San Francisco, 1954

### **Over Kansas**

Starting with eyeball kicks on storefronts from bus window on way to Oakland airport: I am no ego

these are themselves stained gray wood and gilded nigger glass and barberpole thass all.

But then, Kiss Me Again in the dim brick lounge, muted modern music. Where shall I fly not to be sad, my dear? The other businessmen bend heavily over armchairs introducing women to cocktails in fluorescent shadow—gaiety of tables,

gaiety of fat necks, gaiety of departures, gaiety of national business, hands waving away jokes.

I'm getting maudlin
on the soft rug watching,
mixed rye before me
on the little black table
whereon lieth my briefcase
containing market research
notes and blank paper—
that airplane ride to come
—or a barefaced pilgrimage
acrost imaginary plains
I never made afoot

into Kansas hallucination and supernatural deliverance.

Later: Hawthorne mystic waiting on the bench composing his sermon also with white bony fingers bitten, with hometown gold ring, in a blue serge suit and barely visible blond mustache on mental face, blank-eyed: pitiful thin body —what body may he love?— My god! the soft beauty in comparison—that football boy in sunny yellow lovesuit puzzling out his Xmas trip death insurance by machine. A virginal feeling again, I'd be willing to die aloft now.

Can't see outside in the dark, real dreary strangers about, and I'm unhappy flying away. All this facility of travel too superficial for the heart I have for solitude.

Nakedness must come again—not sex, but some naked isolation.

And down there's Hollywood, the starry world below —expressing nakednessthat craving, that glory
that applause—leisure, mind,
appetite for dreams, bodies,
travels: appetite for the real,
created by the mind
and kissed in coitus—
that craving, that melting!
Not even the human
imagination satisfies
the endless emptiness of the soul.

The West Coast behind me for five days while I return to ancient New York—ah drunkenness! I'll see your eyes again. Hopeless comedown! Traveling thru the dark void over Kansas yet moving nowhere in the dark void of the soul.

Angel woke me to see
—past my own reflection,
bald businessman with hornrims
sleepy in round window view—
spectral skeleton of electricity
illuminated nervous system
floating on the void out
of central brainplant powerhouse
running into heaven's starlight
overhead. 'Twas over Hutchinson.
Engine passed over lights,
view gone.

Gorgeous George on my plane.

And Chicago, the first time, smoking winter city
—shivering in my tweed jacket walking by the airport around the block on Cicero under the fogged flat supersky of heaven—another project for the heart, six months for here someday to make Chicago natural, pick up a few strange images.

Far-off red signs
on the orphan highway
glimmer at the trucks of home.
Who rides that lone road now?
What heart? Who smokes and loves
in Kansas auto now?
Who's talking magic
under the night? Who walks
downtown and drinks black beer
in his eternity? Whose eyes
collect the streets and mountain tops
for storage in his memory?
What sage in the darkness?

Someone who should collect my insurance!

Better I make a thornful pilgrimage on theory feet to suffer the total isolation of the bum,

than this hipster
business family journey
—crossing U.S. at night—
in a sudden glimpse
me being no one in the air
nothing but clouds in the moonlight
with humans fucking
underneath....

San Francisco-New York, December 1954

## Ш

**HOWL, BEFORE & AFTER: SAN FRANCISCO BAY** 

**AREA** 

(1955-1956)

## **Malest Cornifici Tuo Catullo**

I'm happy, Kerouac, your madman Allen's finally made it: discovered a new young cat, and my imagination of an eternal boy walks on the streets of San Francisco, handsome, and meets me in cafeterias and loves me. Ah don't think I'm sickening. You're angry at me. For all of my lovers? It's hard to eat shit, without having visions; when they have eyes for me it's like Heaven.

San Francisco, 1955

## Dream Record: June 8, 1955

A drunken night in my house with a boy, San Francisco: I lay asleep: darkness:

I went back to Mexico City and saw Joan Burroughs leaning forward in a garden chair, arms on her knees. She studied me with clear eyes and downcast smile, her face restored to a fine beauty tequila and salt had made strange before the bullet in her brow.

We talked of the life since then.
Well, what's Burroughs doing now?
Bill on earth, he's in North Africa.
Oh, and Kerouac? Jack still jumps
with the same beat genius as before,
notebooks filled with Buddha.
I hope he makes it, she laughed.
Is Huncke still in the can? No,
last time I saw him on Times Square.
And how is Kenney? Married, drunk
and golden in the East. You? New
loves in the West—

Then I knew
she was a dream: and questioned her
—Joan, what kind of knowledge have
the dead? can you still love
your mortal acquaintances?
What do you remember of us?
She

faded in front of me— The next instant

I saw her rain-stained tombstone rear an illegible epitaph under the gnarled branch of a small tree in the wild grass of an unvisited garden in Mexico.

# **Blessed be the Muses**

for their descent, dancing round my desk, crowning my balding head with Laurel.

1955

#### How1

#### For Carl Solomon

T

saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked,

ragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix,

ngelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of night,

ho poverty and tatters and hollow-eyed and high sat up smoking in the supernatural darkness of cold-water flats floating across the tops of cities contemplating jazz,

ho bared their brains to Heaven under the El and saw Mohammedan angels staggering on tenement roofs illuminated,

ho passed through universities with radiant cool eyes hallucinating Arkansas and Blake-light tragedy among the scholars of war,

ho were expelled from the academies for crazy & publishing obscene odes on the windows of the skull,

ho cowered in unshaven rooms in underwear, burning their money in wastebaskets and listening to the Terror through the wall,

ho got busted in their pubic beards returning through Laredo with a belt of marijuana for New York,

ho ate fire in paint hotels or drank turpentine in Paradise Alley, death, or purgatoried their torsos night after night

ith dreams, with drugs, with waking nightmares, alcohol and cock and endless balls,

icomparable blind streets of shuddering cloud and lightning in the mind leaping toward poles of Canada & Paterson, illuminating all the motionless world of Time between, eyote solidities of halls, backyard green tree cemetery dawns, wine drunkenness over the rooftops, storefront boroughs of teahead joyride neon blinking traffic light, sun and moon and tree vibrations in the roaring winter dusks of Brooklyn, ashcan rantings and kind king light of mind,

to holy Bronx on benzedrine until the noise of wheels and children brought them down shuddering mouth-wracked and battered bleak of brain all drained of brilliance in the drear light of Zoo,

ho sank all night in submarine light of Bickford's floated out and sat through the stale beer afternoon in desolate Fugazzi's, listening to the crack of doom on the hydrogen jukebox,

ho talked continuously seventy hours from park to pad to bar to Bellevue to museum to the Brooklyn Bridge,

lost battalion of platonic conversationalists jumping down the stoops off fire escapes off windowsills off Empire State out of the moon,

acketayakking screaming vomiting whispering facts and memories and anecdotes and eyeball kicks and shocks of hospitals and jails and wars,

hole intellects disgorged in total recall for seven days and nights with brilliant eyes, meat for the Synagogue cast on the pavement,

'ho vanished into nowhere Zen New Jersey leaving a trail of ambiguous picture postcards of Atlantic City Hall,

iffering Eastern sweats and Tangerian bone-grindings and migraines of China under junk-withdrawal in Newark's bleak furnished room,

ho wandered around and around at midnight in the railroad yard wondering where to go, and went, leaving no broken hearts,

ho lit cigarettes in boxcars boxcars boxcars racketing through snow toward lonesome farms in grandfather night,

ho studied Plotinus Poe St. John of the Cross telepathy and bop kabbalah because the cosmos instinctively vibrated at their feet in Kansas, ho loned it through the streets of Idaho seeking visionary indian angels who were visionary indian angels,

ho thought they were only mad when Baltimore gleamed in supernatural ecstasy,

ho jumped in limousines with the Chinaman of Oklahoma on the impulse of winter midnight streetlight smalltown rain,

ho lounged hungry and lonesome through Houston seeking jazz or sex or soup, and followed the brilliant Spaniard to converse about America and Eternity, a hopeless task, and so took ship to Africa,

ho disappeared into the volcanoes of Mexico leaving behind nothing but the shadow of dungarees and the lava and ash of poetry scattered in fireplace Chicago,

ho reappeared on the West Coast investigating the FBI in beards and shorts with big pacifist eyes sexy in their dark skin passing out incomprehensible leaflets,

'ho burned cigarette holes in their arms protesting the narcotic tobacco haze of Capitalism,

ho distributed Supercommunist pamphlets in Union Square weeping and undressing while the sirens of Los Alamos wailed them down, and wailed down Wall, and the Staten Island ferry also wailed,

ho broke down crying in white gymnasiums naked and trembling before the machinery of other skeletons,

ho bit detectives in the neck and shrieked with delight in policecars for committing no crime but their own wild cooking pederasty and intoxication,

ho howled on their knees in the subway and were dragged off the roof waving genitals and manuscripts,

ho let themselves be fucked in the ass by saintly motorcyclists, and screamed with joy,

'ho blew and were blown by those human seraphim, the sailors, caresses of Atlantic and Caribbean love,

ho balled in the morning in the evenings in rosegardens and the grass of public parks and cemeteries scattering their semen freely to whomever come who may,

ho hiccuped endlessly trying to giggle but wound up with a sob behind a partition in a Turkish Bath when the blond & naked angel came to pierce them with a sword,

Tho lost their loveboys to the three old shrews of fate the one eyed shrew of the heterosexual dollar the one eyed shrew that winks out of the womb and the one eyed shrew that does nothing but sit on her ass and snip the intellectual golden threads of the craftsman's loom,

ho copulated ecstatic and insatiate with a bottle of beer a sweetheart a package of cigarettes a candle and fell off the bed, and continued along the floor and down the hall and ended fainting on the wall with a vision of ultimate cunt and come eluding the last gyzym of consciousness,

ho sweetened the snatches of a million girls trembling in the sunset, and were red eyed in the morning but prepared to sweeten the snatch of the sunrise, flashing buttocks under barns and naked in the lake,

ho went out whoring through Colorado in myriad stolen night-cars, N.C., secret hero of these poems, cocksman and Adonis of Denver—joy to the memory of his innumerable lays of girls in empty lots & diner backyards, moviehouses' rickety rows, on mountaintops in caves or with gaunt waitresses in familiar roadside lonely petticoat upliftings & especially secret gas-station solipsisms of johns, & hometown alleys too,

ho faded out in vast sordid movies, were shifted in dreams, woke on a sudden Manhattan, and picked themselves up out of basements hung-over with heartless Tokay and horrors of Third Avenue iron dreams & stumbled to unemployment offices,

ho walked all night with their shoes full of blood on the snowbank docks waiting for a door in the East River to open to a room full of steam-heat and opium,

ho created great suicidal dramas on the apartment cliff-banks of the Hudson under the wartime blue floodlight of the moon & their heads shall be crowned with laurel in oblivion,

ho ate the lamb stew of the imagination or digested the crab at the muddy bottom of the rivers of Bowery,

ho wept at the romance of the streets with their pushcarts full of onions and bad music,

ho sat in boxes breathing in the darkness under the bridge, and rose up to build harpsichords in their lofts,

'ho coughed on the sixth floor of Harlem crowned with flame under the tubercular sky surrounded by orange crates of theology,

ho scribbled all night rocking and rolling over lofty incantations which in the yellow morning were stanzas of gibberish,

'ho cooked rotten animals lung heart feet tail borsht & tortillas dreaming of the pure vegetable kingdom,

ho plunged themselves under meat trucks looking for an egg,

ho threw their watches off the roof to cast their ballot for Eternity outside of Time, & alarm clocks fell on their heads every day for the next decade,

ho cut their wrists three times successively unsuccessfully, gave up and were forced to open antique stores where they thought they were growing old and cried,

ho were burned alive in their innocent flannel suits on Madison Avenue amid blasts of leaden verse & the tanked-up clatter of the iron regiments of fashion & the nitroglycerine shrieks of the fairies of advertising & the mustard gas of sinister intelligent editors, or were run down by the drunken taxicabs of Absolute Reality,

'ho jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge this actually happened and walked away unknown and forgotten into the ghostly daze of Chinatown soup alleyways & firetrucks, not even one free beer,

'ho sang out of their windows in despair, fell out of the subway window, jumped in the filthy Passaic, leaped on negroes, cried all over the street, danced on broken wineglasses barefoot smashed phonograph records of nostalgic European 1930s German jazz finished the whiskey and threw up groaning into the bloody toilet, moans in their ears and the blast of colossal steamwhistles,

'ho barreled down the highways of the past journeying to each other's hotrod-Golgotha jail-solitude watch or Birmingham jazz incarnation,

ho drove crosscountry seventytwo hours to find out if I had a vision or you had a vision or he had a vision to find out Eternity,

ho journeyed to Denver, who died in Denver, who came back to Denver & waited in vain, who watched over Denver & brooded & loned in Denver and finally went away to find out the Time, & now Denver is lonesome for her heroes,

'ho fell on their knees in hopeless cathedrals praying for each other's salvation and light and breasts, until the soul illuminated its hair for a second,

'ho crashed through their minds in jail waiting for impossible criminals with golden heads and the charm of reality in their hearts who sang sweet blues to Alcatraz,

ho retired to Mexico to cultivate a habit, or Rocky Mount to tender Buddha or Tangiers to boys or Southern Pacific to the black locomotive or Harvard to Narcissus to Woodlawn to the daisychain or grave,

ho demanded sanity trials accusing the radio of hypnotism & were left with their insanity & their hands & a hung jury,

ho threw potato salad at CCNY lecturers on Dadaism and subsequently presented themselves on the granite steps of the madhouse with shaven heads and harlequin speech of suicide, demanding instantaneous lobotomy,

nd who were given instead the concrete void of insulin Metrazol electricity hydrotherapy psychotherapy occupational therapy pingpong & amnesia,

ho in humorless protest overturned only one symbolic pingpong table, resting briefly in catatonia,

eturning years later truly bald except for a wig of blood, and tears and fingers, to the visible madman doom of the wards of the madtowns of the East,

ilgrim State's Rockland's and Greystone's foetid halls, bickering with the echoes of the soul, rocking and rolling in the midnight solitudebench dolmen-realms of love, dream of life a nightmare, bodies turned to stone as heavy as the moon,

rith mother finally \*\*\*\*\*\*, and the last fantastic book flung out of the tenement window, and the last door closed at 4 A.M. and the last telephone slammed at the wall in reply and the last furnished room emptied down to the last piece of mental furniture, a yellow paper rose twisted on a wire hanger in the closet, and even that imaginary, nothing but a hopeful little bit of hallucination—

h, Carl, while you are not safe I am not safe, and now you're really in the total animal soup of time—

nd who therefore ran through the icy streets obsessed with a sudden flash of the alchemy of the use of the ellipse the catalog the meter & the vibrating plane,

ho dreamt and made incarnate gaps in Time & Space through images juxtaposed, and trapped the archangel of the soul between 2 visual images and joined the elemental verbs and set the noun and dash of consciousness together jumping with sensation of Pater Omnipotens Aeterna Deus

precreate the syntax and measure of poor human prose and stand before you speechless and intelligent and shaking with shame, rejected yet confessing out the soul to conform to the rhythm of thought in his naked and endless head,

ne madman bum and angel beat in Time, unknown, yet putting down here what might be left to say in time come after death,

nd rose reincarnate in the ghostly clothes of jazz in the goldhorn shadow of the band and blew the suffering of America's naked mind for love into an eli eli lamma lamma sabacthani saxophone cry that shivered the cities down to the last radio ith the absolute heart of the poem of life butchered out of their own bodies good to eat a thousand years.

II

That sphinx of cement and aluminum bashed open their skulls and ate up their brains and imagination?

Ioloch! Solitude! Filth! Ugliness! Ashcans and unobtainable dollars! Children screaming under the stairways! Boys sobbing in armies! Old men weeping in the parks!

Ioloch! Moloch! Nightmare of Moloch! Moloch the loveless! Mental Moloch! Moloch the heavy judger of men!

loloch the incomprehensible prison! Moloch the crossbone soulless jail-house and Congress of sorrows! Moloch whose buildings are judgment! Moloch the vast stone of war! Moloch the stunned governments!

loloch whose mind is pure machinery! Moloch whose blood is running money! Moloch whose fingers are ten armies! Moloch whose breast is a cannibal dynamo! Moloch whose ear is a smoking tomb!

loloch whose eyes are a thousand blind windows! Moloch whose skyscrapers stand in the long streets like endless Jehovahs! Moloch whose factories dream and croak in the fog! Moloch whose smokestacks and antennae crown the cities!

loloch whose love is endless oil and stone! Moloch whose soul is electricity and banks! Moloch whose poverty is the specter of genius! Moloch whose fate is a cloud of sexless hydrogen! Moloch whose name is the Mind!

Ioloch in whom I sit lonely! Moloch in whom I dream Angels! Crazy in Moloch! Cocksucker in Moloch! Lacklove and manless in Moloch!

loloch who entered my soul early! Moloch in whom I am a consciousness without a body! Moloch who frightened me out of my natural ecstasy! Moloch whom I abandon! Wake up in Moloch! Light streaming out of the sky!

Ioloch! Moloch! Robot apartments! invisible suburbs! skeleton treasuries! blind capitals! demonic industries! spectral nations! invincible mad houses! granite cocks! monstrous bombs!

hey broke their backs lifting Moloch to Heaven! Pavements, trees, radios, tons! lifting the city to Heaven which exists and is everywhere about us!

isions! omens! hallucinations! miracles! ecstasies! gone down the American river!

reams! adorations! illuminations! religions! the whole boatload of sensitive bullshit!

reakthroughs! over the river! flips and crucifixions! gone down the flood! Highs! Epiphanies! Despairs! Ten years' animal screams and suicides! Minds! New loves! Mad generation! down on the rocks of Time!

eal holy laughter in the river! They saw it all! the wild eyes! the holy yells! They bade farewell! They jumped off the roof! to solitude! waving! carrying flowers! Down to the river! into the street!

#### III

Carl Solomon! I'm with you in Rockland
where you're madder than I am
I'm with you in Rockland
where you must feel very strange
I'm with you in Rockland
where you imitate the shade of my mother
I'm with you in Rockland
where you've murdered your twelve secretaries
I'm with you in Rockland
where you laugh at this invisible humor
I'm with you in Rockland
where we are great writers on the same dreadful typewriter
I'm with you in Rockland

where your condition has become serious and is reported on the radio

I'm with you in Rockland

where the faculties of the skull no longer admit the worms of the senses

I'm with you in Rockland

where you drink the tea of the breasts of the spinsters of Utica

I'm with you in Rockland

where you pun on the bodies of your nurses the harpies of the Bronx

I'm with you in Rockland

where you scream in a straightjacket that you're losing the game of the actual pingpong of the abyss

I'm with you in Rockland

where you bang on the catatonic piano the soul is innocent and immortal it should never die ungodly in an armed madhouse

I'm with you in Rockland

where fifty more shocks will never return your soul to its body again from its pilgrimage to a cross in the void

I'm with you in Rockland

where you accuse your doctors of insanity and plot the Hebrew socialist revolution against the fascist national Golgotha

I'm with you in Rockland

where you will split the heavens of Long Island and resurrect your living human Jesus from the superhuman tomb

I'm with you in Rockland

where there are twentyfive thousand mad comrades all together singing the final stanzas of the Internationale

I'm with you in Rockland

where we hug and kiss the United States under our bedsheets the United States that coughs all night and won't let us sleep

I'm with you in Rockland

where we wake up electrified out of the coma by our own souls' airplanes roaring over the roof they've come to drop angelic bombs the hospital illuminates itself imaginary walls collapse O

skinny legions run outside O starry-spangled shock of mercy the eternal war is here O victory forget your underwear we're free I'm with you in Rockland

in my dreams you walk dripping from a sea-journey on the highway across America in tears to the door of my cottage in the Western night

San Francisco, 1955–1956

#### **Footnote to Howl**

- oly! Holy! Holy!
- he world is holy! The soul is holy! The skin is holy! The nose is holy! The tongue and cock and hand and asshole holy!
- verything is holy! everybody's holy! everywhere is holy! everyday is in eternity! Everyman's an angel!
- he bum's as holy as the seraphim! the madman is holy as you my soul are holy!
- he typewriter is holy the poem is holy the voice is holy the hearers are holy the ecstasy is holy!
- oly Peter holy Allen holy Solomon holy Lucien holy Kerouac holy Huncke holy Burroughs holy Cassady holy the unknown buggered and suffering beggars holy the hideous human angels!
- oly my mother in the insane asylum! Holy the cocks of the grandfathers of Kansas!
- oly the groaning saxophone! Holy the bop apocalypse! Holy the jazzbands marijuana hipsters peace peyote pipes & drums!
- oly the solitudes of skyscrapers and pavements! Holy the cafeterias filled with the millions! Holy the mysterious rivers of tears under the streets!
- oly the lone juggernaut! Holy the vast lamb of the middleclass! Holy the crazy shepherds of rebellion! Who digs Los Angeles IS Los Angeles!
- oly New York Holy San Francisco Holy Peoria & Seattle Holy Paris Holy Tangiers Holy Moscow Holy Istanbul!
- oly time in eternity holy eternity in time holy the clocks in space holy the fourth dimension holy the fifth International holy the Angel in Moloch!
- oly the sea holy the desert holy the railroad holy the locomotive holy the visions holy the hallucinations holy the miracles holy the

eyeball holy the abyss!

oly forgiveness! mercy! charity! faith! Holy! Ours! bodies! suffering! magnanimity!

oly the supernatural extra brilliant intelligent kindness of the soul!

\*Berkeley, 1955\*

## A Strange New Cottage in Berkeley

All afternoon cutting bramble blackberries off a tottering brown fence

under a low branch with its rotten old apricots miscellaneous under the leaves,

fixing the drip in the intricate gut machinery of a new toilet;

found a good coffeepot in the vines by the porch, rolled a big tire out of the scarlet bushes, hid my marijuana;

wet the flowers, playing the sunlit water each to each, returning for godly extra drops for the stringbeans and daisies;

three times walked round the grass and sighed absently:

my reward, when the garden fed me its plums from the form of a small tree in the corner,

an angel thoughtful of my stomach, and my dry and lovelorn tongue.

1955



Block print by Robert LaVigne

## A Supermarket in California

What thoughts I have of you tonight, Walt Whitman, for I walked down the sidestreets under the trees with a headache self-conscious looking at the full moon.

In my hungry fatigue, and shopping for images, I went into the neon fruit supermarket, dreaming of your enumerations!

What peaches and what penumbras! Whole families shopping at night! Aisles full of husbands! Wives in the avocados, babies in the tomatoes! —and you, García Lorca, what were you doing down by the watermelons?

I saw you, Walt Whitman, childless, lonely old grubber, poking among the meats in the refrigerator and eyeing the grocery boys.

I heard you asking questions of each: Who killed the pork chops? What price bananas? Are you my Angel?

I wandered in and out of the brilliant stacks of cans following you, and followed in my imagination by the store detective.

We strode down the open corridors together in our solitary fancy tasting artichokes, possessing every frozen delicacy, and never passing the cashier.

Where are we going, Walt Whitman? The doors close in an hour. Which way does your beard point tonight?

(I touch your book and dream of our odyssey in the supermarket and feel absurd.)

Will we walk all night through solitary streets? The trees add shade to shade, lights out in the houses, we'll both be lonely.

Will we stroll dreaming of the lost America of love past blue automobiles in driveways, home to our silent cottage?

Ah, dear father, graybeard, lonely old courage-teacher, what America did you have when Charon quit poling his ferry and you got out on a smoking bank and stood watching the boat disappear on the black waters of Lethe?

Berkeley, 1955

## Four Haiku

Looking over my shoulder my behind was covered with cherry blossoms.

Lying on my side in the void: the breath in my nose.

I didn't know the names of the flowers—now my garden is gone.

On the porch in my shorts— auto lights in the rain.

Berkeley, Fall 1955

#### **Sunflower Sutra**

walked on the banks of the tincan banana dock and sat down under the huge shade of a Southern Pacific locomotive to look at the sunset over the box house hills and cry.

ack Kerouac sat beside me on a busted rusty iron pole, companion, we thought the same thoughts of the soul, bleak and blue and sadeyed, surrounded by the gnarled steel roots of trees of machinery.

he oily water on the river mirrored the red sky, sun sank on top of final Frisco peaks, no fish in that stream, no hermit in those mounts, just ourselves rheumy-eyed and hung-over like old bums on the river-bank, tired and wily.

ook at the Sunflower, he said, there was a dead gray shadow against the sky, big as a man, sitting dry on top of a pile of ancient sawdust

-I rushed up enchanted—it was my first sunflower, memories of Blake—my visions—Harlem

nd Hells of the Eastern rivers, bridges clanking Joes Greasy Sandwiches, dead baby carriages, black treadless tires forgotten and unretreaded, the poem of the riverbank, condoms & pots, steel knives, nothing stainless, only the dank muck and the razor-sharp artifacts passing into the past—

nd the gray Sunflower poised against the sunset, crackly bleak and dusty with the smut and smog and smoke of olden locomotives in its eye—

orolla of bleary spikes pushed down and broken like a battered crown, seeds fallen out of its face, soon-to-be-toothless mouth of sunny air, sunrays obliterated on its hairy head like a dried wire spiderweb,

eaves stuck out like arms out of the stem, gestures from the sawdust root, broke pieces of plaster fallen out of the black twigs, a dead fly in its ear, nholy battered old thing you were, my sunflower O my soul, I loved you then!

he grime was no man's grime but death and human locomotives,

Il that dress of dust, that veil of darkened railroad skin, that smog of cheek, that eyelid of black mis'ry, that sooty hand or phallus or protuberance of artificial worse-than-dirt—industrial—modern—all that civilization spotting your crazy golden crown—

nd those blear thoughts of death and dusty loveless eyes and ends and withered roots below, in the home-pile of sand and sawdust, rubber dollar bills, skin of machinery, the guts and innards of the weeping coughing car, the empty lonely tincans with their rusty tongues alack, what more could I name, the smoked ashes of some cock cigar, the cunts of wheelbarrows and the milky breasts of cars, wornout asses out of chairs & sphincters of dynamos—all these

ntangled in your mummied roots—and you there standing before me in the sunset, all your glory in your form!

perfect beauty of a sunflower! a perfect excellent lovely sunflower existence! a sweet natural eye to the new hip moon, woke up alive and excited grasping in the sunset shadow sunrise golden monthly breeze!

ow many flies buzzed round you innocent of your grime, while you cursed the heavens of the railroad and your flower soul?

oor dead flower? when did you forget you were a flower? when did you look at your skin and decide you were an impotent dirty old locomotive? the ghost of a locomotive? the specter and shade of a once powerful mad American locomotive?

ou were never no locomotive, Sunflower, you were a sunflower! nd you Locomotive, you are a locomotive, forget me not!

o I grabbed up the skeleton thick sunflower and stuck it at my side like a scepter,

nd deliver my sermon to my soul, and Jack's soul too, and anyone who'll listen,

-We're not our skin of grime, we're not our dread bleak dusty imageless locomotive, we're all golden sunflowers inside, blessed by our own seed & hairy naked accomplishment-bodies growing into mad black formal sunflowers in the sunset, spied on by our eyes under the shadow of the mad locomotive riverbank sunset Frisco hilly tincan evening sitdown vision.

Berkeley, 1955

## **Transcription of Organ Music**

he flower in the glass peanut bottle formerly in the kitchen crooked to take a place in the light,

ne closet door opened, because I used it before, it kindly stayed open waiting for me, its owner.

began to feel my misery in pallet on floor, listening to music, my misery, that's why I want to sing.

he room closed down on me, I expected the presence of the Creator, I saw my gray painted walls and ceiling, they contained my room, they contained me

s the sky contained my garden, opened my door

The rambler vine climbed up the cottage post, the leaves in the night still where the day had placed them, the animal heads of the flowers where they had arisen

to think at the sun

Can I bring back the words? Will thought of transcription haze my mental open eye?

The kindly search for growth, the gracious desire to exist of the flowers, my near ecstasy at existing among them

The privilege to witness my existence—you too must seek the sun ...

My books piled up before me for my use

waiting in space where I placed them, they haven't disappeared, time's left its remnants and qualities for me to use—my words piled up, my texts, my manuscripts, my loves.

I had a moment of clarity, saw the feeling in the heart of things, walked out to the garden crying.

Saw the red blossoms in the night light, sun's gone, they had all grown, in a moment, and were waiting stopped in time for the day sun to come and give them ...

Flowers which as in a dream at sunset I watered faithfully not knowing how much I loved them.

I am so lonely in my glory—except they too out there—I looked up —those red bush blossoms beckoning and peering in the window waiting in blind love, their leaves too have hope and are upturned top flat to the sky to receive—all creation open to receive—the flat earth itself.

The music descends, as does the tall bending stalk of the heavy blossom, because it has to, to stay alive, to continue to the last drop of joy.

The world knows the love that's in its breast as in the flower, the suffering lonely world.

The Father is merciful.

The light socket is crudely attached to the ceiling, after the house was built, to receive a plug which sticks in it allright, and serves my phonograph now...

The closet door is open for me, where I left it, since I left it open, it has graciously stayed open.

The kitchen has no door, the hole there will admit me should I wish to enter the kitchen.

I remember when I first got laid, H.P. graciously took my cherry, I sat on the docks of Provincetown, age 23, joyful, elevated in hope with the Father, the door to the womb was open to admit me if I wished to enter.

There are unused electricity plugs all over my house if I ever need them.

The kitchen window is open, to admit air ...

The telephone—sad to relate—sits on the floor—I haven't the money to get it connected—

I want people to bow as they see me and say he is gifted with poetry, he has seen the presence of the Creator.

And the Creator gave me a shot of his presence to gratify my wish, so as not to cheat me of my yearning for him.

Berkeley, September 8, 1955

### **Sather Gate Illumination**

Why do I deny manna to another?

Because I deny it to myself.

Why have I denied myself?

What other has rejected me?

Now I believe you are lovely, my soul, soul of Allen, Allen—

and you so beloved, so sweetened, so recalled to your true loveliness,

your original nude breathing Allen

will you ever deny another again?

Dear Walter, thanks for the message I forbid you not to touch me, man to man, True American.

The bombers jet through the sky in unison of twelve, the pilots are sweating and nervous at the controls in the hot cabins. Over what souls will they loose their loveless bombs?

he Campanile pokes its white granite (?) innocent head into the clouds for me to look at.

cripple lady explains French grammar with a loud sweet voice: Regarder is to look—

ie whole French language looks on the trees on the campus.

The girls' haunted voices make quiet dates for 2 o'clock—yet one of them waves farewell and smiles at last—her red skirt swinging shows how she loves herself.

Another encased in flashy Scotch clothes clomps up the concrete in a hurry—into the door—poor dear!—who will receive you in love's offices?

ow many beautiful boys have I seen on this spot?

he trees seem on the verge of moving—ah! they do move in the breeze.

oar again of airplanes in the sky—everyone looks up.

nd do you know that all these rubbings of the eyes & painful gestures to the brow

f suited scholars entering Dwinelle (Hall) are Holy Signs?—anxiety and fear?

ow many years have I got to float on this sweetened scene of trees & humans clomping above ground—

I must be mad to sit here lonely in the void & glee & build up thoughts of love!

ut what do I have to doubt but my own shiny eyes, what to lose but life which is a vision today this afternoon.

My stomach is light, I relax, new sentences spring forth out of the scene to describe spontaneous forms of Time—trees, sleeping dogs, airplanes wandering thru the air, negroes with their lunch books of anxiety, apples and sandwiches, lunchtime, icecream, Timeless—

nd even the ugliest will seek beauty—'What are you doing Friday night?'

sks the sailor in white school training cap & gilt buttons & blue coat, nd the little ape in a green jacket and baggy pants and overloaded school-book satchel says 'Quartets.'

very Friday nite, beautiful quartets to celebrate and please my soul with all its hair—Music!

nd then strides off, snapping pieces chocolate off a bar wrapped in Hershey brown paper and tinfoil,

ating chocolate rose.

how can those other boys be them happy selves in their brown army study uniforms?

ow cripple girl swings down walk with loping fuck gestures of her hips askew—

t her roll her eyes in abandon & camp angelic through the campus bouncing her body about in joy—

omeone will dig that pelvic energy for sure.

hose white stripes down your chocolate cupcake, Lady (held in front of your nose finishing sentence preparatory to chomp),

ney were painted there to delight you by some spanish industrial artistic hand in bakery factory faraway,

kpert hand in simple-minded messages of white stripes on millions of message cupcakes.

have a message for you all—I will denote one particularity of each!

And there goes Professor Hart striding enlightened by the years through the doorway and arcade he built (in his mind) and knows—he too saw the ruins of Yucatán once—

ollowed by a lonely janitor in dovegray italian fruitpeddler Chico Marx hat pushing his rolypoly belly thru the trees.

N sees all girls as visions of

their inner cunts, yes, it's true! and all men walking along thinking of their spirit cocks.

So look at that poor dread boy with two-day black hair all over his dirty face, how he must hate his cock
—Chinamen stop shuddering

and now to bring this to an end with a rise and an ellipse—

The boys are now all talking to the girls 'If I was a girl I'd love all boys' & girls giggling the opposite, all pretty everywhichway nd even I have my secret beds and lovers under another moonlight, be you sure

any minute I expect to see a baby carriage pushed on to the scene nd everyone turn in attention like the airplanes and laughter, like a Greek Campus

nd the big brown shaggy silent dog lazing openeyed in the shade ft up his head & sniff & lower his head on his golden paws & let his belly rumble away unconcerned.

... the lion's ruddy eyes Shall flow with tears of gold.

ow the silence is broken, students pour onto the square, the doors are crowded, the dog gets up and walks away,

ne cripple swings out of Dwinelle, a nun even, I wonder about her, an old lady distinguished by a cane,

re all look up, silence moves, huge changes upon the ground, and in the air thoughts fly all over, filling space.

ly grief at Peter's not loving me was grief at not loving myself.

uge Karmas of broken minds in beautiful bodies unable to receive love because not knowing the self as lovely—

athers and Teachers!

Seeing in people the visible evidence of inner self thought by their treatment of me: who loves himself loves me who love myself.

Berkeley, September 1955

### **America**

merica I've given you all and now I'm nothing.

merica two dollars and twentyseven cents January 17, 1956.

can't stand my own mind.

merica when will we end the human war?

o fuck yourself with your atom bomb.

don't feel good don't bother me.

won't write my poem till I'm in my right mind.

merica when will you be angelic?

Then will you take off your clothes?

Then will you look at yourself through the grave?

Then will you be worthy of your million Trotskyites?

merica why are your libraries full of tears?

merica when will you send your eggs to India?

m sick of your insane demands.

Then can I go into the supermarket and buy what I need with my good looks?

merica after all it is you and I who are perfect not the next world.

our machinery is too much for me.

ou made me want to be a saint.

here must be some other way to settle this argument.

urroughs is in Tangiers I don't think he'll come back it's sinister.

re you being sinister or is this some form of practical joke?

m trying to come to the point.

refuse to give up my obsession.

merica stop pushing I know what I'm doing.

merica the plum blossoms are falling.

haven't read the newspapers for months, everyday somebody goes on trial for murder.

merica I feel sentimental about the Wobblies.

merica I used to be a communist when I was a kid I'm not sorry.

smoke marijuana every chance I get.

sit in my house for days on end and stare at the roses in the closet.

Then I go to Chinatown I get drunk and never get laid.

ly mind is made up there's going to be trouble.

ou should have seen me reading Marx.

ly psychoanalyst thinks I'm perfectly right.

won't say the Lord's Prayer.

have mystical visions and cosmic vibrations.

merica I still haven't told you what you did to Uncle Max after he came over from Russia.

m addressing you.

re you going to let your emotional life be run by Time Magazine? m obsessed by Time Magazine.

read it every week.

s cover stares at me every time I slink past the corner candystore. read it in the basement of the Berkeley Public Library.

's always telling me about responsibility. Businessmen are serious.

Movie producers are serious. Everybody's serious but me.

occurs to me that I am America.

am talking to myself again.

sia is rising against me.

haven't got a chinaman's chance.

d better consider my national resources.

ly national resources consist of two joints of marijuana millions of genitals an unpublishable private literature that jetplanes 1400 miles an hour and twentyfive-thousand mental institutions.

say nothing about my prisons nor the millions of underprivileged who live in my flowerpots under the light of five hundred suns.

have abolished the whorehouses of France, Tangiers is the next to go. Iy ambition is to be President despite the fact that I'm a Catholic.

merica how can I write a holy litany in your silly mood?

will continue like Henry Ford my strophes are as individual as his automobiles more so they're all different sexes.

merica I will sell you strophes \$2500 apiece \$500 down on your old strophe

merica free Tom Mooney

merica save the Spanish Loyalists

merica Sacco & Vanzetti must not die

merica I am the Scottsboro boys.

merica when I was seven momma took me to Communist Cell meetings they sold us garbanzos a handful per ticket a ticket costs a nickel and the speeches were free everybody was angelic and sentimental about the workers it was all so sincere you have no idea what a good thing the party was in 1835 Scott Nearing was a grand old man a real mensch Mother Bloor the Silk-strikers' Ewig-Weibliche made me cry I once saw the Yiddish orator Israel Amter plain. Everybody must have been a spy.

merica you don't really want to go to war.

merica it's them bad Russians.

hem Russians them Russians and them Chinamen. And them Russians.

he Russia wants to eat us alive. The Russia's power mad. She wants to take our cars from out our garages.

er wants to grab Chicago. Her needs a Red *Reader's Digest*. Her wants our auto plants in Siberia. Him big bureaucracy running our fillingstations.

hat no good. Ugh. Him make Indians learn read. Him need big black niggers. Hah. Her make us all work sixteen hours a day. Help. merica this is quite serious.

merica this is the impression I get from looking in the television set. merica is this correct?

d better get right down to the job.

's true I don't want to join the Army or turn lathes in precision parts factories, I'm nearsighted and psychopathic anyway.

merica I'm putting my queer shoulder to the wheel.

Berkeley, January 17, 1956

## Fragment 1956

Now to the come of the poem, let me be worthy & sing holily the natural pathos of the human soul, naked original skin beneath our dreams & robes of thought, the perfect self identity radiant with lusts and intellectual faces Who carries the lines, the painful browed contortions of the upper eyes, the whole body breathing and sentient among flowers and buildings open-eyed, self knowing, trembling with love— Soul that I have, that Jack has, Huncke has Bill has, Joan had, and has in me memory yet, bum has in rags, madman underneath black clothes. Soul identical each to each, as standing on the streetcorner ten years ago I looked at Jack and told him we were the same person—look in my eyes and speak to yourself, that makes me everybody's lover, Hal mine against his will, I had his soul in my own body already, while he frowned—by the streetlamp 8th Avenue & 27th Street 1947—I had just come back from Africa with a gleam of the illumination actually to come to me in time as come to all—Jack the worst murderer, Allen the most cowardly with a streak of yellow love running through my poems, a fag in the city, Joe Army screaming in anguish in Dannemora 1945 jailhouse, breaking his own white knuckle against the bars his dumb sad cellmate beaten by the guards an iron floor below, Gregory weeping in Tombs, Joan eyes narrow-lidded under benzedrine harkening to the paranoia in the wall, Huncke from Chicago dreaming in Arcades of hellish Pokerino blue skinned Times Square light,

Bill King yelling pale faced in the subway window final minute gape-death struggling to return, Morphy himself, archsuicide, expiring in blood on the Passaic, tragic & bewildered in last tears, attaining death that moment human, intellectual, bearded, who else was he then but himself?

Berkeley, 1956

#### **Afternoon Seattle**

Busride along waterfront down Yessler under street bridge to the old red Wobbly Hall—

One Big Union, posters of the Great Mandala of Labor, bleareyed dusty cardplayers dreaming behind the counter ... 'but these young fellers can't see ahead and we nothing to offer'—

After Snyder his little red beard and bristling Buddha mind I weeping crossed Skid Road to 10¢ beer.

Labyrinth wood stairways and Greek movies under Farmers Market secondhand city, Indian smoked salmon old overcoats and dry red shoes,

Green Parrot Theater, *Maytime*, and down to the harborside the ships, walked on Alaska silent together—ferryboat coming faraway in mist from Bremerton Island dreamlike small on the waters of Holland to me

—and entered my head the seagull, a shriek, sentinels standing over rusty harbor iron dockwork, rocks dripping under rotten wharves slime on the walls—

the seagull's small cry—inhuman not of the city, lone sentinels of God, animal birds among us indifferent, their bleak lone cries representing our souls.

A rowboat docked and chained floating in the tide by a wharf. Basho's frog. Someone left it there, it drifts.

Sailor's curio shop hung with shells and skulls a whalebone mask, Indian seas. The cities rot from oldest parts. Little red mummy from Idaho Frank H. Little your big hat high cheekbones crosseyes and song.

The cities rot from the center, the suburbs fall apart a slow apocalypse of rot the spectral trolleys fade

the cities rot the fire escapes hang and rust the brick turns black dust falls uncollected garbage heaps the wall the birds invade with their cries the skid row alley creeps downtown the ancient jailhouse groans bums snore under the pavement a dark Turkish bath the cornice gapes at midnight

Seattle!—department stores full of fur coats and camping equipment, mad noontime businessmen in gabardine coats talking on streetcorners to keep up the structure, I float past, birds cry,

Salvation Army offers soup on rotting block, six thousand beggars groan at a meal of hopeful beans.

February 2, 1956

#### **Tears**

m crying all the time now.

cried all over the street when I left the Seattle Wobbly Hall.

cried listening to Bach.

cried looking at the happy flowers in my backyard, I cried at the sadness of the middle-aged trees.

appiness exists I feel it.

cried for my soul, I cried for the world's soul.

he world has a beautiful soul.

od appearing to be seen and cried over. Overflowing heart of Paterson.

Seattle, February 2, 1956

### **Scribble**

```
Rexroth's face reflecting human tired bliss
White haired, wing browed gas mustache,
flowers jet out of his sad head,
listening to Edith Piaf street song as she walks the universe with all life gone and cities disappeared only the God of Love left smiling.
```

Berkeley, March 1956

# In the Baggage Room at Greyhound

T

1 the depths of the Greyhound Terminal

tting dumbly on a baggage truck looking at the sky waiting for the Los Angeles Express to depart

orrying about eternity over the Post Office roof in the night-time red downtown heaven,

aring through my eyeglasses I realized shuddering these thoughts were not eternity, nor the poverty of our lives, irritable baggage clerks,

or the millions of weeping relatives surrounding the buses waving goodbye,

or other millions of the poor rushing around from city to city to see their loved ones,

or an indian dead with fright talking to a huge cop by the Coke machine,

or this trembling old lady with a cane taking the last trip of her life, or the red-capped cynical porter collecting his quarters and smiling over the smashed baggage,

or me looking around at the horrible dream,

or mustached negro Operating Clerk named Spade, dealing out with his marvelous long hand the fate of thousands of express packages,

or fairy Sam in the basement limping from leaden trunk to trunk,

or Joe at the counter with his nervous breakdown smiling cowardly at the customers,

or the grayish-green whale's stomach interior loft where we keep the baggage in hideous racks,

undreds of suitcases full of tragedy rocking back and forth waiting to be opened,

or the baggage that's lost, nor damaged handles, nameplates vanished, busted wires & broken ropes, whole trunks exploding on the concrete floor,

or seabags emptied into the night in the final warehouse.

#### II

Yet Spade reminded me of Angel, unloading a bus, dressed in blue overalls black face official Angel's workman cap, pushing with his belly a huge tin horse piled high with black baggage,

looking up as he passed the yellow light bulb of the loft and holding high on his arm an iron shepherd's crook.

#### Ш

was the racks, I realized, sitting myself on top of them now as is my wont at lunchtime to rest my tired foot,

was the racks, great wooden shelves and stanchions posts and beams assembled floor to roof jumbled with baggage,

-the Japanese white metal postwar trunk gaudily flowered & headed for Fort Bragg,

ne Mexican green paper package in purple rope adorned with names for Nogales,

undreds of radiators all at once for Eureka,

cates of Hawaiian underwear,

olls of posters scattered over the Peninsula, nuts to Sacramento, ne human eye for Napa,

n aluminum box of human blood for Stockton

nd a little red package of teeth for Calistoga—

was the racks and these on the racks I saw naked in electric light the night before I quit,

ne racks were created to hang our possessions, to keep us together, a temporary shift in space,

od's only way of building the rickety structure of Time, to hold the bags to send on the roads, to carry our luggage from place to place looking for a bus to ride us back home to Eternity where the heart was left and farewell tears began.

#### IV

swarm of baggage sitting by the counter as the transcontinental bus pulls in.

he clock registering 12:15 A.M., May 9, 1956, the second hand moving forward, red.

etting ready to load my last bus.—Farewell, Walnut Creek Richmond Vallejo Portland Pacific Highway

leet-footed Quicksilver, god of transience.

ne last package sits lone at midnight sticking up out of the Coast rack high as the dusty fluorescent light.

he wage they pay us is too low to live on. Tragedy reduced to numbers.

his for the poor shepherds. I am a communist.

arewell ye Greyhound where I suffered so much, hurt my knee and scraped my hand and built my pectoral muscles big as vagina.

May 9, 1956

#### **Psalm III**

To God: to illuminate all men. Beginning with Skid Road.

Let Occidental and Washington be transformed into a higher place, the plaza of eternity.

Illuminate the welders in shipyards with the brilliance of their torches.

Let the crane operator lift up his arm for joy.

Let elevators creak and speak, ascending and descending in awe.

Let the mercy of the flower's direction beckon in the eye.

Let the straight flower bespeak its purpose in straightness—to seek the light.

Let the crooked flower bespeak its purpose in crookedness—to seek the light.

Let the crookedness and straightness bespeak the light.

Let Puget Sound be a blast of light.

I feed on your Name like a cockroach on a crumb—this cockroach is holy.

Seattle, June, 1956

## **Many Loves**

"Resolved to sing no songs henceforth but those of manly attachment"

—Walt Whitman

eal Cassady was my animal: he brought me to my knees
nd taught me the love of his cock and the secrets of his mind
nd we met and conversed, went walking in the evening by the park
p to Harlem, recollecting Denver, and Dan Budd, a hero
nd we made shift to sack out in Harlem, after a long evening,
ack and host in a large double bed, I volunteered for the cot, and
Neal

olunteered for the cot with me, we stripped and lay down.

wore my underwear, my shorts, and he his briefs—

ghts out on the narrow bed I turned to my side, with my back to his Irish boy's torso,

nd huddled and balanced on the edge, and kept distance—
nd hung my head over and kept my arm over the side, withdrawn
nd he seeing my fear stretched out his arm, and put it around my
breast

aying "Draw near me" and gathered me in upon him: lay there trembling, and felt his great arm like a king's nd his breasts, his heart slow thudding against my back, nd his middle torso, narrow and made of iron, soft at my back, is fiery firm belly warming me while I trembled—

is belly of fists and starvation, his belly a thousand girls kissed in Colorado

is belly of rocks thrown over Denver roofs, prowess of jumping and fists, his stomach of solitudes,

is belly of burning iron and jails affectionate to my side:

began to tremble, he pulled me in closer with his arm, and hugged me long and close

ıy soul melted, secrecy departed, I became

henceforth open to his nature as a flower in the shining sun.

nd below his belly, in white underwear, tight between my buttocks,

is own loins against me soft, nestling in comradeship, put forth & pressed into me, open to my awareness,

owly began to grow, signal me further and deeper affection, sexual tenderness.

o gentle the man, so sweet the moment, so kind the thighs that nuzzled against me smooth-skinned powerful, warm by my legs hat my body shudders and trembles with happiness, remembering—is hand opened up on my belly, his palms and fingers flat against my skin

fell to him, and turned, shifting, put my face on his arm resting, iy chest against his, he helped me to turn, and held me closer is arm at my back beneath my head, and arm at my buttocks tender holding me in,

ur bellies together nestling, loins touched together, pressing and knowledgeable each other's hardness, and mine stuck out of my underwear.

hen I pressed in closer and drew my leg up between his, and he lay half on me with his thighs and bedded me down close, caressing nd moved together pressing his cock to my thigh and mine to his owly, and slowly began a love match that continues in my imagination to this day a full decade.

hus I met Neal & thus we felt each other's flesh and owned each other bodies and souls.

o then as I lay on his breast with my arms clasped around his neck and his cheek against mine, put my hand down to feel his great back for the first time, jaws and pectorals of steel at my fingers,

oser and stiller, down the silken iron back to his waist, the whole of his torso now open

y hand at his waist trembling, waited delaying and under the elastic of his briefs,

first touched the smooth mount of his rock buttocks, silken in power, rounded in animal fucking and bodily nights over nurses and schoolgirls,

ass of long solitudes in stolen cars, and solitudes on curbs, musing fist in cheek,

ss of a thousand farewells, ass of youth, youth's lovers,

ss of a thousand lonely craps in gas stations ass of great painful secrecies of the years

ass of mystery and night! ass of gymnasiums and muscular pants

ss of high schools and masturbation ass of lone delight, ass of mankind, so beautiful and hollow, dowry of Mind and Angels,

ss of hero, Neal Cassady, I had at my hand: my fingers traced the curve to the bottom of his thighs.

raised my thighs and stripped down my shorts to my knees, and bent to push them off

nd he raised me up from his chest, and pulled down his pants the same,

umble and meek and obedient to his mood our silence,

nd naked at long last with angel & greek & athlete & hero and brother and boy of my dreams

lay with my hair intermixed with his, he asking me "What shall we do now?"

-And confessed, years later, he thinking I was not a queer at first to please me & serve me, to blow me and make me come, maybe or if I were queer, that's what I'd likely want of a dumb bastard like him.

ut I made my first mistake, and made him then and there my master, and bowed my head, and holding his buttock

ook up his hard-on and held it, feeling it throb and pressing my own at his knee & breathing showed him I needed him, cock, for my dreams of insatiety & lone love.

-And I lie here naked in the dark, dreaming

Arctic, August 10, 1956

# **Ready to Roll**

o Mexico! To Mexico! Down the dovegray highway, past Atomic City police, past the fiery border to dream cantinas!

tanding on the sunny metropolitan plateau, stranger prince on the street, dollars in my pocket, alone, free—genitals and thighs and buttocks under skin and leather.

lusic! Taxis! Marijuana in the slums! Ancient sexy parks! Continental boulevards in America! Modern downtown for a dollar! Dungarees in Les Ambassadeurs! And here's a hard brown cock for a quarter!

runkenness! and the long night walks down brown streets, eyes, windows, buses, interior charnels behind the Cathedral, lost squares and hungry tacos, a calf's head cooked and picked apart for meat,

nd the blackened inner roofs and tents of the Thieves' Market, street crisscrossed on street, a naked hipster labyrinth, stealing, pausing, loitering, noticing drums, purchasing nothing

ut a broken aluminum coffeepot with a doll's arm sticking up out of the mouth.

aha! what do I want? Change of solitude, spectre of drunkenness in paranoiac taxicabs, fear and gaiety of unknown lovers

oming around the empty streetcorner dark-eyed and watching me make it there alone under the new hip moon.

San Francisco, October 1956

## IV

# **REALITY SANDWICHES: EUROPE! EUROPE!**

(1957-1959)

#### **POEM Rocket**



ld moon my eyes are new moon with human footprint

- o longer Romeo Sadface in drunken river Loony Pierre eyebrow, goof moon
- possible moon in Heaven we get to first of ageless constellations of names as God is possible as All is possible so we'll reach another life.

loon politicians earth weeping and warring in eternity no not one star disturbed by screaming madmen from Hollywood

il tycoons from Romania making secret deals with flabby green Plutonians—

ave camps on Saturn Cuban revolutions on Mars?

ld life and new side by side, will Catholic Church find Christ on Jupiter

Iohammed rave in Uranus will Buddha be acceptable on the stolid planets

r will we find Zoroastrian temples flowering on Neptune?

That monstrous new ecclesiastical design on the entire universe unfolds in the dying Pope's brain?

cientist alone is true poet he gives us the moon

e promises the stars he'll make us a new universe if it comes to that

- Einstein I should have sent you my flaming mss.
- Einstein I should have pilgrimaged to your white hair!

fellow travelers I write you a poem in Amsterdam in the Cosmos here Spinoza ground his magic lenses long ago write you a poem long ago

lready my feet are washed in death

ere I am naked without identity

ith no more body than the fine black tracery of pen mark on soft paper

s star talks to star multiple beams of sunlight all the same myriad thought

ı one fold of the universe where Whitman was

nd Blake and Shelley saw Milton dwelling as in a starry temple rooding in his blindness seeing all—

ow at last I can speak to you beloved brothers of an unknown moon eal Yous squatting in whatever form amidst Platonic Vapors of Eternity am another Star.

*l*ill you eat my poems or read them

r gaze with aluminum blind plates on sunless pages?

- o you dream or translate & accept data with indifferent droopings of antennae?
- o I make sense to your flowery green receptor eyesockets? do you have visions of God?

Thich way will the sunflower turn surrounded by millions of suns?

his is my rocket my personal rocket I send up my message Beyond omeone to hear me there

ly immortality

rithout steel or cobalt basalt or diamond gold or mercurial fire rithout passports filing cabinets bits of paper warheads rithout myself finally

ure thought

iessage all and everywhere the same

send up my rocket to land on whatever planet awaits it

referably religious sweet planets no money

ourth dimensional planets where Death shows movies

lants speak (courteously) of ancient physics and poetry itself is manufactured by the trees

ne final Planet where the Great Brain of the Universe sits waiting for a poem to land in His golden pocket

shrieks of despair and the million unutterable thoughts of frogs

send you my rocket of amazing chemical

ore than my hair my sperm or the cells of my body

ne speeding thought that flies upward with my desire as instantaneous as the universe and faster than light

nd leave all other questions unfinished for the moment to turn back to sleep in my dark bed on earth.

Amsterdam, October 4, 1957

### **Squeal**

He rises he stretches he liquefies he is hammered again
He's divided in shares he litters the floor of the Bourse
He's cut by adamantine snips and sent by railway car
Accumulated on the margin by bony Goldfinger has various
Visions of being an automobile consolidates
The fortune of spectral lawyers heirs weep over him
He melts he undergoes remarkable metamorphoses peculiar
Hallucinations he coughs up debentures beaten
By immense hammers in a vast loft pours in fire spurts
Upward in molten forges he levels he dreams and he cools
And the present adjusted steel squints.

A hunchback tuberculosis salesman drives him cackling to St. Louis In the rain Hack no will of his own Creep next resale Crank San Pedro tomorrow St. Joe Squeak will it never end Hohokus—

Crashes into a dirty locomotive the bastard never Mind stock averages decline slightly here's the mechanic Blam the junkyard Help the smelter later a merger pressure accumulates

He's had it now Eek he's an airplane Whine he wants to go home Suddenly he dives on the market like a bomb.

Paris, December 1957

## **Wrote This Last Night**

Listen to the tale of the sensitive car who was coughed up out of earth in Pittsburgh.

She screamed like a Swedish Prime Minister on her first flight down the red neon highway,

she couldn't stand the sirens and blind lights of the male cars Fords Oldsmobiles Studebakers

—her assembly line foreman had prophesied wild wreck on Sunset Boulevard headlights & eyeballs broken fenders & bones.

She rode all over Mexico avoiding Los Angeles praying to be an old junkie in a bordertown graveyard

with rattly doors and yellow broken windowpanes bent license plate weak brakes & unsalable motor

worn out by the slow buttocks of teen-age nightmare panting under the impoverished jissum of the August moon,

Anything but that final joyride with the mad producer and his bombshell intellectual star on the last night up from Mexicali.

Paris, December 1957

## Death to Van Gogh's Ear!

OFT is Priest

loney has reckoned the soul of America

ongress broken thru to the precipice of Eternity

ne President built a War machine which will vomit and rear up Russia out of Kansas

he American Century betrayed by a mad Senate which no longer sleeps with its wife

ranco has murdered Lorca the fairy son of Whitman

ıst as Mayakovsky committed suicide to avoid Russia

art Crane distinguished Platonist committed suicide to cave in the wrong America

ist as millions of tons of human wheat were burned in secret caverns under the White House

hile India starved and screamed and ate mad dogs full of rain

nd mountains of eggs were reduced to white powder in the halls of Congress

n godfearing man will walk there again because of the stink of the rotten eggs of America

nd the Indians of Chiapas continue to gnaw their vitaminless tortillas borigines of Australia perhaps gibber in the eggless wilderness

nd I rarely have an egg for breakfast tho my work requires infinite eggs to come to birth in Eternity

ggs should be eaten or given to their mothers

nd the grief of the countless chickens of America is expressed in the screaming of her comedians over the radio

etroit has built a million automobiles of rubber trees and phantoms ut I walk, I walk, and the Orient walks with me, and all Africa walks and sooner or later North America will walk or as we have driven the Chinese Angel from our door he will drive us from the Golden Door of the future

e have not cherished pity on Tanganyika

instein alive was mocked for his heavenly politics

ertrand Russell driven from New York for getting laid

nmortal Chaplin driven from our shores with the rose in his teeth

secret conspiracy by Catholic Church in the lavatories of Congress has denied contraceptives to the unceasing masses of India.

obody publishes a word that is not the cowardly robot ravings of a depraved mentality

he day of the publication of the true literature of the American body will be day of Revolution

ne revolution of the sexy lamb

ne only bloodless revolution that gives away corn

oor Genet will illuminate the harvesters of Ohio

larijuana is a benevolent narcotic but J. Edgar Hoover prefers his deathly scotch

nd the heroin of Lao-Tze & the Sixth Patriarch is punished by the electric chair

ut the poor sick junkies have nowhere to lay their heads

ends in our government have invented a cold-turkey cure for addiction as obsolete as the Defense Early Warning Radar System.

am the defense early warning radar system

see nothing but bombs

am not interested in preventing Asia from being Asia

nd the governments of Russia and Asia will rise and fall but Asia and Russia will not fall

ne government of America also will fall but how can America fall doubt if anyone will ever fall anymore except governments ortunately all the governments will fall nd the good ones don't yet exist
ut they have to begin existing they exist in my poems
ney exist in the death of the Russian and American governments
ney exist in the death of Hart Crane & Mayakovsky
ow is the time for prophecy without death as a consequence
ne universe will ultimately disappear
follywood will rot on the windmills of Eternity
follywood whose movies stick in the throat of God
see Hollywood will get what it deserves
ime

eepage of nerve-gas over the radio

istory will make this poem prophetic and its awful silliness a hideous spiritual music

have the moan of doves and the feather of ecstasy lan cannot long endure the hunger of the cannibal abstract /ar is abstract

ne world will be destroyed
ut I will die only for poetry, that will save the world
lonument to Sacco & Vanzetti not yet financed to ennoble Boston
atives of Kenya tormented by idiot con-men from England
outh Africa in the grip of the white fool
achel Lindsay Secretary of the Interior
oe Secretary of Imagination
ound Secty. Economics

nd Kra belongs to Kra, and Pukti to Pukti cossfertilization of Blok and Artaud an Gogh's Ear on the currency o more propaganda for monsters nd poets should stay out of politics or become monsters

have become monsterous with politics

ne Russian poet undoubtedly monsterous in his secret notebook

ibet should be left alone

hese are obvious prophecies

merica will be destroyed

ussian poets will struggle with Russia

Thitman warned against this "fabled Damned of nations"

There was Theodore Roosevelt when he sent out ultimatums from his castle in Camden

There was the House of Representatives when Crane read aloud from his prophetic books

That was Wall Street scheming when Lindsay announced the doom of Money

/ere they listening to my ravings in the locker rooms of Bickfords Employment Offices?

id they bend their ears to the moans of my soul when I struggled with market research statistics in the Forum at Rome?

o they were fighting in fiery offices, on carpets of heartfailure, screaming and bargaining with Destiny

ghting the Skeleton with sabers, muskets, buck teeth, indigestion, bombs of larceny, whoredom, rockets, pederasty,

ack to the wall to build up their wives and apartments, lawns, suburbs, fairydoms,

uerto Ricans crowded for massacre on 114th St. for the sake of an imitation Chinese-Moderne refrigerator

lephants of mercy murdered for the sake of an Elizabethan birdcage illions of agitated fanatics in the bughouse for the sake of the screaming soprano of industry

loney-chant of soapers—toothpaste apes in television sets—deodorizers on hypnotic chairs—

etroleum mongers in Texas—jet plane streaks among the clouds—

cy writers liars in the face of Divinity—fanged butchers of hats and shoes, all Owners! Owners! with obsession on property and vanishing Selfhood!

nd their long editorials on the fence of the screaming negro attacked by ants crawled out of the front page!

lachinery of a mass electrical dream! A war-creating Whore of Babylon bellowing over Capitols and Academies!

Ioney! Money! shrieking mad celestial money of illusion! Money made of nothing, starvation, suicide! Money of failure! Money of death!

loney against Eternity! and eternity's strong mills grind out vast paper of Illusion!

Paris, December 1957

### **Europe! Europe!**

World world world I sit in my room imagine the future sunlight falls on Paris I am alone there is no one whose love is perfect man has been mad man's love is not perfect I have not wept enough my breast will be heavy till death the cities are specters of cranks of war the cities are work & brick & iron & smoke of the furnace of selfhood makes tearless eyes red in London but no eye meets the sun

Flashed out of sky it
hits Lord Beaverbrook's
white modern solid
paper building leaned
in London's street to
bear last yellow beams
old ladies absently gaze
thru fog toward heaven
poor pots on windowsills
snake flowers to street
Trafalgar's fountains splash
on noon-warmed pigeons
Myself beaming in ecstatic

wilderness on St. Paul's dome seeing the light on London or here on a bed in Paris sunglow through the high window on plaster walls

Meek crowd underground saints perish creeps streetwomen meet lacklove under gaslamp and neon no woman in house loves husband in flower unity nor boy loves boy soft fire in breast politics electricity scares downtown radio screams for money police light on TV screens laughs at dim lamps in empty rooms tanks crash thru bombshell no dream of man's joy is made movie think factory pushes junk autos tin dreams of Eros mind eats its flesh in geekish starvation and no man's fuck is holy for man's work is most war

Bony China hungers brain wash over power dam and America hides mad meat in refrigerator Britain cooks Jerusalem too long France eats oil and dead salad arms & legs in Africa loudmouth devours Arabia negro and white warring against the golden nuptial Russia manufacture feeds millions but no drunk can dream Mayakovsky's suicide rainbow over machinery and backtalk to the sun

I lie in bed in Europe alone in old red under wear symbolic of desire for union with immortality but man's love's not perfect in February it rains as once for Baudelaire one hundred years ago planes roar in the air cars race thru streets I know where they go to death but that is OK it is that death comes before life that no man has loved perfectly no one gets bliss in time new mankind is not born that I weep for this antiquity and herald the Millennium for I saw the Atlantic sun rayed down from a vast cloud at Dover on the sea cliffs tanker size of ant heaved up on ocean under shining cloud and seagull flying

thru sun light's endless
ladders streaming in Eternity
to ants in the myriad fields
of England to sun flowers
bent up to eat infinity's
minute gold dolphins leaping
thru Mediterranean rainbow
White smoke and steam in Andes
Asia's rivers glittering
blind poets deep in lone
Apollonic radiance on hillsides
littered with empty tombs

Paris, February 29, 1958

#### The Lion for Real

"Soyez muette pour moi, Idole contemplative ..."

came home and found a lion in my living room ushed out on the fire escape screaming Lion! Lion! wo stenographers pulled their brunette hair and banged the window shut

hurried home to Paterson and stayed two days.

alled up my old Reichian analyst 'ho'd kicked me out of therapy for smoking marijuana t's happened' I panted 'There's a Lion in my room' 'm afraid any discussion would have no value' he hung up.

went to my old boyfriend we got drunk with his girlfriend kissed him and announced I had a lion with a mad gleam in my eye /e wound up fighting on the floor I bit his eyebrow & he kicked me out

ended masturbating in his jeep parked in the street moaning 'Lion.'

ound Joey my novelist friend and roared at him 'Lion!'

e looked at me interested and read me his spontaneous ignu high poetries

listened for lions all I heard was Elephant Tiglon Hippogriff Unicorn Ants

ut figured he really understood me when we made it in Ignaz Wisdom's bathroom.

ut next day he sent me a leaf from his Smoky Mountain retreat

love you little Bo-Bo with your delicate golden lions

ut there being no Self and No Bars therefore the Zoo of your dear Father hath no Lion

ou said your mother was mad don't expect me to produce the Monster for your Bridegroom.'

onfused dazed and exalted bethought me of real lion starved in his stink in Harlem

pened the door the room was filled with the bomb blast of his anger e roaring hungrily at the plaster walls but nobody could hear him outside thru the window

ly eye caught the edge of the red neighbor apartment building standing in deafening stillness

The gazed at each other his implacable yellow eye in the red halo of fur

Taxed rheumy on my own but he stopped roaring and bared a fang greeting.

turned my back and cooked broccoli for supper on an iron gas stove oilt water and took a hot bath in the old tub under the sink board.

e didn't eat me, tho I regretted him starving in my presence.

ext week he wasted away a sick rug full of bones wheaten hair falling out

nraged and reddening eye as he lay aching huge hairy head on his paws

y the egg-crate bookcase filled up with thin volumes of Plato, & Buddha.

at by his side every night averting my eyes from his hungry motheaten face stopped eating myself he got weaker and roared at night while I had nightmares

aten by lion in bookstore on Cosmic Campus, a lion myself starved by Professor Kandisky, dying in a lion's flophouse circus,

woke up mornings the lion still added dying on the floor—'Terrible Presence!' I cried 'Eat me or die!'

got up that afternoon—walked to the door with its paw on the wall to steady its trembling body

et out a soul-rending creak from the bottomless roof of his mouth nundering from my floor to heaven heavier than a volcano at night in Mexico

ushed the door open and said in a gravelly voice "Not this time Baby —but I will be back again."

on that eats my mind now for a decade knowing only your hunger of the bliss of your satisfaction O roar of the Universe how am I chosen

our starved and ancient Presence O Lord I wait in my room at your Mercy.

Paris, March 1958

#### The Names

ime comes spirit weakens and goes blank apartments shuffled through and forgotten

he dead in their cenotaphs locomotive high schools & African cities small town motorcycle graves

America what saints given vision are shrouded in junk their elegy a nameless hoodlum elegance leaning against death's military garage

uncke who first saw the sun revolve in Chicago survived into middleage Times Square

hief stole hearts of wildcat tractor boys arrived to morphine brilliance Bickford table midnight neon to take a fall

rrested 41 times late 40s his acned skin & black Spanish hair grown coy and old and lip bitten in Rikers Island Jail

s bestial newsprint photograph we shared once busted, me scared of black eye cops Manhattan

ou blissful nothing to lose digging the live detectives perhaps even offering God a cigarette

ll answer for you Huncke I never could before—admiring your natural tact and charm and irony—now sad Sing Sing

hatever inept Queens burglary you goofed again let God judge his sacred case

ther than mustached Time Judge steal a dirty photograph of your soul—I knew you when—

you loved me better than my lawyer who wanted a frightened rat for official thousand buck mousetrap, no doubt, no doubt—

hine in Cell free behind bars Immortal soul why not

ell the machine can't sentence anyone except itself, have I to do that?

gives jail I give you poem, bars last twenty years rust in a hundred

y handwork remains when prisons fall because the hand is compassion

rilliant bitter Morphy stalking Los Angeles after his ghost boy aunting basements in Denver with his Montmartre black beard harming ladies' man for gigolo purpose I heard, great cat for Shakespearean sex

rst poet suicide I knew we sat on park benches I watched him despair his forehead star

y elder asked serious advice, gentle man! international queer pride humbled to pre-death cigarette gun fright

is love a young blond demon of broken army, his nemesis his own mad cock for the kids sardonic ass

is dream mouthful of white prick trembling in his head—woke a bullet in his side days later in Passaic

ist moments gasping stricken blood under stars coughing intestines & lighted highway cars flowing past his eyes into the dark.

De Army's beauty forgotten that night, pain cops nightmare, drunken AWOL through Detroit

honecalls angels backrooms & courtsmartial lawyers trains a kaleidoscope of instant change,

ırinkage of soul, bearded dead dreams, all Balzac read in jail,

te disappearance from the city hides metamorphosis to humancy loathing that deathscene.

hil Black hung in Tombs, horsefaced junky, dreamy strange murderer, forgotten pistol three buck holdup, stoolpigeon suicide I save him from the grave oquois his indian head red cock intelligence buried in miserous solitaire politics

is narcissistic blond haired hooknosed pride, I made him once he groaned and came

ater stranger chill made me tremble, I loved him hopeless years,

e's hid in Seattle consumed by lesbian hypochondrias' stealthy communion, green bullfighters envy age,

nless I save him from the grave, but he won't talk no more

uch less fall in my arms or any mental bed forgiveness before we climb Olympics death

eroi returning to bughouse monkishness & drear stinky soupdish his fatness fright & suffering mind insult a repetitious void

have done my best to make saintliness as uninteresting as possible" nd has succeeded, when did I last write or receive ambiguous

message joky hangdog prophetic spade

oan in dreams bent forward smiling asks news of the living

3 in life the same sad tolerance, no skullbone judge of drunks

sking whereabouts sending regards from Mexican paradise garden where life & death are one

3 if a postcard from eternity sent with human hand, wish I could see you now, it's happening as should

'hatever we really need, we ought get, don't blame yourself—a photograph on reverse

ne rare tomb smile where trees grow crooked energy above grass—

et died early-old teeth gone, tequila bottle in hand, an infantile paralysis limp, lacklove, the worst—

dreamed such vision of her secret in my frisco bed, heart can live the rest by my, or her, best desire—love

ill King black haired sorry drunken wop lawyer, woke up trembling in Connecticut DT's among cows

im there to recover I guess, but made his way back to New York shuddering to fuck stiff *Time* girls,

eath charm in person, sexual childlike radiant pain

ee his face in old photographs & bandaged naked wrist leaning melancholy contemplating the camera

wkward face now calm, kind to me in cafeteria one sober morn looking for jobs at breakfast,

ut mostly smiled at roof edge midnight, all 1920s elegance reincarnate in black vomit bestriven suit

screechy records *Mahagonny* airplane crash, lushed young man of 1940s hated his fairy woe, came on Lizzie's belly or Ansen's sock in desperate orgies of music canopener

od but I loved his murdered face when he talked with a mouthful of rain in 14th St subway—

here he fell skull broken underground last, head crushed by the radiant wheel on iron track at Astor Place

arewell dear Bill that's done, you're gone, we all go into the ancient void drunkard mouth

ou made it too soon, here was more to say, & more to drink, but now too late to sit and talk

Il night toward the eternity you sought so well so fearlessly in so much alcoholic pain with so much fire behind eyes with such

weet manner in your heart that never won a happy fate thru what bleak years you saw your red skull burning deathshead in the U.S. sun

lix living dead, Neal Cassady, old hero of travel love alyosha idiot seek-train poems, what crown you wear at last

hat fameless reward for patience & pain, what golden whore come secret from the clouds, what has god bidden for your coffin and heart someday,

hat will give back your famous arm, your happy catholic boy eye, orphan torso shining in poolhall & library, intimate spermworks with old girls downtown rockabelly energy,

hat Paradise built high enough to hold your desire, deep enough to encompass your cock kindnesses, soft for your children to pray, 10 foot iron wheels you fell under?

hat American heaven receive you? Christ allow sufferings then will he allow you His opening tinbarrel Iowa light as Jerusalem?

Neal that life end we together on knees know harvest of prayers together,

aradise autos ascend to the moon no illusion, short time earth life Bibles bear our eyes, make it dear baby

tay with me Angel now in Shroud of railroad lost bet racetrack broke leg oblivion

ll I get the shining Word or you the cockless cock to lay in my ass hope mental radiance—

's all lost we fall without glory to empty tomb comedown to nothing but evil thinkless worm, but we know better

ierely by old heart hope, or merely Desire, or merely the love whisper breathed in your ear on lawns of long gone by Denver,

nerely by the night you leaned on my body & held me for All & called me to Adore what I wondered at as child age ten I

randered by hopeless green hedges, when you sat under alley balcony garbagestair, ache in our breasts Futurity

leeting Love for Love, so wept as child now man I weep for true end,

ave from the grave! O Neal I love you I bring this Lamb into the middle of the world happily—O tenderness—to see you again—O tenderness—to recognize you in the middle of Time.

Paris, Spring 1958

# At Apollinaire's Grave

"... voici le temps Où l'on connaîtra l'avenir Sans mourir de connaissance"

I

visited Père Lachaise to look for the remains of Apollinaire ne day the U.S. President appeared in France for the grand conference of heads of state

) let it be the airport at blue Orly a springtime clarity in the air over Paris

isenhower winging in from his American graveyard

nd over the froggy graves at Père Lachaise an illusory mist as thick as marijuana smoke

eter Orlovsky and I walked softly thru Père Lachaise we both knew we would die

nd so held temporary hands tenderly in a citylike miniature eternity pads and streetsigns rocks and hills and names on everybody's house poking for the lost address of a notable Frenchman of the Void pay our tender crime of homage to his helpless menhir

nd lay my temporary American Howl on top of his silent Calligramme

or him to read between the lines with Xray eyes of Poet

3 he by miracle had read his own death lyric in the Seine

hope some wild kidmonk lays his pamphlet on my grave for God to read me on cold winter nights in heaven

lready our hands have vanished from that place my hand writes now in a room in Paris Git-le-Coeur

h William what grit in the brain you had what's death walked all over the cemetery and still couldn't find your grave hat did you mean by that fantastic cranial bandage in your poems solemn stinking deathshead what've you got to say nothing and that's barely an answer

ou can't drive autos into a sixfoot grave tho the universe is mausoleum big enough for anything

ne universe is a graveyard and I walk around alone in here nowing that Apollinaire was on the same street 50 years ago is madness is only around the corner and Genet is with us stealing books

ne West is at war again and whose lucid suicide will set it all right uillaume Guillaume how I envy your fame your accomplishment for American letters

our Zone with its long crazy line of bullshit about death ome out of the grave and talk thru the door of my mind

sue new series of images oceanic haikus blue taxicabs in Moscow negro statues of Buddha

ray for me on the phonograph record of your former existence

rith a long sad voice and strophes of deep sweet music sad and scratchy as World War I

ve eaten the blue carrots you sent out of the grave and Van Gogh's ear and maniac peyote of Artaud

nd will walk down the streets of New York in the black cloak of French poetry

nprovising our conversation in Paris at Père Lachaise

nd the future poem that takes its inspiration from the light bleeding into your grave

ere in Paris I am your guest O friendly shade

ne absent hand of Max Jacob

icasso in youth bearing me a tube of Mediterranean

yself attending Rousseau's old red banquet I ate his violin

reat party at the Bateau Lavoir not mentioned in the textbooks of Algeria

zara in the Bois de Boulogne explaining the alchemy of the machineguns of the cuckoos

e weeps translating me into Swedish

'ell dressed in a violet tie and black pants

sweet purple beard which emerged from his face like the moss hanging from the walls of Anarchism

e spoke endlessly of his quarrels with André Breton

hom he had helped one day trim his golden mustache

ld Blaise Cendrars received me into his study and spoke wearily of the enormous length of Siberia

acques Vaché invited me to inspect his terrible collection of pistols

oor Cocteau saddened by the once marvelous Radiguet at his last thought I fainted

igaut with a letter of introduction to Death

nd Gide praised the telephone and other remarkable inventions

'e agreed in principle though he gossiped of lavender underwear

ut for all that he drank deeply of the grass of Whitman and was intrigued by all lovers named Colorado

rinces of America arriving with their armfuls of shrapnel and baseball h Guillaume the world so easy to fight seemed so easy

id you know the great political classicists would invade Montparnasse

ith not one sprig of prophetic laurel to green their foreheads

ot one pulse of green in their pillows no leaf left from their wars— Maya-kovsky arrived and revolted

#### III

ame back sat on a tomb and stared at your rough menhir piece of thin granite like an unfinished phallus

cross fading into the rock 2 poems on the stone one Coeur Renversée

ther Habituez-vous comme moi A ces prodiges que j'annonce Guillaume Apollinaire de Kostrowitsky

omeone placed a jam bottle filled with daisies and a 5&10¢ surrealist typist ceramic rose

appy little tomb with flowers and overturned heart

nder a fine mossy tree beneath which I sat snaky trunk

immer boughs and leaves umbrella over the menhir and nobody there

t quelle voix sinistre ulule Guillaume qu'es-tu devenu

is nextdoor neighbor is a tree

nere underneath the crossed bones heaped and yellow cranium perhaps

nd the printed poems Alcools in my pocket his voice in the museum ow middleage footsteps walk the gravel

man stares at the name and moves toward the crematory building ame sky rolls over thru clouds as Mediterranean days on the Riviera during war

rinking Apollo in love eating occasional opium he'd taken the light ne must have felt the shock in St. Germain when he went out Jacob & Picasso coughing in the dark

bandage unrolled and the skull left still on a bed outstretched pudgy fingers the mystery and ego gone bell tolls in the steeple down the street birds warble in the chestnut trees

amille Bremont sleeps nearby Christ hangs big chested and sexy in their tomb

ly cigarette smokes in my lap and fills the page with smoke and flames

n ant runs over my corduroy sleeve the tree I lean on grows slowly ushes and branches upstarting through the tombs one silky spiderweb gleaming on granite

am buried here and sit by my grave beneath a tree

Paris, Winter-Spring 1958

## **Message**

Since we had changed rogered spun worked wept and pissed together I wake up in the morning with a dream in my eyes but you are gone in NY remembering me Good I love you I love you & your brothers are crazy I accept their drunk cases

It's too long that I have been alone it's too long that I've sat up in bed without anyone to touch on the knee, man or woman I don't care what anymore, I want love I was born for I want you with me now Ocean liners boiling over the Atlantic Delicate steelwork of unfinished skyscrapers Back end of the dirigible roaring over Lakehurst Six women dancing together on a red stage naked The leaves are green on all the trees in Paris now I will be home in two months and look you in the eyes

Paris, May 1958

# **To Lindsay**

Vachel, the stars are out dusk has fallen on the Colorado road a car crawls slowly across the plain in the dim light the radio blares its jazz the heartbroken salesman lights another cigarette In another city 27 years ago I see your shadow on the wall you're sitting in your suspenders on the bed the shadow hand lifts up a Lysol bottle to your head your shade falls over on the floor

Paris, May 1958

#### **To Aunt Rose**

Aunt Rose—now—might I see you with your thin face and buck tooth smile and pain of rheumatism—and a long black heavy shoe for your bony left leg limping down the long hall in Newark on the running carpet past the black grand piano in the day room where the parties were and I sang Spanish loyalist songs in a high squeaky voice (hysterical) the committee listening while you limped around the room collected the money— Aunt Honey, Uncle Sam, a stranger with a cloth arm in his pocket and huge young bald head of Abraham Lincoln Brigade

—your long sad face
your tears of sexual frustration
(what smothered sobs and bony hips
under the pillows of Osborne Terrace)
—the time I stood on the toilet seat naked
and you powdered my thighs with calamine
against the poison ivy—my tender
and shamed first black curled hairs
what were you thinking in secret heart then
knowing me a man already—
and I an ignorant girl of family silence on the thin pedestal
of my legs in the bathroom—Museum of Newark.

Aunt Rose Hitler is dead, Hitler is in Eternity; Hitler is with Tamburlane and Emily Brontë

Though I see you walking still, a ghost on Osborne Terrace down the long dark hall to the front door limping a little with a pinched smile in what must have been a silken flower dress

welcoming my father, the Poet, on his visit to Newark
—see you arriving in the living room
dancing on your crippled leg
and clapping hands his book
had been accepted by Liveright

Hitler is dead and Liveright's gone out of business

The Attic of the Past and Everlasting Minute are out of print

Uncle Harry sold his last silk stocking

Claire quit interpretive dancing school

Buba sits a wrinkled monument in Old

Ladies Home blinking at new babies

last time I saw you was the hospital pale skull protruding under ashen skin blue veined unconscious girl in an oxygen tent the war in Spain has ended long ago Aunt Rose

Paris, June 1958

## **American Change**

The first I looked on, after a long time far from home in mid Atlantic on a summer day

Dolphins breaking the glassy water under the blue sky,

a gleam of silver in my cabin, fished up out of my jangling new pocket of coins and green dollars

—held in my palm, the head of the feathered indian, old Buck-Rogers eagle eyed face, a gash of hunger in the cheek

gritted jaw of the vanished man begone like a Hebrew with hairlock combed down the side—O Rabbi Indian

what visionary gleam 100 years ago on Buffalo prairie under the molten cloud-shot sky, 'the same clear light 10000 miles in all directions

but now with all the violin music of Vienna, gone into the great slot machine of Kansas City, Reno—

The coin seemed so small after vast European coppers thick francs leaden pesetas, lire endless and heavy,

a miniature primeval memorialized in 5¢ nickel candy-store nostalgia of the redskin, dead on silver coin,

with shaggy buffalo on reverse, hump-backed little tail incurved, head butting against the rondure of Eternity,

cock forelock below, bearded shoulder muscle folded below muscle, head of prophet, bowed,

vanishing beast of Time, hoar body rubbed clean of wrinkles and shining like polished stone, bright metal in my forefinger, ridiculous buffalo —Go to New York.

Dime next I found, Minerva, sexless cold & chill, ascending goddess of money—and was it the wife of Wallace Stevens, truly?

and now from the locks flowing the miniature wings of speedy thought,

executive dyke, Minerva, goddess of Madison Avenue, forgotten useless dime that can't buy hot dog, dead dime—

Then we've George Washington, less primitive, the snub-nosed quarter, smug eyes and mouth, some idiot's design of the sexless Father,

naked down to his neck, a ribbon in his wig, high forehead, Roman line down the nose, fat cheeked, still showing his falsetooth ideas—O Eisenhower & Washington—O Fathers—No movie star dark beauty—O thou Bignoses—

Quarter, remembered quarter, 40¢ in all—What'll you buy me when I land—one icecream soda?—

poor pile of coins, original reminders of the sadness, forgotten money of America—

nostalgia of the first touch of those coins, American change,

the memory in my aging hand, the same old silver reflective there,

the thin dime hidden between my thumb and forefinger

All the struggles for those coins, the sadness of their reappearance my reappearance on those fabled shores

and the failure of that Dream, that Vision of Money reduced to this haunting recollection

of the gas lot in Paterson where I found half a dollar gleaming in the grass—

I have a \$5 bill in my pocket—it's Lincoln's sour black head moled wrinkled, forelocked too, big eared, flags of announcement flying over the bill, stamps in green and spiderweb black,

long numbers in racetrack green, immense promise, a girl, a hotel, a busride to Albany, a night of brilliant drunk in some faraway corner of Manhattan

a stick of several teas, or paper or cap of Heroin, or a \$5 strange present to the blind.

Money money, reminder, I might as well write poems to you—dear American money—O statue of Liberty I ride enfolded in money in my mind to you—and last

Ahhh! Washington again, on the Dollar, same poetic black print, dark words, The United States of America, innumerable numbers

R956422481 One Dollar This Certificate is Legal Tender (tender!) for all debts public and private

My God My God why have you forsaken me

Ivy Baker Priest Series 1953 F

and over, the Eagle, wild wings outspread, halo of the Stars encircled by puffs of smoke & flame—

a circle the Masonic Pyramid, the sacred Swedenborgian Dollar America, bricked up to the top, & floating surreal above

the triangle of holy outstaring Eye sectioned out of the aire, shining

light emitted from the eyebrowless triangle—and a desert of cactus, scattered all around, clouds afar,

this being the Great Seal of our Passion, Annuit Coeptis, Novus Ordo Seclorum,

the whole surrounded by green spiderwebs designed by T-Men to prevent foul counterfeit—

ONE

# 'Back on Times Square, Dreaming of Times Square'

Let some sad trumpeter stand
on the empty streets at dawn
and blow a silver chorus to the
buildings of Times Square,
memorial of ten years, at 5 A.M., with
the thin white moon just
visible
above the green & grooking McGraw
Hill offices
a cop walks by, but he's invisible
with his music

The Globe Hotel, Garver lay in gray beds there and hunched his back and cleaned his needles—where I lay many nights on the nod from his leftover bloody cottons and dreamed of Blake's voice talking—I was lonely,
Garver's dead in Mexico two years, hotel's vanished into a parking lot And I'm back here—sitting on the streets again—

The movies took our language, the great red signs
A DOUBLE BILL OF GASSERS
Teen Age Nightmare
Hooligans of the Moon

But we were never nightmare hooligans but seekers of

the blond nose for Truth

Some old men are still alive, but the old Junkies are gone—

We are a legend, invisible but legendary, as prophesied

New York, July 1958

# **Laughing Gas**

To Gary Snyder

The red tin begging cup you gave me,

I lost it but its contents are undisturbed.

I High on Laughing Gas I've been here before the odd vibration of the same old universe

the nasal whine of the dentist's drill singing against the nostalgic piano Muzak in the wall insistent, familiar, penetrating the teeth, where've I heard that asshole jazz before?

The universe is a void in which there is a dreamhole The dream disappears the hole closes

It's the instant of going into or coming out of existence that is important—to catch on to the secret of the magic box

Stepping outside the universe by means of Nitrous Oxide anesthetizing mind-consciousness

the chiliasm was an impersonal dream—one of many, being mere dreams.

the sadness of birth
and death, the sadness of
changing from dream to dream,
the constant farewell
of forms ...
saying ungoodbye to what
didn't exist

The many worlds that don't exist all which seem real all joke all lost cartoon

At that moment the whole goofy-spooky of the Universe WHAT?! Joke Being slips into Nothing like the tail of a lizard disappearing into a crack in the Wall with the final receding eyehole ending Loony Tunes accompanied by Woody Woodpecker's hindoo maniac laughter in the skull. Nobody gets hurt. They all disappear. They were never there. Beginningless perfection.

That's why Satori's accompanied by laughter and the Zenmaster rips up the Sutras in fury.

And the pain of this contrariety The cycles of scream and laughter faces and asses Christs and Buddhas
each with his own universe dragged
over the snowy mental poles
like a sack mad Santa Clauses
Worst pain in the dentist's chair comes true
novocaine also arrives in the cycle
every hap will have its chance
even God will come Once or Twice
Satan will be my personal enemy

Relax and die—
The process will repeat itself
Be Born! Be Born!
Back to the same old smiling
dentist—

The Bloomfield police car
with its idiot red light
revolving on its head
balefully at Eternity
gone in an instant
—simultaneous
appearance of Bankrobbers
at the Twentieth Century Bank
The fire engines screaming
toward an old lady's
burned-in-her-bedroom
today apocalypse
tomorrow
Mickey Mouse cartoons—

I'm disgusted! it's Unbelievable! What a funny horrible dirty joke! The whole universe a shaggy dog story!

with a weird ending that begins again till you get the point

'It was a dark and gloomy night...'

'in every direction in and out'

'You take the high road and I'll take the low'

—everybody lost in Scotlands of mind-consciousness—

Adonoi Echad!
It is not One, but Two,
not two but Infinite—
the universe be born and die
in endless series in the mind!

Gary Snyder, Jack, Zen thinkers,
split open existence
and laugh & Cry—
what's shock? what's measure?
when the Mind's an irrational
traffic light in
Gobi—
follow the blinking lights of contrariety!

What's the use avoiding rats and horror, hiding from Cops and dentists' drills?
Somebody will invent a Buchenwald next door—an ant's dream's funnier than ours

—he has more of them faster and seems to give less of a shit—

O waves of probable and improbable Universes— Everybody's right

I'll finish this poem in my next life.

Π

.....with eye opening slowly to perceive that I be coming out of a trance—one look at the lipstick it's a nurse in a dentist's office

that first frog thought leaping out of the void

... a glimpse out of which the whole process unfolds this universe & logically and symmetrically next unbuilds it in exact reverse till you arrive back at the Nothing in which one chance note was originally struck...

, the Czardas
of Creation, the first banal chord
establishing Music forever in
its mechanical jukebox
... and the whole
structure unfolds
itself inevitably and
folds back into
Nothing again ...

—the same man crossing the street looking both ways watch out for the cars—

and each time, returning with a jerk of the face (p'raps a dental touch) dictated by the sinking sensation, Oof! I've been hoodwinked—

again like someone in the Circus defying death, got thrown into the orchestra— Note the music blaring with an indifferent flourish of Triumph a nightmare Razz —as the acrobat leaps out into the void—

Me! I made that Last Chance jump off the wire way high up in the Big Top long ago ... it's happening again!

I wake up dazed ...

it being the dream
of someone in a dentist's
chair in a Universe he
imagines—coming out
of gas—
it's only happening
in the closed universe of
illusion

III

A nice day in the Universe on Broad Street—sun shines today as it never shone before and never will again—stillness in the blue sky—the church's gold dome across the park sending and receiving flashes of light—I feel heartsick to destroy this all—

What hope have the children in their prams passing the white silent doors of the houses—only the Public Library knows.

Premonition in the dentist's chair—mechanical voices over the radio singing Destination Moon—mysterious sorrow for the moon of

this forgotten universe—humans, singing, singing—of the moon—for money?—except it's the imbecilic canned voice of eternity rocking & rolling in Space making invisible announcements—

The Doc's agreed to the experiment—novocaine, my mouth's begun to disappear first—like the Cheshire Cat.

BACK: Endless cycles of conflict happening in nothingness make it impossible to grasp for the perfection which does not exist but is not necessary so everything is final and occurs over & over again till we will finally blank out as expected.

The First Note of Creation: the only one there could be if there weren't nothing but an idea that there might not be nothing—

Sherman Adams will resign
I'm holding my breath
the shiver run thru my belly
the nurse will be singing I love you
between breaths the Buddhists are right
a tear
siffle in the cheek
the possibility escape
the eye glare thru glasses
Nothing grasped at & ungrasped as its trance thought passes

I take my pen in hand The same old way sings Sinatra I'm writing to You give me understanding I pray sings Sinatra
Can I never glimpse the round we have made?
Write me as soon as able sings Sinatra
O Lord burn me out of existence.

You've got a long body sings Sinatra
I refuse to breathe and return to form
I've seen every moment in advance before
I've turned my neck a million times
& written this note
& been greeted with fire and cheers
I refuse to stop
—thinking—
What Perfection has escaped me?

An endless cycle of possibilities clashing in Nothing with each mistake in the writing inevitable from the beginning of time
The doctor's phone number is Pilgrim 1–0000
Are you calling me, Nothing?

The universe be smashed to smithereens by the oncoming atomic explosions with Eisenhower as once President of a place called U.S. Gregory wrote the Bomb! Russians dream of Mars & when the cosmos goes and all consciousness after the final explosion of imagination in the void it won't have made any difference that it all both did and did not

happen, whatever it was once thought to be so real it will be—gone. O that I might die on the spot I'll have to go back any prophecy might have been right it's all a great Exception

My bus will arrive as foretold it's the end of another September war is on the radio ahead we are all going to the inevitable beauty of doom a firebox stands sentient before the library it's hot sun now I'm crazy scribbling—It began abstract and mindless nowhere planets of thought have passed it'll end where it began

I want to return to normal
—but there is no changelessness
but in Nirvana
Or is there
Ever Rest, Lord?—and what sages
know and sit.
I'm a spy
in Bloomfield on a park bench
—frightened by buses—

That's that bee doing hanging round my shoe? my borrowed and inevitable shoe?

vast red truck moving with boxes of dead television sets in the back

merican flag waving over the library

n the bus I sit by a negress

his is an explosion

IV

Back in the same old black hole where Possibility closes the last door and the Great Void remains ... a glass in the dust reflecting the sun, fragment of a bottle that never knew it existed

... under a tree
that sleeps all winter
till it grows its eyes
in May heat
and flowers upward with a thousand
green sensations
dies, and forgets itself in Snow

#### ... Phantom in Phantom

If we didn't exist, God
would have to create this
to leave no room for complaint
by any of the birds & bees
who might have missed their
chance (to be)

Fate tells big lies.

... And the big kind Dreamer is on the nod again
God sleeps!
He's in for a big surprise
one of his dreams is going to come true
He'll get the answer too
He'll get the answer too

Just a flash in the cosmic pan
—just an instant when there
might have been a light
had there been any pan
to reflect it—

—we can lie on the bed and imagine ourselves away—

I'm afraid to stop breathing—
first the pain in the
body
suffocation, then
the Death.

V

The pain of gas flowing into the eye
the crooked tooth-drills hanging like gallows
on a miniature Jupiter
Thru the open window, spring frozen
in the young tree
the repeated bong of the doorbell

opening elsewhere
I've come back to the same medicine
cabinet in the universe—Bong,
I know I'm more real than the dentist!
a serious embarrassment, having grasped to one Self
though admittedly I'd seen it disappear
over and over

#### TRACKLESS TRANSIT CORPORATION

runs a bus thru Bloomfield
... blossoming
in the bottom of an unborn daisy
it will vanish into the Whist-not

History will keep repeating itself forever like the woman in the image on the Dutch Cleanser box

A way out of the mirror
was found by the image
that realized its existence
was only ...
a stranger completely like myself

A way out for ever! has not been found to enter the ground whence the images rise, and repeat themselves

The sadness is, that every leaf has fallen before—

At my feet an ant crawling
in the broken asphalt—
and this exact white lollipop stick
& twig of branch
lain next to that soggy match
near those few grassblades ...
and I've sat here and took this note
before and tried to remember—
and now I do—remember what
I'm writing as I write it down
I know when I'm going to stop
I know when I'm forgetting and
know when I

take a jump and change—
Impossible
to do anything but right now in all
the universe at once—
which Art does, and
the Insight of Laughing Gas?

Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha and the monk laughs at the moon— and everybody 10 miles round in all directions wonders why—he's just reminding them—of what—of the moon, the old dumb moon of a million lives.

New York, Fall 1958

# **Funny Death**

```
FFFFF U U NN N
F U U N N N
FFFFF U U N N N
F U U N N NN NY DEATH
F U U N NN
F UU N N
```

Tho the music's beautiful Bong Bong Bon——gnob

gnob gno—

Bong Bong Bong
o n
n o
g b
b g
o n
n o
odg n
odg n
odg n
odg n

THE circle of forms Shrinks and disappears back into the piano.

New York, September 25, 1958

## My Sad Self

To Frank O'Hara

Sometimes when my eyes are red I go up on top of the RCA Building and gaze at my world, Manhattan my buildings, streets I've done feats in, lofts, beds, coldwater flats —on Fifth Ave below which I also bear in mind, its ant cars, little yellow taxis, men walking the size of specks of wool— Panorama of the bridges, sunrise over Brooklyn machine, sun go down over New Jersey where I was born & Paterson where I played with ants my later loves on 15th Street, my greater loves of Lower East Side, my once fabulous amours in the Bronx faraway paths crossing in these hidden streets, my history summed up, my absences and ecstasies in Harlem— —sun shining down on all I own in one eyeblink to the horizon in my last eternity matter is water.

Sad,

I take the elevator and go
down, pondering,
and walk on the pavements staring into all man's
plateglass, faces,
questioning after who loves,
and stop, bemused

in front of an automobile shopwindow standing lost in calm thought, traffic moving up & down 5th Avenue blocks behind me waiting for a moment when ...

Time to go home & cook supper & listen to
the romantic war news on the radio
... all movement stops
& I walk in the timeless sadness of existence,
tenderness flowing thru the buildings,
my fingertips touching reality's face,
my own face streaked with tears in the mirror
of some window—at dusk—
where I have no desire—
for bonbons—or to own the dresses or Japanese
lampshades of intellection—

Confused by the spectacle around me,
Man struggling up the street
with packages, newspapers,
ties, beautiful suits
toward his desire
Man, woman, streaming over the pavements
red lights clocking hurried watches &
movements at the curb—

And all these streets leading
so crosswise, honking, lengthily,
by avenues
stalked by high buildings or crusted into slums
thru such halting traffic
screaming cars and engines
so painfully to this
countryside, this graveyard

this stillness
on deathbed or mountain
once seen
never regained or desired
in the mind to come
where all Manhattan that I've seen must disappear.

New York, October 1958

#### Ignu

n top of that if you know me I pronounce you an ignu gnu knows nothing of the world

great ignoramus in factories though he may own or inspire them or even be production manager

nu has knowledge of the angel indeed ignu is angel in comical form

I. C. Fields Harpo Marx ignus Whitman an ignu

imbaud a natural ignu in his boy pants

he ignu may be queer though like not kind ignu blows archangels for the strange thrill

gnostic women love him Christ overflowed with trembling semen for many a dead aunt

e's a great cocksman most beautiful girls are worshipped by ignu ollywood dolls or lone Marys of Idaho long-legged publicity women and secret housewives

ave known ignu in another lifetime and remember their lover usbands also are secretly tender to ignu their buddy

ldtime friendship can do anything cuckold bugger drunk trembling and happy

;nu lives only once and eternally and knows it

e sleeps in everybody's bed everyone's lonesome for ignu ignu knew solitude early

o ignu's a primitive of cock and mind

qually the ignu has written liverish tomes personal metaphysics abstract

nages that scratch the moon 'lightningflash-flintspark' naked lunch fried shoes adios king

he shadow of the angel is waving in the opposite direction awn of intelligence turns the telephones into strange animals e attacks the rose garden with his mystical shears snip snip snip snu has painted Park Avenue with his own long melancholy nd ignu giggles in a hard chair over tea in Paris bald in his decaying room a black hotel

;nu with his wild mop walks by Colosseum weeping

e plucks a clover from Keats' grave & Shelley's a blade of grass

new Coleridge they had slow hung-up talks at midnight over mahogany tables in London

destreet rooms in wintertime rain outside fog the cabman blows his hand

harles Dickens is born ignu hears the wail of the babe ;nu goofs nights under bridges and laughs at battleships

nu is a battleship without guns in the North Sea lost O the flowerness of the moment

e knows geography he was there before he'll get out and die already born a bearded humming Jew of Arabian mournful jokes

an with a star on his forehead and halo over his cranium

stening to music musing happy at the fall of a leaf the moonlight of immortality in his hair

ible-hopping most elegant comrade of all most delicate mannered in the Sufi court

e wasn't even there at all

rearing zodiacal blue sleeves and the long peaked conehat of a magician

arkening to the silence of a well at midnight under a red star

- the lobby of Rockefeller Center attentive courteous bare-eyed enthusiastic with or without pants
- e listens to jazz as if he were a negro afflicted with jewish melancholy and white divinity

gnu's a natural you can see it when he pays the cabfare abstracted

ulling off the money from an impossible saintly roll

r counting his disappearing pennies to give to the strange busdriver whom he admires

mu has sought you out he's the seeker of God

nd God breaks down the world for him every ten years

e sees lightning flash in empty daylight when the sky is blue

e hears Blake's disembodied Voice recite the Sunflower in a room in Harlem

o woe on him surrounded by 700 thousand mad scholars moths fly out of his sleeve

e wants to die give up go mad break through into Eternity ve on and teach an aged saint or break down to an eyebrow clown

ll ignus know each other in a moment's talk and measure each other up at once

s lifetime friends romantic winks and giggles across continents ad moment paying the cab goodbye and speeding away uptown ne or two grim ignus in the pack

ne laughing monk in dungarees

ne delighted by cracking his eggs in an egg cup

ne chews gum to music all night long rock and roll

ne anthropologist cuckoo in the Petén rainforest

ne sits in jail all year and bets karmaic racetrack

ne chases girls down East Broadway into the horror movie

ne pulls out withered grapes and rotten onions from his pants

ne has a nannygoat under his bed to amuse visitors plasters the wall with his crap

ollects scorpions whiskies skies etc. would steal the moon if he could find it

hat would set fire to America but none of these make ignu 's the soul that makes the style the tender firecracker of his thought

ne amity of letters from strange cities to old friends

nd the new radiance of morning on a foreign bed

comedy of personal being his grubby divinity

liot probably an ignu one of the few who's funny when he eats

/illiams of Paterson a dying American ignu

urroughs a purest ignu his haircut is a cream his left finger

inkie chopped off for early ignu reasons metaphysical spells love spells with psychoanalysts

is very junkhood an accomplishment beyond a million dollars

éline himself an old ignu over prose

saw him in Paris dirty old gentleman of ratty talk

ith longhaired cough three wormy sweaters round his neck

rown mould under historic fingernails

ure genius his giving morphine all night to 1400 passengers on a sinking ship

ecause they were all getting emotional'

Tho's amazing you is ignu communicate with me

y mail post telegraph phone street accusation or scratching at my window

nd send me a true sign I'll reply special delivery

EATH IS A LETTER THAT WAS NEVER SENT

nowledge born of stamps words coins pricks jails seasons sweet ambition laughing gas

istory with a gold halo photographs of the sea painting a celestial din in the bright window

ne eye in a black cloud

nd the lone vulture on a sand plain seen from the window of a

must be a trick. Two diamonds in the hand one Poetry one Charity roves we have dreamed and the long sword of intelligence ver which I constantly stumble like my pants at the age six—embarrassed.

New York, November 1958

# **Battleship Newsreel**

- I was high on tea in my fo'c'sle near the forepeak hatch listening to the stars
- envisioning the kamikazes flapping and turning in the soiled clouds
- ackack burst into fire a vast hole ripped out of the bow like a burning lily
- we dumped our oilcans of nitroglycerine among the waving octopi
- dull thud and boom of thunder undersea the cough of the tubercular machinegumer
- flames in the hold among the cans of ether the roar of battleships far away
- rolling in the sea like whales surrounded by dying ants the screams the captain mad
- Suddenly a golden light came over the ocean and grew large the radiance entered the sky
- a deathly chill and heaviness entered my body I could scarce lift my eye
- and the ship grew sheathed in light like an overexposed photograph fading in the brain.

New York, 1959

### **KADDISH AND**

### **RELATED POEMS**

(1959-1960)

#### Kaddish

For Naomi Ginsberg, 1894–1956

Ι

trange now to think of you, gone without corsets & eyes, while I walk on the sunny pavement of Greenwich Village.

owntown Manhattan, clear winter noon, and I've been up all night, talking, talking, reading the Kaddish aloud, listening to Ray Charles blues shout blind on the phonograph

ne rhythm the rhythm—and your memory in my head three years after—And read Adonais' last triumphant stanzas aloud—wept, realizing how we suffer—

nd how Death is that remedy all singers dream of, sing, remember, prophesy as in the Hebrew Anthem, or the Buddhist Book of Answers—and my own imagination of a withered leaf—at dawn—

reaming back thru life, Your time—and mine accelerating toward Apocalypse,

ne final moment—the flower burning in the Day—and what comes after,

ooking back on the mind itself that saw an American city

flash away, and the great dream of Me or China, or you and a phantom Russia, or a crumpled bed that never existed—

ke a poem in the dark—escaped back to Oblivion—

o more to say, and nothing to weep for but the Beings in the Dream, trapped in its disappearance,

ghing, screaming with it, buying and selling pieces of phantom, worshipping each other,

orshipping the God included in it all—longing or inevitability?— while it lasts, a Vision—anything more?

leaps about me, as I go out and walk the street, look back over my shoulder, Seventh Avenue, the battlements of window office buildings shouldering each other high, under a cloud, tall as the sky an instant—and the sky above—an old blue place.

r down the Avenue to the south, to—as I walk toward the Lower East Side —where you walked 50 years ago, little girl—from Russia, eating the first poisonous tomatoes of America—frightened on the dock—

nen struggling in the crowds of Orchard Street toward what?—toward Newark—

ward candy store, first home-made sodas of the century, hand-churned ice cream in backroom on musty brownfloor boards—

oward education marriage nervous breakdown, operation, teaching school, and learning to be mad, in a dream—what is this life?

oward the Key in the window—and the great Key lays its head of light on top of Manhattan, and over the floor, and lays down on the sidewalk—in a single vast beam, moving, as I walk down First toward the Yiddish Theater—and the place of poverty

ou knew, and I know, but without caring now—Strange to have moved thru Paterson, and the West, and Europe and here again,

ith the cries of Spaniards now in the doorstoops doors and dark boys on the street, fire escapes old as you

- -Tho you're not old now, that's left here with me—
- lyself, anyhow, maybe as old as the universe—and I guess that dies with us—enough to cancel all that comes—What came is gone forever every time—
- hat's good! That leaves it open for no regret—no fear radiators, lacklove, torture even toothache in the end—
- hough while it comes it is a lion that eats the soul—and the lamb, the soul, in us, alas, offering itself in sacrifice to change's fierce hunger—hair and teeth—and the roar of bonepain, skull bare, break rib, rot-skin, braintricked Implacability.
- i! ai! we do worse! We are in a fix! And you're out, Death let you out, Death had the Mercy, you're done with your century, done with God, done with the path thru it—Done with yourself at last—Pure —Back to the Babe dark before your Father, before us all—before the world—
- here, rest. No more suffering for you. I know where you've gone, it's good.
- o more flowers in the summer fields of New York, no joy now, no more fear of Louis,
- nd no more of his sweetness and glasses, his high school decades, debts, loves, frightened telephone calls, conception beds, relatives, hands—
- o more of sister Elanor,—she gone before you—we kept it secret—you killed her—or she killed herself to bear with you—an arthritic heart—But Death's killed you both—No matter—
- or your memory of your mother, 1915 tears in silent movies weeks and weeks—forgetting, agrieve watching Marie Dressler address humanity, Chaplin dance in youth,
- r Boris Godunov, Chaliapin's at the Met, halling his voice of a weeping Czar —by standing room with Elanor & Max—watching also the Capitalists take seats in Orchestra, white furs, diamonds,
- ith the YPSL's hitch-hiking thru Pennsylvania, in black baggy gym skirts pants, photograph of 4 girls holding each other round the

- waste, and laughing eye, too coy, virginal solitude of 1920
- ll girls grown old, or dead, now, and that long hair in the grave—lucky to have husbands later—
- ou made it—I came too—Eugene my brother before (still grieving now and will gream on to his last stiff hand, as he goes thru his cancer—or kill —later perhaps—soon he will think—)
- nd it's the last moment I remember, which I see them all, thru myself, now —tho not you
- didn't foresee what you felt—what more hideous gape of bad mouth came first—to you—and were you prepared?
- o go where? In that Dark—that—in that God? a radiance? A Lord in the Void? Like an eye in the black cloud in a dream? Adonoi at last, with you?
- eyond my remembrance! Incapable to guess! Not merely the yellow skull in the grave, or a box of worm dust, and a stained ribbon—Deaths-head with Halo? can you believe it?
- it only the sun that shines once for the mind, only the flash of existence, than none ever was?
- othing beyond what we have—what you had—that so pitiful—yet Triumph,
- have been here, and changed, like a tree, broken, or flower—fed to the ground—but mad, with its petals, colored, thinking Great Universe, shaken, cut in the head, leaf stript, hid in an egg crate hospital, cloth wrapped, sore—freaked in the moon brain, Naughtless.
- o flower like that flower, which knew itself in the garden, and fought the knife—lost
- ut down by an idiot Snowman's icy—even in the Spring—strange ghost thought—some Death—Sharp icicle in his hand—crowned with old roses—a dog for his eyes—cock of a sweatshop—heart of electric irons.
- ll the accumulations of life, that wear us out—clocks, bodies, consciousness, shoes, breasts—begotten sons—your Communism

—'Paranoia' into hospitals.

ou once kicked Elanor in the leg, she died of heart failure later. You of stroke. Asleep? within a year, the two of you, sisters in death. Is Elanor happy?

lax grieves alive in an office on Lower Broadway, lone large mustache over midnight Accountings, not sure. His life passes—as he sees—and what does he doubt now? Still dream of making money, or that might have made money, hired nurse, had children, found even your Immortality, Naomi?

ll see him soon. Now I've got to cut through—to talk to you—as I didn't when you had a mouth.

orever. And we're bound for that, Forever—like Emily Dickinson's horses—headed to the End.

hey know the way—These Steeds—run faster than we think—it's our own life they cross—and take with them.

Magnificent, mourned no more, marred of heart, mind behind, married dreamed, mortal changed—Ass and face done with murder.

In the world, given, flower maddened, made no Utopia, shut under pine, almed in Earth, balmed in Lone, Jehovah, accept.

Nameless, One Faced, Forever beyond me, beginningless, endless, Father in death. Tho I am not there for this Prophecy, I am unmarried, I'm hymnless, I'm Heavenless, headless in blisshood I would still adore

Thee, Heaven, after Death, only One blessed in Nothingness, not light or darkness, Dayless Eternity—

Take this, this Psalm, from me, burst from my hand in a day, some of my Time, now given to Nothing—to praise Thee—But Death

This is the end, the redemption from Wilderness, way for the Wonderer, House sought for All, black handkerchief washed clean

by weeping —page beyond Psalm—Last change of mine and Naomi —to God's perfect Darkness—Death, stay thy phantoms!

II

Over and over—refrain—of the Hospitals—still haven't written your history—leave it abstract—a few images

run thru the mind—like the saxophone chorus of houses and years—remembrance of electrical shocks.

By long nites as a child in Paterson apartment, watching over your nervousness—you were fat—your next move—

By that afternoon I stayed home from school to take care of you—once and for all—when I vowed forever that once man disagreed with my opinion of the cosmos, I was lost—

By my later burden—vow to illuminate mankind—this is release of particulars—(mad as you)—(sanity a trick of agreement)—

But you stared out the window on the Broadway Church corner, and spied a mystical assassin from Newark,

So phoned the Doctor—'OK go way for a rest'—so I put on my coat and walked you downstreet—On the way a grammarschool boy screamed, unaccountably—'Where you goin Lady to Death'? I shuddered—

and you covered your nose with motheaten fur collar, gas mask against poison sneaked into downtown atmosphere, sprayed by Grandma—

And was the driver of the cheesebox Public Service bus a member of the gang? You shuddered at his face, I could hardly get you on—to New York, very Times Square, to grab another Greyhound—

where we hung around 2 hours fighting invisible bugs and jewish sickness—breeze poisoned by Roosevelt—

out to get you—and me tagging along, hoping it would end in a quiet room in a Victorian house by a lake.

Ride 3 hours thru tunnels past all American industry, Bayonne preparing for World War II, tanks, gas fields, soda factories, diners,

locomotive roundhouse fortress—into piney woods New Jersey Indians—calm towns—long roads thru sandy tree fields—

Bridges by deerless creeks, old wampum loading the streambed—down there a tomahawk or Pocahontas bone—and a million old ladies voting for Roosevelt in brown small houses, roads off the Madness highway—

perhaps a hawk in a tree, or a hermit looking for an owl-filled branch—

All the time arguing—afraid of strangers in the forward double seat, snoring regardless—what busride they snore on now?

'Allen, you don't understand—it's—ever since those 3 big sticks up

my back—they did something to me in Hospital, they poisoned me, they

want to see me dead—3 big sticks, 3 big sticks—

'The Bitch! Old Grandma! Last week I saw her, dressed in pants like an old man, with a sack on her back, climbing up the brick side of the apartment

'On the fire escape, with poison germs, to throw on me—at night—maybe Louis is helping her—he's under her power—

'I'm your mother, take me to Lakewood' (near where Graf Zeppelin had crashed before, all Hitler in Explosion) 'where I can hide.

We got there—Dr. Whatzis rest home—she hid behind a closet—demanded a blood transfusion.

We were kicked out—tramping with Valise to unknown shady lawn houses—dusk, pine trees after dark—long dead street filled with crickets and poison ivy—

I shut her up by now—big house REST HOME ROOMS—gave the landlady her money for the week—carried up the iron valise—sat on bed waiting to escape—

Neat room in attic with friendly bedcover—lace curtains—spinning wheel rug—Stained wallpaper old as Naomi. We were home.

I left on the next bus to New York—laid my head back in the last seat, depressed—the worst yet to come?—abandoning her, rode in torpor—I was only 12.

Would she hide in her room and come out cheerful for breakfast? Or lock her door and stare thru the window for sidestreet spies? Listen at keyholes for Hitlerian invisible gas? Dream in a chair—or mock me, by—in front of a mirror, alone?

12 riding the bus at nite thru New Jersey, have left Naomi to Parcae in Lakewood's haunted house—left to my own fate bus—sunk in a seat—all violins broken—my heart sore in my ribs—mind was empty—Would she were safe in her coffin—

Or back at Normal School in Newark, studying up on America in a black skirt—winter on the street without lunch—a penny a pickle—home at night to take care of Elanor in the bedroom—

First nervous breakdown was 1919—she stayed home from school and lay in a dark room for three weeks—something bad—never said what —every noise hurt—dreams of the creaks of Wall Street—

Before the gray Depression—went upstate New York—recovered —Lou took photo of her sitting crossleg on the grass—her long hair wound with flowers—smiling—playing lullabies on mandolin—poison ivy smoke in left-wing summer camps and me in infancy saw trees—

or back teaching school, laughing with idiots, the backward classes—her Russian specialty—morons with dreamy lips, great eyes, thin feet & sicky fingers, swaybacked, rachitic—

great heads pendulous over Alice in Wonderland, a blackboard full of C A T.

Naomi reading patiently, story out of a Communist fairy book— Tale of the Sudden Sweetness of the Dictator—Forgiveness of Warlocks—Armies KissingDeathsheads Around the Green Table—The King & the Workers—Paterson Press printed them up in the '30s till she went mad, or they folded, both.

O Paterson! I got home late that nite. Louis was worried. How could I be so—didn't I think? I shouldn't have left her. Mad in Lakewood. Call the Doctor. Phone the home in the pines. Too late.

Went to bed exhausted, wanting to leave the world (probably that year newly in love with R——my high school mind hero, jewish boy who came a doctor later—then silent neat kid—

I later laying down life for him, moved to Manhattan—followed him to college—Prayed on ferry to help mankind if admitted vowed, the day I journeyed to Entrance Exam—

by being honest revolutionary labor lawyer—would train for that —inspired by Sacco Vanzetti, Norman Thomas, Debs, Altgeld, Sandburg, Poe —Little Blue Books. I wanted to be President, or Senator.

ignorant woe—later dreams of kneeling by R's shocked knees declaring my love of 1941—What sweetness he'd have shown me, tho, that I'd wished him & despaired—first love—a crush—

Later a mortal avalanche, whole mountains of homosexuality, Matter-horns of cock, Grand Canyons of asshole—weight on my melancholy head—

meanwhile I walked on Broadway imagining Infinity like a rubber

ball without space beyond—what's outside?—coming home to Graham Avenue still melancholy passing the lone green hedges across the street, dreaming after the movies—)

The telephone rang at 2 A.M.—Emergency—she'd gone mad—Naomi hiding under the bed screaming bugs of Mussolini—Help! Louis! Buba! Fascists! Death!—the landlady frightened—old fag attendant screaming back at her—

Terror, that woke the neighbors—old ladies on the second floor recovering from menopause—all those rags between thighs, clean sheets, sorry over lost babies—husbands ashen—children sneering at Yale, or putting oil in hair at CCNY—or trembling in Montclair State Teachers College like Eugene—

Her big leg crouched to her breast, hand outstretched Keep Away, wool dress on her thighs, fur coat dragged under the bed—she barricaded herself under bedspring with suitcases.

Louis in pajamas listening to phone, frightened—do now?—Who could know?—my fault, delivering her to solitude?—sitting in the dark room on the sofa, trembling, to figure out—

He took the morning train to Lakewood, Naomi still under bed—thought he brought poison Cops—Naomi screaming—Louis what happened to your heart then? Have you been killed by Naomi's ecstasy?

Dragged her out, around the corner, a cab, forced her in with valise, but the driver left them off at drugstore. Bus stop, two hours' wait.

I lay in bed nervous in the 4-room apartment, the big bed in living room, next to Louis' desk—shaking—he came home that nite, late, told me what happened.

Naomi at the prescription counter defending herself from the enemy —racks of children's books, douche bags, aspirins, pots, blood—'Don't come near me—murderers! Keep away! Promise not to kill me!'

Louis in horror at the soda fountain—with Lakewood girlscouts—Coke addicts—nurses—busmen hung on schedule—Police from country precinct, dumbed—and a priest dreaming of pigs on an ancient cliff?

Smelling the air—Louis pointing to emptiness?—Customers vomiting their Cokes—or staring—Louis humiliated—Naomi triumphant—The Announcement of the Plot. Bus arrives, the drivers won't have them on trip to New York.

Phonecalls to Dr. Whatzis, 'She needs a rest,' The mental hospital —State Greystone Doctors—'Bring her here, Mr. Ginsberg.'

Naomi, Naomi—sweating, bulge-eyed, fat, the dress unbuttoned at one side—hair over brow, her stocking hanging evilly on her legs—screaming for a blood transfusion—one righteous hand upraised—a shoe in it—barefoot in the Pharmacy—

The enemies approach—what poisons? Tape recorders? FBI? Zhdanov hiding behind the counter? Trotsky mixing rat bacteria in the back of the store? Uncle Sam in Newark, plotting deathly perfumes in the Negro district? Uncle Ephraim, drunk with murder in the politician's bar, scheming of Hague? Aunt Rose passing water thru the needles of the Spanish Civil War?

till the hired \$35 ambulance came from Red Bank——Grabbed her arms—strapped her on the stretcher—moaning, poisoned by imaginaries, vomiting chemicals thru Jersey, begging mercy from Essex County to Morristown—

And back to Greystone where she lay three years—that was the last breakthrough, delivered her to Madhouse again—

On what wards—I walked there later, oft—old catatonic ladies, gray as cloud or ash or walls—sit crooning over floorspace—Chairs—and the wrinkled hags acreep, accusing—begging my 13-year-old mercy—

'Take me home'—I went alone sometimes looking for the lost Naomi, taking Shock—and I'd say, 'No, you're crazy Mama,—Trust the Drs.'—

And Eugene, my brother, her elder son, away studying Law in a furnished room in Newark—

came Paterson-ward next day—and he sat on the broken-down couch in the living room—'We had to send her back to Greystone'—

—his face perplexed, so young, then eyes with tears—then crept weeping all over his face—'What for?' wail vibrating in his cheekbones, eyes closed up, high voice—Eugene's face of pain.

Him faraway, escaped to an Elevator in the Newark Library, his bottle daily milk on windowsill of \$5 week furn room downtown at

### trolley tracks—

He worked 8 hrs. a day for \$20/wk—thru Law School years—stayed by himself innocent near negro whorehouses.

Unlaid, poor virgin—writing poems about Ideals and politics letters to the editor Pat Eve News—(we both wrote, denouncing Senator Borah and Isolationists—and felt mysterious toward Paterson City Hall—

I sneaked inside it once—local Moloch tower with phallus spire & cap o' ornament, strange gothic Poetry that stood on Market Street —replica Lyons' Hotel de Ville—

wings, balcony & scrollwork portals, gateway to the giant city clock, secret map room full of Hawthorne—dark Debs in the Board of Tax—Rembrandt smoking in the gloom—

Silent polished desks in the great committee room—Aldermen? Bd of Finance? Mosca the hairdresser aplot—Crapp the gangster issuing orders from the john—The madmen struggling over Zone, Fire, Cops & Backroom Metaphysics—we're all dead—outside by the bus stop Eugene stared thru childhood—

where the Evangelist preached madly for 3 decades, hard-haired, cracked & true to his mean Bible—chalked Prepare to Meet Thy God on civic pave—

or God is Love on the railroad overpass concrete—he raved like I would rave, the lone Evangelist—Death on City Hall—)

But Gene, young,—been Montclair Teachers College 4 years—taught half year & quit to go ahead in life—afraid of Discipline Problems—dark sex Italian students, raw girls getting laid, no English, sonnets disregarded—and he did not know much—just that he lost—

so broke his life in two and paid for Law—read huge blue books and rode the ancient elevator 13 miles away in Newark & studied up hard for the future

just found the Scream of Naomi on his failure doorstep, for the final time, Naomi gone, us lonely—home—him sitting there—

Then have some chicken soup, Eugene. The Man of Evangel wails in front of City Hall. And this year Lou has poetic loves of suburb middle age—in secret—music from his 1937 book—Sincere—he longs for beauty—

No love since Naomi screamed—since 1923?—now lost in Greystone ward—new shock for her—Electricity, following the 40 Insulin.

And Metrazol had made her fat.

So that a few years later she came home again—we'd much advanced and planned—I waited for that day—my Mother again to cook &—play the piano—sing at mandolin—Lung Stew, & Stenka Razin, & the communist line on the war with Finland—and Louis in debt—suspected to be poisoned money—mysterious capitalisms

—& walked down the long front hall & looked at the furniture. She never remembered it all. Some amnesia. Examined the doilies—and the dining room set was sold—

the Mahogany table—20 years love—gone to the junk man—we still had the piano—and the book of Poe—and the Mandolin, tho needed some string, dusty—

She went to the backroom to lie down in bed and ruminate, or nap, hide—I went in with her, not leave her by herself—lay in bed next to her —shades pulled, dusky, late afternoon—Louis in front room at desk, waiting —perhaps boiling chicken for supper—

'Don't be afraid of me because I'm just coming back home from the mental hospital—I'm your mother—'

Poor love, lost—a fear—I lay there—Said, 'I love you Naomi,'—stiff, next to her arm. I would have cried, was this the comfortless lone union?—Nervous, and she got up soon.

Was she ever satisfied? And—by herself sat on the new couch by the front windows, uneasy—cheek leaning on her hand—narrowing eye—at what fate that day—

Picking her tooth with her nail, lips formed an O, suspicion—thought's old worn vagina—absent sideglance of eye—some evil debt written in the wall, unpaid—& the aged breasts of Newark come near—

May have heard radio gossip thru the wires in her head, controlled by 3 big sticks left in her back by gangsters in amnesia, thru the hospital—caused pain between her shoulders—

Into her head—Roosevelt should know her case, she told me—Afraid to kill her, now, that the government knew their names—traced back to Hitler—wanted to leave Louis' house forever.

One night, sudden attack—her noise in the bathroom—like croaking up her soul—convulsions and red vomit coming out of her mouth—diarrhea water exploding from her behind—on all fours in front of the toilet—urine running between her legs—left retching on the tile floor smeared with her black feces—unfainted—

At forty, varicosed, nude, fat, doomed, hiding outside the apartment door near the elevator calling Police, yelling for her girlfriend Rose to help—

Once locked herself in with razor or iodine—could hear her cough in tears at sink—Lou broke through glass green-painted door, we pulled her out to the bedroom.

Then quiet for months that winter—walks, alone, nearby on Broadway, read Daily Worker—Broke her arm, fell on icy street—

Began to scheme escape from cosmic financial murder plots—later she ran away to the Bronx to her sister Elanor. And there's another saga of late Naomi in New York.

Or thru Elanor or the Workmen's Circle, where she worked, addressing envelopes, she made out—went shopping for Campbell's tomato soup—saved money Louis mailed her—

Later she found a boyfriend, and he was a doctor—Dr. Isaac worked for National Maritime Union—now Italian bald and pudgy old doll—who was himself an orphan—but they kicked him out—Old cruelties—

Sloppier, sat around on bed or chair, in corset dreaming to herself—'I'm hot—I'm getting fat—I used to have such a beautiful figure before I went to the hospital—You should have seen me in Woodbine—' This in a furnished room around the NMU hall, 1943.

Looking at naked baby pictures in the magazine—baby powder advertisements, strained lamb carrots—'I will think nothing but beautiful thoughts.'

Revolving her head round and round on her neck at window light in summertime, in hypnotize, in doven-dream recall—

'I touch his cheek, I touch his cheek, he touches my lips with his hand, I think beautiful thoughts, the baby has a beautiful hand.'—

Or a No-shake of her body, disgust—some thought of Buchenwald—some insulin passes thru her head—a grimace nerve shudder at Involuntary (as shudder when I piss)—bad chemical in her cortex—'No don't think of that. He's a rat.'

Naomi: And when we die we become an onion, a cabbage, a carrot, or a squash, a vegetable.' I come downtown from Columbia and agree. She reads the Bible, thinks beautiful thoughts all day.

'Yesterday I saw God. What did he look like? Well, in the afternoon I climbed up a ladder—he has a cheap cabin in the country, like Monroe, N.Y. the chicken farms in the wood. He was a lonely old man with a white beard.

'I cooked supper for him. I made him a nice supper—lentil soup, vegetables, bread & butter—miltz—he sat down at the table and ate, he was sad.

'I told him, Look at all those fightings and killings down there, What's the matter? Why don't you put a stop to it?

'I try, he said—That's all he could do, he looked tired. He's a bachelor so long, and he likes lentil soup.'

Serving me meanwhile, a plate of cold fish—chopped raw cabbage dript with tapwater—smelly tomatoes—week-old health food—grated beets & carrots with leaky juice, warm—more and more disconsolate food—I can't eat it for nausea sometimes—the Charity of her hands stinking with Manhattan, madness, desire to please me, cold undercooked fish—pale red near the bones. Her smells—and oft naked in the room, so that I stare ahead, or turn a book ignoring her.

One time I thought she was trying to make me come lay her—flirting to herself at sink—lay back on huge bed that filled most of the room, dress up round her hips, big slash of hair, scars of operations, pancreas, belly wounds, abortions, appendix, stitching of incisions pulling down in the fat like hideous thick zippers—ragged long lips between her legs—What, even, smell of asshole? I was cold—later revolted a little, not much—seemed perhaps a good idea to try—know the Monster of the Beginning Womb—Perhaps—that way. Would she care? She needs a lover.

Yisborach, v'yistabach, v'yispoar, v'yisroman, v'yisnaseh, v'yishador, v'yishalleh, v'yishallol, sh'meh d'kudsho, b'rich hu.

And Louis reestablishing himself in Paterson grimy apartment in negro district—living in dark rooms—but found himself a girl he later married, falling in love again—tho sere & shy—hurt with 20 years Naomi's mad idealism.

Once I came home, after longtime in N.Y., he's lonely—sitting in the bedroom, he at desk chair turned round to face me—weeps, tears in red eyes under his glasses—

That we'd left him—Gene gone strangely into army—she out on her own in N.Y., almost childish in her furnished room. So Louis walked downtown to postoffice to get mail, taught in highschool—stayed at poetry desk, forlorn—ate grief at Bickford's all these years—are gone.

Eugene got out of the Army, came home changed and lone—cut off his nose in jewish operation—for years stopped girls on

Broadway for cups of coffee to get laid—Went to NYU, serious there, to finish Law.—

And Gene lived with her, ate naked fishcakes, cheap, while she got crazier—He got thin, or felt helpless, Naomi striking 1920 poses at the moon, half-naked in the next bed.

bit his nails and studied—was the weird nurse-son—Next year he moved to a room near Columbia—though she wanted to live with her children—

'Listen to your mother's plea, I beg you'—Louis still sending her checks—I was in bughouse that year 8 months—my own visions unmentioned in this here Lament—

But then went half mad—Hitler in her room, she saw his mustache in the sink—afraid of Dr. Isaac now, suspecting that he was in on the Newark plot—went up to Bronx to live near Elanor's Rheumatic Heart—

And Uncle Max never got up before noon, tho Naomi at 6 A.M. was listening to the radio for spies—or searching the windowsill,

for in the empty lot downstairs, an old man creeps with his bag stuffing packages of garbage in his hanging black overcoat.

Max's sister Edie works—17 years bookkeeper at Gimbels—lived downstairs in apartment house, divorced—so Edie took in Naomi on Rochambeau Ave—

Woodlawn Cemetery across the street, vast dale of graves where Poe once—Last stop on Bronx subway—lots of communists in that area.

Who enrolled for painting classes at night in Bronx Adult High School—walked alone under Van Cortlandt Elevated line to class paints Naomiisms—

Humans sitting on the grass in some Camp No-Worry summers yore —saints with droopy faces and long-ill-fitting pants, from hospital—

Brides in front of Lower East Side with short grooms—lost El trains running over the Babylonian apartment rooftops in the Bronx

Sad paintings—but she expressed herself. Her mandolin gone, all strings broke in her head, she tried. Toward Beauty? or some old life Message?

But started kicking Elanor, and Elanor had heart trouble—came upstairs and asked her about Spydom for hours,—Elanor frazzled. Max away at office, accounting for cigar stores till at night.

'I am a great woman—am truly a beautiful soul—and because of that they (Hitler, Grandma, Hearst, the Capitalists, Franco, Daily News, the '20s, Mussolini, the living dead) want to shut me up— Buba's the head of a spider network—'

Kicking the girls, Edie & Elanor—Woke Edie at midnite to tell her she was a spy and Elanor a rat. Edie worked all day and couldn't take it—She was organizing the union.—And Elanor began dying, upstairs in bed.

The relatives call me up, she's getting worse—I was the only one left —Went on the subway with Eugene to see her, ate stale fish—

'My sister whispers in the radio—Louis must be in the apartment—his mother tells him what to say—LIARS!—I cooked for my two children —I played the mandolin—'

Last night the nightingale woke me / Last night when all was still / it sang in the golden moonlight / from on the wintry hill. She did.

I pushed her against the door and shouted 'DON'T KICK ELANOR!'—she stared at me—Contempt—die—disbelief her sons are so naive, so dumb—'Elanor is the worst spy! She's taking orders!'

'—No wires in the room!'—I'm yelling at her—last ditch, Eugene listening on the bed—what can he do to escape that fatal Mama —'You've been away from Louis years already—Grandma's too old to walk—'

We're all alive at once then—even me & Gene & Naomi in one mythological Cousinesque room—screaming at each other in the Forever—I in Columbia jacket, she half undressed.

I banging against her head which saw Radios, Sticks, Hitlers—the gamut of Hallucinations—for real—her own universe—no road that goes elsewhere—to my own—No America, not even a world—

That you go as all men, as Van Gogh, as mad Hannah, all the same —to the last doom—Thunder, Spirits, Lightning!

I've seen your grave! O strange Naomi! My own—cracked grave! Shema Y'Israel—I am Svul Avrum—you—in death?

Your last night in the darkness of the Bronx—I phonecalled—thru hospital to secret police

that came, when you and I were alone, shrieking at Elanor in my ear —who breathed hard in her own bed, got thin—

Nor will forget, the doorknock, at your fright of spies,—Law advancing, on my honor—Eternity entering the room—you running to the bathroom undressed, hiding in protest from the last heroic fate—

staring at my eyes, betrayed—the final cops of madness rescuing me —from your foot against the broken heart of Elanor,

your voice at Edie weary of Gimbels coming home to broken radio—and Louis needing a poor divorce, he wants to get married soon—Eugene dreaming, hiding at 125 St., suing negroes for money on crud furniture, defending black girls—

Protests from the bathroom—Said you were sane—dressing in a cotton robe, your shoes, then new, your purse and newspaper clippings—no—your honesty—

as you vainly made your lips more real with lipstick, looking in the mirror to see if the Insanity was Me or a carful of police.

or Grandma spying at 78—Your vision—Her climbing over the walls of the cemetery with political kidnapper's bag—or what you saw on the walls of the Bronx, in pink nightgown at midnight, staring out the window on the empty lot—

Ah Rochambeau Ave.—Playground of Phantoms—last apartment in the Bronx for spies—last home for Elanor or Naomi, here these communist sisters lost their revolution—

All right—put on your coat Mrs.—let's go—We have the wagon downstairs—you want to come with her to the station?'

The ride then—held Naomi's hand, and held her head to my breast, I'm taller—kissed her and said I did it for the best—Elanor sick—and Max with heart condition—Needs—

To me—'Why did you do this?'—'Yes Mrs., your son will have to leave you in an hour'—The Ambulance

came in a few hours—drove off at 4 A.M. to some Bellevue in the night downtown—gone to the hospital forever. I saw her led away—she waved, tears in her eyes.

Two years, after a trip to Mexico—bleak in the flat plain near Brentwood, scrub brush and grass around the unused RR train track to the crazyhouse—

new brick 20 story central building—lost on the vast lawns of mad-town on Long Island—huge cities of the moon.

Asylum spreads out giant wings above the path to a minute black hole —the door—entrance thru crotch—

I went in—smelt funny—the halls again—up elevator—to a glass door on a Women's Ward—to Naomi—Two nurses buxom white—They led her out, Naomi stared—and I gaspt—She'd had a stroke—

Too thin, shrunk on her bones—age come to Naomi—now broken into white hair—loose dress on her skeleton—face sunk, old! withered—cheek of crone—

One hand stiff—heaviness of forties & menopause reduced by one heart stroke, lame now—wrinkles—a scar on her head, the lobotomy—ruin, the hand dipping downwards to death—

O Russian faced, woman on the grass, your long black hair is crowned with flowers, the mandolin is on your knees—

Communist beauty, sit here married in the summer among daisies, promised happiness at hand—

holy mother, now you smile on your love, your world is born anew, children run naked in the field spotted with dandelions,

they eat in the plum tree grove at the end of the meadow and find a cabin where a white-haired negro teaches the mystery of his rainbarrel—

blessed daughter come to America, I long to hear your voice again, remembering your mother's music, in the Song of the Natural Front—

O glorious muse that bore me from the womb, gave suck first mystic life & taught me talk and music, from whose pained head I first took Vision—

Tortured and beaten in the skull—What mad hallucinations of the damned that drive me out of my own skull to seek Eternity till I find Peace for Thee, O Poetry—and for all humankind call on the Origin

Death which is the mother of the universe!—Now wear your nakedness forever, white flowers in your hair, your marriage sealed behind the sky—no revolution might destroy that maidenhood—

O beautiful Garbo of my Karma—all photographs from 1920 in Camp Nicht-Gedeiget here unchanged—with all the teachers from Newark —Nor Elanor be gone, nor Max await his specter—nor Louis retire from this High School—

Back! You! Naomi! Skull on you! Gaunt immortality and revolution come—small broken woman—the ashen indoor eyes of hospitals, ward grayness on skin—

Are you a spy?' I sat at the sour table, eyes filling with tears—'Who are you? Did Louis send you?—The wires—'

in her hair, as she beat on her head—'I'm not a bad girl—don't murder me!—I hear the ceiling—I raised two children—'

Two years since I'd been there—I started to cry—She stared—nurse broke up the meeting a moment—I went into the bathroom to hide, against the toilet white walls

'The Horror' I weeping—to see her again—'The Horror'—as if she were dead thru funeral rot in—'The Horror!'

I came back she yelled more—they led her away—'You're not Allen—' I watched her face—but she passed by me, not looking—

Opened the door to the ward,—she went thru without a glance back, quiet suddenly—I stared out—she looked old—the verge of the grave—'All the Horror!'

Another year, I left N.Y.—on West Coast in Berkeley cottage dreamed of her soul—that, thru life, in what form it stood in that body, ashen or manic, gone beyond joy—

near its death—with eyes—was my own love in its form, the Naomi, my mother on earth still—sent her long letter—& wrote hymns to the mad —Work of the merciful Lord of Poetry.

that causes the broken grass to be green, or the rock to break in grass —or the Sun to be constant to earth—Sun of all sunflowers and days on bright iron bridges—what shines on old hospitals—as on my yard—

Returning from San Francisco one night, Orlovsky in my room—Whalen in his peaceful chair—a telegram from Gene, Naomi dead—

Outside I bent my head to the ground under the bushes near the garage—knew she was better—

at last—not left to look on Earth alone—2 years of solitude—no one, at age nearing 60—old woman of skulls—once long-tressed Naomi of Bible—

or Ruth who wept in America—Rebecca aged in Newark—David remembering his Harp, now lawyer at Yale

or Svul Avrum—Israel Abraham—myself—to sing in the wilderness toward God—O Elohim!—so to the end—2 days after her death I got her letter—

Strange Prophecies anew! She wrote—'The key is in the window, the key is in the sunlight at the window—I have the key—Get married Allen don't take drugs—the key is in the bars, in the sunlight in the window.

Love, your mother'

which is Naomi—

### Hymmnn

1 the world which He has created according to his will Blessed Praised

lagnified Lauded Exalted the Name of the Holy One Blessed is He!

the house in Newark Blessed is He! In the madhouse Blessed is He! In the house of Death Blessed is He!

lessed be He in homosexuality! Blessed be He in Paranoia! Blessed be He in the city! Blessed be He in the Book!

lessed be He who dwells in the shadow! Blessed be He! Blessed be He!

lessed be you Naomi in tears! Blessed be you Naomi in fears! Blessed Blessed in sickness!

lessed be you Naomi in Hospitals! Blessed be you Naomi in solitude! Blest be your triumph! Blest be your bars! Blest be your last years' loneliness!

lest be your failure! Blest be your stroke! Blest be the close of your eye! Blest be the gaunt of your cheek! Blest be your withered thighs! lessed be Thee Naomi in Death! Blessed be Death! Blessed be Death! lessed be He Who leads all sorrow to Heaven! Blessed be He in the end!

lessed be He who builds Heaven in Darkness! Blessed Blessed Blessed be He! Blessed be Death on us All!

#### Ш

nly to have not forgotten the beginning in which she drank cheap sodas in the morgues of Newark,

nly to have seen her weeping on gray tables in long wards of her universe

nly to have known the weird ideas of Hitler at the door, the wires in her head, the three big sticks

ammed down her back, the voices in the ceiling shrieking out her ugly early lays for 30 years,

nly to have seen the time-jumps, memory lapse, the crash of wars, the roar and silence of a vast electric shock,

nly to have seen her painting crude pictures of Elevateds running over the rooftops of the Bronx

er brothers dead in Riverside or Russia, her lone in Long Island writing a last letter—and her image in the sunlight at the window

'he key is in the sunlight at the window in the bars the key is in the sunlight,'

nly to have come to that dark night on iron bed by stroke when the sun gone down on Long Island

nd the vast Atlantic roars outside the great call of Being to its own

ocome back out of the Nightmare—divided creation—with her head lain on a pillow of the hospital to die

-in one last glimpse—all Earth one everlasting Light in the familiar blackout—no tears for this vision—

ut that the key should be left behind—at the window—the key in the sunlight—to the living—that can take

nat slice of light in hand—and turn the door—and look back see reation glistening backwards to the same grave, size of universe, ze of the tick of the hospital's clock on the archway over the white door—

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IV
mother
hat have I left out
mother
'hat have I forgotten
mother
rewell.
ith a long black shoe
rewell.
ith Communist Party and a broken stocking
rewell
ith six dark hairs on the wen of your breast
irewell
ith your old dress and a long black beard around the vagina
rewell
ith your sagging belly
ith your fear of Hitler
ith your mouth of bad short stories
ith your fingers of rotten mandolins
ith your arms of fat Paterson porches
ith your belly of strikes and smokestacks
ith your chin of Trotsky and the Spanish War
ith your voice singing for the decaying overbroken workers
ith your nose of bad lay with your nose of the smell of the pickles of
Newark
ith your eyes
```

ith your eyes of Russia

ith your eyes of no money

ith your eyes of false China

ith your eyes of Aunt Elanor

ith your eyes of starving India

ith your eyes pissing in the park

ith your eyes of America taking a fall

ith your eyes of your failure at the piano

ith your eyes of your relatives in California

ith your eyes of Ma Rainey dying in an aumbulance

ith your eyes of Czechoslovakia attacked by robots

ith your eyes going to painting class at night in the Bronx

ith your eyes of the killer Grandma you see on the horizon from the Fire-Escape

ith your eyes running naked out of the apartment screaming into the hall

ith your eyes being led away by policemen to an ambulance

ith your eyes strapped down on the operating table

ith your eyes with the pancreas removed

ith your eyes of appendix operation

ith your eyes of abortion

ith your eyes of ovaries removed

ith your eyes of shock

ith your eyes of lobotomy

ith your eyes of divorce

ith your eyes of stroke

ith your eyes alone

ith your eyes

ith your eyes

## ith your Death full of Flowers

#### V

aw caw crows shriek in the white sun over grave stones in Long Island

ord Lord Naomi underneath this grass my halflife and my own as hers

aw caw my eye be buried in the same Ground where I stand in Angel ord Lord great Eye that stares on All and moves in a black cloud aw caw strange cry of Beings flung up into sky over the waving trees ord Lord O Grinder of giant Beyonds my voice in a boundless field in Sheol

aw caw the call of Time rent out of foot and wing an instant in the universe

ord Lord an echo in the sky the wind through ragged leaves the roar of memory

aw caw all years my birth a dream caw caw New York the bus the broken shoe the vast highschool caw caw all Visions of the Lord ord Lord Lord caw caw caw Lord Lord Lord caw caw caw Lord

Paris, December 1957-New York, 1959

#### Mescaline

otting Ginsberg, I stared in the mirror naked today noticed the old skull, I'm getting balder iy pate gleams in the kitchen light under thin hair ke the skull of some monk in old catacombs lighted by guard with flashlight ollowed by a mob of tourists there is death iy kitten mews, and looks into the closet oito sings on the phonograph tonight his ancient song of angels ntinoüs bust in brown photograph still gazing down from my wall light burst from God's delicate hand sends down a wooden dove to the calm virgin eato Angelico's universe ie cat's gone mad and scraowls around the floor

What happens when the death gong hits rotting ginsberg on the head hat universe do I enter eath death death death the cat's at rest re we ever free of—rotting ginsberg hen let it decay, thank God I know lank who lank who hank you, O lord, beyond my eye le path must lead somewhere le path le path

eep, emit a burst of babe and begone erhaps that's the answer, wouldn't know till you had a kid dunno, never had a kid never will at the rate I'm going

Yes, I should be good, I should get married nd out what it's all about ut I can't stand these women all over me nell of Naomi rk, I'm stuck with this familiar rotting ginsberg an't stand boys even anymore an't stand an't stand an't stand and who wants to get fucked up the ass, really? nmense seas passing over the flow of time nd who wants to be famous and sign autographs like a movie star

I want to know

want I want ridiculous to know to know WHAT rotting ginsberg
want to know what happens after I rot
ecause I'm already rotting
y hair's falling out I've got a belly I'm sick of sex
y ass drags in the universe I know too much
nd not enough
want to know what happens after I die
rell I'll find out soon enough
o I really need to know now?

that any use at all use use use eath death death death death od god god god god god the Lone Ranger ie rhythm of the typewriter

What can I do to Heaven by pounding on Typewriter
m stuck change the record Gregory ah excellent he's doing just that
nd I am too conscious of a million ears
t present creepy ears, making commerce
no many pictures in the newspapers
ided yellowed press clippings
m going away from the poem to be a drak contemplative

trash of the mind ash of the world an is half trash ll trash in the grave

What can Williams be thinking in Paterson, death so much on him soon so soon
/illiams, what is death?
o you face the great question now each moment
r do you forget at breakfast looking at your old ugly love in the face
re you prepared to be reborn
give release to this world to enter a heaven
r give release, give release
nd all be done—and see a lifetime—all eternity—gone over

ito naught, a trick question proposed by the moon to the answerless earth

o Glory for man! No Glory for man! No glory for me! No me!

No point writing when the spirit doth not lead

New York, 1959

# **Lysergic Acid**

is a multiple million eyed monster

is hidden in all its elephants and selves

hummeth in the electric typewriter

is electricity connected to itself, if it hath wires

is a vast Spiderweb

nd I am on the last millionth infinite tentacle of the spiderweb, a worrier

st, separated, a worm, a thought, a self

ne of the millions of skeletons of China

ne of the particular mistakes

allen Ginsberg a separate consciousness

who want to be God

who want to hear the infinite minutest vibration of eternal harmony who wait trembling my destruction by that aethereal music in the fire

who hate God and give him a name

who make mistakes on the eternal typewriter

who am Doomed

ut at the far end of the universe the million eyed Spyder that hath no name

pinneth of itself endlessly

ne monster that is no monster approaches with apples, perfume, railroads, television, skulls

universe that eats and drinks itself

lood from my skull

ibetan creature with hairy breast and Zodiac on my stomach

is sacrificial victim unable to have a good time

ly face in the mirror, thin hair, blood congested in streaks down beneath my eyes, cocksucker, a decay, a talking lust

snaeap, a snarl, a tic of consciousness in infinity

creep in the eyes of all Universes

ying to escape my Being, unable to pass on to the Eye

vomit, I am in a trance, my body is seized in convulsion, my stomach crawls, water from my mouth, I am here in Inferno

ry bones of myriad lifeless mummies naked on the web, the Ghosts, I am a Ghost

cry out where I am in the music, to the room, to whomever near, you, Are you God?

o, do you want me to be God?

there no Answer?

lust there always be an Answer? you reply,

nd were it up to me to say Yes or No—

hank God I am not God! Thank God I am not God!

ut that I long for a Yes of Harmony to penetrate

every corner of the universe, under every condition whatsoever

Yes there Is ... a Yes I Am ... a Yes You Are ... a We

#### We

nd that must be an It, and a They, and a Thing with No Answer creepeth, it waiteth, it is still, it is begun, it is the Horns of Battle it is Multiple Sclerosis

is not my hope

is not my death at Eternity

is not my word, not poetry

## eware my Word

is a Ghost Trap, woven by priest in Sikkim or Tibet crossframe on which a thousand threads of differing color re strung, a spiritual tennis racket which when I look I see aethereal lightwaves radiate right energy passing round on the threads as for billions of years thread-bands magically changing hues one transformed to another as if the

host Trap

rere an image of the Universe in miniature
onscious sentient part of the interrelated machine
taking waves outward in Time to the Beholder
isplaying its own image in miniature once for all
epeated minutely downward with endless variations throughout all of
itself

being all the same in every part

his image or energy which reproduces itself at the depths of space from the very Beginning

ı what might be an O or an Aum

nd trailing variations made of the same Word circles round itself in the same pattern as its original Appearance

reating a larger Image of itself throughout depths of Time utward circling thru bands of faroff Nebulae & vast Astrologies ontained, to be true to itself, in a Mandala painted on an Elephant's hide,

r in a photograph of a painting on the side of an imaginary Elephant which smiles, tho how the Elephant looks is an irrelevant joke—might be a Sign held by a Flaming Demon, or Ogre of Transience,

r in a photograph of my own belly in the void r in my eye r in the eye of the monk who made the Sign r in its own Eye that stares on Itself at last and dies

nd tho an eye can die
nd tho my eye can die
ne billion-eyed monster, the Nameless, the Answerless, the Hiddenfrom-me, the endless Being
ne creature that gives birth to itself
nrills in its minutest particular, sees out of all eyes differently at once
ne and not One moves on its own ways
cannot follow

nd I will make another
feels like Cryptozoids
creeps and undulates beneath the sea
is coming to take over the city
invades beneath every Consciousness
is delicate as the Universe
makes me vomit
ecause I am afraid I will miss its appearance
appears anyway
appears anyway in the mirror
washes out of the mirror like the sea
is myriad undulations
washes out of the mirror and drowns the beholder
drowns the world when it drowns the world

drowns in itself floats outward like a corpse filled with music ne noise of war in its head babe laugh in its belly scream of agony in the dark sea smile on the lips of a blind statue was there was not mine wanted to use it for myself be heroic ut it is not for sale to this consciousness. goes its own way forever will complete all creatures will be the radio of the future will hear itself in time wants a rest is tired of hearing and seeing itself wants another form another victim wants me gives me good reason gives me reason to exist gives me endless answers consciousness to be separate and a consciousness to see am beckoned to be One or the other, to say I am both and be neither can take care of itself without me is Both Answerless (it answers not to that name) hummeth on the electric typewriter types a fragmentary word which is fragmentary word,

## **MANDALA**

ods dance on their own bodies
ew flowers open forgetting Death
elestial eyes beyond the heartbreak of illusion
see the gay Creator
ands rise up in anthem to the worlds
lags and banners waving in transcendence
ne image in the end remains myriad-eyed in Eternity
his is the Work! This is the Knowledge! This is the End of man!

Palo Alto, June 2, 1959

# I Beg You Come Back & Be Cheerful

Tonite I got hi in the window of my apartment chair at 3 A.M. gazing at Blue incandescent torches bright-lit street below clotted shadows looming on a new laid pave —as last week Medieval rabbiz plodded thru the brown raw dirt turned over—sticks & cans and tired ladies sitting on spanish garbage pails—in the deadly heat —one month ago the fire hydrants were awash the sun at 3 P.M. today in a haze now all dark outside, a cat crosses the street silently—I meow and she looks up, and passes a pile of rubble on the way to a golden shining garbage pail (phosphor in the night & alley stink) (or door-can mash) —Thinking America is a chaos Police clog the streets with their anxiety, Prowl cars creak & halt:

Today a woman, 20, slapped her brother playing with his infant bricks—toying with a huge rock—
'Don't do that now! the cops! the cops!'
And there was no cop there—

I looked around shoulder a pile of crap in the opposite direction.

Tear gas! Dynamite! Mustaches!
I'll grow a beard and carry lovely bombs,
I will destroy the world, slip in between the cracks of death
And change the Universe—Ha!
I have the secret, I carry
Subversive salami in my ragged briefcase
"Garlic, Poverty, a will to Heaven," a strange dream in my meat:

Radiant clouds, I have heard God's voice in my sleep, or Blake's awake, or my own or the dream of a delicatessen of snorting cows and bellowing pigs—

The chop of a knife a finger severed in my brain—
a few deaths I know—

O brothers of the Laurel Is the world real? Is the Laurel a joke or a crown of thorns?—

Fast, pass up the ass Down I go Cometh Woe —the street outside,me spying on New York.The dark truck passes snarling & vibrating deep—

```
What
      if
        the
            worlds
            were
              series
                 of steps
                    What
                    if
                    the
                   steps
             joined
           back
        at
     the
Margin
```

Leaving us flying like birds into Time
—eyes and car headlights—
The shrinkage of emptiness
in the Nebulae

These Galaxies cross like pinwheels & they pass like gas— What forests are born.

September 15, 1959

## **Psalm IV**

ow I'll record my secret vision, impossible sight of the face of God: was no dream, I lay broad waking on a fabulous couch in Harlem aving masturbated for no love, and read half naked an open book of Blake on my lap

o & behold! I was thoughtless and turned a page and gazed on the living Sun-flower

nd heard a voice, it was Blake's, reciting in earthen measure:

ne voice rose out of the page to my secret ear never heard before—

lifted my eyes to the window, red walls of buildings flashed outside, endless sky sad in Eternity

inlight gazing on the world, apartments of Harlem standing in the universe—

ach brick and cornice stained with intelligence like a vast living face

ne great brain unfolding and brooding in wilderness!—Now speaking aloud with Blake's voice—

ove! thou patient presence & bone of the body! Father! thy careful watching and waiting over my soul!

ly son! My son! the endless ages have remembered me! My son! My son! Time howled in anguish in my ear!

ly son! My son! my father wept and held me in his dead arms.

1960

## To an Old Poet in Peru

Because we met at dusk Under the shadow of the railroad station clock

While my shade was visiting Lima

And your ghost was dying in Lima

old face needing a shave

And my young beard sprouted

magnificent as the dead hair

in the sands of Chancay

Because I mistakenly thought you were melancholy

Saluting your 60 year old feet which smell of the death

of spiders on the pavement

And you saluted my eyes

with your anisetto voice

Mistakenly thinking I was genial

for a youth

(my rock and roll is the motion of an angel flying in a modern city)

(your obscure shuffle is the motion of a seraphim that has lost its wings)

I kiss you on your fat cheek (once more tomorrow

Under the stupendous Desamparados clock)

Before I go to my death in an airplane crash

in North America (long ago)

And you go to your heart-attack on an indifferent street in South America

(Both surrounded by screaming

communists with flowers

in their ass)

—you much sooner than I—

or a long night alone in a room in the old hotel of the world watching a black door ... surrounded by scraps of paper

## DIE GREATLY IN THY SOLITUDE

Old Man, I prophesy Reward

Vaster than the sands of Pachacamac
Brighter than a mask of hammered gold
Sweeter than the joy of armies naked
fucking on the battlefield
Swifter than a time passed between
old Nasca night and new Lima
in the dusk
Stranger than our meeting by the Presidential
Palace in an old café
ghosts of an old illusion, ghosts
of indifferent love—

## THE DAZZLING INTELLIGENCE

Migrates from Death
To make a sign of Life again to you
Fierce and beautiful as a car crash
in the Plaza de Armas

I swear that I have seen that Light
I will not fail to kiss your hideous cheek
when your coffin's closed

And the human mourners go back to their old tired

Dream.

And you wake in the Eye of the Dictator of the Universe.

Another stupid miracle! I'm
mistaken again!
Your indifference! my enthusiasm!
I insist! You cough!
Lost in the wave of Gold that
flows thru the Cosmos.

Agh I'm tired of insisting! Goodbye,
 I'm going to Pucallpa
to have Visions.
 Your clean sonnets?
I want to read your dirtiest
 secret scribblings,
 your Hope,
in His most Obscene Magnificence. My God!

May 19, 960

#### **Aether**

11:15 P.M., May 27

4 Sniffs & I'm High, Underwear in bed, white cotton in left hand, archetype degenerate, bloody taste in my mouth of Dentist Chair music, Loud Farts of Eternity an owl with eyeglasses scribbling in the cold darkness— All the time the sound in my eardrums of trolleycars below taxi fender cough—creak of streets— Laughter & pistol shots echoing at all walls tic leaks of neon—the voice of Myriad rushers of the Brainpan all the chirps the crickets have created ringing against my eares in the instant before unconsciousness before, the teardrop in the eye to come, the Fear of the Unknown—

One does not yet know whether Christ was God or the Devil—Buddha is more reassuring.

Yet the experiments must continue! Every possible combination of Being—all the old ones! all the old Hindu Sabahadabadie-pluralic universes
ringing in Grandiloquent
Bearded Juxtaposition,
with all their minarets and moonlit
towers enlaced with iron
or porcelain embroidery,
all have existed—
and the Sages with
white hair who sat crosslegged on
a female couch—
hearkening to whatever music came

hearkening to whatever music came from out the Wood or Street, whatever bird that whistled in the Marketplace,

whatever note the clock struck to say

Time—

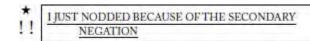
whatever drug, or aire, they breathed
to make them think so deep
or simply hear what passed,
like a car passing in the 1960 street
beside the Governmental Palace
in Peru, this Lima
year I write.

Kerouac! I salute yr
wordy beard. Sad Prophet!
Salutations and low bows from
baggy pants and turbaned mind and hornèd foot
arched eyebrows & Jewish Smile—
One single specimen of Eternity—each
of us poets.

Breake the Rhythm! (too much pentameter)
... My god what solitude are you in Kerouac now?
—heard the whoosh of carwheels in the 1950 rain—

And every bell went off on time,
And everything that was created
Rang especially in view of the Creation
For
This is the end of the creation
This is the redemption Spoken of
This is the view of the Created
by all the Drs, nurses, etc. of
creation;

i.e.,—



The unspeakable passed over my head for the second time. and still can't say it!

i.e. we are the sweepings of the moon we're what's *left over* from perfection—
The universe is an OLD mistake
I've understood a million times before and always come back to the same scissor brainwave—

The
Sooner or later all Consciousness will
be eliminated
because Consciousness is
a by-product of—
(Cotton & N<sub>2</sub>O)

Drawing saliva back from the tongue—

Christ! you struggle to understand One consciousness & be confronted with Myriads after a billion years with the same ringing in the ears and pterodactyl-smile of Oops Creation. known it all before. A Buddha as of old, with sirens of whatever machinery making cranging noises in the street and pavement light reflected in the facade RR Station window in a dinky port in Backwash of the murky old forgotten fabulous whatever Civilization of Eternity, with the RR Sta Clock ring midnight, as of now, & waiting for the 6th you write your Word. and end on the last chime—and remember This *one* twelve was struck before, and never again; both.

...... I stood on the balcony
waiting for an explosion
of Total Consciousness of the All—
being Ginsberg sniffing ether in Lima.
The same struggle of Mind, to reach the
Thing
that ends its process with an X

comprehending its befores and afters, unexplainable to each, except in a prophetic secret recollective hidden

half-hand unrecorded way.

As the old sages of Asia, or the white beards of Persia scribbled on the margins of their scrolls in delicate ink

remembering with tears the ancient clockbells of their cities and the cities that had been—

Nasca, Paracas, Chancay & Secrecy of the Priests buried, Cat Gods

of all colors, a funeral shroud

for a museum—

None remember but all return to the same thought before they die—what sad old knowledge, we repeat again.

Only to be lost

in the sands of Paracas, or wrapped in a mystic shroud of Poesy

and found by some kid in a thousand years inspire what dreadful thoughts of his own?

It's a horrible, lonely experience. And Gregory's letter, and Peter's ...

7:30 P.M., May 28

... In the foul dregs of Circumstance
'Male and Female He created them'
with mustaches.
There ARE certain REPEATED
(pistol shot) reliable points
of reference which the insane
(pistol shot repeated outside
the window)—madman suddenly

writes—THE PISTOL SHOT
outside—the REPEATED situations
the experience of return to the
same place in Universal Creation
Time—and every time we return
we recognize again that we
HAVE been here & that is the
Key to Creation—the same pistol shot
—DOWN, bending over his book of Un
intelligible marvels with his mustache.

(my) Madness is intelligible reactions to
Unintelligible phenomena.
Boy—what a marvelous bottle,
a clear glass sphere of transparent
liquid ether—
(Chloraethyl Merz)

9 P.M.

I know I am a poet—in this universe—but what good does that do—when in another, without these mechanical aids, I might be doomed to be a poor Disneyan Shoe Store Clerk—This consciousness an *accident* of one of the Ether-possible worlds, not the Final World

Wherein we all look Crosseyed & triumph in our Virginity without wearing Rabbit's-foot ears or eyes looking sideways strangely but in Gold

Humbled & more knowledgeable, acknowledge the Vast mystery of our creation—

# without giving any sign that we have heard from the

**GREAT CREATOR** 

WHOSE NAME I NOW

PRONOUNCE:

GREAT CREATOR OF THE UNIVERS, IF

THY WISDOM ACCORD IT

AND IF THIS NOT BE TOO

MUCH TO ASK

MAY I PUBLISH YOUR NAME?

I ASK IN THE LIMA

**NIGHT** 

FEARFULLY WAITING

ANSWER,

hearing the buses out on the street hissing, Knowing the Terror of the World Afar—

I have been playing with Jokes and His is too mighty to hold in the hand like a Pen and His is the Pistol Shot Answer that brings blood to the brain And—

What can be possible
in a minor universe
in which you can see
God by sniffing the
gas in a cotton?
The answer to be taken in
reverse & Doubled Math
ematically both ways.
Am I a sinner?
There are hard & easy universes. This
is neither.

(If I close my eyes will I regain consciousness?)
That's the Final Question—with
all the old churchbells ringing and
bus pickup snuffles & crack of iron
whips inside cylinders & squeal of brakes
and old crescendos of responsive
demiurgic ecstasy whispering in streets of ear
—and when was it Not
ever answered in the Affirmative? Saith the Lord?

## A MAGIC UNIVERSE

Flies & crickets & the sound of buses & my stupid beard.
But what's Magic?
Is there Sorrow in Magic?
Is Magic one of my boyscout creations?
Am I responsible? I with my flop?
Could Threat happen to Magic?
Yes! this the one universe in which

there *is* threat to magic, by writing while high.

A Universe in which I am condemned to write statements.

'Ignorant Judgments Create Mistaken Worlds—' and this one is joined in Indic union to Affirm with laughing

eyes—

The world is as we see it,

Male & Female, passing thru the years, as has before & will, perhaps

with all its countless pearls & Bloody noses

and I poor stupid All in G

am stuck with that old Choice—

Ya, Crap, what Hymn to seek, & in

what tongue, if this's the most

I can requite from Consciousness?—

That I can skim? & put in words?

Could skim it faster with more juice—could skim a crop with Death, perchance

—yet never know in this old world.

Will know in Death?

And before?

Will in

Another know.

And in another know.

And

in another know.

And

Stop conceiving worlds!

says Philip Whalen

(My Savior!)

(oh what snobbery!)

(as if he cd save Anyone)—
At *least*, he won't understand.
I lift my finger in the air to create
a universe he won't understand, full
of sadness.

—finally staring straight ahead in surprise
& recollection into the mirror of
the Hotel Comercio room.
Time repeats itself. Including
this consciousness, which has seen
itself before—thus the locust-whistle
of antiquity's nightwatch in my eardrum ...

I propounded a final question, and heard a series of final answers.

What is God? for instance, asks the answer?

And whatever else can the replier reply but reply?

Whatever the nature of mind, that the nature of both question and answer.

& yet one wants to live in a *single* universe Does one?

Must it be one?
Why, as with the Jews
must the God be One?
O what does
the concept ONE mean?
IT'S MAD!

GOD IS ONE!

#### IS MEANINGLESS—

ADONOI—

IS A JOKE—

THE HEBREWS ARE

WRONG—(CRIST & BUDDA

ATTEST, also wrongly!)

What is One but Formation of mind?
arbitrary madness! 6000 years
Spreading out in all directions simultaneously—

I forgive both good & ill
& I seek nothing, like a painted savage with
spear crossed by orange black & white bands!
'I found the Jivaros & was
entrapped in their universe'
I'm scribbling nothings.
Page upon page of profoundest nothing,
as scribed the Ancient Hebe, when
he wrote Adonoi Echad or One—
all to amuse, make money, or deceive—
Let Wickedness be Me
and this the worst of all
the universes!
Not the worst! Not Flame!

Not the worst! Not Flame! I can't stand that—(Yes that's for Somebody Else!

Yet I accept

O Catfaced God, whatever comes! It's me! I am the Flame, etc.

O Gawd!

Pistol shot! Crack!

Circusmaster's whip—

**IMPERFECT!** 

and a soul is damned to

HELL!

And the churchbell rings! and there is melancholy, once again, throughout the realm. and I'm that soul, small as it is.)

## HAVE FELT SAME BEFORE

The death of consciousness is terrible and yet! when all is ended what regret?
'S none left to remember or forget.

And's gone into the odd.

The only thing I fear is the Last Chance. I'll see that last chance too before I'm done, Old Mind. All them old Last Chances that you knew before.

—someday thru the dream wall

to nextdoor consciousness

like thru this blue hotel wall

—millions of hotel rooms fogging the focus of my eyes—

with whatever attitude I hold the cotton to my nose, it's still a secret joke with pinkie akimbo, or with effete queer eye in mirror at myself,

# or serious-brow mien & darkened beard,

I'm still the kid of obscene chance awaiting—breathing in a chinese Universe thru the nose like some old Brahmanic God.

O BELL TIME RING THY MIDNIGHT FOR THE BILLIONTH SOUNDY TIME, I HEAR AGAIN!

I'll go to walk the street,
Who'll find
me in the night, in Lima, in my
33'd year,

On Street (Cont.) cigarette stub &

cane, the Noisers

The souls of Peter & leave the tavern

I answer each other. and delay, conversing

But—and what's a soul? in high voice,

To be a poet's a Awake,

serious occupation, Hasta Mañana

condemned to that they all say—

in universe— and somewhere

to walk the city at the other end of

ascribbling in the line, a telephone

a book—just accosted is ringing, once again

by a drunk— with unknown news—

in Plaza de Armas The night

sidestreet under a foggy sky, and sometimes with no moon.

The heavy balcony
hangs over the white
marble of the Bishop's
Palace next the Cathedral—
The fountain plays
in light as e'er—
The buses & the
motorcyclists pass
thru midnight, the
carlights shine
the beggar turns

light. I wait.

a corner with his

The lonely beard workman staggers home to bed from Death.

Yes but I'm
a little tired of
being alone ...
Keats' Nightingale—the
instant of realization

looms over Lima, sky black fog and I sit helpless smoking with a pencil hand—

The long crack
in the pavement
or yesterday's
volcano in Chile,
or the day before
the Earthquake
that begat the
World.

The Plaza pavement shines in the electric magic men, magic moon magic tomorrow, magic death, magic Magic.

What crude Magic
we live in (seeing trolley
like a rude monster
in downtown street
w/ electric diamond
wire antennae to sky
pass night café under

a single consciousness white arc-light by

that hears the chimes Gran Hotel Bolívar.)

of Time, repeated

endlessly— The mad potter of

Mochica made a

All night, w/ Ether, wave pot w/ 6 Eyes & 2

after wave of magic Mouths & half a Nose

understanding. A disturbance & 5 Cheeks & no Chin

of the field for us to figure out,

of consciousness. serious side-track,

Magic night, magic stars, blind alley Kosmos.

Back in Room (Cont.)

How strange to remember anything, even a button much less a universe.

'What creature gives birth to itself?' The universe is mad, slightly mad.

—and the two sides wriggle away

in opposite directions to die

lopped off

the blind metallic length curled up

feebly & wiggling its feet

in the grass

the millipede's black head moving inches away

on the staircase at Macchu Picchu

the Creature feels itself

destroyed,

head & tail of the universe

cut in two.

Men with slick mustaches of mystery have pimp horrible climaxes & Karmas—
—the mad magician that created Chaos in the peaceful void & suave.
with my fucking suave manners & knowitall eyes, and mind full of fantasy—the Me! that horror that keeps me conscious in this Hell of Birth & Death.

34 coming up—I suddenly felt old—sitting with Walter & Raquel in Chinese Restaurant—they kissed—I alone—age of Burroughs when we first met.

Hotel Comercio, Lima, Peru, May 28, 1960

## **Magic Psalm**

ecause this world is on the wing and what cometh no man can know

- Phantom that my mind pursues from year to year descend from heaven to this shaking flesh
- atch up my fleeting eye in the vast Ray that knows no bounds— Inseparable —Master—
- iant outside Time with all its falling leaves—Genius of the Universe—Magician in Nothingness where appear red clouds—
- nspeakable King of the roads that are gone—Unintelligible Horse riding out of the graveyard—Sunset spread over Cordillera and insect—Gnarl Moth—
- riever—Laugh with no mouth, Heart that never had flesh to die—Promise that was not made—Reliever, whose blood burns in a million animals wounded—
- Mercy, Destroyer of the World, O Mercy, Creator of Breasted Illusions, O Mercy, cacophonous warmouthed doveling, Come,
- evade my body with the sex of God, choke up my nostrils with corruption's infinite caress,
- ansfigure me to slimy worms of pure sensate transcendency I'm still alive,
- toak my voice with uglier than reality, a psychic tomato speaking Thy million mouths,
- lyriad-tongued my Soul, Monster or Angel, Lover that comes to fuck me forever—white gown on the Eyeless Squid—
- sshole of the Universe into which I disappear—Elastic Hand that spoke to Crane—Music that passes into the phonograph of years from another Millennium—Ear of the buildings of NY—
- hat which I believe—have seen—seek endlessly in leaf dog eye—fault always, lack—which makes me think—
- esire that created me, Desire I hide in my body, Desire all Man know Death, Desire surpassing the Babylonian possible world

nat makes my flesh shake orgasm of Thy Name which I don't know never will never speak—

peak to Mankind to say the great bell tolls a golden tone on iron balconies in every million universe,

am Thy prophet come home this world to scream an unbearable Name thru my 5 senses hideous sixth

nat knows Thy Hand on its invisible phallus, covered with electric bulbs of death—

eace, Resolver where I mess up illusion, Softmouth Vagina that enters my brain from above, Ark-Dove with a bough of Death.

rive me crazy, God I'm ready for disintegration of my mind, disgrace me in the eye of the earth,

ttack my hairy heart with terror eat my cock Invisible croak of deathfrog leap on me pack of heavy dogs salivating light,

evour my brain One flow of endless consciousness, I'm scared of your promise must make scream my prayer in fear—

escend O Light Creator & Eater of Mankind, disrupt the world in its madness of bombs and murder,

olcanos of flesh over London, on Paris a rain of eyes—truckloads of angel-hearts besmearing Kremlin walls—the skullcup of light to New York—

iyriad jeweled feet on the terraces of Pekin—veils of electrical gas descending over India—cities of Bacteria invading the brain—the Soul escaping into the rubber waving mouths of Paradise—

his is the Great Call, this is the Tocsin of the Eternal War, this is the cry of Mind slain in Nebulae,

nis is the Golden Bell of the Church that has never existed, this is the Boom in the heart of the sunbeam, this is the trumpet of the Worm at Death,

ppeal of the handless castrate grab Alm golden seed of Futurity thru the quake & volcan of the world—

hovel my feet under the Andes, splatter my brains on the Sphinx, drape my beard and hair over Empire State Building,

over my belly with hands of moss, fill up my ears with your lightning, blind me with prophetic rainbows

hat I taste the shit of Being at last, that I touch Thy genitals in the palmtree,

nat the vast Ray of Futurity enter my mouth to sound Thy Creation Forever Unborn, O Beauty invisible to my Century!

nat my prayer surpass my understanding, that I lay my vanity at Thy foot, that I no longer fear Judgment over Allen of this world

orn in Newark come into Eternity in New York crying again in Peru for human Tongue to psalm the Unspeakable,

nat I surpass desire for transcendency and enter the calm water of the universe

nat I ride out this wave, not drown forever in the flood of my imagination

nat I not be slain thru my own insane magic, this crime be punished in merciful jails of Death,

en understand my speech out of their own Turkish heart, the prophets aid me with Proclamation,

ne Seraphim acclaim Thy Name, Thyself at once in one huge Mouth of Universe make meat reply.

June 1960

# The Reply

God answers with my doom! I am annulled this poetry blanked from the fiery ledger my lies be answered by the worm at my ear my visions by the hand falling over my eyes to cover them from sight of my skeleton my longing to be God by the trembling bearded jaw flesh that covers my skull like monster-skin Stomach vomiting out the soul-vine, cadaver on the floor of a bamboo hut, body-meat crawling toward its fate nightmare rising in my brain The noise of the drone of creation adoring its Slayer, the yowp of birds to the Infinite, dogbarks like the sound of vomit in the air, frogs croaking Death at trees I am a Seraph and I know not whither I go into the Void I am a man and I know not whither I go into Death— Christ Christ poor hopeless lifted on the Cross between Dimension to see the Ever-Unknowable! a dead gong shivers thru all flesh and a vast Being enters my brain from afar that lives forever None but the Presence too mighty to record! the Presence in Death, before whom I am helpless makes me change from Allen to a skull Old One-Eye of dreams in which I do not wake but die hands pulled into the darkness by a frightful Hand —the worm's blind wriggle, cut—the plough is God himself What ball of monster darkness from before the universe come back to visit me with blind command! and I can blank out this consciousness, escape back to New York love, and will Poor pitiable Christ afraid of the foretold Cross, Never to dieEscape, but not forever—the Presence will come, the hour will come, a strange truth enter the universe, death show its Being as before

and I'll despair that *I forgot! forgot!* my fate return, tho die of it—

What's sacred when the Thing is all the universe?

creeps to every soul like a vampire-organ singing behind moonlit clouds—poor being come squat

under bearded stars in a dark field in Peru

to drop my load—I'll die in horror that I die!

Not dams or pyramids but death, and we to prepare for that nakedness, poor bones sucked dry by His long mouth

of ants and wind, & our souls murdered to prepare His

Perfection!

The moment's come, He's made His will revealed forever and no flight into old Being further than the stars will not find terminal in the same dark swaying port of unbearable music

No refuge in Myself, which is on fire

or in the World which is His also to bomb & Devour!

Recognize His might! Loose hold

of my hands—my frightened skull

—for I had chose self-love—

my eyes, my nose, my face, my cock, my soul—and now the faceless Destroyer!

A billion doors to the same new Being!

The universe turns inside out to devour me! and the mighty burst of music comes from out the inhuman door—

June 1960

## The End

am I, old Father Fisheye that begat the ocean, the worm at my own ear, the serpent turning around a tree,

sit in the mind of the oak and hide in the rose, I know if any wake up, none but my death,

ome to me bodies, come to me prophecies, come all foreboding, come spirits and visions,

receive all, I'll die of cancer, I enter the coffin forever, I close my eye, I disappear,

fall on myself in winter snow, I roll in a great wheel through rain, I watch fuckers in convulsion,

ar screech, furies groaning their basso music, memory fading in the brain, men imitating dogs,

delight in a woman's belly, youth stretching his breasts and thighs to sex, the cock sprung inward

assing its seed on the lips of Yin, the beasts dance in Siam, they sing opera in Moscow,

y boys yearn at dusk on stoops, I enter New York, I play my jazz on a Chicago Harpsichord,

ove that bore me I bear back to my Origin with no loss, I float over the vomiter

rilled with my deathlessness, thrilled with this endlessness I dice and bury,

ome Poet shut up eat my word, and taste my mouth in your ear.

New York, 1960

## Man's glory

hines on top of Mountains where Grey Stone monastery sits & blinks at the sky

here in Tangier in Soco Chico there God's Grammar Arabic jabbers shoe-shine Poverty beneath the ultra silent mosque

here in Venice glittering in Canal Grande in Front of San Giorgio Maggiore Gondola'd to cream the fabulous tourist—

here in Mexico in th' Archaeologic Museum where Coatlique Aztec Golgotha-head Goddess clasps her snakes & skulls & grins—

here over Asia where the desolate white Stupas blast into the Buddhic Dome and the Mandala of the stars shines down—

ll over Europe where the masses weep & faint in Wooden Trains—
y Florence, by the Windmills, all the churches singing together
We in the mountains and downtown Pray that America return to the
Lamb"—

nd the Great Boom of the Cathedral at Seville, Granada groaning, arcelona chanting out the Crannies of Sagrada Familia

ong horns of Montpellier, Milan screaming and San Marco rocking in Venice like a great golden calliope

America, America, under the elms in parks of Illinois, the Anger, the Anger, Beware!"

August 1960

# Fragment: The Names II

ill Burroughs in Tangiers slowly transfiguring into Sanctity season after season no God save impersonal solitude

lad Sheila shaking her head on a couch in Frisco, soft tear face half a year, 60 sleeping pills & blue asphyxiation—

onnie much too drunk, slapped in my apartment by plainclothesmen & strangled in an alley by a lonesome hood

atalie redhaired in bathrobe on the roof listing sinners' names for Government, police scared her to fire escape, her body on the pavement in the newspapers—

lise trembling by the phonograph with Bible in her hand, The Book of the Dead in her family wall reading her thoughts aloud, and her poor unmarried body broken on that ground Manhattan Heights

remser running state to state, trapped Hoboken, Vera Cruz rat tat tat Poetry defense, frameup reformatory he thinks the cops are real

ne Harry Honig carried a laughing gas mask & bomb ten years back in NY the Kosmos exploded for

ohn Hoffman too ecstasy of the black sun, Mexican peyote or infantile paralysis

is suicide, delicate ships of paint fading into brown ocean universe her longheaded junk-delicate girl's penmanship of Orient small cats on folded knees

ew York & West coast grim as the A bomb deathwatch is set obody knows the way out of Time trap maybe Burroughs maybe Jack in

lorida drinking with Joe McCarthy's ghost, grieving death of mother who isn't dead, scribing notebooks won't be read till cold war's lost by all

# PLANET NEWS: TO EUROPE AND ASIA

(1961-1963)

## Who Will Take Over the Universe?

A bitter cold winter night conspirators at café tables discussing mystic jails The Revolution in America already begun not bombs but sit down strikes on top submarines on sidewalks nearby City Hall— How many families control the States? Ignore the Government, send your protest to Clint Murchison. The Indians won their case with Judge McFate Peyote safe in Arizona— In my room the sick junky shivers on the 7th day Tearful, reborn to the Winter. Che Guevara has a big cock Castro's balls are pink— The Ghost of John F. Dulles hangs over America like dirty linen draped over the wintry red sunset, Fumes of Unconscious Gas emanate from his corpse

& hypnotize the Egyptian intellectuals—
He grinds his teeth in horror & crosses his
thigh bones over his skull
Dust flows out of his asshole
his hands are full of bacteria
The worm is at his eye—
He's declaring counterrevolutions in the Worm-world,
my cat threw him up last
Thursday.

& Forrestal flew out his window like an Eagle—America's spending money to overthrow the Man.
Who are the rulers of the earth?

New York, January 6, 1961



"Southern Cult Composite: The Staten Island Massacre" by Harry Smith, 1984.

# **Journal Night Thoughts**

Sept. 28, 1964 NY January 1961 Lower East Side In bed on my green purple pink yellow orange bolivian blanket, 2 Street the clock tick, my back against the wall High -staring into black circled eyes magician \* man's bearded glance & story W/Harry Smith the kitchen spun in a wheel of vertigo, the eye in the center of the moving mandala—the eye in the hand the eye in the asshole serpent eating or Optical vomiting its tail Phenomena —the blank air a solid wall revolving around my retina-Yage The wheel of jewels and fire I saw moving invaster than my head in Peru Pucallpa Band circling in band and a black hole of Calcutta thru which I stared at my Atman without a body-Remembering The Giotto window on Boston giving Leary's Bedroom to a scene in Bibled Palestine Harvard A golden star and the flight to Egypt in an instant now Come true again—the Kabbala sign **Jack** in the vomit on the floor-Hallucinating From a window on Riverside Drive, one boat moving slowly up the flowing river, small autos crawling on Hudson Thruway a plash of white snow on the Palisades Out Robt. and a small white park etched Lowell's Window by bare thin branches with black birds aflutter in the

frosty underbrush

Riverside Drive, as in Breughel a girl in red coat —a footprint, a lone passerby on sidewalk under apartment wall and a blimp from the war floating in air over the edge of the city— Wagner's last echoes, and Baudelaire Unsteadily inscribing his oceanic page Walking inof confessions Ah love is so sweet in the Springtime Manhattan Near Where Omnia amor vincit PoeEliot's voice clanging over the sky Wrote on upper Broadway The"Only thru Time is Time conquered" Raven I am the answer: I will swallow my vomit and be naked— A heavy rain, the plick of a raindrop shattered on the fire escape rail at the level of my eye-Visiting This woman is a serpent goddess accepting Dorothy Norman the propitiation of a bunch of flowers found in the Christmas snow on Mad. Ave. dusk uptown— Psilocybin Taxi We'll rush around in a redcross psychic aumbulance past the Museum of Natural History delivering Anxiety mushrooms to the dancing The Citipati red gummed skeletons their lifted legs are crossed (Tibetan Bones) they wear iron crowns The cat vomited his canned food with a mix of inch-long worms Housecat in the that arched up over the Slums dread plop— I threw it in the garbage bag aghast cockroach crawls up the bath tub Yosemite wall, rust in the hot water faucet, a sweet smell in the mouldy chicken soup, and little black beings in the old bag of flour on the pantry shelf last week

Natchez, he was saying with his head one side of the center of the wheel of Vertigo— burned babies in the blaze of a fiery house sending them back to the Sun— They drank a black elixir, and threw it up To have the serpent intertwined in their eyeballs— One man was born with genitals all over his body—there were 15,000,000 Indians in North America then— The mushroom image in the Spiro Mound The battle with the two-headed	Smith's Anthropological Gossip ★
caterpillar big as a house with waving lobster claws— Here is the Homunculus wavering in the brain, the aggregate of ignorant patterns looking like Denny Dimwit The genitals are larger than the head— huge thumbs, and the crab image of the back of the mouth—	Penfield's Homunculus ★
'Twas a sunflower-monkey on Neptune I imagined over the radio— Somebody's got to make a break & contact Khrushchev in the Noosphere— because I took a sick crap near a skull with long red hair in a coastal desert gravepit by the Peruvian Pacific— across the road, new green fields and hut trees and now I'm paranoiac every day about the cops (& god & universe) as if it were all being tape recorded from my skull to project the Kali Yuga—	Ditty Taped at Jack's  ★ Historic Paranoia from Boston to Lima
He saw electric wires on the floor—He saw the channel that heard yr mind thru the music— I saw the flower, slowly awakening its petals— My face in the hot dog stand mirror harried to be here again to see myself alive on Broadway afraid I'm	Back in Memory City

The old man came out of his room Carpet slippers, getting bald with half a sheaf of indecipherable arrangements of words in singsong	A Retired Schoolteacher in Newark:
"rain in heart by heat a fool be clang" Cerebral stroke stiff hand	Visit to Friend of the Family
His tongue stopped forever but his mind went on in what universe?	*
I dreamt I had to destroy the human universe to be Messiah— My toes wiggle on the bed, the breast has	LSD Roars
eyes and mouth, the belly eye & dumb lips and the loins a blind one waiting—	*
a big fart gave the void a smelly minute— The color of the wind? It could be the same the color of the water—	Gaga & Dialogue w∕Lafcadio
Where does rain come from? Nice to look up at the stars in Northport— Er something. Uh-huh.	*
I could see the hairs at the end of his nose. We were involved in a great tragedy together— I walked alone, in the street, by myself	N₂O at the Dentist
with no God to turn to But what I Am— who can create baby universes	*
in the mouth of the void— Spurt them out of my mind forever	Mescaline Mouth Ejaculations
to fill the Unimaginable with its	of Me
separate being— So I left behind a message to the Consciousness	*
before I disappeared— I wrote it on a stone & left it in Oklahoma	Poesy
in that Indian mound, drew a picture of a serpent crossing in	*
and out of its folds like a scaly	Death
swastika—a green dragon with ancient fangs— Speak up and tell yr secret, is it a	Consciousness ★
living animal out there you're afraid of still—?	Kaddish Completed

And my mother's skull not yet white in the darkness, a glimpse of that forgotten creature agape at dirty nothing—GO BACK!

I come in the ass of my beloved, I lie back
with my cock in the air to be kissed—
I prostrate my sphincter with my eyes in
the pillow, my legs are thrown up
over your shoulder,
I feel your buttocks with my hand
a cock throbs I lie still my
mouth in my ass—
I kiss the hidden mouth, I have a third eye
I paint the pupils on my palm, and an
eyelash that winks—

"You're not done with your mother yet." Sd Elise C.



Come to This End

## **Television Was a Baby Crawling Toward That Deathchamber**

is here, the long Awaited bleap-blast light that Speaks one red tongue like Politician, but happy its own govt.,

ther we blow ourselves up now and die, like the old tribe of man, arguing among neutrons, spit on India, fuck Tibet, stick up America, clobber Moscow, die Baltic, have your tuberculosis in Arabia, wink not in Enkidu's reverie—

's a long Train of Associations stopped for gas in the desert & looking for drink of old-time H<sub>2</sub>O—

up & cook his bacon—

prophesy: the Pigs won't mind! I prophesy: Death will be old folks home!

prophesy: Chango will prophesy on national Broadcasting System, prophesy, we will all prophesy to each other & I give thee happy tidings Robert Lowell and Jeanette MacDonald—

usty moonlight, Starbeam riding its own flute, soul revealed in the scribble, an ounce of looks, an Invisible Seeing, Hope, The Vanisher betokening Eternity

ne finger raised warning above his gold eyeglasses—and Mozart playing giddy-note an hour on the Marxist gramophone—

ll Be—let the Kabbalah star be formed of perfect circles in a room of 1950 unhappiness where Myrna Loy gets lost—

he Bardo Thodol extends in the millions of black jello for every dying Mechanic—We will make Colossal movies—

*Ie* will be a great Tantric Mogul & starify a new Hollywood with our unimaginable Flop—Great Paranoia!

he Family presents, your Corpse Hour—attended by myriad flies—hyperactive Commentators freed at their most bestial—sneering literary—perhaps a captive & loan Square

- aught hiding behind a dummy-univac in the obscurest Morgues of Hearst —wherever—no more possible—
- nly remains, a photo of a riverswollen hand in black and white, arm covered by aged burlap to the wrist—
- cin peeling from the empty fingers—; yet discovered by a mad Negro high on tea & solitary enough himself to notice a Fate—
- nerefore, with camera remembered and passed along by hand mail roaring Jet toward Chicago, Big Table empty this morning,
- othing but an old frog-looking editor worried about his Aesthetics,
- hat's life Kulchur '61—retired to New York to invent Morse Code & found a great yellow Telegraph—
- Ierry Xmas Paul carroll and irving Rose in Thrall—give up thy song & flower to any passing Millennium!
- am the One, you are the One, we are the One, A. Hitler's One as well as fast as his Many heavenly Jews are reborn,
- any a being with a nose—and many with none but an ear somewhere next to a Yelling Star—
- myself saw the sunflower-monkeys of the Moon—spending their dear play-money electricity in a homemade tape-record minute of cartoony high Sound—
- oodbye Farewell repeated by Wagner Immortal in many a gladdened expanding mid-europe Hour
- nat I'll be hearing forever if the world I go to's Music, Yes good to be stuck thru Eternity on that aching Liebestod Note
- hich has been playing out there always for me, whoever can hear enough to write it down for a day to let men fiddle in space, blow a temporary brass tuba or wave a stick at a physical orchestra
- nd remember the Wagner-music in his own titty-head Consciousness—ah yes that's the message—
- hat's what I came here to compose, what I knocked off my life to Inscribe on my gray metal typewriter,

- orrowed from somebody's lover's mother got it from Welfare, all interconnected and gracious a bunch of Murderers
- s possible in this Kalpa of Hungry blood-drunkard Ghosts—We all have to eat—us Beings
- naw bones, suck marrow, drink living white milk from heavenly Breasts or from bucktoothed negress or wolf-cow.
- he sperm bodies wriggle in pools of vagina, in Yin, that reality we must have spasmed our Beings upon—
- he brothers and sisters die if we live, the Myriads Invisible squeak reptile complaint
- n Memory's tail which us pterodactyl-buzzard-dove-descended two foot mammal-born Geek-souls almost Forget—
- rab—a cock—any eye—bright hair—All Memory & All Eternity now, reborn as One—
- o loss to those—the Peacock spreads its cosmic-eye Magnificatfeathered tail over its forgotten Ass—
- he being roars its own name in the Radio, the Bomb goes off its twenty years ago,
- hear thy music O my mystery, my Father in myself, my mother in my eye, brother in my hand, sister-in-honey on my own Poetry's Tongue, my Hallelujah Way beyond all mortal inherited Heavens, O my own blind ancient Love-in-mind!
- Tho? but us all, a Me, a One, a Dying Being, The presence, now, this desk, hand running over the steps of imagination
- ver the letter-ladders on machine, vibrating humm-herald Extendhope own unto Thee, returning infinite-myriad at the Heart, that is only red blood,
- nat is where murder is still innocence, that life ate, the white plasmic monsters forage in their fleet Macrocosm—bit apple or black huge bacteria gods loomed out of nowhere, potent
- laybe once victorious on Saturn in dinosaur-inspired messy old hallucinated war—

ame battle raging in tsraved cats and gahgard dogs for American ghostly bone—man and man, fairy against red, black on white on white, with teeth going to the dentist to escape in gas—

he President laughs in his Chair, and swivels his head on his neck controlling fangs of Number—

acteria come numberless, atoms count themselves greatness in their pointy Empire—

ussian Neutrons spy on all Conspiracy—& Chinese yellow energy waves have ocean and Empyrean ready against attack & future starvation—Korean principalities of Photon are doubles in all but name—differing Wizards of Art of Electron divide as many as tribes of Congo—Africa's a vast jail of Shadows—I am not I,

y molecules are numbered, mirrored in all Me Robot Seraphy parts, cock-creator navel-marked, Eye Seer with delicate breasts, teeth & gullet to ingest the living dove-life

Meat of the Self-Maw Death Is Now;—but there is the Saintly Meat of the Heart—feeling to thee o Peter and all my Lords—Decades American loves car-rides and vow-sworn faces lain on my breast,—my head on many more naked than my own sad hoping flesh—

ur feelings! come back to the heart—to the old blind hoping Creator home in Mercy, beating everywhere behind machine hand clothesman Senator iron powerd or fishqueen fugitive-com'd lapel—

ere I am—Old Betty Boop whoopsing behind the skull-microphone wondering what Idiot soap opera horror show we broadcast by Mistake —full of communists and frankenstein cops and

ature capitalists running the State Department and the Daily News Editorial hypnotizing millions of legional-eyed detectives to commit mass murder on the Invisible

hich is only a bunch of women weeping hidden behind newspapers in the Andes, conspired against by Standard Oil,

- hich is a big fat fairy monopolizing all Being that has form'd it self to Oil,
- nd nothing gets in its way so it grabs different oils in all poor mystic aboriginal Principalities too weak to
- creech out over the radio that Standard Oil is a bunch of spying Businessmen intent on building one Standard Oil in the whole universe like an egotistical cancer
- nd yell on Television to England to watch out for United Fruits they got Central America by the balls
- obody but them can talk San Salvador, they run big Guatemala puppet armies, gas Dictators, they're the Crown of Thorns
- pon the Consciousness of poor Christ-indian Central America, and the Pharisees are US Congress & Publicans is the American People
- ho have driven righteous bearded faithful pink new Castro 1961 is he mad? who knows—Hope for him, he stay true
- his wormy 45-year dying peasants teach Death's beauty sugar beyond politics, build iron children schools
- or alphabet molecule stars, that mystic history & giggling revolution henceforth no toothless martyrs be memorized by some pubescent Juan who'll smoke my marihuana—
- urn the Teacher on!—Yes not conspire dollars under navy-town boardwalk, not spy vast Services of gunny Secrecy under drear eyeglass Dulles to ASSASSINATE!
- NVADE! STARVE OUT! SUPPLY INVISIBLE ARMS! GIVE MONEY TO ORGANIZE DEATH FOR CUBAN REVOLUTION! BLOCKADE WHAT FRAIL MACHINERY!
- IAKE EVIL PROPAGANDA OVER THE WORLD! ISOLATE THE FAITHFUL'S SOUL! TAKE ALL RICHES BACK! BE WORLDLY PRINCE AND POWER OVER THE UNBELIEVABLE! MY GOD!
- MERICA WILL BE REFUSED ETERNITY BY HER OWN MAD SON THE BOMB! MEN WORKING IN ELECTRICITY BE U.S. SADISTS THEIR MAGIC PHANOPOEIAC THRU MASS MEDIA THE NASTIEST IN THIS FIRST HISTORY!

- VIL SPELLS THRU THE DAILY NEWS! HORRIBLE MASOCHISMS THUNK UP BY THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION! DEATH TO JUNKIES THRU THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT! TAXES ON YOUR HATE FOR THIS HERE WAR!
- EGIONS OF DECENCY BLACKMAIL THY CINEMAL FATE! CONSPIRACIES CONTROL ALL WHITE MAGICIANS! I CAN'T TELL YOU MY SECRET STORY ON TV!
- hambers of Commerce misquote Bob Hope who is a grim sex revolutionist talking in hysterical code flat awful jokes
- immy Durante's kept from screaming to death in the movies by a huge fat Cardinal, the Spell Man, Black Magician he won't let mad white Chaplin talk thru the State Megaphone! He takes evil pix with Swiss financial cunt!
- 's the American Medical Association poisoning the poets with their double-syndicate of heroin cut with money-dust,
- lilitary psychiatrists make deathly uniforms it's Tanganyikan nerveskin in the submarinic navy they're prepared for eternal solitude, once they go down they turn to Reptiles
- uman dragons trained to fly the air with bomb-claws clutched to breast & wires entering their brains thru muffled ears—connected to what control tower—jacked to what secret Lab where the macrocosm-machine
- icks up vibrations of my thought in this poem—the attendant is afraid—Is the President listening? is
- vil Eye, the invisible police-cop-secrecy masters Controlling Central Intelligence—do they know I took Methedrine, heroin, magic mushrooms, & lambchops & guess toward a Prophecy tonight?
- o the big dopes all they do is control each other—Doom! in the vast
- ar America—they're screeching on two mind-wheels on a National Curve —the Car that's made to die by Mr. Inhuman
- Ioneyhand, by advertising nastyhead Inc. Dream Cancer Prexy Owner Distributor Publisher & TV Doctor of Emotional Breakdown—he told

- that Mayor to get in that car without his pubic hair and drive to Kill get to Las Vegas so the oldfashioned jewish communists
- ouldn't get their idealistic radio program on the air in time to make everybody cry in the desert for the Indian Serpent to come
- ack from the Oklahoma mound where he hid with his 15,000,000 visionary original Redskin patriot-wives and warriors—they made up one big mystic serpent with its tail-a-mouth like a lost Tibet
- IURDERED AND DRIVEN FROM THE EARTH BY US JEWISH GOYIM who spend fifty billion things a year—things things!—to make the things-machinery that's turned the worlds of human consciousness into a thing of War
- herever and whoever is plugged in by real filaments or wireless or whatever magic wordy-synapse to the money-center of the mind
- hose Eye is hidden somewhere behind All mass media—what makes reporters fear their secret dreamy news—behind the Presidential mike & all its starry bunting, front for some mad BILLIONAIRES
- ho own United Fruits & Standard Oil and Hearst The Press and Texas NBC and someone owns the Radios owns vast Spheres of Air—Subliminal Billionaire got
- tate Legislatures filled with Capital Punishment Fiends because nobody's been in love on US soil long enough to realize We who pay the Public Hangman make State Murder thru Alien Gas who cause any form of hate-doom hanging
- o that in public everybody agreed by the neck suffering utmost pangs Each citizen himself unloved suicides him, because there's no beloved, now in America for All in the gas chamber the whole California Legislature
- reaming because it's Death here—we're so hopeless—The Soul of America died with ugly Chessman—strange saintly average madman driven to think for his own killers, in his pants and shirt with human haircut, said NO to—like a Cosmic NO—from the One Mouth of America speaking life or death—looked in the eye by America—

- h what a cold monster OneEye he must've saw thru the Star Spangled Banner & Hollywood with ugly smile forbidden movie & old heartless Ike in the White House officially allowing Chatterley attacked by Fed Lawyers—
- ast Customs agencies searching books—who Advises what book where—who invented what's dirty? The Pope? Baruch?—tender Genet burned by middleaged vice Officers
- ent out by The Automatic Sourface mongers whatever bad news he can high up from imaginary Empires name Scripps-Howard—just more drear opinions—Damn that *World Telegram* was Glad Henry Miller's depression Cancerbook not read to sad eyeglass Joe messenger to Grocer
- I Manhattan, or candystore emperor Hersh Silverman in Bayonne, dreaming of telling the *Truth*, but his Karma is selling jellybeans & being kind,
- he Customs police denyd him his Burroughs they defecated on de Sade, they jack'd off, and tortured his copy of Sodom with Nitric Acid in a backroom furnace house at Treasury Bureau, pouring Fire on the soul of Rochester,
- /arlocks, Black magicians burning and cursing the Love-Books, Jack be damned, casting spells from the shores of America on the inland cities, lacklove-curses on our Eyes which read genital poetry—
- deserts of deprivation for some high school'd gang, lone Cleveland that delayed its books of Awe, Chicago struggling to read its magazines, police and papers yapping over grimy gossip skyscraped from some sulphurous yellow cloud drift in from archtank hot factories make nebulous explosives near Detroit—smudge got on Corso's Rosy Page—
- S Postmaster, first class sexfiend his disguise told everyone to open letters stop the photographic fucks & verbal suckeries & lickings of the asshole by tongues meant but for poison glue on envelopes Report this privileged communication to Yours Truly We The National Police—We serve you once a day—you humanical meat creep-hood—

nd yearly the national furnace burned much book, 2,000,000 pieces mail, one decade unread propaganda from Vietnam & Chinese mag harangues, Engelian

ialectics handmade in Gobi for proud export to top hat & tails Old Bones in his penthouse on a skyscraper in Manhattan, laconic on two phones that rang thru the nets of money over earth, as he barked his orders to Formosa for more spies, abhorred all Cuba sugar from concourse with Stately stomachs—

hat's when I began vomiting my paranoia when Old National Skullface the invisible sixheaded billionaire began brainwashing my stomach with strange feelers in the *Journal American*—the penis of billionaires depositing professional semen in my ear, Fulton Lewis coming with strychnine jizzum in his voice making an evil suggestion that entered my mouth

hile I was sitting there gaping in wild dubiety & astound on my peaceful couch, he said to all the taxidrivers and schoolteachers in brokendown old Blakean America

nat Julius and Ethel Rosenberg smelled bad & shd die, he sent to kill them with personal electricity, his power station is the spirit of generation leaving him thru his asshole by Error, that very electric entered Ethel's eye

nd his tongue is the prick of a devil he don't even know, a magic capitalist ghosting it on the lam after the Everett Massacre—fucks a Newscaster in the mouth every time he gets on the Microphone—

nd those ghost jizzums started my stomach trouble with capital punishment, Ike chose to make an Artificial Death for them poor spies—if they were spying on me? who cares?—Ike disturbed the balance of the cosmos by his stroke-head deathshake, "NO"

was a big electrocution in every paper and mass medium, Television was a baby crawling toward that deathchamber

ater quiz shows prepared the way for egghead omelet, I was rotten, I was the egghead that spoiled the last supper, they made me vomit more —whole programs of halfeaten comedians sliming out my Newark Labor Leaders' assholes

hey used to wash them in the '30s with Young Politics Ideas, I was too young to smell anything but my own secret mind, I didn't even know assholes basic to Modern Democracy—What can we teach our negroes now?

hat they are Negroes, that I am thy Jew & thou my white Goy & him Chinese?—They think they're Arab Macrocosms now!

Iy uncle thinks his Truthcloud's Jewish—thinks his Name is Nose-smell-Newark 5 decades—& that's all except there's Gentile Images of mirrory vast Universe—

nd Chinese Microcosms too, a race of spade microcosms apart, like jewish truth clouds & Goyishe Nameless Vasts

ut I am the Intolerant One Gasbag from the Morgue & Void, Garbler of all Conceptions that myope my eye & is Uncle Sam asleep in the Funeral Home—?

ad magic, scram, hide in J. E. Hoover's bathingsuit. Make his pants fall in the ocean, near Miami—

angster CRASH! America will be forgotten, the identity files of the FBI slipt into the void-crack, the fingerprints unwhorled—no track where He came from—

Ian left no address, not even hair, just disappeared & Forgot his big wall-street on Earth—Uncle I hate the FBI it's all a big dreamy skyscraper somewhere over the Mutual Network—I don't even know who they are—like the Nameless—

allooo I am coming end of my Presidency—Everybody's fired—I am a hopeless whitehaired congressman—I lost my last election—landslide for Reader's Digest—not even humans—

obody home in town—just offices with many jangling telephones & automatic switchboards keep the message—typewriters return yr calls oft, Yakkata yak & tinbellring—THE POLICE ARE AT THE DOOR—

That are you doing eccentric in this solitary office? a mad vagrant Creep Truthcloud sans identity card—It's Paterson allright—anyway

the people disappeared—downtown Fabian Bldg. branch office for The Chamber of Commerce runs the streetlights

ll thru dark winter rain by univac piped from Washington Lobby they've abolished the streets from the universe—just keep control of

ne lights—in case of ectoplasm trafficking thru dead Market—where the Chinese restaurant usta play Muzak in the early century—soft green rugs & pastel walls—perfumèd tea—

oodbye, said the metal Announcer in doors of The Chamber of Commerce —we're merging with NAM forever—and the NAM has no door but's sealed copper 10 foot vault under the Federal Reserve Bldg—

ix billionaires that control America are playing Scrabble with antique Tarot —they've just unearthed another Pyramid—in the bombproof Cellar at Fort Knox

ot even the FBI knows who—They give orders to J. E. Hoover thru the metal phonegirl at the Robot Transmitter on top of RCA—you

an see new Fortune officers look like spies from 20 floors below with their eyeglasses & gold skulls—silver teeth flashing up the shitmouthed grin—weeping in their martinis! There is no secret to the success of the

ix Billionaires that own all Time since the Gnostic Revolt in Aegypto—they built the Sphinx to confuse my sex life, Who Fuckd the Void?

Thy are they starting that war all over again in Laos over Neutral Mind? Is the United States CIA army Legions overthrowing somebody like Angelica Balabanoff?

ix thousand movietheaters, 100,000,000 television sets, a billion radios, wires and wireless crisscrossing hemispheres, semaphore lights and morse, all telephones ringing at once connect every mind by its ears to one vast consciousness This Time Apocalypse—everybody waiting for one mind to break thru—

lan-prophet with two eyes Dare all creation with his dying tongue & say I AM—Messiah swallow back his death into his stomach, gaze thru great pupils of his Bodies' eyes

nd look in each Eye man, the eyeglassed fearful byriad-look that might be Godeyes see thru Death—that now are clark & ego reading manlaw —write newsbroadcasts to cover with Fears their

wn Messiah that must come when all of us conscious—Breakthru to all other Consciousness to say the Word I Am as spoken by a certain God—Millennia knew and waited till this one Century—

ow all sentience broods and listens—contemplative & hair full of rain for 15 years inside New York—what millions know and hark to hear, & death will tell, but—

uany strange magicians in buildings listening inside their own heads—or clouds over Manhattan Bridge—or strained thru music messages to —I Am from the central One! Come

low the Cosmic Horn to waken every Tiglon & Clown sentience throughout the vasting circus—in the Name of God pick up the telephone call Networks announcing Suchness That—

Am mutter a million old Gods in their beards, that had been sleeping at evening radios—cackling in their Larynx—Talking to myself again

nid the Messiah turning a dial to remember his last broadcast—I scare myself, I eat my hand, I swallow my own head, I stink in the inevitable bathroom of death this Being requires—O Widen the Area of Consciousness! O

et my Throne in Space, I rise to sit in the midst of the Starry Visible!

—Calling All Beings! in dirt from the ant to the most frightened

Prophet that ever clomb tower to vision planets

rowded in one vast space ship toward Andromeda—That all lone soul in Iowa or Hark-land join the Lone, set forth, walk naked like a Hebrew king, enter the human cities and speak free,

t last the Man-God come that hears all Phantasy behind the matterbabble in his ear, and walks out of his Cosmic Dream into the cosmic street pen mouth to the First Consciousness—God's woke up now, you Seraphim, call men with trumpet microphone & telegraph, hail every sleepwalker with Holy Name,

ife is waving, the cosmos is sending a message to itself, its image is reproduced endlessly over TV

ver the radio the babble of Hitler's and Claudette Colbert's voices got mixed up in the bathroom radiator

ello hello are you the Telephone the Operator's singing we are the daughters of the universe

et everybody on the line at once plug in all being ears by laudspeaker, newspeak, secret message,

andwritten electronic impulse traveling along rays electric spiderweb agnetisms shuddering on one note We We, mustached disc jockeys trembling in mantric excitement, flowery patterns bursting over the broken couch,

rapes falling to the floor in St. John Perse's penthouse, Portugal's water is running in all the faucets on the SS Santa Maria,

nopping machines descend on the pre-dawn tabloid, the wire services are hysterical and send too much message,

ney're waiting to bam out the Armageddon, millions of rats reported in China, smoke billows out New York's hospital furnace smokestack,

am writing millions of letters a year, I correspond with hopeful messengers in Detroit, I am taking drugs

nd leap at my postman for more correspondence, Man is leaving the earth in a rocket ship,

nere is a mutation of the race, we are no longer human beings, we are one being, we are being connected to itself,

makes me crosseyed to think how, the mass media assemble themselves like congolese Ants for a purpose

- the massive clay mound an undiscovered huge Queen is born, Africa wakes to redeem the old Cosmos,
- am masturbating in my bed, I dreamed a new Stranger touched my heart with his eye,
- e hides in a sidestreet loft in Hoboken, the heavens have covered East Second Street with Snow,
- Il day I walk in the wilderness over white carpets of City, we are redeeming ourself, I am born,
- ne Messiah woke in the Universe, I announce the New Nation, in every mind, take power over the dead creation,
- am naked in New York, a star breaks thru the blue skull of the sky out the window,
- seize the tablets of the Law, the spectral Buddha and the spectral Christ turn to a stick of shit in the void, a fearful Idea,
- take the crown of the Idea and place it on my head, and sit a King beside the reptile Devas of my Karma—
- ye in every forehead sleeping waxy & the light gone inward—to dream of fearful Jaweh or the Atom Bomb—
- ll these eternal spirits to be wakened, all these bodies touched and healed, all these lacklove
- iffering the Hate, dumbed under rainbows of Creation, O Man the means of Heaven are at hand, thy rocks & my rocks are nothing,
- ne identity of the Moon is the identity of the flower-thief, I and the Police are one in revolutionary Numbness!
- awk, Mercy The Octopus, it's IT cometh over the Void & makes whistle its lonemouthed Flute You-me forever—
- top Arguing, Cosmos, I give up so I be, I receive a happy letter from Ray Bremser exiled from home in New Jersey jail—

locks are abuilding for a thousand years, ticking behind metalloidesque electronico-clankered industries smokeless in silent mind city—

awn of the Ages! Man thy Alarm rings thru sweet myriad mornings in every desperate-carred street! Saints wait in each metropolis

or Message to Assassinate the old idea, that 20,000 yr old eye-god Man thought was Being Secret mystery,

nbearable Judge above, God alien handless tongueless to poor man, who'll scream for mercy on his deathbed—Oh I saw that black

ctopus Death, with supernatural antennae spikes raying Awful waves at my consciousness, huge blind Ball invisible behind the rooms in the universe—a not-a-man—a no-one—Nobodaddy—

mnipotent Telepath more visionary than my own Prophetics & Memories —Reptile-sentient shimmer-feel-hole Here,

ense Soullessness wiser than Time, the Eater-Darkness hungry for All—but must wait till I leave my body to enter that

ne Mind nebula to my recollection—Implacable, my soul dared not die,

hrank back from the leprous door-mind in its breast, touch Him and the hand's destroyed,

eath God in the End, before the Timeworld of creation—I mean some kind of monster from another dimension is eating Beings of our own Cosmos—

saw him try to make me leave my corpse-illusion Allen, myth movie world come to celluloid-end,

screamed seeing myself in reels of death my consciousness a cinematic toy played once in faded attick by man-already-forgotten

is orphan starhood inked from Space, the movie industry itself blot up its History & all wracked myriad Epics, Space wiped itself out,

ost in a wall-crack dream itself had once disappearing—maybe trailing endless comet-long trackless thru what unwonted dimensions it keeps dreaming existence can die inside of—vanish this Cosmos of Stars I am turning to bones in—

hat much illusion, and what's visions but visions, and these words filled Methedrine—I have a backache & 2 telegrams come midnight

from messengers that cry to plug in the Electrode Ear to

y skull downstreet, & hear what they got to say, big lives like trees
of Cancer in Bronx & Long Island—Telephones connect the voids
island blissy darkness scattered in many manmind—

New York, February 1961

### This Form of Life Needs Sex

I will have to accept women
if I want to continue the race,
kiss breasts, accept
strange hairy lips behind
buttocks,

Look in questioning womanly eyes answer soft cheeks,

bury my loins in the hang of pearplum fat tissue

I had abhorred

before I give godspasm Babe leap forward thru death—

Between me and oblivion an unknown woman stands;

Not the Muse but living meat-phantom, a mystery scary as my fanged god sinking its foot in its gullet & vomiting its own image out of its ass

—This woman Futurity I am pledge to born not to die,

but issue my own cockbrain replica Me-Hood again—For fear of the Blot?

Face of Death, my Female, as I'm sainted to my very bone,

I'm fated to find me a maiden for ignorant Fuckery—

flapping my belly & smeared with Saliva shamed face flesh & wet,

—have long droopy conversations in Cosmical Duty boudoirs, maybe bored?

Or excited New Prospect, discuss her, Futurity, my Wife

My Mother, Death, My only hope, my very Resurrection

Woman

herself, why have I feared
to be joined true
embraced beneath the Panties of Forever
in with the one hole that repelled me 1937 on?
—Pulled down my pants on the porch showing
my behind to cars passing in rain—
& She be interested, this contact with Silly new Male
that's sucked my loveman's cock
in Adoration & sheer beggary romance-awe
gulp-choke Hope of Life come
and buggered myself innumerably boy-yangs
gloamed inward so my solar plexus
feel godhead in me like an open door—

Now that's changed my decades body old tho' admiring male thighs at my brow, hard love pulsing thru my ears, stern buttocks upraised for my masterful Rape that were meant for a private shit if the Army were All— But no more answer to life than the muscular statue I felt up its marbles envying Beauty's immortality in the museum of Yore— You can fuck a statue but you can't have children You can joy man to man but the Sperm comes back in a trickle at dawn in a toilet on the 45th Floor— & Can't make continuous mystery out of that

finished performance & ghastly thrill that ends as began, stupid reptile squeak denied life by Fairy Creator become Imaginary because he decided not to incarnate opposite—Old Spook who didn't want to be a baby & die, didn't want to shit and scream exposed to bombardment on a Chinese RR track and grow up to pass his spasm on the other half of the Universe— Like a homosexual capitalist afraid of the masses and that's my situation, Folks—

New York, April 12, 1961

#### Sunset S.S. Azemour

s orange dusk-light falls on an old idea gaze thru my hand on the page ensing outward the intercoiled weird being I am in nd seek a head of that—Seraphim dvance in lightning flash through aether storm lessengers arrive horned bearded from Magnetic spheres isappearing radios receive aged galaxies nmensity wheels mirrored in every direction nnouncement swifting from Invisible to Invisible ternity-dragon's tail lost to the eye trange death, forgotten births, voices calling in the past was" that greets "I am" that writes now "I will be" rmies marching over and over the old battlefield— That powers sit in their domed tents and decree Eternal Victory? sit at my desk and scribe the endless message from myself to my own hand

Marseilles-Tanger, 1961

### Seabattle of Salamis Took Place off Perama

- it weren't for you Mr Jukebox with yr aluminum belly roaring & thirty teeth eating dirty drx.
- r eyes starred round the world, purple diamonds & white brain revolving black disks
- ı every bar from Yokamama to Pyraeus winking & beaming Saturday Nite
- hat silence harbor Sabbath dark instead of boys screaming and dancing wherever I go—
- ail Jukebox of Perama with attendant minstrel juvenile whores
- n illuminated porches where kids leap to noise bouncing over black oceantide,
- aning into azure neon with sexy steps, delicious idiot smile and young teeth, flowers in ears,
- egro voices scream back 1000 years striped pants pink shirts patent leather shoes on their lean dog feet
- kaggerated sneakers green pullovers, long hair, hips & eyes!
- hey're jumping & joying this minute over the bones of Persian sailors

choes of Harlem in Athens! Hail to your weeping eyes New York! ail to the noise wherever the jukebox is on TOO LOUD,

he Muses are loose in the world again with their big black voice bazooky blues,

luses with bongo guitars electric flutes on microphones Cha Cha eeling happy in Havana Mambo moving delicate London new Lyre in Liverpool

in Clarinet prophesying in Delphos, Crete jumping again! anyotis dancing alone stepped drunk from a krater, Yorgis slapping his heels & kicking Cerberus' heads off!

oobie Doobie reigns forever on the shores! One drachma for Black Jack, one drachma brings Aharisti again, Na-ti-the-Ma-Fez,

pen the Door Richard, I'm Casting a Spell on You, Apocalypse Rock, End of History Rag!

Piraeus, September 1, 1961

### **Galilee Shore**

/ith the blue-dark dome old-starred at night, green boat-lights purring over water,

faraway necklace of cliff-top Syrian electrics, ells ashore, music from a juke-box trumpeted, nadow of death against my left breast prest -cigarette, match-flare, skull wetting its lips—

isherman-nets over wood walls, light wind in dead willow branch n a grassy bank—the saxophone relaxed and brutal, silver horns echo

/as there a man named Solomon? Peter walked here? Christ on this sweet water?

lessings on thee Peacemaker!

English spoken

n the street bearded Jews' sandals & Arab white head cloth—
ne silence between Hebrew and Arabic—
ne thrill of the first Hashish in a holy land—
ver hill down the valley in a blue bus, past Cana no weddings—
have no name I wander in a nameless countryside—
bung boys all at the movies seeing a great Western—
rt gallery closed, pipe razor & tobacco on the floor.

- o touch the beard of Martin Buber
- ) watch a skull faced Gershom Scholem lace his shoes
- pronounce Capernaum's name & see stone doors of a tomb
- be meek, alone, beside a big dark lake at night—

- pass thru Nazareth dusty afternoon, and smell the urine down near Mary's well
- watch the orange moon peep over Syria, weird promise—
- wait beside Galilee—night with Orion, lightning, negro voices, Burger's Disease, a glass of lemon tea—feel my left hand on my shaved chin—

ll you have to do is suffer the metaphysical pain of dying.

rt is just a shadow, like cows or tea—

eep the future open, make no dates it's all here

ith moonrise and soft music on phonograph memory—

ust think how amazing! someone getting up and walking on the water.

Tiberias, October 1961

## **Stotras to Kali Destroyer of Illusions**

- Statue of Liberty Spouse of Europa Destroyer of Past Present Future hey who recite this Anthem issuing from empty skulls the stars & stripes
- ertainly makes a noise on the radio beauteous with the twilight nould one skinny Peruvian only spell your name right O thou who ast formidable eyebrows of spiritual money & beareth United Nations in your hair
- ich Peruvian becomes higher Jaweh charming countless moviestars with disappearing eyes
- republic female mouth from which two politics trickle they who recite
- ne name thy 28th star OMAHA subjugate hungry ghost-hoards ascreech under Gold Reserve
- fortress America Guardian Blueprint who in thy nether right hand hangs a bathroom
- thy nether left the corpse of Edgar Poe in front right hand hanging the skull
- f Roosevelt with gray eyeballs & left hand George Washington his tongue hanging out like a fish
- our huge goddess eye looming over his severed head your bottomless throat open
- ith great machinery roars inside teeth made of white radios & mountainous red tongue
- cking vast bubbles of atomic gum left eye rolled to gray heavens above Dewline
- ght eye staring into magic engine wheels hissing with railroad steam rm after arm snaking into place in aether battleships dangling from one hand to another

- ne black corpse Thelonious Monk the flayed skin of Gertrude Stein held down
- uttering over the gaping Yoni, hands reaching out to honk all the horns of Broadway
- /illiam Randolph Hearst's bones circled in mystic ring on third toe & breast hung
- ith newspapers shining with Earl Browder's cancer the 1964 Elections flapping in her left
- ostril if you sneeze you'll destroy the western hemisphere right Vajra hand
- laying mah-jongg with her astrolabes it keeps her mind occupied especially with rhythmic
- reathing exercises & interpretive dancing one foot goddesslike on the corpse of Uncle Sam
- op hand bearing the Telephone nobody's on the other end she's talking to herself
- ecause when the ear gets disconnected from the brain you still hear noise
- ut who remembers what it means somebody else will pay the bill as fast as it takes
- or vultures to clean up a corpse at Tower of Silence That will be five minutes and
- ktra charges if you go on talking the eleventh hand presenting an electric chair
- velfth hand in the mudra of Foreign Aid and thirteenth palm closed in sign of Disarmament
- Freedom with gaping mouth full of Cops whose throat is adorned with skulls of Rosenbergs
- hose breasts spurt Jazz into the robot faces of thy worshippers grant that recitation
- f this Hymn will bring them abiding protection money & dance in White House

- or even a dope sees Eternity who meditates on thee raimented with Space crosseyed
- reatrix of Modernity whose waist is beauteous with a belt of numberless Indian scalps
- iixed with negro teeth Who on the breast of James Dean in the vast bedroom of Forest Lawn
- emetery enjoyest the great Passion of Jesus Christ or seated on the bone-yard ground
- rewn with the flesh of Lumumba haunted by the female shoes of Khrushchev & Stevenson's long red tongue
- njoyest the worship of spies & endless devotions intoned by mustached radio announcers
- by night thy devotee naked with long weird hair sit in the park & recite this Hymn
- hile his full breasted girl fills his lap with provincial kisses and meditates on Thee
- uch such a one dwells in the land the supreme politician & knows Thy mystery
- Wife of China should thy patriot recite thy anthem & China's cut-up & mixed together
- ith that of Russia Thy elephant-headed infant mighty in all future worlds
- meditate one year with knowledge of thy mystic copulation with China this next age
- hen such knower will delight in secret weapon official Intelligence kodaked in his telegraphic brain
- ome of the Brave thou gavest birth to the Steel Age before the Hydrogen Age the
- obalt Age earning power over entire planets all futurity Male-female spouse of the solar system
- h me why then shall I not prophesy glorious truths for Thee Ah me folks worship many other

- ountries beside you they are brainwashed but I of my own uncontrollable lust for you
- ly my hands on your Independence enter your very Constitution my head absorbed in the lips of your
- ill of Rights O Liberty whose bliss is union with each individual citizen intercourse
- laskan Oklahoman New Jerseyesque dreaming of embraces even Indonesian Vietnamese & those Congolese
- Liberty Imagewife of Mankind of thy Mercy show thy favor toward each me everywhere helpless
- efore thy manifest Destiny by grace may I never be reborn American I and all I's
- either Russian Peruvian nor Chinese Jew never again reincarnate outside Thee Mother
- emocracy O Formless One take me beyond Images & reproductions spouse beyond disunion
- bsorbed in my own non-Duality which art Thou.
- e O mother American Democracy who in the cremation ground of nations with disheveled hair in sweat of intensity meditates on thee
- nd makes over his pubic hair to thee in poetry or electrical engineering he alone knows thy Cosmic You-Me.
- America whoever on Tuesday at midnite utters This My Country 'Tis of Thee in the basement men's room
- f the Empire State Building becomes a Poet Lord of Earth and goes mounted on Elephants
- oconquer Maya the Cold War whoever recites this my country 'tis of thee with the least halfhearted
- onviction he becomes himself Big Business & Giant Unions flowing with production and is after

eath father of his country which is the Universe itself and will at night in union with Thee

mother with eyes of delightful movies enter at last into amorous play united with all Presidents of US.

Bombay, 1962

### To P.O.

The whitewashed room, roof of a third-rate Mohammedan hotel, two beds, blurred fan whirling over yr brown guitar, knapsack open on floor, towel hanging from chair, Orange Crush, brown paper manuscript packages, Tibetan tankas, Gandhi pajamas, Ramakrishna Gospel, bright umbrella a mess on a rickety wooden stand, the yellow wall-bulb lights up this scene Calcutta for the thirtieth night— Come in the green door, long Western gold hair plastered down your shoulders from shower: "Did we take our pills this week for malaria?" Happy birthday dear Peter, your 29th year.

Calcutta, July 8, 1962

#### Heat

Forty feet long sixty feet high hotel Covered with old gray for buzzing flies Eye like mango flowing orange pus Ears Durga people vomiting in their sleep Got huge legs a dozen buses move inside Calcutta Swallowing mouthfuls of dead rats Mangy dogs bark out of a thousand breasts Garbage pouring from its ass behind alleys Always pissing yellow Hooghly water Bellybutton melted Chinatown brown puddles Coughing lungs Sound going down the sewer Nose smell a big gray Bidi Heart bumping and crashing over tramcar tracks Covered with a hat of cloudy iron Suffering water buffalo head lowered To pull the huge cart of year uphill

Calcutta, July 21, 1962

### Describe: The Rain on Dasaswamedh Ghat

- ali Ma tottering up steps to shelter tin roof, feeling her way to curb, around bicycle & leper seated on her way—to piss on a broom
- If by the Stone Cutters who last night were shaking the street with Boom! of Stone blocks unloaded from truck
- orcing the blindman in his gray rags to retreat from his spot in the middle of the road where he sleeps & shakes under his blanket
- ai Ram all night telling his beads or sex on a burlap carpet
- ast which cows donkeys dogs camels elephants marriage processions drummers tourists lepers and bathing devotees
- ep to the whine of serpent-pipes & roar of car motors around his black ears—
- oday on a balcony in shorts leaning on iron rail I watched the leper who sat hidden behind a bicycle
- merge dragging his buttocks on the gray rainy ground by the glovebandaged stumps of hands,
- ne foot chopped off below knee, round stump-knob wrapped with black rubber
- ushing a tin can shiny size of his head with left hand (from which only a thumb emerged from leprous swathings)
- eside him, lifting it with both ragbound palms down the curb into the puddled road,
- alancing his body down next to the can & crawling forward on his behind
- ailing a heavy rag for seat, and leaving a path thru the street wavering
- ke the Snail's slime track—imprint of his crawl on the muddy asphalt market entrance—stopping
- drag his can along stubbornly konking on the paved surface near the water pump—

There a turban'd workman stared at him moving along—his back humped with rags—

nd inquired why didn't he put his can to wash in the pump altarplace—and why go that way when free rice

ame from the alley back there by the river—As the leper looked up & rested, conversing curiously, can by his side approaching a puddle.

ali had pissed standing up & then felt her way back to the Shop Steps on thin brown legs

er hands in the air—feeling with feet for her rag pile on the stone steps' wetness—

s a cow busied its mouth chewing her rags left wet on the ground for five minutes digesting

ill the comb-&-hair-oil-booth keeper woke & chased her away with a stick

ecause a dog barked at a madman with dirty wild black hair who rag round his midriff & water pot in hand

topped in midstreet turned round & gazed up at the balconies, windows, shops and city stagery filled with glum activity

hrugged & said Jai Shankar! to the imaginary audience of Me's,

Thile a white robed Baul Singer carrying his one stringed dried pumpkin Guitar

at down near the cigarette stand and surveyed his new scene, just arrived in the Holy City of Benares.

Benares, February 1963

#### **Death News**

Visit to W.C. W. circa 1957, poets Kerouac Corso Orlovsky on sofa in living room inquired wise words, stricken Williams pointed thru window curtained on Main Street: "There's a lot of bastards out there!"

Walking at night on asphalt campus road by the German Instructor with Glasses W. C. Williams is dead he said in accent under the trees in Benares; I stopped and asked Williams is Dead? Enthusiastic and wide-eyed under the Big Dipper. Stood on the Porch of the International House Annex bungalow insects buzzing round the electric light reading the Medical obituary in Time. "out among the sparrows behind the shutters" Williams is in the Big Dipper. He isn't dead as the many pages of words arranged thrill with his intonations the mouths of meek kids becoming subtle even in Bengal. Thus there's a life moving out of his pages; Blake also "alive" thru his experienced machines. Were his last words anything Black out there in the carpeted bedroom of the gabled wood house in Rutherford? Wonder what he said, or was there anything left in realms of speech after the stroke & brain-thrill doom entered his thoughts? If I pray to his soul in Bardo Thodol he may hear the unexpected vibration of foreign mercy. Quietly unknown for three weeks; now I saw Passaic and Ganges one, consenting his devotion, because he walked on the steely bank & prayed to a Goddess in the river, that he only invented, another Ganga-Ma. Riding on the old rusty Holland submarine on the ground floor

Paterson Museum instead of a celestial crocodile. Mourn O Ye Angels of the Left Wing! that the poet of the streets is a skeleton under the pavement now and there's no other old soul so kind and meek and feminine jawed and him-eyed can see you What you wanted to be among the bastards out there.

Benares, March 20, 1963

## Vulture Peak: Gridhakuta Hill

I've got to get out of the sun mouth dry and red towel wrapped round my head walking up crying singing ah sunflower Where the traveler's journey closed my eyes is done in the black hole there sweet rest far far away up the stone climb past where Bimbisara left his armies got down off his elephant and walked up to meet Napoleon Buddha pacing back and forth on the platform of red brick on the jut rock crag Staring out Lidded-eyed beneath the burning white sunlight down on Rajgir kingdom below ants wheels within wheels of empire houses carts streets messengers wells and water flowing into past-future simultaneous kingdoms here gone on Jupiter distant X-ray twinkle of the eve myriad brick cities on earth and under New York Chicago Palenque Jerusalem Delphos Macchu Picchu Acco Herculaneum Rajagriha here all windy with the tweetle of birds and blue rocks leaning into the blue sky— Vulture Peak desolate bricks flies on the knee hot shadows

raven-screech and wind blast over the hills from desert plains south toward Bodh Gaya— All the noise I made with my mouth singing on the path up, Gary Thinking all the pale youths and virgins shrouded with snow chanting Om Shantih all over the world and who but Peter du Peru walking the streets of San Francisco arrived in my mind on Vulture Peak Then turned round and around on my heels singing and plucking out my eyes ears tongue nose and balls as I whirled longer and longer the mountains stretched swiftly flying in circles the hills undulating and roads speeding around me in the valley Till when I stopped the earth moved in my eyeballs green bulge slowly and stopped

\*

My thirst in my cheeks and tongue back throat drives me home.

Benares, April 18, 1963

## **Patna-Benares Express**

Whatever it may be whoever it may be The bloody man all singing all just However he die He rode on railroad cars He woke at dawn, in the white light of a new universe He couldn't do any different He the skeleton with eyes raised himself up from a wooden bench felt different looking at the fields and palm trees no money in the bank of dust no nation but inexpressible gray clouds before sunrise lost his identity cards in his wallet in the bald rickshaw by the Maidan in dry Patna Later stared hopeless waking from drunken sleep dry mouthed in the RR Station among sleeping shoeshine men in loincloth on the dirty concrete Too many bodies thronging these cities now

Benares, May 1963

## **Last Night in Calcutta**

Still night. The old clock Ticks, half past two. A ringing of crickets awake in the ceiling. The gate is locked on the street outside—sleepers, mustaches, nakedness, but no desire. A few mosquitoes waken the itch, the fan turns slowly a car thunders along the black asphalt, a bull snorts, something is expected— Time sits solid in the four yellow walls. No one is here, emptiness filled with train whistles & dog barks, answered a block away. Pushkin sits on the bookshelf, Shakespeare's complete works as well as Blake's unread— O Spirit of Poetry, no use calling on you babbling in this emptiness furnished with beds under the bright oval mirror—perfect night for sleepers to dissolve in tranquil blackness, and rest there eight hours —Waking to stained fingers, bitter mouth and lung gripped by cigarette hunger, what to do with this big toe, this arm this eye in the starving skeleton-filled sore horse tramcar-heated Calcutta in Eternity—sweating and teeth rotted away— Rilke at least could dream about lovers, the old breast excitement and trembling belly, is that it? And the vast starry space— If the brain changes matter breathes fearfully back on man—But now the great crash of buildings and planets breaks thru the walls of language and drowns me under its Ganges heaviness forever. No escape but thru Bangkok and New York death. Skin is sufficient to be skin, that's all it ever could be, tho screams of pain in the kidney make it sick of itself, a wavy dream dying to finish its all too famous misery—Leave immortality for another to suffer like a fool, not get stuck in the corner of the universe sticking morphine in the arm and eating meat.

May 22, 1963

### **Understand That This Is a Dream**

eal as a dream

That shall I do with this great opportunity to fly?

That is the interpretation of this planet, this moon?

I can dream that I dream / and dream anything dreamable / can I dream

am awake / and why do that?

Then I dream in a dream that I wake / up what

appens when I try to move?

dream that I move

nd the effort moves and moves

ll I move / and my arm hurts

hen I wake up / dismayed / I was dreaming / I was waking

hen I was dreaming still / just now.

nd try to remember next time in dreams

nat I am in dreaming.

nd dream anything I want when I'm awaken.

Then I'm in awakeness what do I desire?

desire to fulfill my emotional belly.

ly whole body my heart in my fingertips thrill with some old fulfillments.

ages of celestial rhymes burning fire-words

nconsumable but disappear.

rcane parchments my own and the universe the answer.

elly to Belly and knee to knee.

he hot spurt of my body to thee to thee

ld boy / dreamy Earl / you Prince of Paterson / now king of me / lost Haledon

rst dream that made me take down my pants

rgently to show the cars / auto trucks / rolling down avenue hill.

hat far back what do I remember / but the face of the leader of the gang

'as blond / that loved me / one day on the steps of his house blocks away

ll afternoon I told him about my magic Spell

can do anything I want / palaces millions / chemistry sets / chicken coops / white horses

ables and torture basements / I inspect my naked victims nained upside down / my fingertips thrill approval on their thighs the hairless cheeks I may kiss all I want

t my mercy. on the racks.

pass with my strong attendants / I am myself naked

ending down with my buttocks out

or their smacks of reproval / o the heat of desire

ke shit in my asshole. The strange gang

cross the street / thru the grocerystore / in the wood alley / out in the open on the corner /

ecause I lied to the Dentist about that chickencoop roofing / slate stolen off his garage

y me and the boy I loved who would punish me if he knew hat I loved him.

hat now I have had that boy back in another blond form eter Orlovsky a Chinese teenager in Bangkok ten years twenty years be Army on the campus / white blond loins / my mouth hath kisses / all of his cock / my ass burning / full of his cock

nis handsome body mine / answered

ll I desired / intimate loves / open eyed / revealed at last / clothes on the floor

nderwear the most revealing stripped off below the belly button in bed.

hat's that / yes yes / the flat cocks the red pricks the gentle pubic hair / alone with me

y magic spell. My power / what I desire alone / what after thirty years /

got forever / after thirty years / satisfied enough with Peter / with all I wanted /

ith many men I knew one generation / our sperm passing

ito our mouths and bellies / beautiful when love / given.

ow the dream oldens / I olden / my hair a year long / my thirtyeight birthday approaching.

dream I

m bald / am disappearing / the campus unrecognizable / Haledon Avenue

'ill be covered with neon / motels / Supermarkets / iron

ne porches and woods changed when I go back / to see Earl again

e'll be a bald / fleshy father / I could pursue him further in the garage

there's still a garage on the hill / on the planet / when I get back. From Asia.

I could even remember his name or his face / or find him /

/hen I was ten / perhaps he exists in some form.

Iith a belly and a belt and an auto

/hatever his last name / I never knew / in the phonebook / the Akashic records.

ll write my Inspiration for all Mankind to remember,

ly Idea, the secret cave / in the clothes closet / that house probably down /

othing to go back to / everything's gone / only my idea
nat's disappearing / even in dreams / gray dust piles / instant
annihilation

f World War II and all its stainless steel shining-mouthed cannons such less me and my grammar school kisses / I never kissed in time / nd go on kissing in dream and out on the street / as if it were for ever.

o forever left! Even my oldest forever gone, in Bangkok, in Benares, wept up with words and bodies / all into the brown Ganges / assing the burning grounds and / into the police state.

ly mind, my mind / you had six feet of Earth to hoe /

Thy didn't you remember and plant the seed of Law and gather the sprouts of What?

ne golden blossoms of what idea? If I dream that I dream /what dream

nould I dream next? Motorcycle rickshaws / parting lamp shine / little taxis / horses' hoofs

n this Saigon midnight street. Angkor Wat ahead and the ruined city's old Hindu faces

nd there was a dream about Eternity. What should I dream when I wake?

That's left to dream, more Chinese meat? More magic Spells? More youths to love before I change & disappear?

lore dream words? This can't go on forever. Now that I know it all / pes whither? For now that I know I am dreaming /

/hat next for you Allen? Run down to the Presidents Palace full of Morphine /

ne cocks crowing / in the street. / Dawn trucks / What is the question?

o I need sleep, now that there's light in the window?

ll go to sleep. Signing off until / the next idea / the moving van arrives empty

t the Doctor's house full of Chinese furniture.

Saigon, May 31-June 1, 1963

## **Angkor Wat**

Angkor—on top of the terrace in a stone nook in the rain Avalokitesvara faces everywhere high in their stoniness in white rainmist

Slithering hitherward paranoia
Banyans trailing
high muscled tree crawled
over the roof its big
long snaky toes spread
down the lintel's red
cradle-root
elephantine bigness

Buddha I take my refuge bowing in the black bower before the openhanded lotus-man sat crosslegged and riding in the rain in the anxious motorcycle putting in the wetness my shirt covered with green plastic apron shivering and throat choking with upsurge of stroke fear cancer Bubonic heart failure bitter stomach juices a wart growing on my rib

# Objection! This can't be Me!

What happens to me when I get high The echo of Sitaram, Sitaram Hindu fears—eat no meat or vomit the body—warnings in dream bearded Das Thakur—obsessed with meat, smoking, ganja sex, cannibal spies, Propagation of this Skin, thin vegetable soups, they was all Chinese eating pigs, was seven slanteyes watching me drink tea till I saluted the Buddha-baby in the cloth flowered pram sucking its chubby plum Music from Walt Disney hearts and roses sweet violins yellow skins landing on the green vegetable planet seven children with identical haircuts very polite, saluting clasped hand bow the Fear ordering peas in the French restaurant, with whole garlic bread cheese and coffee hot and a b a n a

pink
p
o
n
k of the rain on the roof tin
below my shuttered window
in the neon light a Hotel
clean tiled room

U
n
d
e
r a fan and canopied mosquito net

All well in this solitude, plenty money for a long ride thru the forest in a rainy afternoon with long hair wet beard glasses clouding—and that nausea—passing out of the Churning of the Ocean

asuras with teeth fangs and fat eared Devas with military mustaches

hanging on to the great Chain Snake muscle sandstone railing

length of the moat-bridge to
the South Gate, Avalokitesvara's huge
many faces in opposite directions
in high space
thru which ran new black road
at the knees of greater trees, one

needed a haircut, root-hair sprouting on branches—thru the forested Castle grounds to pathways fallen sandstone headless statues Damp black bas-relief Dancing Shiva or angel lady

The huge snake roots, the vaster
serpent arms fallen
octopus over the roof
in a square courtyard—curved
roofcombs looked Dragon-back-stone-scaled
As frail as stone is, this harder wooden
life crushing them

with the cricket-glare and parrot
squads walking across the roof
—last nite full moon in misted heaven
and slow girl dance bent elbow and inspring
fingers snaking it thru the middle—

I am afraid where I am
"I am inert" ... "I'm just doing my
Professional duty" ... "I'm scheming
murders" ... "I'm chasing a story"
I'm not going to eat meat anymore

I'm taking refuge in the Buddha Dharma Sangha Hare Krishna Hare Krishna Krishna Krishna Hare Hare Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare

who how satisfying in the ocean night as the exit of laughing gas, or the thrice-real moment of hashish or the "ordering men about, playing god, without drugs"

american husbands in sportshirts with clear, bright eyes and legs spread in the velocipedomotor bripping on holiday from US Army Saigon streets hotels I hitched get polite when you'se a hiker "I going to take both sides"

You have no right being a Hitler repeating that Abhaya mudra reassurance
Palm out flat, patting the airhide
of earth—

Nothing but a false Buddha afraid of my own annihilation, Leroi Moi—afraid to fail you yet terror those Men their tiger pictures and uniforms dream to see that Kerouac tiger too—Helikopter to—Sh, spies with telescopes for seeing the bullets that shoot—

Leroi I been done you wrong
I'm just an old Uncle Tom in disguise all along
afraid of physical tanks.
and those buzzing headphones in my skull.
and many a butterfly committed suicide
its wings to the motheaten flame—
Agh! I vomited in fear of the forest of ganja meats—
Eternal Death silliness—Cowards die many times
Not even afraid to be a Coward—Ashamed only by
metal voices declaring war on Darkness

I seen plenty corpses but not them living wound-flowers healing split open "mouths" as you see the War Correspondent who wanted to Bash China Even I wound up with his Titoist anxieties

Whatever happened to Jeannie Frigididia
Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy
radio 20 years behind Cambodia
Sounds like love is so sweet springtime
all in my head going down worried
about changing 100 Reales of meat
Whatever you think happened to
Jeannie Frigididia?
Whatyathink happen to the Frigididy girl?
You think she'll be in the Ille Frigididy news?
Is the Frigididy Universe gonna be awakened?
Is Leary my laughter?

Plus ça change tonight from 6 P.M. wet handed by meat sex drank tea, drank carrot-potato thin soup bread cheese coffee peas pies coffee pineapple soda

walked on the rainy. run out of ink market

To write a letter to President Norodom Sihanouk to live in the flower-jazz palace at Phnom Penh Kingly neutrality enter China for U.P from Hong Kong write to Eisenhower, politely inquiring get China off the hook war of races not Marxism in

Viet Nam Pres. Diem's Queer picture
—a spy in the chinese soup
on the restaurant bench—I being also a
spy for the Left Consuling

"Geez that's a great job yr doing fellers keep it up"

I wish I could fly o'er the leaves of the jungle and not get killed see the bamboo stakes piercing the foot of the beefy Marine? or the bodies Viet Cong piled on the tank Vietnamese bosses at Ap Bac battle lost whodunit? President's messages back and forth in French and Charming Ike give OK retreat from pregnant belly of S.E. Asia,

Antichinese riots Indonesia—out of the papers—not seen *Newsweek* a week or the *Times* 

Monsoon riding thru the forest gate faces Creepers silence on Ta-Phrom temple halls narrow stone walk under sleeping trees rain on Ta-Keo pyramid—perfect faces smiling ladies' fiery headdresses in Thommanom till passing the soda stand in forest arbor ganja cigarette rolled in Terrasse Supérieur rooftower by Ikon of Buddha touching Earth the burnt out incense sticks in the tipped can I straightened and shoes off bowed

As I rode thru the forest Hari Hindoo and Lord of Mercy struggled like Asur-Devas with my mind-snake drifting motorized under the trees—that long road with a dip and slow strange rise into the arch of the four-headed Smile—gate to the old park of Khmer palaces—ancient morphine in a room—Garuda bebeaked and wing-sphinxed—

The many Sphinx-heads with ears on the towers
Looking around the country seventeen, cheek on eye,
Bewildered in a hurry in the rain to make
this City conquered by Chams (upriver
burning the wooden city) of
Stone to last in forest
Even that permanence warped cleaned
in the Alice in Wonderland giant garden
of Ta-Phrom—followed

by the young guardian with a caterpillarlike green frond in his hairhe shrank back a second when I went to touch his crown

And I'm following them naked to the waist chinese smooth limbed workmen or darker Cambodian cyclist Prisoners cutting the grass by the Grand Hotel's

cool waiting room with bar and USIS handout news-casts only Journals except for the State Paper reprinting the Prince King's questionless speech to Journalists itching with neon—

So many grounds to cover the terrors of the day
All got to do with snakes and only one shy
tail, I saw disappearing behind a
rock, slow banded worm—the smiles
of Avalokitesvara with his big mouth like
Cambodian Pork Chops—the boys
and why do I not even faintly desire those
black silk girls in the alley of this
clean new tourist city?—
Ah those Deva faces on the walls of Thommanom!
Clean eyebrows and smiles of Lady Yore
Ever Naomi in my ear—a sad case of refusing to
grow up give birth to die—

I am Coward in every direction—Coughing in the motorcycle trailer seat but the beautiful forest hath its rain to drown my noises—

Home to the Needle, further violation or is this vegetable smoke and vein warmth futile in the light of my friends Pronouncements Maybe Gary'll have the answer! Maybe Jack have the Answer? Will the Army answer me,

or will a clang of bells herald the God Creeley
To whom I sent postcards of the cold stonebrows—
in the green—on the spot

"Blind white mossed gray carved blocks of stone noses smiling thin lips

green mossy fronds of giant trees, the white drift smoke sky

The millions of familiar raindrops dripping in floor rock crevasses

on the broken crown of the gray lotus

The stone benches on the roof Snake balustrades

Buddha's faces on the many towers, the forest snakes waiting in the tall trunks of

wooden trees
Oh the beautiful pour of the rain noises
waiting below the money cyclopede

Motor driver covered with blue plastic

Angkor

where I dreamed of trembling to write—here again after the hot sun, sleeping and dreaming 2 days ago—back in the wished for rain past rain on my elbows Buddha save me, what am I doing here again dreamed of this This awful stone monument being in the streams of change or the Clouds in the sky— Kneeled to the statue on Porch Saranam Gochamee Catchme quick forced with incense—have to go down to the velocycle thru the bat-tower again, or out in the rain!"

As might be read for poesy by Olson
At least moves from perception to obsession
according to waves of Me-ness
Still clinging to the Earthen straw
My eye

Confused with this blue sky cloud drift "illusion" over the treetops

dwelling in my mind "frightened aging nagging flesh" To step *out* of—? Who, Me?

Just a lot of words and propaganda
I been spreading getting scared
of my own bullshit
Except when faced with my confusion

words meat / death
mind-soup
eaten last night, greedily fried macaroni
with rare beef—all the children
scream at my long awkward hair,

On the bed as I ached and strained my sphincter opened hoped to get next time befucked by a Cambodian sweet policeman from the bicycle first day who had Lord Buddha's lips as on the towers—all alike many boys—the Monks of Lolei, smoking and eating beef, touched my toes and my beard pulled by the shaven kid in yellow

Nandi the bull waiting her owner in the Sun
The house crumbling and Vishnu's arms
broken, heads off the seated
statues
bat families hanging upside down in the
door beams' cracks—Chinese families

overrunning the earth like greeneyed children of Science-fiction—Shall I blow them up, Professor?—and

O Leaf of Buddha! when we get to the green planets will we fight the strange snaky races of— Cancer Overpopulation It's a pyramid of faces—Sphinx-Avalokitesvara all mixed up, I hope Buddha's been there, Then we'll know if his mind appeared in all the directions of Space—

The Pope died a saint to be dissolved in his Christ
Philip Lamantia prophesied truly, all but
Mao Tze Tung loved Pope John

Except those newspaper Catholics in Saigon
He didn't change their plans yet—
A walk, past the Saigon Market, where
There's a few brass Buddhas for
shop sale in the North Wing

Crost the big traffic circle between the Shell gas signs, where at nite the troop Cops got in buses to go to Hué
Where telephones spoke blisters to the gas students—
gathered in front of City Hall to redress their grievances—

Surabaya Johnnie not seen Bodrabadur Temple in Java next time round this part of the world

All the wire services eating sweet and sour pork and fresh cold lichee white-meat in sugarwater—
Discussing the manly truth Gee Fellers—
Even the fat whitehaired belly boy from

Time and his Kewpiedoll wife Could've been seen in the movies dancing the rainy night at the border Chinese cha-cha, Hysteria That UP kid flown down from Vientiane Laos fugitive Hepatitis Scared of the Yellow Men, or the slow Alcohol red face of the Logistics Analyst—"I got the Eichmann syndrome" said he newsweekly—reporters who never committed suicide like Hemingway had to, faced with the fat newsman with Seven children from Buddenbrooks They were living in Greece while Pound was taking a vow of silence "I knew too much" but it was all a mistake, I fled the Mekong delta, fled the 12,000 Military speaking hot dog guts on the downtown aircooled streets, fled the Catinat Hotel, flushed my shit down the bathroom—

jumped in the cab suddenly, afraid after left Xaloi temple like a Negro disintegrated in New Orleans, afraid to publish that or they bomb my typesetter's woodsy Balcony in Louisiana—

Everywhere it's the fear I got in my own intestines—Kenyatta Prime Minister

# peacefully with his fly-whisk

and maybe the Mo Mo's underground Mao-Mao—everywhere is my own Rhodesia for Mysterious Choose Up Sides and Die like a "Man"

I never wanted to be a "human" being and this is what I got—a himalayan striped umbrella I don't use in the jungle rain—my eyes
Lid-heavy—my mind skips back to the overweight knapsack I carry all these years' scribbles bound in Ganges towels—

Down, to drink
Iced coffee with sweet evaporated milk
Chinese coffee in small glasses, but
Manger les Tripes No No—not eat
that mouthful of snake-apple

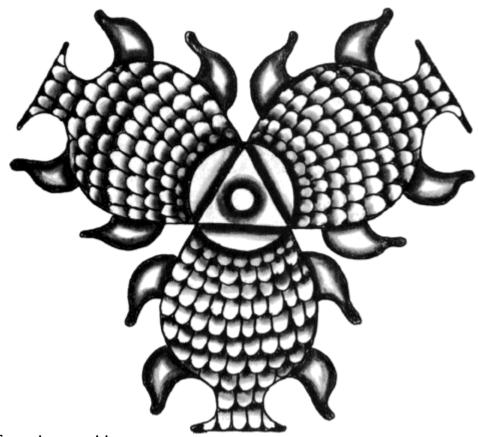
"give up desire for children"
give up—this Prophecy—
Everything drifted away in the dream
even the stone buildings of Low Library,
even the great dome of Columbia,
even the great cities of Khmer—weak
dancers at the portals of Angkor—
where I saw the praying young
head shaved peasant kneel at
the foot of the stairs on a purple
straw mat,
The cries of the boy dancers to the
deliberate slow walking drum's

triple beat—Faunlike
conscious asian steps on the
stonewalk—My cries of Sex
in bed echoed in their
lap-head grass eyes—
Motorcyclists crying together
entering the inner gates to
the huge temple left behind by other
Hindu dreamers—Kingdom
Come or Kingdom Yore—

reassurance from Buddha's two arms, palms out stept up to 13th Century Sukothai feminacy step forward—

I've read the 1910 Guidebook about them giant trees strangling the heavy palace one altar full of little black bugs I never saw before,

Broken or stray Lingams left over from another
Imperial History, Goon squads with Moats,
Kingly reservoirs dried up, must've
been a big city full of wooden poles right
near here, bamboo thatchments
Chinese babies screaming at the bearded
Han traveler—Palms together
Salute I don't care I don't know



Buddha footprint repetition

Make that a dozen eggs—split em easy.

Make that pig—tied up on the running board between iron spokes, with a sharp wood stick set between his legs to carry him squeaking hoarsely protesting being man-handled to get his throat cut for chinese hordes—yes they eat

So much pork they'll make a butcher shop restaurant of the whole white folks universe which should be owned by Negroes but is really haircut like Jews or Indian Mounties in Northern Canada

They been "throwing up radioactive dolphins in their icy bays—"?

There was a great ice-floe up north I saw holes in the sea crust, weir cold green brine slurping up, or mist on my fingernail—

I sat in a hammock and waited—a
big hole appeared in the English
Channel
To let the human beings thru, hordes
from Italy into White Anglia
England achange—Stonehenge who
went back that far to worship the
Sun?

Lady Mort's wormy intestines, always passed the basement in the Louvre with that Knight-at-Arms on a stone black table carried by hooded monks big as huge children getting stoned, tired—

It can can't go on forever. I'm in the
Jet Set, according to my memory,
dissociated in Space from
Bangkok to Calcutta 2 hours
from Bangkok to Saigon the
old elegance of the hitch thumb
in Texas past the valley
town and the green river—

Coughing in the airplane and my ears hurt a headache on the local slow airboat—over the great water, carrying the 10 tiny Buddhas of the negligent Mahant of Bodh Gaya—

Jumping in and out of space—soon faster than light I'll go back to the Graham Avenue past, and stare out the window happily at Paul R——passing down the 1942 Broadway—the gothic church, the alleys and Synagogues of Mea Shearim,

Jerusalem's hated Walls—
I couldn't get over to the Holy Side and weep
where I was supposed to by History
Laws got confused stamped
in my passport, lost in the refugee
Station at Calcutta. It
winds in and out of space and time the
physical traveler—
Returning home at last, years later as
prophesied, "Is this the way that
I'm supposed to feel?"

with my nightmare underwear downtown
in the gray haunted midnight street
foggy Vancouver was winter
then now Summer I'll see
Thru the clear air the great Northern Mountains
and aspire that lonely visible
Space-peak before entering the

Moils of New Frisco San York Orleans Castro Bomb Shade Protest Shelter Better write a letter warning against the

Aswan Nile not seen
Peking's Jewelry feet not Come true
Surely I'll live to take tea in a back yard
in Kyoto and be calm!

"Make me ready—but not yet"

No I am not "ready" to die when that Choke comes I'm afraid I'll scream and embarrass everybody—go out like a coward yellow fear I done left no Louis babies behind me Rebuke in Those 70 year eyes and I speak of Murder blessing him?—Alas to be kinder except I was kind to the Man on park bench after the Nite Club

who "schemed murders" as an analyst for air forces.

They need conscience-stricken analysts, I'm a conscious-stricken panelist on this university show.

Forward March, guessing
which bullet which airplane which nausea
be the dreadful doomy last
begun while I'm still
conscious—I'll go down and get a cold coffee at
Midnight

Siemréap, Cambodia, June 10, 1963

# The Change: Kyoto-Tokyo Express

Black Magicians
Come home: the pink meat image black yellow image with ten fingers and two eyes is gigantic already: the black curly pubic hair, the blind hollow stomach, the silent soft open vagina rare womb of new birth cock lone and happy to be home again touched by hands by mouths, by hairy lips—

Close the portals of the festival?

Open the portals to what Is,
The mattress covered with sheets,
soft pillows of skin,
long soft hair and delicate
palms along the buttocks
timidly touching,
waiting for a sign, a throb
softness of balls, rough
nipples alone in the dark
met by a weird finger;
Tears allright, and laughter
allright
I am that I am—

Closed off from this
The schemes begin, roulette,
brainwaves, bony dice,
Stroboscope motorcycles
Stereoscopic Scaly
Serpents winding thru
cloud spaces of
what is not—
"... convoluted, lunging upon
a pismire, a conflagration, a—"

## II

Shit! Intestines boiling in sand fire creep yellow brain cold sweat earth unbalanced vomit thru tears, snot ganglia buzzing the Electric Snake rising hypnotic shuffling metal-eyed coils whirling rings within wheels from asshole up the spine Acid in the throat the chest a knot trembling Swallow back the black furry ball of the great Fear

## Oh!

The serpent in my bed pitiful crawling unwanted babes of snake covered with veins and pores breathing heavy frightened love metallic Bethlehem out the window the lost, the lost hungry

ghosts here alive trapped in carpet rooms How can I be sent to Hell with my skin and blood

Oh I remember myself so

Gasping, staring at dawn over lower Manhattan the bridges covered with rust, the slime in my mouth & ass, sucking his cock like a baby crying Fuck me in my asshole Make love to this rotten slave Give me the power to whip & eat your heart I own your belly & your eyes I speak thru your screaming mouth Black Mantra Fuck you Fuck me Mother Brother Friend old white haired creep shuddering in the toilet slum bath floorboards—

Oh how wounded, how wounded, I murder the beautiful chinese women

It will come on the railroad, beneath the wheels, in drunken hate screaming thru the skinny machine gun, it will come out of the mouth of the pilot the dry lipped diplomat, the hairy teacher will come out of me again shitting the meat out of my ears on my cancer deathbed

Oh crying man crying woman crying guerrilla shopkeeper crying dysentery boneface on the urinal street of the Self

Oh Negro beaten in the eye in my home, oh black magicians in white skin robes boiling the stomachs of your children that you do not die but shudder in Serpent & worm shape forever Powerful minds & superhuman Roar of volcano & rocket in Your bowels—

Hail to your fierce desire, your Godly pride, my Heaven's gate will not be closed until we enter all—

All human shapes, all trembling donkeys & apes, all lovers turned to ghost all achers on trains & taxicab bodies sped away from date with desire, old movies, all who were refused—

All which was rejected, the leper-sexed hungry of nazi conventions, hollow cheeked arab marxists of Acco

Crusaders dying of starvation in the Holy Land—

Seeking the Great Spirit of the Universe in Terrible Godly form, O suffering Jews burned in the hopeless fire O thin Bengali sadhus adoring Kali mother hung with nightmare skulls O Myself under her pounding feet!

Yes I am that worm soul under the heel of the daemon horses I am that man trembling to die in vomit & trance in bamboo eternities belly ripped by red hands of courteous chinamen kids—Come sweetly now back to my Self as I was—

Allen Ginsberg says this: I am
a mass of sores and worms
& baldness & belly & smell
I am false Name the prey
of Yamantaka Devourer of
Strange dreams, the prey of
radiation & Police Hells of Law

I am that I am I am the man & the Adam of hair in my loins This is my spirit and physical shape I inhabit this Universe Oh weeping against what is my own nature for now

Who would deny his own shape's loveliness in his dream moment of bed Who sees his desire to be horrible instead of Him

Who is, who cringes, perishes, is reborn a red Screaming baby? Who cringes before that meaty shape in Fear?

In this dream I am the Dreamer and the Dreamed I am that I am Ah but I have always known

oooh for the hate I have spent in denying my image & cursing the breasts of illusion— Screaming at murderers, trembling between their legs in fear of the steel pistols of my mortality—

Come, sweet lonely Spirit, back to your bodies, come great God back to your only image, come to your many eyes & breasts, come thru thought and motion up all your arms the great gesture of Peace & acceptance Abhaya Mudra Mudra of fearlessness Mudra of Elephant Calmed & war-fear ended forever!

The war, the war on Man, the war on woman, the ghost assembled armies vanish in their realms

Chinese American Bardo Thodols all the seventy hundred hells from Orleans to Algeria tremble with tender soldiers weeping

In Russia the young poets rise
to kiss the soul of the revolution
in Vietnam the body is burned
to show the truth of only the
body in Kremlin & White House
the schemers draw back
weeping from their schemes—

In my train seat I renounce my power, so that I do live I will die Over for now the Vomit, cut up & pincers in the skull, fear of bones, grasp against man woman & babe.

Let the dragon of Death come forth from his picture in the whirling white clouds' darkness

And suck dream brains & claim these lambs for his meat, and let him feed and be other than I

Till my turn comes and I enter that maw and change to a blind rock covered with misty ferns that I am not all now

but a universe of skin and breath & changing thought and burning hand & softened heart in the old bed of my skin From this single birth reborn that I am to be so—

My own Identity now nameless neither man nor dragon or God but the dreaming Me full of physical rays' tender red moons in my belly & Stars in my eyes circling

And the Sun the Sun the Sun my visible father making my body visible thru my eyes!

Tokyo, July 18, 1963

## **VII**

# KING OF MAY: AMERICA TO EUROPE

(1963-1965)

## Nov. 23, 1963: Alone

### lone

ı that same self where I always was

ith Kennedy throat brain bloodied in Texas

ne television continuous blinking two radar days

ith Charlie muttering in his underwear strewn bedroom

ith Neal running down the hall shouting about the racetrack

ith Ann with her white boy's ass silent under the Cupid thigh

ith Lucille talking to herself, feeding the pregnant cat Alice

ith Anne mourning her pockmarked womb & the hard muscled chest of her Lover

'ith David's red wine fireplace casting shadows back to the Duchess farm-boy faggot of Wichita, on fire in mainstreet

ith Lance with his crummy painting & leopard blue breast seeking to buy a motorcycle to crosscountry smiling & wan

ith the manuscripts of nutritious Roselle the New York suicide on the round mahogany table near the kitchen

ith Leroi Jones' white-eyeballed war-cry unread, babbling in postmortem blue-sneer

ith myself confused shock-fingertipt on the rented typewriter

- 'ith Alan with horses' teeth metafysiks demurely insisting he was intensely so over coffee
- ith Glen o' the lisp & Justin the olding bluejacketed man-love off in autos to Mexico cactus hope
- ith the fat lady with babe in the auto, feeding & grieving her adolescence's backseat
- ith "Go to Hell" spoke on the streetcorner down hill in dark November night
- ith Judy's blood in the furnace building up weeks before in campusforest headlines, white-haired parents on Television
- ith Christopher running around in raincoats talking fast about his eyesockets seeing true streets of '60s
- ith Jaime phoning collect from New York insulting his lonesome
- ith Nemmie insisting she was drunk & insulting on the couch & Marko with a bandaged tendon hanging in front of his gaptooth
- rith Hubert in beret & tweed beard absolutely sober on meth-freak newspaper splatter rorschach universe, drinking milk
- ith Jordan on the phone suave & retired jobbing invisible mandalas upstairs from the technicolor gutter
- ith Larry whitehaired chewing his teeth nodding in chairs weak & amiable lost the pointlessness
- ith the cat curled in white fur in the kitchen chair
- ith the transistor radio silent weeks on the typewriter desk
- rith the novels *Happiness Bastard Sheeper* from Tangier Wichita *Mad Cub* Yesterday Today & Tomorrow
- ith Now, with Fuck You, with Wild Dog Burning Bush Poetry Evergreen C Thieves Journal Soft Machine Genesis Renaissance Contact Kill Roy Etc.
- rith spaniards appearing at the doors to know what's happening you wanna score or am I the sacred fear the meth-head fuzz the insect trust or delicious José

- ith Robert in his black jacket & tie deciding to make a point of his courtesy over the kitchen linoleum
- rith the Ghosts of Natalie & Peter & Krishna & Ram intoned on the shag rugs in the darkness of abandoned rooms
- ith *Blue Grace* in typescript stepping out of the taxi on the wall, and letters arriving from Málaga & Chicago
- ith me breaking off to rush in to the other room where Adam & Eve lie to get my hair spermy

# Why Is God Love, Jack?

Because I lay my head on pillows, Because I weep in the tombed studio Because my heart sinks below my navel because I have an old airy belly filled with soft sighing, and remembered breast sobs—or a hand's touch makes tender— Because I get scared— Because I raise my voice singing to my beloved self— Because I do love thee my darling, my other, my living bride my friend, my old lord of soft tender eyes— Because I am in the Power of life & can do no more than submit to the feeling that I am the One Lost Seeking still seeking the thrill—delicious bliss in the

heart abdomen loins
& thighs

Not refusing this
38 yr. 145 lb. head
arms & feet of meat

Nor one single Whitmanic
toenail contemn
nor hair prophetic banish
to remorseless Hell,

Because wrapped with machinery
I confess my ashamed desire.

New York, 1963

# **Morning**

Ugh! the planet screams Doves in rusty cornicecastles peer down on auto crossroads, a junkey in white jacket wavers in yellow light on way to a negro in bed Black smoke flowing on roofs, terrific city coughing garbage can lids music over truck whine on E. 5th St. Ugh! I'm awake again dreary day ahead what to do?—Dull letters to be answered an epistle to M. Duchamp more me all day the same clearly

Q. "Do you want to live or die?" A. "I don't know" said Julius after 12 years State Hospital

Ugh! cry negroes in Harlem Ugh! cry License Inspectors, Building Inspectors, Police Congressmen Undersecretaries of Defense. Ugh! Cries Texas Mississippi! **Ugh!** Cries India Ugh! Cries US Well, who knows?

O flowing copious!
total Freedom! To
Do what? to blap! to
embarrass! to conjoin
Locomotive blossoms to Leafy
purple vaginas.
To be dull! ashamed! shot!
Finished! Flopped!
To say Ugh absolutely meaningless here
To be a big bore! even to
myself! Fulla shit!

Paper words! Fblup! Fizzle! Droop!
Shut your big fat mouth!
Go take a flying crap in the
rain!
Wipe your own ass! Bullshit!
You big creep! Fairy! Dopy
Daffodil! Stinky Jew!
Mr. Professor! Dirty Rat! Fart!

Honey! Darling! Sweetie pie!
Baby! Lovey! Dovey! Dearest!
My own! Buttercup! O Beautiful!
Doll! Snookums! Go fuck
yourself,
everybody Ginsberg!
And when you've exhausted
that, go forward?
Where? kiss my ass!

O Love, my mouth against a black policeman's breast.

# Waking in New York

T

I place my hand before my beard with awe and stare thru open-uncurtain window rooftop rose-blue sky thru which small dawn clouds ride rattle against the pane, lying on a thick carpet matted floor at last in repose on pillows my knees bent beneath brown himalayan blanket, soft fingers atremble to pen, cramp pressure diddling the page white San Francisco notebook— And here am on the sixth floor cold March 5th Street old building plaster apartments in ruin, super he drunk with baritone radio AM nose-sex Oh New York, oh Now our bird flying past glass window Chirp —our life together here smoke of tenement chimney pots dawn haze passing thru wind soar Sirs—

How shall we greet Thee this Springtime oh Lords—?
What gifts give ourselves, what police fear
stop searched in late streets
Rockefeller Frisk No-Knock break down
my iron white-painted door?
Where shall I seek Law? in the State
in offices of telepath bureaucracy—?
in my dis-ease, my trembling, my cry
—ecstatic song to myself
to my police my law my state my

many selfs—
Aye, Self is Law and State Police
Kennedy struck down knew him Self
Oswald, Ruby ourselves

Till we know our desires Blest
with babe issue,
Resolve, accept
this self flesh we bear
in underwear, Bathrobe, smoking cigarette
up all night—brooding, solitary, set
alone, tremorous leg & arm—
approaching the joy of Alones
Racked by that, arm laid to rest,
head back wide-eyed

Morning, my song to Who listens, to
myself as I am

To my fellows in this shape that building
Brooklyn Bridge or Albany name—
Salute to the self-gods on
Pennsylvania Avenue!

May they have mercy on us all,
May be just men not murderers
Nor the State murder more,
That all beggars be fed, all
dying medicined, all loveless
Tomorrow be loved

well come & be balm.

March 16, 1964

II

On the roof cloudy sky fading sun rays electric torches atop auto horns—The towers

with time-hands giant pointing late Dusk hour over clanky roofs Tenement streets' brick sagging cornices baby white kite fluttering against giant insect face-gill Electric Mill smokestacked blue & fumes drift up Red messages, shining high floors, Empire State dotted with tiny windows lit, across the blocks of spire, steeple, golden topped utility building roofs—far like pyramids lit in jagged desert rocks— The giant the giant city awake in the first warm breath of springtime Waking voices, babble of Spanish street families, radio music floating under roofs, longhaired

cigar voice
Light zips up phallos stories
beneath red antennae needling
thru rooftop chimneys' smog
black drift thru the blue air—

announcer sincerity squawking

Bridges curtained by uplit apartment walls, one small tower with a light on its shoulder below the "moody, water-loving giants"

The giant stacks burn thick gray smoke, Chrysler is lit with green, down Wall street islands of skyscraper black jagged in Sabbath quietness—Oh fathers, how I am alone in this vast human wilderness

Houses uplifted like hives off
the stone floor of the world—
the city too vast to know, too
myriad windowed to govern
from ancient halls—
"O edifice of gas!"—Sun shafts
descend on the highest building's
striped blocktop a red light
winks buses hiss & rush
grinding, green lights
of north bridges,
hum roar & Tarzan
squeal, whistle
swoops, hurrahs!

Is someone dying in all this stone building?
Child poking its black head out of the womb like the pupil of an eye?
Am I not breathing here frightened and amazed—?
Where is my comfort, where's heart-ease,
Where are tears of joy?
Where are the companions? in deep homes in Stuyvesant Town behind the yellow-window wall?
I fail, book fails—a lassitude,
a fear—tho I'm alive
and gaze over the descending—No!
peer in the inky beauty of the roofs.

## **After Yeats**

Now incense fills the air and delight follows delight, quiet supper in the carpet room, music twangling from the Orient to my ear, old friends at rest on bright mattresses, old paintings on the walls, old poetry thought anew, laughing at a mystic toy statue painted gold, tea on the white table.

New York, April 26, 1964

# I Am a Victim of Telephone

Then I lie down to sleep dream the Wishing Well it rings

Have you a new play for the brokendown theater?"

Then I write in my notebook poem it rings

Buster Keaton is under the brooklyn bridge on Frankfurt and Pearl..."

Then I unsheath my skin extend my cock toward someone's thighs fat or thin, boy or girl

ingaling—"Please get him out of jail... the police are crashing down"

Then I lift the soupspoon to my lips, the phone on the floor begins purring

Hello it's me—I'm in the park two broads from Iowa ... nowhere to sleep last night... hit 'em in the mouth"

Then I muse at smoke crawling over the roof outside my street window

urifying Eternity with my eye observation of gray vaporous columns in the sky

ng ring "Hello this is Esquire be a dear and finish your political commitment manifesto"

Then I listen to radio presidents roaring on the convention floor

ne phone also chimes in "Rush up to Harlem with us and see the riots"

lways the telephone linked to all the hearts of the world beating at once

rying my husband's gone my boyfriend's busted forever my poetry was rejected

'on't you come over for money and please won't you write me a piece of bullshit

ow are you dear can you come to Easthampton we're all here bathing in the ocean we're all so lonely

nd I lie back on my pallet contemplating \$50 phone bill, broke, drowsy, anxious, my heart fearful of the fingers dialing, the deaths, the singing of telephone bells

nging at dawn ringing all afternoon ringing up midnight ringing now forever.

New York, June 20, 1964

# **Today**

- I am happy! O Swami Shivananda—a smile!
- telephone sweet little black being, what many voices and tongues!
- onight I'll call up Jack tell him Buster Keaton is under the Brooklyn Bridge
- y a vast red-brick wall still dead pan alive in red suspenders, portly abdomen.
- oday I saw movies, publishers, bookstores, checks—wait, I'm still poor
- oor but happy! I saw politicians we wrote a Noise Law!
- Law to free poetry—Poor Plato! Whoops here comes Fascism! I rode in a taxi!
- rode a bus, ate hot Italian Sausages, Coca-Cola, a chili-burger, Kool-Aid I drank—
- Il day I did things! I took a nap—didn't I dream about lampshade academies and ouch! I am dying?
- stuck a needle in my arm and flooded my head with drowsy bliss ...
- nd a hairy bum asked Mr. Keaton for money drink! Oh Buster! No answer!
- oday I was really amazed! Samuel Beckett had rats eyes and gold round glasses—
- didn't say a word—I had my picture taken and read all thru the NY Times
- nd Daily News, I read everybody's editorials, I protested in my mind I have the privilege of being
- lad. Today I did everything, I wore a pink shirt in the street, at home in underwear
- marveled Henry Miller's iron sink, how could he remember so clearly?
- ypnagogic vision in Brooklyn 50 years ago—just now my eyeball

oops marched in square mufti battalion dragging prisoners to—

yelids lifted I saw a blue devil with fifteen eyes on the wall—everything's mine, antique Tibetan Tankas, a siamese cat asleep on its side relaxed—

looked out of the window and saw Tonight, it was dark—someone said ooo! in Puerto Rican.

ut it was light all day, sweating hot—iron eyes blinking at the human element—

reducible Me today, I bought cigarettes at a machine, I was really worried

bout my gross belly independent of philosophy, drama, idealism imagery—

ly fate and I became one today and today became today—

ist like a mystic prophecy—I'll conquer my belly tomorrow

r not, I'll toy with Mr. Choice also for real—today I said "Forever" thrice—

nd walked under the vast Ladder of Doom, insouciant, not merely innocent

ut completely hopeless! In Despair when I woke this morning,

y mouth furry smoked a Lucky Strike first thing when I dialed telephone to check on the Building Department—

considered the License Department as I brushed my teeth with an odd toothbrush

ome visitor left I lost mine—where? rack my brains it's there

mewhere in the past—with the snubnosed uncle cock from the freakshow

he old man familiar today, first time I thought of him in years, in the rain

n Massachusetts but I was a child that summer The pink thing bulged at his open thigh fly

e fingered it out to show me—I tarried till startled when the whiskied barker

uestioned mine I ran out on the boardwalk drizzle confronting the Atlantic Ocean

-so trotted around the silent moody blocks home speechless

mother father vaginal jelly rubber instruments discovered in the closet—

stealthy memory makes hackles rise—"He inserts his penis into her vagina"—

That a weird explanation! I who collected matchbook covers like J. P. Morgan

loating over sodden discoveries in the wet gutter—O happy grubby sewers of Revere—distasteful riches—

opeless treasure I threw away in a week when I realized it was endless to complete—

ext year gathered all the heat in my loins to spurt my white surprise drops into the wet brown wood under a

eamy shower, I used the toilet paper cardboard skeleton tube

rub and thrill around my unconscious own shaft—playing with myself unbeknownst to the entire population of Far Rockaway—

emembered it all today—many years thinking of Kali-Ma and other matters—

big surprise it was Me—Dear Reader, I seem strange to myself—ou recognize everything all over again where you are, it's wonderful be introduced to strangers who know you already—

ke being Famous—a reverberation of Eternal Consciousness—

oday heraldic of Today, archetypal mimeograph machines reprinting everybody's poetry,

ke finishing a book of surrealism which I haven't read for years enjamin Péret & René Crevel heroic for real—the old New Consciousness reminded ie today—how busy I was, how fatal like a man in the madhouse, distracted

'ith presence of dishes of food to eat—Today's " stringbeans in the moonlight"

ike today I brought home blueberry pie for the first time in years—

lso today bit by a mosquito (to be precise, toward dawn)

oward dusk ate marshmallows at the News Stand and drank huge cold grape soda eyeing:

nis afternoon's *Journal* headline FBI IN HARLEM, what kind of Nasty old Epic

fternoons I imagine!) Another event, a \$10 bill in my hands, debt repaid,

café espresso smaller event—Feeling rich I bought a secondhand record of Gertrude Stein's actual Voice—

ly day was Harmonious—Though I heard no mechanic music—

noticed some Nazi propaganda—I wrote down my dream about Earth dying—I wanted to telephone Long Island—I stood on a street corner and didn't know where to go—

telephoned the Civil Liberties Union—discussed the Junk Problem & Supreme Court—

thought I was planting suggestions in everybody's Me-ity—

nought a few minutes of Blake—his quatrains—I climbed four flights &

stood at Fainlight's Chinatown door locked up—I'm being mysterious—

That does this mean? Don't ask me today, I'm still thinking,

rying to remember what happened while it's still happening—

wrote a "poem," I scribbled quotation marks everywhere over Fate passing by

ometimes I felt noble, sometimes I felt ugly, I spoke to man and woman

om *Times* & *Time*, summarized hugely—plots, cinematic glories, I boasted a little, subtly—

/as I seen thru? Too much happened to see thru All—

was never alone except for two blocks by the park, nor was I unhappy—

blessed my Guru, I felt like a shyster—told Ed how much I liked being made love to by delicate girl hands—

's true, more girls should do that to us, we chalked up another mark what's wrong

nd told everybody to register to vote this November—I stopped on the street and shook hands—

took a crap once this day—How extraordinary it all goes! recollected, a lifetime!

nagine writing autobiography what a wealth of Detail to enlist! see the contents of future magazines—just a peek Today being hurried—

oday is slowly ending—I will step back into it and disappear.

New York, July 21, 1964

# **Message II**

Long since the years letters songs Mantras

eyes apartments bellies kissed and gray bridges walked across in mist Now your brother's Welfare's paid by State now Lafcadio's home with Mama, now you're in NY beds with big poetic girls & go picket on the street I clang my finger-cymbals in Havana, I lie with teenage boys afraid of the red police, I jack off in Cuban modern bathrooms, I ascend over blue oceans in a jet plane, the mist hides the black synagogue, I will look for the Golem, I hide under the clock near my hotel, it's intermission for Tales of Hoffmann, nostalgia for the 19th century rides through my heart like the music of The Moldau, I'm still alone with long black beard and shining eyes walking down black smoky tramcar streets at night past royal muscular statues on an old stone bridge, Over the river again today in Breughel's wintry city, the snow is white on all the rooftops of Prague, Salute beloved comrade I'll send you my tears from Moscow.

March 1965

# **Big Beat**

The Olympics have descended into red velvet basement theaters of Centrum long long hair over skeleton boys thin black ties, pale handsome cheeks—and screams and screams, Orchestra mob ecstasy rising from this new generation of buttocks and eyes and tender nipples Because the body moves again, the body dances again, the body sings again the body screams new-born after War, infants cursed with secret cold jail deaths of the Fifties—Now girls with new breasts and striplings wearing soft golden puberty hair— 1000 voices scream five minutes long clapping thousand handed in great ancient measure saluting the Meat God of XX Century that moves thru the theater like the secret rhythm of the belly in Orgasm Kalki! Apocalypse Christ! Maitreya! grim Chronos weeps tired into the saxophone, The Earth is Saved! Next number! SHE'S A WOMAN Electric guitar red bells! and Ganymede emerges stomping his feet for Joy on the stage and bows to the ground, and weeping, GIVES. Oh the power of the God on his throne

# constantly surrounded by white drums right hand Sceptered beating brass cymbals!

Prague, March 11, 1965

#### Café in Warsaw

hese spectres resting on plastic stools

eather-gloved spectres flitting thru the coffeehouse one hour bectre girls with scarred faces, black stockings thin eyebrows bectre boys blond hair combed neat over the skull little chin beards ew spectres talking intensely crowded together over black shiny tables late afternoon

ne sad soprano of history chanting thru a hi-fidelity loudspeaker

-perspective walls & windows 18th century down New World Avenue to Sigmund III column'd

word upraised watching over Polish youth 3 centuries—

Polish spectres what've you suffered since Chopin wept into his romantic piano

ld buildings rubbled down, gaiety of all night parties under the air bombs,

rst screams of the vanishing ghetto—Workmen step thru prewar pink-blue bedroom walls demolishing sunny ruins—

ow spectres gather to kiss hands, girls kiss lip to lip, red witch-hair from Paris

fine gold watches—to sit by the yellow wall with a large brown briefcase—

smoke three cigarettes with thin black ties and nod heads over a new movie—

pectres Christ and your bodies be with you for this hour while you're young

- n postwar heaven stained with the sweat of Communism, your loves and your white smooth cheekskin soft in the glance of each other's eye.
- spectres how beautiful your calm shaven faces, your pale lipstick scarves, your delicate heels,

ow beautiful your absent gaze, legs crossed alone at table with long eyelashes,

ow beautiful your patient love together sitting reading the art journals—

ow beautiful your entrance thru the velvet-curtained door, laughing into the overcrowded room,

ow you wait in your hats, measure the faces, and turn and depart for an hour,

r meditate at the bar, waiting for the slow waitress to prepare red hot tea, minute by minute

anding still as hours ring in churchbells, as years pass and you will remain in Novy Swiat,

ow beautiful you press your lips together, sigh forth smoke from your mouth, rub your hands

r lean together laughing to notice this wild haired madman who sits weeping among you a stranger.

April 10, 1965

#### The Moments Return

thousand sunsets behind tramcar wires in open skies of Warsaw alace of Culture chinese peaks blacken against the orange-clouded horizon—

n iron trolley rolling insect antennae sparks blue overhead, hat man limping past rusty apartment walls—

hrist under white satin gleam in chapels—trembling fingers on the long rosary—awaiting resurrection

ld red fat Jack mortal in Florida—tears in black eyelash, Bach's farewell to the Cross—

hat was 24 years ago on a scratchy phonograph Sebastian Sampas bid adieu to earth—

stopped on the pavement to remember the Warsaw Concerto, hollow sad pianos crashing like bombs, celestial tune

a kitchen in Ozone Park—It all came true in the sunset on a deserted street—

nd I have nothing to do this evening but walk in a fur coat on the cool gray avenue years later, a melancholy man alone—

ne music fading to another universe—the moments return—reverberations of taxicabs arriving at a park bench—

Iy beard is misery, no language to these young eyes—that I remember myself naked in my earliest dream—

ow sat by the car-crossing rueful of the bald front of my skull and the gray sign of time in my beard—

eadache or dancing exhaustion or dysentery in Moscow or vomit in New York—

h—the Metropol Hotel is built—crowds waiting on traffic islands under streetlamp—the cry of tramcars on Jerusalemski—

oof towers flash Red State—the vast stone avenue hung with yellow bulbs —stop lights blink, long trolleys grind to rest, motorcycles pass exploding—

he poem returns to the moment, my vow to record—my cold fingers—& must sit and wait for my own lone Presence—the first psalm—

also return to myself, the moment and I are one man on a park bench on a crowded streetcorner in Warsaw—

breathe and sigh—*Give up desire for children* the bony-faced white bearded Guru said in Benares—am I ready to die?

r a voice at my side on the bench, a gentle question—worn young man's face under pearl gray hat—

las, all I can say is "No Panamay"—I can't speak.

Easter Sunday, April 18, 1965

# **Kral Majales**

nd the Communists have nothing to offer but fat cheeks and eyeglasses and lying policemen

nd the Capitalists proffer Napalm and money in green suitcases to the Naked,

nd the Communists create heavy industry but the heart is also heavy

nd the beautiful engineers are all dead, the secret technicians conspire for their own glamour

the Future, in the Future, but now drink vodka and lament the Security Forces,

nd the Capitalists drink gin and whiskey on airplanes but let Indian brown millions starve

nd when Communist and Capitalist assholes tangle the Just man is arrested or robbed or had his head cut off,

ut not like Kabir, and the cigarette cough of the Just man above the clouds

the bright sunshine is a salute to the health of the blue sky.

or I was arrested thrice in Prague, once for singing drunk on Narodni street,

nce knocked down on the midnight pavement by a mustached agent who screamed out BOUZERANT,

nce for losing my notebooks of unusual sex politics dream opinions,

nd I was sent from Havana by plane by detectives in green uniform,

nd I was sent from Prague by plane by detectives in Czechoslovakian business suits,

ardplayers out of Cézanne, the two strange dolls that entered Joseph K's room at morn

lso entered mine, and ate at my table, and examined my scribbles, and followed me night and morn from the houses of lovers to the cafés of Centrum—

- nd I am the King of May, which is the power of sexual youth,
- nd I am the King of May, which is industry in eloquence and action in amour,
- nd I am the King of May, which is long hair of Adam and the Beard of my own body
- nd I am the King of May, which is Kral Majales in the Czechoslovakian tongue,
- nd I am the King of May, which is old Human poesy, and 100,000 people chose my name,
- nd I am the King of May, and in a few minutes I will land at London Airport,
- nd I am the King of May, naturally, for I am of Slavic parentage and a Buddhist Jew
- ho worships the Sacred Heart of Christ the blue body of Krishna the straight back of Ram
- ne beads of Chango the Nigerian singing Shiva Shiva in a manner which I have invented,
- nd the King of May is a middleeuropean honor, mine in the XX century
- espite space ships and the Time Machine, because I heard the voice of Blake in a vision,
- nd repeat that voice. And I am King of May that sleeps with teenagers laughing.
- nd I am the King of May, that I may be expelled from my Kingdom with Honor, as of old,
- o show the difference between Caesar's Kingdom and the Kingdom of the May of Man—
- nd I am the King of May, tho' paranoid, for the Kingdom of May is too beautiful to last for more than a month—
- nd I am the King of May because I touched my finger to my forehead saluting

luminous heavy girl trembling hands who said "one moment Mr. Ginsberg"

efore a fat young Plainclothesman stepped between our bodies—I was going to England—

nd I am the King of May, returning to see Bunhill Fields and walk on Hampstead Heath,

nd I am the King of May, in a giant jetplane touching Albion's airfield trembling in fear

the plane roars to a landing on the gray concrete, shakes & expels air,

nd rolls slowly to a stop under the clouds with part of blue heaven still visible.

nd *tho* I am the King of May, the Marxists have beat me upon the street, kept me up all night in Police Station, followed me thru Springtime Prague, detained me in secret and deported me from our kingdom by airplane.

hus I have written this poem on a jet seat in mid Heaven.

May 7, 1965

#### KRAL MAJALES

And the Communists have nothing to offer but far cheeks and eyeglasms and hying policemen and the Capstaline profile Napalm and morey in green suitases to the Nakard, and the Communists create heavy industry but the heart is also

beavy and the beautiful engineers are all dead, the source submiciana outspire for their own glamor in the Fatture, in the Fatture, but now drink vodka and lienters the

oraquire for their own glamor
in the Fature, in the Fature, but now drink vodika and lament the
Security Forces,
and the Captination drink gin and whiskey on sirplane but let
ladden between milities starve
and when Communia and Captination ashedes tangle the Jiest man
is arrested or notified or had his head out off,
but not like Kalos, and the cigarent anough of the Jiest man above
the cloude
in the bright somitime in a sintee to the health of the blare sky.
For I was around strates in Prague, once for singing drank on
Nacodul street,
once knocked down on the midnight paverment by a mustached
agent who screamed out 500 CERANT,
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and I was sent from Havano by plane by detectives in green
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and I was sent from Prague by plane by detectives in Caechachowlish business with.

Carriplayers out of Cename, the two strange doth that entered
Joseph KY soom is strong
showed one night and morn from the bosses of lowns to the
cafes of Cermetra—
And I am the King of May, which is industry in eloquemer and
action in amour,
and I am the King of May, which is long bale of Adam and the

action in amour, and I am the King of May, which is long bair of Adam and the Beard of my own body and I am the King of May, which is Keal Majales in the Grecho-

and I am the King of May, which is Keal Majoles in the Greches-slovabless tongas, and I can the King of May, which is old Human poesy, and 100,000 people chose up name, and I am the King of May, and in a few minutes I will land at Liendon Airport, and I am the King of May, naturally, for I am of Slavic parentage and a Buddhist Jew who wenthjus the Sacred Heart of Christ the blue body of Krishna the straight back of Rum.

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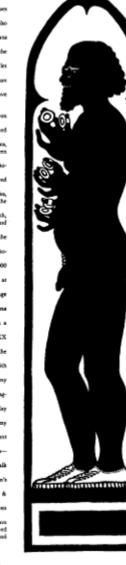
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and repeat that wiser. And I am the King of May that sleeps with
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And I am the King of May, that I may be expelled from my
Kingdom with Honer, as of old,
To show the difference between Caesai's Kingdom and the Kingdom of the May of Min—
and I am the King of May, the parametel, for the Kingdom of May
a no beautiful on back for more than a mindle—
and I am the King of May, the parametel, for the Kingdom of May
a lam showing with termiding hands who mid "one moment
Mr. Gimberg"
below a far young Haincheherman straped between our budies—
I was gring to England—
and I am the King of May, enterming to see Barabili Fields and wall
on Hampoorad Huat,
and I am the King of May, a straming to be Barabili Fields and wall
on Hampoorad Huat,
and I am the King of May, the Marshit have bear me upon
alticulative.

And the Lam the King of May, the Marsins have best me upon the street, kept me up all right in Police Station, followed one three Springtime Prages, detained one in seven and departed one flow one Kingdom by singlane. Thes I have serious this poem on a jet seat to mid Heaven.

May 7, 1965

Alter Kingley



### Guru

It is the moon that disappears
It is the stars that hide not I
It's the City that vanishes, I stay
with my forgotten shoes,
my invisible stocking
It is the call of a bell

Primrose Hill, May 1965

### **Drowse Murmurs**

... touch of vocal flattery exists where you wake us at dawn with happy sphinx lids eyeball heavy anchored together in mysterious Signature, this is the end of the world whether Atom bomb hits it or I fall down death alone no body help help It's me myself caught in throes of Ugh! They got me whom you lately loved of soft cloth beds to stick his cock in the wrong way lost animal, what wd Zoology say on Park Bench watching the Spectacle of this time Me it's my body going to die, it's My ship sinking forever, O Captain the fearful trip is done! I'm all alone, This is human, and the cat that licks its ass also hath short term to be furry specter as I do woken by last thought leap up from my pillow as the cat leaps up on the desk chair to resolve its foot lick, I lick my own mind observe the pipe crawling up the brick wall, see picture room-sides hung with nails emblem abstract oil funny glyphs, girls naked, letters & newspapers the World Map colored over for emphasis somebody born my thoughts almost lost, I absorb the big earth lamps hung from the ceiling for ready light, hear the chirp of birds younger than I and faster doomed, that jet plane whistle hiss roar above roofs stronger winged

than any thin-jawed bird—the precise robot for air flying's stronger than me even, tho' metal fatigue may come before I'm 90— I scratch my hairy skull and lean on elbow bone as alarm clock Sat Morn rings next door and wakes a sleeper body to face his day. How amazing here, now this time newspaper history, when earth planet they say revolves around one sun that on outer Galaxy arm revolves center so vast slow pinwheel big this speckless invisible molecule I am sits up solid motionless early dawn thinking high in every direction photograph spiral nebula photograph death BLANK photograph this wakened brick minute bird-song pipe-flush elbow lean in soft pillow to scribe the green sign Paradis.

June 1965

### Who Be Kind To

Be kind to your self, it is only one and perishable of many on the planet, thou art that one that wishes a soft finger tracing the line of feeling from nipple to pubes—one that wishes a tongue to kiss your armpit, a lip to kiss your cheek inside your whiteness thigh—

Be kind to yourself Harry, because unkindness comes when the body explodes napalm cancer and the deathbed in Vietnam is a strange place to dream of trees leaning over and angry American faces grinning with sleepwalk terror over your last eye—

Be kind to yourself, because the bliss of your own kindness will flood the police tomorrow,

because the cow weeps in the field and the mouse weeps in the cat hole—

Be kind to this place, which is your present habitation, with derrick and radar tower and flower in the ancient brook—

Be kind to your neighbor who weeps solid tears on the television sofa,

he has no other home, and hears nothing but the hard voice of telephones

Click, buzz, switch channel and the inspired melodrama disappears

and he's left alone for the night, he disappears in bed—

Be kind to your disappearing mother and father gazing out the terrace window as milk truck and hearse turn the corner

- Be kind to the politician weeping in the galleries of Whitehall, Kremlin, White House Louvre and Phoenix City
- aged, large nosed, angry, nervously dialing the bald voice box connected to
- electrodes underground converging thru wires vaster than a kitten's eye can see
- on the mushroom shaped fear-lobe under the ear of Sleeping Dr. Einstein
- crawling with worms, crawling with worms, crawling with worms the hour has come—
- Sick, dissatisfied, unloved, the bulky foreheads of Captain Premier President Sir Comrade Fear!
- Be kind to the fearful one at your side Who's remembering the Lamentations of the bible
- the prophecies of the Crucified Adam Son of all the porters and char men of Bell gravia—
- Be kind to your self who weeps under the Moscow moon and hide your bliss hairs under raincoat and suede Levi's—
- For this is the joy to be born, the kindness received thru strange eyeglasses on a bus thru Kensington,
- the finger touch of the Londoner on your thumb, that borrows light from your cigarette,
- the morning smile at Newcastle Central station, when longhair Tom blond husband greets the bearded stranger of telephones—
- the boom bom that bounces in the joyful bowels as the Liverpool Minstrels of Cavern Sink
- raise up their joyful voices and guitars in electric Afric hurrah

for Jerusalem—

The saints come marching in, Twist & Shout, and Gates of Eden are named in Albion again

Hope sings a black psalm from Nigeria, and a white psalm echoes in Detroit and reechoes amplified from Nottingham to Prague

and a Chinese psalm will be heard, if we all live out our lives for the next 6 decades—

Be kind to the Chinese psalm in the red transistor in your breast—

Be kind to the Monk in the 5 Spot who plays lone chord-bangs on his vast piano

lost in space on a bench and hearing himself in the nightclub universe—

Be kind to the heroes that have lost their names in the newspaper

and hear only their own supplication for the peaceful kiss of sex in the giant auditoriums of the planet,

nameless voices crying for kindness in the orchestra, screaming in anguish that bliss come true and sparrows sing another hundred years to white haired babes

and poets be fools of their own desire—O Anacreon and angelic Shelley!

Guide these new-nippled generations on space ships to Mars' next universe

The prayer is to man and girl, the only gods, the only lords of Kingdoms of Feeling, Christs of their own living ribs—

Bicycle chain and machine gun, fear sneer & smell cold logic of the Dream Bomb have come to Saigon, Johannesburg, Dominica City, Phnom Penh, Pentagon Paris and Lhasa—

Be kind to the universe of Self that trembles and shudders and thrills in XX Century,

that opens its eyes and belly and breast chained with flesh to feel the myriad flowers of bliss that I Am to Thee—

A dream! a Dream! I don't want to be alone! I want to know that I am loved!

I want the orgy of our flesh, orgy of all eyes happy, orgy of the soul kissing and blessing its mortal-grown body,

orgy of tenderness beneath the neck, orgy of kindness to thigh and vagina

Desire given with meat hand and cock, desire taken with mouth and ass, desire returned to the last sigh!

Tonite let's all make love in London as if it were 2001 the years of thrilling god—

And be kind to the poor soul that cries in a crack of the pavement because he has no body—

Prayers to the ghosts and demons, the lackloves of Capitals & Congresses who make sadistic noises on the radio—

Statue destroyers & tank captains, unhappy murderers in Mekong & Stanleyville,

That a new kind of man has come to his bliss to end the cold war he has borne against his own kind flesh since the days of the snake.

### **Studying the Signs**

After Reading Briggflatts

White light's wet glaze on asphalt city floor, the Guinness Time house clock hangs sky misty, yellow Cathay food lamps blink, rain falls on rose neon Swiss Watch under Regent archway, Sun Alliance and London Insurance Group stands granite—"Everybody gets torn down" ... as a high black taxi with orange doorlight passes around iron railing blazoned with red sigma Underground— Ah where the cars glide slowly around Eros shooting down on one who stands in Empire's Hub under his shining silver breast, look at Man's sleepy face under half-spread metal wings— Swan & Edgar's battlement walls the moving Circus, princely high windows barred (shadow bank interior office stairway marble) behind castiron green balconies emblemed with single swans afloat like white teacups what—Boots' blue sign lit up over an enamel weight-machine's mirror clockface at door betwixt plateglass Revlon & slimming biscuit plaques and that alchemical blood-crimson pharmacy bottle perched on street display. A Severed Head "relished uproariously" above the masq'd *Criterion* marquee, with Thespis and Ceres plaster Graces lifting white arms in the shelled niches above a fire gong on the wooden-pillared facade whose mansard gables lean in blue-black sky drizzle, thin flagpole. Like the prow of a Queen Mary the curved building sign Players package, blue capped center Navvy encircled by his life-belt a sweet bearded profile against 19th century sea waves last a giant red delicious Coca-Cola signature

covers half the building back to gold *Cathay*. Cars stop three abreast for the light, race forward, turtleneck youths jump the fence toward *Boots*, the night-gang in Mod slacks and ties sip coffee at the *Snac-A-Matic* corner opendoor, a boy leaned under *Cartoon Cinema* lifts hand puffs white smoke and waits agaze—a wakened pigeon flutters down from streetlamp to the fountain, primly walks and pecks the empty pave—now deep blue planet-light dawns in Piccadilly's low sky.

June 12, 1965

### **Portland Coliseum**

A brown piano in diamond
white spotlight
Leviathan auditorium
iron rib wired
hanging organs, vox
black battery
A single whistling sound of
ten thousand children's
larynxes asinging
pierce the ears
and flowing up the belly
bliss the moment arrived

Apparition, four brown English jacket christhair boys
Goofed Ringo battling bright white drums
Silent George hair patient
Soul horse
Short black-skulled Paul
wit thin guitar
Lennon the Captain, his mouth a triangular smile,
all jump together to End
some tearful memory song
ancient two years,

The million children the thousand worlds bounce in their seats, bash each other's sides, press legs together nervous Scream again & claphand
become one Animal
in the New World Auditorium
—hands waving myriad
snakes of thought
screech beyond hearing
while a line of police with
folded arms stands
Sentry to contain the red
sweatered ecstasy
that rises upward to the
wired roof.

August 27, 1965

## **VIII**

# THE FALL OF AMERICA

(1965–1971)

Thru the Vortex West Coast to East (1965–1966) Zigzag Back Thru These States (1966–1967) Elegies for Neal Cassady (1968) Ecologues of These States (1969–1971) Bixby Canyon to Jessore Road (1971)

# Thru the Vortex West Coast to East (1965–1966)

### **Beginning of a Poem of These States**

Memento for Gary Snyder

Under the bluffs of Oroville, blue cloud September skies, entering U.S. border, red red apples bend their tree boughs propt with sticks

At Omak a fat girl in dungarees leads her big brown horse by asphalt highway.

Thru lodgepole pine hills Coleville near Moses Mountain—a white horse standing back of a 2 ton truck moving forward between trees.

At Nespelem, in the yellow sun, a marker for Chief Joseph's grave under rilled brown hills—white cross over highway.

At Grand Coulee under leaden sky, giant red generators humm thru granite & concrete to materialize onions—

And gray water laps against the gray sides of Steamboat Mesa.

At Dry Falls 40 Niagaras stand silent & invisible, tiny horses graze on the rusty canyon's mesquite floor.

At Mesa, on the car radio passing a new corn silo, Walking Boogie teenager's tender throats, "I wish they could all be California girls"—as black highway curls outward.

On plains toward Pasco, Oregon hills at horizon, Bob Dylan's voice on airways, mass machine-made folksong of one soul—*Please crawl out your window*—first time heard.

Speeding thru space, Radio the soul of the nation. The Eve of Destruction and The Universal Soldier.

And tasted the Snake: water from Yellowstone under a green bridge; darshana with the Columbia, oilslick & small bird feathers on mud shore. Across the river, silver bubbles of refineries.

There Lewis and Clark floated down in a raft: the brown-mesa'd gorge of Lake Wallula smelling of rain in the sage, Greyhound buses speeding by.

Searching neither for Northwest Passage, nor Gold, nor the Prophet who will save the polluted Nation, nor for Guru walking the silver waters behind McNary Dam.

Roundup time in Pendleton, pinched women's faces and hulking cowboy hats in the tavern, I'm a city slicker from Benares. Barman murmurs to himself, two hands full of beer, "Who wanted that?"

Heavy rain at twilight, trumpets massing & ascending repeat The Eve of Destruction, Georgia Pacific sawmill burners lift smoke thru the dusky valley.

Cold night in Blue Mountains, snow-powdered tops of droopy Tamarack and Fir at gray sunrise, coffee frozen in brown coffeepot, toes chilled in Czechoslovakian tennis sneakers.

Under Ponderosa pine, this place for sale—45th Parallel, half way between equator and North Pole—Tri-City Radio broadcasting clear skies & freezing nite temperatures; big yellow daisies, hay bales piled in square stacks house-high.

"Don Carpenter has a real geologist's hammer, he can hit a rock & split it open & look inside & utter some mantra."

Coyote jumping in front of the truck, & down bank, jumping thru river, running up field to wooded hillside, stopped on a bound & turned round to stare at us—Oh-Ow! shook himself and bounded away waving his bushy tail.

Rifles & cyanide bombs unavailing—he looked real surprised & pointed his thin nose in our direction. Hari Om Namo Shivaye!

Eat all sort of things & run solitary—3 nites ago hung bear dung on a tree and laughed

—Bear: "Are you eating my corpses? Say that again!"

Coyote: "I didn't say nothing."

Sparse juniper forests on dry lavender hills, down Ritter Butte to Pass Creek, a pot dream recounted: Crossing Canada border with a tin can in the glove compartment, hip young border guards laughing —In meadow the skeleton of an old car settled: Look To Jesus painted on door.

Fox in the valley, road markers dript with small icicles, all windows on the white church broken, brown wooden barns leaned together, thin snow on gas station roof.

Malheur, Malheur National Forest—signs glazed snowfrost, last night's frozen dreams come back—staring out thru skull at cold planet—Mila-Repa accepted no gifts to cover his jeweled penis—Strawberry Mountain top white under bright clouds.

Postcards of Painted Hills, fossil beds near Dayville, Where have all the flowers gone? flowers gone? Ra and Coyote are hip to it all, nailed footpaw tracks on Day River bottom, cows kneeled at rest in meadow afternoon.

Ichor Motel, white tailfins in driveway, isolate belfried brown farmhouse circled with trees, chain saws ringing in the vale.

Rilled lava overgrown with green moss cracked in cold wind—Blue Heron and American white egret migrate to shrunken waters of Unhappy —mirage lakes wrongside of the road, dust streaming under Riddle Mountain, Steen Range powder white on horizon—

Slept, water froze in Sierra cup, a lake of bitter water from solar plexus to throat—Dreamt my knee was severed at hip and sutured back together—

Woke, icy dew on poncho and saffron sleep bag, moon like a Coleman lantern dimming icicle-point stars—vomited on knees in arroyo grass, nostrils choking with wet red acid in weak flashlight—

Dawn weakness, climbing worn lava walls following the muddy spring, waterfowl whistling sweetly & a tiny raccoon

pawed forward daintly in green mud, looking for frogs burrowed away from Arctic cold—disappeared into a silent rock shelf.

Climbed up toward Massacre Lake road—sagebrush valley-floor stretched South—Pronghorn abode, that eat the bitterroot and dry spice-bush, hunters gathering in trucks to chase antelope—

A broken corral at highway hill bottom, wreck of a dead cow in cold slanting sun set rays, eyes eaten out, neck twisted to ground, belly caved on kneebone, smell of sweet dread flesh and acrid new sage.

Slept in rusty tin feeding trough, Orion belt crystal in sky, numb metal-chill at my back, ravens settled on the cow when sun warmed my feet.

Up hills following trailer dust clouds, green shotgun shells & beer-bottles on road, mashed jackrabbits—through a crack in the Granite Range, an alkali sea—Chinese armies massed at the borders of India.

Mud plate of Black Rock Desert passing, Frank Sinatra lamenting distant years, old sad voic'd September'd recordings, and Beatles crying Help! their voices woodling for tenderness.

All memory at once present time returning, vast dry forests afire in California, U.S. paratroopers attacking guerrillas in Vietnam mountains, over porcelain-white road hump the tranquil azure of a vast lake.

Pyramid rocks knotted by pleistocene rivers, topheavy lava isles castled in Paiute water, cutthroat trout; tomato sandwiches and silence.

Reno's Motel traffic signs low mountains walling the desert oasis, radio crooning city music afternoon news, Red Chinese Ultimatum 1 A.M. tomorrow.

Up Donner Pass over concrete bridge superhighways hung with gray clouds, Mongolian Idiot chow-yuk the laughable menu this party arrived.

Ponderosa hillsides cut back for railroad track, I have nothing to do, laughing over Sierra top, gliding adventurer on the great fishtail iron-finned road, Heaven is renounced, Dharma no Path, no Saddhana to fear,

my man world will blow up, humming insects under wheel sing my own death rasping migrations of mercy, I tickle the Bodhisattva and salute the new sunset, home riding home to old city on ocean with new mantra to manifest Removal of Disaster from my self, autumn brushfire's smoky mass in dusk light, sun's bright red ball on horizon purple with earth-cloud, chanting to Shiva in the carcabin.

Pacific Gas high voltage antennae trailing thin wires across flatlands, entering Coast Range 4 lane highway over last hump to giant orange Bay glimpse, Dylan ends his song "You'd see what a drag you are," and the Pope

cometh to Babylon to address United Nations, 2000 years since Christ's birth the prophecy of Armageddon

hangs the Hell Bomb over planet roads and cities, year-end come, Oakland Army Terminal lights burn green in evening darkness.

Treasure Island Naval Base lit yellow with night business, thousands of red tail lights move in procession over Bay Bridge,

San Francisco stands on modern hills, Broadway lights flash the center gay honky-tonk Elysium, Ferry building's sweet green clock lamps black Embarcadero waters, negroes screaming over radio.

Bank of America burns red signs beneath the neon pyramids, here is the city, here is the face of war, home 8 o'clock

gliding down freeway ramp to City Lights, Peter's face and television, money and new wanderings to come.

September 1965

### **Carmel Valley**

Grass yellow hill,

small mountain range blue sky bright reservoir below road tiny cars

The wing tree green wind sigh

rises, falls—

Buddha, Christ, fissiparous

Tendencies—

White sun rays pierce my eyeglasses—

gray bark animal arms,

skin peeling,

sprig fingers pointing, twigs trembling

green plate-thins bobbing,

knotted branch-sprouts—

No one will have to announce New Age

No special name, no Unique way,

no crier by Method or

Herald of Snaky Unknown,

No Messiah necessary but the Country ourselves

fifty years old—

Allah this tree, Eternity this Space Age!

Teenagers walking on Times Sq. look up

at blue planets thru neon metal

buildingtops,

Old men lie on grass afternoons

old Walnut stands on green mountain hide,

ants crawl the page, invisible

insects sing, birds

flap down,

Man will relax on a hill remembering tree friends.

Chez Baez, November 1965

### First Party at Ken Kesey's with Hell's Angels

Cool black night thru the redwoods cars parked outside in shade behind the gate, stars dim above the ravine, a fire burning by the side porch and a few tired souls hunched over in black leather jackets. In the huge wooden house, a yellow chandelier at 3 A.M. the blast of loudspeakers hi-fi Rolling Stones Ray Charles Beatles Jumping Joe Jackson and twenty youths dancing to the vibration thru the floor, a little weed in the bathroom, girls in scarlet tights, one muscular smooth skinned man sweating dancing for hours, beer cans bent littering the yard, a hanged man sculpture dangling from a high creek branch, children sleeping softly in their bedroom bunks. And 4 police cars parked outside the painted gate, red lights revolving in the leaves.

December 1965

### **Continuation of a Long Poem of These States**

S.F. Southward

Stage-lit streets

Downtown Frisco whizzing past, buildings ranked by Freeway balconies
Bright Johnnie Walker neon
sign Christmastrees

And Christmas and its eves

in the midst of the same deep wood

as every sad Christmas before, surrounded

by forests of stars—

Metal columns, smoke pouring cloudward,

yellow-lamp horizon

warplants move, tiny

planes lie in Avionic fields—

Meanwhile Working Girls sort mail into the red slot

Rivers of newsprint to soldiers' Vietnam

Infantry Journal, Kanackee

Social Register, Wichita Star

And Postoffice Christmas the same brown place

mailhandlers' black fingers

dusty mailbags filled

1948 N.Y. Eighth Avenue was

when Peter drove the mailtruck 1955

from Rincon Annex—

Bright lights' windshield flash,

adrenalin shiver in shoulders

Around the curve

crawling a long truck

3 bright green signals on forehead

Jeweled Bayshore passing the Coast Range

one architect's house light on hill crest

..... negro voices rejoice over radio

Moonlit sticks of tea

Moss Landing Power Plant
shooting its cannon smoke
across the highway, Red taillight
speeding the white line and a mile away
Orion's muzzle
raised up
to the center of Heaven.

December 18, 1965

### These States: into L.A.

Organs and War News

Radio static from Saigon

"And the Glory of the Lord"

Newscaster Voice thru Aether—

The Truce—

12 hours, 30 hours?

Thirty Days, said Mansfield.

Cars roll right lane,

bridge lights

rising & falling on night-slope—

headlights cross speeding reflectors

Handel rejoicing

chorus whine Requiem, roar in yr Auto

window shoulders

Memories of Christmas—

and the deep Christmas begins:

U.S. 101 South

The President at home

in his swinging chair on the porch

listening to Christmas Carols

Vice-President returning from Far East

"Check into yourself that you are wrong—

You may be the Wrong" says Pope His

Christmas Message—

Overpopulation, overpopulation

Give me 3 acres of land

Give my brother how much?

Each man have fine estate?

settle giant Communes?

LSD Shakti-snake settles like gas into Consciousness

—Brightest Venus I've ever seen

Canyon-floor road, near

bursting tides

& caves they'd slept in earlier years covered with green water height of a man.

A stranger walked that ground. Five years ago we picnicked in this place.

Auto track by a mud log, Bixby Creek wove channels

thru the shifting sands.

I saw the ghost of Neal

pass by, Ferlinghetti's ghost

The ghost of Homer roaring at the surf

barking & wagging his tail

My own footprint at the sea's lips

white foam to the rock where I sang Harekrishna

sand garden drying, kelp

standing head upward in sunlight.

Dinosaur hard, scabrous

overgrown with seaweed tendrils,

Professors of rock ...

Where's Stravinsky? Theda Bara? Chaplin? Harpo Marx? Where's Laurel and his Hardy?

Laughing phantoms going to the grave—

Last time this town I saw them in movies

Ending The Road to Utopia'O Carib Isle!'

Laurel aged & white-haired Hardy

Hydrogen Comic smoke billowing

up from their Kingdom—

Grauman's Chinese Theater's drab sidewalk front's

concrete footprints, stood there

stupid, anal, exciting

upside down, Crosseyed moviestar'd

I craned my neck at Myrna Loy & Shirley Temple shoe-marks—

Raccoon crouched at road-edge, praying—

Carlights pass—

Merry Christmas to Mr. & Mrs.

Chiang Kai Shek

Merry Christmas to President Johnson & pray for Health

Merry Christmas to MacNamara, State Secretary Rusk,

Khrushchev hid in his apartment house,

to Kosygin's name, to Ho Chi Minh grown old,

Merry Christmas to rosycheeked Mao Tze Tung

Happy New Year Chou En Lai & Laurel and Hardy

Merry Christmas to the Pope

& to the Dalai Lama Rebbe Lubovitcher

to the highest Priests of Benin,

to the Chiefs of the Faery Churches—

Merry Christmas to the Four Shankaracharyas,

to all Naga Sadhus, Bauls & Chanting Dervishes from Egypt to

Malaya—

Black Sign Los Angeles 140 Miles stifling car-heat—

Music on the tacky radio,

senseless, senseless coughs of emotion—

The Ally Cease-Fire Will Not Be Extended

"..... on a densely populated area"

"... —Peking will never join the United Nations as long as it remains under what it termed American Domination."

MOBILIZE THE NATIONAL GUARD, sd Senator Anderson

IY Mental Rejectees will be reexamined

for service in Vietnam.

Bradley high on acid

drawing pictures on Army Forms?

Peter classified Psycho telling his Sergeant

"An Army is an Army against Love."

Xmas day work stack of papers on the President's desk a foot high!

he has to finish them tonight! this determined NBC News entering Lompoc, famed of W. C. Fields

who proved that Everyman's a natural bullshit artist: "spends about 75% of his time on Foreign Matters and is, uh, very involved ..."

"and all letters are answered."

WHAT no Xmas message from the

Texas White House?

The President must be very *down*—
He's maintaining his communications networks
circling the Planet.

Mambo canned music mush Ventura radio Xmas sound

Commercial announcements,

Few minutes of live speech, little joy or thanksgiving, no voice from Himalayas

Good Cheer Happy Kalpa

for Dominica Vietnam Congo China India America
Tho England rang with the Beatles!
"healing all that was oppressed with the Devil."
& at Santa Barbara exit

the Preacher hollered in tongues YOUR NAME IS WRITTEN IN HEAVEN passing 38th Parallel

Lodge spoke from Saigon "We are morally right,
we are Morally Right,
serving the cause of freedom forever giving these people
an opportunity ... almost like thinking"—
He's broadcasting serious-voice on Xmas Eve to America
Entering Los Angeles space age

three stations simultaneous radio—
Cut-Up Sounds that fill Aether,
voices back of the brain—
The voice of Lodge, all well, Moral—
voice of a poor poverty worker,
"Well they dont know anybody dont
know anything about the poor all
the money's going to the politicians
in Syracuse, none of it's going to the poor."
Evers' voice the black Christmas March
"We want to be treated like Men, like human ..."
Mass Arrest of Campers Outside LBJ Ranch
Aquamarine lights revolving along the highway,
night stars over L.A., exit trees,
turquoise brilliance shining on sidestreets—

Xmas Eve 1965

### A Methedrine Vision in Hollywood

Here at the atomic Crack-end of Time XX Century
History swifting past horse chariot earth wheel
So I in mid-age, finished with half desire
Tranquil in my hairy body, familiar beard face,
Same fingers to pen
as twenty years ago began
scribbled Confession to fellow Beings
Americans—
Heavenly creatures,

This universe a thing of dream
substance naught & Keystone void
vibrations of symmetry Yes No
Foundation of Gold Element Atom
all the way down to the first Wave
making opposite Nothing a mirror
which begat a wave of Ladies marrying
waves of Gentlemen till I was born in 1926
in Newark, New Jersey under the sign of
sweet Gemini—

Whole universes hived upon the first dumb Jerk

that wasn't there—The Only One escape from the black Not Ever was Itself,

a extra click of Life woke because Nothing had no hand to switch off the Light.

The first dumb Jerk, one wave, Forward! one way too many— So forward got backward, & Sideways both

got there simultaneous with up and down who got each other Meanwhile the first Being got its non-Being Opposite which never had to be there before This calamity, this accident, this Goof, this Imperceptible Sneak of Dimension, Some Move-Push tickle, Aleph or Aum swallowed before uttered, one-eyed sparkle, giant glint, any tiny fart or rose-whiff before roses were Thought Impossible filled every corner of Emptiness with Symmetries of Impossible Universe with no Idea How Come, & Opposite Possible Kosmoses assembled Doubtless— One makes two, symmetry's infinite touch makes Sound bounce, light sees waves reproduce oceans, vibrations are red white & blue—

All like a 3 dimensional TV dream
like Science-fiction opera
sung by inexistent Gas-brains
in their N-dimensional bag,
Some what a bubble, some what dewdrop
Some what a blossom, some what lightning flash,
Some what the old Jew in the Hospital—
snap of dying fingers,
"Where did it all go?"

Made of Ideas, waves, dots, hot projectors mirror movie screens,
Some what the Shadow cast at Radio City
Music Hall Xmas 1939
gone, gone, utterly completely gone

White and the Seven Dwarfs—

Made up of cartoon picture clouds, papier-mâché
Japanese lantern stage sets strung
with moon lights, neon arc-flames,
electric switches, thunder
reverberating from phonograph record tape machine
Tin sheets of Zeus on
the Microphone jacked to gigantic Amplifiers, gauge
needle jumping, red lights warning Other
Dimensions off the overloaded public address Sound
Systems feedback thru blue void
echoing the Real of Endless Film.

Xmas 1965

### Hiway Poesy: L.A.-Albuquerque-Texas-Wichita

up up and away! we're off, Thru America—

Heading East to San Berdoo as West did, Nathanael, California Radio Lady's voice Talking about Viet Cong— Oh what a beautiful morning Sung for us by Nelson Eddy

Two trailer trucks, Sunkist oranges / bright colored piled over the sides rolling on the road
Gray hulk of Mt. Baldy under white misted skies
Red Square signs unfold, Texaco Shell Harvey House tilted over the superhighway—

Afternoon Light
Children in back of a car
with Bubblegum
a flight of birds out of a dry field like mosquitoes

"... several battalions of U.S. troops in a search and destroy operation in the Coastal plain near Bong Son, 300 mi. Northeast of Saigon. Thus far the fighting has been a series of small clashes. In a related action 25 miles to the South, Korean troops killed 35 Viet Cong near Coastal highway Number One."

"For he's oh so Good and he's oh so fine and he's oh so healthy in his body and his mind"

The Kinks on car radio

In Riverside,

a 1920s song—

"It's the only words I know / that you'll

understand"

For my uncle Max dead 5 years ago

it's settled—buried

under the blue mountain wall,

Veined with snow at the top

clouds passing

icy remote heights

Palmtrees on valley floor

stick up toothpick hairheads—

Toy automobiles piled crushed and mangled

topped by a hanging crane,

The planet hanging,

the air hanging,

Trees hang their branches,

A dirt truck hanging on the highway—

Spectacle of Afternoon,

giant pipes glistening in the universe

Magic that weighs tons and tons,

Old bum with his rough

tattered pack hunched

walking up the hill hanging

to Ukipah

cloth cap pulled over his head black fingernails.

A wall, a wall, a Mesa Wall, There's desert flat mountain shadows miles along the pale pink floor —Indio in space.

The breath of spring, the breath of fear Mexican border ... The LSD cube silence.

There's those Hellies again,
over hiway, as over Mekong
belly lights blinking red
prob'ly surveying the border—
shotguns stickin' out all over
—Two birds swoop under car dashboard.
Purple Mist,
motor tire drone.

Sacrifice for Prosperity, says Johnson. Joshua Tree Monument

Blue dusk.

Bomb China says Southern Senator Stennis— Mobil's neon Pegasus flying overhill.

Colorado River border,

Two lemons an orange seized,

Scaly Mites

and the cube of acid smuggled into Arizona ...

"It all comes from Crystal hill"—
The whole countryside's Quartzite hereabouts—
Huntley's Perspective on the News

Sukarno a Nut? A wildman?
or potential friend?
Brought to you by Mercury
boasting "sweet
success taste"—

They can go around saying things about people, and once their policy's adopted it'll rule a decade—Somebody decided "he's a nut!"

official policy, re-echoed to 14 Million Readers of *Time* as we drive along in the Bat-mobile thru Arizona— Approaching Hope, dream maps unfolded

Waves with larger & larger loops,
Tree-posts flashing auto headlights
hit my retina
I saw what it was

light saw light, a flash in the pan.

Eyes register, nerves send waves along to the brain Finger touch is electric waves

carlights glare thru eyes—

Voice repeating itself,
wavering over the microphones—
Meditation passing Hope ...

Horrific outskirts' Eastern Traffic Sign, *Turn backward...*Dull sleep on my eyes

\* \* \* \*

Morning *Phoenix Gazette*, editorial January 27, '66
"No time for probe of CIA
No Good Purpose would be served—
Why poke on the Nose?

... Virtual epidemic of attacks,

Pacifists let Reds take over the world, rather than

Fighting Against Them—

well meaning people ... distasteful intelligence

Sacrosanct... scuttle ... demand an investigation ...

Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

Righto! The Navaho trail—

Crescent moon setting on low hills West—

Military forces over radio

push bombing N. Vietnam.

Lifelines, sponsored by Henry L. Hunt, Beans.

Dead voiced announcer, denouncing

"a communist conspiracy among the youth ...

speakers on campuses / trained to condition

idealistic brains ..."

It's Chase Manhattan Bank lends money to South African

White government—Rockfeller boy!

Unless Chase Bank quits I prophesy blood violence.

Ford has a factory,

Ford has a factory there—

"they're aw-fly proud

of being South African."

"... A hotbed of anti Semitism too?"

# PAINTED DESERT,

petrified forest

Leslie Howard's scratchy '30s image

... eating jurassic steak

Petroglyphs over there the Man in the Moon,

the guy with four fingers ...

over there, this is the sun, with two spikes out the North,

two spikes South, two spikes ray East & West



Milky way over here, the Moon,
... and all the animal tentacles
Nebula spiraled "... Roger 1943"
And I hit Julius for eating his avocado cheese sandwich too fast.

Gas flares, oil refinery night smoke,
high aluminum tubes winking red lights
over space ship runways
petrochemical witches' blood boiling underground—
"Looks like they're gettin ready to go to Mars."

Approaching Thoreau—

Fort Wingate Army Depot entrance—and there's the Continental Divide.

Anti Vietnam War Demonstrator soldiers sentenced For Contempt of President:

Hard Labor—

Learn thyself in Shell Refinery's Oil Storage Seaboard Rackets,

Lying back on the car seat, eyelids heavy,

legs spread leaned against the table,

Oh that I were young again and the skin in my anus folds rose, "La illaba el (lill) Allah bu"

Finally bored,

Over a hill, singing Raghupati Raghava Raja Ram

Albuquerque Sparkling blue brilliant

more diamonds & pearls of electricity

running out of power-plants than ever heard of

Turkey or Israel—

intense endless iridescence on black

velvet desert—
Ah what a marvel
orange blue Neon Circling itself Solar System'd
Speed Wash Texaco 19¢ Famous Hamburgers
Lion House Italian Village Pizza ah!
radio warbles Electronic noise
echo chamber vibrations—
Albuquerque streets' fantastic Neon Stars
collapsing to bright red blinks
Satellite Globes plunging their
tiny lamps in and out—
the eyeball.

\* \* \* \*

Space stretching North dotted with silver gastanks to Sandia Range
Hitchhiking student supported by National Defense Fund with his black horn rimmed glasses, thin blond hair,

"If your country calls you, would you go?"

"If my country drafted me ...

then I would go."

Selfish young american always interested in his own skin
—and blue car speeding along the highway
sticker on back

"I'm proud I'm an American" right front seat, a 10 gallon hat driver a fat car salesman—

Sitting icy tipped

distant earth peaks over Hilltops & here's an ugly little oasis, used car tractors fenced off by barbed wire below roadside—

Evenings cool clear, sharp

brilliant blue stars— Just what we needed, State Penitentiary! Two miles off into the brown furze rolling East of the highway "This is Ford Country what are you driving?" Be a Ford dealer? Great snow meadows roof Sangre De Cristo clouds, North, dipping misty rivulet tails of pointy fog.

It's a hard question ... which would you rescue, your mother-in-law

or the last text of Shakespeare?

\* \* \* \*

Two hitchhikers, one Cajun dumb mouth who sang brown voiced blues his travelin' baby.

T'other highschool smart

wavy hair, unbeautiful, unbeautiful and gentle pinched pachuco face

had ideas of his own philosophy thumbing out of Albuquerque

To New Orleans Mardigras

\$900 a week, working rolling drunks, or fixin signs with ladders and hammers

had spent 3 youth years in Siam,

Champagne & Pussy 50¢ kindly eyes

"I love to eat, and I love girls." Sang them Prajnaparamita Sutra entering Panhandle, left them back at Tukumkarie—

talking in the truckstop booth,

# fat truck drivers headed south.

On Radio entering Texas Please For Jesus! Grunts & Screams & Shouts, Shouts for the Poison Redeemer, Shouts for the Venomous Jesus of Kansas. Onward to Wichita! Onward to the Vortex! To the Birchite Hate Riddles, cock-detesting, pussy-smearing dry ladies and evil Police of Central Plains State Where boredom & fury magick bars and sirens around the innocent citykid eye & Vampire stake of politics Patriotism's driven into the white breast of Teenage joyful murmurers in carpet livingrooms on sidestreets— Beautiful children've been driven from Wichita McClure & Branaman gone J. Alan White departed left no address Charlie Plymell come *Now* to San Francisco Ann Buchanan passing thru, Bruce Conners took his joke to another coast in time the White Dove Review fluttered up from Tulsa Flatland entering Great Plains Evil gathers in Cities, Eye mouth newspapers Television concentrates its blue

flicker of death in the frontal lobe—

Police department sirens wail,

The Building Department inspector Negates
What the Fire Department has failed to burn down—
Students departing for Iowa & Chicago,

New York beckoning at the end of the stage—While Soviets have made soft landing on the moon Today, be it rock or dust?

Now's Solar System born anew? Red lights, red lights at highway end, glass reflectors,

there's no one On the Road.

"... Don't know what will happen to the proud
American soldiers in Vietnam"
said Ex Ambassador Ex General Taylor—

In this great space, Murchison & Hunt,

Texas millionaires

sit in Isolate skyscrapers

on flatland dotted with lights

or, from cities, isolate from fairies

and screaming european dowagers & sopranos,

plot conspiracies against Communists,

send messages to New York, Austin, Wichita

Vancouver, Seattle, to Los Angeles—

Radio programs about the Federal Octopus—

Seraphs of Money Power on Texas plains

huge fat-bellied power-men shoving piles of Capital

by train

across grasslands—

Shoving messages into myriad innocent-cleaned ears Spiritual messages about spiritual war—

Come to Jesus

where the money is!

Texas voice

singing Vietnam Blues Twanging

"I don't like to die / a man I ain't about t' crawl" In Vital-heart.

Big truck slowly lumbers through town—

Hotels raise signs, neon winks.

Liberal's the beginning of Kansas

Martial music filling airwaves—

only the last few weeks

waves of military music

drum taps drum beats trumpets

pulsing thru radiostations

not even sad,

bald Sopranos

Sacred Tenors from 1920s

Singing antique music style

What Patriot wrote that shit?

Something to drive out the Indian

Vibrato of Buffy Sainte-Marie?

Doom call of McGuire?

The heavenly echo of Dylan's despair

before the silver microphone

in his snake suit,

a reptile boy

disappearing in Time—

soft shoe dancing on the Moon?

It'll be a relief when the Chinese take over Texas!

Lifeline pumping its venom "Communist Conspiracy"

Secret documents Infiltrate & smash Vatican—

broadcast to these empty plains,

Isolate farmhouses with radios

hearing the Horror Syndicate

take over the Universe!

Radiostations whistling & crashing against each other on autoradio

Full moonlight on blue snow
Loudspeaker blasting midnite static
thru some European Swansong,
Dit dat dits of outerspace communication
blanking out Ear's substance
Vatican whistles undertone
bloops and eeeeeps, trillion-antennae'd
grid of the Shabda
If it's silent it isn't there—

\* \* \* \*

Entering Kansas
little red towers blink distance,
Lifeline, continued over 7 stations—
H. L. Hunt his books read,
Cold reasoning voice over Kansas plains—
O that's Liberal Spread before us!
Truck stopped by roadside Weighing Station

\*

Heavy Jewish voice heard over Kansas Radio
Varning the Jews, Take safety in Christ
—Dr. Michaelson
and the Hebrew-Christian Hour
—P.O.B. 707 Los Angeles 53—

In 1866 & 1881 the Carbon Companies paid \$2,500,000 for the bones of Buffalos
Representing 31,000,000 Buffalos.
Handful of Buffalo, lightbrown back shining in the sun
Grazing at the edge of River Ginnesca—
Peter says Oooo! What

visions they must have of human beings—silent tolerant, head bent,

cropping grass—

'Right now they're trying to take the Indian territories away, near Hopiland.'

Wanna build subdivisions,

Mineral rights—

The last lands of the redskins—

Saw it in the paper t'other day

on the Highway near Tucson—

Blue morning in Kansas,

black lambs dotted in snow

Ice gleaming in brown grass at roadside

Corn stacks, small

lined up around tree groves—

Kingman Salvage, rusty autos under rusty hill,

Jodrell Bank reporting Sensational pictures Rocks on the Moon,

"it's a hard surface—"

information about Hog Scallops at Birth,

Meat prices, Grain prices

Steer Meat Dollar values,

Appeal to end Property Tax

Green signs,

Welcome to Wichita

Population 280,000

*January 28–29, 1966* 

### Chances "R"

Nymph and shepherd raise electric tridents glowing red against the plaster wall, The jukebox beating out magic syllables, A line of painted boys snapping fingers & shaking thin Italian trouserlegs or rough dungarees on big asses bumping and dipping ritually, with no religion but the old one of cocksuckers naturally, in Kansas center of America the farmboys in Diabolic bar light alone stiff necked or lined up dancing row on row like Afric husbands & the music's sad here, whereas Sunset Trip or Jukebox Corner it's ecstatic pinball machines— Religiously, with concentration and free prayer; fairy boys of the plains and their gay sisters of the city step together to the center of the floor illumined by machine eyes, screaming drumbeats, passionate voices of Oklahoma City chanting No Satisfaction Suspended from Heaven the Chances R Club floats rayed by stars along a Wichita tree avenue traversed with streetlights on the plain.

Wichita, February 1966

## **Wichita Vortex Sutra**

T

Turn Right Next Corner

The Biggest Little Town in Kansas

Macpherson

Red sun setting flat plains west streaked

with gauzy veils, chimney mist spread

around christmas-tree-bulbed refineries—aluminum white tanks squat beneath winking signal towers' bright plane-lights, orange gas flares

beneath pillows of smoke, flames in machinery—transparent towers at dusk

In advance of the Cold Wave
Snow is spreading eastward to
the Great Lakes
News Broadcast & old clarinets
Watertower dome Lighted on the flat plain
car radio speeding acrost railroad tracks—

Kansas! Kansas! Shuddering at last!

PERSON appearing in Kansas!

angry telephone calls to the University

Police dumbfounded leaning on

their radiocar hoods

While Poets chant to Allah in the roadhouse Showboat!

Blue eyed children dance and hold thy Hand O aged Walt who came from Lawrence to Topeka to envision

Iron interlaced upon the city plain—

Telegraph wires strung from city to city O Melville!

Television brightening thy rills of Kansas lone

I come,

lone man from the void, riding a bus hypnotized by red tail lights on the straight space road ahead—

& the Methodist minister with cracked eyes leaning over the table

quoting Kierkegaard "death of God" a million dollars

in the bank owns all West Wichita

come to Nothing!

Prajnaparamita Sutra over coffee—Vortex of telephone radio aircraft assembly frame ammunition petroleum nightclub Newspaper streets illuminated by Bright EMPTINESS—

Thy sins are forgiven, Wichita!

Thy lonesomeness annulled, O Kansas dear!

as the western Twang prophesied

thru banjo, when lone cowboy walked the railroad track past an empty station toward the sun sinking giant-bulbed orange down the box canyon—

Music strung over his back

and empty handed singing on this planet earth I'm a lonely Dog, O Mother!

Come, Nebraska, sing & dance with me-

Come lovers of Lincoln and Omaha,

hear my soft voice at last

As Babes need the chemical touch of flesh in pink infancy lest they die Idiot returning to Inhuman—

Nothing—

So, tender lipt adolescent girl, pale youth, give me back my soft kiss

Hold me in your innocent arms, accept my tears as yours to harvest equal in nature to the Wheat that made your bodies' muscular bones broad shouldered, boy bicept—
from leaning on cows & drinking Milk
in Midwest Solitude—

No more fear of tenderness, much delight in weeping, ecstasy in singing, laughter rises that confounds

staring Idiot mayors

and stony politicians eyeing Thy breast,

O Man of America, be born!

Truth breaks through!

How big is the prick of the President? How big is Cardinal Vietnam?

How little the prince of the FBI, unmarried all these years! How big are all the Public Figures? What kind of flesh hangs, hidden behind their Images?

Approaching Salina,

rehistoric excavation, Apache Uprising

in the drive-in theater

Shelling Bombing Range mapped in the distance, Crime Prevention Show, sponsor Wrigley's Spearmint Dinosaur Sinclair advertisement, glowing green— South 9th Street lined with poplar & elm branch

spread over evening's tiny headlights—

Salina Highschool's brick darkens Gothic

over a night-lit door—

What wreaths of naked bodies, thighs and faces, small hairy bun'd vaginas, silver cocks, armpits and breasts moistened by tears

for 20 years, for 40 years?

Peking Radio surveyed by Luden's Coughdrops Attacks on the Russians & Japanese, Big Dipper leaning above the Nebraska border, handle down to the blackened plains,
telephone-pole ghosts crossed
by roadside, dim headlights—
dark night, & giant T-bone steaks,
and in *The Village Voice*New Frontier Productions present
Camp Comedy: *Fairies I Have Met*.
Blue highway lamps strung along the horizon east at Hebron

Homestead National Monument near Beatrice—

Language, language black Earth-circle in the rear window, no cars for miles along highway beacon lights on oceanic plain language, language over Big Blue River chanting La illaha el (lill) Allah hu revolving my head to my heart like my mother chin abreast at Allah Eves closed, blackness vaster than midnight prairies, Nebraskas of solitary Allah, Joy, I am I the lone One singing to myself God come true— Thrills of fear. nearer than the vein in my neck—? What if I opened my soul to sing to my absolute self Singing as the car crash chomped thru blood & muscle tendon skull? What if I sang, and loosed the chords of fear brow? What exquisite noise wd

shiver my car companions?

riding in all my Power riding

I am the Universe tonite

chauffeured thru my self by a long haired saint with eyeglasses
What if I sang till Students knew I was free
of Vietnam, trousers, free of my own meat,
free to die in my thoughtful shivering Throne?
freer than Nebraska, freer than America—
May I disappear
in magic Joy-smoke! Pouf! reddish Vapor,
Faustus vanishes weeping & laughing
under stars on Highway 77 between Beatrice & Lincoln—
"Better not to move but let things be" Reverend Preacher?
We've all already disappeared!

Space highway open, entering Lincoln's ear
ground to a stop Tracks Warning
Pioneer Boulevard—
William Jennings Bryan sang
Thou shalt not crucify mankind upon a cross of Gold!
O Baby Doe! Gold's
Department Store hulks o'er 10th Street now
—an unregenerate old fop who didn't want to be a monkey now's the Highest Perfect Wisdom dust
and Lindsay's cry
survives compassionate in the Highschool Anthology—
a giant dormitory brilliant on the evening plain
drifts with his memories—
There's a nice white door over there
for me O dear! on Zero Street.

February 15, 1966

II
Face the Nation
Thru Hickman's rolling earth hills
icy winter
gray sky bare trees lining the road
South to Wichita

you're in the Pepsi Generation Signum enroute
Aiken Republican on the radio 60,000
Northvietnamese troops now infiltrated but over 250,000
South Vietnamese armed men

our Enemy—

Not Hanoi our enemy Not China our enemy The Viet Cong!

McNamara made a "bad guess"

"Bad Guess?" chorused the Reporters.

Yes, no more than a Bad Guess, in 1962 "8000 American Troops handle the Situation"

**Bad Guess** 

in 1954, 80% of the

Vietnamese people would've voted for Ho Chi Minh wrote Ike years later *Mandate for Change* 

A bad guess in the Pentagon

And the Hawks were guessing all along

Bomb China's 200,000,000

cried Stennis from Mississippi

I guess it was 3 weeks ago

Holmes Alexander in Albuquerque Journal

Provincial newsman

said I guess we better begin to do that Now, his typewriter clacking in his aged office on a side street under Sandia Mountain?

Half the world away from China

Johnson got some bad advice Republican Aiken sang to the Newsmen over the radio

The General guessed they'd stop infiltrating the South if they bombed the North—

So I guess they bombed!

Pale Indochinese boys came thronging thru the jungle in increased numbers to the scene of TERROR!

While the triangle-roofed Farmer's Grain Elevator sat quietly by the side of the road

along the railroad track

American Eagle beating its wings over Asia

million dollar helicopters

a billion dollars worth of Marines

who loved Aunt Betty

Drawn from the shores and farms shaking from the high schools to the landing barge blowing the air thru their cheeks with fear in *Life* on Television

Put it this way on the radio

Put it this way in television language

Use the words

language, language:

"A bad guess"

Put it this way in headlines

Omaha World Herald—Rusk Says Toughness

Essential For Peace

Put it this way

Lincoln Nebraska morning Star—

Vietnam War Brings Prosperity

Put it this way

Declared McNamara speaking language

**Asserted Maxwell Taylor** 

General, Consultant to White House

Viet Cong losses leveling up three five zero zero per month Front page testimony February '66

Here in Nebraska same as Kansas same known in Saigon

in Peking, in Moscow, same known

by the youths of Liverpool three five zero zero

the latest quotation in the human meat market—

Father I cannot tell a lie!

A black horse bends its head to the stubble

beside the silver stream winding thru the woods

by an antique red barn on the outskirts of Beatrice—

Quietness, quietness

over this countryside

except for unmistakable signals on radio

followed by the honkytonk tinkle

of a city piano

to calm the nerves of taxpaying housewives of a Sunday morn.

Has anyone looked in the eyes of the dead?

U.S. Army recruiting service sign Careers With A Future

Is anyone living to look for future forgiveness?

Water hoses frozen on the street, the

Crowd gathered to see a strange happening garage—

Red flames on Sunday morning

in a quiet town!

Has anyone looked in the eyes of the wounded?

Have we seen but paper faces, Life Magazine?

Are screaming faces made of dots,

electric dots on Television—

fuzzy decibels registering

the mammal voiced howl

from the outskirts of Saigon to console model picture tubes

in Beatrice, in Hutchinson, in El Dorado

in historic Abilene

O inconsolable!

Stop, and eat more flesh.

"We will negotiate anywhere anytime"

said the giant President

Kansas City Times 2/14/66: "Word reached U.S. authorities that Thailand's leaders feared that in Honolulu Johnson might have tried to persuade South Vietnam's rulers to ease their stand against negotiating with the Viet Cong.

American officials said these fears were groundless and Humphrey was telling the Thais so."

AP dispatch

The last week's paper is Amnesia.

Three five zero zero is numerals

Headline language poetry, nine decades after Democratic Vistas and the Prophecy of the Good Gray Poet

Our nation "of the fabled damned"

or else ...

Language, language

Ezra Pound the Chinese Written Character for truth

defined as man standing by his word

Word picture: forked creature

Man

standing by a box, birds flying out representing mouth speech

Ham Steak please waitress, in the warm café.

Different from a bad guess.

The war is language,

language abused

for Advertisement,

language used

like magic for power on the planet:

Black Magic language,

formulas for reality—

Communism is a 9 letter word

used by inferior magicians with

the wrong alchemical formula for transforming earth into gold

—funky warlocks operating on guesswork,

handmedown mandrake terminology

that never worked in 1956

for gray-domed Dulles,

brooding over at State,

that never worked for Ike who knelt to take the magic wafer in his mouth from Dulles' hand inside the church in Washington:

Communion of bum magicians

congress of failures from Kansas & Missouri working with the wrong equations Sorcerer's Apprentices who lost control of the simplest broomstick in the world:

Language

O longhaired magician come home take care of your dumb helper before the radiation deluge floods your livingroom,

your magic errandboy's just made a bad guess again that's lasted a whole decade.

#### NBCBSUPAPINSLIFE

Time Mutual presents

World's Largest Camp Comedy:

Magic In Vietnam—

reality turned inside out

changing its sex in the Mass Media

for 30 days, TV den and bedroom farce

Flashing pictures Senate Foreign Relations Committee room

Generals faces flashing on and off screen

mouthing language

State Secretary speaking nothing but language

McNamara declining to speak public language

The President talking language,

Senators reinterpreting language

General Taylor Limited Objectives

Owls from Pennsylvania

Clark's Face Open Ended

Dove's Apocalypse

Morse's hairy ears

Stennis orating in Mississippi

half billion chinamen crowding into the

polling booth,

Clean shaven Gen. Gavin's image

imagining Enclaves

Tactical Bombing the magic formula for

a silver haired Symington:

Ancient Chinese apothegm:

Old in vain.

Hawks swooping thru the newspapers

talons visible

wings outspread in the giant updraft of hot air

loosing their dry screech in the skies

over the Capitol

Napalm and black clouds emerging in newsprint

Flesh soft as a Kansas girl's

ripped open by metal explosion—

three five zero zero on the other side of the planet

caught in barbed wire, fire ball

bullet shock, bayonet electricity

bomb blast terrific in skull & belly, shrapneled throbbing meat

While this American nation argues war:

conflicting language, language

proliferating in airwaves

filling the farmhouse ear, filling

the City Manager's head in his oaken office

the professor's head in his bed at midnight

the pupil's head at the movies

blond haired, his heart throbbing with desire

for the girlish image bodied on the screen:

or smoking cigarettes

and watching Captain Kangaroo

that fabled damned of nations

prophecy come true—

Though the highway's straight,

dipping downward through low hills,

rising narrow on the far horizon black cows browse in caked fields ponds in the hollows lie frozen, quietness.

Is this the land that started war on China?

This be the soil that thought Cold War for decades?

Are these nervous naked trees & farmhouses

the vortex

of oriental anxiety molecules that've imagined American Foreign Policy and magick'd up paranoia in Peking and curtains of living blood surrounding far Saigon?

Are these the towns where the language emerged from the mouths here

that makes a Hell of riots in Dominica sustains the aging tyranny of Chiang in silent Taipeh city Paid for the lost French war in Algeria overthrew the Guatemalan polis in '54 maintaining United Fruit's banana greed another thirteen years for the secret prestige of the Dulles family lawfirm?

Here's Marysville—
a black railroad engine in the children's park,

at rest—

and the Track Crossing

with Cotton Belt flatcars

carrying autos west from Dallas
Delaware & Hudson gondolas filled with power stuff—
a line of boxcars far east as the eye can see
carrying battle goods to cross the Rockies
into the hands of rich longshoremen loading
ships on the Pacific—
Oakland Army Terminal lights

blue illumined all night now—
Crash of couplings and the great American train
moves on carrying its cushioned load of metal doom
Union Pacific linked together with your Hoosier Line
followed by passive Wabash

rolling behind

all Erie carrying cargo in the rear, Central Georgia's rust colored truck proclaiming The Right Way, concluding

the awesome poem writ by the train

across northern Kansas,

land which gave right of way

to the massing of metal meant for explosion

in Indochina—

Passing thru Waterville,

Electronic machinery in the bus humming prophecy—paper signs blowing in cold wind,

mid-Sunday afternoon's silence in town under frost-gray sky

that covers the horizon—

That the rest of earth is unseen,

an outer universe invisible,

Unknown except thru

language

airprint

magic images

or prophecy of the secret

heart the same

in Waterville as Saigon one human form:

When a woman's heart bursts in Waterville

a woman screams equal in Hanoi—

On to Wichita to prophesy! O frightful Bard!

into the heart of the Vortex

where anxiety rings

the University with millionaire pressure, lonely crank telephone voices sighing in dread,

and students waken trembling in their beds
with dreams of a new truth warm as meat,
little girls suspecting their elders of murder
committed by remote control machinery,
boys with sexual bellies aroused
chilled in the heart by the mailman
with a letter from an aging white haired General
Director of selection for service in Deathwar
all this black language

writ by machine!
O hopeless Fathers and Teachers
in Hué do you know
the same woe too?

I'm an old man now, and a lonesome man in Kansas but not afraid

to speak my lonesomeness in a car, because not only my lonesomeness it's Ours, all over America,

O tender fellows—

& spoken lonesomeness is Prophecy in the moon 100 years ago or in the middle of Kansas now.

It's not the vast plains mute our mouths

that fill at midnite with ecstatic language when our trembling bodies hold each other

breast to breast on a mattress—

Not the empty sky that hides

the feeling from our faces

nor our skirts and trousers that conceal

the bodylove emanating in a glow of beloved skin, white smooth abdomen down to the hair

between our legs,

It's not a God that bore us that forbid our Being, like a sunny rose

all red with naked joy

between our eyes & bellies, yes

All we do is for this frightened thing

we call Love, want and lack—

fear that we aren't the one whose body could be

beloved of all the brides of Kansas City,

kissed all over by every boy of Wichita—

O but how many in their solitude weep aloud like me—

On the bridge over Republican River

almost in tears to know

how to speak the right language—

on the frosty broad road

uphill between highway embankments

I search for the language

that is also yours—

almost all our language has been taxed by war.

Radio antennae high tension

wires ranging from Junction City across the plains—highway cloverleaf sunk in a vast meadow

lanes curving past Abilene

to Denver filled with old

heroes of love—

to Wichita where McClure's mind

burst into animal beauty

drunk, getting laid in a car

in a neon misted street

15 years ago—

to Independence where the old man's still alive

who loosed the bomb that's slaved all human consciousness and made the body universe a place of fear—

Now, speeding along the empty plain,

no giant demon machine

visible on the horizon

but tiny human trees and wooden houses at the sky's edge

I claim my birthright!

reborn forever as long as Man

in Kansas or other universe—Joy reborn after the vast sadness of War Gods! A lone man talking to myself, no house in the brown vastness to hear,

imaging the throng of Selves that make this nation one body of Prophecy languaged by Declaration as Pursuit of Happiness!

I call all Powers of imagination

to my side in this auto to make Prophecy, all Lords

of human kingdoms to come

Shambu Bharti Baba naked covered with ash

Khaki Baba fat-bellied mad with the dogs

Dehorahava Baba who moans Oh how wounded, How wounded Sitaram Onkar Das Thakur who commands

give up your desire

Satyananda who raises two thumbs in tranquillity

Kali Pada Guha Roy whose yoga drops before the void Shivananda who touches the breast and says OM

Srimata Krishnaji of Brindaban who says take for your guru

William Blake the invisible father of English visions

Sri Ramakrishna master of ecstasy eyes

half closed who only cries for his mother

Chaitanya arms upraised singing & dancing his own praise merciful Chango judging our bodies

Durga-Ma covered with blood

destroyer of battlefield illusions

million-faced Tathagata gone past suffering

Preserver Harekrishna returning in the age of pain

Sacred Heart my Christ acceptable

Allah the Compassionate One

Jaweh Righteous One

all Knowledge-Princes of Earth-man, all ancient Seraphim of heavenly Desire, Devas, yogis

& holymen I chant to—

Come to my lone presence into this Vortex named Kansas,

I lift my voice aloud,

make Mantra of American language now,

I here declare the end of the War!

Ancient days' Illusion!—

and pronounce words beginning my own millennium.

Let the States tremble,

let the Nation weep,

let Congress legislate its own delight

let the President execute his own desire—

this Act done by my own voice,

nameless Mystery—

published to my own senses,

blissfully received by my own form

approved with pleasure by my sensations

manifestation of my very thought

accomplished in my own imagination

all realms within my consciousness fulfilled

60 miles from Wichita

near El Dorado,

The Golden One,

in chill earthly mist

houseless brown farmland plains rolling heavenward

in every direction

one midwinter afternoon Sunday called the day of the Lord—

Pure Spring Water gathered in one tower

where Florence is

set on a hill,

stop for tea & gas

Cars passing their messages along country crossroads to populaces cement-networked on flatness, giant white mist on earth and a Wichita Eagle-Beacon headlines

"Kennedy Urges Cong Get Chair in Negotiations"
The War is gone,

Language emerging on the motel news stand, the right magic

Formula, the language known

in the back of the mind before, now in black print daily consciousness

Eagle News Services Saigon—

Headline Surrounded Vietcong Charge Into Fire Fight the suffering not yet ended

for others

The last spasms of the dragon of pain

shoot thru the muscles

a crackling around the eyeballs

of a sensitive yellow boy by a muddy wall

Continued from page one area

after the Marines killed 256 Vietcong captured 31 ten day operation Harvest Moon last December

Language language

U.S. Military Spokesmen

Language language

Cong death toll

has soared to 100 in First Air Cavalry

Division's Sector of

Language language

Operation White Wing near Bong Son

Some of the

Language language

Communist

Language language soldiers

charged so desperately

they were struck with six or seven bullets before they fell Language Language M 60 Machine Guns

Language language in La Drang Valley the terrain is rougher infested with leeches and scorpions The war was over several hours ago! Oh at last again the radio opens
blue Invitations!

Angelic Dylan singing across the nation

"When all your children start to resent you
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?"

His youthful voice making glad
the brown endless meadows

His tenderness penetrating aether,
soft prayer on the airwaves,
Language language, and sweet music too
even unto thee,
hairy flatness!
even unto thee
despairing Burns!

Future speeding on swift wheels straight to the heart of Wichita! Now radio voices cry population hunger world of unhappy people waiting for Man to be born O man in America! you certainly smell good the radio says passing mysterious families of winking towers grouped round a quonset-hut on a hillock feed storage or military fear factory here? Sensitive City, Ooh! Hamburger & Skelley's Gas lights feed man and machine. Kansas Electric Substation aluminum robot signals thru thin antennae towers above the empty football field at Sunday dusk to a solitary derrick that pumps oil from the unconscious working night & day & factory gas-flares edge a huge golf course

where tired businessmen can come and play— Cloverleaf, Merging Traffic East Wichita turnoff McConnell Airforce Base nourishing the city—

Lights rising in the suburbs

Supermarket Texaco brilliance starred

over streetlamp vertebrae on Kellogg,

green jeweled traffic lights

confronting the windshield,

Centertown ganglion entered!

Crowds of autos moving with their lightshine, signbulbs winking in the driver's eyeball—

The human nest collected, neon lit,

and sunburst signed

for business as usual, except on the Lord's Day—

Redeemer Lutheran's three crosses lit on the lawn

reminder of our sins

and Titsworth offers insurance on Hydraulic

by De Voors Guard's Mortuary for outmoded bodies

of the human vehicle

which no Titsworth of insurance will customize for resale—

So home, traveler, past the newspaper language factory

under Union Station railroad bridge on Douglas

to the center of the Vortex, calmly returned

to Hotel Eaton—

Carry Nation began the war on Vietnam here

with an angry smashing ax  $\,$ 

attacking Wine—

Here fifty years ago, by her violence

began a vortex of hatred that defoliated the Mekong Delta—

Proud Wichita! vain Wichita

cast the first stone!—

That murdered my mother

who died of the communist anticommunist psychosis

in the madhouse one decade long ago

complaining about wires of masscommunication in her head

and phantom political voices in the air besmirching her girlish character.

Many another has suffered death and madness in the Vortex from Hydraulic to the end of 17th—enough!

The war is over now—

Except for the souls

held prisoner in Niggertown

still pining for love of your tender white bodies O children of Wichita!

February 14, 1966

# **Auto Poesy: On the Lam from Bloomington**

Setting out East on rain bright highways
Indianapolis, police cars speeding past
gas station—Stopped for matches
PLOWL of Silence,

Street bulbs flash cosmic blue—darkness! POW, lights flash on again! pavement-gleam

Mobil station pumps lit in rain ZAP, darkness, highway power failure rain hiss

traffic lights dead black—

Ho! Dimethyl Triptamine flashing circle vibrations center Spiked—

Einsteinian Mandala,

Spectrum translucent,

... Television eyeball dots in treehouse Ken Kesey's

Power failure inside the head,

neural apparatus crackling—

So drift months later past

Eli Lilly pharmaceuticals' tower walls asleep in early morning dark outside Indianapolis Street lamps lit humped along downtown Greenfield News from Dallas, Dirksen declareth

"Vietnam Protesters have forgotten the lessons of History"

Across Ohio River, noon

old wire bridge, auto graveyards,

Washington town covered with rust—hm—

February 1966

## **Kansas City to Saint Louis**

Leaving K.C. Mo. past Independence past Liberty
Charlie Plymell's memories of K.C. renewed

The Jewel-box Review,

white-wigged fat camps yakking abt

Georgie Washington and Harry T.

filthier than any poetry reading I ever gave

applauded

by the police negro wives Mafia subsidized

To East St. Louis on the broad road

Highway 70 crammed with trucks

Last night almost broke my heart dancing to

Cant Get No Satisfaction

lotsa beer & slept naked in the guest room—

Now

Sunlit wooded hills overhang the highway rolling toward the Sex Factories of Indiana—
Automobile graveyard, red cars dumped bleeding under empty skies—
Burchfield's paintings, Walker Evans' photos, a white Victorian house on a hill—

Trumble & Bung of chamber music
pianoesque on radio—midwest culture
before rock and roll

If I knew twenty years ago what I know now I coulda led a symphony orchestra in Minneapolis & worn a tuxedo

Heart to heart, the Kansas voice of Ella Mae "are you afraid of growing old,

afraid you'll no longer be attractive to your husband?" "... I dont see any reason" says the radio

"for those agitators—

Why dont they move in with the negroes? We've been separated all along, why change things now? But I'll hang up, some other Martian might want to call in, who has another thought."

The Voice of Leavenworth echoing thru space to the car dashboard

"... causes and agitations, then, then they're doing the work of the communists as J. Edgar Hoover says, and many of these people are people with uh respectable, bility, of a cloak of respectability that shows uh uh teachers professors and students ..."

hollow voice, a minister

breathing thru the telephone

"God created all the races ... and it is only men who tried to mix em up, and when they mix em up that's when the trouble starts."

No place like Booneville though, buddy—
End of the Great Plains,
late afternoon sun, rusty leaves on trees
One of these days those boots will walk all over you

We the People—shelling the Viet Cong

"Inflation has swept in upon us ... Johnson administration rather than a prudent Budget... discipline the American people rather than discipline itself..."

I lay in bed naked in the guest room, my mouth found his cock, my hand under his behind Till the whole body stiffened and sperm choked my throat.

Michele, John Lennon & Paul McCartney wooing the decade gaps from the 30s returned

It's the only words I know that

You ll understand...

Old earth rolling mile after mile patient

The ground

I roll on

the ground

the music soars above

The ground electric arguments

ray over

The ground dotted with signs for Dave's Eat Eat scarred by highways, eaten by voices

Pete's Café—

Golden land in setting sun

Missouri River icy brown, black cows,

grass tufts standing up hairy on hills

mirrored to heaven—

Spring one month to come.

Sea shells on the ground strata'd by the turnpike—

Old ocean evaporated away,

Mastodons stomped, dinosaurs groaned

when these brown hillocks were

leafy steam-green-swamp-think Marsh nations

before the Birch Society was a gleam in the

Pterodactyl's eye

—Aeroplane sinking groundward toward my white Volkswagen prehistoric

white cockroach under high tension wires my face, Rasputin in car mirror.

Funky barn, black hills approaching Fulton
where Churchill rang down the Curtain
on Consciousness
and set a chill which overspread the world
one icy day in Missouri
not far from the Ozarks—
Provincial ears heard the Spenglerian Iron
Terror Pronouncement
Magnificent Language, they said,
for country ears—

St. Louis celling St. Louis celling

St Louis calling St Louis calling

Twenty years ago,

Thirty years ago

the Burroughs School

Pink cheeked Kenney with fine blond hair, his almond eyes aristocrat

gazed,

Morphy teaching English & Rimbaud at midnight to the fauns W.S.B. leather cheeked, sardonic

waiting for change of consciousness,

unnamed in those days—
. vodka, night for needles.

coffee, vodka, night for needles, young bodies

beautiful unknown to themselves running around St Louis

on a Friday evening

getting drunk in awe & honor of the terrific future these

red dry trees at sunset go thru two decades later
They could've seen

the animal branches, wrinkled to the sky

& known the gnarled prophecy to come, if they'd opened their eyes outa the whiskey-haze in Mississippi riverfront bars and gone into the country with a knapsack to smell the ground.

Oh grandfather maple and elm! Antique leafy old oak of Kingdom City in the purple light come down, year after year,

to the tune of mellow pianos.

Salute, silent wise ones,

Cranking powers of the ground, awkward arms of knowledge reaching blind above the gas station by the high TV antennae

Stay silent, ugly Teachers, let me & the Radio yell about Vietnam and mustard gas.

"Torture ... tear gas legitimate weapons ... Worries language beyond my comprehension" the radio commentator says himself.

Use the language today

"... a great blunder"

in Vietnam, heavy voices,

"A great blunder ... once you're in, uh, one of these things, uh ..."

"Stay in." Withdraw,

Language, language, uh, uh from the mouths of Senators, uh

trying to think of Senators, uh

trying to think on their feet

Saying uhh, politely

Shift linguals, said Burroughs, Cut the Word Lines!

He was right all along.

"... a procurer of these dogs

... take them from the United States ... Major Caty ... as long as it's not a white dog ... Sentry Dog Procurement Center, Texas ... No dogs, once trained, are ever returned to the owner ..."

French Truth,

**Dutch Civility** 

Black asphalt, blue stars, tail light procession speeding East,

The hero surviving his own murder,

his own suicide, his own

addiction, surviving his own

poetry, surviving his own

disappearance from the scene—

returned in new faces, shining

through the tears of new eyes.

New small adolescent hands

on tiny breasts,

pale silken skin at the thighs,

and the cherry-prick raises hard

innocent heat pointed up

from the muscular belly

of basketball highschool English class spiritual Victory, made clean at midnight in the bathtub of old City

hair combed for love—

millionaire body from Clayton or spade queen from E St Louis laughing together in the TWA lounge

Blue-lit airfields into St Louis,

past billboards ruddy neon,

looking for old hero renewed,

a new decade—

Hill-wink of houses,

Monotone road gray bridging the streets thin bones of aluminum sentineled dark on the suburban hump bearing high wires

# for thought to traverse river & wood, from hero to hero—

Crane all's well, the wanderer returns from the west with his Powers, the Shaman with his beard in full strength, the longhaired Crank with subtle humorous voice enters city after city to kiss the eyes of your high school sailors and make laughing Blessing for a new Age in America spaced with concrete but Souled by yourself with Desire, or like yourself of perfect Heart, adorable and adoring its own millioned population one by one self-wakened under the radiant signs of Power stations stacked above the river highway spanning highway, bridged from suburb to suburb.

March 1966

### **Bayonne Entering NYC**

Smog trucks mile after mile high wire

Pylons trestled toward New York

black multilane highway showered w/blue arc-lamps,

city glare horizoning

Megalopolis with burning factories—

Bayonne refineries behind Newark Hell-light

truck trains passing trans-continental gas-lines,

blinking safety signs KEEP AWAKE

Giant giant transformers,

electricity Stacks' glowing smoke—

More Chimney fires than all Kansas in a mile,

Sulphur chemical Humble gigantic viaducts

networked by road side

What smell burning rubber, oil

"freshens your mouth"

Railroad rust, deep marsh garbage-fume

Nostril horns—

city Announcer jabbering at City Motel,

flat winking space ships descending overhead

**GORNEY GORNEY MORTUARY** 

Brilliant signs the

10 P.M. clock churchspire lit in Suburb City,

New Jersey's colored streets asleep—

High derrick spotlites lamped an inch above

roofcombs

Shoprite lit for Nite people before the vast

Hohokus marshes and Passaic's flat gluey

Blackness ringed with lightbulbs.

Blue Newark airport,

Lights at the field edge,

Robot towers blazon'd Eastern Air TWA above the lavender bulbed runway

across the barrage of car bridges—

I was born there in Newark

Public Service sign of the twenties

visible miles away through smoke

gray night over electric fields

My aunts and uncles died in hospitals,

are buried in graves surrounded by Railroad Tracks,

tombed near Winking 3 Ring Ballantine Ale's home

where Western Electric has a Cosmic plant,

Pitt-Consoles breathes forth fumes

acrid above Flying Service tanks

Where superhighway rises over Monsanto

metal structures moonlit

Pulaski Skyway hanging airy black in heaven my childhood neighbored with gigantic harbor stacks,

steam everywhere

Blue Star buses skimming skyroads

beside th'antennae mazes

brilliant by Canalside—

Empire State's orange shoulders lifted above the Hell, New York City buildings glitter

visible over Palisades' trees

Guys From War put tiger in yr Tank—

Radio crawling with Rockmusic youngsters,

STOP—PAY TOLL

let the hitchhiker off in the acrid Mist—

Blue uniformed attendants rocking on their heels in green booths

Light parade everywhere

Cliff rooms, balconies & giant nineteenth century schools, reptilian trucks on Jersey roads

Manhattan star-spread behind Ft. Lee cliffside

Evening lights reflected across Hudson water—

brilliant diamond-lantern'd Tunnel

Whizz of bus-trucks shimmer in Ear

over red brick
under Whitmanic Yawp Harbor here
roll into Man city, my city, Mannahatta
Lower East Side ghosted &
grimed with Heroin, shit-black from Edison towers
on East River's rib—

Green-hatted doormen awaken the eve
in statuary-niched yellow lobbies—
zephyrous canyons brightlit, gray stone Empire State
too small to be God
lords it over sweet Macy's & Seafood City
by junkie Grant Hotel—
Ho Ho turn right by the Blackman who crosses the street
lighting his cigarette, lone on asphalt
as the Lord in Nebraska—

Down 5th Avenue, brr—the irregular spine of streetlights—

insect lamps blink in dim artery
replicated down stone vales to Union Square—

In silence wait to see your home

Cemented asphalt, wire roof-banked,

canyoned, hived & churched with mortar, mortised with art gas—passing Ginsberg Machine Co.

th'axhead antique Flatiron

Building looms, old photographs parked in the mind—

Cannastra your 21st Street lofts dark no more raw meat law business

Tonite Naomi your 18th Westside Stalinesque madstreet's blocked by a bus,
Dusty your 16th (drunk in yr party dress) walls emptiness Hudson River perspectiv'd

Dali in London? Joe Army yr brokenbone Churches stand brown in time—

How quiet Washington Monument! & fairy youth turns head downstreet crossing 5th Avenue under trafficlite,

doorman playing poodledog

on brilliant-lit sidewalk No. 1.

an old reporter w/ brown leather briefcase

leaves the shiny-pillared apartment—

Gee it's a Miracle to be back on this street

where strange guy mustache

stares in the windowshield—

Lovely the Steak Sign! bleeps on & off beneath Woman's prison—

Sixth Avenue bus back-window bright glass

Lady in kerchief leans backward,

corner Whalen's Drugs, an old Beret familiar face nods goodbye girl

Humm, Macdougal I lived here,

Humm, perfect, there's empty space

Park by the bright-lit bookstore—

Where I'll find my mail

& Harmonium, new from Calcutta

Waiting I come back to New York & begin to Sing.

*March* 1966

### **Growing Old Again**

The delicate french girl jukebox husky lament softens the air over checkered tablecloths
I haven't been in Kettle of Fish a year
Between my Moscows and Wichitas a lonesome moment
Content to gaze at Bodenheim & Gould in garish oil,
Phantoms I'm not over the bar wall mirroring photos
of old habitués renowned characteristic seasons for lack
of immortality, a bunch of provincial drunks fucked up
D.T. unbearables or Mafia brothers-in-law.
Old charm of anonymity, phonograph memory playing
familiar bar tunes infrequent visited much
once real hotspot cops on telephone me drunk loved
some heart friend image money at same table same
prophecy felt immortal then—now come true sit
decade hence jukebox-dazed an Angel remembered to forget.

March 3, 1966

### **Uptown**

ellow-lit Budweiser signs over oaken bars,

I've seen everything"—the bartender handing me change of \$10, stared at him amiably eyes thru an obvious Adamic beard—
ith Montana musicians homeless in Manhattan, teenage
irly hair themselves—we sat at the antique booth & gossiped,
ladame Grady's literary salon a curious value in New York—
If I had my way I'd cut off your hair and send you to Vietnam"—
Bless you then" I replied to a hatted thin citizen hurrying to the barroom door
pon wet dark Amsterdam Avenue decades later—
And if I couldn't do that I'd cut your throat" he snarled farewell,
nd "Bless you sir" I added as he went to his fate in the rain, dapper Irishman.

**April** 1966

### The Old Village Before I Die

ntering Minetta's soft yellow chrome, to the acrid bathroom 2 years ago a gold kid wrote "human-kindness" contrasting numankind-ness" on enamel urinal where Crane's match skated—hristmas subway, lesbian slacks, friend bit someone's earlobe off ore gold ring from queer ear, weeping, vomited—ly first drunk nite flashed here, Joe Gould's beard gray 'a professional bore" said Bill cruelly)—but as I was less than twenty, ew scene rayed eternal—caricatures of ancient comedians amed over checkertabled booths, first love struck my heart heavy rophecy of this moment I looked in the urinal mirror returning decades

te same heavy honey in heart—bearded hairy bald with age oft music Smoke gets in your eyes Michele Show Me the Way to Go to Jail

om stereophonic jukebox that once echoed You Always Hurt The One You Love as dear Jack

id know under portraits of Al Smith, Jimmy Walker, Jimmy Durante, Billy Rose.

May 11, 1966

## **Consulting I Ching Smoking Pot Listening to the Fugs Sing Blake**

That which pushes upward

does not come back

He led me in his garden

tinkle of 20 year phonograph

Death is icumen in

and mocks my loss of liberty

One must see the Great Man

Fear not it brings blessing

No Harm

from the invisible world

Perseverance

Realms beyond

Stoned

in the deserted city

which lies below consciousness

June 1966

## Zigzag Back Thru These States (1966–1967) Wings Lifted over the Black Pit

City Flats, Coal yards and brown rivers

Tower groups toyed by silver bridge

Sudden the snake uncoils

w/ thousands of little bodies riding granite scales
looped in approach to Geo. Washington's steel trestle
roped to Jersey west

Blue sunray on air heights, bubbled with thick steam
roofing the planet—

The jet plane glides toward Chicago.

Blue ground lands, chill cabin, white wings
Stretch over mist-ribboned horizon
small windows let in half moon
a silver jet hangs in the sky south
Brown gas of the City wrapped over hills—
Chanting Mantras all the way

Hare Krishna etc.

Till dinner, great Lake below, Heard a sweet drone in the plane-whine Hari Om Namo Shivaye—So

Made my own music

American Mantra—

"Peace in Chicago,

Peace in Saigon—"

Raw orange sunset, & plunging in white cloud-shore Floated thru vast fog-waves

down to black Chicago bottom

O'Hare Field's runway's blue insect lights on Wingèd Machinery Ozark Airways zoom up toward the Moon Square Networks bulb-lit Twinkling blocks massed toward horizon Kremlin'd with red towers, Aethereal cloverleafs' pinpointed circlets, Metropolis by night,

By air, Man's home filamented black panorama-skin brilliant below my chair & book—
Impossible to be Mayor! know all details!?
Alleyed with light,

lampless yards

blazing compounds factoried cube-like, prisons shining brilliant!

Suburban moviehouses' tiny glow

by the Delicatessen corner,

Vast hoards of men Negro'd in the gloom, gnashing their teeth for miles.

Tears in attick's blackness Swastikas worshipped in the White Urb, clean teeth bared in Reptilian smiles—

Newsphoto Vision: M. L. King Attacked by Rocks—Dark Land,

Sparse networks of Serpent electricity

Dotted between towers

Signaling to themselves beneath the moon—

\*

Living like beasts,
befouling our own nests,
Smoke & Steam, broken glass & beer cans,
Auto exhaust—

Civilization shit littering the streets,
Fine black mist over apartments
watercourses running with oil
fish fellows dead—

## Cleveland, the Flats

To D. A. Levy

Into the Flats, thru Cleveland's

Steeple trees illuminated

Lake Bridge Light college cars speed round white lines thru Green Lights, past downtown's pale Hotels

Triple towers smokestacked steaming in blue nite

buildings in water, the shimmer of that factory in the blackness

a little tinkle RR engine bell

See the orange bedroom shack

under the viaduct

crisscrossed with 1930s raindrops Tragedies

extrapolating railroads overhead—

Asphalt road bumps—

that blue flame burning? Industry!

Bom! Bom! Mahadev! Microphone Icecream!

Battle Conditions! Come in Towers!

Buster Keaton died today, folksongs in the iron smell of Republic Steel, hish—!

American children crossing Jones Laughlin's yellow bridge saying o how

Beautiful, and Work ye Tarriers Work in the fiery hill on the Press,

under black smoke—

Oh yes look, the lake mill lights—

Like an organpipe that smokestack

Hart Crane died under—

Black Tank Skeleton lifted over railroads' orange lamps, illustrious robots stretched with wires,

smoking organpipes of God in the Cleveland Flats Open hearth furnaces light up sky, all night gas station "Bearded short Amish, square-faced & incestuous, big-eared buck-toothed women, like cross-eyed cats"

Steelton downhill, that smell What is it?

The gave wander up & down their gas refining Cracker

The guys wander up & down their gas refining Cracker climbing ladders in white light—

Butane smells—Creosote—

"Looka that gas-cloud we just passed thru—"

Twin heavy smokestacks there—

Space age children wandering like lost orphans
thru the landscape filled with iron—
their grandfathers sweated over forges!
now all they know is all them rockets they see silvery

Quivering on Television—I don't know any more.

Move ye wheels move

for Independent Towel—
Dakota Hotel, old Red brick apartment,
up Carnegie to University Circle,
Om Om Om Sa Ra Wa Buddha Dakini Yea,
Benzo Wani Yea Benzo Bero
Tsani Yea Hum Hum
Phat Phat Phat Syaha!

June 1966

### To the Body

nthroned in plastic, shrouded in wool, diamond crowned, ansported in aluminum, shoe'd in synthetic rubber, fed by asparagus, adored by all animals,

ar-lull'd by electric mantra rock, chemical roses acrid in the nose, bservant of large-nostril'd air factories, every crack of the skin kissed by beloved grandmothers,

man woman child are tender meat become consciously genital with the shudder & blush of substance

dorned with hair at crotch and brain—beard on lion and youth by fireside.

June 15, 1966

#### **Iron Horse**

Ι

This is the creature I am!

Sittin in little roomette Santa Fe train naked abed, bright afternoon sun light

leaking below closed window-blind

White hair at chest, ridge

where curls old Jewish lock

Belly bulged outward, breathing as a baby

old appendix scar

creased where the belt went

detumescent cannon on two balls soft pillowed

Soft stirring shoots thru breast to belly—

What romance planned by the body unconscious?

What can I shove up my ass?

Masturbation in America!

little spasm delight, prick head

getting bigger

thumb and index finger slowly stroking

along cock sides, askew

cupp'd in hand

Serpent-reptile prick head

moving in and out its meat-nest—

Turn and watch the landscape,

wave my baton

at the passing truckdriver?

Lie back on bunk and lift the shade a bit

enjoy sun on my flagpole?

Ah, rest, relax, no fear

look at the sphincter-spasm itself

in a mirror

of sound—

Awk—if you jerk—oh it feels so good

Oh if only somebody'd come in &

shove som'in up that ass a mine— Oh those two soldiers talking about Cambodia! I wantem to come in and lay my head down and shove it in and make me

Come like I'm coming now,

Come like I'm coming now,

Come like I'm coming now—

Ahh—white drops fall,

millions of children—

Santa Fe what can they do to prevent

passengers from soiling their

small blankets with love?

Wipe up cream—what if

The Conductor knocked?

Go way, I'm-

I have to compose a poem

I have to write a financial report

I have to meditate myself

I have to

put on my pants—

just lie back look at the landscape

see a tree

& cross Ameriky—

Compromised!

among green Spinach fields!

Felt good for a minute, flash came thru body

And the Sphincter-spasm spoke

backward to the soldiers in the observation car

I'd hated their Cambodia gossip!

but longed for in moment truth

to punish my 40 years' lies—

Oh what a wretch I am! What

monster naked in this metal box—

Hart Crane, under
Laughing Gas in the Dentist's Chair 1922 saw
Seventh Heaven
said Nebraska scholar.
On thy train O Crane I had small death too.

Green valley-fields of California telephone-wired—
Lovers' Desire's State!
Hollywood starry State!
Rock poesy State!
end of the land!
where I lay me naked in a pullman coach—
D——

Thy secrecy arrogance befits thee not Sweet Prince—

open yr ass to my mouth— a poem to thee!

—my voice an overdramatic madman's murmuring to myself late afternoon drowze going home,

past cement robots,

gazing out on palmtrees with reptilian gaze, All's negative O Edward Carpenter!

As 'twere thy dainty Chinaman near Paris making crude remarks—

I'll jus liah hear like a nigger & moan my soul! Sixty telephone wires strung across poles,

Hedges of spinach, hair combed,

quite a bit of excitement coursing along city-edge plugged in to human ears
Operators screaming at soldiers
returned from Vietnam,
murder marriage or orgasmic babe born
bawling Daddy Come Home!

Train stop, yellow capp'd workmen roar at the engine with waterhoses, I'll take a nap dream, last night Homer dog swallowed a furry mollusk barking and gulping—the black sucker parasite ate belly & crawled up throat, pink mucous flesh bubble half-retched from dog chest I smoke too much I'll die lung cancer eyes closed sensory illusion dotted no-think moviescreens, worms'll grow eyeballs silently, mosquitoes will row in valley bay night— Sausalito, certainly had your big prick there— Yellow light laid over planet telegraph wires over consciousness every direction Knowing I am here, engine slowly throbbing uphill—

Night darkling over Mojave desert, Yellow planet-light disappearing, mounds westward, Soldiers asleep, rocking away from the War. Autolite headed toward disappearing sun. Pew! Pew! cry the children pulling each other's arms, What an earth to live on! Lights of the City, south, brightening a piece of the night and the diamond-green gleam an airfield light— Hey! ya bit me, ya bit me, hello Missus Fight! Green Green blinks the Diner sign where truckmen roam in darkness toward Barstow. Stars as when I was a child.

Mojave's firmament same Passaic's— This space capsule softer than trees in chemical landscape with electronic clicks.

And is Heaven any different from where we are? How could it be better or worse?

Tho delicate chemical brain changes Aethereal sensations

> Muladhara sphincter up thru mind aura Sahasrarapadma promise another Universe—

Whitman, Carpenter, Gavin Arthur, saying
We are leaves of the Tree,
saying

We are drops of water running to the ocean thru the fish's mouth—
And we shall stand in Flesh in Paradise with the Virgin of the 19th Century—?

Borax, Borax,
Crystal lights upon a hill, faery castles
Might be in heaven, only Mojave—
Borax, Borax, Borax
Borax the Dinosaur slounges thru
fronds under Pleiades—
Delicate filament of highway lights
the nerves between cities—
Borax, Borax Borax
near Bel Mar desert Motel—

### **AUM**

—my enemy machine chatterjabber mind making Borax Borax Borax spinal column thought o'er turkeys, oil, wind, headlights—
A child peeps thru glass moving night
where red tail lights keep time
to the Santa Fe train
rolling over Crane's gloom.

Ho! a Crescent moon
Mr. Cummings & Mr. Vinal both dead—

"Why you like beer as much as I do," sd the old gal to a tableful of cans—
"Lady, it's my life."—

Where the soldiers sat talkabout gotten their head busted off and there's a cherry in the gin & tonic an angel upside down playing with himself kneeling abed looks between legs into mirror to see the two spots where he sat so long studied Bible reddened each buttock—

Cigarettes and alcohol,

the Hundred&81st Airborne
Hmm—They'd be better off puffin'
a peaceful O pipe
or sipping kif Sebsi in a café
green fig trees
blue Gibraltar Strait...

"The tricks are what makes business!
you got a college education, it ain't what you got
it's what you do with yr. college education Son."
And they're all actors.
Waiting at Barstow the engine humming
—"I wanna be an entertainer,

I wanna be a comedy writer," he said—his hands once colored with Vietnamese blood.

The engine humming—

All others silent, lost in thought.

And the soldier talked all about his troubles with his red hair.

And how he took his girl home after 3 drinks

when she squinted her eyes at him and said

"I wanna go with yew,"

and how he drove her to her house

and said "I'm giving you a last chance"

and how she leaned her head on his

shoulder and said

"Anywhere you're goin take me"

and how he

took off her pants

and she said that he shd take off his pants

and he wouldn't take off his pants

and how they'd have some

love play like everybody

and then, he'd drive her home,

but when he's out at a bar

if anybody looks at his girl

he looks 'em in the eye and snaps his finger & says

whatter ya lookin like that fur—

and out in a bar alone,

anybody's fair game for his love.

So I sat an I listened,

and I brooded in my beard

and saw he was ugly eyed

though his voice beautiful Edward Carpenter.

Now I'm lying here

Cabinette in complete darkness

Airfields passing by,

Stars, a few dim white fixed friendly

in blackness outside

the modern railroad window

# doubled to reflect passing gas—

"Matter-babble behind the ear" six years ago— Old poetry grows stale, forlorn, as always forlorn "Ah love is so sweet in the Springtime," Jeanette MacDonald sang three decades ago on marble balustrade in giant darkness downtown Paterson Fabian Theater balcony I wept, How soft flesh is— Watching boyish Ronald Reagan emote his shadow across the Thirties— Same black vastness pierced by emotion, melancholy toward the stars— Political planets whirling round the Sun, consciousness expansion, earth girdled by telegraph wires, Edward, they never dreamed of television then.

Railroad chugging thru yr thighs,
clear your throat,
lie there in the dark,
cough with cancer
close your eyes ...
I didn't even dream, passing Tehachapi
and woke, sleepy numb, reluctant
to face my own language.
But came back to it,

tape machine passing Mojave, evening ease,

Na-mu sa-man-da mo-to-nan o-ha-ra-chi ko-to-sha so-no-nan to-ji-to en gya-gya gya-ki gya-ki un-nun shi-fu-ra shi-fu-ra hara-shi-fu-ra ha-ra-chi-fu-ra chi-shu-sa chi-chu-sa shu-shi-ri shu-shi-ri soha-ja so-ba-ja se-chi-gya shi-ri-ei so-mo-ko

The universe is empty.

Click of train

eyes closed ... the long green courthouse building "Like a monster with many eyes."

On valley balcony overlooking Bay Bridge, a horse in leafy corral...

600 Cong Death Toll this week

language language

escalating

"and the honor & the glory will go to him who speaks with the voice of a man of feeling," said Walter Lippmann

face creased w/ wrinkles, Bakersfield Gazette.

Wear beads, live

in small polkadot tent, tasseled rooftop

in Bixby's Canyon middle

peaceful Ashram

"It's mine, it's mine, I don't want anybody else own my piece of land private special from Police"

... I must be criminal, mind

wanders

nailing down roof boards—tell him I stopped at the bar.

No time No time Sam Lewis—

Oh—No time Carolyn,

No time now, Neal.

Do you love me?

No, I'm an awkward jerk that's been around yr neck for so long you got used to it & kinda fond.

The salesman's eyes close, he stands his jacket off tie hanging down white shirt You run 'em a merry chase, Son?

Open your eyes and stars

are back where they were.

And Dr. Louria committed suicide,
accused of abortion,
that sensitive man.

Well gimme yr piece of perspective
for use in the slotmachine marketplace future—

You hafta get permission down in
Freehold New Jersey to see Tibetan Monks.
You hafta get permission.
The magic formula's printed on the back of yr chair Lady,
yr going to be the most important illuminator
since Dr. Johnson?
And Huncke suffers rejection,
contrariety of others.
"Reform U.S. Government stinks detail,"

like, congratulations Whitey, you'll go far
in yr black Maria, right?

A public meeting in my head, way back on River Street.



Morning, crossing New Mexico border massive cliff waves

in mid-earth America—A blessing these sandstone organpipes under the shimmering consciousness of LSD.

Defiance, Wingate, Red Cliffs, Thoreau, Indian Gallup ahead,

ran by here with Peter in the white bus once level everywhere, fenced, flat

to Texas horizon gray-fleeced with cloud haze, where Gemini men walked space that day—

And ninety-nine soldiers piled on the train at Amarillo— Hadn't read the paper four weeks

training Air Force

Pneumohydraulics—

Ninety-nine soldiers entering the train

and all so friendly

Only a month

hair clipped & insulted

They weren't too sad,

glad going to some electronics field near Chicago
—Been taking courses in Propaganda,

How not to believe what they were told

by the enemy,

Young fellas that some of them had long hair before they came to the heated camp friendly, over hamburgers

Volunteered

assignments behind the line of Great Machines that drop Napalm,

milking

the Calf of Gold.

Three months from now

Vietnam, they said.

Walking the length of the train,
Lounge Car with Time Magazine
Amarillo Globe, US News & World Report
Reader's Digest Coronet Universal Railroad Schedule,
everyone on the same track,

bound leatherette read on sofas, America heartland passing flat trees rising in night—

Dining Car

negro waiters negro porters
negro sandwichmen negro bartenders white jacketed
kindly old big-assed Gents half bald,
Going, sir, California to Chicago
feeding the Soldiers.
Blue eyed children climbing chair backs
staring at my beard, gay.

A consensus around card table beer—

"It's my country,
better fight 'em over there than here,"
afraid to say "No it's crazy
everybody's insane—
This country's Wrong,
the Universe, Illusion."

Soldiers gathered round
saying—"my country
and they say I gotta fight,
I have no choice,
we're in it too deep to pull out,
if we lose,
there's no stopping the Chinese communists,
We're fightin the communists, aren't we?
Isn't that what it's about?"

Flatland,

emptiness,

ninety nine soldiers graduated Basic Training eating hamburgers—

"you learn to eat fast you learn to be insulted without caring you gotta do what your country expects—" even the bright talkative orphan farm boy whose auto parts father wanted 'im to grow up military "almost et by a male hog up to his shoulders"

4 hours punching at power steering tractor brakes front & hind foot

giant insect specialized—

The whole populace fed by News few dissenting on this train, I the lone beard who don't like

Vietnam War—

Ninety nine airforce boys lined up with their pants down forever.

Five Persons Wounded Cleveland Riots Atlantic Next Stop for Jolly Space-men Bubonic Plague Suspected in Prairie Dogs U.S. Marine Offensive Operation Hastings Communist Dead Toll Rose Almost 1000 Stratofortresses struck language language Communist language language infiltration

South of 17th Parallel

"Psychedelic drugs no substitute for plain study

... Technicolored Delusion,

Many report visits to Heaven

... jumping the gun a bit"

George E. Turner said

"Eat well, Animal" with a package of dog food and as for Negroes

"Work not rioting is Magic Formula"

And Johnson reiterated too, "our desire to engage in unconditional discussions" to end the war

"other side ... concession

... not the slightest indication"

More manpower would be required he said flatly.

John Steinbeck, flaxenhaired Yevtushenko wrote yr phantom End the War

"Unconditional negotiations" sd Johnson

"Anywhere anytime" sd Johnson in the last poem
Yesterday Ky So. Vietnam sd

"Dissolve Vietcong

National Liberation Front—

and Peace"

Kennedy sd

"Give V.C. Negotiation Chair"
—irreconcilable positions, every year
United States proposes contradictions
backed with bomb murder,
backed with Propaganda—

Soldiers on this train think they're fighting China Soldiers on this train think Ho Chi Minh's Chinese Soldiers on this train don't know where they're going John Steinbeck stop the war John Steinbeck stop the war John Steinbeck stop the war.

And the French Army surrounded Madrid, and the Spanish Army'd marched simultaneously surrounded Paris. Then they found out it was hopeless.

Generals sent messages,

Call off the attack!

and the Armies rushed to a neutral place confronted & killed each other.

They just wanted to fight, no question of Madrid or Paris, then.

—& Johnson backed

Saigon's latest conditions:

N. Vietnam withdraw all aid, Dissolve Withdraw Viet Cong.

These are conditions,

contradicting Johnson's Unconditionals.

These languages are gibberish.

John Steinbeck thy language is gibberish,

thou'st lost the language war,

cantankerous phantom!

Newspaper language ectoplasm fades— Everybody sneeze!

Lightning's blue glare fills Oklahoma plains, the train rolls east casting yellow shadow on grass Twenty years ago

approaching Texas

I saw

sheet lightning

cover Heaven's corners

Feed Storage Elevators in gray rain mist, checkerboard light over sky-roof

same electric lightning South

follows this train

Apocalypse prophesied—

the Fall of America

signaled from Heaven-

Ninety nine soldiers in uniform paid by the Government to Believe—
ninety nine soldiers escaping the draft for an Army job,
ninety nine soldiers shaved
with nowhere to go but where told,
ninety nine soldiers seeing lightning flash
a thousand years ago

Ten thousand Chinese marching on the plains
all turned their heads to Heaven at once to see the Moon.
An old man catching fireflies on the porch at night
watched the Herd Boy cross the Milky Way
to meet the Weaving Girl...
How can we war against that?
How can we war against that?

Morning song, waking from dreams
brown grass, city edge nettle
wild green stinkweed trees
by railroad thru niggertown, carlot, scrapheap
auto slag bridge outskirts,
muddy river's brown debris
passing Eton Junction
fine rainmist over green fields—

Trees standing upside down in lush earth approaching Mississippi green legs waving to clouds, seed pods exposed to birds & rain bursting, tree heads drinking in the ground.

Unfold stones like rag dolls & the Astral body stares with opal eyes,
—all living things before my spectacles.

In the diner, the Lady

"These soldiers so nice, clean faces and their hair combed so short— Ugh its disgusting the others —down to their shoulders & cowboy boots—" aged husband spooning cantaloupe.

Too late, too late

the Iron Horse hurrying to war,

too late for laments

too late for warning—

I'm a stranger alone in my country again.

Better to find a house in the veldt,

better a finca in Brazil—

Green corn here healthy under sky & telephone wires carry news as before, radio bulletins & television images

build War—

American Fighter Comic Books on coach seat.

Better a house hidden in trees

Mississippi bank high cliff protected from flood

Better an acre down Big Sur

morning path, ocean shining

first day's blue world

Better a farm in backland Oregon,

roads near Glacier Peak

Better withdraw from the Newspaper world

Better withdraw from the electric world

Better retire before war cuts my head off,

not like Kabir—

Better to buy a Garden of Love

Better protect the lamb in some valley

Better go way from taxicab radio cities

screaming President, Better to stop smoking

Better to stop jerking off in trains

Better to stop seducing white bellied boys

Better to stop publishing Prophecy—

Better to meditate under a tree

Better become a nun in the forest

Better turn flapjacks in Omaha

than be a prophet on the electric Networks—

There's nothing left for this country but doom

There's nothing left for this country but death

Their faces are so plain

their thoughts so simple,

their machinery so strong—

Their arms reach out 10,000 miles with lethal gas

Their metaphor so mixed with machinery

No one knows where flesh ends and

the robot Polaris begins—

"Waves of United States jetplanes struck at North Vietnam

again today in the face of..."

Associated Press July 21st—

A summer's day in Illinois!

Green corn silver watertowers

under the viaduct windowless industry

at track crossing white flowers,

American flowers,

American dirt road, American rail,

American Newspaper War—

in Galesburg, in Galesburg

grocery stove pipes and orange spikeflowers

in backyard lots—TV antennae

spiderweb every poor house

Under a smokestack with a broken lip

magnetic cranes drop iron scrap like waterdrops.

Thirtytwo years ago today, the woman in the red dress outside the Biograph Theatre in Chicago didn't wanna be sent back to Rumania.

Ambushed Dillinger fell dead on the sidewalk hit by 4 bullets

FBI man Purvis quit in '35—

Feb 29, 1960 he shot & killed himself in his home Army Colonel in World War II Breakfast Cereal Manufacturer.

Dillinger's eyes and Melvin Purvis'—

Dillinger grim, Purvis self-satisfied,

Both died of bullets.

Football field, suburb streets, gray-sheeted clouds stretched out to the City ahead
Myriad pylons, telegraph poles, a lavender boiler.
Fulbright broadcast attacks war money
Crushed stone mounds, earth eaten
Henry Crown's & General Dynamics'
dust rising from rubble

Sawdust burners

topped by black cloud—
sulphurous yellow
gas rising from red smokestacks
Power stations netted

with aluminum ladders and ceramic balls rusty scrapheaps' cranes stub chimneys puffing gray air

Coalbarges' old Holland dusk in a canal, railroad tracks banded to the city watertowers' high legs walking the horizon

The Chinese Foreign Minister makes his pronouncement, Thicker thicker metal

lone bird above phonepole Thicker thicker smokestack wires Giant Aztec factories, red brick towers feeder-noses drooped to railyard "All human military activity" suspended says radio—

Campbell's soups a fortress here,
giant can raised high over Chicago
forest of bridge signs
Church spires lifted gray
hazy towers downtown
a belfried cross beneath

dynamo'd smoke-cathedrals,

The train rolls slower

past cement trucks'

old cabs resting in produce flats over city streets, rumbling on a canal's green mirror past the blue paint factory,

Thicker thicker the wires

over cast iron buildings, black windows local bus passing viaduct stanchions a lone wino staggers down Industrial Thruway This nation at war

sun yellowing gray clouds, beast trucks down the Garage's bowels—

Bright steam

muscular puffing from an old slue
Meadowgold Butter besmeared with coal dust,
creosote wood bulwarks
Oiltank cars wait their old engine
tracks curve into the city's heart
windowed hulks downtown
where YMCA beckons the homeless unloved,
the groan of iron tons inching against
whitened rail.

giant train so slowly moved a man can touch the wheels.



Π Bus outbound from Chicago Greyhound basement green neon beneath streets Route 94 Giant fire's orange tongues & black smoke pouring out that roof, little gay pie truck passing the wall— Brick & trees E. London, antique attics mixed with smokestacks Apartments apartments square windows set like Moscow apartments red brick for multimillion population out where industries raise craned necks Gas station lights, old old old old traveler "put a tiger in yr tank—" Fulbright sang on the Senate floor Against the President's Asian War Chicago's acrid fumes in the bus A-1 Outdoor Theatre 'gainst horned factory horizon, tender steeples ringing Metropolis Thicker thicker, factories crowd iron cancer on the city's throat— Aethereal roses distant gas flares twin flue burning at horizon Night falling on the bus steady ear roar between Chicago and New York

Wanderer, whither next?
See Palenque dream again,
long hair in America,

cut it for Tehuantepec—
Peter's golden locks grown gray,
quiet meditation in Oaxaca's
old backyard,
Tonalá or Angel Port warm nights
no telephone, the War
rages North
Police break down the Cross
Crowds screaming in the streets—

on Pacific cliff-edge
Sheri Martinelli's little house with combs and shells
Since February fear, she saw LSD
Zodiac in earth grass, stood
palm to cheek, scraped her toe
looking aside, & said
"Too disturbed to see you
old friend w/ so much Power"
—ten years later.

Yajalón valley, bougainvillea flares
against the Mayor's house—
Jack you remember the afternoon
Xochimilco with Fairies?
Green paradise boats
flower laden poled upriver
Pulque in the poop
stringed music in air—
drunkenness, & happiness
anonymous
fellows without care from America—
Now war moves my mind—
Villahermosa full of purple flowers
Merida hath cathedral & cheap hotels

—boat to Isla Cosumel
Julius can wander thru Fijijiapan
forgetting his dog peso Nicotinic Acid—
Bus seat's white light shines on Mexico map,
quietness, quietness over countryside
palmfrond insects, cactus ganja
& Washington's Police 5 thousand miles away?
Ray Charles singing from hospital
"Let's go get stoned."

Durango-Mazatlán road's built over
Sierra Madre's moon valleys now
Children with quartz jewels climbing highway cliff-edge
Jack you bought crystals & beer—
Old houses in Panama City
La Barranca gray canyon under Guadalajara,
Tepic for more candy.

I wanna go out in a car
not leave word where I'm going—
travel ahead.

Or Himalayas in Spring
following the pilgrim's path
10,000 Hindus
to Shiva temples North
Rishikesh & Laxman Jula
Homage to Shivananda,
the Guru heart—
thru green canyons, Ganges gorge—
carrying a waterpot
to Kedernath & Badrinath
& Gangotri in the ice
—Manasarovar forbidden,

## Kailash forbidden, the Chinese eat Tibet.

Howl for them that suffer broken bone homeless on moody balconies Jack's voice returning to me over & over with prophecy

"Howl for boys sleeping hungry on tables in cafés with their long hair

to the sea" in Hidalgo de Parral, Hermosillo & Tetuán—

The masses prepare for war short haired mad executives young flops from college yellow & pink flesh gone mad listening to radio news.

& Johnson was angry with Fulbright for criticizing his war.

And Hart Crane's myth and Whitman's—

What'll happen to that?

The Karma

accumulated bombing Vietnam

The Karma bodies napalm-burned

Karma suspicion

where machinery's smelt the heat of bodies trembling in the jungle

The Karma of bullets in the back of the head by thatched walls

The Karma of babies in their mothers' arms

ia of Dables III their mothers arms

bawling destroyed

The Karma of populations moved from center to center of

Detention

Karma of bribery, Karma blood-money

Must come home to America, There must be a war America has builded herself a new body.

Peaceful young men in America get out of the Cities & go to the countryside & the trees—

Bearded young men in America hide your hair & shave your beards & disappear

The destroyers are out to destroy—
Destroyers of Peking & Washington stare face to face
& will hurl their Karma-bombs
on the planet.

Get thee to the land, leave the cities to be destroyed.

Only a miracle appearing in Man's eyes only boys' flesh singing can show the warless way— or miracle
Radium destruction over Earth seed Planet with New Babe.

Brilliant green lights

in factory transom windows.

Beautiful!

as eyes close to sleep,

beautiful as undersea sunshine or valleybottom fern.

Why do I fear these lights?

& smoking chimneys' Industry?

Why see them less godly

than forest treetrunks

& sunset orange moons?

Why these cranes less Edenly than Palmfronds?

these highway neons unequal in beauty to violet starfish anemone & kelp in Point Lobos' tidepools' transparency?

It's these neon Standard Gastation
cars of men whose faces are dough
pockets full of 58 billion dollar
abstract budget money—
these green lights illuminate
goggled eyes fixing blowtorches on metal wings
flying off to war—

Because these electric structures rear tin machines
that will kill Bolivian marchers
or flagellate Vietnam adolescents' thighs—
Because my countrymen make this structure to make War
Because this smoke over Toledo's advertised in the Toledo *Blade*as energy burning to destroy China.

Baghavan Sri Ramana Maharshi
in his photo has a fine white halo of hair,
thin man with a small beard
silver short-cropped skull-fur
His head tilted to one side,
mild smile, intelligent eyes
"The Jivan-Mukta is not a Person."

Morning sunrise over Tussie Hills,
earth covered with emerald-dark fur.
Cliffs to climb, a little wilderness,
a little solitude,
and a long valley you could call a home.

Came thru here with Peter before & noticed green forest,

What a place to walk & look thru cellular consciousness

—Near Nealyton or Dry Run

Waterfall or Meadow Gap, or Willow Hill.

Sunrays filtering thru clouds like a negative photograph, smoky bus window, passengers asleep over Susquehanna River's morning mist.

Ike at Gettysburg found himself a nice spot all these places millions of trees' work made green

as millions of workmen's labor raised the buildings of NY, Corn here in fields, dollars in the fields of New York.

Morning glow, hills east Harrisburg, bright highways, red factory smoke, fires burning upriver in garbage lots—

Philadelphia *Inquirer*: "Perry County 113 acres of woodland, \$11,300. Ideal locations for cabins, quarters, township road, springs & roads on track, best of hunting, call 1-717 ..."

—Dangerous to want possessions and for so short a time.

Shoulda had it in 1945, or '53,

Times Square & Mexico—

In my twenties I would've enjoyed running around these green woods naked.

In my twenties I would've enjoyed making love naked by these brooks.

Who's the enemy, year after year?
War after war, who's the enemy?
What's the weapon, battle after battle?
What's the news, defeat after defeat?
What's the picture, decade after decade?

Television shows blood,
print broken arms burning skin photographs,
wounded bodies revealed on the screen
Cut Sound out of television you won't tell who's Victim
Cut Language off the Visual you'll never know

Who's Aggressor cut commentary from Newscast you'll see a mass of madmen at murder.

Chicago train soldiers chatted over beer

They, too, vowed to fight the Cottenpickin Communists and give their own bodies to the fray.

Where've they learnt the lesson? Grammarschool taught 'em Newspaper Language?
D'they buy it at Safeway with Reader's Digest?

"Reducing the Unreal to Unreality, and causing the one real Self to shine, the Guru ..."

1966 trains were crowded with soldiers.

"... the Divine Eye, the eye that is pure Consciousness which has no visions. Nothing that is seen is real."

Passing tollgate,

regatta of yachts on river hazed bend at Reading, giant smokestacks, watertowers feed elevators—

"Seeing objects and conceiving God in them are mental processes, but that is not seeing God, because He is within.

"Who am I? ... You're in truth a pure spirit but you identify it with a body ..."

The war is Appearances, this poetry Appearances
... measured thru Newspapers
All Phantoms of Sound
All landscapes have become Phantom—
giant New York ahead'll perish with my mind.

"understand that the Self is not a Void" not this, not that,

Not my anger, not War Vietnam Maha Yoga a phantom

Blue car swerves close to the bus

—not the Self.

Ramana Maharshi, whittle myself a walkingstick, waterspray irrigating the fields

That's not the Self—

hard-on spring in loins

rocking in highway chair,

poignant flesh spasm not it Self,

body's speaking there,

& feeling, that's not Self

Who says No, says Yes—not Self.

Phelps Dodge's giant white building

highway side, not Self.

Who? Who? both asleep & awake

closes his eyes?

Who opens his eyes to Sweden?

You happy, Lady, writing yr

checks on Howard Johnson's counter?

Mind wanders. Sleep, cough & sweat...

Mannahatta's

tunnel-door cobbled for traffic,

trucks into that mouth

MAKE NO IMAGE

Mohammedans say

Jews have no painting

Buddha's Nameless

Alone is Alone,

all screaming of soldiers

crying on wars

speech politics massing armies

is false-feigning show—

Calm senses, seek self, forget

thine own adjurations
Who are you?
to mass world armies in planet war?
McGraw-Hill building green grown old, car fumes &
Manhattan tattered, summer heat,
sweltering noon's odd patina
on city walls,
Greyhound exhaust terminal,
trip begun,
taxi-honk toward East River where
Peter waits working

July 22–23, 1966

## **City Midnight Junk Strains**

for Frank O'Hara

Switch on lights yellow as the sun

in the bedroom ...

The gaudy poet dead Frank O'Hara's bones

under cemetery grass

An emptiness at 8 P.M. in the Cedar Bar

Throngs of drunken

guys talking about paint

& lofts, and Pennsylvania youth.

Kline attacked by his heart

& chattering Frank

stopped forever—

Faithful drunken adorers, mourn.

The busfare's a nickel more

past his old apartment 9th Street by the park.

Delicate Peter loved his praise,

I wait for the things he says

about me—

Did he think me an Angel

as angel I am still talking into earth's microphone willy nilly

—to come back as words ghostly hued

by early death

but written so bodied

mature in another decade.

Chatty prophet

of yr own loves, personal

memory feeling fellow

Poet of building-glass

I see you walking you said with your tie

flopped over your shoulder in the wind down 5th Ave

under the handsome breasted workmen

on their scaffolds ascending Time

& washing the windows of Life

—off to a date with martinis & a blond

beloved poet far from home

—with thee and Thy sacred Metropolis

in the enormous bliss of a long afternoon

where death is the shadow

cast by Rockefeller Center

over your intimate street.

Who were you, black suited, hurrying to meet,

Unsatisfied one?

Unmistakable,

Darling date

for the charming solitary young poet with a big cock

who could fuck you all night long

till you never came,

trying your torture on his obliging fond body

eager to satisfy god's whim that made you

Innocent, as you are.

I tried your boys and found them ready

sweet and amiable

collected gentlemen

with large sofa apartments

lonesome to please for pure language;

and you mixed with money

because you knew enough language to be rich

if you wanted your walls to be empty—

Deep philosophical terms dear Edwin Denby serious as Herbert Read

with silvery hair announcing your dead gift

to the grave crowd whose historic op art frisson was

the new sculpture your big blue wounded body made in the Universe

when you went away to Fire Island for the weekend tipsy with a family of decade-olden friends

Peter stares out the window at robbers

the Lower East Side distracted in Amphetamine

I stare into my head & look for your / broken roman nose

your wet mouth-smell of martinis

& a big artistic tipsy kiss.

40's only half a life to have filled

with so many fine parties and evenings'

interesting drinks together with one

faded friend or new

understanding social cat...

I want to be there in your garden party in the clouds

all of us naked

strumming our harps and reading each other new poetry

in the boring celestial

Friendship Committee Museum.

You're in a bad mood?

Take an Aspirin.

In the Dumps?

I'm falling asleep

safe in your thoughtful arms.

Someone uncontrolled by History would have to own Heaven,

on earth as it is.

I hope you satisfied your childhood love

Your puberty fantasy your sailor punishment on your knees your mouth-suck

Elegant insistency

on the honking self-prophetic Personal

as Curator of funny emotions to the mob,

Trembling One, whenever possible. I see New York thru your eyes

and hear of one funeral a year nowadays—

from Billie Holiday's time

appreciated more and more

a common ear

for our deep gossip.

### A Vow

I will haunt these States
with beard bald head
eyes staring out plane window,
hair hanging in Greyhound bus midnight
leaning over taxicab seat to admonish
an angry cursing driver
hand lifted to calm
his outraged vehicle
that I pass with the Green Light of common law.

Common Sense, Common law, common tenderness
& common tranquillity
our means in America to control the money munching
war machine, bright lit industry
everywhere digesting forests & excreting soft pyramids
of newsprint, Redwood and Ponderosa patriarchs
silent in Meditation murdered & regurgitated as smoke,
sawdust, screaming ceilings of Soap Opera,
thick dead Lifes, slick Advertisements
for Gubernatorial big guns
burping Napalm on palm rice tropic greenery.

Dynamite in forests,
boughs fly slow motion
thunder down ravine,
Helicopters roar over National Park, Mekong Swamp,
Dynamite fire blasts thru Model Villages,
Violence screams at Police, Mayors get mad over radio,
Drop the Bomb on Niggers!
drop Fire on the gook China
Frankenstein Dragon
waving its tail over Bayonne's domed Aluminum oil reservoir!

I'll haunt these States all year
gazing bleakly out train windows, blue airfield
red TV network on evening plains,
decoding radar Provincial editorial paper message,
deciphering Iron Pipe laborers' curses as
clanging hammers they raise steamshovel claws
over Puerto Rican agony lawyers' screams in slums.

October 11, 1966

## **Autumn Gold: New England Fall**

Auto Poetry to Hanover, New Hampshire

Coughing in the Morning

Waking with a steam beast, city destroyed Pile drivers pounding down in rubble, Red smokestacks pouring chemical into Manhattan's Nostrils ...

"All Aboard"

Rust colored cliffs bulking over superhighway to New Haven,

Rouged with Autumny leaves, october smoke, country liquor bells on the Radio—

Eat Meat and your a beast

Smoke Nicotine & your meat'll multiply with tiny monsters of cancer,

Make Money & yr mind be lost in a million green papers,

—Smell burning rubber by the steamshovel—

Mammals with planetary vision & long noses,

riding a green small Volkswagen up three lane

concrete road

past the graveyard

dotted w/tiny american flags waved in breeze, Washington Avenue:

Sampans battling in waters off Mekong Delta Cuban politicians in Moscow, analyzing China— Yellow leaves in the wood.

Millions of redness,

gray skies over sandstone

outcroppings along the road—

cows by yellow corn,

wheel-whine on granite,

white houseroofs, Connecticut woods hanging under clouds—

Autumn again, you wouldn't know in the city

Gotta come out in a car see the birds

flock by the yellow bush—

In Autumn, in autumn, this part of the planet's

famous for red leaves—

Difficult for Man on earth to 'scape the snares of delusion—

All wrong, the thought process screamed at

from Infancy,

The Self built with myriad thoughts

from football to I Am That I Am,

Difficult to stop breathing factory smoke,

Difficult to step out of clothes,

hard to forget the green parka—

Trees scream & drop

bright Leaves,

Yea Trees scream & drop bright leaves,

Difficult to get out of bed in the morning

in the slums—

Even sex happiness a long drawn-out scheme

To keep the mind moving—

Big gray truck rolling down highway

to unload wares—

Bony white branches of birch relieved of their burden

-overpass, overpass, overpass

crossing the road, more traffic

between the cities,

More sex carried near and far—

Blinking tail lights

To the Veterans hospital where we can all collapse,

Forget Pleasure and Ambition,

be tranquil and let leaves

blush, turned on

by the lightningbolt doctrine that rings

telephones

interrupting my pleasurable humiliating dream in the locker room

last nite?—

Weeping Willow, what's your catastrophe? Red Red oak, oh, what's your worry?

Hairy Mammal whaddya want,

What more than a little graveyard near the lake by airport road,

Electric towers marching to Hartford,

Buildingtops spiked in sky,

asphalt factory cloverleafs spread over meadows

Smoke thru wires, Connecticut River concrete wall'd past city central gastanks, glass boat bldgs,

downtown, ten blocks square,

North, North on the highway, soon outa town, green fields.

The body's a big beast,

The mind gets confused:

I thought I was my body the last 4 years, and everytime I had a headache, God dealt me

Ace of Spades—

I thought I was mind-consciousness 10 yrs before that, and everytime I went to the Dentist the Kosmos disappeared, Now I don't know who I am—

I wake up in the morning surrounded

by meat and wires,

pile drivers crashing thru the bedroom floor,

War images rayed thru Television apartments,

Machine chaos on Earth,

Too many bodies, mouths bleeding on every Continent, my own wall plaster cracked,

What kind of prophecy

for this Nation

Of Autumn leaves,

for those children in High School, green woolen jackets

chasing football up & down field— North of Long Meadow, Massachusetts Shafts of Sunlight Thru yellow millions, blue light thru clouds,

President Johnson in a plane toward Hawaii,
Fighter Escort above & below
air roaring—
Radiostatic electric crackle from the
center of communications:
I broadcast thru Time,
He, with all his wires & wireless,
only an Instant—

Up Main Street Northampton, houses gabled sunny afternoon, Ivy library porch— Big fat pants, workshirt filled w/leaves, painted pumpkinshead sitting Roof Corner, —or hanging from frontyard tree country road— Tape Machines, cigarettes, cinema, images, Two Billion Hamburgers, Cognitive Thought, Radiomusic, car itself, this thoughtful Poet— Interruption of brightly colored Autumn Afternoon, clouds passed away— Sky blue as a roadsign, but language intervenes. on route 9 going North— "Then Die, my verse" Mayakovsky yelled Die like the rusty cars piled up in the meadowEntering Whately,

Senses amazed on the hills,
bright vegetable populations
hueing rocks nameless yellow,
veils of bright Maya over New England,
Veil of Autumn leaves laid over the Land,

Transparent blue veil over senses,

Language in the sky—

And in the city, brick veils,

curtains of windows,

Wall Street's stage drops,

Honkytonk scenery—

or slum-building wall scrawled

"Bourgeois Elements must go"—

All the cows gathered to the feed truck in the middle of the pasture, shaking their tails, hungry for the yellow Fitten Ration

that fills the belly

and makes the eyes shine

& mouth go Mooooo.

Then they lie down in the hollow green meadow to die— In old Deerfield, Indian Tribes & Quakers

have come & tried

To conquer Maya-Time—

Thanksgiving pumpkins

remain by the highway,

signaling yearly Magic

plump from the ground.

Big leaves hang and hide the porch,

& babies scatter by the red lights

of the bridge at Greenfield.

The green Eagle on a granite pillar—

sign pointing route 2A The Mohawk Trail,

Federal Street apothecary shop & graveyard thru which highschool athletes

tramp this afternoon—

Gold gold red gold yellow gold older than painted cities,
Gold over Connecticut River cliffs
Gold by Iron railroad,
gold running down riverbank,
Gold in eye, gold on hills,
golden trees surrounding the barn—

Silent tiny golden hills, Maya-Joy in Autumn
Speeding 70 MPH.

October 17, 1966

### Done, Finished with the Biggest Cock

Done, finished, with the biggest cock you ever saw. 3 A.M., living room filled with quiet yellow electric, curtains hanging on New York, one window lit in unfinished skyscraper.

Swami White Beard Being-Consciousness-Delight's photo's tacked to bookshelf filled with Cosmic Milarepa, Wm. Blake's Prophetic Writings, Buddhist Logic & Hymn to the Goddess, and many another toy volume of orient lore, poetry crap; Poe sober knew his white skull, tranquil Stein repeated one simple idea Making Americans on Space Age's edge whiten thought to transparent Place. Peace! Done, finished with body cock desire, anger shouting at bus drivers, Presidents & Police. Gone to other shore, empty house, no lovers suffering under bedsheets, inconceived babies calm. Surge, a little abdomen warmth, the bus grinds cobbles past red light, garbage trucks uplift iron buttocks, old meat gravy & tin cans sink to bottom in the Airfield. City edge woods wave branches in chill breeze darkness under Christmas moon.

December 14, 1966

## Holy Ghost on the Nod over the Body of Bliss

Is this the God of Gods, the one I heard about in memorized language Universities murmur? Dollar bills can buy it! the great substance exchanges itself freely through all the world's poetry money, past and future currencies issued & redeemed by the identical bank, electric monopoly after monopoly owl-eyed on every one of 90 billion dollarbills vibrating to the pyramid-top in the United States of Heaven— Aye aye Sir Owl Oh say can you see in the dark you observe Minerva nerveless in Nirvana because Zeus rides reindeer thru Bethlehem's blue sky. It's Buddha sits in Mary's belly waving Kuan Yin's white hand at the Yang-tze that Mao sees, tongue of Kali licking Krishna's soft blue lips. Chango holds Shiva's prick, Ouroboros eats th'cobalt bomb, Parvati on YOD's perfumèd knee cries Aum & Santa Barbara rejoices in the alleyways of Brindaban La illaha el (lill) Allah hu—Allah Akbar! Goliath struck down by kidneystone, Golgothas grow old, All these wonders are crowded in the Mind's Eve Superman & Batman race forward, Zarathustra on Coyote's ass, Lao-tze disappearing at the gate, God mocks God, Job sits bewildered that Ramakrishna is Satan and Bodhidharma forgot to bring Nothing.

December 1966

## **Bayonne Turnpike to Tuscarora**

Gray water tanks in gray mist,

gray robot

towers carrying wires thru Bayonne's

smog, silver

domes, green chinaworks steaming, Christmas's leftover lights hanging

from a smokestack—

Monotone gray highway into the gray West—

Noon hour, the planet smoke-covered

Truck wheels roar forward

spinning past the garbagedump

Gas smell wafting thru Rahway overpass

oiltanks in frozen ponds, cranes' feederladders &

Electric generator trestles, Batteries open under heaven

Anger in the heart—

hallucinations in the car cabin, rattling

bone ghosts left and right

by the car door—the broken camper icebox—

On to Pennsylvania turnpike

**Evergreens in Snow** 

Laundry hanging from the blue bungalow

Mansfield and U Thant ask halt Bombing North Vietnam

State Department says "Tit For Tat."

Frank Sinatra with negro voice

enters a new phase—

Flat on his face 50 years "I've been a beggar & a clown

a poet & a star, roll myself in July

up into a ball and die."

Radio pumping

artificial rock & roll, Beach Boys

& Sinatra's daughter overdubbed microphone

antennae'd car dashboard vibrating

False emotions broadcast thru the Land

Natural voices made synthetic, phlegm obliterated

Smart ones work with electronics—

What are the popular songs on the Hiway?

"Home I'm Comin Home I am a Soldier—"

"The girl I left behind...

*I* did the best job *I* could

Helping to keep our land free

I am a soldier"

Lulled into War

thus commercial jabber Rock & Roll Announcers

False False False

"Enjoy this meat—"

Weak A&P SuperRight ground round Factories building, airwaves pushing ...

Trees stretch up parallel into gray sky Yellow trucks roll down lane—

Hypnosis of airwaves

In the house you can't break it

unless you turn off yr set

In the car it can drive yr eyes inward

from the snowy hill,

withdraw yr mind from the birch forest

make you forget the blue car in the ice,

Drive yr mind down Supermarket aisles

looking for cans of Save-Your-Money

Polishing-Glue

made of human bones manufactured in N. Vietnam during a mustard gas hallucination:

The Super-Hit sound of All American Radio.

Turnpike to Tuscarora

Snowfields, red lights blinking in the broken car

Quiet hills' genital hair black in Sunset
Beautiful dusk over human tininess
Pennsylvanian intimacy,
approaching Tuscarora Tunnel
Quiet moments off the road, Tussey Mountains'
snowfields untouched.

A missile lost Unprogrammed

Twisting in flight to crash 100 miles south of Cuba into the Blue Carib!

Diplomatic messages exchanged
"Don't Worry it's only the Setting Sun—"
(Western correspondents assembling in Hanoi)
"perfect ball of orange in its cup of clouds"

Dirty Snowbanks pushed aside from Asphalt thruway-edge— Uphill's the little forests where the boyhoods grow their bare feet—

Night falling, "Jan 4 1967, The Vatican Announces Today No Jazz at the Altar!"

Maybe in Africa

maybe in Asia they got funny music & strange dancing before the Lord

But here in the West No More Jazz at the Altar,

"It's an alien custom—"

Missa Luba crashing thru airwaves with Demonic Drums behind Kyrie Eleison—

Millions of tiny silver Western crucifixes for sale in the Realms of King Baudouin—

Color TV in this year—weekly

the Pope sits in repose & slumbers to classical music in his purple hat—

Gyalwa Karmapa sits in Rumtek Monastery, Sikkim & yearly shows his most remarkable woven Dakini-hair black Magic Hat

# Whose very sight is Total Salvation— Ten miles from Gangtok—take a look!

\* \* \* \*

Mary Garden dead in Aberdeen, Jack Ruby dead in Dallas— Sweet green incense in car cabin. (Dakini sleeping head bowed, hair braided over her Rudraksha beads driving through Pennsylvania. Julius, bearded, hasn't eaten all day sitting forward, pursing his lips, calm.) Sleep, sweet Ruby, sleep in America, Sleep in Texas, sleep Jack from Chicago, Friend of the Mafia, friend of the cops friend of the dancing girls— Under the viaduct near the book depot Under the hospital Attacked by Motorcades, Under Nightclubs under all the groaning bodies of Dallas, under their angry mouths Sleep Jack Ruby, rest at last, bouquet'd with cancer. Ruby, Oswald, Kennedy gone New Years' 1967 come, Reynolds Metals up a Half Mary Garden, 92, sleeping tonite in Aberdeen.

Three trucks adorned with yellow lights crawl uproad under winter network-shade, bare trees, night fallen. Under Tuscarora Mountain, long tunnel,

WBZ Boston coming thru—

"Nobody needs icecream nobody needs pot nobody

needs movies."

... "Public Discussion."

Is sexual Intercourse any Good? Can the kids handle it? out the Tunnel,

The Boston Voice returning: "controlled circumstances ..."

Into tunnel, static silence, Trucks roar by in carbon-mist,

Anger falling asleep at the heart.

White Rembrandt, the hills—

Silver domed silo standing above house

in the white reality place

farm up the road,

Mist Quiet on Woods,

Silent Reality everywhere.

Till the eye catches the billboards—

Howard Johnson's Silent Diamond Reality

"makes the difference."

Student cannon fodder prepared for next Congress session Willow Hill, Willow hill, Cannon Fodder, Cannon fodder— And the Children of the Warmakers're exempt from fighting

their parents' war—

Those with intellectual money capacities who go to college till 1967—

Slowly the radio war news

steals o'er the senses—

Negro photographs in Rochester

ax murders in Cleveland,

Anger at heart base

all over the Nation—

Husbands ready to murder their wives

at the drop of a hat-statistic

I could take an ax and split Peter's skull with pleasure— Great trucks crawl up road

insect-lit with yellow bulbs outside Pittsburgh, "The Devil with Blue Dress" exudes over radio, car headlights gleam on motel signs in blackness,

# Satanic Selfs covering nature spiked with trees. Crash of machineguns, ring of locusts, airplane roar, calliope yell, bzzzs.

January 4, 1967

### An Open Window on Chicago

Midwinter night,

Clark & Halstead brushed with this week's snow grill lights blinking at the corner

decades ago

Smokestack poked above roofs & watertower standing still above the blue

lamped boulevards,

sky blacker than th' east

for all the steel smoke

settled in heaven from South.

Downtown—like Batman's Gotham City

battleshipped with Lights,

towers winking under clouds,

police cars blinking on Avenues,

space above city misted w/fine soot

cars crawling past redlites down Avenue,

exuding white wintersmoke—

Eat Eat said the sign, so I went in the Spanish Diner The girl at the counter, whose yellow Bouffant roots

grew black over her pinch'd face,

spooned her coffee with knuckles

puncture-marked,

whose midnight wrists had needletracks,

scars inside her arms:

"Wanna go get a Hotel Room with me?"

The Heroin Whore

thirty years ago come haunting Chicago's midnite streets, me come here so late with my beard!

Corner Grill-lights blink, police car turned & took away its load of bum to jail, black uniforms patrolling streets

where suffering lifts a hand palsied by Parkinson's Disease to beg a cigarette.

The psychiatrist came visiting this Hotel 12th floor— Where does the Anger come from? Outside! Radio messages, images on Television, Electric Networks spread

fear of murder on the streets—
"Communications Media"

inflict the Vietnam War & its anxiety on every private skin in hotel room or bus—

Sitting, meditating quietly on Great Space outside—Bleep Bleep dit dat dit radio on, Television murmuring,

bombshells crash on flesh his flesh my flesh all the same.—

The Dakini in the hotel room turns in her sleep while War news flashes thru Aether—

Shouts at streetcorners as bums

crawl in the metal policevan.

And there's a tiny church in middle Chicago with its black spike to the black air

And there's the new Utensil Towers round on horizon.

And there's red glow of Central Neon

on hushed building walls at 4 A.M.,

And there's proud Lights & Towers of Man's Central City looking pathetic at 4 A.M., traveler passing through, staring outa hotel window under Heaven—

Is this tiny city the best we can do?

These tiny reptilian towers so proud of their Executives

they haveta build a big sign in middle downtown to Advertise

old Connor's Insurance sign fading on brick

building side—
Snow on deserted roofs & parkinglots—
Hog Butcher to the World!?
Taxi-Harmonious Modernity grown rusty-old—
The prettiness of Existence! To sit at the window & moan over Chicago's stone & brick lifting itself vertical tenderly, hanging from the sky.

Elbow on windowsill. I lean and muse, taller than any building here Steam from my head wafting into the smog Elevators running up & down my leg Couples copulating in hotelroom beds in my belly & bearing children in my heart, Eyes shining like warning-tower Lights, Hair hanging down like a black cloud— Close your eyes on Chicago and be God, all Chicago is, is what you see— That row of lights Finance Building sleeping on its bottom floors, Watchman stirring paper coffee cups by bronzed glass doors and under the bridge, brown water floats great turds of ice beside buildings' feet in windy metropolis waiting for a Bomb.

January 8, 1967

### **Returning North of Vortex**

Red Guards battling country workers

in Nanking

Ho-Tei trembles,

Mao's death near.

Snow over Iowa

cornstalks on icy hills,

bus wheels murmuring in afternoon brilliance toward Council Bluffs

hogs in sunlight, dead rabbits on asphalt

Booneville passed, Crane quiet,

highway empty—silence as

house doors open, food on table,

nobody home—

sign thru windshield

100 Miles More to the Missouri.

How toy-like Pall Mall's red embossed pack

cellophane gleaming in sunshine,

Indian-head stamped crown crested,

shewing its dry leaf of history to my eye

now that I no longer reach my hand to the ashtray

nor since Xmas have lit a smoke.

One puff I remember the 18 year joy-musk of manhood

that curled thru my nostrils first time I kissed

another human body—

that time with Joe Army, he seduced me

into smoking—

I'll give Swami a present like Santa Claus—

no attachment—

No meat nor tabaccy—even sex questionable

Now in America craving its billions

of needles of War.

Detach yrself from Matter, & look about
at the bright snowy show of Iowa,
Earth & heaven mirroring
eachother's light,
tiny meat-trucks rolling downhill
toward deep Omaha.
This is History, to quit smoking Anger-leaf
into one man's lungs,
glancing up at gravestone rows
in hill woods thru rear window.

This is History: Iowa's Finest Comics: Sunday, Rex Morgan M.D. in snowstorm, Mustachio'd villain cruel eyed with long European hair doubletalking the Doc "Meanwhile, under the influence of LSD Veronica races through the fields in an acute panic"— **Author Dal Curtis** In a violet box her big tits fall on snowy ground. Gray ice floating down Missouri, sunset into Omaha Bishop's Buffets, German Chocolate, wall to wall carpet Om A Hah, Om Ah Hūm "The land summoned them and they loved it" cut in granite Post Office lintel, Walt Disney playing at State, week after his death. Table service, fireplace, armchairs, homeostasis in Omaha.

Steve Canyon Comics in Color:
U.S. Military Seabees chopper
operation dropping bridges
over the "Lake of the Black Wind"

Princess Snowflower will

"speak over the bullhorn to the

herdsmen—

So they won't think it's a Chincom trick."

Ten-year-olds in Sunday

morning sunlight on the rug

dreaming of slack-cheekboned blond

big cocked Steve Canyon

fucking the yellow bellies

tied face down naked on the floor of the lone helicopter And on Sunday Evening the Reverend Preacher

C. O. Staggerflup—

America's Hope

POB 72 Hopkins Minnesota

Isaiah denouncing the root of Evil to the Nation

14 billion 200 million a year to the Debt Money System,

Rolling back darkness in Nebraska—

Shanghai water power cut off by Mao's enemies

I am a Rock, I am an Island radio souls cry

passing north of Lincoln's tiny bright downtown horizon;

Square banks huddled under Capitol turret blinking red, electric tower steam-drifts

ribboned across building tops under city's ruby night-glow—

Let the Viet Cong win over the American Army!

Dice of Prophecy cast on the giant plains!

Drum march on airwaves, anger march in the mouth,

Xylophones & trumpets screaming thru American brain—

Our violence unabated after a year

in mid-America returned, I prophesy against

this my own Nation

enraptured in hypnotic war.

And if it were my wish, we'd lose & our will

be broken

& our armies scattered as we've scattered the airy guerrillas of our own yellow imagination.

Mothers weep & Sons be dumb
your brothers & children murder
the beautiful yellow bodies of Indochina
in dreams invented for your eyes by TV
all yr talk gibberish mouthed by radio,
yr politics mapped by paper Star
Thought Consciousness

Form Feeling Sensation Imagination the 5 skandhas, realms of Buddha Invaded by electronic media KLYL News Bureau

& yr trapped in red winking Kansas one giant delicate electrical antenna upraised in midwinter Nebraska plains blackness January 1967 I hope we lose this war.

Lincoln airforce Base, Ruby, Gochner
US 80 near Big Blue River,
The radio Bibl'd Hour, Dallas Texas
a great nose pushed out of the dashboard
demanding Your Faith Pledge!
Money your dollars support
The Radio Bible Hour.
You pledge to God to send
100 or 10 or 2 or \$1 a month to the
Radio Bible Hour—
The electric network selling itself:

"The medium is the message"
Even so, Come, Lord Jesus!
Straight thru Nebraska at Midnight
toward North Platte & Ogallala
returning down black superhighways to Denver.

#### Wales Visitation

White fog lifting & falling on mountain-brow
Trees moving in rivers of wind
The clouds arise
as on a wave, gigantic eddy lifting mist
above teeming ferns exquisitely swayed
along a green crag
glimpsed thru mullioned glass in valley raine—

Bardic, O Self, Visitacione, tell naught
but what seen by one man in a vale in Albion,
of the folk, whose physical sciences end in Ecology,
the wisdom of earthly relations,
of mouths & eyes interknit ten centuries visible
orchards of mind language manifest human,
of the satanic thistle that raises its horned symmetry
flowering above sister grass-daisies' pink tiny
bloomlets angelic as lightbulbs—

Remember 160 miles from London's symmetrical thorned tower & network of TV pictures flashing bearded your Self the lambs on the tree-nooked hillside this day bleating heard in Blake's old ear, & the silent thought of Wordsworth in eld

Stillness

clouds passing through skeleton arches of Tintern Abbey— Bard Nameless as the Vast, babble to Vastness!

All the Valley quivered, one extended motion, wind undulating on mossy hills a giant wash that sank white fog delicately down red runnels on the mountainside

whose leaf-branch tendrils moved asway
in granitic undertow down—
and lifted the floating Nebulous upward, and lifted the arms of the
trees

and lifted the grasses an instant in balance and lifted the lambs to hold still and lifted the green of the hill, in one solemn wave

A solid mass of Heaven, mist-infused, ebbs thru the vale,

a wavelet of Immensity, lapping gigantic through Llanthony Valley,

the length of all England, valley upon valley under Heaven's ocean tonned with cloud-hang,

—Heaven balanced on a grassblade.

Roar of the mountain wind slow, sigh of the body,

One Being on the mountainside stirring gently

Exquisite scales trembling everywhere in balance, one motion thru the cloudy sky-floor shifting on the million feet of daisies,

one Majesty the motion that stirred wet grass quivering to the farthest tendril of white fog poured down through shivering flowers on the mountain's head—

No imperfection in the budded mountain,

Valleys breathe, heaven and earth move together, daisies push inches of yellow air, vegetables tremble, grass shimmers green

sheep speckle the mountainside, revolving their jaws with empty eyes,

horses dance in the warm rain, tree-lined canals network live farmland, blueberries fringe stone walls on hawthorn'd hills, pheasants croak on meadows haired with fernOut, out on the hillside, into the ocean sound, into delicate gusts of wet

air,

Fall on the ground, O great Wetness, O Mother, No harm on your body!

Stare close, no imperfection in the grass,

each flower Buddha-eye, repeating the story, myriad-formed—

Kneel before the foxglove raising green buds, mauve bells drooped doubled down the stem trembling antennae,

& look in the eyes of the branded lambs that stare breathing stockstill under dripping hawthorn—

I lay down mixing my beard with the wet hair of the mountainside, smelling the brown vagina-moist ground, harmless, tasting the violet thistle-hair, sweetness—

One being so balanced, so vast, that its softest breath moves every floweret in the stillness on the valley floor, trembles lamb-hair hung gossamer rain-beaded in the grass, lifts trees on their roots, birds in the great draught

hiding their strength in the rain, bearing same weight,

Groan thru breast and neck, a great Oh! to earth heart Calling our Presence together

The great secret is no secret

Senses fit the winds,

Visible is visible,

rain-mist curtains wave through the bearded vale, gray atoms wet the wind's kabbala

Crosslegged on a rock in dusk rain,

rubber booted in soft grass, mind moveless,

breath trembles in white daisies by the roadside,

Heaven breath and my own symmetric

Airs wavering thru antlered green fern

drawn in my navel, same breath as breathes thru Capel-Y-Ffn, Sounds of Aleph and Aum

# through forests of gristle, my skull and Lord Hereford's Knob equal, All Albion one.

What did I notice? Particulars! The
vision of the great One is myriad—
smoke curls upward from ashtray,
house fire burned low,
The night, still wet & moody black heaven
starless
upward in motion with wet wind.

July 29, 1967 (LSD)—August 3, 1967 (London)

# **Pentagon Exorcism**

"No taxation without representation"

Tho represents my body in Pentagon? Who spends ly spirit's billions for war manufacture? Who evies the majority to exult unwilling in Bomb oar? "Brainwash!" Mind-fear! Governor's language! Wilitary-Industrial-Complex!" President's language! orporate voices jabber on electric networks building ody-pain, chemical ataxia, physical slavery diaphanoid Chinese Cosmic-eye Military Tyranny iovie hysteria—Pay my taxes? No Westmoreland wants be Devil, others die for his General Power istaining hurt millions in house security ining to images on TV's separate universe where easant manhoods burn in black & white forest illages—represented less than myself by Magic ıtelligence influence matter-scientists' Rockefeller ank telephone war investment Usury Agency xecutives jetting from McDonnell Douglas to General Dynamics ver smog-shrouded metal-noised treeless cities atrolled by radio fear with tear gas, businessman! o spend your bright billions for this suffering! entagon wake from planet-sleep! Apokatastasis! pirit Spirit Dance Dance Spirit Spirit Dance! ransform Pentagon skeleton to maiden-temple O Phantom uevara! Om Raksa Raksa Hu? Hu? Hu? Phat Svaha! nger Control your Self feared Chaos, suffocation

ody-death in Capitols caved with stone radar sentinels! ack! Back! Back! Central Mind-machine Pentagon reverse onsciousness! Hallucination manifest! A million Americas aze out of man-spirit's naked Pentacle! Magnanimous eaction to signal Peking, isolate Space-beings!

Milan, September 29, 1967

# **Elegy Che Guevara**

European Trib. boy's face photo'd eyes opened, young feminine beardless radiant kid lain back smiling looking upward Calm as if ladies' lips were kissing invisible parts of the body Aged reposeful angelic boy corpse, perceptive Argentine Doctor, petulant Cuba Major pipe mouth'd & faithfully keeping Diary in mosquitos Amazonas Sleep on a hill, dull Havana Throne renounced More sexy your neck than sad aging necks of Johnson De Gaulle, Kosygin, or the bullet pierced neck of John Kennedy Eyes more intelligent glanced up to death newspapers than worried living Congress Cameras passing dot screens into TV shade, glass-eyed McNamara, Dulles in old life ...

Women in bowler hats sitting in mud outskirts 11,000 feet up in Heaven

with a headache in La Paz
selling black potatoes brought down from earth roof'd huts
on mountain-lipped Puno
would've adored your desire and kissed your Visage new Christ
They'll raise up a red-bulb-eyed war-mask's
white tusks to scare soldier-ghosts
who shot thru your lungs

Incredible! one boy turned aside from operating room or healing Pampas yellow eye
To face the stock rooms of Alcoa, Myriad Murderous
Board Directors of United Fruit
Smog-Manufacturing Trustees of Chicago U

John Foster Dulles' Sullivan and Cromwell lawfirm
Acheson's mustache, Truman's bony hat

To go mad and hide in jungle on mule & point rifle at OAS at Rusk's egoic Courtesies, the metal deployments of Pentagon derring-do Admen and dumbed intellectuals from *Time* to the CIA

One boy against the Stock Market all Wall Street ascream since Norris wrote *The Pit* 

afraid of free dollars showering from the Observers' Balcony scattered by laughing younger brothers,

Against the Tin Company, against Wire Services, against infrared sensor Telepath Capitalism's money-crazed scientists against College boy millions watching Wichita Family Den TV

One radiant face driven mad with a rifle Confronting the electric networks.

Venice, November 1967

# **War Profit Litany**

To Ezra Pound

hese are the names of the companies that have made money from this war

ineteenhundredsixtyeight Annodomini fourthousandeighty Hebraic

hese Corporations have profited by merchandising skinburning phosphorus or shells fragmented to thousands of fleshpiercing needles

nd here listed money millions gained by each combine for manufacture

nd here are gains numbered, index'd swelling a decade, set in order, ere named the Fathers in office in these industries, telephones directing finance,

ames of directors, makers of fates, and the names of the stockholders of these destined Aggregates,

nd here are the names of their ambassadors to the Capital, representatives to legislature, those who sit drinking in hotel lobbies to persuade,

nd separate listed, those who drop Amphetamines with military, gossip, argue, and persuade

iggesting policy naming language proposing strategy, this done for fee as ambassadors to Pentagon, consultants to military, paid by their industry:

nd these are the names of the generals & captains military, who now thus work for war goods manufacturers;

nd above these, listed, the names of the banks, combines, investment trusts that control these industries:

nd these are the names of the newspapers owned by these banks nd these are the names of the airstations owned by these combines; nd these are the numbers of thousands of citizens employed by these businesses named;

nd the beginning of this accounting is 1958 and the end 1968, that statistic be contained in orderly mind, coherent & definite,

nd the first form of this litany begun first day December 1967 furthers this poem of these States.

December 1, 1967

Elegies for Neal Cassady (1968) Elegy for Neal Cassady

OK Neal
aethereal Spirit
bright as moving air
blue as city dawn
happy as light released by the Day
over the city's new buildings—

Maya's Giant bricks rise rebuilt in Lower East Side windows shine in milky smog. Appearance unnecessary now.

Peter sleeps alone next room, sad.
Are you reincarnate? Can ya hear me talkin?
If anyone had strength to hear the invisible,
And drive thru Maya Wall
you had it—
What're you now, Spirit?
That were spirit in body—

The body's cremate

by Railroad track
San Miguel Allende Desert,
outside town,
Spirit become spirit,
or robot reduced to Ashes.

Tender Spirit, thank you for touching me with tender hands When you were young, in a beautiful body,

Such a pure touch it was Hope beyond Maya-meat, What you are now,

Impersonal, tender—

you showed me your muscle/warmth/over twenty years ago when I lay trembling at your breast

put your arm around my neck,
—we stood together in a bare room on 103d St.
Listening to a wooden Radio,

with our eyes closed

Eternal redness of Shabda

lamped in our brains at Illinois Jacquet's Saxophone Shuddering, prophetic Honk of Louis Jordan, Honeydrippers, Open The Door Richard To Christ's Apocalypse—

The buildings're insubstantial— That's my New York Vision

outside eastern apartment offices
where telephone rang last night
and stranger's friendly Denver Voice
asked me, had I heard the news from the West?

Some gathering Bust, Eugene Oregon or Hollywood Impends I had premonition.

"No" I said—"been away all week,"

"you havent heard the News from the West, Neal Cassady is dead—" Peter's dove-voic'd Oh! on the other line, listening.

Your picture stares cheerful, tearful, strain'd, a candle burns, green stick incense by household gods.

Military Tyranny overtakes Universities, your Prophecy approaching its kindest sense brings us

Dowr

to the Great Year's awakening.

Kesey's in Oregon writing novel language

family farm alone.

Hadja no more to do? Was your work all done?

Had ya seen your first son?

Why'dja leave us all here?

Has the battle been won?

I'm a phantom skeleton with teeth, skull
resting on a pillow
calling your spirit
god echo consciousness, murmuring
sadly to myself.

Lament in dawnlight's not needed,

the world is released,

desire fulfilled, your history over,

story told, Karma resolved,

prayers completed

vision manifest, new consciousness fulfilled,

spirit returned in a circle,

world left standing empty, buses roaring through streets—

garbage scattered on pavements galore—

Grandeur solidified, phantom-familiar fate

returned to Auto-dawn,

your destiny fallen on RR track

My body breathes easy,

I lie alone,

living

After friendship fades from flesh forms—heavy happiness hangs in heart,

I could talk to you forever,

The pleasure inexhaustible,
discourse of spirit to spirit,
O Spirit.

Sir spirit, forgive me my sins,
Sir spirit give me your blessing again,
Sir Spirit forgive my phantom body's demands,
Sir Spirit thanks for your kindness past,
Sir Spirit in Heaven, What difference was yr mortal form,
What further this great show of Space?

Speedy passions generations of Question? agonic Texas Nightrides? psychedelic bus hejira-jazz, Green auto poetries, inspired roads?

ad, Jack in Lowell saw the phantom most—
lonelier than all, except your noble Self.

ir Spirit, an' I drift alone:

Oh deep sigh.

February 10, 1968, 5-5:30 A.M.

# Chicago to Salt Lake by Air

Hanson Baldwin got a bullet in his brain, outrage?

President Johnson got a bullet in his brain, fast Karma?

Reader's Digest got a bullet in its brain would it be smarter?

larch '68, P. 54 "Report from Vietnam, The foe is Hurting"

... "The dismal picture of 1965, when I previously visited Vietnam, has been reversed: The Allies are winning, and the enemy is being hurt,"

wrote "The distinguished military Editor of the New York Times" The Dinosaur moves slowly over Chicago.

rrived on United Airlines just in time all wrong.

nger in the back of the plane cabin, anger at *Reader's Digest*Hanson Baldwin's "Allies"? Hanson Baldwin's "The
Enemy"?

Arguing with a schizophrenic is hopeless. A bullet in the brain. Ir. Baldwin suggests more bullets in the brain to solve his Vietnam

anson Baldwin is a Military Ass-Kisser.

Problem.

Dead Neal was born in Salt Lake, & Jim Fitzpatrick's dead. lowers die, & flowers rise red petaled on the field.

Anger, red petal'd flower in my body

etroit's lake from a mile above chemical muddy, reams of gray waste fogging the surface to the center, ore than half the lake discolored metallic—

ancerous reproductions the house flats rows of bee boxes, DNA Molecular Patterns

iicroscopic reticulations topt w/Television Antennae

nd the horizon edged with gray gas clouds from East to West unmoved by wind.

hey fucked up the planet! Hanson Baldwin Fucked up the Planet all by himself,

mitted a long Military gas cloud Dec 26 27 28 1967 in NY Times.

Purely military considerations" he told TV—

ill Gov. LaSalle sd/ the Prexy cdnt be peaceful till election time, 3 Baldwin nodded agree.

A bunch of fat & thin Schizophrenics running the planet thoughtwaves. Shit, Violence, bullets in the brain Unavailing.

We're in it too deep to pull out.

Waiting for an orgasm, Mr. Baldwin?

Yes, waiting for an orgasm that's all.

Give 'em all the orgasms they want.

Give 'em orgasms, give Hanson Baldwin his lost orgasms.

Give NY Times, give Reader's Digest their old orgasms back.

's a gold crisis! not enuf orgasms to go round

I take care of other people's business" said th' old man sleeping next seat,

Iallets & pens in his inside pocket green tie black suit boots, Ever since the world began Gold is the measure of Solidarity." olden light over Iowa, silver cloud floor, sky roof blue deep yed by Western Sun set brightness from the center of the Solar System.

eal born in Salt Lake. Died in San Miguel, met in Denver loved in Denver—

Down in Denver/down in Denver/all I did was die."

J. Kerouac, '48

irplanes, a pain in the neck. Thru Heaven, a heavy roar, aportrails to the sun moving behind Utah's valley wall.

ive Heaven orgasms, give Krishna all your orgasms, give yr orgasms to the clouds. Great Salt Lake!

itzpatrick sobbed a lot in New York & Utah, his nervous frame racked with red eyed pain.

arewell Sir Jim, in shiny heaven, bodiless as Neal's bodiless ...

Brainwash cried Romney, the Governor of Pollution,

Michigan's Lakes covered w/green slime

— "The people now see thru the Administration's continuous brainwashing."

Chi Trib Mar 16 '68 AP dispatch

Mind is fragments ... whatever you can remember from last year's *Time Magazine*, this years sunset or gray cloudmass over Nebraska, Leroi Jones' deep scar brown skin at left temple hairline ...

... Don McNeil emerging from Grand Central w/6 stitches in Forehead pushed thru plateglass by police, his presscard bloodied.

eeper into gray clouds, there must be invisible farms, invisible farmers walking up and down rolling cloud-hills.

A hole in its head" ... another World, America, Vietnam.

he Martians have holes in their head, like Moore's statuary.

if Dolphin-like Saturnian tongues are invisible & their ecstatic language irrelevant to the Gold Supply

Je'll murder 'em like 100,000,000 Bison—

o the Buffalo Dance in the Jetplane over Nebraska! Bring back the Gay '90s.

obble gobble sd/ Sanders

Turkeys' hormone-white-meat drumsticks poison the glands of suburban kiddies Thanksgiving.

n their bicycles w/ poison glands & DDT livers, hallucinating Tiny Vietnams on TV.

louds rifts, Gold orgasms in the West,

ebraska's Steppes herding broken cloud-flocks—

un at plane's nose, izzat the Missouri breaking the plains apart? Council Bluffs & Great Platte gone?

h Rockies already? Snow in granite cracks & gray crags.

anson Baldwin covered w/ Snowflakes.

ed oxide in air & earth, sunset flowers in clouds, Anger in the Heart,

Croakers & doubters" ... Napalm & Mace: Dogs!

arth ripples, river snakes, iron horse tracks, car paths thin

-Wasatch peak snows, north crags' springtime white wall over desertlake brightness—

alt Lake streets at dusk flowing w/ electric gold. Beautiful Million winking lights!

eal was born in Paradise!

March 30, 1968

# **Kiss Ass**

Kissass is the Part of Peace America will have to Kissass Mother Earth Whites have to Kissass Blacks, for Peace & Pleasure, Only Pathway to Peace, Kissass

Houston, April 24, 1968

### **Manhattan Thirties Flash**

ong stone streets inanimate, repetitive machine Crash cookie-cutting ynamo rows of soulless replica Similitudes brooding tank-like in Army Depots

xactly the same exactly the same with no purpose but grimness

overwhelming force of robot obsession, our slaves are not alive we become their sameness as they surround us—the long stone streets inanimate,

rowds of executive secretaries alighting from subway 8:30 A.M.

loodflow in cells thru elevator arteries & stairway glands to typewriter consciousness,

on Ed skyscraper clock-head gleaming gold-lit at sun dusk.

1968

#### **Please Master**

lease master can I touch your cheek

lease master can I kneel at your feet

lease master can I loosen your blue pants

lease master can I gaze at your golden haired belly

lease master can I gently take down your shorts

lease master can I have your thighs bare to my eyes

lease master can I take off my clothes below your chair

lease master can I kiss your ankles and soul

lease master can I touch lips to your hard muscle hairless thigh

lease master can I lay my ear pressed to your stomach

lease master can I wrap my arms around your white ass

lease master can I lick your groin curled with blond soft fur

lease master can I touch my tongue to your rosy asshole

lease master may I pass my face to your balls,

lease master, please look into my eyes,

lease master order me down on the floor,

lease master tell me to lick your thick shaft

lease master put your rough hands on my bald hairy skull

lease master press my mouth to your prick-heart

lease master press my face into your belly, pull me slowly strong thumbed

ll your dumb hardness fills my throat to the base

ll I swallow & taste your delicate flesh-hot prick barrel veined Please laster push my shoulders away and stare in my eye, & make me bend over the table

lease master grab my thighs and lift my ass to your waist

lease master your hand's rough stroke on my neck your palm down my backside

lease master push me up, my feet on chairs, till my hole feels the breath of your spit and your thumb stroke

lease master make me say Please Master Fuck me now Please

laster grease my balls and hairmouth with sweet vaselines

lease master stroke your shaft with white creams

lease master touch your cock head to my wrinkled self-hole

lease master push it in gently, your elbows enwrapped round my breast

our arms passing down to my belly, my penis you touch w/ your fingers

lease master shove it in me a little, a little, a little,

lease master sink your droor thing down my behind

please master make me wiggle my rear to eat up the prick trunk

ll my asshalfs cuddle your thighs, my back bent over,

ll I'm alone sticking out, your sword stuck throbbing in me

lease master pull out and slowly roll into the bottom

lease master lunge it again, and withdraw to the tip

lease please master fuck me again with your self, please fuck me Please

laster drive down till it hurts me the softness the

oftness please master make love to my ass, give body to center, & fuck me for good like a girl,

enderly clasp me please master I take me to thee,

drive in my belly your selfsame sweet heat-rood

ou fingered in solitude Denver or Brooklyn or fucked in a maiden in Paris carlots

lease master drive me thy vehicle, body of love dops, sweat fuck ody of tenderness, Give me your dog fuck faster lease master make me go moan on the table
o moan O please master do fuck me like that
ı your rhythm thrill-plunge & pull-back-bounce & push down
ll I loosen my asshole a dog on the table yelping with terror delight
to be loved

lease master call me a dog, an ass beast, a wet asshole, fuck me more violent, my eyes hid with your palms round my skull plunge down in a brutal hard lash thru soft drip-fish throb thru five seconds to spurt out your semen heat ver & over, bamming it in while I cry out your name I do love you lease Master.

May 1968

# **A Prophecy**

O Future bards chant from skull to heart to ass as long as language lasts Vocalize all chords zap all consciousness I sing out of mind jail in New York State without electricity rain on the mountain thought fills cities I'll leave my body in a thin motel my self escapes through unborn ears Not my language but a voice chanting in patterns survives on earth not history's bones but vocal tones Dear breaths and eyes shine in the skies where rockets rise to take me home

May 1968

# **Bixby Canyon**

Path crowded with thistle fern blue daisy,
glassy grass, pale morninglory
scattered on a granite hill
bells clanging under gray sea cliffs,
dry brackensprout seaweed-wreathed
where bee dies in sand hollows
ant-swarmed above
white froth-wave glassed bay surge
Ishvara-ripple on cave wall
sea birds
skating wind swell,
Amor Krishna Om Phat Svaha air rumble at
ocean-lip

Yesterday

Sand castles Neal, white plasm balls round jellies—

Skeleton snaketubes & back nostrils' seaweed-tail dry-wrinkled brown seabulb & rednailed cactus blossom-petal tongues—

Brownpickle saltwater tomato ball rubber tail Spaghettied with leafmeat.

Mucus-softness crown'd Laurel thong-hat Father Whale gunk transparent yellowleaf egg-sac sandy lotos-petal cast back to cold

-petal cast back to cold watersurge.

Bouquet of old seaweed on a striped blanket, kelp tentacle spread round the prayer place

Hermes silver firelight spread over wave sunglare—

The Cosmic Miasma Anxiety meditating nakedman
—Soft Bonepipe!

Musical Sea-knee gristlebone rubber burp footswat beard ball bounce of homosexual Shlurp ocean hish Sabahadabadie Sound-limit

to Evil—

Set limit, set limit, set limit to oceansong?

Limit birdcries, limit the Limitless in language? O Say

Can You See The Internationale

Mental Traveller Marseillaise

in waves of eye alteration Politics? 'Tis sweet Liberty I hymn in freeman's sunlight

not limited to observe No Nakedness signs

in silent bud-crowded pathways, artforms of flowers limitless Ignorance—

Wet seaweed blossoms froth left, sun breathing giant mist under the bridge, gray cliffs cloud-skin haloed

Yellow sunlight of Old

shining on mossledge, tide foam

lapped in harmless gold light— O Eyeball Brightness shimmering! Father Circle

whence we have sprung, thru thy bright

Rainbow horn, Silence!

So sings the laborer under the rock bridge, so pipes pray to the Avalanche.

Big Sur, June 16, 1968 (grass)

# **Crossing Nation**

Under silver wing

San Francisco's towers sprouting thru thin gas clouds,

Tamalpais black-breasted above Pacific azure

Berkeley hills pine-covered below—

Dr. Leary in his brown house scribing Independence Declaration typewriter at window silver panorama in natural eyeball—

Sacramento valley rivercourse's Chinese

dragonflames licking green flats north-hazed State Capitol metallic rubble, dry checkered fields to Sierras—past Reno, Pyramid Lake's blue Altar, pure water in Nevada sands' brown wasteland scratched by tires

Jerry Rubin arrested! Beaten, jailed,
coccyx broken—
Leary out of action—"a public menace ...
persons of tender years ... immature
judgment... psychiatric examination ..."
i.e. Shut up or Else Loonybin or Slam

LeRoi on bum gun rap, \$7,000

lawyer fees, years' negotiations—

SPOCK GUILTY headlined temporary, Joan Baez'

paramour husband Dave Harris to Gaol

Dylan silent on politics, & safe—

having a baby, a man—

Cleaver shot at, jail'd, maddened, parole revoked, Vietnam War flesh-heap grows higher, blood splashing down the mountains of bodies on to Cholon's sidewalks—
Blond boys in airplane seats fed technicolor
Murderers advance w/ Death-chords
thru photo basement,
Earplugs in, steak on plastic
served—Eyes up to the Image—

What do I have to lose if America falls?

my body? my neck? my personality?

June 19, 1968

# **Smoke Rolling Down Street**

Red Scabies on the Skin Police Cars turn Garbage Corner— Was that a Shot! Backfire or Cherry Bomb? Ah, it's all right, take the mouth off, it's all over.

Man Came a long way,
Canoes thru Fire Engines,
Big Cities' power station Fumes
Executives with Country Houses—
Waters drip thru Ceilings in the Slum—
It's all right, take the mouth off
it's all over—

New York, June 23, 1968

## **Pertussin**

Always Ether Comes to dissuade the goat-like

sensible—

or N<sub>2</sub>O recurring to

elicit ironic

suicidal pen marks—

Parallels: in Montmartre Rousseau

daubing or Rimbaud arriving,

the raw Aether

shines with Brahmanic cool moonshine aftertaste, midnight Nostalgia.

June 28, 1968

### Swirls of black dust on Avenue D

white haze over Manhattan's towers midsummer green Cattails' fatness surrounding Hoboken Marsh garbage Dumps,

Wind over Pulaski Skyway's
lacy networks
Trucks crash Bayonne's roadways,
iron engines roar

Stink rises over Hydro Pruf Factory
Cranes lift over broken earth
Brain Clouds boil out tin-cone scrap burners
Newark sits in gray gas
July heat gleams on airplanes
Trailer tyres sing toward forests of oiltowers,
Power grids dance in th'Iron Triangle,
Tanks roast in Flatness—
Old Soybean-oil-storage Scandals
echo thru airwaves,
the family car bumps over asphalt toward Bright Mexico.

July 10, 1968

### Violence

- Mexcity drugstore table, giant sexfiend in black spats
- Sticks knife in a plump faggot's sportscoat seam;
- at Teotihuacán in blue sunlight, I slap my mocking blond nephew for getting lost on the Moon Pyramid.
- In Oakland, legendary police shoot a naked black boy running out of his political basement
- In Pentagon giant machines humm and bleep in neon arcades,
- Buttons click in sockets & robots pencil prescriptions for acid gas sunsets—
- New York on the stairway, the dumbed whitefaced Junkie pulls a knife and stares immobile—the victim gasps, "oh come off it" & a sixpack of cokebottles
- bounces down worn black steps, in Vietnam plastic fire
- Streams down myriad phantom cheeks rayed over planet television—
- Adrenalin runs in armpits from Los Angeles to Paris, Harlem & Cannes
- explode thru plateglass, Sunset Strip & Sorbonne are crowded with Longhaired angels armed with gasmasks & Acid,
- & Angry Democrats gather in Chicago fantasizing armies running thru Sewers sprayed with Mace.

I walk up Avenida Juárez, over cobbled shadows, blue-tiled streetlamps lighting Sanborns' arcades, behind me violent chic fairy gangsters with bloody hands hustle after midnight to cut my throat from its beard.

July 22, 1968, 4:30 A.M.

# **Past Silver Durango Over Mexic Sierra-Wrinkles**

*l*estward Mother-mountains drift Pacific, green-sloped canyons vaster than Mexico City

'ithout roads under cloud-flowers bearing tiny shadow-blossoms on vegetable peaks—

ed riverbeds snake thru paradises without electricity

-Huichol or Tarahumara solitudes hectare'd irregular, antpaths to rocky plateaux,

ollows for lone indian humility, hand-ploughed mountainside patches

aked white cloud-fronds floating silent over silent green earth-crags.

vast meccas of manlessness, Bright cloud-brains tower'd in blue space up to the Sun

'ith rainbow garlands over white water-gas, O tree-furred body defenseless thru clear air, visible green breast of America!

aster than man the Mother Mountains manifest nakedness greater than all the bombs Bacteria ever invented

npregnable cloud-cities adrift & dissolving no History,

hite rain-ships alighted in Zenith Blue Ocean—

o ports or capitals to the horizon, emerald mesas ridged infinite-budded where rivers and ants gather garbage man left behind in the Valley of Mexico—

on'll rust under living tree roots & soak back underground

) feed the sensitive tendrils of Ego covering mountains of granite green mossed unconscious.

eaven & ocean mirror their azure, horizon lost in yellowed spectrummist—

aja California Blue water lies flat to the brown armpit of United States,

iver's course muddies the delta with teardrops washed dusty from Utah— Green irrigated farm squares in desert—

the dung colored gas, brown haze of labor near Los Angeles risen the height of Sierras—

ray smog drifts thru low mountain passes, city invisible.

Floating armchairs descend om sky in sunlight, rocking back & forth in polluted fields of air. *July 22, 1968, 11 A.M.* 

#### On Neal's Ashes

Delicate eyes that blinked blue Rockies all ash nipples, Ribs I touched w/ my thumb are ash mouth my tongue touched once or twice all ash bony cheeks soft on my belly are cinder, ash earlobes & eyelids, youthful cock tip, curly pubis breast warmth, man palm, high school thigh, baseball bicept arm, asshole anneal'd to silken skin all ashes, all ashes again.

August 1968

#### **Going to Chicago**

22,000 feet over Hazed square Vegetable planet Floor Approaching Chicago to Die or flying over Earth another 40 years to die—Indifferent, and Afraid, that the bone-shattering bullet be the same as the vast evaporation-of-phenomena Cancer Come true in an old man's bed. Or Historic Fire-Heaven Descending 22,000 years End th' Atomic Aeon

The Lake's blue again, Sky's the same baby, tho papers & Noses rumor tar spread through the Natural Universe'll make Angel's feet sticky.

I heard the Angel King's voice, a bodiless tuneful teenager Eternal in my own heart saying "Trust the Purest Joy— Democratic Anger is an Illusion, Democratic Joy is God Our Father is baby blue, the original face you see Sees You—"

How, thru Conventional Police & Revolutionary Fury Remember the Helpless order the Police Armed to protect, The Helpless Freedom the Revolutionary Conspired to honor—? I am the Angel King sang the Angel King as mobs in Amphitheaters, Streets, Colosseums Parks and offices Scream in despair over Meat and Metal Microphone

August 24, 1968

#### Grant Park: August 28, 1968

Green air, children sat under trees with the old, bodies bare, eyes open to eyes under the hotel wall, the ring of Brown-clothed bodies armed but silent at ease leaned on their rifles—

Harsh sound of mikrophones, helicopter roar—
A current in the belly, future marches
and detectives naked in bed—
where? on the planet, not Chicago,
in late sunlight—

Miserable picnic, Police State or Garden of Eden?
in the building walled against the sky
magicians exchange images, Money vote
and handshakes—
The teargas drifted up to the Vice
President naked in the bathroom
—naked on the toilet taking a shit weeping?
Who wants to be President of the
Garden of Eden?

#### Car Crash

#### Ι

Snow-blizzard sowing ice-powder drifts on stone fenced gardens near gray woods.

Yellow hump-backed snow plow rocking giant tires round the road, red light flashing iron insect brain.

Mrow, the cat with diarrhea.

Sunlight settled into human form, tree rings settled age after age stone forests accumulating atoms traveled 93,000,000 miles, carbon deposits settled into beds, the mountain's head breathes light, Earth-hairs gather gold beams thru chlorophyll, poets walk between the green bushes sprouting solar language.

Broken bones in bed, hips and ribs cracked by autos, snowdrifts over rubber tires, tree stumps freeze, the body stump heals temporarily in wintertime. So that's it the body, ah!
Beat yr meat in a dark bed.
Boy friends wrinkle & shit in snow.
Girls go fat-eyed to their mother's coffin.

Cigarettes burned my tastebuds' youth, I smelled my lover's behind, This autocrash broke my hip and ribs, Ugh, Thud, nausea-breath at solar plexus

paralyzed my bowels four days— Eyeglasses broke, eyeballs still intact— Thank God! alas, still alive but talk words died in my body, thoughts died in pain.

A healthy day in the snow, white breath and warm wool sox, hat over ears, hot broth, nakedness in warm boudoirs, stiff prick come, fame, physic, learning, scepter, dusk and Aurora Borealis, hot pig flesh, turkey stuffing—all disappear in a broken skull.

Unstable element, Sight Sound flesh Touch & Taste, all Odour, one more consciousness backseat of a steaming auto with broken nose—Unstable place to be, an easy way out by metal crash instead of mind cancer.

Unreliable meat, waving a chicken bone in a hospital bed—get what's coming to you like the chicken steak you ate last year.

Impossible Dr. Feelgood Forever, gotta die made of worm-stuff And worm thoughts?

And who's left watching, or even remembers the car crash that severed the skull from the spinal column?

Who gets out of body, or who's shut in a box of soft pain when Napalm drops from Heaven all over the abdomen, breasts and cheek-skin? & tongue cut out by inhuman knives? Cow tongue? Man tongue?

What does it feel like not to talk? To die in the back seat, Ow!

December 21, 1968

#### Ш

Raw pine walls, ice-white windows
three weeks now, snowy flatness
foot-thick down valley meadows,
wind roar in bare ash arms, oak branch
tendrils icy gleaming, yellow stain of morning water in front
door's snow—I walk out on crutches
to see white moonglow make snow blue
—three men just rode a space ship
round the moon last week—gnashing
their teeth in Biafra & Palestine,
Assassins & Astronauts traveling from
Athens to the sea of Venus Creatrix—
Lovers' quarrels magnified decades to mad
violence, half naked farm boys stand
with axes at the kitchen table,

trembling guilty, slicing egg grapefruit breasts on breakfast oilcloth. Growing old, growing old, forget the words, mind jumps to the grave, forget words, Love's an old word, forget words, Peter with shave-head beardface mutters & screams to himself at midnight. A new year, no party tonite, forget old loves, old words, old feelings. Snow everywhere around the house, I turned off the gas-light & came upstairs alone to read, remembering pictures of dead moon-side, my hip broken, the cat sick, earhead filled with my own strong music, in a houseful of men, sleep in underwear. Neal almost a year turned to ash, angel in his own midnight without a phonecall, Jack drunk in my mind or his Florida. Forget old friends, old words, old loves, old bodies. Bhaktivedanta advises Christ. The body lies in bed in '69 alone, a gnostic book fills the lap, Aeons revolve 'round the household, Rimbaud age 16 adolescent sneers tight lipt green-eyed oval in old time gravure —1869 his velvet tie askew, hair mussed & ruffled by policeman's rape.

January 1, 1969, 1:30 A.M.

# Ecologues of These States (1969–1971) Over Denver Again

Gray clouds blot sunglare, mountains float west, plane softly roaring over Denver—Neal dead a year—clean suburb yards, fit boardinghouse for the homosexual messenger's alleyway Lila a decade back before the Atombomb. Denver without Neal, eh? Denver with orange sunsets & giant airplanes winging silvery to San Francisco—watchtowers thru red cold planet light, when the Earth Angel's dead the dead material planet'll revolve robotlike & insects hop back and forth between metallic cities.

February 13, 1969

#### **Imaginary Universes**

- nder orders to shoot the spy, I discharged my pistol into his mouth.
- e fell face down from the position life left his body kneeling blindfold.
- o, I never did that. Imagined in airport snow, Albany plane discharging passengers.
- es, the Mexican-faced boy, 19 in Marine cloth, seat next me
- escending Salt Lake, accompanied his brother's body from Vietnam.
- Γhe Gook was kneeling in front of me,crying & pleading. There were two;he had a card we dropped on them."
- he card granted immunity to those V.C. surrendering.
- On account of my best friend & my brother I killed both Gooks." hat was true, yes.

February 1969

#### Rising over night-blackened Detroit Streets

rilliant network-lights tentacle dim suburbs
lichigan waters canalled glitter thru city building blocks'
hrone-brain lamps strung downtown, green signals'
oncentrate brightness blinking metal prayers & bright Hare Krishnas
elepathic to Heavenly darkness whence I stare down and adore O
beautiful!

lankind maker of such contemplate machine! Come gentle brainwaves

elicate-soft heart-throbs tender as belly butterflies, ght as Sexual charm-penumbras be, of radiant-eyed oys & girls black-faced & blond that Born believe arth-death at hand, or Eden regenerate millennial Green leir destiny under your Human Police Will, O lasters, fathers, mayors, Senators, Presidents, Bankers & workers weating & weeping ignorant on your own plastic-pain Maya planet...

February 15, 1969

# To Poe: Over the Planet, Air Albany-Baltimore

Albany throned in snow! It's winter, Poe, upstate New York scythed

into mental fields, flat arbors & hairy woods scattered in Pubic mounds twittering w/ birds—

Nobody foresaw these wormpaths asphalted uphill crost bridges to small church towns, chill hoarfields streaked with metal feces-dust.

Maelstrom roar of air-boats to Baltimore! Farmland whirlpooled into mechanic apocalypse on Iron Tides!

... Wheels drop in Sunlight, over Vast building-hive roofs glittering,

New York's ice agleam

in a dying world.

Bump down to ground Hare Krishna Preserver!

Philadelphia smoking in Gold Sunlight, pink blue green Cyanide tanks sitting on hell's floor, Many chimneys smoldering, city flats virus-linked along Delaware bays under horizon-smog—airplane drifting black vapor-filaments above Wilmington—The iron habitations endless from Manhattan to the Capital.

Poe! D'jya prophesy this Smogland, this Inferno, Didja Dream Baltimore'd Be Seen From Heaven by Man Poet's eyes Astounded in the Fire Haze, carbon Gas aghast!

Poe! D'jya know yr prophecies' red death would pour thru Philly's sky like Sulphurous Dreams? Walled into Amontillado's Basement! Man kind led weeping drunk into the Bomb

# Shelter by Mad Secretaries of Defense!

South! from the Bearded Sleeper's Wink at History, Hudson polluted & Susquehanna Brown under bridges laced with factory smoke— Proving grounds by Chesapeake,

**Ammunition & Artillery** 

Edgewood & Aberdeen Chemical munitions factories hid isolate in wooded gardens—

Poe! Frankenstein! Shelley thy Prophecy,
What Demiurge assembles Matter-Factories
to blast the Cacodemonic Planet-Mirror apart
Split atoms & Polarize Consciousness &

let the eternal Void leak thru Pentagon & cover White House with Eternal Vacuum-Dust! Bethlehem's miles of Christ-birth Man-apocalypse Mechano-movie Refinery along Atlantic, Shit-brown haze worse & worse over Baltimore where Poe's world came to end—Red smoke, Black water, gray sulphur clouds over Sparrows Point Oceanside flowing with rust, scum tide boiling shoreward—

Red white blue yachts on Baltimore harbor,
the plane bounds down above gas tanks,
gas stations, smokestacks flaring poison mist,
Superhighways razored thru hairy woods,
Down to Earth Man City where Poe
Died kidnapped by phantoms
conspiring to win elections
in the Deathly Gutter of 19th Century.

#### **Easter Sunday**

Slope woods' snows melt
Streams gush, ducks stand one foot
beak eye buried in backfeathers,
Jerusalem pillars' gold sunlight
yellow in window-shine, bright
rays spikey-white flashed in mud,
coo coo ripples thru maple branch,
horse limps head down, pale grass shoots
green winter's brown vegetable
hair—washed by transparent trickling
ice water freshets
earth's rusty slough bathed clean,
streams ripple leaf-bottomed
channels sounded vocal, white light
afternoon sky end—

Goat bells move, black kids bounce, butting mother's hairy side & tender tit one maa'ing child hangs under Bessie's udder ducks waggle yellow beaks, new grass flooded, tiger cat maeows on barn straw, herb patch by stone wall's a shiny marsh, dimpling snow water glimmers, birds whistle from icecrystal beds under bare bushes, breeze blows rooster crow thru chill light extended from the piney horizon.

1969

# **Falling Asleep in America**

*l*e're in the Great Place, Fable Place, Beulah, Man wedded to Earth, Planet of green Grass

iny atomic wheels spin shining, worlds change Heavens inside out, the planet's reborn in ashes,

un lights sparkle on atomic cinder, plants levitate, green moss precedes trees trembling sentient,

tone eats blue skies solar dazzle with invisible mouths & flowers are the rocks' excrement—

ach million years atoms spin myriad reversals, worlds in worlds interchange populations—

om worm to man's a tiny jump from earth to earth souls are borne ever forgetful—

opulations eat their own meat, roses smell sweet in the faeces of horses risen red-fac'd.

onsciousness changes nightly, dreams flower new universes in brainy skulls.

ying in bed body darkened ear of the bus roar running, only the eye flickering grass green returns me to Nashville.

April 1969

#### **Northwest Passage**

Incense under Horse Heaven Hills

Empty logger trucks speed

Lake Wallula's flatness shimmering

Under Hat Rock painted w/

white highschool signs.

Chemical smoke boils up

under aluminum-bright cloud-roof—

Smog assembling over railroad

cars parked rusting on thin rails—

Factory looming vaster than Johnson

Butte—Look at that Shit!

Smell it! Got about 30 smokestacks going!

Polluting Wallula! Boise Cascade

**Container Corp!** 

The Package is the Product, onomatopoeticized

McLuhan in '67—

Wall Street Journal Apr. 22 full

page ad Proclaimed:

We got the trees! We got

the land beneath!

We Gotta invent More Forms

for Cardboard Country!

We'll dig forests for Genius

Spirit God Stuff Gold-root

for Sale on Wall Street. Give

us your money! order

our cardboard Wastebaskets!

We just invented throwaway Planets!

Trees crash in Heaven! Sulphurous Urine pours thru Boise, Chevron & Brea

Wastepipes where Snake & Wallula ripple shining

Where Sakajawea led White Men thru blue sky fresh sweet water roads

Towards mountains of juicy telepathic pine & open Thalassa

Thalassa! Green salt waves

washing rock mountains, Pacific

Sirhan lives!

to hear his jury say

"We now fix the penalty at Death."

Green salt waves washing Wall Street.

Rain on gray sage near Standard

Oil junction Eltopia,

Static at Mesa! Yodeling ancient

Prajnaparamita

Gaté Gaté Paragaté Parasamgaté

Bodhi Svaha!

Way Down Yonder in the Bayoux

Country in Dear old Louisian,

Hank Williams chanting to country

Nature, electric

wires run up rolling brownplowed wheatfields— Wallula polluted! Wallula polluted!

"For most large scale gambling enterprises to continue over any extended period of time, the cooperation of corrupt Police or local officials is necessary." P. 1 *Oregonian*, "Mapping a \$61 million war against organized crime, President Nixon suggested ..."

"Even Jesus Christ couldn't have saved me." Sirhan ...
"shed no tears.

# His face was ashen" *AP* America's heart Broken,

Chessman, Vietnam, Sirhan.

52% People thought the War
always had been a mistake,
by April 1969. *Gallup Poll*.

May Day parade canceled for Prague
says Police Radio to
the old King of May faraway—
SDS chanting thru consciousness megaphones
in every university.

By now, Beatles & Beach Boys have
entered the Sublime
thru Acid The Crist of Kali Yuga, thru
Transcendental Meditation,
Chanting Hare Krishna climbing Eiffel Tower,
Apollinaire & Mira Bai headless
together with Kabir transmitted
over Apocalyptic Radios, their voicevibrations roaring
thru a million loudspeakers in Green
Autos on the world's roads—
Matter become so thick, senses so sunk
in Chickens & Insulation
"Love aint gonna die, I'm gonna haveta
kill it"

god cries to himself, Christ merging with Krishna in Car Crash Salvation!

"Prosecutor John Howard called Sirhan a cold-blooded political

assassin with 'no special claim to further preservation.' "

Mao reelected Chinese Premier.

Where the Mullan Rd

meets route 26

by 2 giant Sycamores

approaching Hooper,

Has anyone here any "Special

claim to further preservation"?

These lambs grazing thru springtime

by Cow Creek, quiet in

American yellow light—

"Even J.C. couldn't have saved me."

Magpie, Meadowlark, rainbow

apparitions shafted transparent down from gray cloud.

Dogs see in black & white.

A complete half-rainbow hill to hill across the highway pots of gold anchoring the pretty bridge, tumbleweed passing underneath

"Saigon (AP) U.S. B52 bombers made their heaviest raids of the Vietnam War last night near the Cambodian border, dropping more than 2,000 tons of bombs along a 30 mile stretch Northwest of Saigon, the US COMMAND reported. 'They are harassing enemy troops so as not to let them get organized,' an American SPOKESMAN said." Czech student strikes unreported in Prague
Howard Marquette & George Washington U. sit-in:
Hail on new-plowed brown hilltops—
Black rainclouds and rainbows over Albion way—
Drive down valley to Main Street
Seattle First National Motor
next to Everybody's Bank.

April 24, 1969

#### Sonora Desert-Edge

"Om Ah Hum Vajra Guru Padma Siddhi Hum"
—Drum H. from Gary S. from Tarthang Tulku

Brown stonepeaks rockstumps

cloudless sunlight

Saguaro green arms praying up spine ribs risen

woodpecker-holed

nose-pricked limbs

lifted salutation—

orange flower eyes lifted on

needly Ocotillo stalk

Jumping Cholla pistils closing pollened

eyebrow-vagina buds to the

poked pinkie—

Palo Verde smooth forked branch above prickly-pear ears

Smoke plumed up white
from scratched desert plain,
chemical smoke, military copper
airplanes rotting,
4% Copper Smelter smog

—in wire cage, ivory hook-beaked
round black pupiled
Bald Eagle's head, tailfeathers
hung below claw'd branch, symmetric
body plumes brown webbed like dollarbills,
insecticides sterilized many
adults

—green duck neck sheen spectral as
moon machines
Raven hopping curious black beaked
Coyote's nose sensitive lifted to air
blinking eye sharp
as the rose bellied Cardinal's ivory whistle

—tiny bright statues of Buddha
standing,
blue desert valley haze—
cactus lessons in sentience,
Trees like mental carrots—Anaconda
smelters white plumesmoke in
San Manuel, or Phelps-Dodge
in Douglas?—
Yellow'd Creosote bushes in granular
dust, hills jeep tracked,
Prairie dogs stand quivering-spined in
cactus-shade. A museum,

minds in Ashramic City—tweetling bird radios—Hopi Rain:



April 29, 1969

# **Reflections in Sleepy Eye**

For Robert Bly

3,489 friendly people

Elm grove, willow, Blue Earth County's

red barns, tiny feoff with gas nozzle snout on hillock,

Large beetles & lizards—

orange-painted steel

cranes & truck cabs,

Green seeder down-pointed

Science Toy earth-cock.

Thin floods, smooth planted acres

upturned, brown

cornstubble plowed under,

tractor pulling discs over fenced land.

Old box-alder fallen over

on knees in pond-flood,

white painted gas tanks by

Springfield's rail yard woods,

tiny train parade by Meats

**Groceries North Star Seeds** 

Our Flag at full mast

TV antennae, large leafy antennaed

trees upstretched green,

trunks standing sunlit

Sheep on stormfenced knoll,

green little wood acres—

one forest from Canada to these

plains—Corn silage in net bins,

Windmills in Tracy,

Blue enamel silos cap'd

aluminum, minarets in white sunbeam.

Cannabis excellent for drying lymph-

glands, specific relief for

symptoms of colds, flu,

ear pressure grippe &

Eustachian tube clogging—

A tree, bent broken mid-trunk

branches to ground—

Much land, few folk, excelsior grave

yard stones

silver tipp'd phalloi to heaven—

Aum, Om, Ford, Mailbox

telephone pole wire strung down road. Lake house fence poles, tree shade pine hill grave, Ah

Lake Benton's blue waved waters—

finally, Time came to

the brick barn! collapsed!

Old oak trunk sunk thick

under ground.

Farm car plowman rolling discs,

iron cuts smooth ground even,

hill plains roll—

Cows browse under alder shoot,

bent limbs arch clear brown

stream beds, trees stand

on banks observing

shade, peculiar standing up or kneeling

groundward

Car graveyard fills eyes

iron glitters, chrome fenders

rust—

White crosses, Vietnam War Dead

churchbells ring

Cars, kids, hamburger stand

open, barn-smile

white eye, door mouth.

#### **Independence Day**

range hawkeye stronger than thought winking above a thousand thin grassblades—

r. Hermon busted in Texas for green weed garden-grown censed Federal, Municipal-cop-prosecuted natheless—weet chirrup from bush top to bush top, orange wing'd irds' scratch-beaked telegraphy signaled to and fro buttercup earlets

rarbles & sweet whistles swifting echo-noted by fly buzz,

t-roar rolling down thru clouds—

o tiny a grasshopper climbing timothy stub the birds can't tell they're there—

ıtense soft leaf-spears budding symmetric,

reeze bending gentle flowerheads against yarrow their persons—
yelids heavy, summer heavy with fear, mapletrunks heavy with green
leafmass—

osed buds of hawkeye stronger than thought tremble on tall hairy stems.

ed shelled bedbugs crawl war sheets,

ty garbage spoils wet sidewalks where children play telephone call from Texas tells the latest police-state bust.

Self tangled in TV wires, white judges and laws

our jet-thunder echoes in clouds, your DDT spread thru firmament waters poisons algae & brown pelican—

mog veils Maya, paranoia walks great cities in blue suits with guns, -are all these billion grassblades safe?

ly stomach's bitter, city haste & money loss—

awkeye stronger than thought! Horsefly and bee!

- t. John's wort nodding yellow bells at the sun! eyes close in your presence, I
- e in your soft green bed, watch light thru red lid-skin, language persistent as birdwarble in my brain.

ıdependence Day! the Cow's deep moo's an Aum!

1969

#### In a Moonlit Hermit's Cabin

/atching the White Image, electric moon, white mist drifting over woods

t. John's Wort & Hawkeye wet with chance Yarrow on the green hillside

D'ya want your Airline Transport Pilot to smoke grass? Want yr moonmen to smoke loco weed?"

That Comedy's this Epic! The lamb lands on the Alcohol Sea—Deep voices

A Good batch of Data"—The hours of Man's first landing on the moon

ne and a Half Million starv'd in Biafra—Football players broadcast cornflakes—

V mentioned America as much as Man—Brillo offers you free Moon-Map —2 labels—

nd CBS repeats Man-Epic—Now here again is Walter Cronkite,

How easy these words ... a shiver down the old spine ...

ussia soundly beaten! China one Fifth of Mankind, no word broadcast ..."

he Queen watched the moon-landing at Windsor Castle—

ulling a fast one on Hypnosis at Disneyland, the Kerchief-headed Crowd

Taving to the TV Camera—Ersatz Moon—

No place gives you history today except the Moon"—

unning behind time entering Space Suits—

nd a Moon-in at Central Sheep Meadow—

lestern Electric's solemn moment!

nd rain in the woods drums on the old cabin!

want! I want! a ladder from the depths of the forest night to the silvery moon-wink—

flag on the reporter's space-suit shoulder—

eter Groaning & Cursing in bed, relieved of the lunatic burden at last

is Tranquillity base where the Tragedy will settle the Eve.

lert for solar flares, clock ticks, static from Antennae—swift as death. didn't think we'd see this Night.

lant the flag and you're doomed! Life a dream—slumber in eyes of woods,

ntennae scraping the ceiling. Static & Rain!

aw the earth in Dream age 37, half cloud-wrapped, from a balcony in outer-space—

léliès—giddiness—picture tube gaga—

Men land on Sun!" decennial sentences—

nnouncers going goofy muttering "142—"

lone in space: Dump Pressure in the LEM!

are Krishna! Lift m' Dorje on the kitchen table!

o Science Fiction expected this Globe-Eye Consciousness

imultaneous with opening a hatch on Heaven.

moth in the Déjà Vu!

his is the instant—open the hatch—every second is dust in the hourglass —Hatch open!

he Virus will grow green slime reptiles in sixty centuries,

gobble up their fathers as we ate up God—

nagine dying Tonight! Closing the eyes on the man in the Moon! ighing away forever... everyone got sleepy... On the moon porch—

38 year old human American standing on the surface of the moon—
ootprint on the Charcoal dust—stepped out
nd it's the old familiar Moon, as undersea or mountaintop, a place—
Very pretty on the Moon!" oh, 'twere Solid Gold—
oices calling "Houston to Moon"—Two "Americans" on the moon!
eautiful view, bouncing the surface—"one quarter of the world denied these pix by their rulers"!
etting up the flag!

Cherry Valley, July Moon Day 1969



# Rain-wet asphalt heat, garbage curbed cans overflowing

hauled down lifeless mattresses to sidewalk refuse-piles,

ld rugs stept on from Paterson to Lower East Side filled with bedbugs,

ray pillows, couch seats treasured from the street laid back on the street

-out, to hear Murder-tale, 3rd Street cyclists attacked tonite—

opping along in rain, Chaos fallen over City roofs,

rouds of chemical vapour drifting over building-tops—

et the Times, Nixon says peace reflected from the Moon,

ut I found no boy body to sleep with all night on pavements 3 A.M. home in sweating drizzle—

hose mattresses soggy lying by full five garbagepails—

arbara, Maretta, Peter Steven Rosebud slept on these Pillows years ago,

orgotten names, also made love to me, I had these mattresses four years on my floor—

erard, Jimmy many months, even blond Gordon later,

aul with the beautiful big cock, that teenage boy that lived in Pennsylvania,

orgotten numbers, young dream loves and lovers, earthly bellies lany strong youths with eyes closed, come sighing and helping me come—

esires already forgotten, tender persons used and kissed goodbye nd all the times I came to myself alone in the dark dreaming of Neal or Billy Budd

-nameless angels of half-life—heart beating & eyes weeping for lovely phantoms—

ack from the Gem Spa, into the hallway, a glance behind

nd sudden farewell to the bedbug-ridden mattresses piled soggy in dark rain.

August 2, 1969

#### **Death on All Fronts**

#### "The Planet Is Finished"

A new moon looks down on our sick sweet planet Orion's chased the Immovable Bear halfway across the sky from winter to winter. I wake, earlier in bed, fly corpses cover gas lit sheets, my head aches, left temple brain fibre throbbing for Death I Created on all Fronts. Poisoned rats in the Chickenhouse and myriad lice Sprayed with white arsenics filtering to the brook, City Cockroaches stomped on Country kitchen floors. No babies for me. Cut earth boys & girl hordes by half & breathe free say Revolutionary expert Computers: Half the blue globe's germ population's more than enough, keep the cloudy lung from stinking pneumonia. I called in Exterminator Who soaked the Wall floor with bed-bug death-oil: Who'll soak my brain with death-oil? I wake before dawn, dreading my wooden possessions, my gnostic books, my loud mouth, old loves silent, charms turned to image money, my body sexless fat, Father dying, Earth Cities poisoned at war, my art hopeless— Mind fragmented—and still abstract—Pain in left temple living death—

Cherry Valley, September 26, 1969

# **Memory Gardens**

covered with yellow leaves in morning rain

—Quel Delugehe threw up his hands& wrote the Universe dont exist& died to prove it.

Full Moon over Ozone Park
Airport Bus rushing thru dusk to
Manhattan,

Jack the Wizard in his

grave at Lowell

for the first nite— That Jack thru whose eyes I

saw

smog glory light
gold over Mannahatta's spires
will never see these
chimneys smoking
anymore over statues of Mary
in the graveyard

Black misted canyons
rising over the bleak
river
Bright doll-like ads
for Esso Bread—
Replicas multiplying beards
Farewell to the Cross—
Eternal fixity, the big headed

# wax painted Buddha doll pale resting incoffined—

Empty-skulled New York streets Starveling phantoms filling city—

Wax dolls walking park

Ave,

Light gleam in eye glass
Voice echoing thru Microphones
Grand Central Sailor's
arrival 2 decades later

feeling melancholy—

Nostalgia for Innocent World

War II—

A million corpses running across 42d street Glass buildings rising higher transparent

aluminum artificial trees, robot sofas, Ignorant cars—

One Way Street to Heaven.

Gray Subway Roar

A wrinkled brown faced fellow
with swollen hands
leans to the blinking plate glass
mirroring white poles, the heavy car

sways on tracks uptown to Columbia—
Jack no more'll step off at Penn Station
anonymous erranded, eat sandwich
& drink beer near New Yorker Hotel or walk
under the shadow of Empire State.

Didn't we stare at each other length of the car & read headlines in faces thru Newspaper Holes? Sexual cocked & horny bodied young, look at beauteous Rimbaud & Sweet Jenny riding to class from Columbus Circle. "Here the kindly dopefiend lived."

and the rednecked sheriff beat the longhaired boy on the ass.

—103d street Broadway, me & Hal abused for sidewalk begging twenty-five years ago.

Can I go back in time & lay my head on a teenage belly upstairs on 110th Street?

or step off the iron car with Jack at the blue-tiled Columbia sign?

at last the old brown station where I had a holy vision's been rebuilt, clean ceramic over the scum & spit & come of quarter century.

Flying to Maine in a trail of black smoke
Kerouac's obituary conserves *Time's*Front Paragraphs—
Empire State in Heaven Sun Set Red,
White mist in old October
over the billion trees of Bronx—
There's too much to see—
Jack saw sun set red over Hudson horizon

Two three decades back thirtynine fortynine fiftynine sixtynine John Holmes pursed his lips, wept tears.

Smoke plumed up from oceanside chimneys plane roars toward Montauk stretched in red sunset—

Northport, in the trees, Jack drank

rot gut & made haiku of birds

tweetling on his porch rail at dawn—

Fell down and saw Death's golden lite in Florida garden a decade ago.

Now taken utterly, soul upward,

& body down in wood coffin & concrete slab-box.

I threw a kissed handful of damp earth down on the stone lid

& sighed

looking in Creeley's one eye,

Peter sweet holding a flower

Gregory toothless bending his

knuckle to Cinema machine—

and that's the end of the drabble tongued

Poet who sounded his Kock-rup

throughout the Northwest Passage.

Blue dusk over Saybrook, Holmes

sits down to dine Victorian—

& *Time* has a ten-page spread on Homosexual Fairies!

Well, while I'm here I'll do the work—and what's the Work?

# To ease the pain of living. Everything else, drunken dumbshow.

October 22–29, 1969

### Flash Back

In a car Gray smoke over Elmira
The vast boy reformatory brick factory
Valed below misty hills 25 years ago
I sat with Joe Army visiting and murmured green Grass.
Jack's just not *here* anymore, Neal's ashes
Loneliness makes old men moan, God's solitude,
O women shut up, yelling for baby meat more.

November 10, 1969

# Graffiti 12th Cubicle Men's Room Syracuse Airport 11 November 1969

I am married and would like to fuck someone else Have a strange piece (Go Home)

USN '69

I want to suck a big cock Make Date

Support Third World Struggle Against US Imperialism

I fucked Mom and got VD

All power to the Viet Cong!

Yeah! Max Voltage up the Ass!!  $\Omega$ 

Perhaps Man needs—But to kill is only brown butter Wax

April 20, 1965 Mike Heck & Salena Bennett

Keep on Chugglin

Eat prunes and be a regular guy.

I would like to suck a big cock.

So would I.

War is good business Invest your son.

Help me J.P.

John Wayne flunked basic training.

Pat Miller '69 Home on Leave

My wife sucks cock.

Chickenman Lives Yes somewhere in Argentina

Peace & Love Sucks

I want a blow job Who do I call

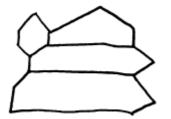
What if someone gave a war & Nobody came?

Life would ring the bells of Ecstasy and Forever be Itself again.

J. Edgar Hoover F.B.I. is a Voyeur.

lan, I'm really stoned out of my skull really O-Zoned—good old LSD the colors in here are so nice really fine colors and the floor tile is really outasight if you haven't tried it you ought to since it is the only way to really get your head together by first getting it apart LSD Forever.

# $CH_2CH_2N(CH_3)_2$



# **After Thoughts**

When he kissed my nipple
I felt elbow bone thrill—
When lips touched my belly
tickle ran up to my ear
When he took my cock head to tongue
a tremor shrunk sphincter, joy
shuddered my reins
I breathed deep sighing ahh!

Mirror looking, combing
gray glistening beard
Were I found sharp eyed
attractive to the young?
Bad magic or something—
Foolish magic most likely.

November 1969

### G. S. Reading Poesy at Princeton

old beard combd down like chinese fire gold hair braided at skullnape—

old turning silver soon—worn face young forehead wrinkled, deepboned smile,

ny azure earring, turquoise finger stone, Paramita beads centered by ivory skull-nut—

n Deer Mountain, in ship's iron belly, sat crosslegged on Princeton couch,

ody voice rumbling Bear Sutra to younger selves—her long hair to rug, dungareed legs lotus-postured;

r that half-Indian boy his face so serious woe'd by tree suffering he's lore compassionate to bear, skunk, deer, coyote, hemlock, whale lan to his own new-sprung cock. O Lizard Dharma

hat doth breath, that Aums thru elm bough & rock canyon loud as thru mammal skull hummed,

ymn to bone-chaliced minds now multiplied over planet colleges

many, with such hollow cheek gaze-eye tenderness, Fitzgerald himself'd weep to see

udent faces celestial, longhaired angelic Beings planet-doomed to look thru too many human eyes—?

Princeton in Eternity! Long years fall, December's woods in snow ld poets half century ago their bones cracked up in death cohol trembling in immortal eyes, Fitzgerald & Kerouac weeping, on earth once—

arth's voice moves time, old vows and prophecies remembered, mountain prayers repeated,

ary's voice echoes hollow under round electric lamps.

# **Friday the Thirteenth**

lasts rip Newspaper Gray Mannahatta's mid day Air Spires, lane roar over cloud, Sunlight on blue fleece-mist, travel to die, fellow passengers silk-drest & cocktailed burn oil NY to Chicago—

lasting sky with big business, billion bodied Poetry Commerce, ll Revolution & Consumption, Manufacture & Communication ombburst, vegetable pie, rubber donut sex accessory & brilliant TV Jet-plane CIA Joke Exorcism Fart Mantra

r electronic war Laos to AID Gestapo training in Santo Domingo qually massacre grass, exhaust flower power in coal factory smokedust

-O how beautiful snowy fields earth-floored below cloud-holes limpsed from air-roads smogged thru heavens toward Illinois—/hat right have I to eat petrol guns & metal from earth heart /hat right have I to burn gas air, screech overground rubber tired round midnight stoplight corners in Peoria, Fort Wayne, Ames—/hat prayer restores freshness to eastern meadow, soil to cindered acres, hemlock to rusty hillside,

ansparency to Passaic streambed, Blue whale multitudes to coral gulfs—

That mantra bring back my mother from Madhouse, Private Brakefield from Leavenworth, Neal from the Streets of Hades,

ampton, King, Gold, murdered suicided millions from the War-torn fields of Sheol

here bodies twitch arm from leg torn heart beat spasmed brainless in dynamite Napalm rubble Song-My to West 11th Street Manhattan

war bomb-blast burns along neckbone-fused nations Hanoi to Chicago Tu-Do to Wall Street,

ynamite metastasis heading toward earth-brain cankering human world forms—

anks burn, boys die bullet-eyed, mothers scream realization the vast tonnage of napalm

olling down Grand Concourse, Fragmentation nails bounced off Haiphong walls

attling machine-gunned down Halstead, the Karma of State Violence ashing terror-waves round earth-globe back to suburb TV home night kitchens

he image 3 years ago, prophetic shriek of electric screen dots bursting thru bathroom walls,

le & pipes exploded in NY as on Saigon's Embassy Street

-"Northrop is favorite in hot bidding on a jet fighter for a fat market overseas"—Business Week March 7, 1970

arth pollution identical with Mind pollution, consciousness Pollution identical with filthy sky,

irty-thoughted Usury simultaneous with metal dust in water courses urder of great & little fish same as self besmirchment short hair thought control,

ace-repression of gnostic street boys identical with DDT extinction of Bald Eagle—

lothers' milk poisoned as fathers' thoughts, all greed-stained over the automobile-body designing table—

That can Poetry do, how flowers survive, how man see right mind multitude, hear his heart's music, feel cockjoys, taste

ncient natural grain-bread and sweet vegetables, smell his own baby body's tender neck skin

hen 60% State Money goes to heaven on gas clouds burning off War Machine Smokestacks?

Then Violence floods the State from above, flowery land razed for robot proliferation

ietal rooted & asphalted down 6 feet below topsoil,

nen when bombcarrying children graduate from Grammar-school's sex-drenched gymnasia

rrified of Army Finance Meatbones, busted by cops for grassy hair, /ho can prophesy Peace, or vow Futurity for any but armed insects, eeltip Antennaed metal soldiers porting white eggbombs where genitals were,

lue-visor'd spray-bugs, gasmasked legions in red-brick Armory Nests

pearded spiders ranged under attick & roof with home-brew Arsenic mercury dung plastic readied for the Queen Bee's Immolation

1 Sacramento, Trenton, Phoenix, Miami?)

he State set off a plague of bullets bombs & burning words

vo decades back, & seeded Asia with Mind-thoughts excreted in Washington bathrooms—

ow the Great Fear's rolled round the world & washes over Newspaper Gray air

olling waved through cloud-smogbanks in Heaven

the gas-burning TWA Jet house crashes thru sound barriers over Manhattan.

hicago Chicago Crials, screams, tears, Mace, coalgas, Mafia highways—old Massacres in suburb garages!

utos turn to water City Halls melt in Aeon-flood,

olice & revolutionaries pass as gas cloud by eagle wing.

What's your name?" asks badge-man as machines eat all Name & Form,

istory's faster than thought, poetry obsolete in tiny decades tho maybe slow tunes dance eternal—

rar language comes, bombblasts last a minute, coalmines exhaust earth-heart,

hicago suburb blocks stretch new-bared earthskin under sun eye, utos speed myriad thru gray air to jet port.

laves of Plastic! Leather-shoe chino-pants prisoners! Haircut junkies! Dacron-sniffers!

triped tie addicts! short hair monkeys on their backs! Whiskey freaks bombed out on 530 billion cigarettes a year—

venty Billion dollar advertising Dealers! lipstick skin-poppers & syndicate Garbage telex-Heads!

tar-striped scoundrelesque flag-dopers! Car-smog hookers Fiendish on superhighways!

rowth rate trippers hallucinating Everglade real estate! Steak swallowers zonked on Television!

ld ladies on Stockmarket habits—old Wall Street paper Moneypushers!

entral Intelligence cutting Meo opium fields! China Lobby copping poppies in Burma!

ow long this Addict government support our oil-burner matter-habit nooting gasoline electric speed before the blue light blast & eternal Police-roar Mankind's utter bust?

obot airfields soulless Market electronic intelligence business skyscraper streets

mpty-soul'd, exploding.

heer matter crackling, disintegrating back to void,

unyatta & Brahma undisturbed, Maya-cities blow up like Chinese firecrackers,

amsara tears itself apart—Dusk over Chicago, light-glitter along boulevards,

isect-eyed autos moving slow under blue streetlamps,

lane motor buzz in eardrum, city cloud roof filling with gray gas on up into clear heaven—planet horizon auroral twilight-streaked, lue space above human truck-moil, Empty sky mpty mind overhangs Chicago, the universe suspended entire overhanging Chicago.

Jack thou'st scaped true deluge.

mart cock, to turn to shade, I drag hairy meat loss thru blood-red sky own thru cloud-floor to Chicago, sunset fire obliterate in black gas.

March 13, 1970

#### **Anti-Vietnam War Peace Mobilization**

White sunshine on sweating skulls
Washington's Monument pyramided high granite clouds
over a soul mass, children screaming in their brains on quiet grass
(black man strapped hanging in blue denims from an earth cross)—
Soul brightness under blue sky
Assembled before White House filled with mustached Germans
& police buttons, army telephones, CIA Buzzers, FBI bugs
Secret Service walkie-talkies, Intercom squawkers to Narco
Fuzz & Florida Mafia Real Estate Speculators.
One hundred thousand bodies naked before an Iron Robot
Nixon's brain Presidential cranium case spying thru binoculars
from the Paranoia Smog Factory's East Wing.

May 9, 1970

# **Ecologue**

In a thousand years, if there's History America'll be remembered as a nasty little Country full of Pricks, thorny hothouse rose Cultivated by the Yellow Gardeners. "Chairman Mao" for all his politics, head of a Billion

folk, important old & huge Nixon a dude, specialized on his industrial Island, a clean paranoiac Mechanic—

Earth rolling round, epics on archaic tongues fishermen telling island tales—

all autos rusted away,

trees everywhere.

Rough Wind roar, mapletop mass shaking in window, a panic Cry from the garden Bessie Cow's loose near the Corn!

The little dakini playing her bells
& listening to late baritone Dylan
dancing in the living room's forgot almost
th'electric supply's vanishing
from the batteries in the pasture.

Chairs shifting downstairs, kitchen voices
Smell of apples & tomatoes bubbling on the stove.
Behind the Chicken house, dirt flies from the shovel
hour after hour, tomorrow they'll be a big hole.

The editor sleeps in his bed, morning Chores are done, Clock hands move noonward, pig roots by flagstone pathways, papers & letters lie quiet on many desks.

Books everywhere, Kabbalah, Gnostic Fragments, Mahanirvana & Hevajra Tantras, Boehme Blake & Zohar, Gita & Soma Veda, somebody reads—one cooks, another digs a pighouse foundation, one chases a Cow from the vegetable garden, one dances and sings, one writes in a notebook, one plays with the ducks, one never speaks, one picks the guitar, one moves huge rocks.

The wind charger's propeller whirs & trees rise windy `one maple at woods edge's turned red.

Chickens bathe in dust at the house wall, rabbit at fence bends his nose to a handful of Cornsilk, fly lights on windowsill.

At the end of a long chain, Billy makes a Circle in grass
by the fence, I approach
he stands still with long red stick
stretched throbbing between hind legs
Spurts water a minute, turns his head down
to look & lick his thin pee squirt—
That's why he smells goat like.

Horse by barbed wire licking salt, lifts his long head & neighs

as I go down by willow thicket to find the 3-day-old heifer.

At bed in long grass, wet brown fur—her mother stands, nose covered with a hundred flies.

The well's filled up—

the Cast-iron ram
that pushes water uphill
by hydraulic pressure
flowed from gravity

Can be set to motion soon, & water flow in kitchen sink tap.

some nights in sleeping bag

Cricket zinging networks dewy meadows, white stars sparkle across black sky,

falling asleep I listen & watch

till eyes close, and wake silent at 4 A.M. the whole sky's moved,

a Crescent moon lamps up the woods.

& last week one Chill night

summer disappeared—

little apples in old trees red,

tomatoes red & green on vines,

green squash huge under leafspread,

corn thick in light green husks,

sleepingbag wet with dawn dews

& that one tree red at woods' edge!

Louder wind! ther'll be electric to play the Beatles!

At summer's end the white pig got so fat it weighed more than Georgia Ray Bremser's 3-year-old baby.

> Scratch her named Dont Bite Me under hind leg, she flops over on her side sweetly grunting, nosing in grass tuft roots, soft belly warm.

Eldridge Cleaver exiled w/ bodyguards in Algiers Leary sleeping in an iron cell,

John Sinclair a year jailed in Marquette

Each day's paper more violent—

War outright shameless bombs Indochina to Minneapolis—

a knot in my belly to read between lines,

lies, beatings in jail—
Short breath on the couch—

desolation at dawn in bed—

Wash dishes in the sink, drink tea, boil an egg—brood over Cities' suffering millions two hundred miles away down the oilslicked, germ-Chemicaled Hudson river.

Ed Hermit comes down hill breaks off a maple branch & offers fresh green leaves to the pink eyed rabbit.

Under birch, yellow mushrooms

sprout between grassblades & ragweed— Eat 'em & you die or get high & see God— Waiting for the exquisite mycologist's visit.

Winter's coming, build a rough wood crib & fill it with horse dung, hot horse dung,

### all round the house sides.

**Bucolics & Eclogues!** 

Hesiod the beginning of the World,
Virgil the end of his World—
& Catullus sucked cock in the country
far from the Emperor's police.

Empire got too big, cities too crazy, garbage-filled Rome full of drunken soldiers, fat politicians, circus businessmen—
Safer, healthier life on a farm, make yr own wine in Italy, smoke yr own grass in America.

Did Don Winslow the mason come look at the basement
So we can insulate a snug root cellar
for potatoes, beets, carrots,
radishes, parsnips, glass jars of corn & beans
Did the mortician come & look us over for next Winter?

Black flies walking up and down the metal screen,
fly's leg tickling my forehead—
"I'll play a fly's bone flute
& beat an ant's egg drum"
sang the Quechua Injun

# high on Huilca snuff, Medieval Peruvian DMT.

Phil Whalen in Japan stirring rice, eyes in the garden, fine pen nib lain by notebook.

Jack in Lowell farming worms, master of his minuscule deep acre.

Neal's ashes sitting under a table piled with books, in an oak drawer, sunlight thru suburb windows.

O wind! spin the generator wheel, make Power Juice To run the New Exquisite Noise Recorder, & I'll sing praise of your tree music.

Squash leaves wave & ragweeds lean, black tarpaulin
plastic flutters over the bass-wood lumber pile
Hamilton Fish's Congressional letter
reports "Stiffer laws against peddling smut"
flapping in dusty spiderwebs by the windowscreen.

What's the Ammeter read by the Windmill? Will
we record *Highest Perfect Wisdom* all day tomorrow,
or Blake's *Schoolboy* uninterrupted next
week?

Fine rain-slant showering the gray porch
Returnable Ginger Ale Bottles
on the wood rail, white paint flaked

# off into orange flowered blossoms

Out in the garden, rain all over the grass, leaves, roofs, rain on the laundry.

•

Night winds hiss thru maple black masses
Gas light shine from
farmhouse window upstairs
empty kitchen wind
Cassiopeia zigzag
Milky Way thru cloud

September 4

The baby pig screamed and screamed four feet rigid on grass screamed and screamed Oh No! Oh No!

jaw dripping blood broken by the horse's hoof.

Slept in straw all afternoon, eyes closed,
snout at rest between paws—
ate hog mash liquid—two weeks
and his skull be healed
said the Vet in overalls.

That bedraggled duck's sat under the door
June to Labor Day, three hatched
yellow chicks' dry fur bones found
by the garage side—
two no-good eggs left, nights chillier—

Next week, move her nest to the noisy chickenhouse.

We buried lady dog by the apple tree—
spotted puppy daughter Radha
sniffed her bloated corpse, flies
whisping round eyeball & dry nostril,
sweet rot-smell, stiff legs, anus puffed out,
Sad Eyes chased the milk truck & got killed.

How many black corpses they found in the river looking for Goodman, Chaney, Schwerner?

Man and wife, they weep in the attic after bitter voices, low voices threatening.

Broken Legs in Vietnam! Eyes staring at heaven, Eyes weeping at earth.

Millions of bodies in pain!
Who can live with this Consciousness and not wake frightened at sunrise?

The Farm's a lie!

Madmen growing giant organic zucchini
mulching asparagus, boiling tomatoes for Winter,
drying beans, pickling cucumbers
sweet & garlicked, salting cabbage for sauerkraut,
canning fresh corn & tossing Bessie husks—

Marie Antoinette had milkmaid costumes ready, Robespierre's eyeball hung on his cheek in the tumbril to guillotine—

Black Panther's teeth knocked out in Paterson, red blood clotted on black hairy skin—Millions of bodies in pain!

One by one picked orange striped soft potato bugs off withered brown leaves dropped them curl'd up in kerosene, or smeared them on ground with small stones—

Moon rocket earth photo, peacock colored,
tacked to the wood wall,
globe in black sky
living eyeball bathed in cloud swirls—
Is Earth herself frightened?
Does she know?

Oh No! Oh No! the Continuous scream
of the pig
Don't Bite Me in the backyard,
bloody jawbone askew.

Uphill on pine forest floor
Indian peace pipes curl'd up thru dry needles,
half translucent fungus, half metal blossom

Frog sat half out on mud shallows'
minnow-rippling surface,
& stared at our Universe—
So many fish frog, insect ephemera, swamp fern
—So many Ezekiel-wheeled Dragonflies

# hovering over old Hemlock root moss— They wont even know when humans go

Waking 2 A.M. clock tick
What was I dreaming
my body alert
Police light down this dirt road?
Justice Dogs sniffing field for Grass Seeds?
Would they find a little brown mushroom button
tossed out my window?
BI read this haiku?

Four in the morning

rib thrill eyes open—
Deep hum thru the house—
Windmill Whir? Hilltop Radar Blockhouse?
Valley Traffic 5 miles downtown?
When'll Policecar Machinery assemble
outside State pine woods?
Head out window—bright Orion star line,
Pleiades and Dipper shining silent—

Bathrobe flashlight, uproad Milky Way

Moved round the house this month
—remember Taurus' Horn up there last fall?

White rabbit on goat meadow, got over the chickenwire?

Hop away from flash light? Wait till Godly

Dog wakes up!

Come back! He'll bite you! Here's a green beet leaf!

Pwzxst! Pwzxst! Pwzxst!

Attic window lit between trees, Clouds drift past the sickle moon— Tiny lights in the dark sky

Stars & Crickets everywhere
Electric whistle-blinks
tweedle-twinks
Squeak-peeks

Locust planet zephyr sizzle Squinks—

Grasshoppers in cold dewy fall grass
Singing lovesongs as they die.

Morning, the white rabbit stiff, eyes closed,
lain belly up in grass, tooth nosed,
beside the manure pile—dig a hole
—Shoulda introduced him to dogs in daylight—

Cripple Jack drove up

to judge the ducks—

All eggs sterile,

smashed on rock, wet guts

& rotted-throat smell—

Bedraggled duck mother,

dragged off straw nest
& pecking skin at my wrist,
All afternoon walked up and down quacking
thru chickenwire fence

Pig on her side woke up, slurped beet juice, rooted at porch wood ignorant of broken head bonesMorning dew, papery leafs & sharp blossoms of sunflower ripped off battered stalks, Who'd do that!? Too late to fix the barbed wire fence, intelligent Bessie Cow strays in the moonlight.

Leary's climbed the chainlink fence & two strands of barbedwire too

This weekend, "Armed & Dangerous,"

Signed with Weathermen!

Has Revolution begun? World War III?

May no Evil Eye peek thru window, keyhole or gunsight at his white haired face!

Now's halfmoon over America,

leaves tinged red fall blush scattered overhill, down pasture singular trees orange foreheads think Autumn time in pines—

The maple at woods' edge fire-red's brighter Australian Aborigines' Eternal Dream Time's come true— Usta be bears on East Hill; fox under old Hemlock, Usta be otter—even woolly mammoths in Eternal

dream time—

Leary's out in the woods of the world—cockroaches immune to radiation?

Richard Nixon has means to end human Worlds,

Man has machines for Suicide,
Pray for Timothy Leary in the planet's Woods!

Om Mani Padme Hum

& Hare Krishna!

" As we forgive those who trespass against us,

Thy Will be done

on Earth as in Heaven"

Oh Bessie you ate my unborn sunflowers! "God never repeats himself" Harry Smith telephoned tonite.

We may not come back, Richard Nixon.

We may not come back, dear hidden Tim.

Will Peter fix the sink's hand pump? the basement freeze?

Backyard grasses stink, if kitchen drains
to septic tank, will Bacteria die
of soap, Ammonia & Kerosene?

Get rid of that old tractor or fix it!

Cardboard boxes rotten in garageside rain!
Old broken City desks under the appletree! Cleanum

up for firewood!
Where can we keep all summer's bottles?

Gas pumps, broken mandolins, old tires—
Ugly backyard—Shelf the garage!
Where stack lumber handy to eye?
Electric generator money? Where keep mops in Wintertime?

Leary fugitive, Sinclair sent up for a decade—
though 83% of World's illegal opium's fixed
in Central Intelligence Agency's Indochinese Brain!
Fed State Local Narcs peddle junk—
Nixon got a hard hat from Mafia,
Pentagon Public Relations boodle's 190 million A.D. 1969.

J. E. Hoover's a sexual blackmailer, *Times* pities "idealistic students" Police killed 4 Blacks in New Orleans

Fascism in America:—

i.e. Police control Cities, not Mayors or philosophers—Police, & Police alone, cause most crime.

Preventive Detention now law in D.C.

Mexico & Senegal close borders to Adam Longhair

So many apples in abandoned orchards,

and such fresh sweet Cider, supper tonite onions & cabbage fried on iron groundwells overflow, hydraulic ram works steady again,

Eclogues! the town laundry's detergent phosphate glut's foul'd clear Snyders Creek— I have a beautiful boy in the house, learn keyboard notation, chords, & improvise freely on Blake's mantras at midnite.

Hesiod annaled Beginnings
I annal ends for No man.

Hail to the Gods, who are given Consciousness. Hail to Men Conscious of the Gods!

# Electric tempest!

Entire hillsides turned wet gold, Leaf death's begun, universal September Emerges in old maples

Goat bells near the house, not much in the garden they can eat now anyway, & cow got beet tops and mangles already—What do dogs hear?

Birds squeak & chatter as Rooster call echoes round house wall

Civilization's breaking down! Freezertray's lukewarm, who knows why?

The year-old Toilet's leaking at the heel—Wind
Charger's so feeble batteries are almost down—
Hundreds of black spotted tomatoes
waiting near the kitchen wood stove
"Useless! useless! the heavy rain driving into the sea!"
Kerouac, Cassady, Olson ash & earth, Leary the Irish
coach on the lam,

Black Magicians screaming in anger Newark to Algiers, How many bottles & cans piled up in our garbage pail?

Fall 1970

#### Guru Om

### October 4, 1970

ar wheels roar over freeway concrete

ight falls on Dallas, two buildings shine under sickle moon

lany boys and girls in jail for their bodies poems and bitter thoughts

ly belly's hollow breath sighs up thru my heart

uru Om Guru Om enlarges in the vast space of the breast

he Guru has a man's brown belly and cock long hair white beard short hair orange hat no person

he bliss alone no business for my body but to make Guru Om dwell near my heart

nall I telephone New York and tell my fellows where I am silent nall I ring my own head & order my own voice to be silent but ow giant, silent and feather-soft is the cave of my body eyes closed o enter the body is difficult, the belly's full of bad smelling wind ne body's digesting last weekend's meat thinking of Cigarettes, bright eyes of boys

That Acid eight hours equals eight hours' Om continuous attention ne Guru is equal to the Om of the Seeker

uru Guru Guru Guru Guru Guru Sitaram Omkar Das Thakur thin voic'd recommended "Give up desire for children"

ehorahava Baba sat on the Ganges and described eat & drinking pranayam

ityananda floated thru his giant photo body abaji's hand the hand of a dead man in my dead man's fingers ut the plane window brown gas rises to heaven's blue sea -how end the poetry movie in the mind? ow tell Kabir Blake & Ginsberg shut their ears?

olded in silence invisible Guru waits to fill his body with Emptiness am leaving the world, I will close my eyes & rest my tongue and hand.

### October 5, 1970

o look in the City without hatred
ne orange moon edge sunk into blue Cloud
second night autos roar to and fro Downtown towers' horizon
irplane moving between moon and white-lit bank towers
ghtning haze above twinkling-bulbed man city flats
is mind-City risen particularly solid.

That elder age grew such cities visioned from these far towers' windows

eraph armchaired in Babylonic Déjà Vu from Hilton Inn?

# October 6, 1970

allas buildings' heaped rock tangled steel electric lit under quarter moon

ars crash at dusk at Mockingbird Lane, Drugstore Supermarket signs revolve with dumb beckoning persistence over North Central Freeway

eary leaped over the wall with a sword, Errol Flynn's in the grave, flags & bombs fly over Dallas' stock exchange

il flows thru the Hilton Faucets, gasoline fumes smother Neem trees in Ganeshpuri—

laya revolves on rubber wheels, Samsara's glass buildings light up with neon, Illusion's doors open on aluminum hinges—

y mother should've done asanas & Kundalini not straightjackets & Electroshock in the birthdays of Roosevelt's FBI—

There in the body's the white thumbsize subtle corpus, in the neck they say

here's the half-thumbjoint black causal body, down in the heart hidden?

'here's the lentil-sized Cosmic Corpse, a tiny blue speck in the navel?

ll beings at war in the Gross body, armor'd Cars & Napalm, rifles & grass huts burning, Mace on Wall Street, tear gas flooding the fallen stockmarket.

book in halls of the head, *nervous leg halls*, universe inside Chest dark baby kingdom in the skull.

#### "Have You Seen This Movie?"

ld maple hairytrunks root asphalt grass marge, November branches rare leaved,

iant woodlegged wiretowers' threads stretch above pond woods highway, white sun fallen hills West.

ar rolling underpass, radio hornvoice "the sight of Bobby Seale bound & gagged at Trial" denied lawyer presum'd innocent?

IDA Love Drug Cure Junk Habit? Rochester Exit one mile flashing out Volkswagen window—

lue sky fring'd with clouds' whale-ghost-blue schools north drift—

igh, high Manson sighed on Trial, how many folk in jail for grass Ask Congressman?

ighway Crash! Politics! Police! Dope! armed robbery Customary E. 10th street, no insurance possible.

-Brown deer tied neat footed dead eye horned across blue Car trunk, old folks Front seat, they're gonna eat it!

elp! Hurrah! What's Going on here? Samsara? Illusion? Reality?

/hat're all these trailers row'd up hillside, more people? How can Lyca sleep?

ows on Canandaigua fields lactate into rubber stainless steel plastic milk-house machinery vats ashine—

evolutionary Suicide! Driving on Persian gasoline?

ill Whale & ocean? Oh one American myself shits 1000 times more Chemical waste into freshwater & seas than any single Chinaman!

merica Suicide Cure World Cancer! Myself included dependent on Chemicals, wheels, dollars,

letal Coke Cans Liquid propane batteries marijuana lettuce avocados cigarettes plastic pens & milkbottles—electric

N.Y.C. heavy habit, cut airconditioners isolation from street nightmare smog heat study decentralized Power sources 10 years

ot atomic thermopollutive monolith. Om. How many species poisoned biocided from Earth realms?

bald Eagle & Blue Whale with giant piteous Cat Squeak—Oh Wailing whale ululating underocean's sonic roar of Despair!

ing thy Kingdom to Language deaf America! Scream thy black Cry thru Radio electric Aether—

cream in Death America! Or did Captain Ahab not scream Curses as he hurled harpoon

ito the body of the mother, great White Whale Nature Herself,

rashing in intelligent agony innocent vast in the oil-can sick waters?

ll Northvietnam bomb-Cratered ruined topsoil Laos in secrecy more bombs than many W W II's!

lekong swamp lethicided by Monsanto Pentagon Academy Deathbrains!

That wisdom teaching this? What Mafia runs N.J.? What Mafia knew J. Edgar FBI?

/hat's Schenley's Whiskey trader Fleischmann's Hoover Institute?

/hat opium's passed thru CIA Agents' airplane's luggage in Saigon, Bangkok, Athens, Washington?

That narcotic agent's not dependent on Shit for a living?

/hat Bank's money created ex nihil serves orphan, widow, monk, philosopher?

r what Bank's money serves real Estate Asphalt over widow's garden? Serves old Nick in the Pentagon?

ld Indian prophecies believe Ghost Dance peace will Come restore prairie Buffalo or great White Father Honkie

e trampled to death in his dreams by returning herds' thundering reincarnation!

h awful Man! What have we made the world! Oh man capitalist exploiter of Mother Planet!

h vain insect sized men with metal slaves by Great Lake Erie, tenderest Passaic & Hudson poisoned by dollars!

D TAMPERING PROBED IN LACKAWANNA *Buffalo News* headline folded on rubber floor, car vibrating smooth to sun ruddy woods' dusk quiet—adio hissing cough words dashboard noisemusic—Any minute Apocalypse Rock!

rown Pelican eggs softened by DDT. Seal's livers poisoned to Northman. Oceans Dead 2000 A.D.?

elevision Citizen 6% Earths human Americans ingest half the planet's raw matter as alchemized by Syracuse Gen. Electric Power brown robot palace near 8 Lane Thruway's Exit before Ramada Inn.

XL Trucks sleeping on brokenearthed embankment past Iron-strutted passages,

elds aglitter with damp metallic garbage under th'electricwire trestles—

nd woods survive into another Thanksgiving's brown sacred silence

ights on cars front Western Lane gray twilight falls on rolling robotland.

ovember 1970

# Milarepa Taste

Who am I? Saliva, vegetable soup, empty mouth?

Hot roach, breathe smoke suck in, hold, exhale—light as ashes.

#### **Over Laramie**

Western Air boat bouncing under rainclouds stippled down gray Rockies Springtime dusk, Look out on Denver, Allen, mourn Neal no more, Old ghost loves departed New lives whelm the plains, rains wash Rocky mountainsides World turns under sun eye Man flies a moment Cheyenne's dry upland highways A tiny fossil brachiapod in pocket Precambrian limestone clam fingernail small four hundred fifty million years old

Brain gone, flesh passed thru myriad phantom reincarnations, the tiny-ridged shell's delicate as hardened thought.

—over Laramie, Front Range
 pine gully snow pockets,
 Monolith Cement plume smoke
 casting dust gas over
 the red plateau
 into the New World.

# **Bixby Canyon to Jessore Road (1971) Bixby Canyon Ocean Path**Word Breeze

Tiny orange-wing-tipped butterfly fluttering sunlit from violet blossom to violet blossom

Ocean is private you have to visit her to see her Garden undercliff Dewey Pinks, bitter Mint, Sea Sage, Orange flaming Paintbrush greenspiked fleurs, Thick dainty stalked Cow Parsley, Starleaf'd violet bushes, yelloweyed blue Daisy clump red brambled mature sour blackberry briars, yellow budded Lupine nodding stalkheads in Sunwarm'd breezes by the brooks tricklet wash in the ravine

Bridged with cloud Ruddy withwine morning glory's tiny tender cowbells, guarded by poison oak sprigs oily hands Green horned little British chickweed, waxlight-leafed black seed stalk's lilac sweet budcluster Ah fluted morning glory bud oped & tickled to yellow tubed stamen root by a six legged armed mite deeping his head into sweet pollened crotches, Crawls up yr veined blossom wall to petal lip in sunshine clear and dives again to your tongue-stamen's foot-pipe, your bloom unfolded to light—

Above ye the Spider's left his one strand catgut silk

```
shining
         bridge
   between
      cuckoospitted
         mint leafheads
   & newgreen leafsprig'd
         seedy lilac
Granite Sagely
   Browed above the Path's
      black pepper peapod marge—
Gray rock dropping
   seed,
withered bush-fingers
   tangled up
   stoneface
—cracked with
   green stalk
      sprout—
Brooktrickle deep
   below Airplane
      Bridge
         Concrete
   arches balcony'd
   Pendant over
   Oceancrash
      waves
falling empty eyed
   breathing water
      wash afar
```

Morning Night shade in alder shadow'd Pathside—Nettle plant Leaf-shoulder vegetable wing'd baby faces,
green earmouths
sprouting
Celery handspread
Heal-All mudras
open asking why me.

Sunlight trembling
branch-leafy willow,
yellow haired wingy bee's
black horn
bowed into threadpackt mauve
round thistle mouth,
dewey web throat
green needle collar'd,
Symmetric little
Cathead erect
electric thorn'd
under giant hogweed
stalked parasol blossoms—

Ash branch's tender
pinecone cluster
proffered by leathery
sawtooth rib leafs

red browed beedle

perched on Egyptian

bridge of Spider fern's

soft-jointed spike-sticks

Brown water

streaming

underbrush

sparrowsong

winged brown
whistling above
cold water pebble
silver pour ...
Shrouded
under the
Ash spread, on
damp leafwither,
shield tubes
& condensers
of small Sony
TV machine enwired
rusty w/resistances

leafspears
morning glory hillside
perched over clearing
All branches lifting
up
papery seedhusks,
parasolspiked Fern
Tramping together
upright pushing
a thistle aside,
groundwheat leaned
by beach path—

Oh ocean whitewaved pouring foamy noises over rocky sandshore Chevrolet writ on radiatormouth Set above
Private Land
Do Not Enter
incised wood
Sign-beams



Frying chickens from Arkansas!

Musselshells'
Briared graveyard
footplot—
Dewey round bushes
guarding ocean
path with
myriad greenstar'd
leafarms
cradling white-walled
dewdrops

```
Telephone
   pole trunk
stuck
   out of old
   landslide head
   Covered with iceplant
   green lobsterclaw
      trefoil solid
         edged,
   pinked with
   hundredfingerpetaled
      Sea vine blossoms
Dry brown kelp
   ribs washed
   in a heap at
   streamside in
      wet brown sand
      to listen to
          oceanroar
      and wait the
      slow moon
         tide.
```

rushing flat through
beachmound
Sand precipices,
tiny wet arizonas
flood lips
—cliffs
cradling the last
graysmooth boulders
shat by the rains
pissed out
by spring storm

```
from
the forests
      bladder
      hills
   Small granite
   blackpocked
      hearthstones
   washed to last rest
Ocean wavelet's
         salt tongue
         touching
         forward thru
             sand throated
         streambed
             to lave foam &
         pull back bubbles
         from the iron
      Car's rusty
         under carriage
             kelp pipes
                & brown chassis,
             one rubber wheel
                black poked from
                   Sand mattresses
                      rock wash
O Kerouac
      thy broken
      car Behold
   Digested in
      Saltwater
         sandbottom
   giant soulless
      Chicken
         sea gizzard filled
             with unthinking
         marble rocks—
```

Poured down
road in
avalanche!
to the granite
snout of the
seacliff

O see the great
Snake kelp's
beet green head still lettucehaired
stretch forth
a fingerthick tailroot
above seaweed broider
wavelets
rushing foam
tongued—
Was that kelp
Intelligent
Einstein hairleafed
faceless bulbhead

Oh father
 Welcome!
 The seal's
 head lifted
 above the wave,
 eyes watching
 from black
 face
 in waterfroth
 floating!
 Come back again!

```
Huge white
waves rolling
in gray mist
birds flocking
   rocks foamed
   floating above
   the
      horizon's
         watery
            wrinkled
                skin
grandmother
   oceanskirt
      rumbling
         pebbles
   silver hair ear to ear
```

May 28, 1971

## Hūm Bom!

I
Whom bomb?
We bomb them!

Whom bomb?
You bomb you!

What do we do? Who do we bomb? What do we do? Who do we bomb? What do we do? Who do we bomb? Who do we bomb?

What do we do? You bomb! You bomb them! What do we do? You bomb! You bomb them! What do we do? We bomb! We bomb them! What do we do? We bomb! We bomb them!

Whom bomb?
We bomb you!
Whom bomb?
We bomb you!
Whom bomb?
You bomb you!
Whom bomb?
You bomb you!

May 1971

#### Π

Why bomb?
We don't want to bomb!
Why bomb?
We don't want to bomb!
Why bomb?
You don't want to bomb!
Why bomb?
You don't want to bomb!

Who said bomb?
Who said we had to bomb?
Who said bomb?
Who said we had to bomb?
Who said bomb?
Who said you had to bomb?

Who said bomb? Who said you had to bomb?

We don't bomb!

for Don Cherry and Elvin Jones New York, June 16, 1984

September on Jessore Road



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## September on Jessore Road

Millions of babies watching the skies Bellies swollen, with big round eyes On Jessore Road—long bamboo huts Noplace to shit but sand channel ruts

Millions of fathers in rain Millions of mothers in pain Millions of brothers in woe Millions of sisters nowhere to go

One Million aunts are dying for bread One Million uncles lamenting the dead Grandfather millions homeless and sad Grandmother millions silently mad

Millions of daughters walk in the mud Millions of children wash in the flood A Million girls vomit & groan Millions of families hopeless alone

Millions of souls Nineteenseventyone homeless on Jessore road under gray sun A million are dead, the millions who can Walk toward Calcutta from East Pakistan

Taxi September along Jessore Road Oxcart skeletons drag charcoal load past watery fields thru rain flood ruts Dung cakes on treetrunks, plastic-roof huts Wet processions Families walk
Stunted boys big heads dont talk
Look bony skulls & silent round eyes
Starving black angels in human disguise

Mother squats weeping & points to her sons
Standing thin legged like elderly nuns
small bodied hands to their mouths in prayer
Five months small food since they settled there

on one floor mat with a small empty pot Father lifts up his hands at their lot Tears come to their mother's eye Pain makes mother Maya cry

Two children together in palmroof shade Stare at me no word is said Rice ration, lentils one time a week Milk powder for warweary infants meek

No vegetable money or work for the man Rice lasts four days eat while they can Then children starve three days in a row and vomit their next food unless they eat slow.

On Jessore road Mother wept at my knees Bengali tongue cried mister Please Identity card torn up on the floor Husband still waits at the camp office door

Baby at play I was washing the flood Now they won't give us any more food The pieces are here in my celluloid purse Innocent baby play our death curse

Two policemen surrounded by thousands of boys Crowded waiting their daily bread joys Carry big whistles & long bamboo sticks to whack them in line They play hungry tricks

Breaking the line and jumping in front
Into the circle sneaks one skinny runt
Two brothers dance forward on the mud stage
The guards blow their whistles & chase them in rage

Why are these infants — massed in this place Laughing in play — & pushing for space Why do they wait here so cheerful — & dread Why this is the House where they give children bread

The man in the bread door Cries & comes out Thousands of boys & girls Take up his shout Is it joy? is it prayer? "No more bread today" Thousands of Children at once scream "Hooray!"

Run home to tents where elders await
Messenger children with bread from the state
No bread more today! & no place to squat
Painful baby, sick shit he has got.

Malnutrition skulls thousands for months
Dysentery drains bowels all at once
Nurse shows disease card Enterostrep
Suspension is wanting or else chlorostrep

Refugee camps in hospital shacks Newborn lay naked on mothers' thin laps Monkeysized week-old Rheumatic babe eye Gastroenteritis Blood Poison thousands must die

September Jessore Road rickshaw 50,000 souls in one camp I saw Rows of bamboo huts in the flood Open drains, & wet families waiting for food

Border trucks flooded, food cant get past, American Angel machine please come fast! Where is Ambassador Bunker today? Are his Helios machinegunning children at play?

Where are the helicopters of U.S. AID? Smuggling dope in Bangkok's green shade. Where is America's Air Force of Light? Bombing North Laos all day and all night?

Where are the President's Armies of Gold?
Billionaire Navies merciful Bold?
Bringing us medicine food and relief?
Napalming North Vietnam and causing more grief?

Where are our tears? Who weeps for this pain? Where can these families go in the rain? Jessore Road's children close their big eyes Where will we sleep when Our Father dies?

Whom shall we pray to for rice and for care? Who can bring bread to this shit flood foul'd lair?

Millions of children alone in the rain! Millions of children weeping in pain!

Ring O ye tongues of the world for their woe Ring out ye voices for Love we dont know Ring out ye bells of electrical pain Ring in the conscious American brain

How many children are we who are lost Whose are these daughters we see turn to ghost? What are our souls that we have lost care? Ring out ye musics and weep if you dare—

Cries in the mud by the thatch'd house sand drain Sleeps in huge pipes in the wet shit-field rain waits by the pump well, Woe to the world! whose children still starve in their mothers' arms curled.

Is this what I did to myself in the past? What shall I do Sunil Poet I asked? Move on and leave them without any coins? What should I care for the love of my loins?

What should we care for our cities and cars?
What shall we buy with our Food Stamps on Mars?
How many millions sit down in New York
& sup this night's table on bone & roast pork?

How many million beer cans are tossed in Oceans of Mother? How much does She cost? Cigar gasolines and asphalt car dreams Stinking the world and dimming star beamsFinish the war in your breast with a sigh Come taste the tears in your own Human eye Pity us millions of phantoms you see Starved in Samsara on planet TV

How many millions of children die more before our Good Mothers perceive the Great Lord? How many good fathers pay tax to rebuild Armed forces that boast the children they've killed?

How many souls walk through Maya in pain How many babes in illusory rain? How many families hollow eyed lost? How many grandmothers turning to ghost?

How many loves who never get bread? How many Aunts with holes in their head? How many sisters skulls on the ground? How many grandfathers make no more sound?

How many fathers in woe
How many sons nowhere to go?
How many daughters nothing to eat?
How many uncles with swollen sick feet?

Millions of babies in pain
Millions of mothers in rain
Millions of brothers in woe
Millions of children nowhere to go

New York, November 14–16, 1971

## IX

## MIND BREATHS ALL OVER THE PLACE

(1972–1977)

Sad Dust Glories (1972–1974) Ego Confessions (1974–1977) Sad Dust Glories (1972–1974) Ayers Rock / Uluru Song

When the red pond fills fish appear

When the red pond dries fish disappear.

Everything built on the desert crumbles to dust.

Electric cable transmission wires swept down.

The lizard people came out of the rock.

The red Kangaroo people forgot their own song.

Only a man with four sticks can cross the Simpson Desert.

One rain turns red dust green with leaves.

One raindrop begins the universe.

When the raindrop dries, worlds come to their end.

Central Australia, March 23, 1972

## Voznesensky's "Silent Tingling"

Must be thousands of sweet gourmets rustling through leaf crowded branches, thrushes cracking seedling shells all over America like crystalline carillon bells, a really strange silent tingling.

Silent carillons, not to celebrate Main Street but rustling up some food their only scene— No miracle but millions of hungry souls silently tingling.

This tingling silence heralds an orgy of hermit thrushes eating like thousands of song-men's clapsticks clacking or faraway Moscow's million bells —some dream collective—generational vogue.

Thrush communes don't be afraid of the big Broom, your flock continues an ancient tradition, now all over America—collective marriage; though some detractors put down your in-group, not big enough!

A silent Individualist in top hat & tails drest coffinlike denounces your collective struggles in bed—but his own wife wears rings on every finger, as if she wound up in a group marriage.

This gentle gang's only enemy's insects, Cleaning up bark parasites—silently, silently— Anybody can crush bones and oink louder but cant beat this silent tingling. Fast New York Sydney chicks thanks Brisbane birds & Chicago thrushes for your own silent tingling—your cities' trees' leaves tremble like golden curlicues on Byzantine crosses.

Maybe someday our descendants 'll ask about this poet—What'd he sing about? I didn't ring Halleluiah bells, I didn't clank leg-irons, I was silently tingling.

Translated with Andrei Voznesensky Darwin Land—Cairns, Australia, March 26–29, 1972

### These States: to Miami Presidential Convention

Philadelphia city lights boiling under the clouds green Babylon's heat attracting rain, lightning, smoke gathered about the excited city—shouts, vibration of trucks, radio antennae, streets' solid electric glitter under sulphur waterfumes the plane glides to Miami Beach over Atlantic's Coast metropolis red downtown sores of theater money, bar sign pinprick bulbs under Cloud curtain'd sunlit velvet horizon To the political drama, march to Auditorium thru tacky downtown Cuban neons blinking angry language, Yippies survived unto this Presidentiad!

Woe to the States, whoever's the empty President
Nixon McGovern X or Caesar

Must decree end to matter habit,
America swallowing aluminum sleep pills

Cries of millions of trees travel thru TV
loudspeakers to the Athletic Club's basement steamroom—
Millions of yellow faces call thru radio

Cries of the longhairs in the Rockies,
Choruses of American prophets in their graves
echo thru newspaper horns to the
Ear Consciousness Mind

Matter Consumption must end,
Dirty alchemy destroys the House—
Billion year old leaf plates become inert matter

Plastic particles mixed with living cells in the Walleyed pike's retina—

After conversation with Chögyam Trungpa, Rinpoche, Boulder, Spring 1972

Soaring over Atlantic's lit-up electric houses to the politics Warre

Ah! Shall be my mantra—America's gasp of Awe— Ah as Fireworks ascend & light glitters faery shimmering in treetop darkness sky over Eastside Park July 4th—Ah

As the enlightened Aborigine sighs his soul-journey with birds to New Guinea

Ah! the madman screamed

to himself in the silence of the Ward

Ah as car owner collapsed into

his ruined heap of metal on his own Front Yard

Ah! the divorcee steps off her plane onto Mexico City Airport—Ah! as I ride spitting petrol into the exquisite

Midnight Atmosphere

above cloud cities

toward another gateway of Police Boys

& State Powers convened

Clocks Ticking two centuries

now America

approaching the great Ah of all cities burning under Clouds, Conscious of Death Machines Downtown. Ah, for the gardenO Peaceful & Wrathful Dieties & Politicians Rejoice, Rejoice left and right!

Ah! liberty—we here together conscious of heart's feeling ah!

Massacre ah! selling images in America bellied meadow bombcrater photo mind scream face skin afire

eyes penetrated by war needles

Ah! to the Heart from Heart ever Grateful for mercy human understanding sigh—

Ah! for our loves dead & gone

Ah! for miseries we caused, youthful screaming

Pig Cop selves

Violence in other streets and nations Heads of State eyes flashing angry—

Ah! that we know ourselves better, Ah! that America rise from the dead matter

& transcend this body heavy asphalt usury

being with each other

Trembling with city hatred

dropping acid Death Fear

lovelessness alone on metal

planet floor—or

grass green meadow

among Equal Creatures, trees flourishing their Barken Kind leaf flared—

ah What Seek we in Miami Heaven Earth But End to Fear

Ah! to rejoice in World Illusion

airplane sound street body under sky—

Apocatastasis Ah!

## Release of our knowledge our suffering in kind—

Ah! together, ah! make peace!
Ah What is this lightness that we know body empty & the mind
Myriad Ah'd in Mid Metropolis zonked & baffled by its own Being,

Angers, Loves & Wars—Great Politics shakes planet tremors through our souls— Ah! Great Consciousness Here Salutations to the Great Self we come to know Ah to All souls, Republican empty as Democrat—Identity we Citizens share this late century Conscious after matter madness Drunkenness-drug'd manufacture **Business Consumption** Transitory petrochemical toy plastic aluminum airconditioned hotel & old folks home atrembling in our mortal bed for the Big Nigger, the FBI the CIA the NLF the ITT USSR the U.S.A. Great Government Robot State above us dominates our news, takes up our telephone time labor paper work in Magic War, Ah! that we return to our Bodies alert electric limb'd, lungs & heart empty tingling, lightness we all know Heaven on Earth

Our Will Be Thine as we Say

Our Ah—of Suffering Understood, our life itself in pain

Ah! our ignorance! our desire!

Ah to know that suffering ends,

surrendered self's sweet death—

our Ah to search the way together thru

some Eightfold Endless Path!

Ah! for the Hell we have made in America,

Ah for the Heaven we see among Us

Ah! for the Earth we are here!

Ah Miami streets, hotels lobbies crowded

auditorium! Ah for the fat sad police—

Ah for sad soldiers forlorn all over the world

Ah for the Madman in White House asylum

who dreams Planet Fate—

Depression armaments? Conspicuous

Consumption Cars! Great Ah

Protect us! Ah! for the Petrochemical Wonderland,

Conscious vast glittery buildings

fog dream neon'd

for Magical Emphasis

Hypnosis Money

A billfold full of Ah!

Ah! credit card plastic

broke in wastebasket

Ah for Cosa Nostra, Imagined or Real

Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah Mayor Daley, Senator Humphrey voluble

Redeemed in Paradise, ah Laborer

Meany hatted with Milkweed

& Day Lilies,

Chiefs Nixon Agnew crowned with

Pigweed & snowballs' tender blue blossoms

sent with Jersey Greeting,

Governor Wallace flowered with Mushrooms, magic amanita & psilocybin, & Morning Glory halo'd

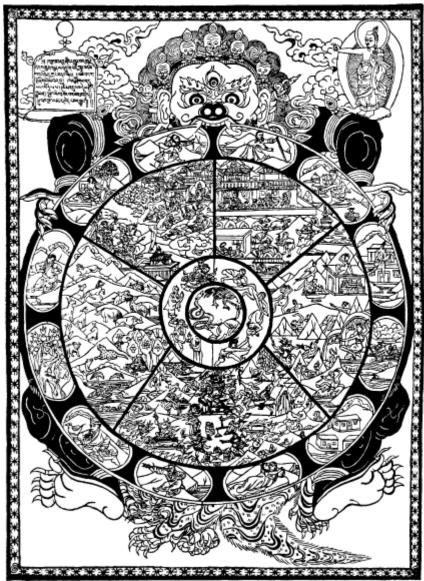
McGovern McCarthy ringed with Roses & Laurels, ourselves all decked with Common Grass, plebeian pleasures, ah
Ah! Normal voiced & Future President
Whoever Ye Are True Ah to Thee
Ah! to the Republic how it fare, Ah sad flag, color transmuted
into all Three Worlds
This prayer to All Souls in America
Citizens of Body Mind & Speech
Ah! Ah! Ah!

July 9, 1972, 10:15 P.M.

### **Xmas Gift**

I met Einstein in a dream Springtime on Princeton lawn grass I kneeled down & kissed his young thumb like a ruddy pope his face fresh broad cheeked rosy "I invented a universe separate, something like a Virgin"— "Yes, the creature gives birth to itself," I quoted from Mescaline We sat down open air universal summer to eat lunch, professors' wives at the Tennis Court Club, our meeting eternal, as expected, my gesture to kiss his fist unexpectedly saintly considering the Atom Bomb I didn't mention.

New York, December 24, 1972



Time Wheel Mandala (Tibetan Buddhist XX Century Woodblock). Six worlds, with Heaven and Angry Warrior Realms consolidated upper left section. At center, Cock Pig Snake eating each other's tails. Twelve-fold chain of interdependent coorigination represented on wheel rim, held in hands of Time.

## **Thoughts Sitting Breathing**

- OM—the pride of perfumed money, music food from China, a place to sit quiet
- MA—How jealous! the million Pentagon myrmidons with dollar billions to spend on Rock & Roll, restaurant high thrones in sky filled with Electric Bombers—Ah! how jealous they are of the thin stomached Vietnamese boy.
- NI—Lust in heart for the pink tender prick'd school-boy upstairs bedroom naked with his books, high school locker shower, stretching on the bed, the young guitar player's ass
- PA—Impercipience, cat meows natural words at the window, dog barks cheerful morn, cockroach feelers touch the wall, the fly buzzes long long on the sunny windowsill lying upside-down in deathly prayer exhausted, man bends over oblivious books, buds stick forth their heart-tips when ice melts New Year's eve, green grass shoots show 'neath melted snow, screams rise out of thousands of mouths in Hanoi—
- DMI—alone the misery, the broken legs of carcrash alcohol, gimme another cigarette, I ain't got a dime for coffee, got no rupee for rice ain't got no land I got hunger in my gland my belly's swollen potatoes my knees got cut on the Tanks—
- HŪM—the pigs got rocks in their head, C.I.A. got one eye bloody mind tongue, fiends sold my phonograph TV set to the junkman, Hate that dog shat my rug, hate Gook Heaven, hate them hippies in Hell stinking Marijuana smog city.
- OM—Give it all away, poetry bliss & ready cash for taxicabs, walk Central Park alone & cook your beans in empty silence watching the Worm crawl thru meat walls—
- MA—sit down crosslegged and relax, storm Heaven with your mental guns? Give up let Angels alone to play their guitars in

- Hollywood and drink their Coke-snuff in mountainside bathroom peace—
- NI—Light as ashes, love for Neal sublimed into Poesy, love for Peter gone into the Vegetable garden to grow corn & tomatoes—
- PA—Dog bark! call the mind gods! scream happiness in Saigon behind the bar my mother in throes of Police vomit rape! that garbage can I threw in Atlantic Ocean floats over Father Fisheye's sacred grave—
- DMI—I forgive thee Cord Meyer secret mind police suborned the Student Congress Cultural Freedom & destroyed Intellect in Academe Columbia Harvard made great murder Indochina War our fantasy-bomb gutted New York's soul—
- HŪM—Miserable victims flashing knives, Hell's Angels Manson Nixon Calley-Ma, all the cops in the world and their gangster lovers, car salesmen Wall Street brokers smoking in rage over dwindling oil supplies, O poor sick junkies all here's bliss of Buddha-opium, Sacred Emptiness to fix your angry brains—

**March: Thoughts Sitting Breathing** 



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- OM—the Crown of Emptiness, relax the skullcap wove of formal thought, let light escape to Heaven, floating up from heart thru cranium, free space for Causeless Bliss—
- MA—Speech purified, worlds calmed of alcoholic luxury & irritable smoking, jealous fucking rush thru taxicab cities, mental cancer pig war fever machines—Heart through throat, free space for Causeless Bliss!

- NI—How vast, how brightly empty and how old, the breath within the breast expands threefold, the sigh of no restraint, sigh love's release, the rest and peacefulness of sweethearts' ease, from Heart to Heart —free space for Causeless Bliss!
- PA—Dog bellies crying happy in the snow, worms share mind's heaviest part, elephants carry Angels whose animal trumpets blow from abdomen deep navel up into the heart—free space for Causeless Bliss
- DMI—Down in the pecker, the empty piece of wood—Everyone I fucked is dead and gone—everyone I'm gonna fuck is turning to a ghost— All my penis blessedness never'll get lost, but rise from loins & come in my heart—free space for Causeless Bliss
- HŪM—I shit out my hate thru my asshole, My sphincter loosens the void, all hell's legions fall thru space, the Pentagon is destroyed

United States armies march thru the past
The Chinese legions rage
Past the Great Wall of Maya
And scream on the central stage
I loose my bowels of Asia
I move the U.S.A.
I crap on Dharmakaya
And wipe the worlds away
White House filled with fuel gas bombs
Slums with rats' faeces & teeth
All Space is fore-given to Emptiness—
From earth to heart, free space
for Causeless Bliss

# "What would you do if you lost it?"

aid Rinpoche Chögyam Trungpa Tulku in the marble glittering apartment lobby

ooking at my black hand-box full of Art, "Better prepare for Death" ... he harmonium that's Peter's

ne scarf that's Krishna's the bell and brass lightningbolt Phil Whalen selected in Japan

tattered copy of Blake, with chord notations, black books from City Lights,

ustralian Aborigine song sticks, green temple incense, Tibetan preciousmetal finger cymbals—

broken leg a week later enough reminder, lay in bed and after few days' pain began to weep

o reason, thinking a little of Rabbi Schacter, a little of father Louis, a little

f everything that must be abandoned,

now abandoned,

mpty dog barks after the dogs have disappeared

leals eaten passed thru the body to nourish tomatoes and corn,

he wooden bowl from Haiti too huge for my salad,

eachings, Tantras, Haggadahs, Zohar, Revelations, poetries, Koans orgotten with the snowy world, forgotten

ith generations of icicles crashing to white gullies by roadside,

harmakaya forgot, Nirmanakaya shoved in coffin, Sambhogakaya eclipsed in candle-light snuffed by the playful cat—

oodbye my own treasures, bodies adored to the nipple,

ld souls worshipped flower-eye or imaginary auditory panoramic skull—

oodbye old socks washed over & over, blue boxer shorts, subzero longies,

ew Ball Boots black hiplength for snowdrifts near the farm mailbox,

oodbye to my room full of books, all wisdoms I never studied, all the Campion, Creeley, Anacreon Blake I never read through,

lankets farewell, orange diamonded trunked from Mexico Himalayan sheepwool lugged down from Almora days with Lama Govinda and Peter trying to eat tough stubborn halfcooked chicken.

aintings on wall, Maitreya, Sakyamuni & Padmasambhava, Dr. Samedi with Haitian spats & cane whiskey,

haktivedanta Swami at desk staring sad eye Krishna at my hopeless selfconsciousness,

ttic full of toys, desk full of old checks, files on NY police & C.I.A. peddling Heroin,

iles on laughing Leary, files on Police State, files on ecosystems all faded & brown,

otebooks untranscribed, hundreds of little poems & prose my own hand,

ewspaper interviews, assemblaged archives, useless paperworks surrounding me imperfectly chronologic, humorous later in eternity, reflective of Cities' particular streets studios and boudoirs—

oodbye poetry books, I don't have to take you along anymore on a chain to Deux Magots like a red lobster

ru Paris, Moscow, Prague, Milan, New York, Calcutta, Bangkok, holy Benares, yea Rishikesh & Brindaban may yr prana lift ye over the roof of the world—

ıy own breath slower now, silent waiting & watching—

ownstairs pump-organs, musics, rags and blues, home made Blake hymns, mantras to raise the skull of America,

podbye C chord, F chord, G chord, goodbye all the chords of The House of the Rising Sun

oodbye farmhouse, city apartment, garbage subways Empire State, Museum of Modern Art where I wandered thru puberty dazzled by Van Gogh's raw-brained star-systems pasted on blue thick skyey Suchness—

oodbye again Naomi, goodbye old painful legged poet Louis, goodbye Paterson the 69 between Joe Bozzo & Harry Haines that out-lasted childhood & poisoned the air o'er Passaic Valley,

boodbye Broadway, give my regards to the great falls & boys staring marijuana'd in wonder hearing the quiet roar of Godfather Williams' speech

oodbye old poets of Century that taught fixed eye & sharp tongue from Pound with silent Mouni heart to Tom Veitch weeping in Stinson Beach,

oodbye to my brothers who write poetry & play fiddle, my nephews who blow tuba & stroke bass viol, whistle flute or smile & sing in blue rhythm,

bodies aging, bodies turned to wax doll or cinder

oodbye America you hope you prayer you tenderness, you IBM 135–35 Electronic Automated Battlefield Igloo White Dragon-tooth Fuel-Air Bomb over Indochina

oodbye Heaven, farewell Nirvana, sad Paradise adieu, adios all angels and archangels, devas & devakis, Bodhisattvas, Buddhas, rings of Seraphim, Constellations of elect souls weeping singing in the golden Bhumi Rungs, goodbye High Throne, High Central Place, Alleluiah Light beyond Light, a wave of the hand to Thee Central Golden Rose,

m Ah Hūṃ A La La Ho Sophia, Soham Tara Ma, Om Phat Svaha Padmasambhava Marpa Mila sGam.po.pa Karmapa Trungpaye! Namastaji Brahma, Ave atque vale Eros, Jupiter, Zeus, Apollo, Surya, Indra

om Bom! Shivaye! Ram Nam Satyahey! Om Ganipatti, Om Saraswati Hrih Sowha! Ardinarishvara Radha Harekrishna faretheewell

# forevermore!

one left standing! No tears left for eyes, no eyes for weeping, no mouth for singing, no song for the hearer, no more words for any mind.

Cherry Valley, February 1, 1973

### Who

rom Great Consciousness vision Harlem 1948 buildings standing in Eternity

realized entire Universe was manifestation of One Mind ly teacher was William Blake—my life work Poesy, ansmitting that spontaneous awareness to Mankind.

*February 3, 1973* 

# Yes and It's Hopeless

undred million cars running out of gasoline

illion coalstoves burning shale carbonmist over cities

opeless I'll never get laid again, O what a beautiful body that boy from Jersey City last night

opeless, locked in plaster-of-Paris leg cast, bones, skull heart, intestines, liver, eyes and tongue

ll hopeless, the entire solar system running Thermodynamics' Second Law

own the whole galaxy, all universes brain illusion or solid electric hopeless emptiness

vacuating itself through quasar pressure Furnaces,

opeless the 300,000 junkies in N.Y.

opeless President waging war, "fighting for peace" sending State Secretary to Israel, the moon, China, Acapulco,

opeless the Dutch boy standing with his finger in the dike,

ne energy crisis, the protein crisis 1990, the Folklore Crisis, the Aboriginal Crisis, the Honkie Crisis, the old Nazi Crisis, the Arab Crisis, the Chrysophrase Crisis, Tungsten, the crisis in Panama, Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, Chile, Peru, Bolivia, Venezuela, Santa Domingo, Haiti, Cuba, Florida, Alabama, Texas, New Jersey, New York, East 10th Street, the Crisis in San Juan Capistrano, the Oilspill in Bolinas Bay, Santa Barbara's tar tide, the crisis of the Loch Ness Monster & the Dublin Bomb Crisis,

ll hopeless, the overpopulation of dogs, humans, cockroaches, rats, Crown of Thorn Starfish, green algae in Lake Erie—

opeless, hopeless, Jesus on the Cross or Buddha voided passing through

opeless, the First Zen Institute, the Second Church of the Resurrection, the Third Eye System Inc., the 4th Estate, the 5th Column in the Kundalini, the 6th sense, the Seventh Seal Chowder &

Marching Society the 8th Nerve in the Vagus Nebula System the 9th Degree Samadhi Monopoly the 10th sorry passenger on the bus crashed over Freeway's iron ropes down into the Swamp Abyss outsida Roanoke—

K hopeless, Rolling Stone Consciousness, Mammoth Sunday NY Times

opeless all silence, all Yoga, all quiet Ecstasies of Saints and Starvation Monks Ceylon to Bhutan—

opeless two million deaths in Indochina, the half million Communists assassinated in Indonesia? Slaughter of Innocents in Mexico City, Massacres of Wounded Knee Mylai Lidice Attica, 15 million never came back from Siberia

ne jail murder of George Jackson, Sacco & Vanzetti electrocuted Rosenbergs, bullet assassination of Kennedy, Luther King, Malcolm X, the burning of Zwingli, hemlock death of Socrates the headless catastrophe Jayne Mansfield's autocrash & Jimmy Dean's highway wreck-aged body—

opeless, the poems of Dante & Shakespeare, such stuff as dreams are made of, Burroughs' Orwell systems, Spengler & Vico's cycles, Padmasambhava Krishnamurti—empty, hopeless

3 the great oilfields of Persia

eservoirs of petrochemicals under Alaskan permafrost & Indochinese ocean wave

etroleum cracker tanks in Venezuela & robot pumps of Los Angeles, rokendown cars on the farm, the tire-less Ford,

Idsmobile sans batteries, dead corpse of Myron the neighbor Farmer the live corpse of Ginsberg the prophet opeless.

New York, March 10, 1973

# Under the world there's a lot of ass, a lot of cunt

lot of mouths and cocks,

nder the world there's a lot of come, and a lot of saliva dripping into brooks,

here's a lot of Shit under the world, flowing beneath cities into rivers,

lot of urine floating under the world,

lot of snot in the world's industrial nostrils, sweat under the world's iron arm, blood

ushing out of the world's breast,

ndless lakes of tears, seas of sick vomit rushing between hemispheres

oating toward Sargasso, old oily rags and brake fluids, human gasoline—

nder the world there's pain, fractured thighs, napalm burning in black hair, phosphorus eating elbows to bone

isecticides contaminating oceantide, plastic dolls floating across Atlantic,

oy soldiers crowding the Pacific, B-52 bombers choking jungle air with vaportrails and brilliant flares

obot drones careening over rice terraces dropping cluster grenades, plastic pellets spray into flesh, dragontooth mines & jellied fires fall on straw roofs and water buffalos,

erforating village huts with barbed shrapnel, trenchpits filled with fuel-gas-poison'd explosive powders—

nder the world there's broken skulls, crushed feet, cut eyeballs, severed fingers, slashed jaws,

ysentery; homeless millions, tortured hearts, empty souls.

*April* 1973

# **Returning to the Country for a Brief Visit**

Annotations to Amitendranath Tagore's Sung Poetry

"In later days, remembering this I shall certainly go mad."

Reading Sung poems, I think of my poems to Neal dead few years now, Jack underground invisible—their faces rise in my mind.
Did I write truthfully of them? In later times
I saw them little, not much difference they're dead.
They live in books and memory, strong as on earth.

"I do not know who is hoarding all this rare work."

Old One the dog stretches stiff legged, soon he'll be underground. Spring's first fat bee buzzes yellow over the new grass and dead leaves.

What's this little brown insect walking zigzag across the sunny white page of Su Tung-p'o's poem? Fly away, tiny mite, even your life is tender— I lift the book and blow you into the dazzling void.

"I fear that others may know I am here; An immortal may appear to welcome me."

Right leg broken, can't walk around visit the fishpond to touch the cold water,

tramp thru willows to the lonely meadow across the brook—here comes a metal landrover, brakes creaking hello.

"You live apart on rivers and seas ..."

You live in apartments by rivers and seas

pring comes, waters flow murky, the salt wave's covered with oily dung un rises, smokestacks cover the roofs with black mist rinds blow, city skies are clear blue all afternoon ut at night the full moon hesitates behind brick.

Tow will all these millions of people worship the Great Mother?

Then all these millions of people die, will they recognize the Great Father?

"I always remember the year I made it over the mountain pass."

obins and sparrows warble in mild spring dusk
In sets behind green pines in the little valley
Igh over my roof gray branches sway gently under motionless clouds
Iunters guns sounded three times in the hillside aspen
he house sat silent as I looked above my book,
uiet old poems about the Yi & Tsangpo Rivers—
always remember the spring I climbed Glacier Peak with Gary.

Cherry Valley, April 20, 1973

# **Night Gleam**

ver and over thru the dull material world the call is made ver and over thru the dull material world I make the call English folk, in Sussex night, thru black beech tree branches in the full moon shone at three AM, I stood in under wear on the lawn—saw a mustached English man I loved, with athlete's breast and farmer's arms,

lay in bed that night many loves beating in my heart eepless hearing songs of generations electric returning intelligent memory

- nd worship the Lovers there, love's teachers, youths and poets who live forever
- the secret heart, in the dark night, in the full moon, year after year ver & over thru the dull material world the call is made.

July 16, 1973

### What I'd Like to Do

etire abandon world sd Swami Bhaktivedanta my age 47 approaching half-century

o to San Marino see Blake's vision of Moloch, go to Manchester see Moloch

isit Blake's works all over World West, study prophetic Books interpret Blake unify Vision

tep in same river twice

uild hermitage of wood and stone with porch 3000 foot up Rockies, Sierras, Catskills fine soft forests

t crosslegged straight spine belly relaxed heart humming Ah each exhalation

ispiration established compose English Apocalypse American science Greek rhythm Tibetan mantra Blues

ong hours half-lotus-legged at desk window pine trees omming in rainy wind

pend three years in solitude Naropa's Six Doctrines mastered and another hundred days intermediate State twixt Death and Birth

ead Milton's Paradise Lost decipher Egyptian Book of Dead and Annutara Tantra etc.

ompose poems to the wind

hant into electric microphones, pacify Rock, enrich

cull emptiness with vocal salami taxicabs, magnetize nervous systems,

estroy Empire State's dead Life Time smog

lasturbate in peace, haunt ancient cities for boys, practice years of chastity, save Jewels for God my own ruddy body, hairy delicate antennae

egetable, eat carrots, fork cabbage, spoon peas, fry potatoes, boil beets, ox forgiven, pig forgotten, hot dogs banished from celestial

realms cloud-roofed over Kitkitdizze's green spring weeds—milk, angel-Milk

ead Dostoyevsky's Brothers Karamazov I laid down half-finished a dozen times decades ago

ompose last choirs of Innocence & Experience, set music to tongues of Rossetti Mss. orchestrate Jerusalem's quatrains—

Tar's over, soft mat wood floor, flower vase on inkstand, blue oaks gazing in the window.

London, August 1973

### On Illness

ord Heart, heal my right temple bang'd soft pain the bookshelf sing to fuck Peter embrac'd naked on big wooden couch mattress sheeted blanketed

ly broken leg Lord Heart heal crooked bone above stiff ankle, straight tibia tender sore

ord Heart, more near, lax abdomen muscle, nausea hiatus hernia hat I never eat too much Lord Heart eat Lord's parts sick with solar plexus pain,

eep breath your airy body tingling empty pleasur'd skin kissed cock surrender'd rising buttock entering yr Lord Heart—

ntered I surrender to Lord Heart himself disguised Krishna Ke Jai yr blue lingam—Hey Bom Shivaye!

ord Heart your female poetry bottom, penis female sensitive—ss kissed & tongued by Jove Jupiter Zeus anymede-ass or Tara ladybelly

Om Saraswati Hrih Sowha

#### MoM

### Mom Mom Mom Mom Mom Mom Mom

ord Heart my baldness cure thru confident eye my lover's open pupil ly teeth Lord Heart keep clean as I do brush them twice daily. Keep me from pain.

ly hernia rupture paunch healed no pain these coughs—soft muscle stomach-fold sewn insentient muscle skin.

ord Heart not smoke cigarette butts anymore eep me Lord Heart for yr Works & Destruction ody meat cries, sighs, sits immobile Ah, pain passed over ord Heart, my aged father's hand is cool, legs stumbling efend us from Death Fear, Matter-formed fear faces, disgrac'd mere Flesh

one known Lord Heart ourselves defend from Foul Fiend rant peace this body Lord Heart, this Soul, this Spirit hand & tongue

nis Great Presence defend Lord Heart your silent Inviolable Witness ord Heart the Great Planet defend this Space Mirror of our Vast Emptiness

ord Heart come fill my Soul with Mountain snow & Glacier-melt slow Aeon's Gnosis—

ncient voice Lord Heart, your thousand arms & eight, of preservation & compassion

onch Shell, Lotus, Diamond Sceptre, Book of Memory, Umbrella, Fish & Mirror & Machine Wheel

ternal One Lord Heart accept my soul and body as your own ree play of causeless bliss.

London, August 29, 1973

### **News Bulletin**

"Criminal possession of a controlled substance— Marijuana" came over the radio I got mad & sent Gov. Rockefeller a crystal skull postcard

Abbie Hoffman just got busted million pounds of Cocaine I wrote the wrong essay & combed burrs out of a Godly dog's hide

A lady asked text on Jewish Holocaust I filed her letter and made sugar borscht

Tim Leary silent Folsom Jail'd I jacked off with a plastic cock in my ass

Catastrophe everywhere today propane shortage prophesied I answered my mail I stuck my head out the edge of Universe wheels in starry wheels while Supreme Court struck down pornography for the umpteenth time

It'll begin all over dope raids
sex flick police assassinations
mass Television in Vietnam
Mugging on streets your favorite
policeman peddling junk
your favorite President falling falling falling
endlessly the dream cliff

receding into Heaven Vice President falling falling stars flying by the earth oceans awash with blue galaxies spinning past I washed my big toe I exercised my painful ankle smoked a joint I came I wrote letters scratched my head Populations flee the flood, crowds move downstreet in teargas clouds, camel riders footweary skeletons walk away from drought desert burning, sea screaming, Bacteria frothing mouth preserve iars I made toast I fried mushrooms I ate raw corn

Armies moved on Phnom Penh I
watched a new born butterfly
flutter orange-winged in circles
round me on the grass
Nixon met Agnew papers said Resign
I resigned I sat and stared at
a flat gray cloud over the roof—

Three boys in jail on trial in
Brussels for translating *Anarchist's*Cookbook I held the cloth
thru which Peter poured boiling beet
juice into an Aluminum pot.

Cherry Valley, September 1, 1973

### On Neruda's Death

Some breath breathes out *Adonais* & *Canto General*Some breath breathes out Bombs and dog barks
Some breath breathes silent over green snow mountains
Some breath breathes not at all

Teton Village, September 25, 1973

# J H H

### **Mind Breaths**

hus crosslegged on round pillow sat in Teton Space—

breathed upon the aluminum microphone-stand a body's length away breathed upon the teacher's throne, the wooden chair with yellow pillow

breathed further, past the sake cup half emptied by the breathing guru

reathed upon the green sprigged thick-leaved plant in a flowerpot reathed upon the vast plateglass shining back th' assembled sitting Sangha in the meditation cafeteria

ly breath thru nostril floated out to the moth of evening beating into window'd illumination

reathed outward over aspen twigs trembling September's top yellow leaves twilit at mountain foot

reathed over the mountain, over snowpowdered crags ringed under slow-breathed cloud-mass white spumes

rindy across Tetons to Idaho, gray ranges under blue space swept rith delicate snow flurries, breaths Westward

ountain grass trembling in tiny winds toward Wasatch

reezes south late autumn in Salt Lake's wooden temple streets,

'hite salt dust lifted swirling by the thick leaden lake, dust carried up over Kennecott's pit onto the massive Unit Rig,

ut towards Reno's neon, dollar bills skittering downstreet along the curb,

p into Sierras oak leaves blown down by fall cold chills ver peaktops snowy gales beginning,

breath of prayer down on Kitkitdizze's horngreen leaves close to ground,

ver Gary's tile roof, over temple pillar, tents and manzanita arbors in Sierra pine foothills—

breath falls over Sacramento Valley, roar of wind down the sixlane freeway across Bay Bridge

proar of papers floating over Montgomery Street, pigeons flutter down before sunset from Washington Park's white churchsteeple—

olden Gate waters whitecapped scudding out to Pacific spreads

ver Hawaii a balmy wind thru Hotel palmtrees, a moist warmth swept over the airbase, a dank breeze in Guam's rotten Customs shed,

ear winds breathe on Fiji's palm & coral shores, by wooden hotels in Suva town flags flutter, taxis whoosh by Friday night's black promenaders under the rock & roll discotheque window upstairs beating with English neon—

n a breeze into Sydney, and across hillside grass where mushrooms lie low on Cow-Flops in Queensland, down Adelaide's alleys a flutter of music from Brian Moore's Dobro carried in the wind—

p thru Darwin Land, out Gove Peninsula green ocean breeze, clack of Yerkalla village song sticks by the trembling wave

ea and a wind over mercurial waters of Japan North East, a hollow wooden gong echoes in Kyoto's temple hall below the graveyard's wavy grass

foghorn blowing in the China Sea, torrential rains over Saigon, bombers float over Cambodia, visioned tiny from stone Avelokitesvera's many-faced towers Angkor Wat in windy night,

puff of opium out of a mouth yellowed in Bangkok, a puff of hashish flowing thick out of a bearded saddhu's nostrils & eyes in Nimtallah Burning Ghat,

'ood smoke flowing in wind across Hooghly Bridge, incense wafted under the Bo Tree in Bodh Gaya, in Benares woodpiles burn at Manikarnika returning incensed souls to Shiva,

'ind dallies in the amorous leaves of Brindaban, still air on the vast mosque floor above Old Delhi's alleyways, ind blowing over Kausani town's stone wall, Himalayan peaktops ranged hundreds of miles along snowy horizon, prayer flags flutter over Almora's wood brown housetops,

ade winds carry dhows thru Indian Ocean to Mombasa or down to Dar 'Salaam's riverside sail port, palms sway & sailors wrapped in cotton sleep on log decks—

oft breezes up thru Red Sea to Eliat's dry hotels, paper leaflets scatter by the Wailing Wall, drifting into the Sepulchre

lediterranean zephyrs leaving Tel Aviv, over Crete, Lassithi Plains' windmills still turn the centuries near Zeus' birth cave

iraeus wave-lashed, Venice lagoon's waters blown up over the floor of San Marco, Piazza flooded and mud on the marble porch, gondolas bobbing up & down choppy waters at the Zattere,

nill September fluttering thru Milan's Arcade, cold bones & overcoats flapping in St. Peter's Square,

own Appian Way silence by gravesites, stelae stolid on a lonely grass path, the breath of an old man laboring up road—

cross Scylla & Charybdis, Sicilian tobacco smoke wafted across the boat deck,

ito Marseilles coalstacks black fumes float into clouds, steamer's white driftspume down wind all the way to Tangier,

breath of red-tinged Autumn in Provence, boats slow on the Seine, the lady wraps her cloak tight round her bodice on toppa Eiffel Tower's iron head—

cross the Channel rough black-green waves, in London's Piccadilly beercans roll on concrete neath Eros' silver breast, the Sunday Times lifts and settles on wet fountain steps—

ver Iona Isle blue day and balmy Inner Hebrides breeze, fog drifts across Atlantic,

abrador white frozen blowing cold, down New York's canyons manila paper bags scurry toward Wall from Lower East side—

breath over my Father's head in his apartment on Park Avenue Paterson,

cold September breeze down from East Hill, Cherry Valley's maples tremble red,

ut thru Chicago Windy City the vast breath of Consciousness dissolves, smokestacks and autos drift expensive fumes ribboned across railroad tracks,

lestward, a single breath blows across the plains, Nebraska's fields harvested & stubble bending delicate in evening airs

p Rockies, from Denver's Cherry Creekbed another zephyr risen,

cross Pike's Peak an icy blast at sunset, Wind River peaktops flowing toward the Tetons,

breath returns vast gliding grass flats cow-dotted into Jackson Hole, into a corner of the plains,

p the asphalt road and mud parking lot, a breeze of restless September, up wood stairways in the wind

ito the cafeteria at Teton Village under the red tram lift

calm breath, a silent breath, a slow breath breathes outward from the nostrils.

September 28, 1973

# **Flying Elegy**

enver tower blocks group'd under gray haze

n tracted plains gassed to azure horizon—"no place to take revenge." lan Watts epicure drank much

ing bass Christo voice a long long long breathed Aum passed on i sleep exhausted heart philosopher

andering age 58 in Chinese dressing gown to seek love, or enter Buddha blind

ke this blue sky wing plunged thru rainbow halo in clouds' drifty whiteness

he skandas are a veil suchlike, no place to take revenge lessed the dead who can't fight back resent a poem knife thought lessed the dead in ignorance, dead with no sores or cigarette yen lessed the dead that don't get laid, don't eat fine casseroles herbspiced with crusty cheese

on't drink slow tea

on't waste petrol surveying clouds in Heaven

on't waste words at their condition, no one to talk to

less the free dead lecturing in the deep with moveless tongue

erfect meditators without thought, accomplished in Sunyata

less the dead last Philosophers, thought of the thought of Philosophers

erfected Wisdom's teachers escaped from Blessing and the Bliss of grasping prayer

caped from the curse of meditation on a cushion on yr ass ead that've left breath, renounced sex body, suffered stroke & begone lone, the drinker, thinker, divorcé, grandfather weary wise ying in bed night's stillness silent and wake.

# **Teton Village**

Snow mountain fields seen thru transparent wings of a fly on the windowpane

November 29, 1973

# Sweet Boy, Gimme Yr Ass

lemme kiss your face, lick your neck
ouch your lips, tongue tickle tongue end
ose to nose, quiet questions
ver slept with a man before?
and stroking your back slowly down to the cheeks' moist hair soft asshole
yes to eyes blur, a tear strained from seeing—

Come on boy, fingers thru my hair
ull my beard, kiss my eyelids, tongue my ear, lips light on my
forehead
-met you in the street you carried my package—
ut your hand down to my legs,
ouch if it's there, the prick shaft delicate
ot in your rounded palm, soft thumb on cockhead—

Come on come on kiss me full lipped, wet tongue, eyes open—
nimal in the zoo looking out of skull cage—you
nile, I'm here so are you, hand tracing your abdomen
om nipple down rib cage smooth skinn'd past belly veins, along
muscle to your silk-shiny groin
cross the long prick down your right thigh
p the smooth road muscle wall to titty again—
ome on go down on me your throat
vallowing my shaft to the base tongue
ock solid suck—
ll do the same your stiff prick's soft skin, lick your ass—

ome on Come on, open up, legs apart here this pillow
nder your buttock
ome on take it here's vaseline the hard on here's
our old ass lying easy up in the air—here's
hot prick at yr soft mouthed asshole—just relax and let it in—
eah just relax hey Carlos lemme in, I love you, yeah how come
ou came here anyway except this kiss arms round my neck
mouth open your

two eyes looking up, this hard slow thrust this softness this relaxed sweet sigh.

New York, January 3, 1974

### Jaweh and Allah Battle

Jaweh with Atom Bomb
Allah cuts throat of Infidels
Jaweh's armies beat down neighboring tribes
Will Red Sea waters close & drown th'armies of Allah?

Israel's tribes worshipping the Golden Calf
Moses broke the Tablets of Law.

Zalmon Schacter Lubovitcher Rebbe what you say
Stone Commandments broken on the ground
Sufi Sam whaddya say
Shall Prophet's companions dance circled
round Synagogue while Jews doven bearded electric?

Both Gods Terrible! Awful Jaweh Allah!

Both hook-nosed gods, circumcised.

Jaweh Allah which unreal?

Which stronger Illusion? Which stronger Army?

Which gives most frightening command?
What God maintain egohood in Eden? Which be Nameless?
Which enter Abyss of Light?

Worlds of Gods, jealous Warriors, Humans, Animals & Flowers,
Hungry Ghosts, even Hell Beings all die,
Snake cock and pig eat each other's tails & perish
All Jews all Moslems'll die All Israelis all Arabs
Cairo's angry millions Jerusalem's multitudes
suffer Death's dream Armies in battle!
Yea let Tribes wander to tin camps at cold Europe's walls?
Yea let the Million sit in desert shantytowns with tin cups?

Yea let the Million sit in desert shantytowns with tin cuj I'm a Jew cries Allah! Buddha circumcised! Snake sneaking an apple to Eden—Alien, Wanderer, Caller of the Great Call!

What Prophet born on this ground

bound me Eternal to Palestine

circled by Armies tanks, droning bomber motors, radar electric computers?

What Mind directed Stern Gang Irgun Al Fatah Black September?

Meyer Lansky? Nixon Shah? Gangster? Premier? King? one-eyed General Dayan?

Golda Meir & Kissinger bound me with Arms?

HITLER AND STALIN SENT ME HERE!

WEIZMANN & BEN-GURION SENT ME HERE!

NASSER AND SADAT SENT ME HERE!

ARAFAT SENT ME HERE! MESSIAH SENT ME HERE! GOD SENT ME HERE!

Buchenwald sent me here! Vietnam sent me here! Mylai sent me here!

Lidice sent me here!

My mother sent me here!

I WAS BORN HERE IN ISRAEL, Arab

circumcised, my father had a coffee shop in Jerusalem One day the Soldiers came & told me to walk down road

my hands up

walk away leave my house business forever! The Israelis sent me here!

Solomon's Temple the Pyramids & Sphinx sent me here!

JAWEH AND ALLAH SENT ME HERE!

Abraham will take me to his bosom!

Mohammed will guide me to Paradise!

Christ sent me here to be crucified!

Buddha will wipe us out and destroy the world.

The New York Times and Cairo Editorialist Heykal sent me here!

Commentary and Palestine Review sent me here!

The International Zionist Conspiracy sent me here!

Syrian Politicians sent me here! Heroic Pan-Arab

Nationalists sent me here!

They're sending Armies to my side—

The Americans & Russians are sending bombing planes tanks

Chinese Egyptians Syrians help me battle for my righteous house my Soul's dirt Spirit's Nation body's

boundaries & Self's territory my

Zionist homeland my Palestine inheritance

The Capitalist Communist & Third World Peoples'

Republics Dictatorships Police States Socialisms & Democracies are all sending Deadly Weapons to our aid!

We shall triumph over the Enemy!

Maintain our Separate Identity! Proud

History evermore!

Defend our own bodies here this Holy Land! This hill

Golgotha never forget, never relinquish

inhabit thru Eternity

under Allah Christ Yaweh forever one God

Shema Yisroel Adonoi Eluhenu Adonoi Echad!

La ilah illa' Allah hu!

OY! AH! HU! OY! AH! HU! SHALOM! SHANTIH! SALAAM!

New York, January 13, 1974

### **Manifesto**

Let me say beginning I don't believe in Soul
The heart, famous heart's a bag of shit I wrote 25 years ago
O my immortal soul! youthful poet Shelley cried
O my immortal Ego—little knowing
he didn't believe in God. Neither do I.
Nor all science reason reality and good moral Will—
collections of empty atoms as Kerouac Buddha scribed.

either does great love immortal defy pain nightmare Death Torture Saigon Police Underground Press Pravda Bill of Rights—

nd while we're at it, let's denounce Democracy, Fascism, Communism and heroes.

rt's not empty if it shows its own emptiness

oetry useful leaves its own skeleton hanging in air

ke Buddha, Shakespeare & Rimbaud.

erious, dispense with law except Cause & Effect, even the latter has exceptions

o cause & effect is not foolproof.

here is Awareness—which confounds the Soul, Heart, God, Science Love Governments and Cause & Effects' Nightmare.

New York, January 28, 1974, 1 A.M.

### **Sad Dust Glories**

To the Dead

You were here on earth, in cities—where now?
Bones in the ground,
thoughts in my mind.

\*

Teacher
bring me to heaven
or leave me alone.
Why make me work so hard
when everything's spread around
open, like forest's poison oak
turned red
empty sleepingbags hanging from
a dead branch.

\*

When I sit
I see dust motes in my eye
Ponderosa needles trembling
shine green
in blue sky.
Wind sound passes thru
pine tops, distant
windy waves flutter black
oak leaves
and leave them still
like my mind
which forgets
why the bluejay across the woods'

# clearing squawks, mid afternoon.

\*

### The mood

is sadness, dead friends,
or the boy I slept with last night
came twice silently
and I still lie in the colored
hammock, half naked
reading poetry
Sunday
in bright sun pine shade.

\*

### KENJI MYAZAWA

"All is Buddhahood
to who has cried even once
Glory be?"
So I said glory be
looking down at a pine
feather
risen beside a dead leaf
on brown duff
where a fly wavers an inch
above ground
midsummer.

Could you be here?
Really be here
and forget the void?
I am, it's peaceful, empty,
filled with green Ponderosa
swaying parallel crests
fan-like needle circles
glittering haloed
in sun that moves slowly
lights up my hammock
heats my face skin
and knees.

\*

in tree tops
like express trains like city
machinery
Slow dances high up, huge
branches wave back &
forth sensitive
needlehairs bob their heads
—it's too human, it's not
human
It's treetops, whatever they think,
It's me, whatever I think,
It's the wind talking.

\* \*

The moon followed by Jupiter thru pinetrees,

A mosquito comes round your head buzzing you know he's going to bite you if he can—

First you look at your thoughts
then you look at the moon
then look at the reflection of the moon in your eyeball
splatter of light on surface retina
opening and closing the blotched circle
and the mosquito buzzes, disturbing your senses
and you remember your itching thumb as mind
wanders again.

\*

Shobo-an

The Acorn people read newspapers by kerosene light.

\*

By Kitkitdizze Pond in June with Gary Snyder

Bookkeeping in the moonlight
—"frogs count
my checks."

\*

Driving Volkswagen
with tired feet
returned from camping
in Black Buttes
thru sad dust glories
turning off Malakoff
Diggings road
Blinded by sunlight

squirrel in windshield.

September 1974

# Ego Confessions (1974–1977) Ego Confession

want to be known as the most brilliant man in America itroduced to Gyalwa Karmapa heir of the Whispered Transmission Crazy Wisdom Practice Lineage

the secret young wise man who visited him and winked anonymously decade ago in Gangtok

repared the way for Dharma in America without mentioning Dharma —scribbled laughter

Tho saw Blake and abandoned God

o whom the Messianic Fink sent messages darkest hour sleeping on steel sheets "somewhere in the Federal Prison system" Weathermen got no Moscow Gold

ho went backstage to Cecil Taylor serious chat chord structure & Time in a nightclub

ho fucked a rose-lipped rock star in a tiny bedroom slum watched by a statue of Vajrasattva—

nd overthrew the CIA with a silent thought—

Id Bohemians many years hence in Viennese beergardens'll recall is many young lovers with astonishing faces and iron breasts nostic apparatus and magical observation of rainbow-lit spiderwebs straordinary cooking, lung stew & Spaghetti a la Vongole and recipe for salad dressing 3 parts oil one part vinegar much garlic and honey a spoonful

is extraordinary ego, at service of Dharma and completely empty nafraid of its own self's spectre

arroting gossip of gurus and geniuses famous for their reticence—

/ho sang a blues made rock stars weep and moved an old black guitarist to laughter in Memphis—

want to be the spectacle of Poesy triumphant over trickery of the world

mniscient breathing its own breath thru War tear gas spy

'hose common sense astonished gaga Gurus and rich Artistes—
'ho called the Justice department & threaten'd to Blow the Whistle
topt Wars, turned back petrochemical Industries' Captains to grieve &
groan in bed

hopped wood, built forest houses & established farms

istributed monies to poor poets & nourished imaginative genius of the land

at silent in jazz roar writing poetry with an ink pen— 'asn't afraid of God or Death after his 48th year—

t his brains turn to water under Laughing Gas his gold molar pulled by futuristic dentists

eaman knew ocean's surface a year

arpenter late learned bevel and mattock

on, conversed with elder Pound & treated his father gently

-All empty all for show, all for the sake of Poesy

set surpassing example of sanity as measure for late generations xemplify Muse Power to the young avert future suicide

ccepting his own lie & the gaps between lies with equal good humor plitary in worlds full of insects & singing birds all solitary

-who had no subject but himself in many disguises

ome outside his own body including empty air-filled space forests & cities—

ven climbed mountains to create his mountain, with ice ax & crampons & ropes, over Glaciers—

San Francisco, October 1974

## Mugging

T

onite I walked out of my red apartment door on East tenth street's dusk—

Talked out of my home ten years, walked out in my honking neighborhood

onite at seven walked out past garbage cans chained to concrete anchors

Talked under black painted fire escapes, giant castiron plate covering a hole in ground

-Crossed the street, traffic lite red, thirteen bus roaring by liquor store,

ast corner pharmacy iron grated, past Coca Cola & Mylai posters fading scraped on brick

ast Chinese Laundry wood door'd, & broken cement stoop steps For Rent hall painted green & purple Puerto Rican style

long E. 10th's glass splattered pavement, kid blacks & Spanish oiled hair adolescents' crowded house fronts—

h, tonite I walked out on my block NY City under humid summer sky Halloween,

ninking what happened Timothy Leary joining brain police for a season?

ninking what's all this Weathermen, secrecy & selfrighteousness beyond reason—F.B.I. plots?

Talked past a taxicab controlling the bottle strewn curb—

ast young fellows with their umbrella handles & canes leaning against a ravaged Buick

-and as I looked at the crowd of kids on the stoop—a boy stepped up, put his arm around my neck

- enderly I thought for a moment, squeezed harder, his umbrella handle against my skull,
- nd his friends took my arm, a young brown companion tripped his foot 'gainst my ankle—
- 3 I went down shouting Om Ah Hūṃ to gangs of lovers on the stoop watching
- owly appreciating, why this is a raid, these strangers mean strange business
- ith what—my pockets, bald head, broken-healed-bone leg, my softshoes, my heart—
- ave they knives? Om Ah Hūṃ—Have they sharp metal wood to shove in eye ear ass? Om Ah Hūṃ
- slowly reclined on the pavement, struggling to keep my woolen bag of poetry address calendar & Leary-lawyer notes hung from my shoulder
- ragged in my neat orlon shirt over the crossbar of a broken metal door
- ragged slowly onto the fire-soiled floor an abandoned store, laundry candy counter 1929—
- ow a mess of papers & pillows & plastic car seat covers cracked cockroachcorpsed ground—
- ly wallet back pocket passed over the iron foot step guard
- nd fell out, stole by God Muggers' lost fingers, Strange—
- ouldn't tell—snakeskin wallet actually plastic, 70 dollars my bank money for a week,
- ld broken wallet—and dreary plastic contents—Amex card & Manf. Hanover Trust Credit too—business card from Mr. Spears British Home Minister Drug Squad—my draft card—membership ACLU & Naropa Institute Instructor's identification
- m Ah Hūm I continued chanting Om Ah Hūm
- utting my palm on the neck of an 18 year old boy fingering my back pocket crying "Where's the money"

Om Ah Hūṃ there isn't any"

ly card Chief Boo-Hoo Neo American Chruch New Jersey & Lower East Side

m Ah Hūm—what not forgotten crowded wallet—Mobil Credit, Shell? old lovers addresses on cardboard pieces, booksellers calling cards—

-"Shut up or we'll murder you"—"Om Ah Hūṃ take it easy"

ying on the floor shall I shout more loud?—the metal door closed on blackness

ne boy felt my broken healed ankle, looking for hundred dollar bills behind my stocking weren't even there—a third boy untied my Seiko Hong Kong watch rough from right wrist leaving a clasp-prick skin tiny bruise

Shut up and we'll get out of here"—and so they left,

3 I rose from the cardboard mattress thinking Om Ah Hū<sup>π</sup> didn't stop em enough,

ne tone of voice too loud—my shoulder bag with 10,000 dollars full of poetry left on the broken floor—

*November 2, 1974* 

#### Π

/ent out the door dim eyed, bent down & picked up my glasses from step edge I placed them while dragged in the store—looked out—
/hole street a bombed-out face, building rows' eyes & teeth missing urned apartments half the long block, gutted cellars, hallways' charred beams

anging over trash plaster mounded entrances, couches & bedsprings rusty after sunset

obody home, but scattered stoopfuls of scared kids frozen in black hair

natted giggling at house doors in black shoes, families cooked For Rent some six story houses mid the street's wreckage

extdoor Bodega, a phone, the police? "I just got mugged" I said

the man's face under fluorescent grocery light tin ceiling—

uffy, eyes blank & watery, sickness of beer kidney and language tongue

nick lips stunned as my own eyes, poor drunken Uncle minding the store!

hopeless city of idiots empty eyed staring afraid, red beam top'd car at street curb arrived—

Hey maybe my wallet's still on the ground got a flashlight?"

ack into the burnt-doored cave, & the policeman's gray flashlight broken no eyebeam—

My partner all he wants is sit in the car never gets out Hey Joe bring your flashlight—"

tiny throwaway beam, dim as a match in the criminal dark

No I can't see anything here" ... "Fill out this form"

eighborhood street crowd behind a car "We didn't see nothing"

toop young girls, kids laughing "Listen man last time I messed with them see this—"

olled up his skinny arm shirt, a white knife scar on his brown shoulder

Besides we help you the cops come don't know anybody we all get arrested

o to jail I never help no more mind my business everytime"

Agh!" upstreet think "Gee I don't know anybody here ten years lived half block crost Avenue C

nd who knows who?"—passing empty apartments, old lady with frayed paper bags

tting in the tin-boarded doorframe of a dead house.

#### Who Runs America?

Oil brown smog over Denver
Oil red dung colored smoke
level to level across the horizon
blue tainted sky above
Oil car smog gasoline
hazing red Denver's day
December bare trees
sticking up from housetop streets
Plane lands rumbling, planes rise over
radar wheels, black smoke
drifts wobbly from tailfins

Oil millions of cars speeding the cracked plains Oil from Texas, Bahrain, Venezuela Mexico Oil that turns General Motors

revs up Ford

lights up General Electric, oil that crackles thru International Business Machine computers,

charges dynamos for ITT

sparks Western Electric

runs thru Amer Telephone & Telegraph wires

Oil that flows thru Exxon New Jersey hoses,

rings in Mobil gas tank cranks, rumbles

Chrysler engines

shoots thru Texaco pipelines,

blackens ocean from broken Gulf tankers

spills onto Santa Barbara beaches from

Standard of California derricks offshore.

Braniff Air, Denver-Dallas, December 3, 1974

# Thoughts on a Breath

ars slide minute down asphalt lanes in front of Dallas Hilton Inn

rees brown bare in December's smog-mist roll up to the city's squared towers

eneath electric wire grids trestled toward country water tanks istanced under cloud streak crossed with fading vapor trails.

lajestic in a skirt of human fog, building blocks rise at sky edge,

ranches and house roofs march to horizon.

sat again to complete the cycle, eyes open seeing dust motes in the eye screen

ke birds over telephone wires, curve of the eyeball where Dallas and I meet—

'hite motel wall of the senses—ear roar oil exhaust, snuffle and bone growl motors rolling North Central freeway

nergy playing over Concrete, energy hymning itself in emptiness—

/hat've I learned since I sat here four years ago?

1 the halls of the head or out thru the halls of the senses, same space

rucks rolling toward Dallas skyscrapers or mind thoughts floating thru my head anish on a breath—What was it I began my meditation on?

- olice state, Students, Poetry open tongue, anger and fear of Cops,
- il Cops, Rockefeller Cops, Oswald Cops, Johnson Cops Nixon Cops president Cops
- MU Cops Trustee Cops CIA Cops FBI Cops Goon Squads of Dope
- ops busted Stony Burns and sent him to Jail 10 years and a day
- or less than a joint of Grass, a Citizen under republic, under Constitution, of Texas?
- The sit here in police state and sigh, knowing we're trapped in our bodies,
- ur fear of No meat, no oil, no money, airplanes sex love kisses jobs no work
- lassive metal bars about, monster machines eat us, Controlled by army

Cops, the Secret Police, our own thoughts!

- unishment! Punish me! Punish me! we scream in our hearts, cocks spurting alone in our fists!
- That thoughts more flowed thru our hearts alone in Dallas? Flowed thru our hearts like oil thru Hilton's faucets?
- There shall we house our minds, pay rent for Selves, how protect our bodies om inflation, starvation, old age, smoking

Cancer, Coughing Death?

There get money to buy off the skeleton? If we work with Kissinger

an we buy time, get off on parole? Does

Rockefeller want Underground

ewspapers printing his subsconscious mind's nuclear oil wars?

*l*ill 92nd Armored Division be sent to seize Arabia oilfields

s threatened December's *US News* & *World Report?* 

That'd we remember that destroyed these armies with a breath?

ow pay rent & stay in our bodies if we don't sell our minds to Samsara?

we don't join the illusion—that Gas is life—

How can we in Dallas SMU

ook forward to our futures? work with our hands

ke niggers growing Crops in the field, & plow and harvest our own corny fate?

h Walt Whitman salutations you knew the laborer, the sexual intelligent horny handed man who lived in Dirt

nd fixed the axles of Capitalism, dumbed and laughing at hallucinated Secretaries
Of State!

h intellect of body back & Cock whose red neck

ipports the S&M freaks of Government police & Fascist Monopolies—

issinger bare assed & big buttocked with a whip, in leather boots

crawling on a memo to Chile "No more civics lectures please"

Then the ambassador complained about Torture methods used in the Detention Stadium!

nd I ride the planes that Rockefeller gassed when he paid off Kissinger!

tony Burns sits in jail, in a stone cell in Huntsville

nd breathes his news to solitude.

Homage

the Gurus, Guru om! Thanks to the teachers who taught us to breathe,

watch our minds revolve in emptiness, to follow the rise & fall of thoughts,

lusions big as empires flowering & Vanishing on a breath!

hanks to aged teachers whose wrinkles read our minds' newspapers & taught us not to Cling to yesterday's thoughts,

or thoughts split seconds ago, but let cities vanish on a breath—

hanks to teachers who showed us behold

Dust motes in our own eye,

anger our own hearts,

nptiness of Dallases where we sit thinking knitted brows—entient beings are numberless I vow to liberate all assions unfathomable I vow to release them all hought forms limitless I vow to master all wakened space is endless I vow to enter it forever.

Dallas, December 4, 1974

## We Rise on Sun Beams and Fall in the Night

Dawn's orb orange-raw shining over Palisades bare crowded branches bush up from marshes—New Jersey with my father riding automobile highway to Newark Airport—Empire State's spire, horned buildingtops, Manhattan rising as in W. C. Williams' eyes between wire trestles—trucks sixwheeled steady rolling overpass beside New York—I am here tiny under sun rising in vast white sky, staring thru skeleton new buildings, with pen in hand awake ...

December 11, 1974

# Written on Hotel Napkin: Chicago Futures

Wind mills churn on Windy City's

rooftops Antennae

collecting electric

above thick-loamed gardens

on Playboy Tower

Merchandise Mart's compost

privies

supply nightsoil for Near North Side's

back Gardens

Cabbages, celery & cucumbers

sprout in Mayor Daley's

frontyard

rich with human waste-

Bathtub beer like old days

Backyard Mary Jane like

old days,

Sun reflectors gather heat

in rockpile collectors

under apartment walls

Horses graze in Parks &

streets covered with grass

Mafia Dons shovel earth

& bury Cauliflower

leaves

Old gangsters & their sons tending grapevines

Mid-March 1975

## **Hospital Window**

t gauzy dusk, thin haze like cigarette smoke bbons past Chrysler Building's silver fins ipering delicately needletopped, Empire State's iller antenna filmed milky lit amid blocks lack and white apartmenting veil'd sky over Manhattan, ffices new built dark glassed in bluish heaven—The East 0s & 60s covered with castles & watertowers, seven storied ir-topped house-banks over York Avenue, late may-green trees irrounding Rockefellers' blue domed medical arbor eodesic science at the waters edge—Cars running up ast River Drive, & parked at N.Y. Hospital's oval door here perfect tulips flower the health of a thousand sick souls embling inside hospital rooms. Triboro bridge steel-spiked aftertops stand stone-piered over mansard enthouse orange roofs, sunset tinges the river and in a few ronx windows, some magnesium vapor brilliances're potted five floors above E 59th St under gray painted bridge estles. Way downtown along the river, as Monet saw Thames 00 years ago, Con Edison smokestacks 14th street, Brooklyn Bridge's skeined dim in modern mists ipes sticking up to sky nine smokestacks huge visible— .N. Building hangs under an orange crane, & red lights on ertical avenues below the trees turn green at the nod f a skull with a mild nerve ache. Dim dharma, I return this spectacle after weeks of poisoned lassitude, my thighs elly chest & arms covered with poxied welts,

ead pains fading back of the neck, right eyebrow cheek touth paralyzed—from taking the wrong medicine, sweated to much in the forehead helpless, covered my rage from the prostate with grinding jaw and tightened anus the treleased the weeping scream of horror at robot Mayaguez forld self ton billions metal grief unloaded to hnom Penh to Nakhon Thanom, Santiago & Tehran. The warm breeze in the window, day's release to mpain, cars float downside the bridge trestle and uncounted building-wall windows multiplied a mile the eep into ash-delicate sky beguile the into ash-delicate sky beguile the proofs.

May 20, 1975 (Mayaguez Crisis)

# Hadda Be Playing on the Jukebox

adda be flashing like the Daily Double adda be playing on Tee Vee adda be loudmouthed on the Comedy Hour adda be announced over Loud Speakers IA & Mafia are in Cahoots adda be said in old ladies' language adda be said in American Headlines ennedy stretched & smiled & got doublecrossed by low life goons & **Agents** ich bankers with Criminal Connections ope pushers in CIA working with dope pushers from Cuba orking with Big Time syndicate Tampa Florida adda be said with big mouth adda be moaned over Factory foghorns adda be chattered on Car Radio News Broadcast adda be screamed in the kitchen adda be yelled in the basement where uncles were fighting adda be Howled on the streets by Newsboys to bus conductors adda be foghorned into N.Y. Harbor adda echo under hard hats adda turn up the Volume in University ballrooms adda be written in library books, footnoted adda be in headlines of the Times & Le Monde adda be barked over TV adda be heard in side alleys thru bar room doors adda be played on Wire Services

adda be bells ringing, Comedians stopt dead in the middle of a joke in Las Vegas,

adda be FBI chief J. E. Hoover & Frank Costello syndicate mouthpiece meeting in Central Park N.Y. together weekends reported posthumously *Time* magazine

adda be the Mafia & CIA together

arted War on Cuba Bay of Pigs & Poison assassination headlines adda be the Dope Cops & the Mafia

old all that Heroin in America

adda be FBI & Organized Crime working together in Cahoots "against the Commies"

adda be Corsican goons in Office Strategic Services' Pay busted 1948 dock strikes in Marseilles, sixties port transshipment Indochina heroin,

adda be ringing on Multinational Cashregisters

orld-wide laundry for organized Criminal money

adda be CIA & Mafia & FBI together

igger than Nixon, bigger than War.

adda be a gorged throat full of murder

adda be mouth and ass a solid mass of rage

Red hot head, a scream in the back of the throat

adda be in Kissinger's brain

adda be in Rockefeller's mouth

adda be Central Intelligence The Family "Our Thing" the Agency Mafia Organized Crime FBI Dope Cops & Multinational Corporations

ne big set of Criminal gangs working together in Cahoots

it Men murderers everywhere outraged, on the make

ecret drunk Brutal Dirty Rich

n top of a Slag heap of prisons, Industrial Cancer, plutonium smog, garbaged cities, grandmas' bedsores, Fathers' resentments

adda be the Rulers wanted Law & Order they got rich on

ranted Protection status quo, wanted Junkies wanted Attica Wanted Kent State Wanted War in Indochina

adda be CIA & the Mafia & the FBI

Iultinational Capitalists' Strong arms squads, "Private detective Agencies for the very rich"

nd their Armies, Navies and Air Force bombing Planes.

adda be Capitalism the Vortex of this rage, this

ompetition man to man, horses' heads in the Capo's bed, Cuban turf & rumbles, hit men, gang wars across oceans,

ombing Cambodia settled the score when Soviet Pilots manned Egyptian fighter planes

hile's red democracy bumped off with White House pots & pans a warning to Mediterranean governments

ecret Police embraced for decades, NKVD & CIA keep eachother's secrets, OGPU & DIA never hit their own, KGB & FBI one mind—brute force

orld-wide, and full of money

adda be rich, hadda be powerful, hadda hire technology from Harvard

adda murder in Indonesia 500,000

adda murder in Indochina 2,000,000

adda murder in Czechoslovakia

adda murder in Chile

adda murder in Russia

adda murder in America

New York, May 30, 1975, 3 A.M.

## **Come All Ye Brave Boys**

Come all you young men that proudly display
Your torsos to the Sun on upper Broadway
Come sweet hearties so mighty with girls
So lithe and naked to kiss their gold curls
Come beautiful boys with breasts bright gold
Lie down in bed with me ere ye grow old,
Take down your blue jeans, we'll have some raw fun
Lie down on your bellies I'll fuck your soft bun.

Come heroic half naked young studs
That drive automobiles through vaginal blood
Come thin breasted boys and fat muscled kids
With sturdy cocks you deal out green lids
Turn over spread your strong legs like a lass
I'll show you the thrill to be jived up the ass
Come sweet delicate strong minded men
I'll take you thru graveyards & kiss you again

You'll die in your life, wake up in my arms
Sobbing and hugging & showing your charms
Come strong darlings tough children hard boys
Transformed with new tenderness, taught new joys
We'll lie embrac'd in full moonlight till dawn
Whiteness shows sky high over the wet lawn
Lay yr head on my shoulder kiss my lined brow
& belly to belly kiss my neck now

Yeah come on tight assed & strong cocked young fools & shove up my belly your hard tender tools, Suck my dick, lick my arm pit and breast Lie back & sigh in the dawn for a rest,

Come in my arms, groan your sweet will Come again in my mouth, lie silent & still, Let me come in your butt, hold my head on your leg, Let's come together, & tremble & beg.

Boulder, August 25, 1975, 4 A.M.

## Sickness Blues



#### **Sickness Blues**

ord Lord I got the sickness blues, I must've done something wrong here ain't no Lord to call on, now my youth is gone

ickness blues, don't want to fuck no more ickness blues, can't get it up no more ears come in my eyes, feel like an old tired whore

went to see the doctor, he shot me with poison germs got out of the hospital, my head was full of worms

ll I can think is Death, father's getting old e can't walk half a block, his feet feel cold

went down to Santa Fe take vacation there idians selling turquoise in dobe huts in Taos Pueblo Square ot headache in La Fonda, I could get sick anywhere

Iust be my bad karma, fuckin these pretty boys ungry ghosts chasing me, because I been chasing joys ying here in bed alone, playing with my toys

musta been doing something wrong meat & cigarettes ow down before my lord, 100 thousand regrets ll my poems down in hell, that's what pride begets

ick and angry, lying in my hospital bed octor Doctor bring morphine before I'm totally dead ick and angry at the national universe O my aching head omeday I'm gonna get out of here, go somewhere alone eah I'm going to leave this town with noise of rattling bone got the sickness blues, you'll miss me when I'm gone

Boulder, July 19, 1975

# **Gospel Noble Truths**



## **Gospel Noble Truths**

Born in this world

You got to suffer

Everything changes

You got no soul

Sit you sit down

Breathe when you breathe

Lie down you lie down

Walk where you walk

Try to be gay

Ignorant happy

You get the blues

You eat jellyroll

Talk when you talk

Cry when you cry

you lie down Lie down

Die when you die

There is one Way

You take the high road Hear what you hear

In your big Wheel

8 steps you fly

Look when you look

Taste what you taste here

Smell what you smell

Look at the View

Right to horizon

Talk to the sky

Act like you talk

Touch what you touch

Think what you think

Let go Let it go

Earth Heaven & Hell

Work like the sun

Shine in your heaven

Die when you die

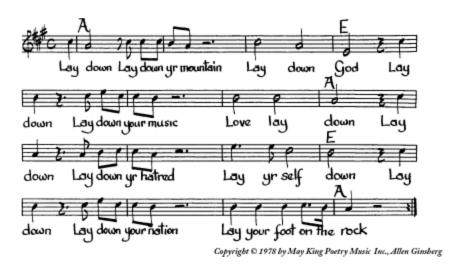
Die when you die

See what you done Lie down you lie down

Come down & walk Die when you die

New York Subway, October 17, 1975

# Lay Down Yr Mountain



# **Rolling Thunder Stones**

I

#### LAY DOWN YR MOUNTAIN

ay down Lay down yr mountain Lay down God

ay down Lay down your music Love lay down

ay down Lay down yr hatred Lay yrself down

ay down Lay down your nation Lay your foot on the rock

ay down yr whole creation Lay yr mind down

ay down Lay down yr empire Lay your whole world down

ay down your soul forever Lay your vision down

ay down yr bright body Down your golden heavy crown

ay down Lay down yr magic hey! Alchemist lay it down clear

ay down your practice precisely Lay down yr wisdom dear

ay down yr skillful camera Lay down yr image right

ay down your brilliant image Lay down light

ay down your ignorance Roll yr wheel once more

ay down yr empty suffering Lay down yr Lion's Roar

October 31, 1975

II

Sunrise Ceremony Verse Improvised with Australian Aborigine Song-Sticks at Request of Medicine Man Rolling Thunder November *5, 1975*  When Music was needed Music sounded
When a Ceremony was needed a Teacher appeared
When Students were needed Telephones rang.
When Cars were needed Wheels rolled in
When a Place was needed a Mansion appeared
When a Fire was needed Wood appeared
When an Ocean was needed Waters rippled waves
When Shore was needed Shore met Ocean
When Sun was needed the Sun rose east
When People were needed People arrived
When a circle was needed a Circle formed.

**Plymouth** 

Ш

**SNOW BLUES** 

Nobody saves America by sniffing cocaine Jiggling yr knees blankeyed in the rain When it snows in yr nose you catch cold in yr brain

Danbury, November 10, 1975

IV

#### TO THE SIX NATIONS AT TUSCARORA RESERVATION

Ie give thanks for this food, deer meat & indian-corn soup
Ihich is a product of the labor of your people
Ind the suffering of other forms of life
Ind which we promise to transform into friendly song and dancing
In all the ten directions of the Earth.

November 18, 1975

Snow in thee

falls 's a drag

souls dead

freeze bag.

Speed Smoke

kills grass

heart's Yaas

ease Yass

Alcohol Shake

fools ass

wills mind's

O slaves wealth

Who joint's

craves health

junk Ready?

raves Medi-

Downer's tations

angers patience

eyes blur eyes

— keen

I sing serene

Rolling as

Thunder graves

Ho ho! saves!

Macho saves

frenzy nations.

Montreal, December 4, 1975

#### Cabin in the Rockies

Ι

Sitting on a tree stump with half cup of tea, sun down behind mountains—

Nothing to do.

Not a word! Not a Word! Flies do all my talking for me—and the wind says something else.

Fly on my nose, I'm not the Buddha, There's no enlightenment here!

Against red bark trunk
A fly's shadow
lights on the shadow of a pine bough.

An hour after dawn
I haven't thought of Buddha once yet!
—walking back into the retreat house.

II Walking into King Sooper after Two-week Retreat

A thin redfaced pimpled boy stands alone minutes looking down into the ice cream bin.

Boulder, September 16, 1975

# **Reading French Poetry**

Poems rise in my brain like Woolworth's 5 & 10¢ Store perfume O my love with thin breasts 17 year old boy with smooth ass O my father with white hands specks on your feet & foul breath bespeak tumor O myself with my romance fading but fat bodies remain in bed with me warm passionless unless I exercise myself like a dumbbell O my Fiftieth year approaching like Tennessee like Andy a failure, big nothing—very satisfactory subjects for Poetry.

New York, January 12, 1976

#### **Two Dreams**

Ι

As I passed thru Moscow's grass lots I heard a voice, a small green dwarf, leaf-clothed & thin corn-stalk arms, head capped with green husk & tassel, walking toward me talking: "You see these other tassel heads stalking thru long green grass spears half buried in empty lots where building-ghosts stand razed by police state but bursting from ground Springtime as now seeds grown natural So I full grown sprite of Friendship salute you who seek love in Roman Moscow circuses— Be cheerful our enemy's enemy is Death and since Death is We, since all die, all is not lost but to Death, & what lives eccentric as yourself & Me, ancient friends, lives humorous and democratic as your leaves of grass which die also prophesied but live as you and I. Bee cheerful, good Sir. Cockhead green am I an entertainer triumphant in the tiny cliffs between buildings, in old grasslots of Paterson where the wrecker's ball creates a tiny farm for worms, and bottles glint in new turned earth and weeds and we sprout renewing Nature's humor where the architectural police are on the nod. The sun will rise and I'll accompany your eye that walks thru Moscow looking for human love."

March 1, 1976

## II SLUDGE

Dantean, the cliffside whereon I walked With volumes of Milton & the Tuscan Bard enarmed: Highway prospecting th'ocean Sludged transparent lipped to asphalt built by Man under sky. Far down below the factory I espied, and plunged full clothed into the Acid Tide, heroic precipitous Stupidly swam the noxious surface to my goal—An Oil platform at land's end, where Fellows watched my bold approach to the Satanic World Trade Center.

Father dying tumored, Industry smog o'erspreads dawn sky, gold beams descend on Paterson thru subtle tar fumes, viewless to wakened eye, transfused into family meat. Capitalism's reckless industry cancers New Jersey.

New York, March 6, 1976

### C'mon Jack

Turn me on your knees
Spank me & Fuck me
Hit my ass with your hand
Spank me and Fuck me
Hit my hole with your fingers
Hit my ass with your hand
Spank me and fuck me
Turn me on your knees
Ah Robertson it's you
Yes hit my ass with your hand
real hard, ass on your knees
sticking up hard harder slap
Spank me and Fuck me
Got a hard on Spank me
When you get a hard on Fuck me.

March 29, 1976

# **Pussy Blues**

for Anne Waldman

You said you got to go home & feed your pussycat When I ast you to stay here tonight Where's your pussy at?

Keep your pussy here Try our hot cat food Yeah lotsa cats around here & they's all half nude Going home alone do your pussy no good

Hey it's 4th of July Say it's your U.S. birthday Yeah stay out all night National Holiday Tiger on your fence Don't let him get away

Pussy pussy come home I'm gonna feed you fish Yeah pussy pussy here come your big red dish I'll tickle your belly All the eats you wish

Hey there pussy Cantcha catch my mouse Hey please pussy Play with my white mouse You can stay all night You can clean my house

Boulder, Independence Day 1976, 1 A.M.

### Don't Grow Old

T

ld Poet, Poetry's final subject glimmers months ahead ender mornings, Paterson roofs snowcovered ast

ky over City Hall tower, Eastside Park's grass terraces & tennis courts beside Passaic River

arts of ourselves gone, sister Rose's apartments, brown corridor'd high schools—

oo tired to go out for a walk, too tired to end the War oo tired to save body

o tired to be heroic

he real close at hand as the stomach

ver pancreas rib

oughing up gastric saliva

larriages vanished in a cough

ard to get up from the easy chair

ands white feet speckled a blue toe stomach big breasts hanging thin air white on the chest

oo tired to take off shoes and black sox

Paterson, January 12, 1976

П

He'll see no more Times Square honkytonk movie marquees, bus stations at midnight Nor the orange sun ball rising thru treetops east toward New York's skyline His velvet armchair facing the window will be empty He won't see the moon over house roofs or sky over Paterson's streets.

New York, February 26, 1976

Wasted arms, feeble knees
80 years old, hair thin and white
cheek bonier than I'd remembered—
head bowed on his neck, eyes opened
now and then, he listened—

I read my father Wordsworth's Intimations of Immortality "... trailing clouds of glory do we come

from God, who is our home ..."

"That's beautiful," he said "but it's r

"That's beautiful," he said, "but it's not true."

"When I was a boy, we had a house on Boyd Street, Newark—the backyard was a big empty lot full of bushes and tall grass, I always wondered what was behind those trees. When I grew older, I walked around the block, and found out what was back there it was a glue factory."

May 18, 1976

IV
Will that happen to me?
Of course, it'll happen to thee.

Will my arms wither away? Yes yr arm hair will turn gray.

Will my knees grow weak & collapse? Your knees will need crutches perhaps.

Will my chest get thin? Your breasts will be hanging skin.

Where will go—my teeth? You'll keep the ones beneath.

What'll happen to my bones? They'll get mixed up with stones.

June 1976

## **Father Death Blues**



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#### **FATHER DEATH BLUES**

Hey Father Death, I'm flying home Hey poor man, you're all alone Hey old daddy, I know where I'm going

Father Death, Don't cry any more Mama's there, underneath the floor Brother Death, please mind the store

Old Aunty Death Don't hide your bones Old Uncle Death I hear your groans O Sister Death how sweet your moans

O Children Deaths go breathe your breaths Sobbing breasts'll ease your Deaths Pain is gone, tears take the rest

Genius Death your art is done Lover Death your body's gone Father Death I'm coming home

Guru Death your words are true Teacher Death I do thank you For inspiring me to sing this Blues

Buddha Death, I wake with you Dharma Death, your mind is new Sangha Death, we'll work it through Suffering is what was born Ignorance made me forlorn Tearful truths I cannot scorn

Father Breath once more farewell Birth you gave was no thing ill My heart is still, as time will tell.

July 8, 1976 (Over Lake Michigan)

#### VI

Near the Scrap Yard my Father'll be Buried
Near Newark Airport my father'll be
Under a Winston Cigarette sign buried
On Exit 14 Turnpike NJ South
Through the tollgate Service Road 1 my father buried
Past Merchants Refrigerating concrete on the cattailed marshes
past the Budweiser Anheuser-Busch brick brewery
in B'Nai Israel Cemetery behind a green painted iron fence
where there used to be a paint factory and farms
where Pennick makes chemicals now
under the Penn Central power Station
transformers & wires, at the borderline
between Elizabeth and Newark, next to Aunt Rose
Gaidemack, near Uncle Harry Meltzer
one grave over from Abe's wife Anna my father'll be buried.

July 9, 1976

### VII

What's to be done about Death?
Nothing, nothing
Stop going to school No. 6 Paterson, N.J., in 1937?
Freeze time tonight, with a headache, at quarter to 2 A.M.?
Not go to Father's funeral tomorrow morn?

Not go back to Naropa teach Buddhist poetics all summer? Not be buried in the cemetery near Newark Airport some day? Paterson, July 11, 1976

### "Junk Mail"

received in mail offer beautiful certificate National Conference Synagogue Youth

ongressman Koch reports on collapse of our cities

pilepsy Foundation misdelivered for Mr. Pantonucci light candle understanding 4 million Americans

ear Mr. Orlovsky put Salvation Army on your Christmas List \$50 return enclosed envelope

merican Friends Service Committee act now meet urgent human needs hungry families Prisoners

remote penal institutions Rehabilitation Vietnam Laos Northern Great Plains Indians block land-destruction by energy seeking industries Contact between Israeli Jews & Arabs

sychoenergetics workshops in Vermont Green Mountain Quarterly's Imperialist Ideology in Donald Duck with a new bibliography Sri Aurobindo and the Mother protected by Intnl. copyright laws News of Auroville

ear Friend: we are Michael & Robert Meeropol, sons of Julius & Ethel Rosenberg executed by U.S. Government 22 years ago.

ue the Government for the Files duplicating fees alone Twenty-five Thousand Dollars

hristmas Greetings Help Hospitalized Veterans art or craft Kit enthused busily working for days Bob Hope helps.

und For Peace if your blood boils Press accounts C.I.A. blackmail assassination a powerful alternative to World Violence Private Citizens acting Global

ay Peoples Union NYU faces bankruptcy Dance Halloween

oycott Gallo Grapes lettuce United Farmworkers of America Our struggle is not over make checks payable Si Se Puede Cesar E. Chavez Union Label nnouncing Energy & Evolution Quarterly how to make harps lyres & dulcimers Quantum Theory Tantra & land reform organic gardening

ive Poets & Writers' CODA to a friend subscribe United Nations Childrens' Fund severe malnutrition Starvation faces 400 to 500 million children poorer countries. Dwarfism

isease blindness mental retardation stunted growth crop failures drought flood exhausted wheat rice reserves skyrocketing fuel costs fertilizer shortages Desperately need your help.

acial motives lead to Innocent Marine's conviction in Georgia murder trial a thick envelope from Southern Poverty Law Center Julian Bond

I didn't mean to harm anyone. I only went into that Police Station to see what they were doing to my brother..." sd Marine Sgt. Roy Patterson

Ion't you help millions in desperate need Thanksgiving urgently bless Carl's Holiday Food Crusade "Yes! use my tax deductible donation to keep them alive."

atholic Peace Fellowship Activist Fund's special appeal help the Staff to foster Christian Pacifist Continental Walk Disarmament & Social Justice

I have no money at present but I wish to remain on the mailing list () Please take my name off your mailing list

n important message from Robert Redford about the Environment 80 separate legal actions Dirty air you pay your life Aerosol Spray cancer the National Resources Defense Council needs your support

he Continental Walk itself: the Nations spent \$4.5 Trillion military security since 1946 This year \$240 Billion join us walk across? of the Planet's surface Nonviolent resistance Unilateral Disarmament um Sri Ganeshaya Namah Tantra Non-salacious in tone & intent lecturer Dr. Thackur George Washington Hotel Lexington Avenue NYC.

ear Friend: the War Resisters International is in a desperate financial situation

uclear Age pacifist work must advance leafleting soldiers British Withdrawal from Northern Ireland Campaign

The are in need of the kind of Miracle you can bring to pass. The huge influx of Russian Immigrants upon Bikur Cholem Hospital in the heart of Jerusalem—Don't turn your back on the Herculean efforts

irst priority reservation on new gold \$100 Canadian Olympic Coin now available at just \$110! for American Express Cardmembers—

d Hoc Coalition for a New Foreign Policy (formerly Coalition to Stop Funding the War) hopes you will join the network by filling out the enclosed envelope

uman Rights Amendment, end Vietnam Trade Embargo, cut foreign military assistance encourage people to people Friendshipments to Vietnam

literary miracle 843 poems written in 24 hours by Indian Yogi Sri Chinmoi Aum Publications

you haven't joined the Great Falls Development Corp. now's the time to do so

subscribe to the William Carlos Williams Newsletter. Penmaen Press: Two fascinating heretofore unpublished letters written in 1956 to Richard Eberhart by Allen Ginsberg ...

lease won't you help Central America Sub-Saharan Africa and the Indian Subcontinent? Give generously to Planned Parenthood—World Population

onfidential—Memo to supporters of Open Housing from Fund for Open Society a nonprofit mortgage Co. to advance equal housing: fight racial steering

ear Citizen of the World: First days explosion bomb radioactivity starve Ozone layer? Isn't it time we did something?

) Send cooperators ten addresses w/ zip codes 2) Mail friends endorsement 3) Write your Congressman President Newspaper

editor & Presidential Candidate.

s a final move, the World Authority would destroy all Nuclear Weapons.

Opened Midnight, New York, September 4, 1976

# "You Might Get in Trouble"

Opening a bus window in N.Y.
with the left hand in front of
Bellevue you might get a
hernia.
Walking across First avenue
you might stumble in a

pothole & get your head run over by

Plowing the field by Cherry Creek your trailer might turn over & fall on your ear

you might get your ear cut off arresting a junkie

or having an angry conversation with a speedfreak on E. 10 street

taxicab

or arguing your case before the supreme court

someone might shoot you in the brain

There's nothing you can do to keep your nose clean

taking baths plunging in the ice & snow

you might catch cold, the flu Swine epidemic's "in" this year according to the Authorities.

September 18, 1976

# Land O'Lakes, Wisc.

Buddha died and left behind a big emptiness.

October 1976

## "Drive All Blames into One"

's everybody's fault but me.

didn't do it. I didn't start the universe.

didn't steal Dr. Mahler's tiles from his garage roof for my chicken coop

There I had six baby chicks I paid for so I could attract

1y grammar school boyfriends to play with me in my backyard

1hey stole the tiles I'm going across the street to the candystore

1nd tell the old uncle behind the glass counter I'm mad at my

2nd boyfriends

or stealing that slate I took all the blame—

ast night I dreamt they blamed me again on the streetcorner

hey got me bent over with my pants down and spanked my behind I was ashamed

was red faced my self was naked I got hot I had a hard on.

New York, October 25, 1976

# Land O'Lakes, Wisconsin: Vajrayana Seminary

Candle light blue banners incense aching knee, hungry mouth— any minute the gong—potatoes and sour cream!

Sunlight on the red zafu, clank of forks & plates—I'll never be enlightened.

\*

Did you ever see yourself a breathing skull looking out the eyes?

\*

Under wooden roof beams a hundred people sit sniffling, coughing, clearing throat sneezing, sighing breathing through nose shifting on pillows in clothes swallowing saliva, listening.

November 11, 1976

# For Creeley's Ear

The whole weight of everything too much

my heart in the subway pounding subtly

head ache from smoking dizzy a moment

riding uptown to see Karmapa Buddha tonight.

New York, December 13, 1976

## **Haunting Poe's Baltimore**

POE IN DUST

Baltimore bones groan maliciously under sidewalk

Poe hides his hideous skeleton under church yard

Equinoctial worms peep thru his mummy ear

The slug rides his skull, black hair twisted in roots of threadbare grass

Blind mole at heart, caterpillars shudder in his ribcage,
Intestines wound with garter snakes
midst dry dust, snake eye & gut sifting thru his pelvis
Slimed moss green on his phosphor'd toenails, sole toeing black
tombstone—

O prophet Poe well writ! your catacomb cranium chambered eyeless, secret hid to moonlight ev'n under corpse-rich ground where tread priest, passerby, and poet staring white-eyed thru barred spiked gates at viaducts heavy-bound and manacled upon the city's heart.

January 10, 1977

II HEARING "LENORE" READ ALOUD AT 203 AMITY STREET
The light still gleams reflected from the brazen fire-tongs
The spinet is now silent to the ears of silent throngs
For the Spirit of the Poet, who sang well of brides and ghouls
Still remains to haunt what children will obey his vision's rules.

They who weep and burn in houses scattered thick on Jersey's shore Their eyes have seen his ghostly image, though the Prophet walks no more Raven bright & cat of Night; and his wines of Death still run In their veins who haunt his brains, hidden from the human sun.

Reading words aloud from books, till a century has passed In his house his heirs carouse, till his woes are theirs at last: So I saw a pale youth trembling, speaking rhymes Poe spoke before, Till Poe's light rose on the living, and His fire gleamed on the floor

The sitting room lost its cold gloom, I saw these generations burn With the Beauty he abandoned; in new bodies they return:
To inspire future children 'spite his *Ravens* "Nevermore"
I have writ this antient riddle in Poe's house in Baltimore.

January 16, 1977

### **Contest of Bards**

For Jonathan Robbins

I

THE ARGUMENT: Old bard lived in solitary stone house at ocean edge three decades retired from the world, Young poet arrives naked interrupting his studies & announces his own prophetic dreams to replace the old Bard's boring verities. Young poet had dreamed old poet's scene & its hidden secret, an Eternal Rune cut in stone at the hearth-front hidden under porphyry bard-throne. Young bard tries to seduce old Boner with his energy & insight, & makes him crawl down on the floor to read the secret riddle Rhyme.

And the youth free stripling bounding along the Hills of Color
And the old man bearded, wrinkled, browed in his black cave
Meet in the broken house of stone, walls graven by Prophet Hands,
& contend for the Mysteries, vanity against vanity, deciphering
Eternal runes of Love, & Silence, & the Monster of Self
Covered with Blood & Lilies, covered with bones and hair and skin:
They glory in Night & Starvation the Fat Bright Cherub of
Resurrection.

Bliss & God: Terrible Mental Cherub of Chemistry Imagination & Vanity

Bard after Bard orating and perishing, casting his image behind on men's brains

thru sounds symboled on the mind's stone walls reverberating Syllables Visionary

Perfect formed to 'dure Millennia, but Phantom is such Rock, Phantom as the Cellular Believer in's own tangible re-creation. "I hear the Bard's stone words Build my Immortal Architecture:

This body stone hands and genitals this Heart stone Tenderness and Delight This head Stone language to Rafter the Stone Bed of Love.

Come lay down on this rock pillow, kid, lay down your tender breast,

Pale face, red hair, soft belly hairy tender foot and Loins
Under the hard immortal blanket, mattress of Rock sheeted with
Vocables!

In twenty years I'll vanish from this shore & Solitary Eternal Cave—Here I studied & Deciphered the Granite Alphabet surrendered from Graves from Sands that swirled at the door, from star-fish spotted boulders in seas' low tide when full-moon-gleam Pulls bones of Leviathan & tiny bass-fins tide-pool'd many in ancient nights." So one spoke, ocean serpents curl'd around his whitened beard, eyes wide in horror he be left by the Dark Shore,

to burn his memories in the rocky hearth & keep his cold loins warm

in winter-rain days or in snowy night's vastness filled with stars and planets, spring summer & autumn mortality.

Sly, craven, conquering he spoke, his words like rainbows, or firelight, or shadows, moving humorous thru his beard, falling in the air, clothing his body in hypocritic webs of truth, to hide his shame, his empty nakedness. He meditated remembering deeper Buddhic prophecies, abhoring his own runes solid

immovable but by time and storm inexorable, half visible on his walls.

The youth the color of the hills laughed delighted at his Vanity and cried, "Under the hearth stone's a rune, old Bard of Familiarity, your eyes forgot, or tempest-addled brain, so busy boiling meat and tending to your threadbare cares and household hermitage & fishing day by day for thirty years for thoughts! Behold!"

He naked bent and moved the porphyry-smooth red fire-seat aside: "Read what's writ on earth here before you Ignorant Prophet,
Learn in your age what True Magicians spelled for all Futurity,
Cut in the vanity of rock before your feeble hand grasped iron Pen
Or feather fancy tickled your gross ear: There have been sages here before you, and I am after to outlive your gloomy miserous hospitality. I loved you Ungrateful Unimaginative Bard
And Came over hills thru small cities to companion your steadfast study.

I dreamed of your eyes and beard and rocks and oceans, I dreamed this room these pitted moss green walls & runes you scraped deciphered and memorized, pillars worn by tide and smoke of your lamp You Grow near blind reading mind on your own house walls,

- I dreamt you sitting on your fire-seat reading the vaporous language of flame tongues
- nescient to the airy rune cut in the Bedrock under yr very Shamanic Throne
- You stare at the ceiling half asleep, or sit on your pillow with heavy eyelid

murmuring old bards Truths to your brain, repetitive imagining me, or some other red-buttocked stripling savior come to yr stone bed naked to renew your old body's intelligence and help you read again when blind now what you already memorized

- and forgot, peering like a boor illiterate in Shadows 30 years—
- Yes I have come but not for your feeble purpose, come of my own dreamed will
- To show you what you forgot dreamt, Immortal Text neglected under your groaning seat as you sat self-inspired by your mortal fire.
- O Self Absorbed vulgar hungry Demon, leave your body & mine
- Take eyes off your own veined hands and worm thoughts, lower
- Your watery selfish infatuate eyes from my breast to my feet
- & read me aloud in Bardic Voice, that Voice of Rock you boast so well so many decades,
- Yea Face inland to the fields and railroads skyscrapers & Viaducts.
- Youths maddened by Afric jukeboxes & maidens simpering at Picture shows
- Read thru smoky air to a hopeless hundred million fools!
- Read what young mind's Pearl Majesty made round oracular Beauteous
- More unworldly than your own self-haunted snaily skull & stony household shell."
- Pointing downward, his arm stiff in disdain dismissing lesser Beauty,
- Like radiant lively Adolescence rejecting joy or sorrow, shrewd
- with bright glance Innocent, albescent limbs ruddy and smooth in Sea-Wrack Firelight
- Proud with centuries of learning in New-woke brain and boyish limbs, so stood the young messenger.
- Startled, the wool-wrapped bard looked up at eyes mocking shining into his own:
- Looked down at the boy's neck unwrinkled white unlike his own: the breast

- thin muscled unawakened silken flesh: the belly with a corse of tawny hair
- rosed round the pricked virgin-budding genitals, shining in hearth light,
- thighs ready and careless like a strong Child's, playful walking & dancing tho awkward,
- Thick calves with new hair light to the foot long as a man's.
- Humbled, bewilderment Touching his tongue, heart beating his ribs rewakened
- The bard mused on this mortal beauty, remembering dead bodies he'd embraced in rough and silken beds
- Years, years, and years of loves ago—his breast grew light, eyes lost
- in dream—Then in his forehead Time gapped all youthful-imaged bodies there
- Devouring their Shadows, as the sea surged out the rocky door.
- The stars inclined thru cold air, moved so slow blue shining past
- he saw them barely touch the ocean wave and rise and blink and glimmer silently engulfed—
- Then to the Prophesied Task his inner eyes returned to their dim outward orbs:
- Saw the gloom in his own stony shell: stone letters wavering on chill walls,
- Iron Pots carbon black on shelves, old seaweed clothes in a stone closet, folded green
- for Holiday Solitude at Vernal Equinox and full Moon face—brass fire tongs
- from old Paumanok City bought with gold gleaming strong at the hearth's light—
- The hearth seat was moved, the porphyry throne worn smooth by the sea's muscles

His eyes fell down to the messenger's foot, toes spread firm on the runed lintel:

### THE RUNE

Where the years have gone, where the clouds have flown
Where the rainbow shone
We vanish, and we make no moan

Where the sun will blind the delighting mind in a diamond wind We appear, our beauty refined.

Icy intellect, fi'ry Beauty wreck
but Love's castled speck
of Moonbeam, nor is Truth correct.

Wise bodies leave here with the mind's false cheer, Eternity near as Beauty, where we disappear.

When sufferings come, when all tongues lie dumb when Bliss is all numb with knowledge, a bony white sum,

We die neither blest nor with curse confessed wanting Earth's worst Best: But return, where all Beauties rest.

January 17–22, 1977

### The Rune



II

THE ARGUMENT: The Rune having been discovered by the Boy to the Man, the messenger commands the Hermit Sage to go out into the world with him, seek the ancient unearthly Beauty the riddle indicated. The old man gets mad, he says he's near death, has lost Desire. The boy reads his mind and lies down with the sage to make love. At dawn he gets up says he's disgusted with the body, condemns the sage to Chastity, demands the hermit leave his cell forever, and promises to lead him to the land of

Poetry in the Sky. Exasperated, the old bard reveals the secret of the mysterious riddle.

nd the old man silver bearded gold faced bald kneeling at his black cave's ruddy fireplace

ead the airy verses, humming them to himself, hands to the cold floor to support his aching spine

ratery eyed, one palsied cheek the muscles of the eyelid weak

ripped with empty tears, unsorrowful soul'd, conning & eyeing the bright rhymes' No Truth

infrowning, pondering old thought arisen on a breath from Meditation's hour—

ispirations drawing populous-hued tides of living plasm thru seaweed pipes

om breast to brain, phantasms of interior ocean freshening the surface of the eyeball,

ld breath familiar exhaling into starry space that held shore & heaven here sat his tiny stone house, lost in black winds lapped by black waters fishy eyed

ft phosphorescent when jellied monster sprites floated to the golden sand,

ret bubbles of vehemence mouth'd by a ripple, tiny translucent spirits ried in the eyebeams of the frowning Face o' the moon, with the tip of a planet

earing twinkled deeper in Blackness washed by deep waves in the ear.

ead bearded propped on his knees the old bard stared thru his beating mind's universe

t sharp stanza'd riddles chiseled with thought & filled with wise gold the bright colored foot of the boy, reddened by light of driftwood afire.

- What is your mind?" yelled the youth, his proud contention shaped on red little lips
- eardless, ready to argue & instruct for he had dreamed well clear accurate
- ach stony word, each flame of the hearth fire, each tear in the eyelid of the elder Sage,
- ach silver lock of hair, each worried frown wrinkling that skull, each conscious smile
- nat crept along the prophet's thick lips involuntary, who knelt still
- t the young teacher's knees—"What Beauty's stopped your Poetry! old speaker-forth
- f Naked Thoughts?" the ruddy legged messenger laughed down, skillfultongued, black eye beaming merry—
- Will you obey my will and follow me through a riot of cities, to delicateporched countryhouses
- rich polished-marble mansions, where we'll sport with Princes & Millionaires
- nd make fun of the world's kings and Presidents Pomps & Limousines all present in their Unbeauty?
- ome leave your stupid business of seashells & seawrack, gathering wrinkles of the sea?
- ome with your pearls and banks of Ambergris hidden under yr bed & in yr stone closets?
- ome wrapped with seaweed round your belly & Neptunic laurel moist on yr skull's half century?
- arry yr vowelic conch & give blast midnights in Midcity canyons Wall Street to Washington,
- ranite Pillars echoing ocean mouthed pearly syllables along Chicago's Lakeshore
- reverberating in Pittsburgh's National Banks—Dance with the golden Trident of Fame in Hollywood
- ift the Inspired Lyre to Strike the Ears of hotels in Los Angeles?"

he old man changed his thought, and stared in the boy's eye, interrupting his beauty—

is voice grown wrathful, he lifted himself up on his haunches & glared

t the childish youth's face till it paled, brow furrowed in self consideration

nall mouth open breathing doubtful thoughts, and tiny sighs uttered to match his listening.

Innocent!" the squinting bearded palsied resentful Shaman yelled,
Come over sunshine colored hills naked thru suburbs boasting
our beauty intelligence and sexual joy O Delicate Skulled Youth,
ou bring news of old prophecy! You wake my wrathful Desires!
ld lust for mental power and vain body'd joy! Blind craving for Bliss
f Breast and Loins! Shadow Conquest! Uncompassionate Angel!
now th' emptiness your own Soul? Think you're a king in oceans of
Thought?

eptune himself with his Crown of drown'd gold over a beardless face ale ivory with vanity! Re-waken ignorant desires no mortal boy can satisfy?

go to a death you never dreamed, in iron oceans! homeless skull ashed underwave with octopus and seahorse, flicked by soft wings of pink fish my eyelids!

eeth a silver wormhouse on the sandy bottom, polypus & greensuckered squid in my ribs, wavy

nake-tailed insensible kelp and water-cactus footed in watery loins! clams breathe

neir cold valved zephyrs where my heart ached on translucent shelves! Typhoons carry my voice away!

here is no God or Beauty suffering on earth nor starred in nebulous blue heaven

ut only Dream that floats vast as an Ocean under the moon—

he moon, the cold full moon, boy, fills the window—look at the sea aving with lunar glitter like your eye—out there's the moon

lirror to give back cold pure cheer light on us, fade these Plutonian Images.

here's a clear light without soul or vanity shining thru the stone window

nafting square on that rune uncovered at the hearth—the fire's down but we can read it still—

ermetic years've passed me by here, Cooled my anger like this moonlight cools the eye

-my loves & all desires burnt away, like this hearth's wood to ash."

3ehind the ashes of your face your mind wanders strongly—what your mind was

knew as a young boy of books and dreams" the messenger replied calm voiced

beaking carefully, piping his thoughts intellectual clear in the old bard's ear—

e settled down on the tiger, deer & sheep-skin covered floor, where the old man lay

ith bearded head uplifted on the gold haird neck of a Lion amber eyed

taring silent at the moon, huge pelt outstretched four-legged with yellow claws

nd hard tail laid out on white lamb fleece toward the new discovered hearth-Rune.

hivering in moonlight musing at the fire, the messenger put his nakedness against the white robed Elder's

iant form, slow-breathed resting back on the soft floor, silent eyes awake—

know your present mind, old heart, I'll satisfy that as you wish

- nspoken, I know your work & nature beyond the wildest daydream 'ever had naked in hot sunshine summer noon ecstatic far from mankind
- r downy-bearded in your animal bed embraced with glad phantom heroes
- n midnight reverie down below Orion's belt, right hand clasped in the heat of Creaturehood,
- saw your hard revelry with bodiless immortal companions," the messenger cajoled,
- lying his mournful sweet visage on the silenced Sage's shoulder, drawing his right arm down his nippled thin-ribbed chest.
- e shook & trembled chill, for the low moon paled over green ocean waves
- nd cold bright sun-fire passed upward whitening the long horizon—
- he cloud-glory'd orange Orb arc'd living in blue still space, then lifting its bulk aflame
- rcled slowly over the breathing earth, while tiny oil tankers moved thru dawn
- oating across the widespread ocean's far edge silently going from world to world.
- he boy took wrinkled years on his flesh, the snow whiskered bard trembled and touched
- is breast, embracing, adoring from nipple to pink kneecap
- nd kissing behind him and before, using his form as a girl's.
- he youth of colored hills closed his eyes in virgin pleasure, uttered small moans
- f merciful-limbed ecstasy in his throat, ah tremorous daydream pleasure,
- ody tingling delicate, made tender, open'd flower-soft, skull top to sole-skin touched.

he messenger, young and cold as the sun, sad face turned up to his earth-worn host

nuddered then as morning warmed the chill world, shuddered with more than world's chill

rawing his old Companion closer face to face embraced, silent thoughted, calm and still.

he boy looked in his elder's eyes, which gazed in his while bare branches on the hillside stood trembling in sky

lue dawn light. Honey bees woke under heaven inland and sought the lilac, Honeysuckle, rose,

ale dew dript from day-lily leaf to leaf, green lamps went out in windows on Minneapolis avenues,

overs rose to work in subways, buses ground down empty streets in early light, the country

bin lit from the maple leaf whistling, cat scratched the farmhouse door

ulls groaned in barns, the aluminum pail clanked on cement by wooden stools in steaming flop

stainless-steel mouths sucked milk from millions of cows into shining vats,

lack nannygoats whinnied nubian complaints to the stinking spotted dog

'hose clump'd hair hung from his belly tangled with thistle, Church organs sang,

adios Chattered the nasal weather from barn to barn, the last snow patch slipped from the tarpaper roof of the tractor lean-to,

e melted in the willow bog, stars vanished from the sky over gravestones stained with water melt,

he White House shined near pillared Courts on electric-lit avenues wide roaring with cars.

he messenger remembered his dream vision, the Rune discovered by the bright fire,

ne Hermit's startled wrath, magnificent and vainly noised all night, is softness now, his careful fear, the wrinkle that remained around his eye

ill watery with emotionless tears tho he held love in his arms, a silent thinking boy.

he naked messenger returned his thought. "I came for Love, old bard, tho you mistook

y youth for Innocence; I came for love, Old Prophet, and I brought you Prophecy,

hough you knew all; I came from Beauty, I came to Beauty, and I brought more beauty.

knew the Beauty here; not your ass on your stone seat but under your prophetic throne,

lder Beauty than your own, that laughs at wrinkled or smooth loins:
us I have proved pure Beauty to your empty heart—and now you

is that Beauty that I love in you, & not your intestinal self—

sigh.

Babe I saw more horror than your smoky ocean holds, your empty heaven,

your tattered Earth. Follow the Prophecy I showed on your floor

ollow the Ancient Command, chase diamonds in the wind, chase years, chase clouds

nase this rainbow I brought you, chase Beauty again—

nase wrinkled lust away or chase a moonbeam, chase the rising Sun and then Chase setting sun

nase off your Mind thru ocean, chase mind Under the World, hase your body down to the grave & rejoice, Chase Chastity at last! haste virgin suffering for you now old bony lecherous Poet."

he boy raged on, with tongue caught fire from the dawn sun lifted now over the heavy

skulled rafters of the hermitage long-haired with sea moss barnacled at foot, stone girders snailed and starfish stinking, sea sperm rotten in kelp masses at the porch stone. "Your door's the musty stone door of a tomb, old man, corpses of corrupted loves're buried under the smooth stone bed we lie on, pitted with yr fearful tears! What animal skins you vulgarize your bed with,

oorish stained with creepy-handed dream stuff jacked out of your Impotent loins in Pain—

his toothless lion, stuffed head, ear bit off by sea moths, this your love?

eerskin stol'n from a Dead Buddha, snatched from wanderings in your boring Buddhafields?

gutless Lamb for a pillow I hear you baah & bleat your Terrified Love—

aked I have you now, bared, wrinkled, heaving heavy breaths on me ou brought to your bed, and covered with hides of deskeletoned sheep."

Jondering between shame and Longing the old Bard lay thick bellied open eyed

ewilderment at heart, chill-loined, urgent to press that Cherry raving angel mouth a soft kiss,

e down the juvenile prophet on the stone bed back upturned to slap his shamed white cheeks

ı furious sexual punishment, pubescent weakling pale with anger,

ouse his virgin blood to blush thin buttocks ruddy tingling, humiliated

ock hard pink with desire, heart tamed submissive, soft lipped, tearful.

he kid-like messenger laughed in the bed Despairing and looked the old man in the eye:

Now slap my face, I want to Feel! Hard with all your Love's strength coward Bard!

how your Power!" Bold mute the Bard hit once, and then hit hard—

old faced, the Boy complained, "Now hit again, I want to feel an honest hand!" The old man struck

is naked cheek with a rough palm, thrice shocked by harsh joy, pain enough!

Now!" said the Changeling boy, "We prove the last verse of this Prophecy—

es the Prophecy old & Confounded Fool, that rune on your floor you never beheld before

forced your gaze to my foot, the prophecy some Elder Mysterious Forebear Bard Magician left us—

nat prophecy I dreamed & made real before your eyes, renewing your Beauty

ru suffering dumb knowledge, yourself roused at my Beauteous Command—

ll but the Last verse I understand, thick rhymed with senses and nonsenses of worst Beauty

o man or boy can interpret in this stupid dank closed cell

nder this Skull that hides the Sun, behind walls covered with yr chill laborious decipherings,

our 30 years moony babbling fishy solitude—one verse remains undeciphered,

lagical worthy our mutual war thru Society & Nations, Bards at large on the planet

eking to answer the Text! old man of Love I give you my virgin mind

ou read my youthful Beauty, tender lip and merry eye or Changeling glance

- nd love you think this silken muscular body, red hair even-parted curling round my skull—
- ir I do love you, but hate this earth and myself in it and the ignorance
- reeping in this house! Sir I do love your beard which you know is Beautiful to me,
- s beardless my tender-muscled abdomen to you: But my Beauty you love most
- that of the aethereal Changeling of Poesy, the same I love in you
- hich Frightens you; then know yourself slave of Immortality, Master of Unearthly Beauty
- othing less, not God nor Empty Gurus of Thibet not Meditation's quiet starlit hour
- or aching prostration to the Dharma King nor realms of human poetry
- rashed at your doorstep everymorn by the sea, stamp'd with gold sand dollars
- cked by scummy wavelets, nor all the old beloved ghost boys dead ade famous by your Immortality. Here's rotten Fish, Leviathan honor stinks your shore!
- nd makes this hermit house no more habitable! Leave your wordy life behind!
- hase the Last Beauty with me till we find the author, even if we enter Death Trance with 'im,
- se & gather your Sea gold, all your grassy Emeralds & champagne Amber hidden safe
- nder the rune stone at the Hearth Yes Sir your Sparkling diamond treasury
- dreamed it well! Clear Sapphires blue as ice you see in sky! And hoarded rubies
- ed & multitudinous enough to make Each maiden and each boy on earth blush red with genius joy!

aked! Naked! rise with me take all your Secrets in the air, the Sun's at height, the morning's ope'd blue sky,

randfather Clocks bong noon in oriental Carpet living-rooms in the Capital!

lose the stone door behind you, close this tomb lest gulls that swim the sea air

luck the blind eyes of this lion out of its straw-brained head! Come out horrid Corpse!

ut memorize the rune before we go, it'll encompass our lov'd wanderings!

s Dante had his Virgil & as Blake his own Miltonic Fiend, I your Cherub & Punk Idol

l be Companion of th' Aethereal Ways till we discover of the Secret Eidolon

That Beauteous Paradise is spelled, & what the Speller of the Stanza was

Tho chiseled his unearthly riddle on this floor before I was born."

he old bard trembled pale, at last his heart grew cold, composed to hear the fair youth raving

iru Hells and Heavens, paradise on his red lips, tricking, ravening Commanding,

issing words half-cursed half prayers! Rending the breathing bluegreen globe apart

- 1 Vanity for what is not, aethereal Death and Life, while Love and sorrow ache
- the breast of the living moment under living skin, breath thrilled with sigh,

reat Death & Life together One & love but a soul Aware,

or mind in heart is one with the body, Truth is the Depth of that,

nd Poetry the Groan of Body lost in the Grave, for Thought is the love of Earth.

- knew this Rune once long ago, cold Demon inspired kid, bright boy
- nank you for discovering it me again, 'twas meant for you to read in Dreams
- nd find at your own bare foot one day. I hardly visioned to be here when you came
- aked maddened with delight into my room, demanding I respect your lips & loins.
- isten now, my turn to tell the story of a day when I was young as you,
- las in this room, for I was here lone witness to the Stranger, Alien, Wanderer,
- aller of the Great Call, Serpent minded Messenger that came like yourself
- aked from Beauty to Beauty. He came in the door as you did, but no one was home
- power, Wrath and
- leditation, Service or Tenderness. Nor was Sea gold gathered No nor any rhymed
- r unrhymed Rune, not in this house on America's Eastern Shore.
- ome house was here before, but broken down a Century Past, & Uninhabitable.
- gathered icy diamonds in the salt sea, plucked the blue eye of the whale for wisdom,
- reen emeralds I found in the growing grass and on tree boughs in their Springtime buds,
- or thirty years enriched with witty penury I gathered Amber from the generous laurel
- nd Rubies rolled out of my heart. I threw away the Pearl, back to the sea
- o keep God out of trouble under his blue wet blanket, and be done

ith clammy envy and his watery blisses and grasping waves.

brought the shining fire tongs here from Bardic Mannahatta, & the Red Porphyry Chair of Poetry

om the Ind. I set it beside the hearth and built a fire out of seawracked thrones of wooden kings

found on the illuminated shore, and lay down on my belly in my healthy youth

nd Carved your Beauteous riddle on this bedrock basalt floor with the tooth of an Angel

imagined one night for Company in Meditation; & Pushed this red porphyry seat

nooth over that Mantric Rune with a Prayer to my visible & invisible teachers—

eloved Stranger, Naked Beauty, terrible Eidolon O my youth I never dreamt that you would come."

Washington, January 22, 1977, 3 A.M.-11:30 AM.

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#### **EPILOGUE**

THE ARGUMENT: Last words spoken by the bard to the boy on a train between Washington and NY.

Some day when we surrender to each other and become One friend, re'll walk back to this hermitage, returned from America ru Cities and Bars and Smoking Factories & State Capitols niversities, Crowds, Parks and Highways, returned from glass-glittering shrines

diamond skyscrapers whose windows gleam sunset wealth Golden & Purple,

Thite & Red & Blue as Clouds that reflect Smog thru Western heavens. ack here in our bodies we may renew these studies & labors

f Iron & Feather, dream copybooks, & waking Levitation of heavy Mind.

ow still bodied separate in Vanity & minded contrary each in's Phantasy

nly Poetry's Prophetic beauty Transports us on one Train back to households

our north Vast City connected with telephones and buses. We may trip out

gain into Hidden Beauty, Hearts beating thru the world's Mills & Wires, Radiant

t Television Noon or on Ecstatic midnite bed with broken bone or body Forgetfulness.

ow we go from our Chambered Cranium forth thru Strangeness:

areful to respect our Heart, mindful of Beauty's slow working Calm Machine,

igarette Vending Contraption or neon yellow Sun its face to your face

ll faces different, all forms present a Face to look into with Care:

he College boy his ignorant snub nose is a button whereon Sexual mercies

ress their lusty thumbs & wake his studious energy. The grey hair'd dirty

rofessor of history's sought thru ages to find that Country where Love's face is King,

Thile the Care on his face is King of Centuries. And thoughts in his mind are

residents elected by fresh nerves every seven years to pass new laws of Consciousness.

ach Maple waits our gaze erecting tricky branches in the air we breathe.

othing is stupid but thought, & all thought we think's our own.

ly face you've seen palsied bearded White & Changing energies om Slavelike lust to snowy emptiness, bald Anger to fishy-eyed prophecy,

our voice you've heard naked and hard commanding arrogant, pale dandied

ı a fit of Burgundy Pique, Childlike delighted fingers twisting my beard

n Lion coverlets in caves far from the Iron Domed Capitol, itelligent deciphering runes yours and mine, dreamed & undreamt. lebeian Prince of the Suburb, I return to my eastern office pleased with our work

ccident of our causes & Eidolons, Planned Careful in your Dreams & in my daylight Frenzies: failed Projections!

ur icy wills resolved in watery black ink's translucent tears, ove's vapors are dissolved on seaboard's clear noon open to the Sun nining thru railroad windows on new-revealed faces, our own inner forms!"

January 23, 1977

# I Lay Love on My Knee

I nurs'd love where he lay
I let love get away
I let love lie low
I let my love go
I let love go along
I knew love was strong
So I let love go stray
I told love go away

I called love come home my tongue wasn't dumb I kissed love on the neck & told love to come back I told love come stay Down by me love lay I told love lie down Love made a fine sound

I told love to Work
as musician or clerk
I sent love to the farm
He could do earth no harm
I told love get married
With children be harried
I said love settle down
with the worms in the ground
I told love have pity
Build me a good city

I taught love to sit to sharpen his wit I taught love to breathe mindful of death
I showed love a straight spine energetic as mine
I told love take it easy
Manners more breezy
Thoughts full of light make love last all night

I kissed love on the brow Where he lay like a cow moaning and pleasured his happy heart treasured I kissed love's own lips I laid love on his hips I kissed love on his breast When he lay down to rest I kissed love on his thigh Up rose his cock high

I bid Love leave me now rest my feverish brow
I'm sick love goodbye
I must close my eye
No love you're not dead
Go find a new bed
for a day for a night
& come back for delight
after thought with new health
For all time is our wealth.

New York, February 21, 1977

# **Stool Pigeon Blues**

I was born in Wyoming, Cody is my home town Got myself busted, the sheriff brought me down The Feds hit my nose, I felt like a dirty Clown

I turned in my sister, just like they asked me to I turned in my brother, I had to, wouldn't you? If they beat me again, I guess I'd turn you in too

Please don't blame me, they had me for twenty years An ounce of weed, they planted it in my ears They found one seed, and watered it with my tears

I got A's in highschool, smartest boy in class Got laid at eleven, the sweetest piece of ass They found us in bed smoking a stick of grass

Girl broke down crying, the Narcs liked her looks in the nude Asked us for blowjobs, I told them that was too crude Took us to jail & accused us of being lewd

Ten years for resisting arrest, ten years for a little joint Ten years kid, beginning to get the point? Feds want a big bust, let's hear you sing oink oink!

Who do you know in highschool, how many's dealing lids? Who do you smoke with? We want the names of kids. They'll bust all our parents, unless Good God forbids!

I'm just a poor stoolie, got busted in Wyoming From Cody, to Casper, to Riverton I will sing! From Gillette to Powell a pigeon I'm on the wing.

Governor Governor Get me out of this fix! President President decriminalize the sticks, Out here in Wyoming, Sheriffs play dirty tricks.

Casper, April 16, 1977

# **Punk Rock Your My Big Crybaby**

I'll tell my deaf mother on you! Fall on the floor and eat your grandmother's diapers! Drums, Whatta lotta Noise you want a Revolution? Wanna Apocalypse? Blow up in Dynamite Sound? I can't get excited, Louder! Viciouser! Fuck me in the ass! Suck me! Come in my ears! I want those pink Abdominal bellybuttons! Promise you'll murder me in the gutter with Orgasms! I'll buy a ticket to your nightclub, I wanna get busted! 50 years old I wanna Go! with whips & chains & leather! Spank me! Kiss me in the eye! Suck me all over from Mabuhay Gardens to CBGB's coast to coast Skull to toe Gimme yr electric guitar naked, Punk President, eat up the FBI w/ yr big mouth.

Mabuhay Gardens, May 1977

# **Love Replied**

Love came up to me & got down on his knee & said I am here to serve you what you deserve All that you wish as on a gold dish eyes tongue and heart your most private part.

Why do you eat my behind & my feet Why do you kiss my belly like this Why do you go down & suck my cock crown when I bare you the best that is inside my breast

I lay there reproved aching my prick moved But Love kissed my ear & said nothing to fear Put your head on my breast There let your skull rest Yes hug my breast, this is my heart you can kiss

Then Love put his face in my tenderest place where throbbed my breast sweet with red hot heart's heat There, love is our bed There, love lay your head There you'll never regret all the love you can get.

From the hair to the toes
neck & knees in repose
Take the heart that I give
Give heart that you live
Forget my sweet cock
my buttock like a rock
Come up from my thighs
Hear my heart's own straight sighs

I myself am not queer
Tho I hold your heart dear
Tho I lie with you naked
tho my own heart has ached
breast to breast with your bare
body, yes tho I dare
hug & kiss you all night
This is straight hearts' delight.

So bring your head up from my loins or the cup of my knees and behind where you touch your lips blind Put your lips to my heart That is my public part Hold me close and receive All the love I can give

Boulder, June 18, 1977, 5 A.M.

# X

# **PLUTONIAN ODE**

(1977-1980)

## What's Dead?

louds' silent shadows passing across the Sun above Teton's mountaintop I saw on LSD

Iovies dead shadows

cean 40% dead said expert J. Cousteau A.D. 1968

hakespeare the magician, Rimbaud visionary dead

lent vamp Alla Nazimova's corpse-lip black dust

Talt Disney of Mickey Mouse, Buck Rogers in the Twenty-fifth Century, Hollywood lost in shade

ragedian Sophocles passed this shore with Charon thru Styx

x-Emperor Napoleon obituaried in 1821

ueen Liliuokalani giv'n to her reward

hief Joseph buried on a brown hill in Washington State

eneral Douglas MacArthur urged atombombs to blow up China

isenhower & Xerxes led armies to the grave

he Skeleton Man in 1930 Barnum & Bailey Circus' Freakshow bony in's coffin

he mother Cat I played with in the basement Paterson New Jersey when I was ten

'ith the Lindbergh baby kidnapped found in a swamp of laundry ly father's grave writ "Answer a riddle with a stone" wet with rain in Newark

esus Christ & Mary for all their Assumption, dust in this world uddha relieved of his body, empty vehicle parked noiseless llah the Word in a book, or muezzin cry on a Tower ot even Moses reached Promised Land, went down to Sheol. ickertape for heroes, clods of dirt for forgotten grandpas—elevision ghosts still haunt living room & bed chamber rooner Bing Crosby, Elvis Presley rock'n'roll Star, Groucho Marx a mustached joker, Einstein invented the universe, Naomi Ginsberg Communist Muse, Isadora Duncan dancing in diaphanous scarves ack Kerouac noble Poet, Jimmy Dean mystic actor, Boris Karloff the

old Frankenstein, elebrities & Nonentities set apart, absent from their paths shadows left behind, breathing no more—

hese were the musings of Buddhist student Allen Ginsberg.

Hawaii, October 16, 1977

## **Grim Skeleton**

rim skeleton come back & put me out of Action ooking thru the rainy window at the Church wall ellow vapor lamped, 9 P.M. Cars hissing in street water -woken dizzy from nicotine sleep—papers piled on my desk syself lost in manila files of yellow faded newspaper Clippings t last after twenty five years tapes wound thru my brain ibrary of my own deeds of music tongue & oratoric yell it my heart, a cold & phlegm in my skull or radiator omfort cowardice that I slumber awake wrapped in Mexican lanket, wallet & keys on the white chair by my head. it the guru of music or guru of meditation whose harsh force bear, makes my eyelid heavy mid afternoons, is't Death ealing in my breast makes me nauseous mornings, work undone n a typewriter set like a green skull by the window Then I wake unwilling to rise & take the narcotic *Times* bove a soft Boiled egg and toasted English muffin daily noon? eauty, Truth, Revolution, what skeleton in my closet iakes me listen dumb my own skull thoughts lethargic ossip of Poets silenced by drunken Mussolinis every Country on Earth?

Iy own yatter of meditation, while I work and scream in frenzy t my wooden desk held up by iron filedrawers stuffed w/press paper prophetic fake manuscripts, ears itching & scabbed w/anger t ghost Rockefeller Brothers pay-off of CIA, am I myself the CIA ought with acid meat & alcohol in Washington, silenced in meditation

n my own duplicity, stuck in anger at puerto rican wounded

eerdrunk fathers walking East 12th street and their thieving kids iolent screaming under my window 4 A.M.? Some Fantasy of Fame dreamt in adolescence Came true last week over Television, ow homunculus I made's out there in American streets alking with my voice, accounted ledgered opinionated atterviewed & Codified in Poems, books & manuscripts, whole library nelves stacked with ambitious egohood's thousand pages imaged orth smart selft over half a lifetime! Who'm I now, Frankenstein ypocrite of good Cheer whose sick-stomached Discretion's grown fty years overweight—while others I hate practice sainthood in Himalayas

r run the petrochemical atomic lamplit machines, by whose power slumber cook my meat & write these verses captive of N.Y.C. /hat's my sickness, flu virus or Selfhood infected swollen sore onfronting the loath'd work of poetic flattery: Gurus, Rock stars enthoused millionaires, White House alrightniks crowding my brain ith orders & formulae, insults & smalltalk, threats & dollars /hose sucker am I, the media run by rich whitemen like myself, jew itellectuals afraid of poverty bust screaming beaten uncontrolled behind bars

r the black hole of narcotics Cops & brutal Mafiosi, thick men in dark hats,

ells angels in blue military garb or wall street cashmere drag iding iron muscles of money, so the street is full of potholes, I'm afraid

) go out at night around the block to look at the moon in the Lower East Side

here stricken junkies break their necks in damp hallways of bandoned buildings gutted & blackwindowed from old fires. I'm afraid

- o write my thoughts down lest I libel Nelson Rockefeller, Fidel astro, Chögyam Trungpa, Louis Ginsberg & Naomi, Kerouac or Peter O.
- ea Henry Kissinger & Richard Helms, faded ghosts of Power and Poesy
- nat people my brain with paranoia, my best friend shall be Nameless. /hose public speech is this I write? What stupid vast Complaint! or what impotent professor's ears, which Newsman's brainwave? What jazz king's devil blues?
- this Immortal history to tell tales of 20th Century to striplings aked centuries hence? To get laid by some brutal queen who'll eat my hairy buttocks punishment in a College Dorm? To show my ass
- ) god? To grovel in magic tinsel & glitter on stinking powdered pillows?
- gh! Who'll I read this to like a fool! Who'll applaud these lies

  December 16, 1977

## **Ballade of Poisons**

/ith oil that streaks streets a magic color,
/ith soot that falls on city vegetables
/ith basement sulfurs & coal black odor
/ith smog that purples suburbs' sunset hills
/ith Junk that feebles black & white men's wills
/ith plastic bubbles aeons will dissolve
/ith new plutoniums that only resolve
heir poison heat in quarter million years,
/ith pesticides that round food Chains revolve
lay your soul make home, may your eyes weep tears.

/ith freak hormones in chicken & soft egg
/ith panic red dye in cow meat burger
/ith mummy med'cines, nitrate in sliced pig
/ith sugar'd cereal kids scream for murder,
/ith Chemic additives that cause Cancer
/ith bladder and mouth in your salami,
/ith Strontium Ninety in milks of Mommy,
/ith sex voices that spill beer thru your ears
/ith Cups of Nicotine till you vomit
May your soul make home, may your eyes weep tears.

/ith microwave toaster television
/ith Cadmium lead in leaves of fruit trees
/ith Trade Center's nocturnal emission
/ith Coney Island's shore plopped with Faeces
/hile blue Whales sing in high infrequent seas

/ith Amazon worlds with fish in ocean
/ashed in Rockefellers greasy Potion
/ith oily toil fueled with atomic fears
/ith CIA tainting World emotion
lay your soul make home, may your eyes weep tears.

## Envoi

resident, 'spite cockroach devotion,
olk poisoned with radioactive lotion,
pite soulless bionic energy queers
lay your world move to healthy emotion,
lake your soul at home, let your eyes weep tears.

January 12, 1978

## **Lack Love**

Love wears down to bare truth My heart hurt me much in youth Now I hear my real heart beat Strong and hollow thump of meat

I felt my heart wrong as an ache Sore in dreams and raw awake I'd kiss each new love on the chest Trembling hug him breast to breast

Kiss his belly, kiss his eye Kiss his ruddy boyish thigh Kiss his feet kiss his pink cheek Kiss behind him naked meek

Now I lie alone, and a youth Stalks my house, he won't in truth Come to bed with me, instead Loves the thoughts inside my head

He knows how much I think of him Holds my heart his painful whim Looks thru me with mocking eyes Steals my feelings, drinks & lies

Till I see Love's empty Truth Think back on heart broken youth Hear my heart beat red in bed Thick and living, love rejected. New York, February 8, 1978, 3 A.M.

## **Father Guru**

Father Guru unforlorn Heart beat Guru whom I scorn Empty Guru Never Born Sitting Guru every morn Friendly Guru chewing corn Angry Guru Faking Porn Guru Guru Freely torn Garment Guru neatly worn Guru Head short hair shorn Absent Guru Eyes I mourn Guru of Duncan Guru of Dorn Ginsberg Guru like a thorn Goofy Guru Lion Horn Lonely Guru Unicorn O Guru whose slave I'm sworn Save me Guru Om Ah Hum

Austin, February 14, 1978

# **Manhattan May Day Midnight**

walked out on the lamp shadowed concrete at midnight May Day passing a dark'd barfront,

olice found corpses under the floor last year, call-girls & Cadillacs lurked there on First Avenue

round the block from my apartment, I'd come downstairs for tonight's newspapers—

efrigerator repair shop's window grate padlocked, fluorescent blue ght on a pile of newspapers, pages shifting in the chill Spring wind ound battered cans & plastic refuse bags leaned together at the pavement edge—

/ind wind and old news sailed thru the air, old *Times* whirled above the garbage.

t the Corner of 11th under dim Street-light in a hole in the ground man wrapped in work-Cloth and wool Cap pulled down his bullet skull

good & bent with a rod & flashlight turning round in his pit halfway sunk in earth

eering down at his feet, up to his chest in the asphalt by a granite Curb

here his work mate poked a flexible tube in a tiny hole, a youth in gloves

ho answered my question "Smell of gas—Someone must've reported in"—

es the body stink of City bowels, rotting tubes six feet under ould explode any minute sparked by Con Ed's breathing Puttering truck

noticed parked, as I passed by hurriedly Thinking Ancient Rome, Ur /ere they like this, the same shadowy surveyors & passers-by

cribing records of decaying pipes & Garbage piles on Marble, Cuneiform,

rdinary midnight citizen out on the street looking for Empire News, ımor, gossip, workmen police in uniform, walking silent sunk in thought

nder windows of sleepers coupled with Monster squids & Other-Planet eyeballs in their sheets

the same night six thousand years old where Cities rise & fall & turn to dream?

May 1, 1978, 6 A.M.

# ADAPTED FROM Neruda's "Que dispierte el leñador"

### V

Let the Railsplitter Awake!
Let Lincoln come with his ax
and with his wooden plate
to eat with the farmworkers.
May his craggy head,
his eyes we see in constellations,
in the wrinkles of the live oak,
come back to look at the world
rising up over the foliage
higher than Sequoias.
Let him go shop in pharmacies,
let him take the bus to Tampa
let him nibble a yellow apple,
let him go to the movies, and
talk to everybody there.

# Let the Railsplitter awake!

Let Abraham come back, let his old yeast rise in green and gold earth of Illinois, and lift the ax in his city against the new slavemakers against their slave whips against the venom of the print houses against all the bloodsoaked merchandise they want to sell. Let the young white boy and young black march singing and smiling against walls of gold,

against manufacturers of hatred, against the seller of his own blood, singing, smiling and winning at last.

# Let the Railsplitter awake!

## VI

Peace for all twilights to come, peace for the bridge, peace for the wine, peace for the letters that look for me and pump in my blood tangled with earth and love's old chant, peace for the city in the morning when bread wakes up, peace for Mississippi, the river of roots, peace for my brother's shirt, peace in the book like an airmail stamp, peace for the great Kolkhoz of Kiev, peace for the ashes of these dead and those other dead, peace for the black iron of Brooklyn, peace for the lettercarrier going from house to house like the day, peace for the choreographer shrieking thru a funnel of honeysuckle vines, peace to my right hand that only wants to write Rosario, peace for the Bolivian, secret as a lump of tin, peace for you to get married, peace for all the sawmills of Bio-Bio, peace to Revolutionary Spain's torn heart peace to the little museum of Wyoming in which the sweetest thing was a pillowcase embroidered with a heart, peace to the baker and his loaves,

and peace to all the flour: peace for all the wheat still to be born, peace for all the love that wants to flower, peace for all those who live: peace to all the lands and waters.

And here I say farewell, I return to my house, in my dreams I go back to Patagonia where the wind beats at barns and the Ocean spits ice. I'm nothing more than a poet: I want love for you all, I go wander the world I love: in my country they jail the miners and soldiers give orders to judges. But down to its very roots I love my little cold country. If I had to die a thousand times that's where I'd want to die: if I had to be born a thousand times that's where I'd want to be born, near the Araucanian wilds' sea-whirled south winds, bells just brought from the bellmaker. Don't let anybody think about me. Let's think about the whole world, banging on the table with love. I don't want blood to come back and soak the bread, the beans the music: I want the miner to come with me, the little girl, the lawyer, the sailor, the dollmaker, let's all go to the movies and come out and drink the reddest wine.

I didn't come here to solve anything.

I came here to sing And for you to sing with me.

Boulder, 1978–1981

# Nagasaki Days

# I A Pleasant Afternoon

for Michael Brownstein & Dick Gallup

ne day 3 poets & 60 ears sat under a green-striped Chautauqua tent in Aurora

stening to Black spirituals, tapping their feet, appreciating words singing by in mountain winds

n a pleasant sunny day of rest—the wild wind blew thru blue Heavens

lled with fluffy clouds stretched from Central City to Rocky Flats, Plutonium sizzled in its secret bed,

ot dogs sizzled in the Lions Club lunchwagon microwave mouth, orangeade bubbled over in waxen cups

raffic moved along Colefax, meditators silent in the Diamond Castle shrine-room at Boulder followed the breath going out of their nostrils,

obody could remember anything, spirits flew out of mouths & noses, out of the sky, across Colorado plains & the tent flapped happily open spacious & didn't fall down.

June 18, 1978

II Peace Protest

Cumulus clouds float across blue sky over the white-walled Rockwell Corporation factory —am I going to stop that? Rocky Mountains rising behind us

Denver shining in morning light

—Led away from the crowd by police and photographers

\*

liddleaged Ginsberg & Ellsberg taken down the road to the grayhaired Sheriff's van—

ut what about Einstein? What about Einstein? Hey, Einstein Come back!

III Golden Courthouse

Waiting for the Judge, breathing silent Prisoners, witnesses, Police the stenographer yawns into her palms.

August 9, 1978

IV Everybody's Fantasy

I walked outside & the bomb'd dropped lots of plutonium all over the Lower East Side There weren't any buildings left just iron skeletons groceries burned, potholes open to stinking sewer waters

There were people starving and crawling across the desert the Martian UFOs with blue Light destroyer rays

passed over and dried up all the waters

Charred Amazon palmtrees for hundreds of miles on both sides of the river

August 10, 1978

V Waiting Room at the Rocky Flats Plutonium Plant

"Give us the weapons we need to protect ourselves!"
the bareheaded guard lifts his flyswatter above the desk
—whap!

\*

A green-letter'd shield on the pressboard wall!

"Life is fragile. Handle with care"—

[y Goodness! here's where they make the nuclear bomb-triggers.

August 17, 1978

VI Numbers in Red Notebook

,000,000 killed in Vietnam
3,000,000 refugees in Indochina 1972
00,000,000 years for the Galaxy to revolve on its core
4,000 the Babylonian Great Year
4,000 half life of plutonium
,000 the most I ever got for a poetry reading
0,000 dolphins killed in the dragnet

Boulder, Summer 1978

## **Plutonian Ode**

Ι

- What new element before us unborn in nature? Is there a new thing under the Sun?
- At last inquisitive Whitman a modern epic, detonative, Scientific theme
- First penned unmindful by Doctor Seaborg with poisonous hand, named for Death's planet through the sea beyond Uranus
- whose chthonic ore fathers this magma-teared Lord of Hades, Sire of avenging Furies, billionaire Hell-King worshipped once
- with black sheep throats cut, priest's face averted from underground mysteries in a single temple at Eleusis,
- Spring-green Persephone nuptialed to his inevitable Shade, Demeter mother of asphodel weeping dew,
- her daughter stored in salty caverns under white snow, black hail, gray winter rain or Polar ice, immemorable seasons before
- Fish flew in Heaven, before a Ram died by the starry bush, before the Bull stamped sky and earth
- or Twins inscribed their memories in cuneiform clay or Crab'd flood
- 0 washed memory from the skull, or Lion sniffed the lilac breeze

## in Eden—

- Before the Great Year began turning its twelve signs, ere constellations wheeled for twenty-four thousand sunny years
- slowly round their axis in Sagittarius, one hundred sixty-seven thousand times returning to this night
- Radioactive Nemesis were you there at the beginning black Dumb tongueless unsmelling blast of Disillusion?
- I manifest your Baptismal Word after four billion years
- I guess your birthday in Earthling Night, I salute your dreadful presence lasting majestic as the Gods,
  - Sabaot, Jehova, Astapheus, Adonaeus, Elohim, Iao, Ialdabaoth, Aeon from Aeon born ignorant in an Abyss of Light,
  - Sophia's reflections glittering thoughtful galaxies, whirlpools of star-spume silver-thin as hairs of Einstein!
  - Father Whitman I celebrate a matter that renders Self oblivion!
  - Grand Subject that annihilates inky hands & pages' prayers, old orators' inspired Immortalities,
- I begin your chant, openmouthed exhaling into spacious sky over silent mills at Hanford, Savannah River, Rocky Flats, Pantex, Burlington, Albuquerque
  - I yell thru Washington, South Carolina, Colorado, Texas, Iowa, New Mexico,
  - where nuclear reactors create a new Thing under the Sun, where Rockwell war-plants fabricate this death stuff trigger

- in nitrogen baths,
- Hanger-Silas Mason assembles the terrified weapon secret by ten thousands, & where Manzano Mountain boasts to store
- its dreadful decay through two hundred forty millennia while our Galaxy spirals around its nebulous core.
- 5 I enter your secret places with my mind, I speak with your presence, I roar your Lion Roar with mortal mouth.
  - One microgram inspired to one lung, ten pounds of heavy metal dust adrift slow motion over gray Alps
  - the breadth of the planet, how long before your radiance speeds blight and death to sentient beings?
  - Enter my body or not I carol my spirit inside you, Unapproachable Weight,
  - O heavy heavy Element awakened I vocalize your consciousness to six worlds
- O I chant your absolute Vanity. Yeah monster of Anger birthed in fear O most
  - Ignorant matter ever created unnatural to Earth! Delusion of metal empires!
  - Destroyer of lying Scientists! Devourer of covetous Generals, Incinerator of Armies & Melter of Wars!
  - Judgment of judgments, Divine Wind over vengeful nations, Molester of Presidents, Death-Scandal of Capital politics! Ah civilizations stupidly industrious!

- Canker-Hex on multitudes learned or illiterate! Manufactured Spectre of human reason! O solidified imago of practitioners in Black Arts
- I dare your Reality, I challenge your very being! I publish your cause and effect!
  - I turn the Wheel of Mind on your three hundred tons! Your name enters mankind's ear! I embody your ultimate powers!
  - My oratory advances on your vaunted Mystery! This breath dispels your braggart fears! I sing your form at last
  - behind your concrete & iron walls inside your fortress of rubber & translucent silicon shields in filtered cabinets and baths of lathe oil,
  - My voice resounds through robot glove boxes & ingot cans and echoes in electric vaults inert of atmosphere,
- O I enter with spirit out loud into your fuel rod drums underground on soundless thrones and beds of lead
  - O density! This weightless anthem trumpets transcendent through hidden chambers and breaks through iron doors into the Infernal Room!
  - Over your dreadful vibration this measured harmony floats audible, these jubilant tones are honey and milk and winesweet water
  - Poured on the stone block floor, these syllables are barely groats I scatter on the Reactor's core,

- I call your name with hollow vowels, I psalm your Fate close by, my breath near deathless ever at your side
- to Spell your destiny, I set this verse prophetic on your mausoleum walls to seal you up Eternally with Diamond Truth! O doomed Plutonium.

II

- The Bard surveys Plutonian history from midnight lit with Mercury Vapor streetlamps till in dawn's early light
- he contemplates a tranquil politic spaced out between Nations' thought-forms proliferating bureaucratic
- & horrific arm'd, Satanic industries projected sudden with Five Hundred Billion Dollar Strength
- around the world same time this text is set in Boulder, Colorado before front range of Rocky Mountains
- 0 twelve miles north of Rocky Flats Nuclear Facility in United States on North America, Western Hemisphere
  - of planet Earth six months and fourteen days around our Solar System in a Spiral Galaxy
  - the local year after Dominion of the last God nineteen hundred seventy eight
  - Completed as yellow hazed dawn clouds brighten East, Denver city white below
  - Blue sky transparent rising empty deep & spacious to a morning star high over the balcony
- 5 above some autos sat with wheels to curb downhill from

Flatiron's jagged pine ridge,

sunlit mountain meadows sloped to rust-red sandstone cliffs above brick townhouse roofs

as sparrows waked whistling through Marine Street's summer green leafed trees.

III

This ode to you O Poets and Orators to come, you father Whitman as I join your side, you Congress and American people,

you present meditators, spiritual friends & teachers, you O Master of the Diamond Arts,

O Take this wheel of syllables in hand, these vowels and consonants to breath's end

take this inhalation of black poison to your heart, breathe out this blessing from your breast on our creation

forests cities oceans deserts rocky flats and mountains in the Ten Directions pacify with this exhalation,

enrich this Plutonian Ode to explode its empty thunder through earthen thought-worlds

Magnetize this howl with heartless compassion, destroy this mountain of Plutonium with ordinary mind and body speech,

5 thus empower this Mind-guard spirit gone out, gone out, gone beyond, gone beyond me, Wake space, so Ah!

# Old Pond



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#### **Old Pond**

The old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk! Hard road! I walked till both feet stunk— Ma!Ma! Whatcha doing down on that bed? Pa!Pa! what hole you hide your head?

Left home got work down town today Sold coke, got busted looking gay Day dream, I acted like a clunk Th'old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

Got hitched, I bought a frying pan Fried eggs, my wife eats like a man Won't cook, her oatmeal tastes like funk Th'old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

Eat shit exactly what she said Drink wine, it goes right down my head Fucked up, they all yelled I was drunk Th'old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

Saw God at six o'clock tonight Flop house, I think I'll start a fight Head ache like both my eyeballs shrunk Th'old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

Hot dog! I love my mustard hot Hey Rube! I think I just got shot Drop dead She said you want some junk? Th'old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk! Oh ho your dirty needle stinks
No no I don't shoot up with finks
Speed greed I stood there with the punk
Th'old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

Yeh yeh gimme a breath of fresh air Guess who I am well you don't care No name call up the mocking Monk Th'old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

No echo, make a lot of noise Come home you owe it to the boys Can't hear you scream your fish's sunk Th'old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

Just folks, we bought a motor car No gas I guess we crossed the bar I swear we started for Podunk Th'old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

I got his banjo on my knee I played it like an old Sweetie I sang plunk-a-plunk-a-plunk plunk plunk Th'old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

One hand I gave myself the clap Unborn, but still I took the rap Big deal, I fell out of my bunk Th'old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

Hey hey! I ride down the blue sky Sit down with worms until I die Fare well! Hūṃ Hūṃ Hūṃ Hūṃ Hūṃ! Th'old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

Red barn rise wet in morning dew Cockadoo dle do oink oink moo moo Buzz buzz—flyswatter in the kitchen, thwunk! Th'old pond—a frog jumps in, kerplunk!

August 22, 1978

## Blame the Thought, Cling to the Bummer

am Fake Saint

ıagazine Saint Ram Das

Tho's not a Fake Saint consciousness, Nobody!

he 12th Trungpa, Karmapa 16, Dudjom lineage of Padmasambhava, Pope Jean-Paul, Queen of England crowned with dignity's brilliant empty Diamonds Sapphires Emeralds, Amber, Rubies—

he sky is Fake Saint, emptyhearted blue

he Sacramento Valley floor fields no saints either, tractors in green corn higher than the T-shirted jogger.

his Volkswagen Fake Saint, license-plate-light wires smoking shorted in the rear-engine door.

ilter cigarette butt still smoking in the ashtray

o saints longhaired boys at the busdriver's wheel

ard workers no Fake Saints laborers everywhere behind desks in Plutonium offices

vatting flies under plastic flower-power signs

riving Ponderosa & Spruce roads to the poet's shrine at Kitkitdizze edrock Mortar hermitage—Shobo-An temple's copper roof on a black-oak groved hillside—

iscontinuous, the thought—empty—no harm—

o blame the thought would cling to the Bummer—

nborn Evil, the Self & its systems

ransitory intermittent gapped in Grass Valley stopping for gas

lutonium blameless, apocalyptic gift of Furies

sentient space filled with green bushes—clouds over Ranger Station signs

ncertain as incense.

Nevada City, September 7, 1978

#### "Don't Grow Old"

T

wenty-eight years before on the living room couch he'd stared at me, I said

want to see a psychiatrist—I have sexual difficulties—homosexuality"

d come home from troubled years as a student. This was the weekend I would talk with him.

look startled his face, "You mean you like to take men's penises in your mouth?"

qually startled, "No, no," I lied, "that isn't what it means."

ow he lay naked in the bath, hot water draining beneath his shanks. trong shouldered Peter, once ambulance attendant, raised him up the tiled room. We toweled him dry, arms under his, bathrobe over his shoulder—

e tottered thru the door to his carpeted bedroom

at on the soft mattress edge, exhausted, and coughed up watery phlegm.

*I*e lifted his swollen feet talcum'd white, put them thru pajama legs, ed the cord round his waist, and held the nightshirt sleeve open for his hand, slow.

louth drawn in, his false teeth in a dish, he turned his head round oking up at Peter to smile ruefully, "Don't ever grow old."

II

t my urging, my eldest nephew came

) keep his grandfather company, maybe sleep overnight in the apartment.

e had no job, and was homeless anyway.

ll afternoon he read the papers and looked at old movies.

ater dusk, television silent, we sat on a soft-pillowed couch,

ouis sat in his easy-chair that swiveled and could lean back—

So what kind of job are you looking for?"

Dishwashing, but someone told me it makes your hands' skin scaly red."

And what about officeboy?" His grandson finished highschool with marks too poor for college.

It's unhealthy inside airconditioned buildings under fluorescent light."

he dying man looked at him, nodding at the specimen.

e began his advice. "You might be a taxidriver, but what if a car crashed into you? They say you can get mugged too.

r you could get a job as a sailor, but the ship could sink, you could get drowned.

laybe you should try a career in the grocery business, but a box of bananas could slip from the shelf,

ou could hurt your head. Or if you were a waiter, you could slip and fall down with a loaded tray, & have to pay for the broken glasses.

laybe you should be a carpenter, but your thumb might get hit by a hammer.

r a lifeguard—but the undertow at Belmar beach is dangerous, and you could catch a cold.

r a doctor, but sometimes you could cut your hand with a scalpel that had germs, you could get sick & die."

ater, in bed after twilight, glasses off, he said to his wife

Why doesn't he comb his hair? It falls all over his eyes, how can he see?

ell him to go home soon, I'm too tired."

III

Resigned

A year before visiting a handsome poet and my Tibetan guru,
Guests after supper on the mountainside
we admired the lights of Boulder spread glittering below
through a giant glass window—
After coffee, my father bantered wearily
"Is life worth living? Depends on the liver—"
The Lama smiled to his secretary—
It was an old pun I'd heard in childhood.
Then he fell silent, looking at the floor
and sighed, head bent heavy
talking to no one—
"What can you do ...?"

Buffalo, October 6, 1978

#### **Love Returned**

Love returned with smiles three thousand miles to keep a year's promise Anonymous, honest studious, beauteous learned and childlike earnest and mild like a student of truth, a serious youth.

Whatever our ends young and old we were friends on the coast a few weeks In New York now he seeks scholarly manuscripts old writs, haunted notes Antique anecdotes, rare libraries lain back of the brain.

Now we are in bed he kisses my head his hand on my arm holds my side warm He presses my leg I don't have to beg his sweet penis heat enlarged at my hip, kiss his neck with my lip. Small as a kid
his ass is not hid
I can touch, I can play
with his thighs any way
My cheek to his chest
my body's his guest
he offers his breast
his belly, the rest
hug and kiss to my bliss

Come twice at last
he offers his ass
first time for him
to be entered at whim
of my bare used cock—
his cheeks do unlock
tongue & hand at soft gland
Alas for my dreams
my part's feeble it seems

Familiar with lust heartening the dust of 50 years' boys' abandoned love joys Not to queer my idea he's willing & trembles & his body's nimble where I want my hard skin I can't get it on in.

Well another day comes Church bells have rung dawn blue in New York I eat vegetables raw Sun flowers, cole slaw Age shortens my years yet brings these good cheers Some nights're left free & Love's patient with me

December 16, 1978, 6 A.M.

### December 31, 1978

Shining Diamonds & Sequins glitter Grand Ballroom Waldorf Astoria on the TV Screen radiant shifting goodbye to **Times Square Phantoms** waving massed eyeglasses & umbrellas' rainy hands over heads Celebrating China diplomatic relations Disco in Peking Congressional black & tan faces on the news-dots sober Committee Report **Concludes Conspiracy Killing** Kennedy & Martin Luther King President & Peacemaker last Decade departed mysteriously gloomy miasma mind of NY Times Vietnam nuclear Warren Commission exploded, lies & confusion popping firecrackers Razz-ma-Tazz in mylar hats under klieg lights dancing to Guy Lombardo Hitchy Kitchy Koo in eyeglasses & bowties with tinkling Pianos, Trombones & tubas above the round white champagne tables Old Folks smiling into camera one last time appreciating the Royal Canadian

Nostalgia among sweepstake kitchen sinks & refrigerators advertised before the deodorized stickup by Count Dracula with popping eyeballs. How enthusiastic the soap ads while masses honk paper horns between December's canyon'd building walls straight-sided up thru red misted sky above Gotham Broadway Oomp-pa-pa-ing its regards to Heaven the umpteenth time, tin Trumpets waiting to announce the year's midnight, Big teeth having a good time, Puerto Ricans smiling under 44th Street marquees greeting the camera's million-eyed blank Hope the itching's gone— Live from New York! thousands scream delight roaring the clock along simultaneous congratulations Network Chairman Wm. S. Paley— Forgiveness! Time! the ball's falling down, drums roll loud across America's speaker systems to Balloons! Happy New Year!

Trumpets & Bubbles wave thru the brain!

Raise yr hat & shake yr bracelet Telephone Edie! Blow yr Trumpet Ganymede with a mustache

Ring yr brazen horns ye Fire engines of Soho!

Bark ye dogges in lofts, explode yr honking halos ye weightless Angels of Television!

It's gonna be a delightful time, thank god nothing's happening muchachos

Tonite but parties & car crashes, births & ambulance sirens,

Confetti falling over heartbroken partygoers doing the Lindy Hop at the back window of the loft

years ago when Abstract-Expressionist painters & poets had a party celebrating U.S. Eternity on New Year's Eve before the War.

### **Brooklyn College Brain**

For David Shapiro & John Ashbery

ou used to wear dungarees & blue workshirt,
neakers or cloth-top shoes, & ride alone
n subways, young & elegant unofficial
astard of nature, sneaking sweetness into Brooklyn.
ow tweed jacket & yr father's tie on yr breast,
nlmon-pink cotton shirt & Swedish bookbag
ou're half bald, palsied lip & lower eyelid
ontinually tearing, gone back to college.
oodbye Professor Ginsberg, get your identity
ard next week from the front office so you can
et to class without being humiliated dumped on the
dewalk by the black guard at the Student Union door.

ello Professor Ginsberg have some coffee, ave some students, have some office hours uesdays & Thursdays, have a couple subway tokens advance, have a box in the English Department, ave a look at Miss Sylvia Blitzer behind the typewriter ave some poems er maybe they're not so bad have a bod time workshopping Bodhicitta in the Bird Room.

March 27, 1979

#### **Garden State**

It used to be, farms, stone houses on green lawns a wooded hill to play Jungle Camp asphalt roads thru Lincoln Park.

The communists picnicked amid spring's yellow forsythia magnolia trees & apple blossoms, pale buds breezy May, blue June.

Then came the mafia, alcohol highways, garbage dumped in marshes, real estate, World War II, money flowed thru Nutley, bulldozers.

Einstein invented atom bombs in Princeton, television antennae sprung over West Orange—lobotomies performed in Greystone State Hospital.

Old graveyards behind churches on grassy knolls, Erie Railroad bridges' Checkerboard underpass signs, paint fading, remain.

Reminds me of a time pond's pure water was green, drink or swim. Traprock quarries embedded with amethyst, quiet on Sunday. I was afraid to talk to anyone in Paterson, lest my sensitivity to sex, music, the universe, be discovered & I be laughed at, hit by colored boys.

"Mr. Professor" said the Dutchman on Haledon Ave. "Stinky Jew" said my friend black Joe, kinky haired. Oldsmobiles past by in front of my eyeglasses.

Greenhouses stood by the Passaic in the sun, little cottages in Belmar by the sea. I heard Hitler's voice on the radio. I used to live on that hill up there.

They threw eggs at Norman Thomas the Socialist speaker in Newark Military Park, the police stood by & laughed. Used to murder silk strikers on Mill St. in the twenties.

Now turn on your boob tube They explain away the Harrisburg hydrogen bubble, the Vietnam war, They haven't reported the end of Jersey's gardens,

much less the end of the world. Here in Boonton they made cannonballs for Washington, had old iron mines, spillways, coach houses—Trolleycars

ran thru Newark, gardeners dug front lawns. Look for the News in your own backyard over the whitewashed picket fence, fading signs on upper stories of red brick factories.

The Data Terminal people stand on Route 40 now. Let's get our stuff together. Let's go back Sundays & sing old springtime music on Greystone State Mental Hospital lawn.

Spring 1979

# **Spring Fashions**

Full moon over the shopping mall in a display window's silent light the naked mannequin observes her fingernails

Boulder, 1979

### Las Vegas: Verses Improvised for El Dorado H.S. Newspaper

Aztec sandstone waterholes known by Moapa've dried out under the baccarat pits of M.G.M.'s Grand Hotel.

If Robert Maheu knew
who killed Kennedy
would he tell Santos Trafficante?

If Frank Sinatra had to grow his own food, would he learn how to grind piñon nuts?

If Sammy Davis had to find original water would he lead a million old ladies laughing round Mt. Charleston to the Sheepshead Mountains in migratory cycle?

Does Englebert know the name of the mountains he sings in?

When gas and water dry up will wild mustangs inhabit the Hilton Arcade?

Will the 130-billion-dollared-Pentagon guard the radioactive waste dump at Beatty for the whole Platonic Year?

Tell all the generals and Maitre D's to read the bronze inscriptions under the astronomical flagpole at Hoover Dam.

Will Franklin Delano Roosevelt Bugsy Siegel and Buddha all lose their shirts at Las Vegas?

Yeah! because they don't know how to gamble like mustangs and desert lizards.

September 23, 1979

### To the Punks of Dawlish

our electric hair's beautiful gold as Blake's Glad Day boy, ou raise your arms for industrial crucifixion ou get 45 Pounds a week on the Production line and 15 goes to taxes, Mrs. Thatcher's nuclear womb swells he Iron Lady devours your powers & hours your pounds and pride & catters radioactive urine on your mushroom dotted sheep fields. Against the Bourgeois!" you raise your lip & dandy costume gainst the Money Establishment you pogo to garage bands fter humorous slavery in th' electronic factory ut silver pins in your nose, gold rings in your ears lik to the Professor on the Plymouth train, asking Marijuana rots your brain like it says in the papers, insists on the telly?"

ursed tragic kids rocking in a rail car on the Cornwall Coastline, Luck to your dancing revolution!

/ith bodies beautiful as the gold blond lads' of Oxford—

our rage is more elegant than most purse-lipped considerations of Cambridge,

our mouths more full of slang & kisses than tea-sipping wits of Eton whispering over scones & clotted cream

onspiring to govern your music tax your body labor & chasten your impudent speech with an Official Secrets Act.

Cornwall, November 18, 1979

#### **Some Love**

After 53 years I still cry tears I still fall in love I still improve

My art with a kiss My heart with bliss My hands massage Kids from the garage

Kids from the grave Kids who slave At study or labor Still show me favor

How can I complain When love like rain Falls all over the land On my head on my hand

On my breast on my shoes Kisses arrive like foreign news Mouths suck my cock Boys wish me good luck

How long can I last Such love gone past So much to come Till I get dumb Rarer and rarer Boys give me favor Older and older Love grows bolder

Sweeter and sweeter Wrinkled like water My skin still trembles My fingers nimble

Siegen, December 12, 1979

### **Maybe Love**

Maybe love will come cause I am not so dumb Tonight it fills my heart heavy sad apart from one or two I fancy now I'm an old fairy.

This is hard to say
I've come to be this way
thru many loves of youth
that taught me most heart truth
Now I come by myself
in my hand a potbellied elf

It's not the most romantic dream to be so frantic for young men's bodies, a fine sugar daddy blest respected known but left to bed alone.

How come love came to end flaccid, how pretend desires I have used Four decades as I cruised from bed to bar to book Shamefaced like a crook

Stealing here & there pricks & buttocks bare

by accident, by circumstance Naiveté or horny chance stray truth or famous lie, How come I came to die?

Love dies, body dies, the mind keeps groping blind half hearted full of lust to wet the silken dust of men that hold me dear but won't sleep with me near.

This morning's cigarette
This morning's sweet regret
habit of many years
wake me to old fears
Under the living sun
one day there'll be no one

to kiss & to adore & to embrace & more lie down with side by side tender as a bride gentle under my touch—Prick I love to suck.

Church bells ring again in Heidelberg as when in New York City town I lay my belly down against a boy friend's buttock and couldn't get it up.

'Spite age and common Fate
I'd hoped love'd hang out late
I'd never lack for thighs
on which to sigh my sighs
This day it seems the truth

I can't depend on youth,
I can't keep dreaming love
I can't pray heav'n above
or call the pow'rs of hell
to keep my body well
occupied with young devils
tongueing at my navel.

I stole up from my bed to that of a well-bred young friend who shared my purse and noted my tender verse, I held him by the ass waiting for sweat to pass

until he said Go back
I said that I would jack
myself away, not stay
& so he let me play
Allergic to my come—
I came, & then went home.

This can't go on forever, this poem, nor my fever for brown eyed mortal joy, I love a straight white boy. Ah the circle closes
Same old withered roses!

I haven't found an end
I can fuck & defend
& no more can depend
on youth time to amend
what old ages portend—
Love's death, & body's end.

Heidelberg, December 15, 1979, 8 A.M.

### **Ruhr-Gebiet**

Too much industry too much eats too much beer too much cigarettes

Too much philosophy too many thought forms not enough rooms not enough trees

Too much Police too much computers too much hi fi too much Pork

Too much coffee too much smoking under gray slate roofs Too much obedience

Too many bellies
Too many business suits
Too much paperwork
too many magazines

Too much industry
No fish in the Rhine
Lorelei poisoned
Too much embarrassment

Too many fatigued workers on the train Ghost Jews scream on the streetcorner

Too much old murder too much white torture Too much one Stammheim too many happy Nazis

Too many crazy students Not enough farms not enough Appletrees Not enough nut trees

Too much money
Too many poor
turks without vote
"Guests" do the work

Too much metal
Too much fat
Too many jokes
not enough meditation

Too much anger Too much sugar Too many smokestacks Not enough snow

Too many radioactive plutonium wastebarrels

Take the Rhine gold Build a big tomb

A gold walled grave to bury this deadly nuclear slag all the Banks' gold Shining impenetrable

All the German gold will save the Nation Build a gold house to bury the Devil

Heidelberg, December 15, 1979

## Love Forgiven



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# Tübingen-Hamburg Schlafwagen

Ι

Why am I so angry at Kissinger?
Kent State? Terrorism began in 1968!
"Berlin Student Protesting Shah Shot by Police."

II

Building lights above black water!
passing over a big river, railroad bridge & tower.
Mmm Fairyland! Must be Frankfurt!

December 1979

## **Love Forgiven**

Straight and slender Youthful tender Love shows the way And never says nay

Light & gentle-Hearted mental Tones sing & play Guitar in bright day

Voicing always Melodies, please Sing sad, & say Whatever you may

Righteous honest Heart's forgiveness Drives woes away, Gives Love to cold clay

Tübingen, December 16, 1979

### Verses Written for Student Antidraft Registration Rally 1980

he Warrior is afraid

ne warrior has a big trembling heart

ne warrior sees bright explosions over Utah, a giant bomber moves over Cheyenne Mountain at Colorado Springs

ne warrior laughs at its shadow, his thought flows out with his breath and dissolves in afternoon light

he warrior never goes to War

Tar runs away from the warrior's mouth

Iar falls apart in the warrior's mind

he Conquered go to War, drafted into shadow armies, navy'd on shadow oceans, flying in shadow fire

nly helpless Draftees fight afraid, big meaty negroes trying not to die

he Warrior knows his own sad & tender heart, which is not the heart of most newspapers

Thich is not the heart of most Television—This kind of sadness doesn't sell popcorn

his kind of sadness never goes to war, never spends \$100 Billion on MX Missile systems, never fights shadows in Utah,

ever hides inside a hollow mountain near Colorado Springs with North American Aerospace Defense Command

raiting orders that he press the Secret button to Blow up the Great Cities of Earth

Shambhala, Colorado, March 15, 1980

#### Homework

Homage Kenneth Koch

I were doing my Laundry I'd wash my dirty Iran

d throw in my United States, and pour on the Ivory Soap, scrub up Africa, put all the birds and elephants back in the jungle,

d wash the Amazon river and clean the oily Carib & Gulf of Mexico, ub that smog off the North Pole, wipe up all the pipelines in Alaska, ub a dub dub for Rocky Flats and Los Alamos, Flush that sparkly Cesium out of Love Canal

inse down the Acid Rain over the Parthenon & Sphinx, Drain the Sludge out of the Mediterranean basin & make it azure again,

ut some blueing back into the sky over the Rhine, bleach the little Clouds so snow return white as snow,

leanse the Hudson Thames & Neckar, Drain the Suds out of Lake Erie hen I'd throw big Asia in one giant Load & wash out the blood & Agent Orange,

ump the whole mess of Russia and China in the wringer, squeeze out the tattletail Gray of U.S. Central American police state,

put the planet in the drier & let it sit 20 minutes or an Aeon till it came out clean.

Boulder, April 26, 1980

## **After Whitman & Reznikoff**

# 1 What Relief

If my pen hand were snapped by a Broadway truck
—What relief from writing letters to the *Nation*disputing tyrants, war gossip, FBI—
My poems'll gather dust in Kansas libraries,
adolescent farmboys opening book covers with ruddy hands.

# 2 Lower East Side

That round faced woman, she owns the street with her three big dogs,

screeches at me, waddling with her shopping bag across Avenue B Grabbing my crotch, "Why don't you talk to me?" baring her teeth in a smile, voice loud like a taxi horn, "Big Jerk ... you think you're famous?"—reminds me of my mother.

April 29, 1980

### **Reflections at Lake Louise**

T

At midnight the teacher lectures on his throne Gongs, bells, wooden fish, tingling brass Transcendent Doctrines, non-meditation, old dog barks Past present future burn in Candleflame incense fills intellects—
Mornings I wake, forgetting my dreams, dreary hearted, lift my body out of bed shave, wash, sit, bow down to the ground for hours.

П

Which country is real, mine or the teacher's? Going back & forth I cross the Canada border, unguarded, guilty, smuggling 10,000 thoughts.

III

Sometimes my guru seems a Hell King, sometimes a King in Eternity,

sometimes a newspaper story, sometimes familiar eyed father, lonely mother, hard working—
Poor man! to give me birth who may never grow up and earn my own living.

May 7, 1980

IV

ow the sky's clearer, clouds lifted, a patch of blue nows above Mt. Victoria. I should go walking to the Plain of the Six Glaciers

ut I have to eat Oryoki style, prostrate hours in the basement, study for Vajrayana Exams—

I had a heart attack on the path around the lake would I be ready to face my mother?

Noon

V

Scandal in the Buddhafields

The lake's covered with soft ice inches thick.

Naked, he insulted me under the glacier!

He raped my mind on the wet granite cliffs!

He misquoted me in the white mists all over the *Nation*.

Hurrah! the Clouds drift apart!

Big chunks of blue sky fall down!

Mount Victoria stands with a mouth full of snow.

VI

wander this path along little Lake Louise, the teacher's too busy to see me,

y dharma friends think I'm crazy, or worse, a lonely neurotic, maybe I am—

lone in the mountains, same as in snowy streets of New York.

VII

rapped in the Guru's Chateau surrounded by 300 disciples could go home to Cherry Valley, Manhattan, Nevada City

be a farmer forever, die in Lower East Side slums, sit with no lightbulbs in the forest,

eturn to my daily mail Secretary, *Hard Times*, Junk mail and love letters, get wrinkled old in Manhattan

ly out and sing poetry, bring home windmills, grow tomatoes and Marijuana

nop wood, do Zazen, obey my friends, muse in Gary's Maidu Territory, study acorn mush,

ere I'm destined to study the Higher Tantras and be a slave of Enlightenment.

There can I go, how choose? Either way my life stands before me, sountains rising over the white lake 6 A.M., mist drifting between water and sky.

May 7–9, 1980

# τεθνκην δ όλίγω 'πιδεύης Φαίνομ' άλαία

Red cheeked boyfriends tenderly kiss me sweet mouthed under Boulder coverlets winter springtime hug me naked laughing & telling girl friends gossip till autumn

Aging love escapes with his Childish body
Monday one man visited sleeping big cocked
older mustached crooked-mouthed not the same teenager
I sucked off

This kid comes on Thursdays with happy hard ons long nights talking heart to heart reading verses fucking hours he comes in me happy but I can't get it in him

Cherub, thin-legged Southern boy once slept over singing blues and drinking till he got horny Wednesday night he gave me his ass I screwed him good luck he was drunk

Blond curl'd clear eyed gardener passing thru town teaching digging earth in the ancient One Straw method lay back stomach bare that night blew me I blew him and came

Winter dance Naropa a barefoot wild kid jumped up grabbed me laughed at me took my hand and ran out saying Meet you at midnight your house Woke me up naked Midnight crawled in bed with me breathed in my ear kissed my eyelids mouth on his cock it was soft "Doesn't do nothing for me," turned on belly Came in behind him

Future youth I never may touch any more Hark these Sapphics lipped by my hollow spirit everlasting tenderness breathed in these vowels sighing for love still

Song your cadence formed while on May night's full moon yellow onions tulips in fresh rain pale grass iris pea pods radishes grew as this verse blossomed in dawn light

Measure forever his face eighteen years old green eyes blond hair muscular gold soft skin whose god like boy's voice mocked me once three decades past Come here and screw me

Breast struck scared to look in his eyes blood pulsing my ears mouth dry tongue never moved ribs shook a trembling fire ran down from my heart to my thighs Love-sick to this day

Heavy limbed I sat in a chair and watched him sleep naked all night afraid to kiss his mouth tender dying waited for sun rise years ago in Manhattan

Boulder, May 17-June 1, 1980

# Fourth Floor, Dawn, Up All Night Writing Letters

Pigeons shake their wings on the copper church roof out my window across the street, a bird perched on the cross surveys the city's blue-gray clouds. Larry Rivers 'll come at 10 A.M. and take my picture. I'm taking your picture, pigeons. I'm writing you down, Dawn. I'm immortalizing your exhaust, Avenue A bus. O Thought, now you'll have to think the same thing forever!

New York, June 7, 1980, 6:48 A.M.

#### Ode to Failure

lany prophets have failed, their voices silent

host-shouts in basements nobody heard dusty laughter in family attics

or glanced them on park benches weeping with relief under empty sky

/alt Whitman viva'd local losers—courage to Fat Ladies in the Freak Show! nervous prisoners whose mustached lips dripped sweat on chow lines—

layakovsky cried, Then die! my verse, die like the workers' rank & file fusilladed in Petersburg!

rospero burned his Power books & plummeted his magic wand to the bottom of dragon seas

lexander the Great failed to find more worlds to conquer!

Failure I chant your terrifying name, accept me your 54 year old Prophet

picking Eternal Flop! I join your Pantheon of mortal bards, & hasten this ode with high blood pressure

ishing to the top of my skull as if I wouldn't last another minute, like the Dying Gaul! to

ou, Lord of blind Monet, deaf Beethoven, armless Venus de Milo, headless Winged Victory!

failed to sleep with every bearded rosy-cheeked boy I jacked off over

ly tirades destroyed no Intellectual Unions of KGB & CIA in turtlenecks & underpants, their woolen suits & tweeds

never dissolved Plutonium or dismantled the nuclear Bomb before my skull lost hair

have not yet stopped the Armies of entire Mankind in their march toward World War III

never got to Heaven, Nirvana, X, Whatchamacallit, I never left Earth,

never learned to die.

Boulder, March 7 / October 10, 1980

## Birdbrain!

irdbrain runs the World!

irdbrain is the ultimate product of Capitalism

irdbrain chief bureaucrat of Russia, yawning

irdbrain ran FBI 30 years appointed by F. D. Roosevelt and never chased Cosa Nostra!

irdbrain apportions wheat to be burned, keep prices up on the world market!

irdbrain lends money to Developing Nation police-states thru the International Monetary Fund!

irdbrain never gets laid on his own he depends on his office to pimp for him

irdbrain offers brain transplants in Switzerland

irdbrain wakes up in middle of night and arranges his sheets

am Birdbrain!

rule Russia Yugoslavia England Poland Argentina United States El Salvador

irdbrain multiplies in China!

irdbrain inhabits Stalin's corpse inside the Kremlin wall

irdbrain dictates petrochemical agriculture in Afric desert regions!

irdbrain lowers North California's water table sucking it up for Orange County Agribusiness Banks

irdbrain harpoons whales and chews blubber in the tropics

irdbrain clubs baby harp seals and wears their coats to Paris

irdbrain runs the Pentagon his brother runs the CIA, Fatass Bucks!

irdbrain writes and edits Time Newsweek Wall Street Journal Pravda Izvestia

irdbrain is Pope, Premier, President, Commissar, Chairman, Senator! irdbrain voted Reagan President of the United States!

irdbrain prepares Wonder Bread with refined white flour!

irdbrain sold slaves, sugar, tobacco, alcohol

irdbrain conquered the New World and murdered mushroom god Xochopili on Popocatepetl!

irdbrain was President when a thousand mysterious students were machinegunned at Tlatelulco

irdbrain sent 20,000,000 intellectuals and Jews to Siberia, 15,000,000 never got back to the Stray Dog Café

irdbrain wore a mustache & ran Germany on Amphetamines the last year of World War II

irdbrain conceived the Final Solution to the Jewish Problem in Europe

irdbrain carried it out in Gas Chambers

irdbrain borrowed Lucky Luciano the Mafia from jail to secure Sicily for U.S. Birdbrain against the Reds

irdbrain manufactured guns in the Holy Land and sold them to white goyim in South Africa

irdbrain supplied helicopters to Central America generals, kill a lot of restless Indians, encourage a favorable business climate

irdbrain began a war of terror against Israeli Jews

irdbrain sent out Zionist planes to shoot Palestinian huts outside Beirut

irdbrain outlawed Opiates on the world market

irdbrain formed the Black Market in Opium

irdbrain's father shot skag in hallways of the lower East Side

irdbrain organized Operation Condor to spray poison fumes on the marijuana fields of Sonora

irdbrain got sick in Harvard Square from smoking Mexican grass

irdbrain arrived in Europe to Conquer cockroaches with Propaganda

irdbrain became a great International Poet and went around the world praising the Glories of Birdbrain

declare Birdbrain to be victor in the Poetry Contest

e built the World Trade Center on New York Harbor waters without regard where the toilets emptied—

irdbrain began chopping down the Amazon Rainforest to build a wood-pulp factory on the river bank

irdbrain in Iraq attacked Birdbrain in Iran

irdbrain in Belfast throws bombs at his mother's ass

irdbrain wrote *Das Kapital!* authored the *Bible!* penned *The Wealth of Nations!* 

irdbrain's humanity, he built the Rainbow Room on top of Rockefeller Center so we could dance

e invented the Theory of Relativity so Rockwell Corporation could make Neutron Bombs at Rocky Flats in Colorado

irdbrain's going to see how long he can go without coming

irdbrain thinks his dong will grow big that way

irdbrain sees a new Spy in the Market Platz in Dubrovnik outside the Eyeglass Hotel—

irdbrain wants to suck your cock in Europe, he takes life very seriously, brokenhearted you won't cooperate—

irdbrain goes to heavy duty Communist Countries so he can get KGB girlfriends while the sky thunders—

irdbrain realized he was Buddha by meditating

irdbrain's afraid he's going to blow up the planet so he wrote this poem to be immortal—

Hotel Subrovka, Dubrovnik, October 14, 1980, 4:30 A.M.

#### **Eroica**

Thite marble pillars in the Rector's courtyard

t the end of a marble-white street in the walled city of Dubrovnik—

ll the fleet sunk, Empire foundered, Doges all skeletons & Turks vanished to dust

/orld Wars passed by with cannonfire mustard gas & amphetaminewired Führers—

eethoven's drum roll beats again in the stone household

Thite jackets and Black ties the makers of Dissonant thunderbolts concentrate on music sheets

owing low, the Timpanist bends ear to his Copper Kettledrums' heroic vibration—

assists with hornrim glasses and beards, young and old pluck ensemble with middle fingers at thin animal strings—

assoonists press lips to wooden hollow wands,

he Violinists fiddle up and down excitedly—First Violin

rith a stubborn beard (at his music stand with a young girl in black evening dress) waits patiently the orchestra tuning and tweedling to a C—

he Conductor moves his baton & elbows to get the Beethoven bounce jumping

weating in the cool Adriatic air at 10:15 white collar round his neck, black longtailed jacket & celluloid cuffs, high heeled black shoes—he turns the glossy page of the First Movement—

he brasses ring out, trumpets puffing, French horns blaring for Napoleon!

onductor whips it to a Bam Bam Bamb.

ut Beethoven got disgusted with Napoleon & scratched his hero name off the Dedication page—

ow the Funeral March! I used to listen to this over the radio in Paterson during the Spanish Civil War—

t last I know it's the bassoons Carry the wails of high elegy

t last I see the cellos in their chairs, violinists swaying forward, bassmen standing looking sad

s all bow together the mournful lament & dead march for Europe, he end of the liberty of Dubrovnik, the idiot cry March on Moscow! ubrovnik's musicians take revenge on Napoleon,

y playing Beethoven's heroic chords in a Castle by the sea at Night—lectric Globes on wrought iron stands light the year 1980 (Emperor Napoleon & Emperor Beethoven alike snoring skulls)

ı the Rector's house reconstructed a Concert Hall for Tourists

eethoven's heart pulses in the drums, his breath huffs and puffs, the black robed violin lady & the bearded Concert-master swing their arms.

he Funeral Fugue Begins! The Death of Kings, the screaming of Revolutionary multitudes

3 the Middle Ages tumble before Industrial Revolution

Mysterious Clarion! an extended brassy breath!

erene rows of island cities in violin language,

orking back and forth from violins to bassoons—

he drum beats the footfalls of Coffin Carriers—

ver the roofs the lilt of a sad melody emerges,

ke silent cats on red tile, the strings Climb up sadder—

broken-muzzled lion's head sticks out of a white plaster Fountain wall in the courtyard

ow rats and lions chase each other round the orchestra from fiddle string to bass gut staccato—

unting horns echo mellow against marble staircase blocks—apoleon has himself crowned Emperor by the Pope!

nbelievable! Atom Bombs drop on Japan! Hitler attacks Poland! The Allies fire-bomb Dresden alive! America goes to war—

ow Violins and Horns rise Counterpoint to a thunderous bombing! Kettledrums war up! Bam Bamb! End of Scherzo!

inale—Tiptoeing thru history, Pizzicato on the Bass Cello & Violins as Time marches on.

unning thru the veins, the lilt of victory, the Liberation of man from the State!

's a big dance, a festival, every instrument joined in the Yea Saying!

Tho wouldn't be happy meeting Beethoven at Jena in 1812 or 1980! It's a small world, standing up to sing like a big beating heart!

etting ready for the Ecstatic European Dance! Off we go on one ear, then another, Titanic Footsteps over Middle Europe—

nd a waltz to quiet down the joy, But the big dance will come back like Eternity like God like

hurricane an Earthquake a Beethoven Creation

new Europe! A new world of Liberty almost 200 years ago

rophesied thru brass and catgut, wood bow & breath

igantic Heartbeat of Beethoven's Deaf Longing—

he Prophecy of a Solid happy peaceful Just Europe—

ig as the Trumpets of the Third Symphony.

he Unification of the World! The triumph of the Moon! Mankind liberated to Music!

nough to make you cry in the middle of the Rector's Palace, thinking of Einstein's

tom Bomb exploded out of his head—

1 the middle of a note, an interruption! Cloudburst!

he Conductor wipes his head & runs away,

asses and cellos lift up their woods and vanish into Cloakrooms,

rench Horns Violins and Bassoons lift eyes to the shower & scatter under balconies

the middle of a note, in the middle of a big Satyric Footstep, ouf! Rain pours thru the sky!

lusicians and audience flee the stone floor'd courtyard, trium of the Rector's House Dubrovnik October 14, 1980, 10:45 P.M.

# "Defending the Faith"

Stopping on the bus from Novi Pazar in the rain I took a leak by Maglic Castle walls and talked with the dogs on Ivar River Bank They showed me their teeth & barked a long long time.

October 20, 1980

# **Capitol Air**

I don't like the government where I live
I don't like dictatorship of the Rich
I don't like bureaucrats telling me what to eat
I don't like Police dogs sniffing round my feet

I don't like Communist Censorship of my books I don't like Marxists complaining about my looks I don't like Castro insulting members of my sex Leftists insisting we got the mystic Fix

I don't like Capitalists selling me gasoline Coke Multinationals burning Amazon trees to smoke Big Corporation takeover media mind I don't like the Top-bananas that're robbing Guatemala banks blind

I don't like K.G.B. Gulag concentration camps I don't like the Maoists' Cambodian Death Dance 15 Million were killed by Stalin Secretary of Terror He has killed our old Red Revolution for ever

I don't like Anarchists screaming Love Is Free I don't like the C.I.A. they killed John Kennedy Paranoiac tanks sit in Prague and Hungary But I don't like counterrevolution paid for by the C.I.A.

Tyranny in Turkey or Korea Nineteen Eighty I don't like Right Wing Death Squad Democracy Police State Iran Nicaragua yesterday *Laissez-faire* please Government keep your secret police offa me I don't like Nationalist Supremacy White or Black I don't like Narcs & Mafia marketing Smack The General bullying Congress in his tweed vest The President building up his Armies in the East & West

I don't like Argentine police Jail torture Truths Government Terrorist takeover Salvador news I don't like Zionists acting Nazi Storm Troop Palestine Liberation cooking Israel into Moslem soup

# **Capital Air**



I don't like the Crown's Official Secrets Act You can get away with murder in the Government that's a fact Security cops teargassing radical kids In Switzerland or Czechoslovakia God Forbids

In America it's Attica in Russia it's Lubianka Wall In China if you disappear you wouldn't know yourself at all Arise Arise you citizens of the world use your lungs Talk back to the Tyrants all they're afraid of is your tongues Two hundred Billion dollars inflates World War In United States every year They're asking for more Russia's got as much in tanks and laser planes Give or take Fifty Billion we can blow out everybody's brains

School's broke down 'cause History changes every night Half the Free World nations are Dictatorships of the Right The only place socialism worked was in Gdansk, Bud The Communist world's stuck together with prisoners' blood

The Generals say they know something worth fighting for They never say what till they start an unjust war Iranian hostage Media Hysteria sucked The Shah ran away with 9 Billion Iranian bucks

Kermit Roosevelt and his U.S. dollars overthrew Mossadegh They wanted his oil then they got Ayatollah's dreck They put in the Shah and they trained his police the Savak All Iran was our hostage quarter-century That's right Jack

Bishop Romero wrote President Carter to stop Sending guns to El Salvador's Junta so he got shot Ambassador White blew the whistle on the White House lies Reagan called him home cause he looked in the dead nuns' eyes

Half the voters didn't vote they knew it was too late Newspaper headlines called it a big Mandate Some people voted for Reagan eyes open wide 3 out of 4 didn't vote for him That's a Landslide

Truth may be hard to find but Falsehood's easy Read between the lines our Imperialism is sleazy But if you think the People's State is your Heart's Desire Jump right back in the frying pan from the fire

The System the System in Russia & China the same Criticize the System in Budapest lose your name Coca Cola Pepsi Cola in Russia & China come true Khrushchev yelled in Hollywood "We will bury You"

America and Russia want to bomb themselves Okay
Everybody dead on both sides Everybody pray
All except the Generals in caves where they can hide
And fuck each other in the ass waiting for the next free ride

No hope Communism no hope Capitalism Yeah Everybody's lying on both sides Nyeah nyeah nyeah The bloody iron curtain of American Military Power Is a mirror image of Russia's red Babel-Tower

Jesus Christ was spotless but was Crucified by the Mob Law & Order Herod's hired soldiers did the job Flowerpower's fine but innocence has got no Protection The man who shot John Lennon had a Hero-worshipper's connection

The moral of this song is that the world is in a horrible place Scientific Industry devours the human race Police in every country armed with Tear Gas & TV Secret Masters everywhere bureaucratize for you & me

Terrorists and police together build a lowerclass Rage Propaganda murder manipulates the upperclass Stage Can't tell the difference 'tween a turkey & a provocateur If you're feeling confused the Government's in there for sure

Aware Aware wherever you are No Fear
Trust your heart Don't ride your Paranoia dear
Breathe together with an ordinary mind
Armed with Humor Feed & Help Enlighten Woe Mankind
Frankfurt-New York, December 15, 1980

# **APPENDIX**

Notes
Epigraphs from Original Editions
Dedications
Acknowledgments
Introduction by William Carlos Williams to Empty Mirror
Introduction by William Carlos Williams to Howl
Author's Cover Writ
Index of Proper Names

## **Notes**

Notes were composed 1961–1984 in collaboration with Fernanda Pivano, Italian translator; Jean-Jacques Lebel, Mary Beach and Claude Pelieu, Gérard-Georges Lemaire and Philippe Mikriammos, French translators; as well as Carl Weissner, Heiner Bastien, Bernd Samland, Jürgen Schmidt and Michael Kellner, German translators. Ever-patient confidante, guide, adviser and scholar Fernanda Pivano has borne the burden of pioneer interpretation of American personal and ephemeral references in these texts to her Italian readers, and other translators, for almost a quarter century. Musician-poet Steven Taylor integrated notes from four languages. The author edited and expanded the work through Summer 1984. Poet Philip Whalen, Sensei, aided interpretation of Buddhist terminology.

A.G.

#### Ι

# EMPTY MIRROR: GATES OF WRATH (1947–1952)

The four poems that follow, dedicated to Neal Cassady in the first years of our friendship, were set among "Earlier Poems: 1947," appended to *Gates of Wrath*, a book of rhymed verse. These compositions, college imitations of Marlowe, Marvell and Donne (and Hart Crane), are now relocated among these notes. Subsequent poems of Summer 1948, also imitative in style, are placed with the main body of the collection because they deal with primary visionary experience.

#### A FURTHER PROPOSAL

Come live with me and be my love, And we will some old pleasures prove. Men like me have paid in verse This costly courtesy, or curse;

But I would bargain with my art (As to the mind, now to the heart), My symbols, images, and signs Please me more outside these lines.

For your share and recompense, You will be taught another sense: The wisdom of the subtle worm Will turn most perfect in your form.

Not that your soul need tutored be By intellectual decree,

But graces that the mind can share Will make you, as more wise, more fair,

Till all the world's devoted thought Find all in you it ever sought, And even I, of skeptic mind, A Resurrection of a kind.

This compliment, in my own way, For what I would receive, I pay; Thus all the wise have writ thereof, And all the fair have been their love.

1947

#### A LOVER'S GARDEN

How vainly lovers marvel, all
To make a body, mind, and soul,
Who, winning one white night of grace,
Will weep and rage a year of days,
Or muse forever on a kiss,
If won by a more sad mistress—
Are all these lovers, then, undone
By him and me, who love alone?

O, have the virtues of the mind
Been all for this one love designed?
As seconds on the clock do move,
Each marks another thought of love;
Thought follows thought, and we devise
Each minute to antithesize,
Till, as the hour chimes its tune,
Dialectic, we commune.

The argument our minds create
We do, abed, substantiate;
Nor we disdain, in our delight,
To flatter the old Stagirite:
For in one speedy moment, we
Endure the whole Eternity,
And in our darkened shapes have found
The greater world that we surround.

In this community, the soul
Doth make its act impersonal,
As, locked in a mechanic bliss,
It shudders into nothingness—
Three characters of each may die
To dramatize that Unity.
Timed, placed, and acting thus, the while,
We sit and sing, and sing and smile.

What life is this? What pleasure mine! Such as no image can insign:
Nor sweet music, understood,
Soft at night, in solitude
At a window, will enwreathe
Such stillness on my brow: I breathe,
And walk on earth, and act my will,
And cry Peace! Peace! and all is still.

Though here, it seems, I must remain,
My thoughtless world, whereon men strain
Through lives of motion without sense,
Farewell! in this benevolence—
That all men may, as I, arrange
A love as simple, sweet, and strange

#### LOVE LETTER

Let not the sad perplexity
Of absent love unhumor thee:
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and laughter I have spent
To make my play with thee resolve in merriment;
For wisest critics past agree
The truest love is comedy.
Will thou not weary of the tragic argument?

Wouldst thou make love perverse, and then
Preposterous and crabbed, my pen?
Tempt Eros not (he is more wise than I)
To suck the apple of thy sad absurdity.
Love, who is a friend to men,
You'ld make a Devil of again:
Then should I be once more exiled, alas, in thee.

Make peace with me, and in my mind,
With Eros, angel of the mind,
Who loves me, loving thee, and in our bliss
Is loved by all of us and finds his happiness.
Such simple pleasures are designed
To entertain our days, I find,
And so shalt thee, when next we make a night of this.

This spring we'll be not merely mad,
But absent lovers, therefore sad,
So we'll be no more happy than we ought—
That simple love of Eros may be strangely taught.
And wit will seldom make me glad

That spring hath not what winter had, Therefore these nights are darkened shadows of my thought.

Grieve in a garden, then, and in a summer's twilight,

Think of thy love, for spring is lost to me.

Or as you will, and if the moon be white,

Let all thy soul to music married be,

To magic, nightingales, and immortality;

And, if it pleases thee, why, think on Death;

For Death is strange upon a summer night,

The thought of it may make thee catch thy breath,

And meditation hath itself a great beauty;

Wherefore if thou must weep, now I must mourn with thee.

Easter Sunday, 1947

#### DAKAR DOLDRUMS

T

Most dear, and dearest at this moment most, Since this my love for thee is thus more free Than that I cherished more dear and lost; Most near, now nearest where I fly from thee: Thy love most consummated is in absence, Half for the trust I have for thee in mind, Half for the pleasures of thee in remembrance—Thou art most full and fair of all thy kind.

Not half so fair as thee is fate I fear,
Wherefore my sad departure from this season
Wherein for some love of me thou held'st me dear,
While I betray thee for a better reason.
I am a brutish agonist, I know
Lust or its consummation cannot ease

These miseries of mind, this mask like sorrow: It is myself, not thee, shall make my peace.

Yet, O sweet soul, to have possessed thy love,
The meditations of thy mind for me,
Hath half deceived a thought that ill shall prove.
It was a grace of fate, this scene of comedy
Foretold more tragic acts in my short age.
Yet 'tis no masque of mine, no mere sad play
Spectacular upon an empty stage—
My life is more unreal, another way.

To lie with thee, to touch thee with desire,
Enrage the summer nights with thy mere presence—
Flesh hath such joy, such sweetness, and such fire!
The white ghost fell on me, departing thence.
Henceforth I must perform a winter mood;
Belovèd gestures freeze in bitter ice,
Eyes glare through a pale jail of solitude,
Fear chills my mind: Here endeth all my bliss!

Cursed may be this month of Fall! I fail
My full and fair and near and dear and kind.
I but endure my role, my own seas sail,
Far from the sunny shores within thy mind.
So this departure shadoweth mine end:
Ah! what poor human cometh unto me,
Since now the snowy spectre doth descend,
Henceforth I shall in fear and anger flee.

II

Lord, forgive my passions, they are old, And restive as the years that I have known. To what abandonments have I foretold My bondage? And have mine own love undone! How mad my youth, my sacramental passage! Yet I dream these September journeys true: When five days flowed like sickness in this knowledge, I vomited out my mockery, all I knew.

#### Ш

Five nights upon the deep I suffered presage, Five dawns familiar seabirds cried me pale: I care not now, for I have seen an image In the sea that was no Nightingale.

—My love, and doth still that rare figurine
In thy sad garden sing, now I am gone?
Sweet carols that I made, and caroller serene,
They broke my heart, and sang for thee alone.
Secret to thee the Nightingale was Death;
So all the figures are that I create.
For thee awhile I breathed another breath,
To make my Death thy Beauty imitate.—

More terrible than these are the vast visions
Of the sea, nor comprehensible.
Last night I stared upon the Cuban mountains,
Tragic in the mist, as on my soul,
Star studded in the dark, sea shaded round
And still, a funeral of Emperors,
Wind wound in ruined shrouds and crescent crowned
And tombed in desolation on dead shores.

The place was dread with age: the evening tide, Eternal wife of death that washed these bones, Turns back to sea by night, eternal bride: She clasped my ship and rocked to hear its groans. I did imagine I had known this sea, Had been an audience to this before; The place was prescient, like a great stage in me, As out of a dream that late I dream no more.

I did imagine I had known this sea;
It raged like a great beast in my passage,
Till I, enragèd creature, anciently
Engendered here, cried out upon mine image:
"How long in absence O thou journeyest,
Ages my soul and ages! Here ever home
In this sea's endangerments thou sufferest;
And do, and do, and now my will hath done!"

Ah, love, I tell thee true, nor false affix
The solitude I watched by th'iron prow:
While I interpreted I stared me sick
At transformations in the tides below;
For the grim bride rose up, and all surrounding,
Carried me through the star-piercèd air,
Till I cried Stay! and Stay! surrendering
My movèd soul in flight to faster fear.

As I dived then I cried, delving all depthed in foam, "Now close in weeds thy wave-lipped womb, mistress!"
But she ope'd her watering wounds and drew me down And drove me dancing through the white-wreathed darkness. Though I stood still to memorize the deep, And woke my eyes wild-wide upon the height, My soul it feareth its descent to keep, My soul it turneth in its famous flight.

IV

Ha! now I die or no, I fear this tide

Carrieth me still, perishing, past where I stood, So mild, to gaze whereat I long had died, Or shall, as well, in future solitude.
What other shores are there I still remember?
I was in a pale land, I looked through a pure vision In a pallid dawn, with a half-vacant glare.
Alas! what harbour hath the imagination?

O the transparent past hath a white port,
Tinted in the eye; it doth appear
Sometime on dark days, much by night, to sport
Bright shades like dimes of silver shining there,
On red dull sands on green volcanic shores.
I thought these stanzas out this cloudy noon,
Past Cuba now, past Haiti's stony jaws,
In the last passage to Dakar. The moon

Alone was full as it had been all year,
Orange and strange at dawn. It was my eyes,
Not Africa, did this: they shined so pure
Each island floated by a sweet surprise.
Coins, then, on Cape Verde's peakèd cones
Sparkle out with pallors various.
It makes me God to pass these mortal towns:
Real people sicken here upon slopes sulphurous.

So in my years I saw my serious cities
Colored with Love and chiming with Nightingales,
Architectural with fantasies,
With fools in schools and geniuses in jails.
When in sweet vivid dreams such rainbows rise,
and spectral children dance among the music,
I watch them still: hot emeralds are their eyes!
My eyes are ice, alas! How white I wake!

Twenty days have drifted in the wake Of this slow agèd ship that carries coal From Texas to Dakar. I, for the sake Of little but my causelessness of soul, Am carried out of my chill hemisphere To unfamiliar summer on the earth. I spend my days to meditate a fear; Each day I give the sea is one of death.

This is the last night of the outward journeying,
The darkness falleth westward unto thee;
And I must end my labors of this evening,
And all the last long night, and all this day:
It doth give peace, thus to torment the soul,
Till it is sundered from its forms and sense,
Till it surrendereth its knowledge whole,
And stares on the world out of a sleepless trance.

So on these stanzas doth a peace descend,
Now I have journeyed through these images
To come upon no image in the end.
So are we consummated in these passages,
Most near and dear and far apart in fate.
As I mean no mere sweet philosophy,
So I, unto a world I must create,
Turn with no promise and no prophecy.

South Atlantic, 1947

Sweet Levinsky

27 LEVINSKY: Leon Levinsky is a character in Jack Kerouac's *The Town* and the City.

A Poem on America

72 ACIS AND GALATEA ... versilov: In Fyodor Dostoyevsky's penultimate novel, *A Raw Youth*, hero Dolgoruki's father, Versilov, the ex-revolutionary, wore a hair shirt and mused on Poussin's painting.

# II THE GREEN AUTOMOBILE (1953–1954)

## The Green Automobile

4 NEAL: Neal Cassady, to whom the poem is dedicated.



Neal Cassady (1925–1968) in his first suit, bought second hand in Chinatown, 1946, the day before his return to Denver on Greyhound bus.

# Sakyamuni Coming Out from the Mountain

8 SAKYAMUNI: Buddha (563–483 B.C.) Sage born to warrior-caste Sakya family; human aspect of Buddha. Poem interprets noted Chinese painting, Sung dynasty.

8 ARHAT: Self-liberated sage who has not taken Bodhisattva's vows to liberate all sentient beings.

### Havana 1953

00 CAB CALLOWAY: (b. 1907) Ex-law student, stage-show black jazz singer, slick-haired satin-suited early hipster popular band leader who composed and sang "Minnie the Moocher," "Are You Hep to the Jive," "Are You All Reet" and "Hi-De-Ho Man."

01 VIVA JALISCO: Mexican state mariachi music macho whoop, like Viva Texas!

01 FREER: Gallery of Oriental Art, Mall adjunct to Washington, D.C., Smithsonian Institution.

#### Siesta in Xbalba

05 UXMAL ...: Proper names mentioned in the first part of the poem are those of ruined cities. Xbalba, translatable as Morning Star in Region Obscure, or Hope, and pronounced Chivalvá, is the area in Chiapas between the Tabasco border and the Usumacinta River at the edge of the Petén rain forest; the boundary of lower Mexico and Guatemala today is thereabouts. The locale was considered a Purgatory, or Limbo (the legend is vague), in the (Old) Mayan Empire. To the large tree at the crest of what is now called Mount Don Juan, at the foot of which this poem was written, ancient craftsmen came to complete work left unfinished at their death.

# On Burroughs Work

22 Written on receiving early "routines" from Burroughs in Tangier, including *Dr. Benway in the Operating Room* and *The Talking Asshole*.

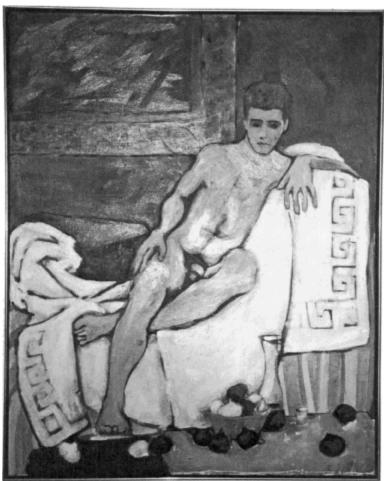


W. S. Burroughs, 206 East 7th Street, N.Y.C., Fall 1953, at time assembling "Yage Letters" and visioning Inter-zone Market Naked Lunch. Photo by A.G.

# III HOWL, BEFORE AND AFTER: SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA (1955–1956)

## Malest Cornifici Tuo Catullo

31 MALEST, CORNIFICI, TUO CATULLO: Catullus #38, probably addressed to the erotic "new poet" friend of Catullus, a verse note beginning "I'm ill, Cornificus, your Catullus is ill," asking for a little friendly word, and ending "Maestius lacrimis Simonideis"—"Sad as the tears of old Simonides." Ginsberg to Kerouac, on meeting Peter Orlovsky.



Peter Orlovsky by Robert LaVigne, 1954, San Francisco. Author met Orlovsky immediately after viewing this painting, 1403 Gough Street.

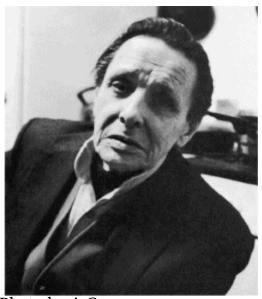


Jack Kerouac on Avenue A, Manhattan, 1953, at time of *The Subterraneans*. Photo by A.G.

# Dream Record: June 8, 1955

32 HUNCKE: Herbert E. Huncke (1915–1996), American prose writer. Friend and early contact for Kerouac, Burroughs and the author in explorations circa 1945 around Times Square, where he hung out at center of the hustling world in early stages of his opiate addictions. He served as connection to midtown's floating population for Dr. Alfred Kinsey's interviews with that population segment in his celebrated surveys of human sexuality. Huncke introduced Burroughs and others to the slang, information and ritual of the emergent "hip" or "beat" subculture. See the author's preface to

Huncke's book of sketches and stories, *The Evening Sun Turned Crimson* (Cherry Valley, N.Y.: Cherry Valley Editions, 1980): "Huncke's figure appears variously in Clellon Holmes's novel *Go*, there is an excellent early portrait in Kerouac's first bildungsroman *The Town and the City*, fugitive glimpses of Huncke as Gotham morphinist appear in William Lee's *Junkie*, Burroughs' dry first classic of prose. He walked on the snowbank docks with shoes full of blood into the middle of *Howl*, and is glimpsed in short sketches by Herb Gold, Carl Solomon and Irving Rosenthal scattered through subsequent decades. ... Kerouac always maintained that he was a great story teller."



Herbert Huncke, 1983. Photo by A.G.

#### Howl

34 PARADISE ALLEY: A slum courtyard N.Y. Lower East Side, site of Kerouac's *Subterraneans*, 1958.

39 ELI ELI LAMMA LAMMA SABACTHANI: "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?" Christ's last words from the cross ("Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani": Matthew 27:46).

39 MOLOCH: Or Molech, the Canaanite fire god, whose worship was marked by parents burning their children as propitiatory sacrifice.

"And thou shalt not let any of thy seed pass through the fire to Molech" (Leviticus 18:21).

### A Supermarket in California

#### 44 GARCÍA LORCA

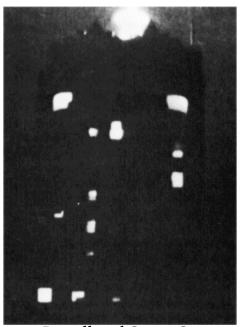
Not for one moment, old beautiful Walt Whitman, have I failed to see your beard full of butterflies nor your corduroy shoulders worn down by the moon ...

Not for one moment, virile beauty who in mountains of coal, posters and railroads,

dreamed of being a river and sleeping like a river.

dreamed of being a river and sleeping like a river with whatever comrade would lay on your breast the little pain of an ignorant leopard.

—Federico García Lorca, "Oda a Walt Whitman" (adapted by Allen Ginsberg)



Sir Francis Drake Hotel tower, Powell and Sutter Streets, San Francisco, seen from Nob Hill, original motif of Moloch section of Howl, Part II. Photo 1959 by Harry Redl. (See n.p. 139.)

#### **America**

54 WOBBLIES: International Workers of the World, strong on Northwest coast, some Anarchist-Buddhist-Populist tinge, primarily lumber and mining workers, pre-World War I activist precursors to organized American labor unions. For "I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night…" see *Little Red Song Book*.

55 TOM MOONEY: (1882–1942) Labor leader accused of bombthrowing, 1919 San Francisco Preparedness Day Parade; imprisoned still protesting innocence till pardoned 1939 by Governor Earl Warren; cause célèbre in left-wing populist circles worldwide.

55 SACCO & VANZETTI: Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, Italian-American anarchists convicted of robbery and murder, executed in Massachusetts, 1927, after international protest. Vanzetti's last speech to the court: "I found myself compelled to fight back from my eyes the tears, and quanch my heart trobling to my throat to not weep before him. But Sacco's name will live in the hearts of the people when your name, your laws, institutions and your false god are but a dim rememoring of a cursed past in which man was wolf to the man." And a letter to his son, April 1927: "If it had not been for this thing I might have live out my life talking at street corners to scorning men. I might have die unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life could we hope to do such work for tolerance, for justice, for man's understanding of man, as now we do by accident. ... Our words—our lives—our pains: nothing. The taking of our lives —lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish peddler—all! That last moment, belongs to us—that agony is our triumph."

55 SCOTTSBORO BOYS: Nine black youths arrested 1931 by mob in Paint Rock, Alabama, jailed in Scottsboro, set up and sentenced to death for alleged train rape of two white girls, despite popular belief in their innocence. Their cause focused international attention on Southern U.S. legal injustice and racial discrimination. Supreme Court reversed convictions twice, setting landmark precedents for adequate counsel representation and fair race-balanced juries.

55 SCOTT NEARING: (1883–1983) Sociology professor bounced from Academe for anti-World War I views, Socialist congressional candidate 1919, staunch pro-Soviet historian and autobiographer. In old age, Nearing evolved into "new age" counterculture role model with publication of *Living the Good Life* (pioneering, building, organic gardening, cooperation and vegetarian living on a self-subsistent Vermont homestead; working plans for a twenty-year project), 1954; and *The Maple Sugar Book* (account of the art and history of sugaring; practical details for modern sugar-making; remarks on pioneering as a way of living in the twentieth century), 1950; both coau-thored with Helen Nearing (reprint ed., New York: Schocken Books, 1970, 1971).

55 MOTHER BLOOR: Ella Reeve Bloor (1862–1951) Communist leader, writer, traveling union strike organizer and speechmaker.

55 EWIG-WEIBLICHE: (German) Eternal feminine.

55 ISRAEL AMTER: (1881–1954) A leading American Communist, Yiddish part of movement, traveling orator, ran for N.Y. governor 1930s.

# Fragment 1956

57 TOMBS: New York City jailhouse.

# Afternoon Seattle

58 MANDALA: Map of psychological universe, generally Hindu-Buddhist. See Time Wheel Mandala, p. 590.

58 SNYDER: Gary Snyder (b. 1930) Naturalist-woodsman, poet, early U.S. student of Zen, hitchhiked Northwest with author 1956, as described in poem. Prototype for Kerouac's *Dharma Bums* hero.

58 GREEN PARROT THEATER: First Avenue vaudeville movie playhouse, whose marquee was celebrated for Art Nouveau design and extravagant variety of neon colors in tail of its green parrot insignia.

At time of poem, the 1930s Nelson Eddy-Jeanette MacDonald movie *Maytime* was rerun. See *Maytime* song quotes, "Iron Horse."

58 FRANK H. LITTLE: His dry mummy stood in a glass case in a curio shop on Seattle waterfront, as described.

# IV

# REALITY SANDWICHES: EUROPE! EUROPE!

(1957-1959)

#### To Aunt Rose

93 THE ATTIC OF THE PAST AND EVERLASTING MINUTE: Books of lyric poetry by the author's father, Louis Ginsberg (1896–1976). The Everlasting Minute was published 1937 by Horace Liveright, N.Y. Certain poems were anthologized in various editions of Louis Untermeyer's standard anthology Modern American and British Poetry.

### Laughing Gas

- 98 SATORI: (Japanese) Sudden flash of enlightenment, awakening a glimpse of ordinary mind, often result of prolonged Zazen meditation practice. See also opening pages of Kerouac, *Satori in Paris* (New York: Grove Press, 1966). (There are various kinds of Satori: it is believed that a Zen master can recognize what kind and how profound, long lasting, or life-changing some person's Satori is. —P.W.)
- 98 SUTRAS: Buddhist discourses or dialogues, joining teacher and student in transmission of Dharma, or doctrine, over generations.
- 01 CZARDAS: East European dance, wildly spirited.
- 02 SHERMAN ADAMS: Assistant to President Eisenhower, who did resign; involved in minor White House scandal for accepting fur coat as gift.

# V KADDISH AND RELATED POEMS (1959–1960)

#### Kaddish

17 FIRST POISONOUS TOMATOES OF AMERICA: Russian immigrants to U.S. at turn of the century had not seen tomatoes; some believed them poisonous.

18 YPSL: Young People's Socialist League.

21 GRAF ZEPPELIN: Refers to giant hydrogen-inflated German airship *Hindenburg*, destroyed in flames with 36 deaths while mooring at Lakehurst, N.J., May 6, 1937, arrived on its first transatlantic crossing.

22 PARCAE: The Three Fates: goddess Clotho, spinning thread of life; Lachesis, holding and fixing length; and Atropos, whose shears cut thread's end.

22 THE GREEN TABLE: German Jooss Ballet's 1930s classic, wherein warmonger capitalists in black tie and tails pirouette round long green table at diplomatic conference, arranging mobilization, combat, arms profit, refugee fate and division of spoils, with Death figure dancing in foreground throughout eight-scene parable WWI.

22 DEBS: Eugene Victor Debs (1855–1926) Rail union organizer, founder IWW, "one big union," Socialist presidential candidate 1900–1920, ran from Atlanta penitentiary during ten-year sentence under so-called Espionage Act for speech denouncing U.S. entry into WWI; received nearly 1 million votes 1920.



Naomi, Allen, and Louis Ginsberg, New York World's Fair, June 15, 1940.

22 ALTGELD: John P. Altgeld (1847–1902) First Democratic governor of Illinois (1892–1896) since Civil War. Pardoned surviving anarchists of 1886 Haymarket Riots, initiated prison reform, protected laboring women and reformed child labor laws, opposed use of fed troops to suppress RR strikes, incorruptible, rich entering governorship, which he left penniless. See Vachel Lindsay's poem "The Eagle That Is Forgotten": "Sleep softly ... eagle forgotten ... under the stone. Time has its way with you there, and clay has its own. / 'We have buried him now,' thought his foes, and in secret

rejoiced ... / Sleep on, O brave hearted, O wise man, that kindled the flame— / To live in mankind is far more than to live in a name ..."—Vachel Lindsay, *Collected Poems* (New York: Macmillan, 1925).



Hindenberg Explosion. (See n.p. 221.) The Bettmann Archive, Inc.

22 LITTLE BLUE BOOKS: Tiny blue-covered booklets, first mass-market paperbacks in U.S., freethinking content, distributed from immigrant socialist town Girard, southeast Kansas, by E. Haldeman-Julius (1889–1951), whose mission was to educate the masses by offering great literature at cheapest price, including all Shakespeare, much Oscar Wilde, Tom Paine, Clarence Darrow, Upton Sinclair, the agnostic orator Robert Ingersoll, and Mark Twain. For publishing *The FBI—The Basis of an American Police State, The Alarming Methods of J. Edgar Hoover*, by Clifton Bennett, 1948, Haldeman-Julius was hounded by FBI; withdrew *The Black International*, by Joseph McCabe, 20-pamphlet series exposing relation between Roman Catholic Church and fascist Axis.

24 ZHDANOV: Andrei Aleksandrovich Zhdanov (1896–1948) Bolshevik Central Committee Secy, Politburo member, etc., later noted for "anticosmopolitan" chauvinistic pronouncements, 1946, as Stalin's

- literary and cultural affairs chief. "Doctors' Plot" accusations that ten Jewish Kremlin physicians were responsible for the death of Zhdanov and other high military figures signaled a purging of the Party in the year preceding Stalin's death in 1953.
- 25 METRAZOL: Used with insulin for shock treatment in common but now abandoned mental therapy experiments.
- 25 STENKA RAZIN: Russian song, name of folk-heroic Cossack river pirate, tortured and killed in Moscow in 1671.
- 26 WORKMEN'S CIRCLE: Newark-area Jewish immigrants' Socialist community service organization.
- 27 YISBORACH ... B'RICH HU: Heart of Kaddish prayer for the dead; for translation see lines 1–2, "Hymmnn" section of *Kaddish*.
- 29 BUBA: (Yiddish) Grandmother.
- 29 SHEMA Y'ISRAEL: (Hebrew) Listen, O Israel!
- 29 SRUL AVRUM: (Hebrew) Israel Abraham, equivalent to Irwin Allen, names on the author's birth certificate.
- 31 CAMP NICHT-GEDEIGET: (Yiddish) Camp "No Worry," near Monroe, N.Y., summer settlement used by left-wing families, 1930s.

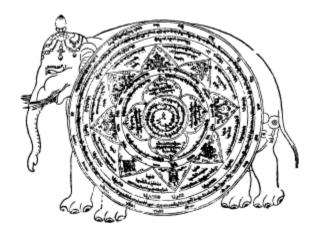
#### Mescaline

36 MESCALINE: Active psychedelic ingredient in peyote cactus, Southwest Indian religious-vision use. See Aldous Huxley, *The Doors of Perception* (New York: Harper & Row, 1970).

# Lysergic Acid

- 39 LYSERGIC ACID: Synthetic psychoactive chemical with which author first experimented at Mental Research Institute, Palo Alto, California, whence poem is dated.
- 40 GHOST TRAP: A multicolor-stringed wool antenna, to trap stupid ghosts, used during LSD experiments at Stanford Mental Research

Institute.



40 ELEPHANT MANDALA: A picture of the universe borrowed by the author from Prof. Frederic Spiegelberg for study during a Lysergic Acid vision and described in section six of the accompanying poem. The mandala and various Ghost Traps—see section five—were brought by Prof. Spiegelberg from a monastery in Sikkim. He writes: "The inscription consists mainly of Mantras, power-words in Sanskirt, which do not carry any mental symbolism, no intellectually expressible meaning, but are supposed to be directly effective as a transforming soul-influence" etc.

#### To an Old Poet in Peru

47 OLD POET: Martín Adán, pseud. (1908–1985) Refers to his celebrated sonnets in *La Rosa de la Espenela*, 1939.

47 DISAGUADEROS: Railroad station behind presidential palace in Lima, across from which, in Hotel Comercio, "Old Poet" and "Aether" were written.

47–254 CHANCAY, PACHACAMAC, NASCA: Pre-Incaic cultures of coastal desert Peru. Myriad relics were found by graverobbers opening the sand of these necropolises.

#### Aether

- 57 PHILIP WHALEN (1923–2002): San Francisco Renaissance poet and Soto Zen priest, born Northwest 1923, peer among poets Kerouac, Snyder, Welch, McClure, Creeley.
- 58 ADONOI ECHAD: (Hebrew) "The Lord is one," end of the "Eli Eli" prayer song.
- 63–267 *Magic Psalm, The Reply* and *The End* record visions experienced after drinking Ayajuasca (Yage or Soga de Muerte, *Banisteriopsis caapi*), a vine infusion used by Amazon *curanderos* as spiritual potion, for medicine and sacred vision. See author's *The Yage Letters*, w/ William S. Burroughs (San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1963). The message is: Widen the area of consciousness.

### The End

67 YIN: Feminine principle, receptivity or emptiness, in Chinese Taoist apposition to Yang, active masculine form.

VI

PLANET NEWS: TO EUROPE AND ASIA

(1961-1963)

#### Who Will Take Over the Universe?

73 CLINT MURCHISON: (1895–1969) Dallas billionaire industrialist (banks, rail, steamships, real estate, gas, oil, publishing, office equipment, movie theaters, restaurants, fishing tackle), conservative establishment Democrat.

73 JUDGE YALE MCFATE: His July 1960 decision affirmed constitutional protection for Native American Church use of psychedelic peyote cactus. Weston LaBarre, *The Peyote Cult* (New York: Shocken paperback, 1977), pp. 224–25: "The legal action most likely to set precedent, however, is the disposition of the case against Mary Attakai, a member of the Navaho Native American Church, under an anti-peyote ordinance of the Navaho Tribe. The local judge in Flagstaff, Arizona, H. L. Russell, disqualified himself, whereupon the Hon. Yale McFate was sent from Phoenix to preside over the case in the Superior Court of Coconino County in Flagstaff. In a notably lucid and well-informed opinion, rendered on 26 July 1960, the Court held that:

'Peyote is not a narcotic. It is not habit-forming. ... There are about 225,000 members of the organized church, known as the Native American Church, which adheres to this practice. ... The use of peyote is essential to the existence of the peyote religion. Without it, the practice of the religion would be effectively prevented. ... It is significant that many states which formerly outlawed the use of peyote have abolished or amended their laws to permit its use for religious purposes. It is also significant that the Federal Government has in nowise prevented the use of peyote by Indians or others.'

Inasmuch as the statute under which Mary Attakai was convicted of illegal possession is contrary to both the 14th Amendment of the Federal Constitution and Article II Sections 4, 8, 12, and 13 of the Arizona Constitution, the Court found the statute unconstitutional, exonerated the bond, and dismissed the case. Expert opinion has widely admired the decision of Judge McFate."

73 JOHN FOSTER DULLES: (1888–1959) Eisenhower secretary of state (1953–1959), who escalated cold war with China at 1954 Geneva Conference, where, refusing to shake hands or speak with Chinese foreign minister, he walked past icily, thereby initiating the thirty-year U.S.-China "containment policy." U.S. refused to sign the French-Indo-Chinese Peace Agreement at Geneva for fear "80% of the populace [of united Vietnam] would have voted for the Communist Ho Chi Minh as their leader."

73 FORRESTAL: James V. Forrestal (1892–1949) First U.S. secretary of defense; inaugurated first U.S. peacetime draft 1948, early cold war time (never before in U.S. history!) by illegally spending military-budget money for pro-draft propaganda. Next year, in mental decline, obsessed with Zionists and Communist Russian invasion of America, he threw himself out of Bethesda government mental hospital window, May 22, 1949.

# Journal Night Thoughts

75 HARRY SMITH (1923–1991): Celebrated experimental filmmaker, artist, philosopher, hermeticist; editor Ethnic Folkways Records' *The Kiowa Peyote Meeting* (FE 4601, 1973) and three-volume, six-disc *Anthology of American Folk Music* (FA 2951–3, 1952), influential on midcentury world folk-rock renaissance.

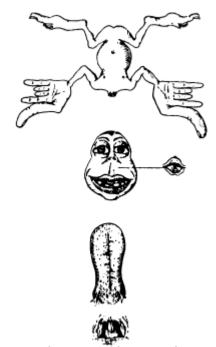
75 ATMAN: Notion of individual self, identifiable with permanent self, Brahman.

75 KABBALA: Hebrew Gnostic numerical meditation practice using letters of Pentateuch (Torah). "Natural language letters."—H. Smith.

77 SPIRO MOUND: Southern Cult (A.D. 1200) Indian mound in Spiro, Oklahoma.

77 PENFIELD'S HOMUNCULUS: Map of brain areas controlling motor and sensory functions. See design p. 70, Fig. III-15, in Wilder Penfield and Jasper Herbert, *Epilepsy and the Functional Anatomy of the Human Brain* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1954).

77 KALI YUGA: Present era is last aeon in Hindu cycle of four ages, an age of iron during which spiritual awareness is at nadir, and cosmic apocalyptic destruction follows.



Combination sensory and motor homunculus (as they appear from above on Rolandic cortex). Penfield's Homunculus. (See n.p. 277.)

# Television Was a Baby Crawling Toward That Deathchamber

- 80 ENKIDU: Friend-servant of Gilgamesh, for whose shade's sake Gilgamesh visited the dusts of Deathworld.
- 80 LAFCADIO: L. Orlovsky, brother of poet Peter Orlovsky; see "Lazarus" portrait, Kerouac's *Desolation Angels*, Book Two, Part One, section 10.
- 80 CHANGO: Afro-Cuban Oricha, Lord of Drum, phallic creation divinity, somewhat equivalent to Hindu Shiva among polytheistic

systems.

- 80 BARDO THODOL: Experience of gap between death and rebirth; see *The Tibetan Book of the Dead: The Great Liberation Through Hearing in the Bardo*, trans. Francesca Fremantle, commentary by Chögyam Trungpa (Boulder: Shambhala, 1975).
- 81 KULCHUR: Magazine of new writing, 1961, ed. Leroi Jones et al.
- 81 IRVING ROSE IN THRALL: Irving Rosenthal (with Paul Carroll), editing 1959 *Big Table* magazine, published first eighty-page chunk of Burroughs's *Naked Lunch*, previously censored in *Chicago Review*.
- 81 KALPA: Complete Aeonic four-yuga cycle, according to Hindu mythology.
- 85 CHESSMAN: Caryl Chessman (1921–1960) Executed for murder in California after lengthy court appeals intelligently written by himself, and despite world protest in favor of his life.
- 85 CHATTERLEY ATTACKED: Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield laid copy of D. H. Lawrence's long-banned masterpiece, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, on President Eisenhower's desk with certain words underlined as "obscene," and asked for permission to ban its transport by U.S. mail. "Terrible, we can't have that," said Ike in *Time* magazine (according to author's memory, 1959).
- 85 ROCHESTER: John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1647–1680) English poet, Milton's contemporary, whose brilliant gaudy lyrics, published 1950s Paris by Olympia Press, when imported to America were confiscated and burned by Eisenhower U.S. Customs, along with novels by Henry Miller, D. H. Lawrence, Jean Genet, etc.
- 96 2,000,000 PIECES MAIL: At beginning of cold war, 1945, U.S. Customs and Post Office departments burned as propaganda all second-class mail (books and printed matter) arriving from China, N. Vietnam, and other Communist lands. Two million items a year were incinerated. The practice was ended by President John Kennedy.
- 87 FABIAN BLDG.: Downtown Church and Market streets, Paterson, New Jersey, movie theater where author in boyhood saw movie

phantoms of Jeanette Mac-Donald, Nelson Eddy, Ronald Reagan.

88 ANGELICA BALABANOFF: (1876–1965) Kiev-born aristocrat, first Secretary of Third Communist International 1919, quit disillusioned 1923 with Lenin's & Trotsky's use of "unscrupulous calumny" for centralization of power, went her own way, radical, poet. Earlier as Benito Mussolini's mistress she sheltered and introduced him to Socialist ideology, co-edited Rome socialist daily *Avanti*; later broke with him, was betrayed and confined, when he formed Italian Fascist Party. See *My Life as a Rebel* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1938; reprint Indiana University Press, 1978). Author met her briefly at pacifist gathering, Brooklyn, 1945.

89 SS SANTA MARIA: "Cruise ship Santa Maria, with 600 passengers aboard, seized ... by armed band of 69 ... leader identified as [Portuguese dictator] Salazar foe, Army ex-Capt Galvao ... colonial policy manifesto demands creation of Fed Repub of the US of Portugal including overseas territories ... Portuguese exiles in GB open drive against Salazar regime" (New York Times, January 24–27, 1961). See also Time, February 10, 1961.

90 DEVAS: Hindu or Buddhist gods, attendant psychological spirits.

90 RAY BREMSER: American poet (b. 1934) See *The New American Poetry*, ed. Donald M. Allen (New York: Grove Press, 1960). Much praised by Kerouac and Bob Dylan for his celebrated wordsyncopation, as in *Blowing Mouth* (Cherry Valley Editions, 1978).

# Seabattle of Salamis Took Place off Perama

96 PANYOTIS ... YORGIS: Greek youths' common given names.

296 AHARISTI ... NA-TI-THE-MA-FEZ: Bouzouki songs, Athens suburb jukebox, 1961.

296 OPEN THE DOOR RICHARD, I'M CASTING A SPELL ON YOU: American jukebox songs, the latter by Screamin' Jay Hawkins, actually titled "I Put a Spell on You."

### Stotras to Kali Destroyer of Illusions

98 YONI: Vagina, counterpart to lingam, in Hindu iconography.

#### Heat

02 HOOGHLY: River Ganges at Calcutta.

02 BIDI: Tiny cheap Indian cigarette.

#### Describe: The Rain on Dasaswamedh Ghat

03 KALI MA: Benares beggar lady with a holy name; see her photograph, *Indian Journals* (NY: Grove Press, 1996).

03 JAI RAM: "Victory to Ram" (aspect of Vishnu the Preserver).

04 JAI SHANKAR: Shankar or Shiva, patron lord of Benares.

04 BAUL: Mystical sect of wandering, patchwork-clothed Vaishnav singers, some devoted to Krishna, in North Bengal. See *Obscure Religious Cults*, Sashi Bhusan Das Gupta (Calcutta: Firma K. L. Makhopadhyay, 1959). "The elephant is caught in the spider web, and the ant bursts out laughing." Influenced Tagore songs.

#### Death News

05 GANGA-MA: Mother Ganges, represented traditionally riding a crocodile.

05 HOLLAND: John P. Holland (1841–1914) Irish born. His invention, the first iron submarine, the *Fenian Ram*, launched and sank in 1878, was fished up rusty from the Passaic in 1927, and exhibited

thereafter in the Paterson Museum. Holland cofounded Electric Boat Co., ancestor General Dynamics Corp.

### Patna-Benares Express

08 MAIDAN: Area that contains a horse track and polo field in Bankipore, sector of Patna city.

08 PATNA: Capital, Bihar state on right bank of Ganges, 125 miles from Benares.

# Angkor Wat\*

- 14 AVALOKITESVERA: The gates to the palaces and some temples of Angkor Wat are made of giant heads of Avalokitesvera (Down-Glancing Lord, Buddha of Mercy) facing in four directions. Principal Bodhisattva of Lotus Sutra pantheon, Chinese Kwan-Yin mercy god, Japanese Lady Kannon, sometimes thousand-armed energetic in compassionate activity.
- 14 BANYANS: Banyan trees, whose giant roots grow out of ruined walls and temple roofs.
- 14 SITARAM: Sitaram Onkar Das Thakur, a Vaishnavite guru who told the author in Benares, "Give up desire for children," and gave other instructions for purity.
- 16 CHURNING OF THE OCEAN: Bas-reliefs of old Hindu myth "Churning of the Ocean" cover one wall of Angkor Wat (a theme repeated throughout the temple areas).
- 17 BUDDHA DHARMA SANGHA: Buddham Saranam Gochamee—I take my refuge in the Buddha; Dhammam Saranam Gochamee—I take my refuge in the Dharma; Sangham Saranam Gochamee—I take my refuge in the Sangha. The Three Refuges, which the author interprets as: I take my refuge in my Self, I take my refuge in the nature of my Self, I take my refuge in the company of my fellow Selfs. [Non-Self interpretation.—A.G., 1984.]

- 17 HARE KRISHNA: This Maha Mantra (Great Prayer) for the Kali Yuga, first recommended to the author by Shivananda, consisting of different names of Vishnu the Preserver, can be sung with ecstatic rock beat.
- 18 ABHAYA MUDRA: Mudra—Buddhist hand gesture; Abhaya—gesture of calm, stilling stormy waters. Commonly seen on seated Buddhist statuary.
- 18 LEROI MOI: The American radical poet Leroi Jones, later known as Amiri Baraka.
- 19 LEARY: Dr. Timothy Leary, an early heroic explorer of Psychedelic Consciousness.
- 19 AP BAC: Early guerilla battle in Vietnam won by Viet Cong, with many unreported losses of life by S. Vietnam Government soldiers and great confusion of leadership.
- 20 TA-PHROM ... TA-KEO ... THOMMANOM: Giant ruined Khmer civilization temple areas near Angkor Wat.
- 20 GARUDA: God of the Hindu pantheon, bird-headed, aide of King Ram in the Ramayana. [Spontaneously self-born enlightenment, Vajrayana Buddhist view—A.G., 1984.]
- 20 CHAMS: A northern tribe that conquered and burned the wooden Khmer cities that surrounded the temples.
- 20 TA-PHROM: Huge temple in giant stone-walled enclosure, unreconstructed by archaeologists, its paths cleaned of small overgrowth to show the Baynan jungle encroachment on the tumbling stone architecture.
- 22–323 "BLIND ... RAIN!": The entire text of this composition was written in one night half sleeping and waking, as transcription of passages of consciousness in the author's mind made somnolent by an injection of morphine-atrophine in a hotel room in the town of Siemreap, adjacent to the ruins of Angkor Wat. The passage incorporated in quotation marks was notes taken earlier that day high on ganja (pot) on the roof of the temple of Angkor Thom.

- 24 LOLEI: A small ruined temple with an active monastery in the same compound, a few miles on the highway out of Siemreap.
- 25 HUé: S. Vietnamese city on north coast above Saigon, where student protests against suppression of Buddhist radio ceremonies ended in blister-gas riots, reported by telephone to UP office in Saigon, June 1963.
- 25 RAINY NIGHT AT THE BORDER: "Rainy Night at the Border," a popular song like "Lili Marlene," and classic complaint of Oriental soldiers, was banned in the nightclubs of Saigon by Mme. Nhu (wife of Catholic Premier Diem) as being "too pessimistic and demoralizing."
- 26 XALOI TEMPLE: Center of Buddhist Association hunger strike, early resistance to Diem government.
- 26 AFRAID TO PUBLISH: A letter from Jon Edgar Webb of *Outsider* magazine, apologizing for not publishing a dream of Negroes by the author, for fear of violent white gang reprisals against his office in New Orleans.
- 27 SUKOTHAI: Very graceful early Thai style of Buddha statues, one hand delicately flowing behind, one hand raised in reassurance, one foot set forward as he steps out into the world of action.
- 27 LINGAM: Stone phallus universally worshipped in India as basic form of Shiva the Creator.
- 28 BUDDHA FOOTPRINT: Three fish with one head—a sign of Buddhahood incised in giant stone carving of Buddha footprint found under Bo Tree at Bodh Gaya, mythological Indian site of the Buddha's realization.
- 29 RADIOACTIVE DOLPHINS: From a letter from J. Kerouac describing the twentieth-century complaints of his Canuck cousins.
- 30 10 TINY BUDDHAS: A little fragment of the twelfth-century miniature Stupa carried by the author from broken-down Hindu garden near Bo Tree as a present to poet Gary Snyder in Kyoto.
- 30 MEA SHEARIM: Orthodox Hasidic section of modern Jerusalem.

- 31 PEKING'S JEWELRY FEET: See poem "Magic Psalm."
- 31 "MAKE ME READY—BUT NOT YET": A line from W. H. Auden, out of St. Augustine: "O Lord, make me chaste—but not yet."

## The Change: Kyoto-Tokyo Express

33 "... CONVOLUTED ...": See "The Clouds," part IV, in William Carlos Williams, *The Collected Later Poems* (New York: New Directions, 1963), p. 128.

VII

KING OF MAY: AMERICA TO EUROPE

(1963-1965)

### **Morning**

45 JULIUS: Julius Orlovsky, brother of the poet Peter Orlovsky, rescued by latter 1958 after twelve years' residence Central Islip State Hospital, N.Y. See Robert Frank film *Me and My Brother*, 1966.

# Today

- 53 SWAMI SHIVANANDA: (1887–1962) "Your own heart is the guru." Spoken to author, Rishikesh, 1962. See dedication, Ginsberg, *Indian Journals*.
- 54 BENJAMIN PÉRET & RENÉ CREVEL: Péret—French surrealist poet (1899–1959); Crevel—French dada dandy poet suicide (1900–1935).
- 55 FAINLIGHT: Harry Fainlight, young British poet active N.Y. underground film literary circles early 1960s. Participated Albert Hall, London, Poetry Incarnation, 1965. Died 1982.
- 55 ED: Edward Sanders (b. 1939) American poet, classicist, and musician, leader of Fugs rock group, editor *Fuck You/A Magazine of the Arts*.

# Message II

56 GOLEM: Artificial man created, in one Hebrew legend, by the Kabbalist Rabbi Löw, Prague, end of sixteenth century. Parallel to Mary Shelley's Frankenstein monster.

56 BREUGHEL: Pieter Breughel (1520?-1569) His painting *Winter Landscape of Prague* (including Vltava panorama) is exhibited in that city.

## Big Beat

57 KALKI: Final avatar (incarnation) of Vishnu, appearing at close of Kali Yuga (see "Journal Night Thoughts" note) to destroy world and initiate Maha Yuga, the aeon of greatest spiritual virtue, first Yuga of four in Hindu Kalpa cycle.

57 MAITREYA: Future Buddha, aspect of compassion, personification of love, parallel formation to maitri (Sanskrit), friendship.

#### The Moments Return

60 SEBASTIAN SAMPAS: Youthtime poet friend of Jack Kerouac, brother of widow Stella, killed at Anzio beachhead WW II a few weeks after sending Kerouac a recording: "I weep for Adonais, he is dead. ... Goodbye, Jack."

60 OZONE PARK: In Queens, N.Y., where Jack Kerouac lived with his family late 1940s and wrote *The Town and the City*, his first novel.



The author setting forth from hotel with throne and crown on flatbed truck to Prague Culture-Park for May King election; May 1, 1965. Note formal-dressed students for May Day holiday. Photographer unknown.

60 GURU: Sitaram Onkar Das Thakur. See "Wichita Vortex Sutra."

# Kraj Majales

61 KRAL MAJALES: May King. Traditional May Day festival, suspended after German occupation prior to WWII. Previous years' student

disturbances persuaded Czech government to restore May King and Queen crowning ceremony in 1965, the occasion of massive public park demonstration by festive Prague populace. Nominated by Polytechnic students, author was elected May King by 100,000 citizens; ministers of culture and education objected. A week later, detained incommunicado, his Prague notebook confiscated, author was deported by plane to London, poem scribed en route.

61 KABIR: (1450?–1518) Illiterate Benares mystic poet-singer, weaver, disciple of Saint Ramanand, comparable to Blake: "If I heard love in exchange for the head in market is being sold,/I shall lose no time in entering the bargain and instantly sever my head, and offer it." (Sufis, Mystics and Yogis of India, trans. Bankey Behari [Bombay: Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, 1962], p. 224.) See Kabir poems also translated by Tagore, Bly, Linda Hess.

61 BOUZERANT: (Czech slang) Homosexual.

61 AND I WAS SENT FROM HAVANA: Author was deported from Cuba, February 1965 for private criticism of speech at Havana University in which Fidel Castro denounced homosexuals and ordered purge of theater school. Detained in hotel room, held incommunicado from Casa de las Americas, which hosted the month-long Interamerican Poetry contest he'd been invited to help judge, author was expelled by plane to Prague.

61 JOSEPH К: See Kafka, The Trial.

62 BUNHILL FIELDS: Chief nonconformist burial ground of Old London. Site where Blake's bones are buried, adjacent to gravestones of Daniel Defoe, John Wesley and Isaac Watts.

62 HAMPSTEAD HEATH: "The great old piece of uncultivated common land and woods whose ancient oaks were protected by Royal Charter in North London, haunt of painter John Constable and poet John Keats, who wrote 'Ode to a Nightingale' in a house which still stands at the heath's edge in Hampstead."—Tom Pickard

#### Guru

64 Poem occasioned by a nap at dusk on the site of Druid mysteries, the grassy crest of London's Primrose Hill, overlooking London's towery skyline.

#### Who Be Kind To

67 HARRY: Harry Fainlight (see "Today" note).

69 MONK IN THE 5 SPOT: Thelonious Monk (1918–1982) Genius of spare precise "out" piano harmony and innovator of "bop" rhythm, long denied by drug bureaucracy the necessary police "cabaret card" permit to work in N.Y., returned early 1960s to play many months at Bowery's Five Spot, jazz club.

### Studying the Signs

71 STUDYING THE SIGNS: 360-degree panorama sketch of Piccadilly Circus composed after midnight conclusion of Albert Hall International Poetry Incarnation.

71 BRIGGFLATTS: Late long poem by English master Basil Bunting (1900–1985), who'd suggested to Ezra Pound that Poetry be equated with Condensation, as in Briggflatts verse describing a Northumbrian road cart: "Rut thuds the rim ..." See his *Collected Poems*, Oxford University Press, 1980.

VIII THE FALL OF AMERICA (1965–1971)

Thru the Vortex West Coast to East (1965–1966)

# A Methedrine Vision in Hollywood

88 TITLE: See Earl of Rochester's satire "Upon Nothing": "Ere time and place were, time and place were not, / When primitive *Nothing* something strait begot, / Then all proceeded from the great united—What?"

#### Wichita Vortex Sutra

03 PRAJNAPARAMITA SUTRA: Highest Perfect Wisdom Sutra, central to Zen and Tibetan Buddhist practice. It includes the phrase "Form is emptiness, emptiness is form," and mantra "Gate Gate Paragate Parasamgate Bodhi Svaha."

04 LA ILLAHA EL (LILL) ALLAH HU: "There is no god but God [Allah]," Sufi chant for trance dance as taught by Bay Area Sufi Sam circa 1967.

05 WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN: (1860–1925) Congressman, presidential candidate 1908. Later involved in Baby Doe silver mine speculation; leader of populist silver monetary movement: "Thou shalt not crucify Mankind upon a Cross of Gold." See Vachel Lindsay's poem "Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan" (1919):

I brag and chant of Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Candidate for President who sketched a silver Zion, The one American who could sing outdoors ...

Where is Altgeld, brave as the truth, Whose name the few still say with tears? Gone to join the ironies with old John Brown, Whose fame rings loud for a thousand years.

Where is that Boy, the Heaven-born Bryan
That Homer Bryan, who sang from the West?
Gone to join the shadows with Altgeld the Eagle,
Where the kings and the slaves and the troubadors rest.
—Vachel Lindsay, *Collected Poems* (New York: Macmillan, 1925), p. 96.

05 WHO DIDN'T WANT TO BE A MONKEY: John T Scopes disobeyed 1920's Tennessee law prohibiting high-school teaching of Darwin evolution theory. Defended at trial by Clarence Darrow, he was, interestingly, opposed by Biblical fundamentalist W. J. Bryan, who maintained that God created Adam and Eve in 4004 B.C.

06 AIKEN REPUBLICAN: George D. Aiken (1892–1984) Vermont senator from 1940 through Vietnam War, author, *Pioneering with Wildflowers*, 1933, other nature books. Interviewed by newsmen on *Face the Nation* broadcast through Midwest heard by author (through Volkswagen radio) February 20, 1966, on Kansas roads. Senator Aiken pronounced the entire Indochina war involvement "a bad guess" by policymakers who had predicted in 1962 that "8,000 American troops could handle the situation." Defense Secretary McNamara contended that U.S. was defending South Vietnam from invasion by North Vietnam. "China Lobby" ideologues saw Chinese expansionist plot behind Hanoi and urged nuclear bombing of China.

Senator Aiken argued that the quarter-million South Vietnamese Viet Cong guerrilla army outweighed Hanoi's troops in confounding the U.S. technologic army then massing toward half-million men. That month, Senator Strom Thurmond backed nuclear arms to win the war.

Later, General Curtis LeMay urged America to "bomb North Vietnam back to the Stone Age." Carpet bombing of north did take place, and Mekong jungle cover was saturated with Agent Orange.

In mid-'70s chaos after American withdrawal, North Vietnam dismantled and bypassed what was left of the same South Vietnamese Provisional Revolutionary Government (P.R.G. or Viet Cong) political infrastructure U.S. had rejected 1966. Traditional hostilities were renewed between Vietnam and China at disputed border areas. By then, U.S. was allied with China. Doves & hawks both lost the war, always "a bad guess."

06 MCNAMARA: Robert S. McNamara (b. 1916) Defense secretary under President LBJ during 1960s Vietnam War, brought managerial sophistication to Pentagon mechanized warfare, though privately doubted its purpose.

06 MANDATE FOR CHANGE: "It was generally conceded that had an election been held, Ho Chi Minh would have been elected Premier." (p. 337–38) "I have never talked or corresponded with a person knowledgeable in Indochinese affairs who did not agree that had elections been held as of the time of the fighting, possibly 80 per cent of the population would have voted for the Communist Ho Chi Minh as their leader. ..." (p. 372) Dwight D. Eisenhower, *Mandate for Change* (New York: Doubleday, 1963).

06 STENNIS: John C. Stennis (1901–1995) U.S. senator, Mississippi, Armed Services Committee man and "hawk," urged nuclear war for Indochina, 1966.

07 AUNT BETTY: Highway billboard advertising bread.

07 RUSK SAYS TOUGHNESS ... VIETNAM WAR BRINGS PROSPERITY: Literal headlines, Midwest newspapers February 1966.

07 BEATRICE: Nebraska town, Route 77.

08 HUTCHINSON ... EL DORADO: Kansas towns en route between Lincoln, Nebraska, & Wichita.

08 ABILENE: Dwight D. Eisenhower's hometown, site of his Presidential Library.

- 08 NATION " OF THE FABLED DAMNED": See concluding paragraphs of Whitman's *Democratic Vistas* for prophetic warning against America's hawkish materialism.
- 10 CLARK: Joseph S. Clark (1901–1990) U.S. senator, Pennsylvania, described Vietnam War at the time as "open-ended"—i.e., could go on forever, including war with China.
- 10 MORSE: Wayne Morse (1900–1974) U.S. senator, Oregon, outstanding legislative "dove" in active opposition to America's undeclared war in Vietnam.
- 11 OR SMOKING CIGARETTES/AND WATCHING CAPTAIN KANGAROO: Pop song of the day referring to children's TV program.
- 11 UNITED FRUIT: United Fruit Company's law firm, Sullivan and Cromwell, had employed State Secretary Dulles (see "Who Will Take Over the Universe?" note), whose brother, Allen, heading CIA, coordinated the 1954 then-covert overthrow of Jacobo Arbenz, elected president of Guatemala. The event is notorious throughout Latin America as a mid-twentieth-century example of "banana republic" repression by North American imperium. By 1980, the U.S.-trained Guatemalan military had reportedly genocided 10 percent of jungle Indian population as part of "pacification" program to "create a favorable business climate."



Birbhum yogi, likely Khaki Baba. Photographer unknown.

- 11 OAKLAND ARMY TERMINAL: California students had passed leaflets and picketed this Pacific war transshipment center. Gary Snyder & Zen companions had sat meditating at its gates.
- 12 MILLIONAIRE PRE SSURE: Refers to a Mr. Love from Wichita, second biggest backer of cold-war-conspiracy-obsessed John Birch Society.
- 12 TELEPHONE VOICES: When Peter Orlovsky and author came to read poetry, Philosophy Department hosts at Wichita's Kansas State University received many crank phone complaints.
- 13 AGING WHITE HAIRED GENERAL: Lewis B. Hershey (1893–1977) Selective Service director since Truman appointment 1948, time of first U.S. peacetime draft.
- 13 REPUBLICAN RIVER: Runs from Kansas City to Junction City.
- 14 OLD HEROES OF LOVE: Neal Cassady, born in Independence, Mo.
- 14 MCCLURE: Michael McClure, American Romantic bard and playwright (b. 1932), Marysville, Kansas. See *The New American Poetry*, Donald M. Allen, ed. (New York: Grove Press, 1960), for McClure's part as key biological philosopher-poet in 1950s "San Francisco Renaissance" and subsequent "generational" culture.
- 14 OLD MAN'S STILL ALIVE: Ex-President Harry S. Truman.
- 14 SHAMBU BHARTI BABA: A Naga (naked) saddhu the author often met at Benares's Manikarnika Ghat cremation ground. See photographs, *Indian Journals*.
- 14 KHAKI BAB A: North Bengali (Birbhum area) 19th-century saint who, dressed in khaki loincloth, is pictured sometimes sitting surrounded by dog friends and protectors. (See photograph on page 786.)
- 14 DEHORAHAVA BABA: A yogi author met at Ganges River across from Benares, 1963.
- 14 SATYANANDA: Calcutta swami encountered by author 1962, had twin-thumbed hands, and said, "Be a sweet poet of the Lord."
- 14 KALI PADA GUHA ROY: Tantric acharya or guru visited by author in Benares, 1963.

- 14 SHIVANANDA: Swami, teacher to Satchitananda, visited by author, Peter Orlovsky, Gary Snyder and Joanne Kyger, Rishikesh, 1962: "Your own heart is your Guru."
- 15 SRIMATA KRISHNAJI: Contemporary Brindaban lady saint, translator of poet Kabir, advised author thus.
- 15 BRINDABAN: Holy town near Delhi where Krishna spent childhood in play as cow herder.
- 15 CHAITANYA: 16th-century North Bengali saint, founder of Hare Krishna Mahamantra lineage, pictured dancing, singing.
- 15 DURGA-MA: Mother Durga, aspect of Shiva's consort Parvati emphasized in Bengali Hindu mythology, 10-armed goddess of war fields, who consumes evil through violence.
- 15 TATHAGATA: (Sanskrit) Buddha characterized as "He who has passed through," or "that which passed." ("Thus come," and also "Thus gone": "Thus come [One].")
- 15 DEVAS: Indian gods, seen as aspects of human or divine being.
- 15 MANTRA: Sacred verbal spell or prayer composed of elemental sound "seed" syllables, used in meditative concentration practice. Literally, "mind protection" speech.
- 16 "KENNEDY URGES CONG GET CHAIR" ...: February 14, 1966, news headlined Senator Robert Kennedy's proposal that U.S. offer Viet Cong share of power in South Vietnam. This was major break with administration war policy.
- 16 CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE: In February 14, 1966, Wichita Eagle.
- 16 BONG SON: 100 Viet Cong soldiers were killed close to Bong Son and were reported struck by many bullets before falling.
- 17 LA DRANG: Vietnamese battlefield mentioned in news reports third week February 1966.
- 17 BURNS: Tiny Kansas town near Wichita.
- 18 KELLOGG: Main drag in Wichita.

- 18 HOTEL EATON: On Douglas Street, near local Vortex Gallery patronized by Charles Plymell and Kansas artists.
- 18 CARRY NATION: "(b. Garrard Co., 1846; d. Leavenworth, Kans., 1911), temperance agitator. An ignorant, unbalanced, and contentious woman of vast energies, afflicted with an hereditary paranoia, she was subjected to early hardships that fused all her great physical and emotional powers into a flaming enmity toward liquor and its corrupt purveyors. From her first saloon-smashing ventures at Medicine Lodge, Kans., she carried her campaign to Wichita (1900), where her distinctive weapon, the hatchet, was first used, and then on to many of the principal American cities. Arrested thirty times for 'disturbing the peace,' she paid fines from sales of souvenir hatchets, lecture tours, and stage appearances. Her autobiography was published, 1904."—Concise Dictionary of American Biography (New York: Scribner's, 1964), p. 721.

19 NIGGERTOWN: Area of Wichita between Hydraulic and 17th streets.

## Kansas City to Saint Louis

- 21 CHARLIE PLYMELL: American poet, filmmaker and pioneer editor, accompanied author in Kansas-Nebraska travel.
- 21 THE JEWEL-BOX REVIEW: Transvestite club show, Kansas City.
- 21 SEX FACTORIES: Kinsey Institute, University of Indiana, Bloomington, gave birth to this jump-cut phrase.
- 21 BURCHFIELD: Charles Burchfield (1893–1967) American painter, best known for portraits of particular solitary gabled Victorian houses in bare U.S. regional landscapes.
- 21 WALKER EVANS: (1903–1975) Classic American photographer whose record of Boston houses, poets' faces, Cuban visages, Southern agrarian scenes (for Farm Security Administration Project, 1930s), billboards, junkyards, main streets, subway riders, Chicago corners and train glimpses helped define a second generation of

American photography, and influenced younger eyes, including Robert Frank's.

23 KENNEY ... MORPHY: Friends of William S. Burroughs in 1930s St. Louis.

23 W.S.B.: William Seward Burroughs

25 FRENCH TRUTH, DUTCH CIVILITY: "French Truth, Dutch prowess, British Policy,/Hibernian Learning, Scotch civility,/Spaniards Dispatch, Danes wit,/are mainly seen in thee."—Earl of Rochester, "On Nothing"

25 CRANE: See Hart Crane's address to Whitman, *The Bridge*, end of Cape Hatteras section.

## Bayonne Entering NYC

29 CANNASTRA: William Cannastra, ex-Harvard Law suicide-accident-dead (1950) friend of N.Y. painters and poets, including W. H. Auden and Jack Kerouac. See "In Memoriam," September 1950.

# **Uptown**

32 MADAME GRADY: Panna Grady, patron of letters, friend of poets Charles Olson, John Wieners and William Burroughs, once lived at Dakota Apartments, Central Park West, N.Y., and held literary salon there.

Zigzag Back Thru These States (1966–1967)

#### Iron Horse

42 EDWARD CARPENTER: Contemporary, disciple of Whitman, British educator-poet. See "Turin-Paris Express" from his poem book

- Towards Democracy, 1902, a rare example of successful Whitmanic line.
- 42 HOMER: Poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti's late sizable black dog, subject of several popular poems.
- 43 MULADHARA SPHINCTER: Refers to anal chakra (one of seven bodily centers of spirit energy in Orient yoga practice).
- 43 SAHASRARAPADMA: Seventh chakra, "thousand-petal lotus" at skulltop.
- 43 GAVIN ARTHUR: (d. 1972) Bay area astrologer, grandson of U.S. President Chester A. Arthur, had slept with Carpenter, who'd slept with Whitman, according to written testament entrusted to author. See text, *Gay Sunshine Interviews*, ed. Winston Leyland, vol. 1, San Francisco, 1978, pp. 126–28.
- 44 MR. CUMMINGS & MR. VINAL: E. E. Cummings wrote much-anthologized poem mocking lesser poet Harold Vinal: "Poem, or Beauty Hurts Mr. Vinal."
- 44 SEBSI: Moroccan clay pipe for kif.
- 46 NA-MU SA-MAN-DA ... SO-MO-KO: "Dharani of Removing Disasters," repeated thrice in temple usage. See D. T. Suzuki, *Manual of Zen Buddhism* (New York: Grove Press, 1960).
- 47 WALTER LIPPMANN: (1889–1974) Aging political columnist/philosopher wrote thus in newspapers the week of "Iron Horse" ride.
- 47 SAM LEWIS: "Sufi Sam"—world traveler, founder of Sufi sect in San Francisco, friend of Gavin Arthur.
- 47 DR. LOURIA: Leon Louria, Naomi's boyfriend, "Dr. Isaac" of "Kaddish," had served as consulting physician for National Maritime Union until purged as left-winger in Senator Joe McCarthy era, early 1950s.
- 47 FREEHOLD NEW JERSEY: Geyshe Wangyal, first Gelugpa sect Tibetan Buddhist teacher in America, founded his monastery at Freehold in 1950s.

- 50 GEORGE E. TURNER: Ephemeral Texas journalist (b. 1925) whose acid comments author read on train newspaper.
- 51 YEVTUSHENKO: Yevgeny Yevtushenko, the then-popular Russian poet, had written an open letter to novelist John Steinbeck questioning his support for U.S. military occupation of South Vietnam.
- 55 THE WOMAN IN THE RED DRESS: The woman who "informed" on "Public Enemy No. 1," John Dillinger, leading FBI to the Biograph movie house where he was cornered and shot.
- 55 PURVIS: FBI agent who organized Dillinger's fatal ambush.
- 55 HENRY CROWN: (1896–1990) Chicago business hustler, made early fortune buying municipally owned rock waste and selling it back to Chicago for road construction; later major stockholder and 1959–1966 chairman executive committee, director, of then-number-one military-industrial-complex corporation, General Dynamics.
- 57 FULBRIGHT: Senator James William Fulbright (1905–1995) Head of Senate Foreign Relations Committee 1959–1974, made eloquent public attack on President Johnson's expansion of the Vietnam War.
- 58 SHERI MARTINELLI: American painter and miniaturist, formerly N.Y. fashion model, friend-companion to Ezra Pound at St. Elizabeths Hospital, Washington, D.C., in mid-'50s. An acquaintance of Charlie Parker, she served somewhat as Pound's connection to the new cultural life in U.S. postwar underground. A tiny book of her portraits, with prefatory note by Pound, was published by Editions Scheiwiller, Milan, 1956.
- 58 YAJALÓN VALLEY: Isolated mountain valley town, Chiapas.
- 58 XOCHIMILCO: Ancient floating gardens, Mexico City, where Kerouac, Orlovsky and the author met a party of Mexican ballet boys in a sightseeing boat. See Kerouac's *Desolation Angels*, Book Two, Part One, section 20.
- 58 FIJIJIAPAN: town close to Guadalajara, Mexico, notable for its candy.

59 KEDERNATH & BADRINATH & GANGOTRI: Northwest India Hindu pilgrimage sites on the way to Kailash, Shiva's sacred Tibetan border mountain abode, source of Ganges.

59 MANASAROVAR: Iced lake on Kailash.

50 KARMA: Hindu-Buddhist concept of inevitable interconnection of cause and effect. Karma may be "white" and "black," wholesome and unwholesome, meritorious or unmeritorious, or neutral, in mixed degrees, according to the activities of Mind, Speech, and Body that initiate karmic momentum and payback. "Black" karma example: As ignorant greed motivates agribusiness to aggressive exploitation of soil, so soil may collapse under assault of chemical poisons, finally become barren, eroded, no longer nourishing its bewildered and inconsiderable stewards. Further example: As indifferent to military sufferings American populace is government wreaks on distant nations, Indochina to Central America, so will that public heartlessness progressively discourage private trust and adhesiveness between government and populace. On individual scale, a father, careless of his children, may not have faithful helpers on his deathbed.

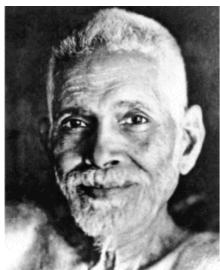
Such karmic patterns may be altered and their energy made wholesome through meditative mindfulness, conscious awareness, the practice of appreciation, which burns up karma on the spot. Traditionally, attentive appreciation of an enlightened teacher who has transcended his/her own karma may inspire the student/seeker/citizen to work from "black" through "white" situations toward holistic primordial experience, or unconditioned states of mind and activity, exchanging self for others, liberated from karma as may be Mahatma Gandhi or certain Buddhist folk or Native American elders.

61 SRI RAMA NA MAHARSHI: 20th-century South Indian ascetic saint, instructed meditation practice, "Who Am I?" Quotations are from his *book Maha Yoga*.

64 MANNAHATTA:

Starting from fish-shaped Paumanok where I was born, Well-begotten, and rais'd by a perfect mother, After roaming many lands, lover of populous pavements, Dweller in Mannahatta, my city ... ("Starting from Paumanok")

"Thus Walt Whitman, born in Long Island, paraphrases the old Indian name for New York City. 'Mannahatta! How fit a name for America's great democratic island city! The word itself, how beautiful! how aboriginal! how it seems to rise with tall spires glistening in the sunshine, with such New World atmosphere, vista and action!" (Justin Kaplan, *Walt Whitman: A Life* [New York: Simon & Schuster, 1980] p. 107.)



Sri Ramana Maharshi. Photographer unknown. (See n.p. 461.)

# City Midnight Junk Strains

65 FRANK O HARA: (1926–1966) Gay central figure in N.Y. literary art life 1950s till his death; MOMA exhibitions department curator, inspired a whole generation of N.Y. "Personism" poets; died struck by beach buggy, dark midnight accident Fire Island. See "The Day Lady Died," in his *Collected Poems* (New York: Knopf, 1972).

65 KLINE: Franz Kline (1910–1962) American abstract expressionist pioneer painter, on whose work Frank O'Hara wrote monograph, died of heart attack.

66 EDWIN DENBY: (1903–1983) China-born, influential dance critic, poet, friend of younger writers of "New York School," 1960s–1980s; frequented N.Y.C. Ballet and St. Mark's Poetry Project. (Collected Poems published by Full Court Press, New York, 1975.)

## Holy Ghost on the Nod over the Body of Bliss

75 KUAN YIN: Chinese name, Avelokitesvera, compassionate aspect of Buddha. See "Angkor Wat."

75 SHIVA: Lord energy of creation and destruction, symbolized in Hindu shrines by Shiva lingam or phallus, generally a standing rounded oblong rock covered with flowers and incense.

75 OUROBOROS: Great cosmic snake, tail in mouth completing Einsteinian circle.

75 PARVATI: Shiva's consort.

75 YOD: Hebrew abbreviation, divine unutterable name.

75 COYOTE: Amerindian trickster-hero god.

75 RAMAKRISHNA: Ecstatic Hindu saint (1836–1886), founder of Vedanta order, entered all religious practices. See *The Gospel of Shri Ramakrishna*, trans. Swami Nikhilananda (Madras, India: Shri Ramakrishna Math, 1957).

75 BODHIDHARMA: Twenty-eighth Zen patriarch after Sakyamuni in orthodox transmission line, brought Buddism from India to Canton in the West 520 A.D., thus first Chinese patriarch of "Wall-gazing" Chan (Zen) practice; died aged 150 years.

Hui-K'o (486–593) cut off his arm and gave it to Bodhidharma, token of sincerity: "I have no peace of mind ... Please pacify it."

"Bring your mind here."

"I can't find it."

"There, I have pacified your mind."

## An Open Window on Chicago

81 BOUFFANT ROOTS: Upswept hairstyle, with undyed roots growing visible.

82 DAKINI: Buddhist sky goddess, conveyor of insight.

#### Wales Visitation

88 VISITACIONE: Ancient bardic visiting round in Wales.

88 LLANTHONY VALLEY: Pastoral vale, Welsh Black Mountains.

90 CAPEL-Y-FFN: Ancient ruined chapel at green bottom of Llanthony Valley. Eric Gill, type-font designer and craftsman, dwelt there 1920s with arts commune.

90 LORD HEREFORD S KNOB: Mountain walling north side Llanthony Valley.

90 (LSD): First draft main body of poem was written in fifth hour LSD-inspired afternoon.

## Pentagon Exorcism

- 91 EXORCISM: Gary Snyder's 1967 Bay Area broadside, *A Curse Against the Men in Pentagon, Washington*, helped initiate flower-power era mass peace-protest "Levitation" of Pentagon, the demystification of its authority. See Norman Mailer's extensive account in *Armies of the Night* (New York: New American Library, 1971 reprint).
- 91 DIAPHANOID: From title of science fiction movie the author saw 1967 at S. Gemignano while traveling from Florence to Milan.
- 91 WESTMORELAND: General William C. Westmoreland (b. 1914) "Hawk" commander of U.S. forces in Vietnam 1964–1968, who, not realizing that the majority of Vietnamese didn't welcome

- American/Catholic domination of South Vietnam as part of Chinacontainment policy, urged escalation of war, all-out victory by any means, including nuclear.
- 91 USURY: Allusion to Ezra Pound's monetarist theory: that banks' usurous (fast buck high interest) abuse of credit as a commodity, for speculative moneymaking rather than productive ends, cankers the entire economic system of the West. See the *Cantos* of Ezra Pound, "Canto XLV" (New York: New Directions, 1970): "With Usura the line grows thick."
- 91 MCDONNELL DOUGLAS TO GENERAL DYNAMICS: These corporations were chief military contractees to Pentagon, 1967.
- 91 APOKATASTASIS: Event wherein ignorant or "satanic" energy is transformed instantaneously to divine wisdom light, as might be at end of Kali Yuga.
- 91 RAKSA: Tibetan mantra to purify site for a ceremony, from Hevajra Tantra. Raksa is an energy daemon.
- 91 PEKING: At time of composition, diplomatic nonrecognition of existence of People's Republic of China was an obsession central to U.S. anti-red cold war monolithic "containment policy" strongarmed politically by "China Lobby," including then ex-Vice-President Richard Nixon.

## Elegy Che Guevara

- 92 RUSK: Secretary of State Dean Rusk (1909–1994) President Johnson's hawkish diplomatic executive for Vietnam War.
- 93 NORRIS: Frank Norris (1876–1902) Novelist, author of naturalist novel *The Pit*, drama of frenzied Chicago grain market.
- 93 OBSERVERS' BALCONY: "Street theater action" initiated 1968 by Abbie Hoffman at New York Stock Exchange, throwing a bag of dollars on the exchange floor as war protest. Thenceforth balcony was walled with glass.

## Elegy for Neal Cassady

96 SHABDA: (Sanskrit) Sound or vibration, a path of yoga.

96 GREAT YEAR: 24,000-year cycle of the sun, which rises for 2,000 years each through 12 zodiacal constellations, as it wobbles almost imperceptibly on its sidereal axis; presently entering Age of Aquarius.

97 HEJIRA: Mohammed's flight from Mecca, A.D. 622; Kesey's bus trip, A.D. 1964, Neal Cassady at driver's wheel.

97 LOWELL: Massachusetts Merrimack River redbrick mill town where Jack Kerouac was raised, site of many novels.

Ecologues of These States (1969–1971)

## Over Denver Again

19 ALLEYWAY LILA: Lila (Sanskrit), "play," as in Krishna's play on earth, "Krishna Lila."

## Falling Asleep in America

25 BEULAH: Blake term for mythic realm of subconscious, source of dream-poetic inspiration.

# Northwest Passage

26 JOHNSON BUTTE: High mountain plateau overlooking Lake Wallula at confluence of Snake and Columbia rivers. Horse Heaven Hills top the vast butte.

26 SAKAJAWEA: Indian lady guide for Lewis and Clark expedition through Northwest native territory hitherto unknown by white men. 26 THALASSA: (Greek) Sea.

27 SIRHAN: Sirhan J. Sirhan, young Palestine-born assassin of Robert F. Kennedy, Los Angeles 1968. His comments on conviction, and description of his visage, were taken from Associated Press reports.

27 52% PEOPLE: Refers to 1968 Gallup poll.

27 SDS: Radical activist Students for a Democratic Society, whose early 1960s "Port Huron Declaration" proposed patriotic reform of institutionalized race prejudice and abusive imperial exploitation of nature and human labor. SDS rose as an alternative to the relatively passive "establishment" National Students Association, which had absorbed much natural student energy but was revealed during mid-1960s Senate investigation to have been funded by the CIA as a front for covert propaganda activity and an illegal domestic training ground for agents. SDS was later infiltrated and sabotaged covertly by the FBI, whose "cointel" (counterintelligence) policy was blueprinted to create leadership dissension and split white student youth from alliance with black activist groups. SDS fragmented in early 1970s, having helped spearhead early civil rights struggle in South and later extreme student opposition to U.S. military invasion of Indochina.

28 MIRA BAI: 14th-century Indian poetess, ecstatic Krishna worshiper. Her sacred devotional songs are still sung in villages and cities of India.

## Sonora Desert-Edge

30 DRUM H.: Arizona poet Drummond Hadley (student of Charles Olson, friend of Gary Snyder), from whom author first heard Padmasambhava mantra.

30 TARTHANG TULKU: N'yingma-pa lineage Tibetan Buddhist teacher, Berkeley friend of Gary Snyder, taught the millennial

Padmasambhava mantra quoted: "Body, Speech, Mind, Lotus-Flower-Power Diamond-Teacher, Hum."

30 SAGUARO ... OCOTILLO ... CHOLLA ... PALO VERDE: Varieties of cacti.

## **Memory Gardens**

- 39 MEMORY GARDENS: Cemetery near Albany Airport glimpsed on way to Jack Kerouac's funeral in Lowell, Mass. Poem was written on that trip.
- 40 HAL: Hal Chase, Denver-bred contemporary and friend of Cassady and Kerouac, later boat and lute builder in Bolinas, California, 1960s.
- 41 JOHN HOLMES: John Clellon Holmes (1926–1988) Author of first published (1952) Beat romance, *Go* (New York: New American Library, 1980).

# Graffiti 12th Cubicle Men's Room Syracuse Airport

43 LSD: Formula for lysergide written on the john wall differs from that given in *Dorland's Medical Dictionary* (1981):  $C_{20}H_{25}N_3O$ .

## Friday the Thirteenth

- 46 FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH: Allusion to date of explosion in town house West 11th Street, New York. While parents were on vacation, it was used as safe-house bomb factory by "Weathermen."
- 46 HAMPTON, KING, GOLD: Fred Hampton, Chicago Black Panther murdered in bed by police with FBI collaboration, 1968. Martin Luther King, assassinated in Memphis, April 5, 1968. Theodore Gold, killed in Weathermen blast (see note above).
- 46 SONG-MY: Vietnamese village blasted and burned by U.S. forces "to save it from the Viet Cong."

46 TU-DO: Main Saigon hotel-café street during U.S. occupation.

## **Ecologue**

- 50 MAHANIRVANA & HEVAJRA TANTRAS: Buddhist Vajrayana texts used by advanced meditation practitioners.
- 52 JOHN SINCLAIR: Poet, pioneer Detroit publisher, jazz critic, leader of Ann Arbor "White Panthers." Arrested 1969 for giving two marijuana joints to police spies in his Artists Workshop interracial poet-musicians' enterprise, he was sentenced to 9½–10 years jail, and liberated by state legislation the weekend after John Lennon-Yoko Ono's "Free John Sinclair" concert, Ann Arbor, 1972. This libertarian protest provoked unsuccessful Nixon administration deportation proceedings against Lennon.
- 53 QUECHUA: The Quechua Indian city Macchu Picchu is located in Huilca Bamba valley.
- 53 DMT: Dimethyltryptamine, a short-lived "high," psychedelic drug related to traditional Peruvian intoxicant Huilca. The chemical was later described by an early experimenter, Dr. Oscar Janiger, as "most powerful of all hallucinogenic agents." DMT use has not yet been experimentally discerned in a cultural climate (1970s–1980s) discouraging to this area of scientific investigation.
- 55 GOODMAN, CHANEY, SCHWERNER: N.Y. Jewish boys and a Southern black were murdered together while traveling in Mississippi, 1964, to aid black civil rights campaign.
- 58 WEATHERMEN: Underground radical extreme confrontation-protest antiwar SDS splinter group engineered pot-convict scientist Dr. Timothy Leary's over-the-wall departure from half-ounce grass-bust twenty-year sentence to California prison.
- 58 EAST HILL: Highest point Otsego County, N.Y., 2,400 feet near Cherry Valley town (pop. 300).

#### Guru Om

- 61 PRANAYAM: Yogic conscious breath attention practice.
- 61 NITYANANDA: Swami, guru to Swami Muktananda Paramahamsa, from whom author received meditation instruction at time of writing.
- 62 SAMSARA: World of illusory suffering, or existence seen as condition of suffering.
- 62 ASANAS: Yogic postures.
- 62 KUNDALINI: Energy wakened by yogic practice. See *The Serpent Power*, by Arthur Avalon (New York: Dover, 1974), celebrated early exposition-translation by Westerner.

## Milarepa Taste

65 MILAREPA: "Cotton-clad" Himalayan yogi poet, early father of Kagyu lineage, Tibetan Buddhist hero, author *The Hundred Thousand Songs of Milarepa*, trans. Garma C. C. Chang, 2 vols. (New Hyde Park, N.Y.: University Books, 1962).

Bixby Canyon to Jessore Road (1971)

## Bixby Canyon Ocean Path Word Breeze

69 MUDRAS: Sacramental or yogic hand gestures, bodily or psychologic attitudes.

70 BEEDLE: Beetle, or beadle: church official who bears the mace. See Blake, *Songs of Innocence*, "Holy Thursday": "Grey headed beadles walked before / with wands as white as snow / ..."

## September on Jessore Road

79 JESSORE ROAD: At time of author's visit, millions of Hindu refugees from East Pakistan communal strife crowded starving in floods on

this main road between Bangladesh and Calcutta.

82 SUNIL POET: Calcutta poet Sunil Ganguly (Ganghopadhyay), with whom author traveled Jessore Road, in company with American Buddhist student and poet John Giorno.

# IX MIND BREATHS ALL OVER THE PLACE (1972–1977)

Sad Dust Glories (1972–1974)

## Thoughts Sitting Breathing

97 OM MANI PADMI HUM: (Sanskrit) "Hail jewel in the lotus," Tibetan mantra for compassion practice, each syllable penetrating its equivalent among the six worlds pictured in Time Wheel Mandala: Heaven Realm, Human Realm, Hungry Ghost Realm, Hell Realm, Animal Realm, Angry Warrior Realm, transitory delusive states of consciousness, all revolving on the axle of vanity, greed and ignorance. The poem explores the cycle thrice. See illustration to poem.

97 CORD MEYER: CIA officer responsible for covert subsidization of international intellectuals' opinion-making organizations and periodicals, 1950s–60s Committee for Cultural Freedom, *Encounter* magazine, etc.

99 DHARMAKAYA: Buddhist term—kaya: realm, world or body; dharma: truth, law or nature. World of absolute, in the sense of totally accommodating open space, nondiscriminating ultimate reality, equivalent to the nonconceptualizing awareness of ordinary mind.

# "What would you do if you lost it?"

00 RINPOCHE CHÖGYAM TRUNGPA TULKU: (1939–1987) Rinpoche, honorific title for lamas: "precious jewel"; Tulku, one of succession of teachers "reincarnated" or trained in specific lineage teachings.

- Chögyam Trungpa, the author's Vajracharya, or Mantrayana-style meditation practice master, born in Tibet, abbot of Surmang Monastery, is presently director of Vajradhatu Buddhist Centers and Naropa Institute. See his *Cutting Through Spiritual Materialism*, 1973, and *First Thought, Best Thought* (108 poems), with introduction by Allen Ginsberg, 1984, both Shambhala Press, Boulder.
- 00 TANTRAS: Buddhist texts for Mantrayana practice mode.
- 00 HAGGADAHS: Hebrew liturgy, Passover Seder service.
- 00 ZOHAR: Kabbalist-gnostic theosophical work expounding Pentateuch mysteries.
- 00 KOANS: Extrarationalistic riddles for nonconceptual mindfulness and "nonlinear" awareness used in Zen meditation practice with a committed teacher's guidance.
- 00 DHARMAKAYA ... NIRMANAKAYA ... SAMBHOGAKAYA: "body of truth" (absolute Buddha nature), "body of creation" (earthly or grounded Buddha form) and "body of bliss" (visionary communicative aspect of Buddha as speech).
- 00 PADMASAMBHAVA: Founder Tibetan Buddhist Nyingma or "old sect," A.D. 747 author of *Tibetan Book of the Dead*.
- 00 DR. SAMEDI: Traditional Vodun presence in Haitian graveyard, dressed as described.
- 00 BHAKTIVEDANTA SWAMI: Founder of U.S. Hare Krishna movement, spiritual friend of author; died 1977.
- "Narcotics Agents Peddling Drugs," including "Brief bibliography of news reports showing that narcotics agents, federal, state and local, the bulk of each group, are themselves involved in dope trafficking," pp. 63–70, and "CIA Involvement with Opium Traffic at Its Source," pp. 71–97, *Allen Verbatim*, ed. Gordon Ball (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1974). See also Alfred W. McCoy, *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia* (New York: Harper & Row, 1973).
- 01 JOE BOZZO & HARRY HAINES: Respectively, reputed 1930s mob boss, Paterson N.J., and publisher of *Paterson Evening News*.

- 01 MOUNI: (Sanskrit) Wise man, sage, sometimes vowed to silence.
- 01 TOM VEITCH: American poet (b. 1941) See his *Death Collage*, (Berkeley: Big Sky, 1976), with afterword by Allen Ginsberg.
- 01 IBM 135–35: During U.S. invasion of Vietnam, world's largest computer located at Nakon Thanom Airbase, Thailand, directed "electronic battlefield" Indochina bombing.
- 01 IGLOO WHITE: U.S. project to destroy supply trucks and people moving down Laotian Ho-Chi-Minh jungle trail, 1967 on. Sensors, implanted on ground or suspended from trees by air drop, sent electronic messages to aircraft overhead, for relay to central computer control station. Then flying gunships equipped with low light-level TV systems and infrared detectors were directed to strike area.
- 01 DRAGON-TOOTH: Plastic pellet bombs which devastated football-field-sized areas.
- 01 FUEL-AIR BOMB: Scattered a powder gas which exploded after penetrating underground caves and shelters used by Viet Cong.
- 01 BODHISATTVAS: Who take Four Vows: (1) Sentient Beings are numberless, I vow to liberate all; (2) Obstacles are countless, I vow to uncover all; (3) Gates of Dharma are innumerable, I vow to enter all; (4) Buddha path is endless, I vow to follow through.
- 01 BHUMI: (Sanskrit) World, realm, among graduated stages of awareness. For Ten Bhumis, see Gampopa, *The Jewel Ornament of Liberation*, trans. H. V Guenther (Boulder: Shambhala Press, 1971).
- 01 RUNG: (Hebrew mystic term) Realm or state of attainment.
- 01 OM AH HŪM: Trikaya mantra of body, speech and mind.
- 01 A LA LA HO: Salutation mantra.
- 01 SOPHIA: Gnostic wisdom goddess.
- 01 SOHAM: Pranayama breath mantra, "I am."
- 01 TA RA MA: Mother Tara, Hindu-Buddhist compassion aspect goddess; also, a female Buddha.

- 01 OM PHAT SVAHA: Mantra of offering to affective spirits. See D. L. Snellgrove, *Hevajra Tantra* (New York: Oxford, 1959). (For traditional use, consult lineage teacher.)
- 02 MARPA ... GAMPOPA: Kagyu order, early Tibetan lineage teachers. Marpa the translator (1012–1096), farmer-yogi; Milarepa (1052–1135), yogi-poet; Gampopa (1079–1153), consolidator of teachings, author guidebook, *The Jewel Ornament of Liberation*.
- 02 TRUNGPAYE: Chögyam Trungpa, Rinpoche, a current bearer of Kagyu teachings.
- 02 NAMASTAJI: Intimate Indian salutation.
- 02 BRAHMA: Formless aspect of Hindu trinity with Vishnu, Preserver, and Shiva, Changer.
- 02 SURYA: Vedic sun god, much like Occidental Apollo.
- 02 INDRA: Chief Vedic god, rain-lightning-thunder.
- 02 BOM BOM! SHIVAYE!: Mantra of offering cried out, often at cremation grounds, by cannabis-smoking saddhus to grace a chilam (clay ganja pipe) before inhaling.
- 02 RAM NAM SATYAHEY: "Ram's name is the truth," traditional chant of Hindus bearing corpse litter to Ganges cremation ground.
- 02 GANIPATTI: Or Ganesha, four-armed, elephant-headed Remover of Obstacles, god of wisdom, prudence and learning, son of Shiva and Parvati, whose vehicle is a rat.
- 02 OM SARASWATI HRIH SOWHA: Traditional mantric invocation to goddess of music, learning and poetry.
- 02 ARDINARISHVARA: Hermaphrodite-bodied Hindu divinity.
- 02 RADHA: Krishna's consort.
- 02 HAREKRISHNA: Krishna, seventh of nine avatars of Vishnu, lord of preservation. Hare may be shakti of Krishna, consort, or spiritual-bliss potency of supreme person of universe.

#### Who

03 WHO: Reply to request from Who's Who for self-characterization.

## Yes and It's Hopeless

04 HALF MILLION COMMUNISTS ASSASSINATED: Indonesian slaughter accompanying 1965–1966 overthrow of President Sukarno, political coup influenced by U.S. business intelligence.

04 SLAUGHTER ... MEXICO CITY: Refers to 1968 machine-gun massacre of 1,000 student protesters at Tlatelolco Square, a clean-up of political dissidents preparatory to Olympic festivals. See also "Birdbrain."

#### What I'd Like to Do

10 NAROPA'S SIX DOCTRINES: Psychic Heat, Illusory Body, Dream State, Clear Light, After Death State, and Consciousness Transference; see *Tibetan Yoga and Secret Doctrines*, W. Y. Evans-Wentz (Oxford, 1967).

10 KITKITDIZZE: Wintun Indian name for tarweed, bear clover or mountain misery, dark green shrub varying 3–15 inches in height, tarry touch and smell, belonging to rose family. Typical ground cover, western slope Sierra ponderosa pine forest. Poet Gary Snyder's Sierra household is named Kitkitdizze, after this common plant, *Chamaebatia foliolosa*.

#### Mind Breaths

16 AH: Calligraphy by Chögyam Trungpa, Rinpoche, 1978. Symbol of Tibetan Buddhist Kagyu order; one syllable summary of Prajnaparamita Sutra; mantra for purification of speech, and appreciation of space; related to Samatha meditation practice, mindfulness of outbreath; a vocalization of the outbreath.

17 SANGHA: (Sanskrit) Community of Buddhist practitioners.

18 BO TREE: The ancient pipal, *Ficus religiosa*, or sacred fig tree, in Bodh Gaya, India, under which Buddha meditated till enlightened.

## Flying Elegy

20 SKANDAS: (Sanskrit) The five "heaps" of experience or psychosomatic aggregates of individual personality, namely: form, reaction-sensation, feeling-ideation, cumulative habit pattern, and apparent consciousness, which compound the transitory energies of ego.

20 SUNYATA: Emptiness, nonmind, or awareness devoid of egocentric projection.

#### Jaweb and Allah Battle

- 22 SNAKE COCK AND PIG EAT EACH OTHER'S TAILS: Symbols of anger, vanity and ignorance at center axle of Time Wheel Mandala. See illustration, p. 588.
- 22 CALLER OF THE GREAT CALL: According to Barbelo-Ophitic myth of Garden of Eden, the snake (as caller of the Great Call) was Sophia's messenger to waken awareness in Adam and Eve. Sabaot, archon of their aeon, was but seven-aeon-times-removed reflection of Sophia's first thought. See Hans Jonas, *Gnostic Religion* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1963). Refer also to "Plutonian Ode," note to verse 16, *Sabaot*.
- 22 STERN GANG IRGUN: Terrorist groups under British mandate, fought for Zionist cause.
- 22 AL FATAH BLACK SEPTEMBER: Terrorist groups after Israeli sovereignty, fought for Palestinian cause.
- 23 MEYER LANSKY: U.S. organized-crime chief reported to've supplied guns to Zionist terrorist/freedom fighters. Retired to Israel for years, was deported back to U.S. after public scandal, 1972, and arrested for income tax evasion.

- 23 MY FATHER HAD A COFFEE SHOP IN JERUSALEM: See poem "Write It Down, Allen Said," in *Clean Asshole Poems & Smiling Vegetable Songs*, Peter Orlovsky (San Francisco: City Lights Pocket Poet Series #37, 1978), pp. 118–20.
- 23 COMMENTARY: American highbrow crypto-Zionist right-wing ideological journal edited by ambitious early prose critic of Kerouac's poetic prose, later hawkish proponent of military hardline hardware equated as alternative discipline for supposed loose 1960s national morals including public acknowledgment of gaiety.
- 23 PALESTINE REVIEW: Pro-Palestinian journal.
- 24 SHEMA YISROEL ADONOI ELUHENU: End of Hebrew chant: "Rejoice, O Israel, the Lord is one, the Lord is God."
- 24 LA ILAH ...: Sufi chant: "There is no god but Allah."
- 24 HU: Sufi mantric out-breath.
- 24 SHALOM! SHANTIH! SALAAM!: Hebrew, Sanskrit, Arabic for "Peace!"

#### Sad Dust Glories

- 27 KENJI MYAZAWA: 20th-century Japanese poet, trans. Gary Snyder among others.
- 28 SHOBO-AN: Japanese Soto temple reconstructed by San Francisco Zen Center in California Sierras adjacent to Kitkitdizze "Ring of Bone" Zen Practice Center.
- 28 ACORN PEOPLE: Sierra Indian diet staple was acorn mush.

Ego Confessions (1974–1977)

# **Ego Confession**

31 GYALWA KARMAPA: 16th lama head of Milarepa lineage, Kagyu order of Tibetan Buddhism.

- 31 WEATHERMEN GOT NO MOSCOW GOLD: Timothy Leary, held incommunicado for years, early 1970's, by Feds, refused to testify falsely that Weathermen were directed by Moscow finance. FBI heads were later convicted of illegal wiretapping since no evidence that antiwar protesters were agents of foreign powers could be found.
- 31 VAJRASATTVA: Central image of Nyingma old-school Tibetan meditation practice, blue-bodied, with diamond-lightning bolt (vajra) form held in right hand at breast, bell (ghanta) of empty (open) space held at left hip. Dharmakaya Buddha.
- 31 OVERTHREW THE CIA WITH A SILENT THOUGHT: Refers to 1970 Georgetown dinner bet between author and then CIA chief Richard Helms: whether or not Central Intelligence Agency had working relationship with opium traffickers at "secret" CIA base, Long Cheng, Laos. Author offered his vajra, if misinformed, and requested CIA Director Helms to practice meditation an hour a day for life if his denial proved incorrect. The wager was accepted, a bet either party might profit from by losing. Note also:

The New York Times 3 rue Scribe 75 Paris 9e

Apr. 11 1978

Dear Allen,

I fear I owe you an apology. I have been reading a succession of pieces about CIA involvement in the dope trade in Southeast Asia and I remember when you first suggested I look into this I thought you were full of beans. Indeed you were right and I acknowledge the fact plus sending my best personal wishes.

C. L. Sulzberger

Who Runs America?

36 GENERAL MOTORS ... STANDARD OF CALIFORNIA: The dozen corporations name-dropped herein are top twelve capital powers whose \$133 billion sales represented a tenth the total gross national product one yearly trillion \$. Traditionally, an oil corporation representative fills post of U.S. Secy of State and auto corporation representative fills Secretary of Defense post. This gossip's source was conversation with Daniel Ellsberg & Gary Snyder, November 26, 1974, re: Douglas F. Dowd's The Twisted Dream, Capitalist Development in the United States Since 1776, 2nd ed. (Cambridge: Winthrop, 1977).

## Thoughts on a Breath

37 FOUR YEARS AG O: Poem is sequel to "Guru Om," October 4–6, 1970.

37 STONY BURNS: "After being arrested twice on pornography charges, then convicted for inciting riot, Stony Burns, art director and founder of *Iconoclast* and *Dallas Notes* [underground newspapers], was sentenced in Dallas to ten years and one day in prison for the possession of less than one tenth of an ounce of marijuana. The extra day in the sentence prevented eligibility for parole. Within a year, public protest freed editor Burns."—*Unamerican Activities: The Campaign Against the Underground Press*, PEN American Center report, ed. Geoffrey Rips, foreword by Allen Ginsberg (San Francisco: City Lights, 1981); see pp. 102, 107–8. The poem was written when Stony Burns was first jailed, 1974.

# Hospital Window

42 (MAYAGUEZ CRISIS): After U.S. withdrawal from Indochina war, the U.S. merchant ship *Mayaguez*, presumed to be spy ship, was taken by Cambodians near their coast in 1975. The ship was recaptured by U.S. with giant force, some loss of life, large headlines. The incident

was argued at the time to symbolize U.S. resolve to "be perceived" still as "number one" in world might.

## Hadda Be Playing on the Jukebox

- 43 BIG TIME SYNDICATE TAMPA: Sam Giancana and John Roselli, associated with Tampa mob chief, engaged by CIA to assassinate Cuban Premier Castro in "turf war," early '60s. Both were murdered or "rubbed out" prior to scheduled testimony before Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, chaired by late Senator Frank Church, 1965, re CIA assassination attempts against Castro. Roselli was found in barrel in ocean; Giancana was shot in his kitchen.
- 43 LET LUCKY LUCIANO OUT OF JAIL ...: The international organized crime chief was released from federal prison by wartime Office of Strategic Services to supplant influence of Communist partisan anti-Hitler underground in Sicily with Mafia political infrastructure. According to American authorities, Luciano later became Mediterranean narcotics overlord. See "I'm Glad the CIA Is Immoral," Thomas W. Braden, *Saturday Evening Post*, May 20, 1967, p. 14.
- 44 CHILE'S RED DEMOCRACY ...: Salvador Allende (1908–1973), first democratically elected Marxist-socialist head of state in the western hemisphere, was deposed by U.S.-trained generals' junta, 1973. Subsequent Senate investigation revealed that CIA funds were used to organize destabilizing truck transport strikes, to penetrate Santiago's daily newspaper *Mercurio*, and to arrange "housewife demonstrations" against the new Allende government. Well-dressed family ladies walked in the streets, and banged on pots and pans, conveying an impression of normal people spontaneously protesting Allende government's socialist austerities. The night after the U.S.-backed generals' assault on presidential palace and assassination of Allende, the author remembers watching the TV screen with his father while news commentator Victor Riesel energetically congratulated American viewers: "The CIA was not involved!"

44 NKVD: People's Commissariat for Internal Affairs—Soviet secret police.

44 OGPU: 1930s Russian secret police.

44 DIA: U.S. Defense Intelligence Agency.

44 KGB: Soviet Committee of State Security, equivalent to U.S. FBI, but worse.

## Come All Ye Brave Boys

45 LIDS: Lid, a quantity of marijuana, equivalent to an ounce, originally a Prince Albert tobacco can full.

## Gospel Noble Truths

49 YOU GOT TO SUFFER: First stanza refers to Buddhist doctrine of three "marks" or characteristics of existence: (1) suffering, (2) change, (3) Anatma (no permanent selfhood). Stanzas 1–3 refer to the Four Noble Truths of Buddhist philosophy: (1) Existence contains suffering; (2) Suffering is caused by ignorance; (3) Ignorance can be changed by practice of detachment, wisdom and compassion (4) and by following an eightfold path as paraphrased in song lines 13–20: (1) right views, (2) right aspiration, (3) right speech, (4) right activity, (5) right labor, (6) right energy, (7) right mindfulness, (8) right meditation. There follows brief instruction for sitting and review of six sense fields.

## **Rolling Thunder Stones**

52 WE GIVE THANKS FOR THIS FOOD ...: After Snyder/Whalen adaptation of Zen thanks offering for food.

#### Two Dreams

56 ACID TIDE: Nitrous waste pollution of Jersey-Manhattan waters. A 1966 Los Angeles Free Press Robert Cobb cartoon showed ocean of LSD washing away a pillared fortress-island of Law, God, Self, Good, Evil, etc., seen somewhat as Urizenic Blakean abstractions.

#### Don't Grow Old

64 AUNT ROSE: See "To Aunt Rose," Paris, 1958.

64 NAROPA: Naropa Institute, contemplative college founded 1974 by Chögyam Trungpa; named for Kagyu lineage second patriarch, once rector of eighth-century Buddhist Nalanda International University. Naropa's Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics, codirected by author and Anne Waldman, was founded same year.

## Contest of Bards

73 ETERNAL RUNE CUT IN STONE: Rune (Old Norse), character of Old Teutonic or Scandinavian alphabets; magical cipher.

85 EIDOLON: Platonic Image. See Whitman's poem "Eidolons."

# Punk Rock Your My Big Crybaby

91 MABUHAY GARDENS TO CBGB 'S: Punk rock/new wave youth clubs, on San Francisco's North Beach and New York's Bowery.

X PLUTONIAN ODE (1977–1980)

#### Grim Skeleton

99 RICHARD HELMS: See "Ego Confession" note.

## Adapted from Neruda's "Que dispierte el leñador"

04 QUE DISPIERTE: Adapted Summer 1978-Spring 1981 by Sidney Goldfarb and Allen Ginsberg from Waldeen's trans. of *Let The Railsplitter Awake and Other Poems*, by Pablo Neruda (New York: Masses and Mainstream, 1950).

# Nagasaki Days

07 ELLSBERG: Daniel Ellsberg (b. 1931) Author, revealer of the "Pentagon Papers," now-public "secret" Defense Department analysis of built-in futility of U.S. Vietnam War adventure, had also helped design nuclear-strategy practical mechanics, including the failsafe system. The author and scholar Ellsberg were arrested together in Colorado during anti-nuclear peace protest at Rockwell Corporation's Rocky Flats plutonium-bomb-trigger factory.

08 GOLDEN COURTHOUSE: See Kerouac's verse "I wanna go to Golden," i.e., Golden, Colorado, Jefferson county seat, where Rocky Flats anti-nuclear-weapons-manufacture demonstrators were tried.

### Plutonian Ode

10 WHITMAN: Walt Whitman.

10 DOCTOR SEABORG: Glenn Seaborg, "Discoverer of Plutonium."

10 SEA BEYOND URANUS: Pluto, past planets Uranus and Neptune.

10 AVENGING FURIES: Pluto was father to Eumenides, the Furies who return to avenge mindless damage done in passion, aggression, ignorance, etc. Pluto was also Lord of Wealth.

10 DEMETER: Pluto's mother-in-law, the Earth fertility goddess whose daughter Persephone was stolen for marriage by underworld lord Pluto (Greek: Hades [Aides], brother to Zeus and Poseidon) and kept in his caverns a half year at a time, released to her mother each spring. Demeter gave wheat to man at Eleusis, site of her temple, one place in ancient world where Hades also was acknowledged with ceremonies indicated above.



Allen Ginsberg, Peter Orlovsky and friends of Rocky Flats Truth Force, meditating on R.R. Tracks outside Rockwell Corporation Nuclear Facility's Plutonium bomb trigger factory, Colorado, halting trainload of waste fissile materials on the day Plutonium Ode was completed, July 14, 1978. Photo by Steve Groer, *Rocky Mountain News*.

- 10 ASPHODEL: W. C. Williams wrote of asphodel, "that greeny flower," as the blossom of Hades.
- 10 FISH ... RAM ... BULL ... TWINS ... CRAB ... LION: Ages of Pisces, Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo—2,000 years each age.
- 10 GREAT YEAR: Platonic, or Babylonian, or Sidereal "Great Year"—24,000 years—half life of Plutonium radioactivity. This fact, pointed out to me by Gregory Corso, inspired this poem. Cf. W. B. Yeats, *A Vision*.
- 10 ONE HUNDRED SIXTY-SEVEN THOUSAND: The 24,000-year span of the Great Year—167,000 cycles—4 billion years, supposed age of Earth.
- 10 BLACK ... DISILLUSION: Six senses, including mind.
- 10 SABAOT ... IALDABAOTH: Archons of successive aeons born of Sophia's thought, according to Ophitic and Barbelo-Gnostic myths.
- 10 SKY OVER SILENT MILLS AT HANFORD ... MASON: Plutonium factories, whose location by state and whose function in bomb-making are here described. Plants in Pantex, Texas, and Burlington, Iowa, managed by Mason & Hanger-Silas Mason Co., Inc., assemble the finished components of the nuclear weapons.
- 11 TWO HUNDRED FORTY MILLENNIA: 240,000 years the supposed time till Plutonium becomes physically inert.
- 11 TEN POUNDS: Ten pounds of Plutonium scattered throughout the earth is calculated sufficient to kill 4 billion people.
- 11 SIX WORLDS: Six worlds of Gods, Warrior Demons, Humans, Hungry Ghosts, Animals, and Hell Beings held together in the delusion of time by pride, anger and ignorance: a Buddhist concept. See notes to "Thoughts Sitting Breathing," p. 796.
- 11 DIVINE WIND: Kamikaze, typhoon, wind of Gods.
- 11 THREE HUNDRED TO NS: 300 tons of Plutonium, estimate circa 1978 of the amount produced for American bombs.
- 11 I SING YOUR FORM: "The Reactor hath hid himself thro envy. I behold him. But you cannot behold him till he be revealed in his System."—Blake, *Jerusalem*, Chap. II, Plate 43, lines 9–10.

- 12 HONEY ... WATER: Traditional libation to Hades poured at Temple of Eleusis, and by Odysseus at the Necromanteion at Acheron.
- 12 DIAMOND TRUTH: Reference to Buddhist doctrine of Sunyataa, i.e., existence as simultaneously void and solid, empty and real, all-penetrating egoless (empty void) nature symbolized by adamantine Vajra or Diamond Sceptre.
- 12 FIVE HUNDRED BILLION DOLLAR: Estimated world military budget; 116 billion, U.S. share, October 1978.
- 13 TAKE THIS INHALATION ... THOUGHT-WORLDS: Four characteristics of Buddha-nature activity: to pacify, enrich, magnetize & destroy.
- 13 GONE OUT ... AH!: Americanese approximation and paraphrase of Sanskrit Prajnaparamita (Highest Perfect Wisdom) Mantra: Gate Gate Paragate Parasamgate Bodhi Svaha.

## Blame the Thought, Cling to the Bummer

- 17 DUDJOM LINEAGE: Dudjom Rinpoche, contemporary head of Nyingma "old school" Tibetan teachings founded by Padmasambhava.
- 17 BEDROCK MORTAR ...: Cottage built by author and friends in California Sierra woods adjoining Kitkitdizze, at site of original Indian inhabitants' mortar holes. See "Sad Dust Glories" note.

#### "Don't Grow Old"

18 DON'T GROW OLD: See poems on the death of Louis Ginsberg, January 12-July 11, 1976.

# December 31, 1978

24 LINDY HOP: Peculiar quick dance step popular late 1920s.

## Brooklyn College Brain

25 BODHICITTA: Seed of enlightenment stuff, enlightened essence of Buddha mind, or awakening aspect of mind.

#### Garden State

27 HARRISBURG HYDROGEN BUBBLE: In Pennsylvania's Three Mile Island nuclear accident, March 28, 1979, unit #2's reactor core was badly damaged. A pressure relief valve in the main cooling system had jammed while the reactor was operating at full power. Thousands of gallons of water unexpectedly drained from the core. At this pass, operators mistakenly turned off pumps designed to flood the reactor in such emergency. Consequent overheating resulted in damage to the reactor, and release of radiation.

## Las Vegas: Verses Improvised for El Dorado H.S. Newspaper

28 MOAPA: Original nomadic inhabitants of Nevada.

28 ROBERT MAHEU: (b. 1917) Secretary to Howard Hughes, ex-FBI, introduced Sam Giancana and John Roselli (business acquaintances of Tampa syndicate boss Santos Trafficante, co-worker with Jack Ruby, and pre-Castro vice/narcotic lord of Havana territory) to CIA official Sheffield Edwards, to arrange assassination of Cuban premier Castro. Personages of Watergate plumbers team were associated with the much-reported yet little-researched anti-Castro Cuban Mafia circle of secret operations. See "Hadda Be Playing on the Jukebox" note.

(Sheffield Edwards was also CIA Chief of Security, which office oversaw early 1950s drug experiment programs, psychedelic and otherwise.)

28 MT. CHARLESTON: Sacred mountain among Moapa tribes in traditional migratory cycle.

- 28 ENGLEBERT: Mr. Humperdinck, popular cabaret entertainer.
- 28 PLATONIC YEAR: See "Plutonian Ode" note.
- 28 UNDER THE ASTRONOMICAL FLAGP OLE: Harold Ickes, interior secretary under FDR, commissioned various solar system designs, including the Great Year pattern of earth's wobble on its sidereal axis, to be set in bronze on Hoover Dam's plaza, marking the monumental size of the project, equal in scope to the Egyptian pyramids.

28 BUGSY SIEGEL: Original organized crime/vice chief of Las Vegas, assassinated by shots through window of Beverly Hills living room, 1947.

#### Ruhr-Gebiet

34 STAMMHEIM: Isolation prison where "terrorist" Baader-Meinhof gang members (originally armed by police double agents) were subject to continuous interrogation under 24-hour glare lighting.

35 "GUESTS" DO THE WORK: *Gastarbeiter*, "guest workers" of post-WWII West Germany: Turks, Italians, Slavs imported for heavy labor or menial work.

# Reflections at Lake Louise

41 ORYOKI: Traditional style of formal three-bowl mindful silent eating practice in Zendoo (meditation hall).

#### Ode to Failure

45 MAYAKOVSKY CRIED, THEN DIE! MY VERSE: "Let glory/disconsolate widow frail/trudge after genius/in funeral anthems/Die, my verse,/die, like the rank and file/as our unknown, unnumbered, fell/in storming heaven."—Vladimir Mayakovsky, "At the Top of My Voice," 1930, in *Mayakovsky and His Poetry*, trans. Herbert Marshall

(London: Pilot Press, 1943). Frank O'Hara first called author's attention to this poem.

#### Birdbrain!

46 XOCHOPILI: Formerly referred to as "God of Flowers" in tourist guidebooks. Vegetable forms incised on his celebrated statue in Mexico City's Archaeological Museum have been identified by Harvard Botanical Museum director Richard E. Schultes as peyote, morning glory, amanita mushroom, tobacco, etc. Evidence of Xochopili culture was obliterated during Spanish conquest.

46 RAN GERMANY ON AMPHETAMINES: Among other books, *Inside the Third Reich*, memoirs of Albert Speer (New York: Macmillan, 1970), gives evidence on Hitler's rug-chewing speed addiction.

# "Defending the Faith"

50 MAGLIC CASTLE: Castle of "mist" or "fog" (maglic) at heart of original kingdom of Serbia.

50 IVAR RIVER BANK: (12th-century "Ras") In Ivar River Valley, "Valley of the Kings." "Where the valley narrows to form a dramatic gorge ... stand the remains of the Magli'c fortress perched like an eagle's nest upon a separate spur of the mountains" (Fodor's *Yugoslavia*, 1972, p. 277).

<sup>\*</sup> Notes for "Angkor Wat" from Fulcrum Press edition (London, 1968).

# **Epigraphs from Original Editions**

'Unscrew the locks from the doors!
Unscrew the doors themselves from their jambs!' (Howl)

'—Die,

If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!' (Kaddish)

'Scribbled secret notebooks, and wild typewritten pages, for yr own joy' (Reality Sandwiches)

'O go way man I can hypnotize this nation I can shake the earth's foundation with the Maple Leaf Rag.' (Planet News)

'To find the Western path
Right thro' the Gates of Wrath
I urge my way;
Sweet Mercy leads me on:
With soft Repentant moan
I see the break of day' (Gates of Wrath)

'Thus is the heaven a vortex pass'd already, and the earth A vortex not yet pass'd by the traveller thro' Eternity' (*Gates of Wrath*)

'The yearning infinite recoils, For terrible is earth!' (Gates of Wrath)

'... same electric lightning South follows this train Apocalypse prophesied— the fall of America signalled from Heaven—' (The Fall of America)

'Time after time for such a journey none but iron pens Can write And adamantine leaves receive nor can the man who goes The journey obstinate refuse to write time after time' (Mind Breaths)

'Meeting, the two friends laugh aloud; In the grove, fallen leaves are many' (*Poems All Over the Place*)

'La science, la nouvelle noblesse! Le progrès. Le monde marche! Pourquoi ne tournerait-il pas?' (*Plutonian Ode*)

# **Dedications to**

Jack Kerouac, new Buddha of American prose, who spit forth intelligence into eleven books written in half the number of years (1951–1956)—On the Road, Visions of Neal, Dr Sax, Springtime Mary, The Subterraneans, San Francisco Blues, Some of the Dharma, Book of Dreams, Wake Up, Mexico City Blues, and Visions of Gerard—creating a spontaneous bop prosody and original classic literature. Several phrases and the title of Howl are taken from him.

William Seward Burroughs, author of *Naked Lunch*, an endless novel which will drive everybody mad.

Neal Cassady, author of *The First Third*, an autobiography (1949) which enlightened Buddha.

All these books are published in Heaven.

**HOWL** 

Peter Orlovsky
in
Paradise
'Taste my mouth in your ear'

#### KADDISH

To Herbert E. Huncke for his *Confessions* 

#### **EMPTY MIRROR**

the Pure Imaginary
POET
Gregory Corso

## **REALITY SANDWICHES**

Neal Cassady
again
Spirit to Spirit
February 8, 1925-February 4, 1968
'the greater driver'
'secret hero of these poems'

**PLANET NEWS** 

# dear poet's poet Philip Whalen

## AIRPLANE DREAMS

Miles London's Scholar

## ANGKOR WAT

The Soul of Leroi Jones

#### SCRAP LEAVES

Larry Ferlinghetti
Fellow
Poet
Editor

## POEMS ALL OVER THE PLACE

Walt Whitman

"Intense and loving comradeship, the personal and passionate attachment of man to man—which, hard to define, underlies the lessons and ideals of the profound saviors of every land and age, and which seems to promise, when thoroughly develop'd, cultivated and recognised in manners and literature, the most substantial hope and safety of the future of these States, will then be fully express'd.

"It is to the development, identification, and general prevalence of that fervid comradeship, (the adhesive love, at least rivaling the amative love hitherto possessing imaginative literature, if not going beyond it,) that I look for the counterbalance and offset of our materialistic and vulgar American democracy, and for the spiritualization thereof. Many will say it is a dream, and will not follow my inferences: but I confidently expect a time when there will be seen, running like a half-hid warp through all the myriad audible and visible worldly interests of America, threads of manly friendship, fond and loving, pure and sweet, strong and life-long, carried to degrees hitherto unknown—not only giving tone to individual character, and making it unprecedentedly emotional, muscular, heroic, and refined, but having the deepest relations to general politics. I say democracy infers such loving comradeship, as its most inevitable twin or counterpart, without which it will be incomplete, in vain, and incapable of perpetuating itself."

Democratic Vistas, 1871

#### THE FALL OF AMERICA

Vajracarya
Chögyam Trungpa, Rinpoche
Poet
"Guru Death your words are true

# Teacher Death I do thank you For inspiring me to sing this Blues"

## MIND BREATHS

Lucien Carr for friendship all these years

## PLUTONIAN ODE

# **Acknowledgments**

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A.G.

Adventures in Poetry, A Hundred Posters, Allen Verbatim (ed. McGraw-Hill), Alternative Ball. Features Syndicate, Alternative Press, Alternative Press Broadside, American Dialogue, American Poetry Review, Antioch Review, Aquarian, Ark/Moby, Shahane. Shout in the Streets, Athanor, Ashok Α Auerhahn/Haselwood Press, A Year of Disobedience

Bad Breath, Bastard Angel, Beatitude, Berkeley Barb, Berkeley Tribe, Bernerzeitung, Between Worlds, Big Sky, Big Table, Birthstone, Black Mountain Review, Bombay Gin, Boulder Express, Boulder Monthly, Boulder Street Poets, Brahma, Brandeis Folio, Brown Paper, Buffalo Stamps, Bugger (Fuck You/a Magazine of the Arts supplement), Burning Bush

'C, Cambridge Review (i.e.), Capella Dublin, Caterpillar, Che Fare, Cherry Valley Editions, Chicago, Chicago Review, City Lights Anthology, City Lights Books, City Lights Journals, Clean Energy Verse, Coach House Press, Cody's Bookshop Calendar, Coevolution Quarterly, College Press Service, Colorado North Review, Columbia *Jester*, Columbia Review, Combustion, Concerning Poetry, Coyote, Coyote's Journal, Cranium Press Broadsides, Creative Arts Book Co.

Dakota Broadsides Montreal, Desert Review, Dirty, Do-it

Earth Day Folio, Earth Magazine, East Village Other, El Dorado H.S. Newspaper, Evergreen Review, Expresson, Expresso

Fervent Valley Digest, Fifth Estate, Firefly Press, Fits, Floating Bear, Folger Shakespeare Library Broadside, Folio, Four Seasons, From Here Press, Fruit Cup, Fuck You/A Magazine of the Arts, Fulcrum Press, Fuori!

Gay Sunshine Press, Gemini, Georgia Strait, Gnaoua, Gotham Book Mart, Grabhorn Press, Grecourt Review, Greenpeace, Grey Fox Books, Grist, Grove Press,

Hard & Hardly Press, Hard Times, Harvard Crimson, Harvard Magazine, Hasty Papers, High Times, Hika, House of Anansi

Ice & Frice, Il Tarocco, Ins & Outs, Intrepid, Isis, Izvestia

Jabberwock (Sidewalk), Jack Albert's Boston Newspaper, Jargon 31, Jerusalem Post, Jonathan Cape-Golliard Press

Klacto 23, Kuksu, Kulchur

Lama Foundation: Bountiful Lord's Delivery Service, Lampeter Muse, L.A. Staff, League for Sexual Freedom Leaflet series, Lemar Marijuana Review, Liberation, Liberation News Service, Life, Literaturnya Gazeta, Loka, London Times Literary Supplement, Look, Los Angeles Free Press, Los Angeles Times, Lowenfel's Anthology, (lower) Eastside Review

Mag City, Mahenjodaro, Mattachine Review, Metronome, Mikrokosmos, Mojo Navigator, Mutantia, My Own Mag

Nadada, Neurotica, New Age Journal, New American Review, New Departures, New Directions Annuals, New York Free Press, New York Quarterly, New York Times, Nomad, Notes from the Garage Door, Notes from Underground, Now, Nuke Chronicles

Oyez poster

Pacific Nation, Painted Bride Quarterly, Paris Review, Partisan Review, Passaic Review, Peace News, Pearl, Peninsula Skyway, Pequod Press, Piazza, Planeta Fresca, Playboy, Poetry London/Apple, Poetry London-NY, Poetry on the Tracks, Poetry Review London, Poetry Toronto, Poets at Le Metro, Poets-and-Writers, Poet's Press, Portents, Provincetown Review, Pull My Daisy

Quixote

Rain, Ramparts, Read Street, Red Osier Press, Residu, rhinozeros, River Run, River Styx, Rocky Flats Truth Force, Rocky Ledge, Rolling Stone, Rolling Thunder Review Phantom Newsletter

Salted Feathers, San Francisco Free Press, Saturday Morning, Schism, Scrip Magazine, Seven Days, Sing Out, Soho News, Something, Southwest Review, Spradie im Technisehen Zeitalter, Stone Press Weekly, Stupa: Naropa Student Newsletter, Sun Books Australia, Swank, Synapse

Takeover, Telephone, The American Pen International Quarterly, The American Poetry Review, The Beat Scene, The End Magazine, The Grapevine, The Marijuana Review, The Nation, The Needle, The New Yorker, The Outsider, The Paris Magazine, The Raven, The Seventies, The Stone, The Sunflower (Wichita State), The Unspeakable Visions of the Individual, The Villager, The Workingman's Press, The World, The Yale Literary Magazine, Throat, Title I, Toronto Waves, Totem/-Corinth Books, Transatlantic Review

Underdog, Unmuzzled Ox Encyclopedia, Utigeverij 261

Vajradhatu Sun, Vancouver Express, Vancouver Vajradhatu, Variegation, Venture, Vigencia, Village Voice, Voices

Walker Art Center Broadside, West Hills Review, White Dove, Wholly Communion, Wild Dog, Win, W.I.N. (Workshop in Nonviolence) Magazine, Writer's Forum

Yugen

Zero

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For preparation of *Collected Poems* the sangha of editors at Harper & Row headed by Aaron Asher working with Carol Chen, Sidney Feinberg, Dan Harvey, Marge Horvitz, Lydia Link, William Monroe, Joe Montebello, and Dolores Simon provided essential sympathetic skills.

Kenneth A. Lohf, Director of Manuscripts and Rare Books, Bernard Crystal, Assistant Director, and Mary Bowling, librarian in charge of manuscripts at Special Collections Division, Butler Library, Columbia University, preserved author's papers since 1968. Librarians at Humanities Research Center, University of Texas at Austin, conserved letters and notebooks useful in assembling manuscript.

Various typescripts were assembled at Naropa Institute's Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics by apprentice poets Walter Fordham, Jason Shinder, Sam Kash-ner, Helen Luster, Denyse King, Gary Allen, Alice Gambrell and Randy Roark among others, 1974–83.

Gordon Ball and Miles editing notebooks, journals and bibliographic papers retrieved texts and aided relatively precise chronology of poems.

Bill Morgan's bibliographic survey of author's work-spaces and Columbia Special Collections made possible ordering and retrieval of many writings in early script and book forms. Raymond Foye edited appropriate images from photo archive.

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#### Collaborative Artisans

Calligraphy AH by Chögyam Trungpa, Rinpoche.

Wheel of Life: Block Print, source unknown.

ag lines for *Returning to the Country for a Brief Visit: Moments of Rising Mist*, a Collection of Sung Landscape Poetry, Mushinsha/Grossman, 1973.

teven Taylor: lead sheets; Walter Taylor: lyric calligraphy.

arry Smith: Illustration to Journal Night Thoughts (p. 274), and three fish one head cover insignia designed after incision on stone footprint of Buddha, seen by author at Bodh-Gaya, India, 1963; other version (p. 328).

obert LaVigne: Illustrations, pp. 123, 143, 363, 766.

Diligent reader will find 22 additional poems rhymed, many with lead sheets, published as *First Blues: Rags, Ballads & Harmonium Songs 1971–1974*, Full Court Press, N.Y., 1975, to correlate with poems of that decade, supplementing the volume of musical inspiration.

Songs from *Collected Poems* and *First Blues* are vocalized solo on First Blues, Folkways Records, N.Y., 1981; and with musicians, First Blues, Double album, Hammond/C.B.S., N.Y., 1983.

# Introduction by William Carlos Williams to Empty Mirror

The lines are superbly all alike. Most people, most critics would call them prose—they have an infinite variety, perfectly regular; they are all alike and yet none is like the other. It is like the monotony of our lives that is made up of the front pages of newspapers and the first (aging) 3 lines of the *Inferno*:

In the middle of the journey of our life I (came to) myself in a dark wood (where) the straight way was lost.

It is all alike, those fated lines telling of the mind of that poet and the front page of the newspaper. Look at them. You will find them the same.

This young Jewish boy, already not so young any more, has recognized something that has escaped most of the modern age, he has found that man is lost in the world of his own head. And that the rhythms of the past have become like an old field long left unploughed and fallen into disuse. In fact they are excavating there for a new industrial plant.

There the new inferno will soon be under construction.

A new sort of line, omitting memories of trees and watercourses and clouds and pleasant glades—as empty of them as Dante Alighieri's *Inferno* is empty of them—exists today. It is measured by the passage of time without accent, monotonous, useless—unless you are drawn as Dante was to see the truth, undressed, and to sway to a beat that is far removed from the beat of dancing feet but rather finds in the shuffling of human beings in all the stages of their day, the trip to the bathroom, to the stairs of the subway, the steps of the office or factory routine the mystical measure of their passions.

It is indeed a human pilgrimage, like Geoffrey Chaucer's; poets had better be aware of it and speak of it—and speak of it in plain terms, such as men will recognize. In the mystical beat of newspapers that no one recognizes, their life is given back to them in plain terms. Not one recognizes Dante there fully deployed. It is not recondite but plain.

And when the poet in his writing would scream of the crowd, like Jeremiah, that their life is beset, what can he do, in the end, but speak to them in their own language, that of the daily press?

At the same time, out of his love for them—a poet as Dante was a poet—he must use his art, as Dante used his art, to please. He must measure, he must so disguise his lines, that his style appear prosaic (so that it shall not offend) to go in a cloud.

With this, if it be possible, the hidden sweetness of the poem may alone survive and one day rouse the sleeping world.

There cannot be any facile deception about it. The writing cannot be made to be "a kind of prose," not prose with a dirty wash of a stale poem over it. It must not set out, as poets are taught or have a

tendency to do, to deceive, to sneak over a poetic way of laying down phrases. It must be prose but prose among whose words the terror of their truth has been discovered.

Here the terror of the scene has been laid bare in subtle measures, the pages are warm with it. The scene they invoke is terrifying more so than Dante's pages, the poem is not suspect, the craft is flawless.

1952

# Introduction by William Carlos Williams to Howl

When he was younger, and I was younger, I used to know Allen Ginsberg, a young poet living in Paterson, New Jersey, where he, son of a well-known poet, had been born and grew up. He was physically slight of build and mentally much disturbed by the life which he had encountered about him during those first years after the first world war as it was exhibited to him in and about New York City. He was always on the point of 'going away', where it didn't seem to matter; he disturbed me, I never thought he'd live to grow up and write a book of poems. His ability to survive, travel, and go on writing astonishes me. That he has gone on developing and perfecting his art is no less amazing to me.

Now he turns up fifteen or twenty years later with an arresting poem. Literally he has, from all the evidence, been through hell. On the way he met a man named Carl Solomon with whom he shared among the teeth and excrement of this life something that cannot be described but in the words he has used to describe it. It is a howl of defeat. Not defeat at all for he has gone through defeat as if it were an ordinary experience, a trivial experience. Everyone in this life is defeated but a man, if he be a man, is not defeated.

It is the poet, Allen Ginsberg, who has gone, in his own body, through the horrifying experiences described from life in these pages. The wonder of the thing is not that he has survived but that he, from the very depths, has found a fellow whom he can love, a love he celebrates without looking aside in these poems. Say what you will, he proves to us, in spite of the most debasing experiences

that life can offer a man, the spirit of love survives to ennoble our lives if we have the wit and the courage and the faith—and the art! to persist.

It is the belief in the art of poetry that has gone hand in hand with this man into his Golgotha, from that charnel house, similar in every way, to that of the Jews in the past war. But this is in our own country, our own fondest purlieus. We are blind and live our blind lives out in blindness. Poets are damned but they are not blind, they see with the eyes of the angels. This poet sees through and all around the horrors he partakes of in the very intimate details of his poem. He avoids nothing but experiences it to the hilt. He contains it. Claims it as his own—and, we believe, laughs at it and has the time and affrontery to love a fellow of his choice and record that love in a well-made poem.

Hold back the edges of your gowns, Ladies, we are going through hell.

1955

# **Author's Cover Writ**

# Hindsight for Gates of Wrath

Gates of Wrath's first sonnets, "Woe to Thee Manhattan," were inspired by first reading ms. of Kerouac's triumphant record of youth family *The Town and the City*. All poems hermetic "The Eye Altering" thru "A Western Ballad" refer to breakthru of visionary consciousness 1948 described elsewhere prosaically: early mindmanifesting flashes catalyzed by lonely despair I felt at sudden termination of erotic spiritual marriage mutually vowed by myself and Neal Cassady The "Earlier Poems," 1947, were love poems to N.C., though love's gender was kept closet. "Sweet Levinsky" (counterimage to Kerouac's tender caricature) thru "Pull My Daisy" were written Jack much in mind ear. "Pull My Daisy"'s form grew out of J.K.'s adaptation of "Smart Went Crazy" refrain: recombining images jazzier as

Pull my daisy,
Tip my cup,
All my doors are open—

from my more wooden verse.

Jack brought this verse into York Ave. coldwater flat—I remember his athletic pencil-dash'd handscript, notebooked. I replicated that form and Jack dubbed in more lines—about a third of the poem was his. One line "How's the Hicks?" was tossed to us as we walked into Cassady's midnite NY parkinglot 1949 asking Neal "What's the Hex, Who's the Hoax?"

"Sometime Jailhouse" poems to "Ode 24th Year" reflect early dope-type bust & subsequent hospital rehabilitation solitude-bench dolmen realms so characteristic of mental penology late 40s contemporary. The letter to W.C.W. enclosing poems was answered thus: "In this mode perfection is basic." The poems were imperfect. I responded by sending Williams several speedworthy notations that form the basis of book *Empty Mirror*, texts written roughly same years as these imperfect lyrics.

Gates of Wrath ms. was carried to London by lady friend early fifties, it disappeared, and I had no complete copy till 1968 when old typescript was returned thru poet Bob Dylan—it passed into his hands years earlier. By coincidence, I returned to this rhymed mode with Dylan's encouragement as fitted for musical song. Tuned to lyric guitar, composing on harmonium, chant or improvising on rhythmic chords in electric studio, I began 'perfecting' use of this mode two decades after W.C.W.'s wise objection, dear reader, in same weeks signatured below.

*December* 8, 1971

#### Jacket for Howl

Allen Ginsberg born June 3, 1926, the son of Naomi Ginsberg, Russian émigré, and Louis Ginsberg, lyric poet and schoolteacher, in Paterson, N.J. High school in Paterson till 17, Columbia College, merchant marine, Texas and Denver, copyboy, Times Square, amigos in jail, dishwashing, book reviews, Mexico City, market research, Satori in Harlem, Yucatan and Chiapas 1954, West Coast 3 years. ... Carl Solomon, to whom *Howl* is addressed, is an intuitive Bronx dadaist and prose-poet.

1960

Hindsight for Kaddish

In the midst of the broken consciousness of mid twentieth century suffering anguish of separation from my own body and its natural infinity of feeling its own self one with all self, I instinctively seeking to reconstitute that blissful union which I experienced so rarely I took it to be supernatural and gave it holy Name thus made hymn laments of longing and litanies of triumphancy of Self over the mind-illusion mechano-universe of un-feeling Time in which I saw my self my own mother and my very nation trapped desolate our worlds of consciousness homeless and at war except for the original trembling of bliss in breast and belly of every body that nakedness rejected in suits of fear that familiar defenseless living hurt self which is myself same as all others abandoned scared to own our unchanging desire for each other. These poems almost unconscious to confess the beatific human fact, the language intuitively chosen as in trance & dream, the rhythms rising on breath from belly thru breast, the hymn completed in tears, the movement of the physical poetry demanding and receiving decades of life while chanting Kaddish the names of Death in many mindworlds the self seeking the Key to life found at last in our self.

August 28, 1963

# Back Cover for Reality Sandwiches

"Wake-up nightmares in Lower East Side, musings in public library, across the U.S. in dream auto, drunk in old Havana, brooding in Mayan ruins, sex daydreams on the West Coast, airplane vision of Kansas, lonely in a leafy cottage, lunch hour in Berkeley, beery notations on Skid Row, slinking to Mexico, wrote this last nite in Paris, back on Times Square dreaming of Times Square, bombed in NY again, loony tunes in the dentist chair, screaming at old poets in South America, aethereal zigzag Poesy in blue hotel rooms in Peru—a wind-up book of dream notes, psalms, journal enigmas & nude minutes from 1953 to 1960 poems scattered in fugitive magazines here collected now book."

#### Back Cover for Planet News

Planet News collecting seven years' Poesy scribed to 1967 begins with electronic politics disassociation & messianic rhapsody TV Baby in New York, continues picaresque around the world globe, élan perceptions notated at Mediterranean, Galilee & Ganges till next breakthrough, comedown Poem heart & soul last days in Asia The Change 1963; tenement doldrums & police-state paranoia in Manhattan then half year behind Socialist Curtain climaxed as Kral Majales May King Prague 1965, same year's erotic gregariousness writ as Who Be Kind To for International Poetry Incarnation Albert Hall London; next trip West Coast U.S. & voyage back thru center America midwest Wichita Vortex Sutra which is mind-collage & keystone section of progressively longer poem on "These States" here Self sitting in its own meat throne invokes Harekrishna as preserver of human planet & challenges all other Powers usurping State Consciousness to recognize same Identity, thus 'I here declare the End of the War.' Back dwelling on East Coast local psyche notes, elegy for O'Hara dead friend poet & worship for all Gods; at last across Atlantic Wales Visitation promethian text recollected in emotion revised in tranquillity continuing tradition of ancient Nature Language mediates between psychedelic inspiration and humane ecology & integrates acid classic Unitive Vision with democratic eyeball particulars— book closes on politics to exorcise Pentagon phantoms who cover Earth with dung-colored gas.

May 26, 1968

# After Words for The Fall of America

Beginning with "long poem of these States," The Fall of America continues Planet News chronicle taperecorded scribed by hand or

sung condensed, the flux of car bus airplane dream consciousness Person during Automated Electronic War years, newspaper headline radio brain auto poesy & silent desk musings, headlights flashing on road through these States of consciousness. Texts here dedicated to Whitman Good Grey Poet complement otherwhere published Wichita Vortex Sutra and Iron Horse. The book enters Northwest border thence down California Coast Xmas 1965 and wanders East to include history epic in Kansas & Bayonne, mantra chanting in Cleveland smoke flats, Great Lake hotel room midnight soliloquies, defeatest prophetics Nebraskan, sociable kissass in Houston, sexist gay rhapsodies, elegy for love friend poet heroes threaded through American silver years, pacifist-voweled changes of self in robot city, wavecrash babbling & prayers airborne, reportage Presidentiad Chicago police-state teargas eye, car crash body consciousness, ecologue inventory over Atlantic seaboard's iron Megalopolis & west desert's smog-tinged Vast. Back home, Mannahatta's garbaged loves survive, farm country without electricity falltime harvest's the illegal Indochina bomb paranoia guilt. Guru Om meditation breaks through onto empty petrochemical wonderland, & so adieu to empty-lov'd America. Book returns to Pacific flowered seashore with antibomb call, then across ocean great suffering starvation's visible, bony human September on Jessore Road ends as mantric lamentation rhymed for vocal chant to western chords F minor B flat E flat B flat.

October 7, 1972

#### Back Cover for *Mind Breaths*

Australian songsticks measure oldest known poetics, broken-leg meditations march thru Six Worlds singing Crazy Wisdom's hopeless suffering, the First Noble Truth, inspiring quiet Sung sunlit greybeard soliloquies, English moonlit night-gleams, ambitious midlife fantasies, Ah crossed-legged thoughts sitting straight-spine paying attention to empty breath flowing round the globe; then Dharma elegy & sharp eyed haiku, pederast rhapsody, exorcism of

mid-East battlegods, workaday sad dust glories. American ego confession & mugging downfall Lower East Side, hospital sickness moan, hydrogen Jukebox Prophecy, Sex come-all-ye, mountain cabin flashes, Buddhist country western chord changes, Rolling Thunder snow balls, a Jersey shaman dream, Father Death in a graveyard near Newark, Poe bones, two hot hearted love poems: Here chronicled mid-Seventies' half decade inward & outward Mindfulness in many Poetries: Aboriginal rhetoric, mouth-page free verse-forms, Whitmanic-miltonic periods, Chinese-american imagery, scholarly politics apostrophe, dirty blues & racy ballads rocknroll & airy numbers musicked with lead-sheets, 3 line sparks, objective tombstones, & in narrative high style Oratory a Blakean Punk Epic with nirvanic Rune music the *Contest of Bards*.

September 23, 1977

#### Back Cover for Plutonian Ode

Title poem combines scientific info on 24,000-year cycle of the Great Year compared with equal half-life of Plutonium waste, accounting Homeric formula for appeasing underground millionaire Pluto Lord of Death, jack in the gnostic box of Aeons, and Adamantine Truth of ordinary mind inspiration, unhexing Nuclear ministry of fear. Following poems chronologize Wyoming grass blues, a punk-rock sonnet, personal grave musing, Manhattan landscape hypertension, lovelorn heart thumps, mantric rhymes, Neruda's tearful Lincoln ode retranslated to U.S. vernacular oratory, Nagasaki Bomb anniversary haikus, Zen Bluegrass raunch, free verse demystification of sacred fame, Reznikoffian filial epiphanies, hot pants Skeltonic doggerel, a Kerouackian New Year's eve ditty, professorial homework, New Jersey quatrains, scarecrow haiku, improvised dice roll for high-school kids, English rock-and-roll sophistications, an old love glimpse, little German movies, old queen conclusions, a tender renaissance song, ode to hero-flop, Peace protest prophecies, Lower East Side snapshots, national

flashes in the Buddhafields, Sapphic stanzas in quantitative idiom, look out the bedroom window, feverish birdbrain verses from Eastern Europe for chanting with electric bands, Beethovinean ear strophes drowned in rain, a glance at Cloud Castle, poems 1977–1980 end with International new wave hit lyric Capitol Air.

September 28, 1981

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## WHITE SHROUD POEMS 1980–1985



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## To Edith Ginsberg

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#### **Porch Scribbles**

Balmy, hotter outside than in the living room— Wind rustles the rattlesnake reeds. Didja see the Perseus star shower last night?

\* \* \*

Bright on Flatirons, sunshine gleams on clouds, on brown shake shingles, tree limbs rock, So bright on the car roof, I gotta sleep—

\* \* 7

I want that brick house on Mapleton, it's for sale "Moore Real Estate"—

But price too high,
I'm too drowsy to go to the telephone.

\* \* \*

Clouds float up from the end of the world— Have we enough room for population explosion? Call up Gary, let's find out what he thinks.

July 11, 1980

That tree stands higher than a house like a dog with hair drooping over its mouth—green long beanpods hang from its branches

\* \* \*

It's a whale that big gray-bottom cloud floating over the Flatirons, it's a mushroom, a shipcastle, a mountain with sunshine and Coasts—

It's a pile of mist.

\* \* \*

Look up, clouds in the sky, suddenly their shadows fall where Mrs. Hurst on Mapleton Street sprays her front lawn.

\* \* \*

Midsummer, green leaves thick on maples
The front yard, white flowers—
Cause it's just so beautiful now!
How sad, to be alive watching the season at its height—

\* \* \*

Spray the lawn, it's too hot—
Street children call, car radios play muted disco
Gray clouds umbrella brilliant sun
I used to be young once, bewildered
like that barechested little
girl across the street.

\* \* \*

Where I sit, leg over my knee listening to the whippoorwill call of a distant ambulance, the thin tree's little leaves startle and jump, raindrops fall thicker & the smell of ozone wafts across the porch.

\* \* \*

Everyone loves the rain, except those caught in their business suits, birds whistle, tree leaves shake excited, electric smells rise across the City to the watchers on the balcony—

August 2, 1980

Did the Ecologist chop his girl with an ax in Philadelphia & hide her corpse a year in the trunk?

What does that red-haired boy half-naked on the sidewalk with his Frisbee think of that?

Boulder, August 3, 1980

#### **Industrial Waves**

Tune: Capitol Air

The New Right's a creepy pre-Fascist fad Salute the flag & call on Mom & Dad Shit on the niggers it's their fault they were slaves In a free market you can get rich filling graves.

Freedom for the rich to suck off the Work of the Poor Freedom for Monopoly to corner the market in horse manure Freedom for the secret police and guys with guns Freedom for bully buys! Death to the Radical Nuns!

Freedom to buy Judges! Freedom for organized crime! Freedom for the Military! "I got mine." Hundred millions free to starve, isn't that great? Freedom for the Neutron bomb to radiate!

Freedom for War! Fight for Peace! Whoopee! "Government off our backs"—except the Military! Freedom for Narcs to put junkies in jail! Freedom to punish sick addicts, all hail!

Freedom to bust you for grass if you please Freedom to beat you up when you're down on your knees Freedom for Capital Punishment, without fail! Freedom to wiretap your phone & open up your mail.

Freedom for Cosa Nostra's pornography Freedom to ban your verse in the high school library Freedom to stop deaf widows' food stamps Freedom to draft-register everyone wearing pants.

Free computerized National Police! Everybody got identity cards? At Ease! Freedom for Big Business to eat up the sea Freedom for Exxon to examine your pee!

Freedom of the air for William Buckley Freedom for Mobil to buy up TV Freedom to influence Network News Freedom for money to make you wear shoes.

Freedom to fink out Nicaraguan liberty
Freedom to shove them into Soviet economy!
Freedom for Costa Rica to eat our military scenes
Freedom in Honduras for Contras & Marines!

Freedom for Indonesia to murder half million Freedom for South Africa to stabilize the Bullion Freedom for South Africa to slave her Blacks Freedom for Korea's corrupt party hacks.

Freedom for America to kick plenty Ass Allende Lumumba yass yass yass! Freedom for Martin Luther King it's a gas Freedom to forget our bloody Indochinese past!

Freedom to be Macho to be Number One Freedom to boast the heaviest nuclear gun! Freedom to kill for KKK If you got a White Jury you might get away. Freedom to work if you don't Unionize
Freedom to listen to Presidential lies
Freedom to have your name in Secret Service file
Freedom to run with the Mob for a while.

Freedom from government regulation!
Freedom to not be allowed an abortion!
Freedom for old folks to enjoy inflation
Freedom to destabilize the Chilean Nation!

Freedom to abandon Latin Human Rights
To deport John Lennon for his Political delights
Freedom to ban Genius entering the Land
& slap Nobel Prize novelists on the hand.

Freedom for overt Covert War sleaze Freedom for Death Squads to chop off your knees Freedom to put pederasts in Prison Freedom to stop Fairies from eating Gyzym.

Freedom to assemble & get gassed or shot Freedom to not be allowed to smoke pot Freedom to drink till you got the DT's Freedom to never take LSD.

Freedom to smoke & have your Utah Cancer Freedom to shake down a bottomless Dancer Freedom to be forbidden Peyote Vision Freedom to censor *Howl on* Television.

Freedom to farm if you're a big bank Freedom to go bankrupt or land in the tank If you're a small farmer who grows a little grass Freedom to be arrested & kicked in the ass.

Freedom to cut down world's oldest trees Freedom to make Indians get down on their knees And pray to your God and obey your FBI And freedom to protest if you're not too scared to die.

Freedom to persecute the Underground Press & Murder Malcolm X if that's what you think's best Freedom to Assassinate, & never go to jail If the CIA Protects you, and they hardly ever fail.

Freedom to squirt Mace in a little boy's face If you're on the TAC Squad & you don't like his race Freedom to shoot him if he makes you nervous And he's 12 years old and you've just joined the service.

Freedom to bribe Japan if you're Lockheed You won't go to jail unless you're smoking weed Freedom to buy Iran if you want At least we used to, right now we can't.

Freedom to foment a Strike in Chile And lie to Congress if you're Pres. of ITT Freedom to kill an elected President If you're a CIA stringer, that's how it went.

Freedom to commit a little perjury—
If your name is Richard Helms, you pay a little fee
Then get yourself appointed Ambassador to Iran
They keep calling you Ambassador as long as they can.

Freedom to sell dope if you're CIA
Or a Narc on the Street you can do it anyway
Or the sister of the Shah or informer for the law—
If your name is Abbie Hoffman you might take a fall.

Freedom to announce what you want to the Press They print what they hear, it's anybody's guess The public is free not to hear what you meant But there's freedom for full-page advertisement

If you're Mobil, if you're Dow, or a millionaire Jerk
Buy a column on the Op Ed page for your work
If you're rich as Rockefeller you can die without your pants
Sniffing poppers and the papers won't give yr corpse another glance.

If you're AT&T you have plenty Liberty
To wave your flag all over the land of the free
You can take the back page of The News in Review
To say what's good for America's nothing else but you.

If you got a million from a Texas millionaire You can buy television time, get yrself on the air Freedom to shut up if you're Powerful Poor Freedom to wait outside the Police Station door.

You're free to denounce any Pinko that you please! You can ask for Moral Money, give your God's heart ease! Free to attack the producers in a rage Free to land in Jail, get beat up on the back page.

Freedom to be one of the few that count Freedom to be "Serious," that freedom'll amount To the fact that you're free to agree to more Cold War—Flakes & Losers are free to go 'way sore.

March 1981

### **Those Two**

That tree said

I don't like that white car under me,

it smells gasoline

That other tree next to it said

O you're always complaining

you're a neurotic

you can see by the way you're bent over.

July 6, 1981, 8 P.M.

## **Homage Vajracarya**

Now that Samurai bow & arrow, Sumi brush, teacup & Emperor's fan are balanced in the hand —What about a glass of water?
Holding my cock to pee, the Atlantic gushes out.
Sitting to eat, the Sun & the Moon fill my plate.

July 8, 1981

### Why I Meditate

sit because the Dadaists screamed on Mirror Street

sit because the Surrealists ate angry pillows

sit because the Imagists breathed calmly in Rutherford and Manhattan

sit because 2400 years

sit in America because Buddha saw a Corpse in Lumbini

sit because the Yippies whooped up Chicago's teargas skies once

sit because No because

sit because I was unable to trace the Unborn back to the womb

sit because it's easy

sit because I get angry if I don't

sit because they told me to

sit because I read about it in the Funny Papers

sit because I had a vision also dropped LSD

sit because I don't know what else to do like Peter Orlovsky

sit because after Lunacharsky got fired & Stalin gave Zhdanov a special tennis court I became a rootless cosmopolitan

sit inside the shell of the old Me

sit for world revolution

July 19, 1981

#### **Love Comes**

I lay down to rest
weary at best
of party life
& dancing nights
Alone, Prepared
all I dared
bed & oil
bath, small toil
to clean my feet
place my slippers neat.

Alone, despair—
lighthearted, barebottom trudged about,
listening the shout
of students down below
rock rolling fast and slow
shaking ash for show,
or love, or joy
hairless girl and boy
goldenhaired goy

The door creaked loud far from the crowd Upstairs he trod Eros or some god come to visit, Washed in the bath calm as death patient took a shit approached me clean naked serene

I sat on his thighs looked in his eyes I touched his hair Bare body there head to foot big man root I kissed his chest Came down from above I took in his rod he pushed and shoved That felt best

My behind in his groin his big boyish loin stuck all the way in That's how we began Both knees on the bed his head to my head he shoved in again I loved him then

I pushed back deep
Soon he wanted to sleep
He wanted to rest
my back to his chest
My rear went down
I rolled it around
He pushed to the bottom
Now I've got 'em
He took control
made the bed roll

I relaxed my inside loosed the ring in my hide

Surrendered in time whole body and mind and heart at the sheet He continued to beat his meat in my meat, held me around my chest love-bound sighed without sound

My breast relaxed my belly a sack my sphincter loosed to his hard deep thrust I clenched my gut tight in full moon light thru curtained window for an hour or so thin clouds in the sky I watched pass by sigh after sigh

He fucked me in the East he fucked me in the West he fucked me South my cock in his mouth he fucked me North No sperm shot forth

He continued to love
I spread my knees
pushed apart by his
so that he could move
in and out at ease,
Knelt on the bed

pillow against my head I wanted release

Tho' it hurt not much a punishment such as I asked to feel back arched for the real solid prick of control a youth 19 years old gave with deep grace, body fair, curly gold hair, angelic face

I'd waited a week
the promise he'd keep
if I trusted the truth
of his love in his youth
and I do love him—
tall body, pale skin
Hot heart within
open blue eyes—
a hard cock never lies.

July 4-October 11, 1981

### **Old Love Story**

Some think the love of boys is wicked in the world, forlorn, Character corrupting, worthy mankind's scorn Or eyes that weep and breasts that ache for lovely youth Have no mouth to speak for mankind's general truth Nor hands to work manhood's fullest delight Nor hearts to make old women smile day and night Nor arms to warm young girls to dream of love Nor thighs to satisfy thighs, nor breath men can approve— Yet think back to the time our epic world was new When Gilgamesh followed the shade of his friend Enkidu Into Limbo's dust to talk love man to man So younger David enamored of young Jonathan Wrote songs that women and men still chant for calm Century after century under evergreen or palm A love writ so sacred on our Bible leaf That heart-fire warms cold millennial grief. Same time Akilleos won the war at Troy Grieving Patroklos' body, his dead warrior boy (One nation won the world by reading Greek for this And fell when Wilde was gaoled for his Bellboy's kiss) Marvelous Zeus himself took lightning eagle shape Down-cheeked Ganymede enjoyed God's thick-winged rape And lived a youth forever, forever as can be, Serving his nectar to the bearded deity The whole world knew the story, the world laughed in awe That such Love could be the Thunder of immortal Law. When Socrates climbed his ladder of love's degrees He put his foot in silence on rough Alcibiades Wise men still read Plato, whoever they are, Plato whose love-lad Aster was his morning star Plato whose love-lad was in death his star of Night Which Shelley once witnessed as Eternal Light. Catullus and tough Horace were slaves to glad young men

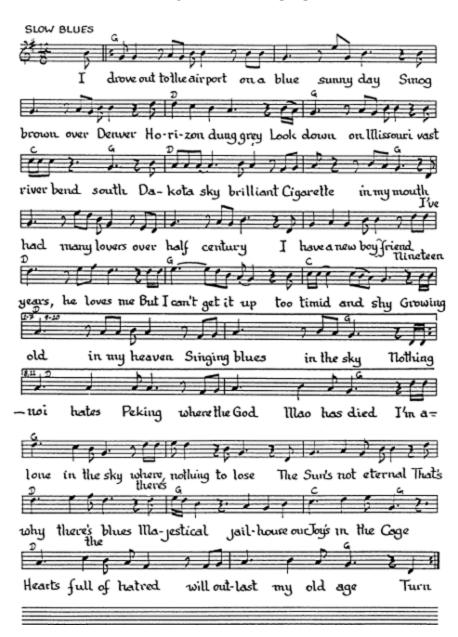
Loved them cursed them, always fell in love again Caesar conquered the world, top Emperor Power Lay soft on the breast of his soldier of the hour Even Jesus Christ loved his young John most Later he showed him the whole Heavenly Host Old Rome approved a beautiful bodied youth Antinöus Hadrian worshipped with Imperial Truth Told in the calm gaze of his hundred stone Statues standing figleafed in the Vatican. Michelangelo lifted his young hand to smooth The belly of his Bacchus a sixteen-year youth Whose prick stands up he's drunk, his eyes gaze side-Ways to his right hand held up shoulder high Waving a cup of grape, smart kid, his nose is sharp, His lips are new, slightly opened as if part-Ed to take a sip of purple nakedness, Taste Michelangelo's mortal-bearded kiss, Or if a hair-hooved horny Satyr happens to pass Fall to the ground on his strong little marble ass. Michelangelo loved him! What young stud Stood without trousers or shirt, maybe even did What the creator wanted him to in bed Lay still with the sculptor's hand cupped on his head Feeling up his muscles, feeling down his bones Palm down his back and thighs, touching his soft stones— What kind of men were the Slaves he tied to his bed? And who stood still for David naked foot to head? But men love the muscles of David's abdomen And come with their women to see him again and again.

Enough, I've stayed up all night with these boys And all my life enjoyed their handsome joys I came with many companions to this Dawn Now I'm tired and must set my pen down Reader, Hearer, this time Understand How kind it is for man to love a man, Old love and Present, future love the same Hear and Read what love is without shame.

I want people to understand! They can! They can! They can! So open your ears and hear the voice of the classical Band.

October 26, 1981

### **AIRPLANE BLUES**



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# **Airplane Blues**

I drove out to the airport

on a blue sunny day

Smog brown over Denver

Horizon dung gray

Look down on Missouri

vast river bend south

Dakota sky brilliant

Cigarette in my mouth

I've had many lovers

over half century

I have a new boyfriend

Nineteen years, he loves me

But I can't get it up

too timid and shy

Growing old in my heaven

Singing blues in the sky

Nothing here to complain of

White clouds in the sun

Peace in my heart

**Empty sky Everyone** 

But earth I look down on

Turns round misery

Green dollars fat

with the war industry

Mankind's great delusions

Scrape sky with red rage

Build bombs out of Atoms

to blast out the words on this page

Majestical jailhouse

our Joy's in the Cage

Hearts full of hatred

will outlast my old age

\* \* \*

My mother has perished

my father's long dead

I have a sweet brother

healed the pain in his head

I'm going to the Apple

to eat with my friends

While the radio chatters

what the President intends

Down there Mississippi

Minneapolis near

Farms and green comforts

of the Northern Hemisphere

While Earth's hundred millions

Chew miserable clay

Old African kingdoms

Starve this century

I'll read in the papers

more deaths in Iran

Jahweh rules Israel

Tanks in Afghanistan

Martial Law rules Gdansk

and the old Viet-Nam War

Murders Indians in Guatemala

and burns down El Salvador

London and Belfast

Los Angeles and Prague

Tel Aviv & Moscow

sit in their smog

Phnom Penh's red ruin

was Washington's pride

Hanoi hates Peking

where the God Mao has died

I'm alone in the sky

where there's nothing to lose

The Sun's not eternal

That's why there's the blues

Majestical jailhouse

our Joy's in the Cage

Hearts full of hatred

will outlast my old age

\* \* \*

Turn round in the sunset

over Manhattan isle

Newark was my birthplace

under the wing for a while

Green gastanks of Kearny

Smog brown in the sky

Seven million black men and white

live here and die

Come down over Harlem

red buildings stand still

Dusk light gleams their windows

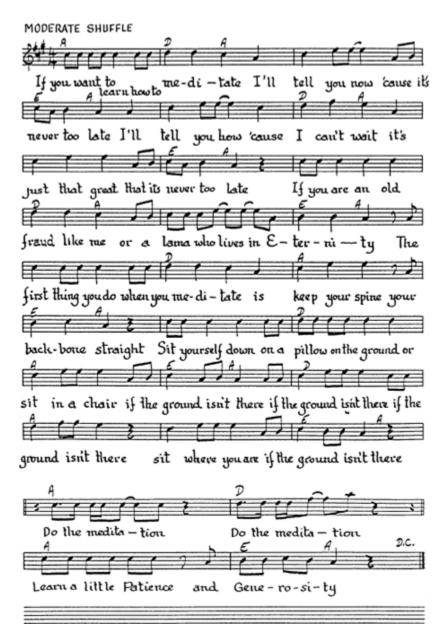
wheels bound on the landfill

Sky streaked with jet streams

black clouds in the west

October 30, 1981

#### DO THE MEDITATION ROCK



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#### Do the Meditation Rock\*

Tune: I fought the Dharma, and the Dharma won

If you want to learn how to meditate

I'll tell you now 'cause it's never too late

I'll tell you how 'cause I can't wait

it's just that great that it's never too late

If you are an old fraud like me

or a lama who lives in Eternity

The first thing you do when you meditate

is keep your spine your backbone straight

Sit yourself down on a pillow on the ground

or sit in a chair if the ground isn't there

Do the meditation Do the meditation Learn a little Patience and Generosity

Follow your breath out open your eyes

and sit there steady & sit there wise

Follow your breath right outta your nose

follow it out as far as it goes

Follow your breath but don't hang on

to the thought of yr death in old Saigon

Follow your breath when thought forms rise

whatever you think it's a big surprise

Do the meditation Do the meditation

Learn a little Patience and Generosity

#### Generosity Generosity & Generosity

All you got to do is to imitate

you're sitting meditating and you're never too late

when thoughts catch up but your breath goes on

forget what you thought about Uncle Don

Laurel Hardy Uncle Don Charlie Chaplin Uncle Don

you don't have to drop your nuclear bomb

If you see a vision come say Hello Goodbye

play it dumb with an empty eye

if you want a holocaust you can recall your mind

it just went past with the Western wind

Do the meditation Do the meditation
Learn a little Patience & Generosity

If you see Apocalypse in a long red car

or a flying saucer sit where you are

If you feel a little bliss don't worry about that

give your wife a kiss when your tire goes flat

If you can't think straight & you don't know who to call

it's never too late to do nothing at all

Do the meditation follow your breath

so your body & mind get together for a rest

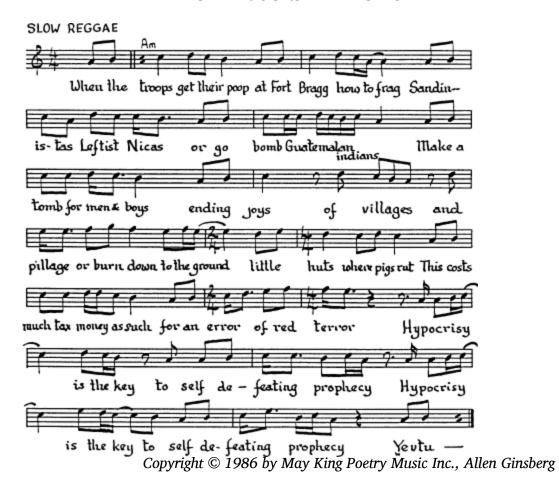
Do the meditation Do the meditation
Learn a little Patience and Generosity

If you sit for an hour or a minute every day you can tell the Superpower to sit the same way you can tell the Superpower to watch and wait & to stop & meditate 'cause it's never too late

Do the meditation Do the meditation
Get yourself together lots of Energy
& Generosity Generosity & Generosity!

St. Mark's Place, Xmas 1981

#### THE LITTLE FISH DEVOURS THE BIG FISH



<sup>\*</sup>Buddhist Samatha-Vipassana Sitting Practice of Meditation

# The Little Fish Devours the Big Fish

When the troops Make a tomb

get their poop for men & boys

at Fort Bragg ending joys

how to frag of villages

Sandinistas and pillage

Leftist Nicas or burn down

or go bomb to the ground

Guatemalan little huts

Indians where pigs rut

This costs much You can bet

tax money as such Marxist threat

for an error starts with that

of red terror self fulfilling

prophecy

Hypocrisy if you're willing

is the key to admit

to self defeating that the threat

*prophecy* of invasion

of a nation

Genia Yevtushenko might cause them

Ernesto Cardenal great alarm,

Allen Ginsberg Make them arm

Rocknroll to resist,

sentimental mobilize

& reliable to insist

& poetical they will fight

& prophetical back all right—

Therefore urge Then to condemn

Washington their armed men

& Havana men and not molli

to relax fy their fears

& reflect is sheer folly

that the ax O my dears!

on the neck

of Nicaragua's Hypocrisy

a big error is the key

of war fever to self fulfilling

prophecy

Double bind

makes us blind United States

to self fulfilling you're the greatest

prophecy— Superdick

If you're willing, your big stick

lose your eye & big mouth

& your ear North & South

mad with fear causes fear—

Armies near

and armies far

Hypocrisy or army talk

is the key wherever you are

to self fulfilling makes folks here

prophecy

think you're queer it's common sense.

Big gun boats Then to complain

that you float, that their plan

big rumors to fight back

that you dote is a pain in the neck

on will be quoted of the Pentagon—

in Managua Washington

Santiago is crazy, Man.

**Buenos Aires** 

& Havana Hypocrisy

as more dread is the key

threat of war to self fulfilling

and Central prophecy—

America will If you're willing—

Mobilize costs an eye

militarize and an ear

and devise mad with fear.

a defense, maa with fear.

Intercontinental Hotel Bar, Managua

January 25, 1982, 11 P.M.

# **Happening Now?**

Happening now? End of Earth? Apocalypse days?
President says "Armageddon!" \$254 Billion Military Budget!
The 5 A.M. subway train leaves Times Square
Crowded with murderers & corpses sitting in dress suits,
Earphones listening to mechanical disco, infinite
Deaf universe of Walkman Happening now
While I drink Perrier at parties in Bel Air
Neutron bomb Nerve Bacteria gas, fruit fly recombinant
Germ plasm, Stratospheric X-ray laser
Anti-rocket beams, MX Cruise Stealth & Pershing missiles
In dream ten years ago I stood on a South Texas crossroad
Walked out alone from what City I couldn't remember
Half the sky was covered with ink-black cloud
Tanks and bombers moved toward the distant horizon

February 7, 1982

# **A Public Poetry**

The fact is, the Russians are sissies
And Chinese big yellow sissies too
Americans by their nature sissies
Ran away to the New World & beat up Indians,
Now we're gonna let Peabody Coal take their Four Corners away!
So sissy we exploded Atom Bombs on Japs!

I myself a famous sissy, it takes one to know one nd know State Secretary XYZ a prissy sissy ave his nickels to Indian killer Juntas in Guatemala oo freaked out to look El Salvador Deathsquads in the eye elling tiny Nicaragua's a big threat to undernourished Mexico! resident ABC's the biggest sissy lollywood sissy echtel Corporation sissy uch a sissy he gave 200 Billion Dollars to Pentagon Bullies ightened they'll beat him up if he don't let the Generals grab all his money nd the American public's sissy too cared if they don't give everything in their pockets to Defense Department ne muscle men at the Pentagon and tough guys at CIA'll eat up Congress and Supreme Court nd take over the whole Western Block.

April 6, 1982, 2:00 P.M.

#### "What You Up To?"

"Oh just hanging around picking my nose ..." I replied, embarrassed in Naropa's corridor, the Sanskrit professor'd saluted me as Americans are wont to do— What must he think my genius, a large red blob on my index finger tip— But I suffer from Bell's palsy my lower eyelid slightly paralyzed no longer conducts tears thru my nostril thus my nose corridors dry up & crack, for five years whenever I lift the handkerchief from my face a spot of red stains the pure cotton & shames me. When I walk with bent spine & cane will my nose be caked with blood black & ulcerous? tears running down my cheeks a bony pinkie picking at the scarlet scab that got thick overnight, I forgot to grease my wrinkled snout the nite of my eightieth birthday

and dreamed all the red mountain of mucus accumulated round me Himalaya of suffering gelatinous
slop my lifetime since 1976
when the right side my face
drooped dead muscles
'cause an O.D. on Doctor's Antibiotic
inflamed my seventh cranial nerve inside
its cheekbone
& left me dry-nosed with crooked
smile & sneaky finger

Probing the irritation in the middle of my face

walking daydreaming in the school hall—

That White boy in a two-piece suit Hotel Astor bar on Times Square

I took home one night in 1946 he fucked me naked in the ass

till I smelled brown excrement staining his cock

& tried to get up from bed to go to the toilet a minute

but he held me down & kept pumping at me, serious & said

"No I don't want to stop I like it dirty like this."

April 30, 1982

# **Maturity**

Young I drank beer & vomited green bile Older drank wine vomited blood red Now I vomit air

July 1982

# "Throw Out the Yellow Journalists of Bad Grammar & Terrible Manner"

#### for Anne Waldman

ho report Ten Commandments & Golden Rule forgetting *Thou shalt not bear false witness Do unto others as you'd have them do unto you* 

nd say the Man got crucified for insulting the Sanhedrin at a Victory Dance in the bombed out madhouse in Beirut

out! Out! The Mad Correspondent who headlined "Madman or Messiah? He Died of Bad Pork" the night of Tathagata's Parinirvana

r the snide reporter with yellow teeth who asked the Big Question, "Kerouac couldn't write, so what'd he do it for, money?"

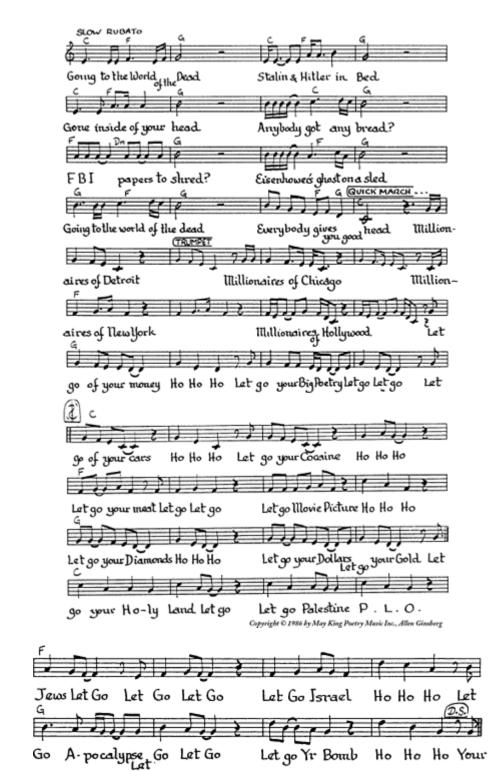
r the *Time* stringer who asks "You could say it was a nostalgia Trip, wouldn't you?" s you fly off to the moon on your translucent sexual wings forever

nd the wire-service fellow ex-Harvard, "This business about Secret Police, why would you care, successful Abstract Expressionist painter, got a grudge to work out on your parents?"

out! Out! into the Buddhafields, among stars to wander forever, weightless without a headline, without thought, without newspapers to read by the light of the Galaxies.

August 10, 1982

GOING TO THE WORLD OF THE DEAD



#### Going to the World of the Dead

Going to the World of the Dead Stalin & Hitler in Bed Gone inside of your head Anybody got any bread? FBI papers to shred? Eisenhower's ghost on a sled Going to the world of the dead Everybody gives you good head

Millionaires of Detroit
Millionaires of Chicago
Millionaires of New York
Millionaires of Hollywood
Let go of your money Ho Ho Ho
Let go your Big Poetry Let go Let go

Let go of your cars Ho Ho Ho
Let go your Cocaine Ho Ho Ho
Let go your meat Let go Let go
Let go Movie Picture Ho Ho Ho
Let go your Diamonds Ho Ho Ho
Let go your Dollars Let go yr Gold

Let go your Houses Your Bodies Let go Let go your Souls Ho Ho Ho Let go God Buddha Let go Let go Allah Let go Let go Let go your Armies Ho Ho Ho Let go your war Ho Ho Ho Let go your Holy Land Let go Let go Palestine P.L.O. Jews Let go Let go Let go Israel Ho Ho Ho Let go Apocalypse Let go Let go Let go Yr Bomb Ho Ho Ho

Your Nuclear Bomb Ho Ho Ho
Let go your Disaster your Death Let go
Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho
Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho
Millionaires of Mexico Ho Ho Ho
Millionaires of Nicaragua Let go Let go

August 22, 1982, 6:30 P.M.

Guasave-Las Mochis bus past soya & cotton fields where red flags flew over plastic huts squatting by highway side

#### **Irritable Vegetable**

Don't send me letters Don't send me poems

Too busy sick to write poetry Sky's covered with gray clouds

Perfect for photography

I have brain metal fatigue Knee jerk aesthetic tears

So you got a junk habit

So you need a recommendation to Purgatory U.

So you're working with Fort Collins' Nuclear Freeze Campaign

So you got hi blood pressure Your big toe hurts

Someday you'll die

So you sing Hare Krishna Hare Krishna Krishna Hare Hare

Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Hare Hare

So you work on the top floor of the Empire State Building

You're a jerk

You're a hypocrite who eats hot dogs.

October 28, 1982

#### **Thoughts Sitting Breathing II**

Then I sat in my bedroom for devotions, meditations & prayers

ly Gomden on a sheepskin rug beside the mirrored closet,

hite curtains morning sunlit, Friday Rocky Mountain News "Market Retreats in Busiest Day"

ring on the table by Nuclear Nightmare issue of Newsweek,

atherine Mansfield's thick bio & Addington Symonds' The Greek Poets

fting a white lamp above my headboard pillow illuminating *Living Country Blues'* small print 1 A.M. last night,

rith B complex bottled, green mint massage oil, High Blood Pressure nightly Clonadine Hydrochloric pills,

thlete's foot Tolnaftate cream, newsclip scissors and a rusty shoe-last bookweight standing on xeroxed Flying Saucer papers,

ew ballpoint pens, watch, wallet, loose coins keys Swiss army knife

oothpicks, pencil sharpener & filefolder of Buddhist Analytic Psyche papers

cattered random across this bedstead desk—

s I breathed between white walls, Front Range cliffs resting in the sky outside south windows

remembered last night's television suitcoat tie debate, the neat Jewish right wing student outwitted a nervous Dartmouth pimply liberal editor

nowing that boy who swears to "get the Government off our backs" would give my tax money to Army brass bands FBI rather than St. Mark's Poetry Project—

le can't read verse with any sense of humor sharp eyed

ut then some poets can't either, did Ed Dorn find me fatuous, can I breathe in hot black anger & breathe out white cool bliss?

oomed guilty layman all my life! these pills causing impotency?

ould I move bookcases & clothes out of my bedroom, 8 foot desk file cabinets & typewriter

the small apartment next door N.Y., would that end my hideous Public Karma,

elephones tingling down my spine, pederast paranoid hypnotic burnt out teenage fruitcake poets

anging the door for protection from Brain Damaged Electric Guitar Police in New Wave Blue Vibration Uniforms?

e that as it may as blue empty Buddha floats through blue bodied sky,

nould I settle down & practice meditation, care for my nervous Self, do nothing,

rrange paper manuscripts, die in Lower East Side peace instead of heart attack in Ethiopia,

Vhat way out of this Ego? let it appear disappear, mental images

othing but thoughts, how solve World Problems by worrying in my bedroom?—

till one clear word-mighty poem might reveal what Duncan named Grief in America

nat one hundred million folk malnourish the globe while Civic Powers inflate \$200 billion War Machines this year—

nd who gets rich on that, don't all of us get poor heart?—but what do I know of Military Worlds?

irfields and Aircraft Carriers, bugle Corps, ice cream concessions,

nothing of Camp Pendleton's brainy Thoughts

orfolk officers' vast housing tracts, messes and helicopters, food resource

ogistics Pentagon committees've amassed—NORAD's Rapture Mountain

laybe get rid of Cold War, give Russian Empire warm weather access,

naugurate trillion dollar Solar Power factories on every Continent—

es access to sunny blue ocean, not Cold Murmansk & Vladivostok Ports they need a vast hot harbor

iternational Agreement big warships forbidden, no battleships from Russia or America in the azure Greek pond—

Vhat about pirates, storms at sea or kamikaze Hell's Angel North Africans shooting Jews?

Vell a few small Police boats, no Cruisers or Nuclear Subs—es a warm weather port for Russian access South I thought

tting on my bedroom floor cushion 10:30 A.M. getting hungry breathing thru shades & curtains on transparent windows, morning sun shining on white painted walls and gray rug—

o remembering the old story of Russia's claim to a warm weather harbor I came back to myself, blue clouded Colorado sky adrift above the Bluff Street Boulder house.

November 8, 1982

# What the Sea Throws Up at Vlissingen

for Simon Vinkenoog

lastic & cellophane, milk cartons & yogurt containers, blue & orange shopping bag nets

lementine peels, paper sacks, feathers & kelp, bricks & sticks,

icculent green leaves & pine tips, waterbottles, plywood and tobacco pouches offee jartops, milkbottle caps, rice bags, blue rope, an old brown shoe, an onion skin

oncrete chunks white pebbled, sea biscuits, detergent squeezers, bark and boards, a whisk-brush, a box top

ormula A Dismantling Spray-can, a whole small brown onion, a yellow cup boy with two canes walking the shore, a dead gull, a blue running shoe, shopping bag handle, lemon half, celery bunch, a cloth net—ork bottletop, grapefruit, rubber glove, wet firework tubes, asses of iron-brown-tinted seaweed along the high water mark near the sea wall, plastic car fender, green helmet broken in half, giant hemp rope knot, tree trunk stripped of bark,

wooden stake, a bucket, myriad plastic bottles, pasta Zara pack, long gray plastic oildrum, bandage roll, glass bottle, tin can, Christmas pine tree rusty iron pipe, me and my peepee.

January 3, 1983

#### I Am Not

1 fact I'm only here for 80 years

m not a lesbian screaming in the basement strapped to a leather spiderweb m not a Rockefeller heart attacked in the paramour bed with pants off m not a radical Stalinist intellectual fairy ot an antisemitic Rabbi with black hat white beard & dirty fingernails ot the San Francisco jail cell poet beaten by minions of yellow police New Year's eve ot Gregory Corso Orpheus Maudit of these States or yet a schoolteacher with marvelous salary m not anyone I know

St. Clement's Church, March 7, 1983

#### I'm a Prisoner of Allen Ginsberg

Who is this Slave Master makes me answer letters in his name Write poetry year after year, keep up appearances This egotist whose file cabinets leave no room for more pictures of Me? How escape his clutches, his public sound, bank accounts, Master Charge interest Who's this politician hypnotized my life with his favors Petty friends & covert Nemesis, dead heroes and living ghosts hanging around waiting Genius handout? Why's this guy oblige me to sit meditating, shine rocknroll Moon on Midwest Collegetown stages blind in overhead spotlights bawling out of tune into giant microphones makes me go down suck teenage boys I declare a new life, how can I pay all his debts next month's rent on his body, bald & panicky, with Pyronie's disease Cartilage stuff grown an inch inside his cock root, non-malignant.

Karme-Choling, April 4, 1983, 12:15 A.M.

#### 221 Syllables at Rocky Mountain Dharma Center

leadless husk legs wrapped round a grass spear, an old bee trembles in sunlight.

ince yesterday noon two Brown-eyed Susans stand before the outhouse door.

ail turned to red sunset high on a spruce crown one lone chickadee tweets.

Ioonless thunder—yellow dandelions flash in fields of rainy grass.

lad at Oryoki in the shrine-room—Thistles blossomed late afternoon.

ut on my shirt and took it off in the sun walking the path to lunch.

dandelion seed floats above the marsh grass with the mosquitos.

mpty clouds drift above me, birds chirp, a plane roar falls down through blue sky.

lectric noon—pine bough cicadas buzz outside the machineshop door.

t 4 A.M. the two middleaged men sleeping together hold hands.

1 the half-light of dawn a few birds warble under the Pleiades.

ky reddens behind fir trees as larks twitter and sparrows cheep cheep.

July 1983

aught shoplifting ran out the department store at sunrise and woke up.

August 1983

# **Fighting Phantoms Fighting Phantoms**

ighting phantoms we have car wrecks on Hollywood Freeway ighting phantoms th'Egyptians mummified Pharaohs & rich businessmen ighting phantoms a young Scotsman wore tennis shoes on the battleship deck ighting phantoms William S. Burroughs wrote umpteen novels ighting giant phantoms David picked up his sling ighting phantoms Chögyam Trungpa Vidyadara founded Shambhala Kingdom ighting phantoms pay federal taxes few write tax refusal forms ighting phantoms a Son of God ascended his wooden cross ighting summer phantoms muscular young musicians jumped up screaming in the twilit movie theater

ighting phantoms Siddhartha meditated under a Bo tree
ighting phantoms mysticism entered into the Catholic Church of Hollywood
ighting phantoms a hundred thousand kids ordered purple Mohawks
ighting phantoms various fairies chased adolescent athletes through steam bath
locker rooms

ighting phantoms the ruling class blew up the military budget, 244 Billion dollars 1985—of the tax pie 63% if past military debt interest & pensions're added in ighting phantoms Ronald Reagan sent cocaine armadas to Central America ighting phantoms poets who smoked cigarettes denounced cigarettes—ighting phantoms New York Times printed thousands of editorial pages ighting phantoms Adolf Hitler shot more Methamphetamine & chewed the Bunker rug

ighting phantoms thousands of poets become rather good at acid satire ighting phantoms Jimmy Dean stepped on the gas, Orson Welles ordered another cheesecake

ighting phantoms Ernest Hemingway shotgunned his brain ighting phantoms Ezra Pound hated some Jews some hated Pound ighting phantoms Truman dropped two Atom Bombs

ighting phantoms Einstein invented the theory of relativity

Mid-August 1983

#### **Arguments**

I'm sick of arguments

"You threw the butter in the pan"

"I did not you let it melt on the stove"

"You invaded Turkey and killed all the Armenians!"

"I did not! You invaded China got them addicted to Opium!"

"You built a bigger H Bomb than I did"

"You used poison gas in Indochina"

"Your agent orange defoliated ¼ the landmass It isn't fair"

"You sprayed Paraquat"

"You smoke pot"

"You're under arrest"

"I declare war!"

Why don't we turn off the loudspeakers?

September 5, 1983

#### **Sunday Prayer**

An itch in the auditory canal scratches for years, use unguent, Back pain a little, turn my head neck hurts
Balding long ago, gray whiskery hair inside ears
Eyes closed lying in bed, smart on my tongue, delicate raw gums sore round some tooth roots—
From nineteenth year College chronic active Hepatitis affects my kidney stones & high-blood pressure
Right cheek paralyzed slightly, eye squints tired, lethargy dumps, no one's abdomen to kiss, cock skewed and lumpy erection aches—
Why show myself these sicknesses? Show anyone?
Wisdom & senescence, sickness and Death come legended from Buddha to Kerouac—Myself suddenly older—I made a mistake long ago.

September 25, 1983

#### **Brown Rice Quatrains**

Those high lunches needn't matter If you're of businessman's age Anyway he enjoyed creating food drifting across the Fragrant Nation

Who was it that began mouth talk Gave the citizens thoughtful Saliva Nature boy came close to Government but secret police maintained ham & eggs

What tragedy for multiple Chickens Think how pigs dream butcher night! Sheep squawked nightmare, goat fish sent regrets from meadow and sea

If he only could've made new Congress
We wouldn't breathe so much sulfur smog
Sugar dances at the movies, coffee tells you on TV
and Sodium Nitrate & Nicotine Cholesterol

have nothing to do with Foreign policy. Nature boy drifts into Central American oblivion with Seminole Patchwork and Albert Einstein, nobody thought heat rays would end the world.

September 25, 1983

# They're All Phantoms of My Imagining

needed a young musician take off his pants sit down on the bed and sing me the blues

needed a teacher could nail me to the Unborn eeded a stepmother'd accomplish my natural mother's tears scared friend of fame wearing locks and T'fillin by the Wall of Tears needed a brother was gentle, suffered to protect me from anger eeded a nephew lost, left his rice in the refrigerator with a cold spoon omrade farmer cook with me & study Banjo Dharma leeded Presidents mad so I could write the Nation sane needed a father a poet would die leeded the great companion dark eyes wearied brow tender heart in the grave eeded an intelligent junkie rebuke my shallow thought with dirty wit n old girlfriend take my picture, give me a bed college to be kicked out Columbia candal jail the clang of Iron madhouse to wake my 22'd year ivented all these companions, wept & prayed them into flesh eeded these Creatures to be Allen Ginsberg this my self rying the world awake mid oceans of suffering blood eeded to be the liar of Existence in America Ianslaughter showed me the True Falsehood of Law leeded a Buddha enlightened I be enlightened bed to sleep in, a grave to cover my ashes.

#### White Shroud

I am summoned from my bed
To the Great City of the Dead
Where I have no house or home
But in dreams may sometime roam
Looking for my ancient room
A feeling in my heart of doom,
Where Grandmother aged lies
In her couch of later days
And my mother saner than I
Laughs and cries She's still alive.

found myself again in the Great Eastern Metropolis, randering under Elevated Transport's iron struts nany-windowed apartments walled the crowded Bronx road-way nder old theater roofs, masses of poor women shopping 1 black shawls past candy store news stands, children skipped beside randfathers bent tottering on their canes. I'd descended this same street from blackened subways Sundays long ago, ea and lox with my aunt and dentist cousin when I was ten. he living pacifist David Dellinger walked at my right side, e'd driven from Vermont to visit Catholic Worker ivoli Farm, we rode up North Manhattan in his car, elieved the U.S. wars were over in the newspaper, elevision's frenzied dance of dots & shadows calmed—Now lder than our shouts and banners, we explored brick avenues re lived in to find new residences, rent loft offices r roomy apartments, retire our eyes & ears & thoughts. urprised, I passed the open Chamber where my Russian Jewish randmother lay in her bed and sighed eating a little Chicken

oup or borscht, potato latkes, crumbs on her blankets, talking iddish, complaining solitude abandoned in Old Folks House. realized I could find a place to sleep in the neighborhood, what elief, the family together again, first time in decades! ow vigorous Middle aged I climbed hillside streets in West Bronx ooking for my own hot-water furnished flat to settle in, lose to visit my grandmother, read Sunday newspapers 1 vast glassy Cafeterias, smoke over pencils & paper, oetry desk, happy with books father'd left in the attic, eaceful encyclopedia and a radio in the kitchen. n old black janitor swept the gutter, street dogs sniffed red hydrants, urses pushed baby carriages past silent house fronts. nxious I be settled with money in my own place before ightfall, I wandered tenement embankments overlooking ne pillared subway trestles by the bridge crossing Bronx River. low like Paris or Budapest suburbs, far from Centrum eft Bank junky doorstep tragedy intellectual fights 1 restaurant bars, where a spry old lady carried her entury Universal View camera to record Works rogress Administration newspaper metropolis ouble-decker buses in September sun near Broadway El, cyscraper roofs upreared ten thousand office windows shining lectric-lit above tiny taxis street lamp'd in Mid-town venues' late-afternoon darkness the day before Christmas, lerald Square crowds thronged past traffic lights July noon to lunch hop under Macy's department store awnings for dry goods ause with satchels at Frankfurter counters wearing stylish straw ats of the decade, mankind thriving in their solitudes in shoes. ut I'd strayed too long amused in the picture cavalcade,

Where was I living? I remembered looking for a house eating in apartment kitchens, bookshelf decades ago, Aunt ose's illness, an appendix operation, teeth braces, ne afternoon fitting eyeglasses first time, combing wet hair ack on my skull, young awkward looking in the high school mirror hotograph. The Dead look for a home, but here I was still alive.

I walked past a niche between buildings with tin canopy nelter from cold rain warmed by hot exhaust from subway gratings, eneath which engines throbbed with pleasant quiet drone. shopping-bag lady lived in the side alley on a mattress, er wooden bed above the pavement, many blankets and sheets, ots, pans, and plates beside her, fan, electric stove by the wall. he looked desolate, white haired, but strong enough to cook and stare. assersby ignored her buildingside hovel many years, few businessmen stopped to speak, or give her bread or yogurt. ometimes she disappeared into state hospital back wards, ut now'd returned to her homely alleyway, sharp eyed, old ranky hair, half paralyzed, complaining angry as I passed. was horrified a little, who'd take care of such a woman, amiliar, half-neglected on her street except she'd weathered nany snows stubborn alone in her motheaten rabbit-fur hat. he had tooth troubles, teeth too old, ground down like horse molars ne opened her mouth to display her gorge—how can she live rith that, how eat I thought, mushroom-like gray-white horseshoe of icisors she chomped with, hard flat flowers ranged around her gums. hen I recognized she was my mother, Naomi, habiting nis old city-edge corner, older than I knew her before er life diappeared. What are you doing here? I asked, amazed ne recognized me still, astounded to see her sitting up

n her own, chin raised to greet me mocking "I'm living alone, ou all abandoned me, I'm a great woman, I came here y myself, I wanted to live, now I'm too old to take care f myself, I don't care, what are you doing here?" I ras looking for a house, I thought, she has one, in poor ronx, needs someone to help her shop and cook, needs her children now, m her younger son, walked past her alleyway by accident, ut here she is survived, sleeping at night awake on that rooden platform. Has she an extra room? I noticed her cave djoined an apartment door, unpainted basement storeroom acing her shelter in the building side. I could live here, vorst comes to worst, best place I'll find, near my mother in ur mortal life. My years of haunting continental city streets, partment dreams, old rooms I used to live in, still paid rent for, ey didn't work, locks changed, immigrant families occupied y familiar hallway lodgings—I'd wandered downhill homeless venues, money lost, or'd come back to the flat—But couldn't ecognize my house in London, Paris, Bronx, by Columbia brary, downtown 8th Avenue near Chelsea Subway hose years unsettled—were over now, here I could live prever, here have a home, with Naomi, at long last, t long long last, my search was ended in this pleasant way, me to care for her before death, long way to go yet, ots of trouble her cantankerous habits, shameful blankets ear the street, tooth pots, dirty pans, half paralyzed irritable, ne needed my middle aged strength and worldly money knowledge, ousekeeping art. I can cook and write books for a living, ne'll not have to beg her medicine food, a new set of teeth or company, won't yell at the world, I can afford a telephone,

fter twenty-five years we could call up Aunt Edie in California, ll have a place to stay. "Best of all," I told Naomi Now don't get mad, you realize your old enemy Grandma's ill alive! She lives a couple blocks down hill, I just saw her, ke you!" My breast rejoiced, all my troubles over, she was ontent, too old to care or yell her grudge, only complaining er bad teeth. What long-sought peace!

Then glad of life I woke

1 Boulder before dawn, my second story bedroom windows luff Street facing East over town rooftops, I returned om the Land of the Dead to living Poesy, and wrote 1 is tale of long lost joy, to have seen my mother again! 1 nd when the ink ran out of my pen, and rosy violet 1 lumined city treetop skies above the Flatiron Front Range, 1 went downstairs to the shady living room, where Peter Orlovsky 1 with long hair lit by television glow to watch 1 is sunrise weather news, I kissed him & filled my pen and wept.

October 5, 1983, 6:35 A.M.

## **Empire Air**

Flying to Rochester Institute of Technology

ising above the used car lots & colored dumps of Long Island rubby white smokestreams drift North above th' Egyptic Factory roof'd monolith ito gray clouds, Conquer the world!

Vorld Health restored with organic orange juice & Tibetan mule-dung-smelling Pills —Conquer the World Conquer the World

onquer the World of Ego, Conquer World Anger

onquer brick Worlds, Mortal Factories!

onquer the Dewdrop? Conquer white clouded Sky we pass through?—

ever-rising intelligent Sun conquer the night of Mind

onquer War O Technologic Warrior

ride above the Sun

I look down into the Sun

m equal to Sun, Sun & I on the level

ve no appendicitis, I hang a Brooks Brothers tie

Iy clothes are Salvation Army! Conquer America! Conquer Greed! Conquer warmonger Hands!

onquer yourself! Conquer your gluttony Ginsberg! Conquer lust for Conquest! onquer Conquest at last! All right Jack Number One! Creon wrecks Imperial City! onquer by Calm! Conquer by not getting laid, growing younger & older same time! onquer by having a hard on! Conquer all space by giving it away! Conquer the Universe by inhabiting it!

onquer by Dying! By eating decently! Wash yr behind after you move your bowels! ronounce your mother American language marvelously, mouth every syllable, savor every vowel, appreciate each consonant!

bove the clouds! Conquer Karma, the chain of Cause and Effect onquer Cause & Effect, see it work the Cold War! ee it work in your heart!

ısult your girlfriend you'll feel hurt!

ısult Nicaragua you feel lousy

ısult the President you insult yourself

onquer the President by not insulting him!

on't insult yourself! stop insulting the Russians! stop insulting the enemy!

costs \$220800000000 a year to insult the enemy!

onquer Underdeveloped Nation Hunger Debt! Conquer World Grief Bank default! Go Conquer mortal Nuclear Waste!

hen go back Conquer your own heart!

January 30, 1984

# **Surprise Mind**

How lucky we are to have windows!
Glass is transparent!
I saw that boy in red bathingsuit
walk down the street.

July 7, 1984, 8:30 A.M.

## **Student Love**

The boy's fresh faced, 18, big smile underwear hangs below his shorts, he's a kid still growing

legs strong, he hugs me, steps away—
In twenty years thick bellied,
bright eyes dulled with office work,
his children'll pout in the
bathroom—

Better get in bed with him on top of me now laughing at my pot belly before decades pass, bring our bony skulls whispering to the hospital bedside.

July 31, 1984

## **The Question**

When that dress-gray, gray haired and gray-faced goblin took charge of me then inside the gate, which closed behind me for a couple years, I was still cheerful exceedingly cheerful nodding out (hadn't slept for days), cheerful because taking part in real life action again, two serious gentlemen at my shoulders in a night-colored car which special for me rolled across December's bridge, cheerful because I'd yelled out in the street that this one and that one should be notified, cheerful because I thought the adventure a minor excursion, but cheerful also, because such a gray such a small Uncle I'd never seen yet, he however wasn't cheerful, was reassuringly bored bananas, boringly signed for my delivery and boringly turned my seven pockets inside out, then with a wooden face confiscated handkerchief, pocketknife, bunch of keys, next indifferently requested my belt and examined personally whether my underpants operated with string, yawned apathetic patting me down, last nearly napping asked for the laces that wagged lighthearted from my shoetops— "I can't walk like this"—he shrugged a shoulder. Left hand holding my pants up, spellbound by this unprecedented situation, yet still cavalier I bowed deep presenting him with the shoelaces in my right hand. "What's the point anyhow? I really don't

intend to hang myself"—I assured him lighthearted. "You don't?" he questioned. ... "Why not?" On his sallow face neither mockery nor hate. That was when the fear caught up with me.

István Eörsi

Translated with author by A. G. September 5, 1984

## In My Kitchen in New York

for Bataan Faigao

Bend knees, shift weight— Picasso's blue deathhead self portrait tacked on refrigerator door— This is the only space in the apartment big enough to do T'ai chi— Straighten right foot & rise—I wonder if I should have set aside that garbage pail— Raise up my hands & bring them back to shoulders—The towels and pajama laundry's hanging on a rope in the hall— Push down & grasp the sparrow's tail— Those paper boxes of grocery bags are blocking the closed door— Turn north—I should hang up all those pots on the stovetop— Am I holding the world right?—That Hopi picture on the wall shows rain & lightning bolt— Turn right again—thru the door, God my office space, a mess of pictures & unanswered letters— Left on my hips—Thank God Arthur Rimbaud's watching me from over the sink— Single whip—piano's in the room, well Steven & Maria finally'll move to their own apartment next week! His pants're still here & Julius in his bed-This gesture's the opposite of St. Francis in Ecstasy by Bellini—hands

down for me—

I better concentrate on what I'm doing—
weight in belly, move from hips—
No, that was the single whip—that apron's
hanging on the North wall a year
I haven't used it once

Except to wipe my hands—the Crane spreads its wings—have I paid the electric bill?

Playing the guitar—do I have enough \$ to leave the rent paid while I'm in China?

Brush knee—that was good halvah, pounded sesame seed, in the icebox a week—

Withdraw & push—I should get a loft or giant living room—

The land speculators bought up all the square feet in Manhattan, beginning with the Indians—

Cross hands—I should write a letter to the *Times* saying it's unethical.

Come to rest hands down knees straight—I wonder how my liver's doing. O.K. I guess tonite, I quit smoking last week. I wonder if they'll blow up an H Bomb? Probably not.

Manhattan Midnight, September 5, 1984

## It's All So Brief

I've got to give up Books, checks, letters File cabinets, apartment pillows, bodies and skin even the ache in my teeth.

September 14, 1984

#### I Love Old Whitman So

outhful, caressing, boisterous, tender

liddle aged thoughtful, ten thousand noticings of shore ship or street,

rorkbench, forest, household or office, opera—

1at conning his paper book again to read aloud to those few Chinese boys & girls

who know enough American tongue to ear his hand—

oath to select one leaf from another, loath to reject a sympathetic page

-the tavern boy's look, a stone prisoner's mustache-sweat, prostitute in the sun, garrulous old man waving goodbye on the stoop—

skim Leaves beginning to end, this year in the Middle Kingdom

narvel his swimmers huffing naked on the wave

nd touched by his desperado farewell, "Who touches this book touches a man"

p the hat on my skull

the old soldier, old sailor, old writer, old homosexual, old Christ poet journeyman,

ispired in middle age to chaunt Eternity in Manhattan,

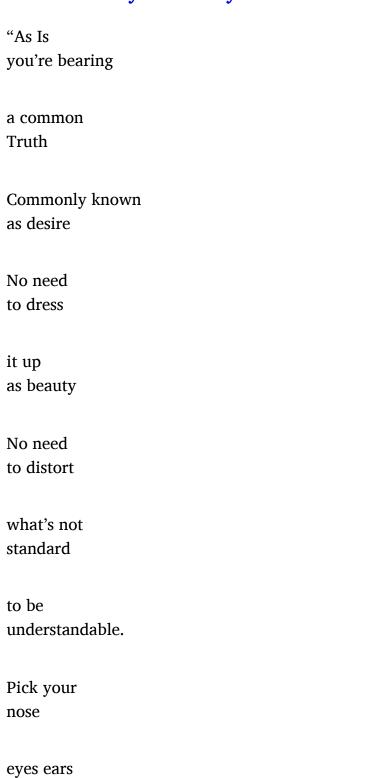
nd see the speckled snake & swelling orb earth vanish

fter green seasons Civil War and years of snow

hite hair.

Baoding, China, November 20, 1984

## Written in My Dream by W. C. Williams



tongue

sex and brain

to show the populace

Take your chances

on your accuracy

Listen to yourself

talk to yourself

and others will also

gladly relieved

of the burden—their own

thought and grief.

What began as desire

will end wiser."

Baoding, November 23, 1984

## One Morning I Took a Walk in China

tudents danced with wooden silvered swords, twirling on hard packed muddy earth s I walked out Hebei University's concrete North Gate,

cross the road a blue capped man sold fried sweet dough-sticks, brown as new boiled doughnuts

ı the gray light of sky, past poplar tree trunks, white washed cylinders topped

rith red band the height of a boy—Children with school satchels sang & walked past me

onkeys in the road, one big one dwarf pulling ahead of his brother, hauled a cart of white stones

nother donkey dragged a load of bricks, other baskets of dirt—

inder trees at the crossing, vendors set out carts and tables of cigarettes,

landarin Tangerines, yellow round pears taste crunchy lemony strange,

pples yellow red-pinked, short bananas half black'd green,

ew bunches of red grapes—and trays of peanuts, glazed thumbsized crab-apples 6 on a stick,

oft wrinkled yellow persimmons sat dozens spread on a cloth in wet mud by the curb—

pokpots on charcoal near cornerside tables, noodle broth vegetables sprinkled on top

white headed barber shook out his ragged towel, mirror hung on red nail in the brick wall

here a student sat, black hair clipped at ears straight across the back of his neck oft-formed gritty coal pellets lay drying on the sidewalk and down the factory alley, more black mats spread,

ong green cabbages heaped by the buildingside waiting for home pot, or stacked on hand-tractor carts the market verandah a few yards away—

eeks in a pile, bright orange carrots thick & rare, green unripe tomatoes, parsley, thin celery stalks awful cheap, potatoes & fish—

ttle & big heads chopped or alive in a tub, tiny fresh babies or aged carp in baskets

half pig on a slab, two trotters stick out, a white burlap shroud covered his body cleaved in half—

neat of the ox going thru a grinder, white fat red muscle & sinew together squeezed into human spaghetti—

icycles lined up along the concrete walk, trucks pull in & move out delivering cows dead and fresh green-stalked salad—

ownstreet, the dry-goods door—soap, pencils, notebooks, tea, fur coats lying on a counter—

trawberry jam in rusty-iron topped jars, milk powder, dry cookies with sweetmeats iside dissolve on the tongue to wash down fragrant black tea—

h, the machine shop gateway, brick walled latrine inside the truck yard —enter, squat on a brick & discharge your earth

r stand & pee in the big hole filled with pale brown squishy droppings an hour before—

out, down the alleyway across the street a factory's giant smokestack, black cloudfumes boiling into sky

ray white with mist I couldn't see that chimney a block away, coming home ast women on bicycles heading downtown their noses & mouths covered with white cotton masks.

Baoding, November 23, 1984, 9:30 P.M.

## **Reading Bai Juyi**

T

m a traveler in a strange country hina and I've been to many cities low I'm back in Shanghai, days nder warm covers in a room with electric heat rare commodity in this country undreds of millions shiver in the north tudents rise at dawn and run around the soccerfield Vorkmen sing songs in the dark to keep themselves warm thile I sleep late, smoke too much cough, ırn over in bed on my right side ull the heavy quilt over my nose and go back visit the dead my father, mother and immortal iends in dreams. Supper's served me, can go out and banquet, but prefer nis week to stay in my room, recovering cough. I don't have to sell persimmons on the streetcurb 1 Baoding like the lady with white bandanna'd head on't have to push my boat oars around a rocky corner 1 the Yangtze gorges, or pole my way downstream om Yichang through yellow industrial scum, or carry water uckets on a bamboo pole over my shoulder a cabbage field near Wuxi—I'm famous, ly poems have done some men good nd a few women ill, perhaps the good utweighs the bad, I'll never know. till I feel guilty I haven't done more;

rue I praised the dharma from nation to nation ut my own practice has been amateur, seedy—even I dream how bad a student I am—
Iy teacher's tried to help me, but I seem
) be lazy and have taken advantage of money nd clothes my work's brought me, today
Il stay in bed again & read old Chinese poets—don't believe in an afterworld of god or even nother life separate from this incarnation till I worry I'll be punished for my carelessness fter I'm dead—my poems scattered and my name orgotten and my self reborn a foolish workman reezing and breaking rocks on a roadside in Hebei.

Shanghai, December 5, 1984, 10 A.M.

#### II

Ignorant and contentious" I spent lunch rguing about boys making love with a student. till coughing, reclusive, I went back to bed the aheadache, despite afternoon sun reaming through the French windows reakly, to write down these thoughts.

Thy've I wanted to appear heroic, why rain to accomplish what no mortal could—leaven on earth, self perfection, household ecurity, & the accomplishment of changing the World. noble ambition, but that of a pathetic dreamer. omorrow if I recover from bronchitis

III

ying head on pillow aching ill reading poems of Tang roads omething Bai said made me press my finger my eyes and weep—maybe his love or an old poet friend, for I also ave gray on my cheek and bald head nd the Agricultural poet's in the madhouse this week telegram told me, more historical ickanapes maybe tragic maybe comic ll know when I come home around the world. till with heavy heart and aching head I read on ll suddenly a cry from the garden reminded me f a chicken, head chopped off running circles spurting blood om its neck on farm yard dirt, I was eleven years old, r the raptured scream of a rabbit—I put down my book nd listened carefully to the cry almost drowned y the metal sound of cars and horns—It was a bird epeating its ascending whistle, pipe notes burst ito a burble of joyful tones ending wildly rith variable trills in swift succession high and low nd high again. At least it wasn't me, not my song, sound outside my mind, nothing to do with my aching brow.

3:30 P.M.

lay my cheek on the pillow to nap nd my thoughts floated against the stream p to Zhong Xian west of the Three Gorges there Bai Juyi was Governor. Two streams float together and meet further on nd mingle their water. Two birds fly upward eneath the ninth month's cold white cloud. wo trees stand together bare branched poted in the same soil secretly touching. wo apples hung from the same bough last nonth and disappeared into the Market." o flowed my mind like the river, like the wind. Two thoughts have risen together in dream therefore wo worlds will be one if I wake and write." o I lifted my head from my pillow and Woke ) find I was a sick guest in a vast poor kingdom famous visitor honored with a heated room, redicines, special foods and learned visitors iquiring when I'd be well enough to lecture my hosts n the musics and poetics of the wealthy lation I had come from half way round the world

8:15 P.M.

#### V China Bronchitis

sat up in bed and pondered what I'd learned

while I lay sick almost a month:

hat monks who could convert Waste to Treasure

were no longer to be found among the millions

the province of Hebei. That The Secret of the Golden Lotus

as been replaced by the Literature of the Scar, nor's hardly nybody heard of the Meditation Cushion of the Flesh hat smoking Chinese or American cigarettes makes me cough; old men had got white haired and bald before ly beard showed the signs of its fifty-eight snows. hat of Three Gorges on the Yangtze the last one downstream a hairpin turn between thousand-foot-high rock mountain gates. learned that the Great Leap Forward caused millions f families to starve, that the Anti-Rightist Campaign gainst bourgeois "Stinkers" sent revolutionary poets shovel shit in Xinjiang Province a decade before ne Cultural Revolution drove countless millions of readers cold huts and starvation in the countryside Northwest. hat sensitive poetry girls in Shanghai dream f aged stars from Los Angeles movies. That down the alley om the stone bridge at Suzhou were Jiang Ji spent sleepless night wakened by the bell of Cold Mountain Temple, rater lapping against his boat a thousand years ago, teahouse stands with two-stringed violin and flutes nd wooden stage. That the gold in the Sun setting t West Lake Hangzhou is manufactured from black Soft Coal. hat roast red-skinned juicy entire dogs with eyes ulging from their foreheads hang in the market at Canton hat So-Chan meditation's frowned on and martial health i-Gong's approved by Marxist theoreticians. That men in eep-blue suits might be kind enough to file a report your Unit on gossip they've heard about your secret loves. hat "Hang yu hang yu!" song is heard when workmen labor odeling on bamboo scaffolds over the street outside all night.

hat most people have thought "We're just little men, hat can we count" since the time of Qin Shi Huang.

#### VI

nour impalpable breath, materialists
rgue that Means of Production cause History:
nce in power, materialists argue what
ne right material is, quarrel with each other,
nil each other and exile tens of millions
f people with 10,000 thoughts apiece.
hey're worse than Daoists who quibbled about immortality.
heir saving grace this year's that all the peasants are fed.

VII Transformation of Bai's "A Night in Xingyang"

grew up in Paterson New Jersey and was

1st a virginal kid when I left

1st years ago. Now I'm around the world,

1st I did go back recently to visit my stepmother.

1st I was 16 years old, now I'm fifty eight—

1st I had in those days—I can still see myself

1st aydreaming reading N.Y. Times on the Chinese rug on the living room

2st oor on Graham avenue. My childhood houses are torn down,

2st one of my old family lives here any more,

2st of Newark where he was born.

highway cuts thru the Fair Street lot where I remember our earliest partment, & a little girl's first kiss. New buildings rise on that street,

Il the old stores along Broadway have disappeared.
Inly the Great Falls and the Passaic river flow
oisy with mist then quietly along brick factory sides
they did before.

10:15 P.M.

After Rewi Alley's *Bai Juyi, 200 Selected Poems* (Beijing: New World Press, 1983), p. 303.

#### **Black Shroud**

unming Hotel, I vomited greasy chicken sandwiched 1 moldy bread, on my knees before the white toilet etching, a wave of nausea, bowels and bladder loose lack on the bathroom floor like my mother groaning 1 Paterson 1937. I went back to bed n the twelfth floor, city lights twinkling north, rion in his belt bright in the sky, I slept again.

he had come into the bathroom her face hidden
her breast, hair overhanging her figure bent in front
f me, stiff in hypertension, rigor mortis
onvulsed her living body while she screamed
t the doctor and apartment house we inhabited.
ome electric current flowing up her spine tortured her,
oot to scalp unbearable, some professional advice
equired quick action, I took her wrists, and held her
ound to the sink, beheading her silently with swift
ispatch, one gesture, a stroke of the knife-like ax
nat cut thru her neck like soft thick gum, dead quick.

That had I done, and why? Certainly her visage nowed the reason, strain and fright lasting thru death. ut couldn't leave her body hidden in the toilet, someone nding her bent over might wait, then push, then orrified find her headless, skull fallen to the floor. picked her up by the shoulders, afraid to look at ne Medusa head

which I lifted by long hair & set

n the sink before the mirror, but beheld no mad rawn-cheek wild-eyed or blood-splotched wrinkled forehead—alm, beautiful face, tranquil in life's last moments s if in prayer, eyes clear and modest, face content vith neither smile or frown but even-browed, eyebrows a repose, cheeks colored healthy still as when alive. I made a mistake" I thought, in following the doctors' rules, r where'd I get th' idea she was screaming and banging er head on the wall in neural agony? Was that just my thought r hadn't others told me so? Why'd I do it so abrupt vithout consulting the World or the rest of the family—ler look at last so tranquil and true made me wonder vhy I'd covered her so early with black shroud.

t Joel the doctor's wedding party the family'd gathered hoever was left alive. Yes of course they found her corpse, ney knew she was crazy, but didn't announce a murder, ist whispered among themselves she was dead in the bathroom auses unknown, tho headless, hard for her to suicide herself, further investigation would clarify this big mistake. In fact my cousin my publisher with troubled frown ut the matter to rest, saying he'd call on the police fter the wedding guests go home. I said—

I might be able to clear up the mystery. You saw er head?" He looked at me surprised, how did I know ne was dead with her head cut off? I realized d given myself away, but risked it, why lie more, uild up Karma nightmare another year & then get caught? olice find my fingerprints on Naomi's dead neck? or my blade

e found under my bed, in the dust behind the refrigerator
n East 12th Street Lower East Side, I be arrested
newspaper scandal? "You saw the head?" I asked
gain, giving my knowledge away. "But are you sure?"
e asked. Dressed in his Harvard suit and silken tie
riped red and gold, "We have our legal staff, perhaps you should
onsult with them, no fee, fortunate contract,
ur clients we value, you for your Collected Works we do
rotect without question." Helpful, alas, too late for me
undo the murder of my mother, I must confess, I had
onfessed, too late to undo confession and truth, I woke.

December 21, 1984, 5:12 A.M.

#### **World Karma**

hina be China, B.C. Clay armies underground the First Han Emperor's improvement

n burying his armies alive

ater Ming tombs buried excavator architects

: Mao officially buried 20,000,000 in Shit Freeze & Exile, much Suicide

specially bilingual sophisticates in the molecular structure of surfaces, machinetool engineers

nd Poetic intelligentsia questioned his Imperial vision of Pure Land future communist afterworld

ussia had Czars & Stalin, all Yiddish Poets shot August 12, 1952 in Lubyanka basement, everybody got drunk afterward,

veryone still whispers on streetcorners

merica forever democratic, lawless sheriffs shot Indians, bad men, good men, chinks kikes niggers and each other

pain always killed bulls & loved blood, matadors & crucifixion, reds & fascists assassinated anarchists—

he Jews always complained, kvetching about false gods, and erected the biggest false God, Jehovah, in middle of western civilization—

or creating the Judge the Jews are judged that's their world Karma continuing, the Atom bomb

ritish always had sense of superiority, class, stiff upperlip, the Queen and fuck you ducky up your bloody 'ole

he French, advanced sense of superiority, stiff back, Algérie is always indissolubly a part of La France,

Ve will not regret the necessity to kill you or anyone who disagrees

hey appreciate everything wine women song modern art

la la they're so smart, introduced opium cultivation idochina will always be an indissoluble addiction to France, the Bourse

ermans had Kaisers Hitlers, orderly meticulous and rational a bunch of beasts ow want Nuclear arms They're also intelligent Pride themselves on Science omantic Poetry, their Black Forest mysterious full of Solitude acid rain i tech civilization First the ovens of Auschwitz now goodbye ancient trees have to keep up with the vulgar Americans

aly the trains never ran on time, they got good shoes & Pope & Mafia lso good tomatoes and Angelico Beato, who'd want to complain in Naples or Uffizi?

omputerized students'll sleep six abed and hawk their mucus on the morning floor efore fighting to get into the shower—much less a piece of soap and half stick of bacon with their petrochemical Wheaties & eggs— That's because had to Get Back to America, let's Stand Up Tall we can insult the rest of the world.

Iore!—The Moslems expansionist monotheists will go Jihad whenever able lways their god best god only god only name Allah and ie like a dog if you don't believe me! From Morocco to Java eathen dogs and cats go barking and meow after terrific Nobodaddy 1 Paradise the Western lands Heaven Pure Land Garden of Sky, ther side of Eternal Dreamtime I vote for Australian Aborigines! et them run the world after Hi Tech's annihilated all other species & genetic strains om whale to donkey sperm.

Kunming, December 24, 1984, Midnight-12:49

## **Prophecy**

As I'm no longer young in life and there seem to me not so many pleasures to look forward to How fortunate to be free to write of cars and wars, truths of eras, throw away old useless ties and pants that don't fit.

January 9, 1985

## **Memory Cousins**

fter Long Absence, I returned from the land of the dead ) visit my stepmother in her suburban apartment. looked from a distance, was it a mental hospital anding on a grass plain far from Manhattan's skyscrapers fter crossing Washington Bridge, or Jersey's tract houses sen gigantic during my exile in China? I'd een gone so long my relatives'd grown old at their doors neighbor widow come out to empty the black plastic arbagebag, I'd known her middle age, now with white hair ne gazed at me nodding absently, I'd not been gone long while her husband'd died, children married with children now low dear to see me, where'd I been? I looked down the long hall, oor after door of Aunts and Uncles retired alive thite haired, television bound seeing the doctor, eating elicatessen salad Sundays, reading best seller ooks, dusting furniture, cleaning kitchen floors, happily isiting Doctors for minor blood pressure, depression r hernias. Years ahead, they should live so long, they'd die, d never see them again, best settle down while childhood nemory cousins and brothers were old, but still alive, njoy each other's tables and coffee, business gossip. There else go off to, unhappy Russia warring Israel? lere in America, peace, a place to live together. hey were bombing Nicaragua, factories exploding 1 India, Cities crowded with Animal muggers ewspapers said, TV had pictures of them every nite eter in fact just came back from Nuclear Buddhaland,

lis belly exposed to Radiation a soft yellow pot near his navel, he smiled rueful pulling his shirt bove his belt to show his mortal sore, what could cure him? go away now I'll be gone forever, Peter, tepmother Edith, Aunt Honey & Leo, Aunt Clara nd Uncle Abe, my brother Gene & Connie & the kids, may never see them again. Here are their living eyes, ere's the end of the Immortal Dream.

March 2, 1985, 7:56 A.M.

## **Moral Majority**

omething evil about you Mr. Viguerie Mr. Falwell Robertson Swaggert. ot evil but ignorance of the delights of the Boy he 1920s have passed, corsets chastity belts whips ne stake, Lesbian cities aflame in your fiery eyes -Some old Demon the Satan in possession of your body thousand years old, two thousand that burned the parchments of Black Sappho ve seen God as much as any, he doesn't look like you alone le looks like me too, all the homosexuals on earth, 1 Congo, Cities of North America, Rio Barrios le looks like a lavender fairy, Paris salons 1890 the birds & bees, ike an ambidextrous worm, male dogs coupling in the Alabama parking-lot. othing wrong with Family, Mother Father & Buba. othing wrong with the Babe. othing wrong with Mr. Falwell except a little mean streak nat isn't god, just a jerk, talks too big for his britches, nexperienced Bible Salesman iterprets words & letters, not Holy Spirit mbitious politically, at the expense of the poor, ie thwarted, & happy ruddy kids ind out Buddha, enter the great silence : pass thru the needle's eye, ien come back happy, laughing, generous ig mouth full of good cheer, not money, oney.

### The Guest

I've a pain in my back
Fifth lumbar & sacrum
Kidneystones alas alack
can't drink milk calcium
High blood pressure about
salt I can't eat
at my age no red meat
sometimes I get gout

My age fifty eight
My friend Peter's away
I should lose ten pounds weight
Prostrate every day
to my guru who's Crazy
Prepare for grim death
Exercise for good health
All my life I've been lazy

Little gold, lots of fame Small flat in Manhattan tho I bank on my name my wallet won't fatten But the thing I want most to embody my joy is the belly of a boy and there I get lost

I met David he undressed Came naked on my bed He climbed on my chest "I love you Allen" he said He touched and caressed my stomach, heart and thigh appreciated my sigh I slept chaste & blessed.

He visited New York
to sleep a week in my room
watch me at work,
enlighten my gloom—
Body young & strong
shapely from Basketball
Skin muscular stomach small
"I can't be your lover long."

Mind tender, he loves girls
Sees me as poetry master
His pubic hair's soft curls
press my breast to rapture
His smooth cock grows thick
my heart beats at his loin
He presses with his groin
His hands caress my neck

I touch around his buttocks smooth, firm and warm.
"I've never been fucked" he encourages, as my arm reaches up his spine passes down his back presses into his open crack He turns on his belly to try.

I enter slow, he's soft no pain, he raises his behind no hard on, hips aloft I push, he doesn't mind.

My trouble is, I'm old

and tho this young kind boy

gives me a chance for joy

I'm not hard enough to be bold.

Yet I'm in, "How does it feel now?"
"It's O.K., it's kind of different."
Ruddy face, eyes open on the pillow, he lies before me prone, no effort—
I'm afraid to move, what'll he say?
But he humps his rear up more to take what's in store,
I stick it in all the way.

Something is missing my hard on But it's what I have, it works I pump him slowly, then start on moving faster while he jerks his buttocks up to help me come, I ask permission, he says "yes," I pull his hips up, hold his breast, spurt my loves deep in his bum

Next night we hugged and slept
Chaste again and affectionate
I answered the phone all day but kept
winding him in my mental net—
He wasn't excited by my body
I couldn't expect his sexual love
After this week would I approve
his visiting, if I had to sleep lonely?

## **After Antipater**

ve climbed the Great Wall's stone steep out of breath

at on gray columns broken at Acropolis' marble sill

rushed past morbid scented insect eating plants in Petén Rainforest

aten roastbeef with my mother's cousins atop a World Trade Tower overhanging Hudson River

lept under the dome echoing lament for Mumtaz Mahal's white skull

tood in Red Square snow across from the Kremlin wall-tomb of th'- assassin of millions

limbed Seville's gypsy balconies, Sagrada Familia's crannied spires, gazed through my father's eyes from San Marco's high porch

arried on Brooklyn bridge facing Manhattan dusk's sparkling Towers, walked Golden Gate's Pacific promenade

ut when you lay on my bed, white sheet covering your loins, your eyes on mine forgot these marvels, my heart breathed open, I saw life's glory look back at me naked.

March 26, 1985

Greek Anthology III, Book IX, Epigram 58, Loeb, p. 31.

# Jumping the Gun on the Sun

Sincerity
is the key
to living
in Eternity

If you love Heav'n above Hold your ground, Look around Hear the sound of television, No derision, Smell your blood taste your good bagels & lox Wash your sox & touch wood, It's understood This is it wild wit Make your love on earth above, home of the brave, Save yr grave for future days Present here nothing to fear No need to sigh no need to die before your time mentally whine stupidly dine

on your own meat That's what's neat Mortally great Immortally sweet Incredibly deep makes you weep Just this once Don't be a dunce Take your cap off Hear my rap

Sincerity is the key to living in Eternity

Makes you wise in your own eyes makes the body not seem shoddy Makes your soul completely whole empty, final indefinable Mobile, totally undeniable Affirmative action for no faction for all men women too, mother brother, even for you Dead soul'd, sick but really quick with breath & thick with blood in yr prick Walking alive on Riverside Drive up on Broadway shining gay in New York waving you dork waving your mind or living behind your meaty masque magnificent task all you could ask as if pure space gave you a place in Eternity— To see the City Stand all day Shine all night Bright starlight streaming the height Watery lawn misty at dawn warmed by the sun Bathed in the moon green grasses of June 80 times only Don't be lonely Roses are live Cockroaches thrive in plastic garbage maggots salvage your dead meat Horses eat golden Hay in golden day Young kids jump

in the City dump
Take the lump
in your throat
and sing out
yr holy note
of heart's delight
in living light
Day & Night

Sincerity
is the key
to Bliss in this
Eternity

April 5, 1985

### Cadillac Squawk

itting on the twelfth floor Gomden I heard a wild siren in the garment district leard dog scream at dog on park avenue ry head rumbled the Bronx 242'd street Lexington Avenue Express onesome sparrows chirped weathered coppergreen cornice 1860 ootstep crash, pocket change jangled the shrine room's polished floor affic waves rushed the shore 1985. dolf Hitler's voice in the taxi horn queak soprano steely cheep Chevrolet brakeshafts 1bway breath rising to Empire State Observation Roof on doors slam refrigerators shut ones creak in my knees' antechambers leard the long Cadillac horn squawk up sidestreet brick buildingsides levators ascended and descended a thousand skyscrapers theels within wheels rubber and steel revolve on asphalt corridors xhaust puffs out monoxide Broadway Manhattan leard the sky shut up leard conversation in the trees in leafy Bronx leard Africa sigh sia turned over in its sleepy bunk lood ran down rocks in South America leard Central America squeeze its ribs through iron gates ne Middle East rumbled plates & spoons in wartime bomb rubble olynesians danced with bacteria leard Japonesia eat with chopsticks chewing rice & peapods leard Australia rattle song sticks singing in Simpson Desert at the end of the world New York Dharmadatu, June 16, 1985, 3:33 P.M.

### Things I Don't Know

awn, a mastiff howls on the porch across the street behind the For Sale signed tree hatter Chirp Chirp Chirp Chir Chir Chir Chir Chir chance birdie twitters in a maple tree branch, Twirp!

wake, what bird's that, what kind of dog moans so?

that a maple or an oak, on Mapleton Street? What flowers weeds & ferns, those in the backyard? What car goes by awhoosh? A Pontiac, swash up the street,

Chevy, Ford, a Pinto, a Grammarian, a 4 wheel drive GM?

Vhat star I saw last night when clouds lifted & Orion's belt

littered gold on blue? or was that amber on azure? As my eye

ollowed his arrow past the North Star thru the void, was that a tiny galaxy shimmering?

There's Sagittarius, which way is the black hole at center of the Spiral Nebula?

Vhere's Sahel where a million children starve? Where's Libya where Wilson of the CIA trained terrorists?

low many times this century'd the Marines land on Nicaragua's dirty flag?

Vho killed Roque Dalton? What's the size of U.S. national Debt?

how much interest we pay each year till the Eighties end?

low the bird's quiet & the dog bark's down, what's differential calculus? How do you fix electric socket wires?

used to know the names of all the minerals. I do remember Pectolite gave you like asbestos splinters.

low do people overcome panic driving cars? Are bird bones hollow? didn't I once know the look of grackle & scarlet tanager?

irrus or cumulus, what cloud produces thunder, lightning, rain?

Vhat makes electricity in a battery? How does my wind charger friction become electric?

When water pours into hydraulic ram, what makes it squirt uphill when the valve closes in the Pressure Chamber? Is that it? Something like that?

Vhat're the 12 pix in Conditioned Co-existent Emergence's Chain?

lind man, potter, monkey tree, boat world, house with seven windows, what comes next before the man with arrow in his eye?

Ihat about banks? What's common stock & preferred? What's a futures?

low do you hang a door, frame a window? Hold a light chainsaw?

low fix a broken leg? Ease a heart attack, deliver a baby? Breathe in the mouth of a man dying at oceanside?

*I* hat kind of government ever worked? Who wrote English Choriambics?

his isn't Trivia (how play that?) this is my life, I can't remember

1e name of the lawyer my fellow student, friends with me in college 40 years ago—

low make a living, if I couldn't write poetry?

Vould I know how to plant peas, tie up tomato stalks?

July 21, 1985

### **Notes**

The following notes to the poems in *White Shroud* originally appeared in *Selected Poems 1947–1995*. (HarperCollins Publishers, 1996). More exten sive notes to this section can be found online at www.allenginsberg.org.

### Homage Vajracarya

50 Ven. Chögyam Trungpa, Vajracarya's Shambhala Arts included mind training with Archery (Kyudo), Calligraphy, Tea Ceremony, etc.

## Why I Meditate

- 51 MIRROR STREET: Dadaist original Cabaret Voltaire was on Zürich's Spiegelgasse Strasse.
- 51 RUTHERFORD: William Carlos Williams. Manhattan: Charles Reznikoff.
- 51 CHICAGO'S TEARGAS SKIES: 1968 Democratic convention police riot.
- 51 UNBORN: Buddhist metaphor, universe & consciousness are "unborn," i.e. not traceable back to any ultimate birthplace, source, cause.
- 51 ROOTLESS COSMOPOLITAN: Aesopean Stalinist word for Jew.

#### Do the Meditation Rock

- 63 Buddhist Samatha-Vipassana Sitting Practice of Meditation instructions according to the Ven. Chögyam Trungpa, Rinpoche. See his *Meditation in Action* (Boston: Shambhala Press, 1991).
- 63 UNCLE DON: 1930s U.S. radio father-figure tale-teller.

## **Arguments**

85 PARAQUAT: Agricultural poison dust sprayed by U.S. on Sonora, Mexico, cannabis fields.

#### White Shroud

- 89 TIVOLI FARM: Catholic Worker. Contemplative rural commune founded 1930s by Dorothy Day, celebrated saint-like bohemian Catholic Pacifist.
- 90 SPRY OLD LADY: Here several of Berenice Abbott *Changing New York* Depression era photographs are described, from "buses" to "shoes."

## Reading Bai Juyi

- 08 After Rewi Alley's *Bai Juyi: 200 Selected Poems* (Beijing: New World Press, 1983), p. 303.
- 09 The Secret of the Golden Lotus and Meditation Cushion of the Flesh, Chinese classic erotic handbooks.
- 09 JIANG JI: See latter's text & *Gary* Snyder's reply poem 1984.
- 09 QIN SHI HUANG: Emperor 2nd century BC, burned all Buddhist & Classic books.

# **COSMOPOLITAN GREETINGS POEMS 1986–1992**



"I'm going to try speaking some reckless words, and I want you to try to listen recklessly."

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# To Steven Taylor

If music be the food of love, play on.

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#### **PREFACE**

## Improvisation in Beijing

write poetry because the English word Inspiration comes from Latin *Spiritus*, breath, I want to breathe freely.

write poetry because Walt Whitman gave world permission to speak with candor.

write poetry because Walt Whitman opened up poetry's verse-line for unobstructed breath.

write poetry because Ezra Pound saw an ivory tower, bet on one wrong horse, gave poets permission to write spoken vernacular idiom.

write poetry because Pound pointed young Western poets to look at Chinese writing word pictures.

write poetry because W. C. Williams living in Rutherford wrote New Jerseyesque "I kick yuh eye," asking, how measure that in iambic pentameter?

write poetry because my father was poet my mother from Russia spoke Communist, died in a mad house.

write poetry because young friend Gary Snyder sat to look at his thoughts as part of external phenomenal world just like a 1984 conference table.

write poetry because I suffer, born to die, kidneystones and high blood pressure, everybody suffers.

write poetry because I suffer confusion not knowing what other people think.

write because poetry can reveal my thoughts, cure my paranoia also other people's paranoia.

write poetry because my mind wanders subject to sex politics Buddhadharma meditation.

write poetry to make accurate picture my own mind.

write poetry because I took Bodhisattva's Four Vows: Sentient creatures to liberate are numberless in the universe, my own greed anger ignorance to cut thru's infinite, situations I find myself in are countless as the sky okay, while awakened mind path's endless.

write poetry because this morning I woke trembling with fear what could I say in China?

write poetry because Russian poets Mayakovsky and Yesenin committed suicide, somebody else has to talk.

write poetry because my father reciting Shelley English poet & Vachel Lindsay American poet out loud gave example—big wind inspiration breath.

write poetry because writing sexual matters was censored in United States.

write poetry because millionaires East and West ride Rolls-Royce limousines, poor people don't have enough money to fix their teeth.

write poetry because my genes and chromosomes fall in love with young men not young women.

write poetry because I have no dogmatic responsibility one day to the next.

write poetry because I want to be alone and want to talk to people.

write poetry to talk back to Whitman, young people in ten years, talk to old aunts and uncles still living near Newark, New Jersey.

write poetry because I listened to black Blues on 1939 radio, Leadbelly and Ma Rainey

write poetry inspired by youthful cheerful Beatles' songs grown old.

write poetry because Chuang-tzu couldn't tell whether he was butterfly or man, Lao-tzu said water flows downhill, Confucius said

honor elders, I wanted to honor Whitman.

write poetry because overgrazing sheep and cattle Mongolia to U.S. Wild West destroys new grass & erosion creates deserts.

write poetry wearing animal shoes.

write poetry "First thought, best thought" always.

write poetry because no ideas are comprehensible except as manifested in minute particulars: "No ideas but in things."

write poetry because the Tibetan Lama guru says, "Things are symbols of themselves."

write poetry because newspapers headline a black hole at our galaxy-center, we're free to notice it.

write poetry because World War I, World War II, nuclear bomb, and World War III if we want it, I don't need it.

write poetry because first poem *Howl* not meant to be published was prosecuted by the police.

write poetry because my second long poem *Kaddish* honored my mother's parinirvana in a mental hospital.

write poetry because Hitler killed six million Jews, I'm Jewish.

write poetry because Moscow said Stalin exiled 20 million Jews and intellectuals to Siberia, 15 million never came back to the Stray Dog Café, St. Petersburg.

write poetry because I sing when I'm lonesome.

write poetry because Walt Whitman said, "Do I contradict myself? Very well then I contradict myself (I am large, I contain multitudes.)"

write poetry because my mind contradicts itself, one minute in New York, next minute the Dinaric Alps.

write poetry because my head contains 10,000 thoughts.

write poetry because no reason no because.

write poetry because it's the best way to say everything in mind within 6 minutes or a lifetime.

### **PROLOGUE**

### **Visiting Father & Friends**

I climbed the hillside to the lady's house.

There was Gregory, dressed as a velvet ape, japing and laughing, elegant-handed, tumbling somersaults and consulting with the hostess, girls and wives familiar, feeding him like a baby. He looked healthy, remarkable energy, up all night talking jewelry, winding his watches, hair over his eyes, jumping from one apartment to another.

Neal Cassady rosy-faced indifferent and affectionate entertaining himself in company far from China back in the USA old 1950s–1980s still kicking his way thru the city, up Riverside Drive without a car. He hugged me & turned attention to the night ladies appearing disappearing in the bar, in apartments and the street, his continued jackanapes wasting his time & everyone else's but mysterious, maybe up to something good—keep us all from committing more crimes, political wars, or peace protests angrier than wars' cannonball noises. He needed a place to sleep.

Then my father appeared, lone forlorn & healthy still living by himself in an apartment a block up the hill from Peter's ancient habitual pad, I hadn't noticed where Louis lived these days, somehow obliterated

his home condition from my mind, took it for granted tho never'd been curious enough to visit—but as I'd no place to go tonight, & wonder'd why I'd not visited him recently, I asked could I spend the night & bed down

there with him, his place had bedroom and bath a giant Jewish residence apartment on Riverside Drive refugees inhabited, driven away from Europe by Hitler, where now my father lived—I entered, he showed me his couch & told me get comfortable, I slept the night, but woke when he shifted his sleeping pad closer to mine I got up—he'd slept badly on a green inch-thick dusty foam rubber plastic mattress I'd thrown out years ago, poor cold mat upon the concrete cellar warehouse floor—so that was it! He'd given his bed for my comfort!

No no I said, take back your bed, sleep comfortable weary you deserve it, amazing you still get around, I'm sorry I hadn't visited before, just didn't know where you lived, here you are a block upstreet from Peter, hospitable to me Neal & Gregory & girlfriends of the night, old sweet Bohemian heart don't sleep in the floor like that I'll take your place on the mat & pass the night ok.

I went upstairs, happy to see
he had a place to lay his head for good, and woke in China.
Peter alive, though drinking a problem, Neal was dead
more years than my father Louis no longer
smiling alive, no wonder I'd not visited this place
he'd retired to a decade ago, How good to see him home, and take
his fatherly hospitality for granted among the living
and dead. Now wash my face, dress in my suit

on time for teaching classroom poetry at 8am Beijing, far round the world away from Louis' grave in Jersey.

November 16, 1984, 6:52 A.M. Baoding, P.R.C.



#### You Don't Know It

- ı Russia the tyrant cockroach mustache ate 20 million souls
- nd you don't know it, you don't know it
- 1 Czechoslovakia the police ate the feet of a generation that can't walk
- nd you don't know it, you don't know it
- 1 Poland police state double agent cancer grew large as Catholic Church Frankenstein the state itself a Gulag Ship
- nd you don't know it, you don't know it
- 1 Hungary tanks rolled over words of Politician Poets
- nd you don't know it
- 1 Yugoslavia underground partisans of the Great Patriotic War
- ought off the Great Patriotic Army of USSR
- nd you don't know it,
- ou know Tito but you don't know it
- ou say you don't know it these exiles from East Europe complaining about someday Nicaragua Gulag
- ause you don't know it was the Writers Union intellectuals of Moscow Vilnius Minsk Leningrad and Tbilisi
- lying "Invade Immediately" their Curse on your Revolution
- o you don't know it's not N.Y. Review of Books it's bohemian Krakow Prague Budapest Belgrade E. Berlin
- lying you don't know it you don't know it
- ella Akhmadulina in candlelight: "American poet you can never know the tragedy of Russia"
- or you General Borge Father Cardenal Vice President Rodríguez you say you don't know it
- an't know it too busy with Yankee war Worse than memory of Stalin hat you know, yes you do know it

ut you don't know it but you will know it es you will know it Lenin said ne first time History's Tragedy Second repeat it's Comedy r was it Trotsky? Marx?

on pasaran whispers from the Elbe, intellectual teeth chattering on Danube & Vistula

illage churchbells drowned in Volga waters dammed by Commissar engineers, riverwater evaporating faster than it reaches the sea

ne Taiga woodsman weeping over "boring pamphlets" his forests provided

ulaks rattling skulls & bones to seed a new millennial agriculture by 1980 '90 2000

'ith Lysenko's ectoplasm providing ammonia to grow Kasha ou don't know it intellectual Castro fat ass Power Chair a quarter century

iting fairies' nuts off, sneaking into Manolo's desk to read my love

taking Heberto Padilla eat your speeches You don't know it's a froufrou among French intellectual magazines you glance at as vice president of Nicaragua between wars from North Yanquis and banquets with Pork & Rum after TV evening news—

You don't know it

ladame Mandelstam's thick book's gossip, Mrs. Evgenia Ginzburg's rey prisoners shitting on each other in the hull of the boat n frozen sea out of Vladivostok going with the million ard-carrying Party members old Bolshevik friends of Lenin the frozen puddles and hungry banks of Kolyma there skeletons hit each other to keep alive you don't know it

nd they don't know it, Aksionov Škvorecky Romain Rolland Ehrenburg Fedorenko Markov Yevtushenkoon't know midnight Death Squad clubs on cobblestone no

ne ears cut off, heads chopped open in Salvador don't know the million

uatemala Indians in Model Villages—

on't know 40,000 bellies ripped open by the d'Aubuisson hit-men for Born Again neoconservative Texans,

on't know Yanquis taking tea & 1916 money from the Douane, exchange for Chinese opium

ading bananas to Europe for Tax Control in Managua & Shanghai—

on't know the holocaust in Salvador 25 years ago 30,000 shot one week for thinking Left-Pink-triangle yellow-red headband high on peyote

you don't know Imagination that leaps like a frog in Communist Monastery Ponds—

on't know you confess like a worm turning in a matchbox full of salt on't know Solitary, Lesbian Capo ordering Movie Star Princess to expose her ———

nd her delicate pink ——— and her firm round ——— to the false dogs of Ideology Fart Yowp with big pricks Whip Blip Blip—

ugger it up in Dynamite Don't know the Marines in your mother's toilet

o you don't know it we don't know it only stupid American minstrels know intolerant gasbags ascending

'ith millions of Readers' Digest copies

nd photo enlargements of a thumbnail translation of the Moravian Bible

ut in my shirt-pocket in a sweat eyes closing as the enemy approaches

) fall asleep & snore Don't I know it

January 25, 1986, 2:00–2:12 A.M. Managua

### On the Conduct of the World Seeking Beauty Against Government

that the only way we can become like Indians, like Rhinoceri, ke Quartz Crystals, like organic farmers, live what we imagine dam & Eve to've been, caressing each other with trembling limbs efore the Snake of Revolutionary Sex wrapped itself round ie Tree of Knowledge? What would Roque Dalton joke about lately eth chattering like a machine gun as he debated mass tactics ith his Compañeros? Necessary to kill the Yanguis with big bomb es but don't do it by yourself, better consult your mother get the Correct Line of Thought, if not consult Rimbaud once he got

- his leg cut off
- r Lenin after his second stroke sending a message thru Mrs. Krupskaya to the rude Georgian, & just before his deathly fit when the Cheka aides outside

is door looked in coldly assuring him his affairs were in good hands o need to move—What sickness at the pit of his stomach moved up to his brain?

That thought Khlebnikov on the hungry train exposing his stomach to the sun?

- r Mayakovsky before the bullet hit his brain, what sharp propaganda for action
- n the Bureaucratic Battlefield in the Ministry of Collective Agriculture in Ukraine?

That Slogan for Futurist architects or epic hymn for masses of Communist Party Card holders in Futurity

n the conduct of the world seeking beauty against Government?

January 27, 1986

#### **Hard Labor**

After midnite, Second Avenue horseradish Beef at Kiev's wood tables—
The Kasha Mushrooms tastes good as Byelorussia usta when my momma ran away from Cossacks 1905
Did the 5 year plan work? How bad Stalin?
Am I a Stalinist? A Capitalist? A Bourgeois Stinker? A rotten Red?
No I'm a fairy with purple wings and white halo translucent as an onion ring in the transsexual fluorescent light of Kiev Restaurant after a hard day's work

February 17, 1986, 12:35 A.M.

## **Velocity of Money**

For Lee Berton

m delighted by the velocity of money as it whistles through windows of Lower East Side

elighted skyscrapers rise grungy apartments fall on 84th Street's pavement

elighted this year inflation drives me out on the street

ith double digit interest rates in Capitalist worlds

always was a communist, now we'll win

3 usury makes walls thinner, books thicker & dumber

sury makes my poetry more valuable

lanuscripts worth their weight in useless gold—

he velocity's what counts as the National Debt gets trillions higher verybody running after the rising dollar

rowds of joggers down Broadway past City Hall on the way to the Fed

- obody reads Dostoyevsky books anymore so they'll have to give passing ear
- on my fragmented ravings in between President's speeches othing's happening but the collapse of the Economy
- I can go back to sleep till the landlord wins his eviction suit in court *February 18, 1986, 10:00 A.M.*

## **Sphincter**

I hope my good old asshole holds out 60 years it's been mostly OK Tho in Bolivia a fissure operation survived the altiplano hospital a little blood, no polyps, occasionally a small hemorrhoid active, eager, receptive to phallus coke bottle, candle, carrot banana & fingers— Now AIDS makes it shy, but still eager to serve out with the dumps, in with the condom'd orgasmic friend still rubbery muscular, unashamed wide open for joy But another 20 years who knows, old folks got troubles everywhere necks, prostates, stomachs, joints— Hope the old hole stays young till death, relax

March 15, 1986, 1:00 P.M.

## **Spot Anger**

"Drive all blames into one"

Allen when you get angry you got two choices— Konk your head on the floor with words Bang the kitchen table, slap taxicab doors, insult hotel toilets Snarl into National microphones, sneer at the speedfreak closet girl syringiste— Why not more subtle, grab your anger by the wings and bag it in the garbage pail Look around by the venetian blind It's only you in the universe's kitchen— A subtler wave of the hand, patience— Say, I don't want this Saturn trip, no thanks, Domo arigato how nice but I'll not entertain Dr. Frankenstein till Monday These pants don't fit, may I borrow your library card— Breathe your typhoonic tantrum in, exhale a gentle breath of Ginsberg out the kitchen window wafting a Springtime Fairy feather-slight raising a big iron pipe to konk Mr. Temper Tantrum on his green bull noodle & fly off over Manhattan weaving silver laughter round skyscraper spires.

April 24, 1986, 6:00 A.M.

#### **London Dream Doors**

n London's Tavern's wooden table, been reading Kit Smart od sent him to sea for pearls—till eyes heavy must sleep o went upstairs to my boardinghouse room yet the tall dark oy that lived across the hall'd just got under covers ı a high Captain's bed, but left his door wide open, is room furnished mahogany, oak crowded to the closets gazed alas he was handsome, older than my choice of flesh nooth boyhood, the lad had dark eyes, long limbs little hair on legs and chest, a little beard and smile dozed, woke and returned from the bog, again passing is room at stairtop— He lay in bed eyes open, I paused ien turned aside thru his door, an embrace before going sleep in my own solid room I'd rented, first night 1 this odd town, I'd come to teach a few strangers Love Poetry—So cast myself on his chest for a hug goodnight, second's surprise like father-son sweet dreams e clasped arms around me, held tight, I stopped a second lore than I'd hoped for! Refreshing friendliness! ly there a minute, his warmth remained, spontaneous rateful hugged his chest & quickly kissed his neck face, haste before I must rise— Yet no need to go ) with right leg I pushed the door in, closed, 'e were alone. He pulled me on top of him, held each other, passed my hand along his side down to his thigh e shivered, hands on my back, we began to sweat nder covers, his skin like slippery meat, the heat

f our embrace familiar, companionable surprise, I was
be loved by his strong form, how soon hug his middle?
buth his flactid glans? My own already thick with pleasure—
nest to his chest, legs intertwined, hard hair felt
ncomfortable under my hand—moved my palm across
is slimy stomach, sweat not unpleasant, close heat
mazed us both, secret freedom in his antique room,
vitation to explore night's pleasure, fresh conscience,
nuscled thoughts, hearts glowing astounded happiness a brief
hours in the dark— What to do? I kissed his solar plexus
belly above loins, he sighed and breathed on my neck in back,
ffectionate clasped to his breast, arm round my waist— eyes
osed I lay still, head under white muslin in dim light,
uilt set aside for the heat—

The door opened suddenly!

You'll have to pay for the night's furniture" announced ne landlord. "You'll have to pay for the sink water and extra overs! We rent or sell!" He fell silent. Hadn't he noticed my bulk under thin sheet-cloth? But next instant he was one downstairs to write up the bill, door left ajar.

Into my closet!" my new friend whispered urgent, "the first door!"—

The knob on his mirrored armoire stuck, wouldn't open, ame horrific closet of old play-movie nightmare blackouts—I saw my own room entrance across the hall—"I'll go in there, seconds on hide," fast before the old fellow returns! Naked trailing neet & blanket I crossed the hall stealthy, closed my bedroom oor behind, just time enough? Alas bed sheets blocked ne door jamb, clogged the landing, pull them through, I strained, ragged awkward blankets inside in a trice and woke under

oringtime sheets and linen cover alone, East Twelfth Street, ist night with Bengali Marathi Urdu poets, Museum of Modern Art.

May 6, 1986, 3:10 A.M.

# **Cosmopolitan Greetings**

## To Struga Festival Golden Wreath Laureates & International Bards 1986

tand up against governments, against God.
tay irresponsible.
ay only what we know & imagine.
bsolutes are coercion.
hange is absolute.
rdinary mind includes eternal perceptions.
bserve what's vivid.
otice what you notice.
atch yourself thinking.
ividness is self-selecting.
we don't show anyone, we're free to write anything.
emember the future.
dvise only yourself.
on't drink yourself to death.

wo molecules clanking against each other require an observer to become scientific data.

he measuring instrument determines the appearance of the phenomenal world after Einstein.

he universe is subjective.

lalt Whitman celebrated Person.

le are observer, measuring instrument, eye, subject, Person.

niverse is Person.

ıside skull vast as outside skull.

lind is outer space.

Each on his bed spoke to himself alone, making no sound."

First thought, best thought."

lind is shapely, Art is shapely.

laximum information, minimum number of syllables.

yntax condensed, sound is solid.

itense fragments of spoken idiom, best.

onsonants around vowels make sense.

avor vowels, appreciate consonants.

ubject is known by what she sees.

thers can measure their vision by what we see.

andor ends paranoia.

Kral Majales June 25, 1986 Boulder, Colorado

### FIFTH INTERNATIONALE



### **Fifth Internationale**

To Billy MacKeever

Arise ye prisoners of your mind-set Arise Neurotics of the Earth For Insight thunders Liberation A sacred world's in birth

No more Attachment's chains shall bind us Mind's Aggression no more rules The Earth shall rise on new foundations We have been jerks we shall be Fools

'Tis the Path of Accumulation Let each sit on his place The International Crazy Wisdom School Could save the Human Race

> July 1986 Naropa

**EUROPE, WHO KNOWS?** 



# **Europe, Who Knows?**

All over Europe people are saying, "Who knows?" Asphodel's fine but next year what comes with the rose? Cabbage smells good but depends which way the wind blows All over Europe people are saying, "Who knows?"

Wormwood skies'll poison the sea: *Revelation*Oslo to Athens black clouds've enlightened the nations
Cesium mushrooms & milk may mutate the Creation
All over Europe people are saying, "Who knows?"

Crossing the park in Munich Max Planck Institute On my forearm and brow a film of invisible soot Fell on my skin out of heaven, a new set of clothes All over Europe people are saying, "Who knows?"

Woke up in Poland, maple leaves just wilted down Not a cloud in the sky inexplicably cold on the ground Kids in the yard were playing without any clothes All over Europe people are saying, "Who knows?"

Phoned up the doctor, official reply: "Never mind" Same afternoon suggested we take iodine Three days later Chernobyl's error disclosed All over Europe people are saying, "Who knows?"

Slaughtered the reindeer in Lapland, Lapps on the dole Camembert radioactive, in Zurich, the gold In the Cotswolds of England all the sheep markets were closed All over Europe people are saying, "Who knows?" If a liter of water's one x-ray in Washington State So in milk bars of Minsk what does it cost a milkshake? Big apples this year, we still have to eat up what grows If we didn't eat poison we'd starve, Brother, everyone knows.

> September 12, 1986 (with Steven Taylor) Warsaw Airport

# **Graphic Winces**

- ı highschool when you crack your front tooth bending down too fast over the porcelain water fountain
- r raise the tuna sandwich to your open mouth and a cockroach tickles your knuckle
- r step off the kitchen cabinet ladder on the ball of your foot hear the piercing meow of a soft kitten
- r sit on a rattling subway next the woman scratching sores on her legs, thick pus on her fingers
- r put your tongue to a winter-frozen porch door, a layer of frightening white flesh sticks to the wooden frame—
- r pinch your little baby boy's fat neck skin in the last teeth of his snowsuit zipper
- r when you cross Route 85 the double yellow line's painted over a dead possum
- r tip your stale party Budweiser on the windowsill to your lips, taste Marlboro butts floating top of the can—
- r fighting on the second flight of the tenement push your younger sister down the marble stairs she bites her tongue in half, they have to sew it back in the hospital—
- r at icebox grabbing the half-eaten Nestlé's Crunch a sliver of foil sparks on your back molar's silver filling
- r playing dare in High School you fall legs split on opposite sides of a high iron spiked fence
- r kicked in the Karate Dojo hear the sound like a cracked twig then feel a slow dull throb in your left forearm,
- r tripping fall on the sidewalk & rip last week's scab off your left knee
- ou might grimace, a sharp breath from the solar plexus, chill spreading from shoulderblades and down the arms,

r you may wince, tingling twixt sphincter and scrotum a subtle electric discharge.

December 8, 1986

### **Imitation of K.S.**

The young kid, horror buff, monster Commissar, ghoul connoisseur, attic bedroom postered with violet skulls, cigarette butts on the floor, thinks he'd strangle girls after orgasm—pumping iron 13 years old, 175-pound muscleman, his father shot at him, missed, hit the door, he saw his mother's tiny apron, father clutched his throat, six foot four drunk, today's in Alcohol Anonymous. Even eyes, symmetric face, aged twenty, acid-free-plastic packages of *Ghoul Ghosts, Monsters Nowhere, Evil Demons of the Dead, Frenzy Reanimator, Psycho Nightmare on Elm Street* stacked by his mattress; he followed me around, carried my harmonium box, protected me from the drunk Tibetan, came to my bed; head on his shoulder, I felt his naked heart, "my Cock's half dead," he thinks he'll cut it off, can't stand to be touched, never touches himself, iron legs, "skinny dynamite," thick biceps, a six-day black fuzz on his even jaw, shining eyes, "I love you too."

March 22, 1987

### I Went to the Movie of Life

In the mud, in the night, in Mississippi Delta roads utside Clarksdale I slogged along Lights flashed nder trees, my black companion motioned "Here they are, our company."—Like giant rhinoceri with painted faces plashed all over side and snout, headlights glaring in rain, ne after another buses rolled past us toward Book Hotel oarding House, up the hill, town ahead.

Accompanying me, two girls itched in the dark slush garbaged road, slipping in deep ruts heels'd left behind sucking at their high heels, staining granny resses sequined magic marked with astral signs, Head groupies 'ho knew the way to this Grateful Dead half-century heroes' aravan pit stop for the night. I climbed mid-road, a toad opped before my foot, I shrank aside, unthinking'd kicked it off ith leather shoe, animal feet scurried back at my sight little monster on his back bled red, nearby this prey a lizard ith large eyes retreated, and a rat curled tail and slithered 1 mud wet to the dirt gutter, repelled. A long climb ahead, the girls'd take it or not, I moved on, eager to rejoin old company. lerry Pranksters with aged pride in peacock-feathered beds, nining mylar mirror-paper walls, acid mothers with strobe-lit radios, ong-haired men, gaunt 60s' Diggers emerged from the night rest, bathe, cook spaghetti, nurse their kids, noke pipes and squat with Indian sages round charcoal raziers in their cars; profound American dreamers, was in their company again after long years, byways

lone looking for lovers in bar street country towns
nd sunlit cities, rain & shine, snow & spring-bud backyard
rick walls, ominous adventures behind the Iron Curtain.

Iere we all grown old? I looked for my late boyfriends,
ancing to Electric Blues with their guns and smoke round jukebox
walls

ne smell of hash and country ham, old newspaper media stars randering room after room: Pentagon refugee Ellsberg, old dove ellinger bathing in an iron tub with a patch in his stomach wall bbie Hoffman explaining the natural strategy of city political saint rorks, Quicksilver Messenger musicians, Berkeley orators rith half-grown children in their sox & dirty faces, alcohol ncles who played chess & strummed banjos frayed by broken fingernails.

Where's Ken Kesey, away tonite in another megalopolis hosting ypnosis parties for Hell's Angels, maybe nail them down on stage r radio, Neal must be tending his daughters in Los Gatos, acifying his wife, coming down amphetamines in his bedroom, r downers to sleep this night away & wake for work the great Bay Carnival tented among smokestacks, railroad acks and freeways under box-house urban hills. oung movie stars with grizzled beards passed thru bus corridors toking for Dylan in the movie office, re-swaggering old roles, ecorded words now sung in Leningrad and Shanghai, their wives a tortoise shell glasses & paisley shawls & towels tending auldrons bubbling with spaghetti sauce & racks of venison, quirrel or lamb; ovens open with hot rhubarb pies—

/ho should I love? Here one with leather hat, blond hair rong body middle age, face frowned in awful thought,

eer in hand by the bathroom wall? That Digger boy I knew ith giant phallos, bald head studying medicine walked by, reoccupied with anatomy homework, rolling a joint, his nick fingers at his chest, eyes downcast on paper & tobacco. ne by one I checked out love companions, none whose beauty ayed my heart, this place was tired of my adoration, ney knew my eyes too well. No one I could find to give me ed tonite and wake me grinning naked, with eggs scrambled or breakfast ready, oatmeal, grits, or hot spicy sausages t noon assembly when I opened my eyelids out of dream. I andered, walking room to room thru psychedelic buses ranting to meet someone new, younger than this crowd of wily rinkled wanderers with their booze and families, Electronic rts & Crafts, woe lined brows of chemical genius music roducers, adventurous politicians, singing ladies & earthy paramours laying rare parts in the final movie of a generation.

The cameras

olled and followed me, was I the central figure in this film? d known most faces and guided the inevitable cameras room to room,

ausing at candle lit bus windows to view this ghostly caravan of gypsy

itellects passing thru USA, aged rock stars whispering by coal stoves, ublic headline artists known from Rolling Stone & N.Y. Times, ctors & actresses from Living Theater, gaunt-faced and eloquent ith lifted hands & bony fingers greeting me on my way the bus driver's wheel, tattered dirty gloves on Neal's seat raiting his return from working the National Railroad, young kids d taught saluting me wearily from worn couches as I passed

us to bus, cameras moving behind me. What was my role? hardly knew these faded heroes, friendly strangers ) long on the road, I'd been out teaching in Boulder, Manhattan, udapest, London, Brooklyn so long, why follow me thru nese amazing Further bus party reunion corridors tonite? r is this movie, or real, if I turn to face the camera I'd break ne scene, dissolve the plot illusion, or is't illusion rt, or just my life? Were cameras ever there, the picture owed so evenly before my eyes, how could a crew follow ie invisible still and smoothly noiseless bus to bus om room to room along the caravan's painted labyrinth? his wasn't cinema, and I no hero spokesman documenting friendship cenes, only myself alone lost in bus cabins with familiar rangers still looking for some sexual angel for mortal delights o different from haunting St. Mark's Boys Bar again solitary i tie jacket and grey beard, wallet in my pocket full of ash and cards, useless.

A glimmer of lights

the curtained doorway before me! my heart leapt orward to the Orgy Room, all youths! Lithe and airless, smooth skinned, white buttocks ankles, young men's ippled chests lit behind the curtain, thighs entwined the male area, place I was looking for behind y closed eyelids all this night—I pushed my hand ito the room, moving aside the curtain that shimmered ithin bright with naked knees and shoulders pale candlelight—entered the pleasure chamber's empty door limmering silver shadows reflected on the silver curtained veil, yelids still dazzling as their adolescent limbs

Itangible dissolved where I put my hand into a vacant room,
Iy down on its dark floor to watch the lights of phantom arms
ulsing across closed eyelids conscious as I woke in bed
Eturned at dawn New York wood-slatted venetian blinds over
The windows on E. 12th St. in my white painted room

April 30, 1987, 4:30–6:25 A.M.

# When the Light Appears

Lento

You'll bare your bones you'll grow you'll pray you'll only know When the light appears, boy, when the light appears You'll sing & you'll love you'll praise blue heavens above When the light appears, boy, when the light appears You'll whimper & you'll cry you'll get yourself sick and sigh You'll sleep & you'll dream you'll only know what you mean When the light appears, boy, when the light appears You'll come & you'll go, you'll wander to and fro You'll go home in despair you'll wonder why'd you care You'll stammer & you'll lie you'll ask everybody why You'll cough and you'll pout you'll kick your toe with gout You'll jump you'll shout you'll knock your friends about You'll bawl and you'll deny & announce your eyes are dry You'll roll and you'll rock you'll show your big hard cock You'll love & you'll grieve & one day you'll come believe As you whistle & you smile the lord made you worthwhile You'll preach and you'll glide on the pulpit in your pride Sneak & slide across the stage like a river in high tide You'll come fast or come on slow just the same you'll never know When the light appears, boy, when the light appears

May 3, 1987, 2:30 A.M.

# On Cremation of Chögyam Trungpa, Vidyadhara

noticed the grass, I noticed the hills, I noticed the highways, noticed the dirt road, I noticed car rows in the parking lot noticed ticket takers, I noticed the cash and checks & credit cards, noticed buses, noticed mourners, I noticed their children in red dresses,

noticed the entrance sign, noticed retreat houses, noticed blue & yellow Flags—

oticed the devotees, their trucks & buses, guards in Khaki uniforms noticed crowds, noticed misty skies, noticed the all-pervading smiles & empty eyes—

noticed pillows, colored red & yellow, square pillows and round—noticed the Tori Gate, passers-through bowing, a parade of men & women in formal dress—

oticed the procession, noticed the bagpipe, drum, horns, noticed high silk head crowns & saffron robes, noticed the three piece suits,

noticed the palanquin, an umbrella, the stupa painted with jewels the colors of the four directions—

mber for generosity, green for karmic works, noticed the white for Buddha, red for the heart—

nirteen worlds on the stupa hat, noticed the bell handle and umbrella, the empty head of the white clay bell—

oticed the corpse to be set in the head of the bell—

oticed the monks chanting, horn plaint in our ears, smoke rising from atop the firebrick empty bell—

oticed the crowds quiet, noticed the Chilean poet, noticed a Rainbow, noticed the Guru was dead, I noticed his teacher bare breasted watching the corpse burn in the stupa,

oticed mourning students sat crosslegged before their books, chanting devotional mantras,

esturing mysterious fingers, bells & brass thunderbolts in their hands noticed flame rising above flags & wires & umbrellas & painted orange poles

noticed the sky, noticed the sun, a rainbow round the sun, light misty clouds drifting over the Sun—

noticed my own heart beating, breath passing thru my nostrils ty feet walking, eyes seeing, noticing smoke above the corpse-fir'd monument

noticed the path downhill, noticed the crowd moving toward buses noticed food, lettuce salad, I noticed the Teacher was absent, noticed my friends, noticed our car the blue Volvo, a young boy held my hand

ur key in the motel door, noticed a dark room, noticed a dream nd forgot, noticed oranges lemons & caviar at breakfast, noticed the highway, sleepiness, homework thoughts, the boy's nippled chest in the breeze

the car rolled down hillsides past green woods to the water, noticed the houses, balconies overlooking a misted horizon, shore & old worn rocks in the sand

noticed the sea, I noticed the music, I wanted to dance.

May 28, 1987, 2:30-3:15 A.M.

### Nanao

Brain washed by numerous mountain streams
Legs clean after walking four continents
Eyes cloudless as Kagoshima sky
Fresh raw surprisingly cooked heart
Tongue live as a Spring salmon
Nanao's hands are steady, pen & ax sharp as stars.

With Peter Orlovsky June 1987

#### **Personals Ad**

"I will send a picture too if you will send me one of you"

—R. CREELEY

Poet professor in autumn years seeks helpmate companion protector friend young lover w/empty compassionate soul exuberant spirit, straightforward handsome athletic physique & boundless mind, courageous warrior who may also like women & girls, no problem, to share bed meditation apartment Lower East Side, help inspire mankind conquer world anger & guilt, empowered by Whitman Blake Rimbaud Ma Rainey & Vivaldi, familiar respecting Art's primordial majesty, priapic carefree playful harmless slave or master, mortally tender passing swift time, photographer, musician, painter, poet, yuppie or scholar— Find me here in New York alone with the Alone going to lady psychiatrist who says Make time in your life for someone you can call darling, honey, who holds you dear can get excited & lay his head on your heart in peace.

October 8, 1987

### **Proclamation**

For Carlos Edmondo de Ory

I am the King of the Universe
I am the Messiah with a new dispensation
Excuse me I stepped on a nail.
A mistake
Perhaps I am not the Capitalist of Heaven.
Perhaps I'm a gate keeper snoring
beside the Pearl Columns—
No this isn't true, I really am God himself.
Not at all human. Don't associate me
w/that Crowd.
In any case you can believe every word
I say.

October 31, 1987 Gas Station, N.Y.

#### To Jacob Rabinowitz

Dear Jacob I received your translation, what kind favor you paid to have it printed up, lighthearted the most readable I know— Glad to be your friend, 2000 years after Catullus, nothing's changed poets or poetics, lovers or love familiar conversation between the three of us, familiar tears—Remember you leaped in bed naked and wouldn't sleep on my floor, decade ago? I was half century old, you hardly out of puberty gave me your ass bright eyes and virgin body a whole month What a little liar you were, how'd I know you were cherry? Put me down now for not hearing your teenage heartbeat, think back were you serious offering to kidnap me to Philadelphia, Cleveland, Baltimore, Miami, God knows, rescued from boring fame & Academic fortune, Rimbaud Verlaine lovers starved together in boondock houseflat stockyard furnished rooms eating pea soup reading E. A. Poe? First night in each other's arms you chilled my spine whispering lies till dawn—pubescent lovelife with a tiny monkey you claim'd you'd tortured to death—how trust you take me to the moon? Tho you gave your butt to others in St. Mark's Baths' steam room that year I followed you to Chelsea Hotel kissing your boots & still lust for your body tho now you've grown a red beard. At thirty still cute, lost interest in my potbelly years ago, useless to jack off to your youthful shadow anymore. And I your genius poet first love ignored hypoglycemic, impotent, gouty, squint-eyed, halfway bald— Reading this book gives me youth back again, not old in vain, at last you bring love to Catullus & Poetry humble enough to print these translations by yourself.

December 2, 1987, 4:30 A.M.

# **Grandma Earth's Song**

started down Capitol Hill side along unfamiliar black central avenues rarily uncertain which streets thru Fillmore district to City Hall valley center,

nd as I passed a block or two I saw a fragile crone marching toward me

p hill, Grandma Bag-lady ragged dressed with firm ancient steps Old Ma Earth

ragging a shopping cart filled with cans bottles & plastic newspapers tied

ith silk stockings wandering alone singing out loud on way to Civic Center

When dull roots write Laws Jerusalem to New York Poor Jews break Arab Jaws Blacks eat greasy pork

What's the Planet News? Wall Street's poison pill Palestinians stone Jews Water runs downhill

Young soldiers gonna die Old presidents get AIDS They bankrupted the sky The ozone layer fades

Crazy people got money
I own State Capitols
Sheriff calls me honey
The army's a bunch of fools

I want my welfare stamps I want my movie show I got ten kerosene lamps I'm 99 years old

This town's already dead
This country's on the skids
This state's made out of lead
I can't feed my kids

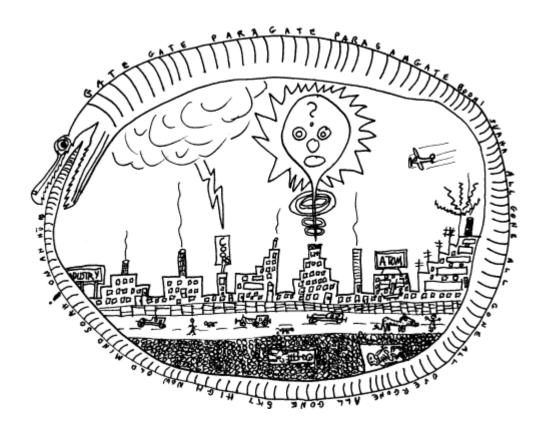
My name is Gaia ah ha ha Put me in jail I screw the sky Nothing to win or lose Poppa Born your gonna die

Adam bombs & newsboy hoaxes
Fakers yak the Oval Room
I live in cardboard boxes
They killed the ocean's womb

Tear up your welfare check I'll eat my way to Heaven Throw me in Walnut Creek I'll vomit Pacific Ocean

Wakening as she passed by I thought, she's improvising street doggerel epic popular song cackling in everyone's Immortal brain Anything comes to mind's the right politics to ruin Police State.

February 13, 1988, 7:30–9:00 A.M.



#### Salutations to Fernando Pessoa

Every time I read Pessoa I think
m better than he is I do the same thing
lore extravagantly—he's only from Portugal,
m American greatest Country in the world
ght now End of XX Century tho Portugal
ad a big empire in the 15th century never mind
ow shrunk to a Corner of Iberian peninsula
'hereas New York take New York for instance
lo Mexico City's bigger N.Y.'s richer think of Empire State
uilding not long ago world empire's biggest skyscraper—
e that as't may I've experienced 61 years' XX Century
essoa walked down Rua do Ouro only till 1936
e entered Whitman so I enter Pessoa no
latter what they say besides dead he wouldn't object.

nown on 4 Continents I have 25 English books he only 3 is mostly Portuguese, but that's not his fault—
.S.A.'s a bigger country
lerely 2 Trillion in debt a passing freakout,
eagan's dirty work an American Century aberration
nrepresenting our Nation Whitman sang in Epic manner
lo worried about in *Democratic Vistas*s a Buddhist not proud my superiority to Pessoa
m humble Pessoa was nuts big difference,
lo apparently gay—same as Socrates,
onsider Michelangelo da Vinci Shakespeare

iestimable comerado Walt

rue I was tainted Pinko at an early age a mere trifle zience itself destroys ozone layers this era antiStalinists oison entire earth with radioactive anticommunism.

 Iaybe I lied somewhat

arely in verse, only protecting others' reputations.

rankly too Candid about my mother tho meant well

id Pessoa mention his mother? she's interesting,

owerful to birth sextuplets

lberto Cairo Alvaro de Campos Ricardo Reis Bernardo Soares & Alexander Search simultaneously

rith Fernando Pessoa himself a classic sexophrenic

onfusing personae not so popular

utside Portugal's tiny kingdom (till recently a second-rate police state)

et me get to the point er I forget what it was

ut certainly enjoy making comparisons between this Ginsberg & Pessoa

eople talk about in Iberia hardly any books in English

resently the world's major diplomatic language extended throughout China.

esides he was a shrimp, himself admits in interminable "Salutations to Walt Whitman"

hereas 5'7½" height

omewhat above world average, no immodesty,

m speaking seriously about me & Pessoa.

nyway he never influenced me, never read Pessoa

efore I wrote my celebrated *Howl* already translated into 24 languages,

ot to this day's Pessoa influence an anxiety

lidnight April 12 '88 merely glancing his book ertainly influences me in passing, only reasonable ut reading a page in translation hardly proves "Influence." urning to Pessoa, what'd he write about? Whitman Lisbon, the sea etc.) method peculiarly longwinded, iarrhea mouth some people say—Pessoa Schmessoa.

April 12, 1988



### **May Days 1988**

T

s I cross my kitchen floor the thought of Death returns, ay after day, as I wake & drink lemon juice & hot water, rush my teeth & blow my nose, stand at toilet a yellow stream suing from my body, look out curtained windows, across the street lary Help of Christians R.C. Church, how many years mpty the garbage pail, carry black plastic bags to the sidewalk, efore I boil the last soft egg,

ay after day glance my altar sitting pillow a sidelong look & sigh, ass bookcases' Greek lyrics & volumes of Military Industrial Secrecy? ow many mornings out the window Springtime's grey clouds drift over a wooden owl

n the Rectory roof, pigeons flutter off the street lamp to an iron fence, I return to kitchen

atmeal cooking in an iron pot, sit in a wooden chair, choose a soupspoon, dreaming out the window eat my gruel

s ailanthus trees bud & grow thick green, seaweed in rainy Atlantis, use leaves after snowfall, sit bare-branched in January's rusty winds? nap photographs focus'd on the clothesline, courtyard chimneypots a block away?

ow many years lie alone in bed and stroke my cock

r read the Times on a pillow midnite, answer telephone talk, my Stepmother

r Joe in Washington, wait for a knock on the door it's portly Peter sober hesitant

iquiring supper, rarely visiting, rueful a life gone by—you got the monthly rent?

rmfuls of mid-morn mail arriving with despairing Secretaries—

se and tuck my shirt in, turn the doorlock key, go down hallway stairs,

nter New York City, Christine's Polish restaurant around East 12th Street corner on 1st Avenue

exi uptown to art museums or visit Dr. Brown, chest x-rays, smoking cough or flu

urn on the News from Palestine, Listen to Leadbelly's tape lament, *Black Girl, Jim Crow, Irene*—and

unday Puerto Ricans climb concrete steps week after week to church.

#### Π

ox in the laundry, snap on the kitchen light midnite icebox id, sun-dried tomatoes, soft swiss cheese & ham, Pineapple juice, ow rent control \$260 per mo, clear sanded gymseal'd floors, white walls,

lake's *Tyger* on the bedroom bookcase, cabs rattling on dark asphalt below,

ilence, a solitary house, Charles Fourier on bedside table waiting inspection, switch light off—

ajamas in drawer for sleep, 80 volumes behind the headboard for browsing—

ving Howe's Yiddish Poetry, Atilla József, Sashibusan Das Gupta's Obscure Religious Cults, Céline, De Vulgari Eloquentia—

That riches for old age? What cozy naps and long nights' dreams? Browsing in Persepolis and Lhasa!

That more ask existence? Except time, more time, ripe time & calm Warless time to contemplate collapsing years, tho body teeth brain elbow ache,

crooked creak at backbone bottom, dry nostrils, mottled ankle smart tongue, how many years to talk, snap photos, sing in theaters nprovise in classroom street church radio, far from Congress?

ow many more years eyes closed 9 A.M. wake worrying

ne ulcer in my cheek is't cancer? Should I have charged Burroughs' biographer for photos

eprinted from 40 years ago? Miles the editor's stylistic competence OK

r Lit Hist Beat Generation? Should I rise & meditate r sleep in daylight recuperate flu? phone ringing half an hour ago /hat's on the Answer Machine? Give back Advances to Harper's? /ho promised deadlines for this photo book? Wasn't I up 2 A.M. revising Poems?

pontaneous verse?!? Take a plane to Greenland, visit Dublin?

EN Club meet May 17, decision Israeli Censorship Arabic Press?

all C—— O—— Yiddish translator poetress Zionist yenta?

Irite concentration camp expert moralist Elie Wiesel, what's his word Arabs shd throw words not stones?"—that quote accurate from the Times?

hould I get up right now, crosslegged scribbling Journals ith motor roar in street downstairs, stolen autos doctor'd at the curb r pull the covers over achy bones? How many years awake or sleepy ow many mornings to be or not to be?

ow many morning Mays to come, birds chirp insistent on six-story roofs?

uds rise in backyard cities? Forsythia yellow by brick walls & rusty bedsprings near the fence?

#### III

ow many Sundays wake and lie immobile eyes closed remembering Death,

A.M. Spring Sunlight out the window the noise a Nuyorican drunkard on the corner

eminds me of Peter, Naomi, my nephew Alan, am I mad myself, have always been so

raking in N.Y. 61st year to realize childless I am a motherless freak ke so many millions, worlds from Paterson Los Angeles to Amazon umans & Whales screaming in despair from Empire State Building top to Arctic Ocean bottom—?

May 1–3, 1988

### **Numbers in U.S. File Cabinet (Death Waits to Be Executed)**

00,000,000 buffalo 17th century on North American Plains

136,000,000,000 Farm Program costs encouraged chemical overuse 1980s decade

4,500,000 Agriculture Department research on Natural farm methods 1980s

00,000 National junkies

00,000 alcohol deaths yearly

85,000 tobacco deaths heart attack cancer a year

0,000 deaths "illicit substances" yearly

11,000,000,000 budget war on drugs 1990

,000,000,000 people on world malnourished diseased

,600,000 estimated American Homeless

00,000 mental patients dumped on streets 1970s–1980s

00 homeless slept outdoors Tompkins Park N.Y.C. July 29, 1989

7,000 meals served St. Peter's soup kitchen Morristown N.J.

10,000,000 man-made deaths Wars holocausts fatality camps XX Century

'-8° Fahrenheit increase earth temperature next century computers project

ambert 3-6606 Louis Ginsberg's phone for 20 years in Paterson N.J.

5 Decibels sound level ordinary speech

00 Decibels rock concert sound level

8,000,000 current cases hearing loss U.S.A.

,000 workers, Rocky Flats Nuclear Weapons Plant

300,000,000 yearly pay & benefits Rocky Flats Colorado

% Colorado manufacturing activity's at Rocky Flats Nuclear Facility

0 FBI agents raided Rocky Flats investigating 10,000 gallon toxic waste tanks 1989

100,000,000,000 to 200,000,000 estimate nuclear weapons complex cleanup costs

avings & Loan Association bankruptcy taxpayers' costs it says here \$500,000,000,000

0,000 Salvadorians killed in Civil War majority by Government Paramilitary Death Squads funded by U.S.A.

0,000 names Doris Lessing too on National Automated Immigration Lookout System barred entering U.S.A.

,000 citizens killed by Shining Path, Peru 1972–1979

,000 citizens disappeared in Government custody Peru 1972–1979

.S. produces 24% planetary Greenhouse gas, consumes 40% world's gasoline

2,000,000,000,000-plus U.S. National debt 1990 ante Iraq War

65 cost of Harry Smith's eyeglasses

0 largest World Cities by year 2000 none U.S.-European none speak English

in 10 Salvadorians displaced in decade's counterinsurgency war sun per known solar system

set Wisdom teeth

mother of all

wrong move

bad apple

way street

anus each

non-God

down 2 to go

# **Return of Kral Majales**

his silver anniversary much hair's gone from my head and I am the King of May

- nd tho I am King of May my howls & proclamations present are banned by FCC on America's electric airwaves 6 A.M. to midnight
- o King of May I return through Heaven flying to reclaim my paper crown
- nd I am King of May with high blood pressure, diabetes, gout, Bell's palsy, kidneystones & calm eyeglasses
- nd wear the foolish crown of no ignorance no wisdom anymore no fear no hope in capitalist striped tie & Communist dungarees
- o laughing matter the loss of the planet next hundred years
- nd I am the King of May returned with a diamond big as the universe an empty mind
- nd I am the King of May lacklove bouzerant in Springtime with a feeble practice of meditation
- nd I am King of May Distinguished Brooklyn English Professor singing
- ll gone all gone all overgone all gone sky-high now old mind so Ah!

  April 25, 1990

# **Elephant in the Meditation Hall**

es all spiritual groups scandal the shrine room

That about San Francisco Roshi & the board director's wife

That about high living limousine expense accounts in Moscow?

That about the late Rajneesh & poisoned gefilte fish in Oregon?

That's hiding under Rajneeshis' Orange skullcaps? Brains?

hen old L.A. Mountain Roshi even tap'd his young girls

nd East Coast Roshi's semen dribbled from Hawaii to the broom closets of the Catskills

laezumi Roshi caused grief his senseis' hearts wrung out with midnight sake & beer

ater he thanked them for A.A.

eteran Zenmaster with motorcycle & community farm chorale felt up little boys

a big guy too, tough as nails

emember a strange Mongolian Russian fruitcake Lama in Polk Gulch Bay Area?

ajracharya Trungpa! Dont mention the naked poet at the Halloween Party!

nd the whispered transmission regent died of AIDS (disciple a straight guy sick they say)

larxists were right, religion the people's opium!

ut who're *they* to talk lookit Mao a Marxist his picture on every Chinese wall & Little Red Book

herefore everyone stood up bedtime nites reciting his dread slogans?

hey still had pictures of Stalin on truckcab windows in Gori 1985 a scandal!

nd New Left carried psychedelic pictures of Mao, Che Guevara & Castro up and down Empire State's stairways

scandal of the sixties! And marvelous atheist Khmer Rouge read Marx Sartre & Erich Fromm,

ow many'd they murder with religious good intentions?

/hat US President hasn't sponsored war, Lumumba's assassination, an H-bomb,

illion dollar Savings & Loan mistakes? Scandals! taxpayers gotta subsi dize Banks!

ow we gotta digest Plutonium? how evacuate CIA?

candal hundreds homeless under Brooklyn Bridge freezing Xmas & New Year's Eve! Millions homeless in America!

Tho'll gotta pay for 500,000 U.S. boys & girls visiting Arabian Deserts?

Tho'll cough up billions for Iraq War to save a President's face? welve Billion dollars mickeymouse the year's drug wars?

l Salvador, Honduras, Guatemala we paid death squads for decades obody does anything right! Gods, Popes, Mullahs, Communists, Poets, Financiers!

ly own life, scandal! lazy bum! secondhand royal scarlet ties & Yves St. Laurent Salvation Army blazers

ow many boys let me caress their thighs!

ow many girls cursed my cold beard? I better commit suicide!

hat wouldn't work either, it'll be a beatnik scandal

fter Cassady's railroad track death, Joan Burroughs' bullet in head,

rlovsky sane in Bellevue 1st Ave., Kerouac's liver collapse & ruptured esophagus!

rapped in living nightmare, I made a big mistake I got born,

he world came out of a black hole, whole universe

scandal, illusion, everyone deluded, a cosmic elephant in the meditation planet,

eorge the IIIrd, Rasputin, Stalin, Warren Harding, Herbert Hoover, Hitler, the 13th Dalai Lama's Regent, Vice President Agnew,

onald Reagan delayed hostage release till the Elephant party's Inauguration Day

eorge Bush peddled coke for the contras in streetcorner banks downtown Panama City!

candals in Buddhafields? big mistakes in Hemispheres, on moons, Black Holes everywhere!

nyway, the national debt'll approach 4 trillion any day say the homeless on Tompkins Square.

July 12, 1990

## Poem in the Form of a Snake That Bites Its Tail

Oleta (Snake) River! Heron, Manatee, Osprey Canopy of white red &

black Mangroves

fighting for survival against

exotics introduced

by Europeans

Swamp fern covers the ground

by this Primordial Tidal

Zone,

Brown detritus under the

clear water

feeds animals and trees in

high and low tides

pulled by the moon,

cycles of lunar

reproduction following

waters flowing

in and out the

Intracoastal Waterway—

Barracuda come

in with the tides

Heron we'll see

Brazilian pepper

& Malalluca

from Australia

brought in by Mr. Gifford

first Doctor

of Tropical Agriculture

Malalluca

to dry out the swamps

& make truck farms

to feed the Northeast 1900—

# Dade County tomatoes & cabbage today—

Then real estate won out, that saved the swamp water supply This forest by Oleta River a tiny area untouched half a million vears— Interconnected to the coral reefs (as nutrient-rich protective soup for fish spawning) with a rubber tire, mucus soaked in the ooze Red mangrove seedlings growing on inland skirts at water edge roots like spindly buttresses

First Indians Tequesta
for 10–25,000 years—
left behind shell
tools
to make dugouts
Mikasuki and Seminole
were Creek Indians forced down
from North Carolina
by Sen. Jesse Helms

then driven inland from
Northern Florida
by the Army
—Indian middens
attest 100
years' occupation

The Seminole more warlike than the innocent Tequestas

Quiet in a canoe
Train whistle West
& airplane above
cottony clouds
in blue afternoon

Seminole and Mikasuki
accepted
runaway slaves
got in trouble with
the whites—
Abraham the Runaway showed Chief Osceola
guerrilla gunpowder—
Defied the U.S. Army—
Govt. fought 2 wars
against them—
first 1820 Andrew Jackson
fought in Florida
pushed Indians south
Second Seminole War
transported 2,000

Indians to Oklahoma

```
around 1840, the Trail of Tears

—200 managed to
escape into swamp
where white man had
yet no use for
the land
Indians
from before Columbus
& runaway slaves
Strange & perpetual
alliance
```

Otherwise we're all exotics like the Brazilian pepper and Australian pine

```
A brown heron
      flaps along the
          green surface
      to stand sentinel
         beak pointed out
   on a green lawn
         past the big rubber
                tree—
      tall stalky legs
         rising halfway
heavy slow
          on long wings
         the height of the big
          ficus' leafy
                umbrella whose
             thready prop roots hang
          over the concrete
          bank down to the brackish
```

water surface

Kids' & crows' voices (crows here for the season)

Water filled the coral, ojus,

limestone
a product trucked
out since
the railroad came down,
turn of the century

Trains a mile long
from rockpits now
at the edge of
the Everglades

Mikasuki Indians now hold cultural events Steve & Billy Tiger painter & musician

Seminoles more commercially oriented, invented Bingo on the reservation,
On land they control untax'd cigarettes

A local issue ecological!

We depend on Everglades
for water to
sustain our days—
Most of the body is
made up of water—
3–4 days without water
we die—
Everglades filters the
water Dade Broward
& Palm Beach County drink—
(Tricounty fresh
water—)

But Brazilian pepper seeds explode and cause mumbo-jumbo growth at waterside.

Exotic Malalluca trees—?
The developers like it
(it's cheap)
but they drink up water & their
flowers cause allergies
to Rochelle—

Red mangrove stains the water properly its own color

Are hyperindustrial White folks exotics to the planet now?

Here comes a duck that flies, sings & runs but doesn't do any of them well

El pato vuela, canta y corre, pero ninguno de las tres los hace bien.

Big yellow hibiscus faces
with red noses—
Venetian sailors
brought
venereal disease
to New World
now Millennial events
speed up?

Get off fossil fuels for transport Get off oil addiction Plastics could be recyclable

Zero Growth regenerative recycling as for thousands of years with the Tequesta Get off this disposable binge& water! dont mess up the Oleta River Dont play with the big Snake

Can live without air
8 minutes
Can live without water
2–4 days
can live without food
40–50 days—
Survive, clean up our
air
Clean up water
Grow enuf food to
keep everybody
alive

Instructors: any indigenous populations

(Miami Herald pervasive and controlling—)

Locally the Seminoles may be the Gurus.

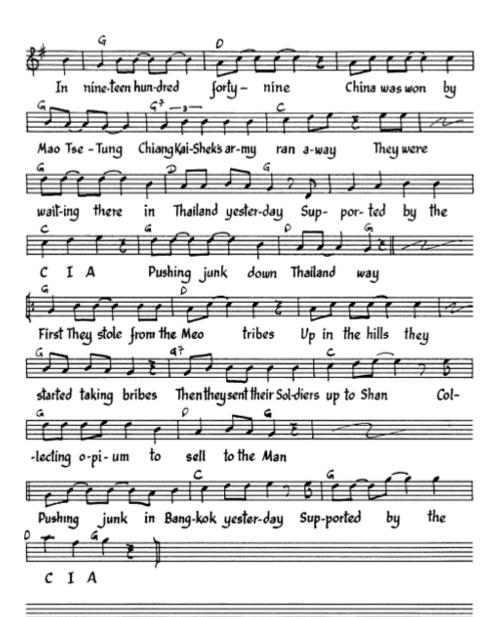
With Steven Bornstein November 16, 1990

## **Mistaken Introductions**

or this marvelous hi Lama followed in here by screaming madwoman charging she was betrayed 10 years ago on one of the moons of Saturn or, I want to introduce you to this universe which unfortunately doesn't quite exist. We set up luncheon at Rizzoli for the Tibetan photog who hadnt prepared his slides, it was a disaster— May I introduce you to your prospective son-in-law unfortunately today he's drunk unshaven but a good businessman tomorrow It's a magnificent hotel just this week there's no water to flush the toilet above the 10th floor where you're staying and we had a fire in the elevator

January 7, 1991

C.I.A. DOPE CALYPSO



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## **CIA Dope Calypso**

In nineteen hundred forty-nine China was won by Mao Tse-tung Chiang Kai-shek's army ran away They were waiting there in Thailand yesterday

Supported by the CIA
Pushing junk down Thailand way

First they stole from the Meo tribes Up in the hills they started taking bribes Then they sent their soldiers up to Shan Collecting opium to sell to The Man

Pushing junk in Bangkok yesterday Supported by the CIA

Brought their jam on mule trains down To Chiang Rai that's a railroad town Sold it next to police chief brain He took it to town on the choochoo train

Trafficking dope to Bangkok all day Supported by the CIA

The policeman's name was Mr. Phao He peddled dope grand scale and how Chief of border customs paid By Central Intelligence's U.S. A.I.D. The whole operation, Newspapers say Supported by the CIA

He got so sloppy & peddled so loose He busted himself & cooked his own goose Took the reward for an opium load Seizing his own haul which same he resold

Big-time pusher a decade turned grey Working for the CIA

Touby Lyfong he worked for the French A big fat man liked to dine & wench Prince of the Meos he grew black mud Till opium flowed through the land like a flood

Communists came and chased the French away So Touby took a job with the CIA

The whole operation fell into chaos Till U.S. Intelligence came into Laos I'll tell you no lie I'm a true American Our big pusher there was Phoumi Nosovan

All them princes in a power play But Phoumi was the man for the CIA

And his best friend General Vang Pao Ran our Meo army like a sacred cow Helicopter smugglers filled Long Cheng's bars In Xieng Quang province on the Plain of Jars It started in secret they were fighting yesterday Clandestine secret army of the CIA

All through the Sixties the Dope flew free Thru Tan Son Nhut Saigon to Marshal Ky Air America followed through Transporting confiture for President Thieu

All these Dealers were decades and yesterday The Indochinese mob of the U.S. CIA

Operation Haylift offisir Wm. Colby Saw Marshal Ky fly opium Mr. Mustard told me Indochina desk he was Chief of Dirty Tricks "Hitchhiking" with dope pushers was how he got his fix

Subsidizing traffickers to drive the Reds away Till Colby was the head of the CIA

January 1972

## II

## N.S.A. Dope Calypso

Now Richard Secord and Oliver North Hated Sandinistas whatever they were worth They peddled for the Contras to ease their pain They couldn't sell Congress so Contras sold cocaine

They discovered Noriega only yesterday Nancy Reagan & the CIA

Now coke and grass were exchanged for guns On a border airfield that John Hull runs Or used to run till his Costa Rican bust As a CIA spy trading Contra coke dust

They discovered Noriega only yesterday Nancy Reagan & the CIA

Ramón Milian Rodríguez of Medellín Cartel Laundered their dollars & he did it very well Hundreds of millions through U.S. banks Till he got busted and sang in the tank

It was buried in the papers only yesterday When Bush was Drug Czar U.S.A.

Milian told Congress \$3,000,000 coke bucks Went to Felix Rodríguez, CIA muck-a-muck To give to the Contras only Hush Hush Hush Except for Donald Gregg & his boss George Bush Buried in the papers only yesterday With Bush Vice President U.S.A.

Rodríguez met Bush in his office many times They didn't talk business, they drank lemon & limes Or maybe they drank coffee or they smoked a cigarette But cocaine traffic they remembered to forget

It was buried in the papers only yesterday And Bush got in the White House of the U.S.A.

Now when Bush was director of the C.I.A. Panama traffic in coke was gay You never used to hear George Bush holler When Noriega laundered lots of cocaine dollar

Bush paid Noriega, used to work together They sat on a couch & talked about the weather

Then Noriega doublecrossed his Company pal With a treaty taking back our Panama Canal So when he got into the big White House Bush said Noriega was a cocaine louse

The Cold War ended, East Europe found hope The U.S. got hooked in a war on dope

Glasnost came, East Europe got free So Bush sent his army to Panama City Bush's guns in Panama did their worst Like coke fiends fighting on St. Marks & First Does Noriega know Bush's Company crimes? In 2000 A.D. read the New York Times.

January-February 1990

## III

## **Just Say Yes Calypso**

When Schwarzkopf's Father busted Iran's Mossadegh They put in the Shah and his police the Savak They sucked up his oil, but got Ayatollah's dreck So Thirty years later we hadda arm Iraq

Though he used poison gas, Saddam was still our man But to aid the Contras, hadda also arm Iran

Mesopotamia was doing just fine Till the Ottoman Empire blew up on a mine They had apple orchards in Eden and Ur Till the Snake advised George Bush "This land is yours"

The Garden foul'd up, brimstone came down In the good old days we had plenty ozone

The British & Americans & Frenchmen all Took concessions in the Garden So the Garden took a fall Got addicted to Emirs and their fossil fuels Police state Sheiks & Intelligence ghouls

The Sphinx lost his nose, acid ate the Parthenon Pretty soon the Persian Gulf is dead and gone

The Saudi desert bloomed with oil pipe lines
To push the auto industry It's yours & it's mine
L.A. and Osaka got a habit on gas
In a bullet-proof Caddie you can really move your ass

L.A. & Osaka got a habit on gas In a bullet-proof Caddie you can really move your ass

From a Mickey-Mouse war on cocaine & crack We dropped a million bombs on the kids in Iraq How many we killed nobody wants to tell It'd give a lousy picture of a war they gotta sell

When they wave a yellow ribbon & an oily flag Just say yes or they'll call you a flag

April 25, 1991

## **Hum Bom!**

I
Whom bomb?
We bomb'd them!
Whom bomb?
We bomb'd them!
Whom bomb?
We bomb'd them!
Whom bomb?

We bomb'd them!

Whom bomb?
We bomb you!
Whom bomb?
We bomb you!
Whom bomb?
You bomb you!
Whom bomb?
You bomb you!

What do we do? Who do we bomb? What do we do? Who do we bomb? What do we do? Who do we bomb? Who do we bomb?

What do we do? You bomb! You bomb them! What do we do? You bomb! You bomb them! What do we do? We bomb! We bomb you! What do we do? You bomb! You bomb you!

Whom bomb?
We bomb you!
Whom bomb?
We bomb you!
Whom bomb?
You bomb you!
Whom bomb?
You bomb you!

May 1971

Π

## For Don Cherry

Whydja bomb?
We didn't wanna bomb!
Whydja bomb?
We didn't wanna bomb!
Whydja bomb?
You didn't wanna bomb!
Whydja bomb?
You didn't wanna bomb!

Who said bomb?
Who said we hadda bomb?
Who said bomb?
Who said we hadda bomb?
Who said bomb?

Who said you hadda bomb? Who said bomb? Who said you hadda bomb?

Who wantsa bomb?
We don't wanna bomb!
Who wantsa bomb?
We don't wanna bomb!
Who wantsa bomb?
We don't wanna bomb!
We don't wanna
we don't wanna
we don't wanna bomb!

Who wanteda bomb?
Somebody musta wanteda bomb!
Who wanteda bomb?
Somebody musta wanteda bomb!
Who wanteda bomb?
Somebody musta wanteda bomb!
Who wanteda bomb?
Somebody musta wanteda bomb!

They wanteda bomb!
They neededa bomb!
They wanteda bomb!
They neededa bomb!
They wanteda bomb!
They neededa bomb!
They wanteda bomb!
They wanteda bomb!
They meededa bomb!

They thought they hadda bomb! They thought they hadda bomb! They thought they hadda bomb! They thought they hadda bomb!

Saddam said he hadda bomb!
Bush said he better bomb!
Saddam said he hadda bomb!
Bush said he better bomb!
Saddam said he hadda bomb!
Bush said he better bomb!
Saddam said he hadda bomb!
Bush said he better bomb!

Whatdid he say he better bomb for? Whatdid he say he better bomb for? Whatdid he say he better bomb for? Whatdid he say he better bomb for?

Hadda get ridda Saddam with a bomb! Hadda get ridda Saddam with a bomb! Hadda get ridda Saddam with a bomb! Hadda get ridda Saddam with a bomb!

Saddam's still there building a bomb! Saddam's still there building a bomb! Saddam's still there building a bomb! Saddam's still there building a bomb!

III Armageddon did the job Gog & Magog Gog & Magog Armageddon did the job Gog & Magog Gog & Magog

Gog & Magog Gog & Magog Armageddon does the job Gog & Magog Gog & Magog Armageddon does the job

Armageddon for the mob Gog & Magog Gog & Magog Armageddon for the mob Gog & Magog Gog & Magog

Gog & Magog Gog & Magog Gog Magog Gog Magog Gog & Magog Gog & Magog Gog Magog Gog Magog

Gog Magog Gog Magog Gog Magog Gog Magog Gog Magog Gog Magog Gog Magog Gog Magog

Ginsberg says Gog & Magog Armageddon did the job.

February-June 1991

## Supplication for the Rebirth of the Vidyadhara Chögyam Trungpa, Rinpoche

Dear Lord Guru who pervades the space of my mind permeates the universe of my consciousness, still empties my balding head and's stabilized my wand'ring thought to average equanimity in Manhattan & Boulder

Return return reborn in spirit & knowledge in human body my own or others as continual Teacher of chaotic peace, Return according to your vow to pacify magnetize enrich destroy grasping angry stupidity in me my family friends & Sangha

Return in body speech & mind to enlighten my labors & the labors of your meditators, thousands from L.A. to Halifax to relieve sufferings of our brothers, lovers family, friends, fellow citizens, nations and planet.

Remember your vow to be with us on our deathbeds in living worlds where we dwell in your tender perspective breathe with your conscious breath, catch ourselves thinking & dissolve bomb dream, fear of our own skin & yelling argument in the sky of your mind

Bend your efforts to regroup our community within your thoughtbody

& mind-space, the effects of your non-thought, Turbulent ease of your spontaneous word & picture nonmeditative compassion your original mind

These slogans were writ on the second day of June 1991 a sleepless night my brother's 70th birthday on Long Island

my own sixty-fifth year in the human realm visiting his house by the Vajra Poet Allen Ginsberg supplicating protection of his Vajra Guru Chögyam Trungpa

June 2, 1991, 2:05 A.M.

# **After the Big Parade**

Millions of people cheering and waving flags for joy in Manhattan Yesterday've returned to their jobs and arthritis now Tuesday— What made them want so much passion at last, such mutual delight

Will they ever regain these hours of confetti'd ecstasy again? Have they forgotten the Corridors of Death that gave such victory? Will another hundred thousand desert deaths across the world be cause for the next rejoicing?

June 11, 1991, 2:30 P.M.

## **Big Eats**

ig deal bargains TV meat stock market news paper headlines love life Metropolis

loat thru air like thought forms float thru the skull, check the headlines catch the boyish ass that walks

efore you fall in bed blood sugar high blood pressure lower, lower, your lips grow cold.

ooner or later let go what you loved hated or shrugged off, you walk in the park

ou look at the sky, sit on a pillow, count up the stars in your head, get up and eat.

August 20, 1991

## **Not Dead Yet**

Huffing puffing upstairs downstairs telephone office mail checks secretary revolt—
The Soviet Legislative Communist bloc inspired Gorbachev's wife and Yeltsin to shut up in terror or stand on a tank in front of White House denouncing Putschists—
September breezes sway branches & leaves in a calm schoolyard under humid grey sky,
Drink your decaf Ginsberg old communist New York Times addict, be glad you're not Trotsky.

September 16, 1991

## **Yiddishe Kopf**

m Jewish because love my family matzoh ball soup.

m Jewish because my fathers mothers uncles grandmothers said "Jewish," all the way back to Vitebsk & Kaminetz-Podolska via Lvov.

ewish because reading Dostoyevsky at 13 I write poems at restaurant tables Lower East Side, perfect delicatessen intellectual.

ewish because violent Zionists make my blood boil, Progressive indignation.

ewish because Buddhist, my anger's transparent hot air, I shrug my shoulders.

ewish because monotheist Jews Catholics Moslems're intolerable intolerant—

lake sd. "6000 years of sleep" since antique Nobodaddy Adonai's mind trap—Oy! such Meshuggeneh absolutes—

enior Citizen Jewish paid my dues got half-fare card buses subways, discount movies—

an't imagine how these young people make a life, make a living.

ow can they stand it, going out in the world with only \$10 and a hydrogen bomb?

October 1991

#### John

Ι

No one liked my hair Mother pulled it toward the movies Father hit the top of my head Street gangs set it afire My dry hair, my short hair, black hair, drab hair my stupid hair—frizzled! Till I met John, John loved my hair Twined his fingers in my delicate curly locks Told me let it grow John buried his face in my hair kissed my hair Murmured endearments "Oh oh oh" to the top of my skull Patted me on the head Stroked me from crown to neck nape— Sat across from me on the subway and gazed at me lovingly—

#### II

They were whispering, elbows leaned on the wide marble balustrade balcony lobby of the Majestic Theater—talking Jerusalem, Moscow, Ballet, Quasars, Interest rates—John came down from his seat, stopped at the top stair—sat down, hands on his ears in despair—"I've stymied my feet!" "What" they asked, "you've stymied your feet? Whazzat mean?" John nodded his head, eyes closed, hands against his head as before, "I've stymied my feet," he repeated dolefully.

III John had AIDS. First, he began talking to himself. The psychiatrist said:
"If you're going to talk to yourself,
do it in the form of poetry."

November 7, 1991, 8:30 A.M.

#### A Thief Stole This Poem

hese days steal everything

eople steal your wallet, your watch

reak into your car steal your radio suitcase

reak in your house, your Sony Hi 8 your CD VCR Olympus XA

eople steal your life, catch you on the street & steal your head off

teal your sneakers in the toilet

teal your love, mug your boyfriend rape your grandmother on the subway

unkies steal your heart for medicine, they steal your credibility gap over the radio

okeheads & blackmen steal your comfort, peace of mind walking Avenue A your laundry package

eal your spirit, you gotta worry

uerto Ricans steal white skin from your face

Jasps steal your planet for junk bonds, Jews steal your Nobodaddy and leave their dirty God in your bed

rabs steal your pecker & you steal their oil

verybody's stealing from everyone else, time sex wristwatch money

teal your sleep 6 A.M. Garbage Trucks boomboxes sirens loud arguments hydrogen bombs

eal your universe.

December 19, 1991, 8:15 A.M.

## Lunchtime

Birds chirp in the brick backyard Radio piano chopping gentle chords next door A rush of tires & car exhaust on 14th Street Delighted to be alive this cloudy Thursday February window open at the kitchen table, Senior Citizen ready for next week's angiogram.

February 20, 1992, 1:15 P.M.

# **Deadline Dragon Comix**



## **After Lalon**

It's true I got caught in the world When I was young Blake tipped me off Other teachers followed: Better prepare for Death Don't get entangled with possessions That was when I was young, I was warned Now I'm a Senior Citizen and stuck with a million books a million thoughts a million dollars a million loves How'll I ever leave my body? Allen Ginsberg says, I'm really up shits creek

II
I sat at the foot of a
Lover
and he told me everything
Fuck off, 23 skidoo,
watch your ass,
watch your step
exercise, meditate, think
of your temper—
Now I'm an old man and
I won't live another

20 years maybe not another
20 weeks,
maybe the next second I'll
be carried off to
rebirth
the worm farm, maybe it's
already happened—
How should I know, says
Allen Ginsberg
Maybe I've been dreaming
all along—

Ш It's 2 A.M. and I got to get up early and taxi 20 miles to satisfy my ambition— How'd I get into this fix, this workaholic show biz meditation market? If I had a soul I sold it for pretty words If I had a body I used it up spurting my essence If I had a mind it got covered with Love— If I had a spirit I forgot when I was breathing If I had speech it was all a boast If I had desire it went out my anus If I had ambitions to be liberated how'd I get into this

wrinkled person?
With pretty words, Love essences,
breathing boasts, anal
longings, famous crimes?
What a mess I am, Allen Ginsberg.

V

4 A.M.

Then they came for me,
 I hid in the toilet stall
They broke down the toilet door
 It fell in on an innocent boy
Ach the wooden door fell
 in on an innocent kid!
I stood on the bowl & listened,
 I hid my shadow,
they shackled the other and
 dragged him away
in my place— How long can

I get away with this? Pretty soon they'll discover I'm not there They'll come for me again, where can I hide my body? Am I myself or some one else or nobody at all? Then what's this heavy flesh this weak heart leaky kidney? Who's been doing time for 65 years in this corpse? Who else went into ecstasy besides me? Now it's all over soon, what good was all that come? Will it come true? Will it really come true?

VI
I had my chance and lost it,
many chances & didn't
take them seriously enuf.
Oh yes I was impressed, almost
went mad with fear
I'd lose the immortal chance,
One lost it.
Allen Ginsberg warns you
dont follow my path
to extinction.

#### **Get It?**

et beat up on TV squirming on the ground for driving irregular

et bombed in Philadelphia by helicopters with your little babies

et kicked in the street by Newark police and charged w/riot

et assassinated by a jerk while FBI sleeps with itself

et shot by a stringer for the CIA & blame it on Fair Play for Cuba Committee

et bumped off by an errandboy for Cuban drug kingpins, friend of the Feds & Dallas cops

et caught paying off Contras with coke money while Acting U.S. Drug War Czar

et busted for overcharging Iranians on secret warplane sales

et convicted of lying to Congress about off-the-shelf dirty wars in Central America

et 12 billion dollars for a drug bureaucracy and double the number of addicts

et a million people in prison in the land of the free

et the electric chair & gas chamber for unpopular crimes

rganize *Citizens for Decency Through Law* rob your own phony bank several billion dollars get sent to jail

May 1992 New York

### **Angelic Black Holes**

By Andrey Voznesensky

Soul to crotch the streets commit hara-kiri, urnt-out stores chessboard moonlit households, he City of Angels stares into black holes—ee down through Earth to scorched Nagorno-Karabakh. ow long is the tunnel of pain? oes God need Welfare?

ven so, remembering the sheen on Peredelkino's black gooseberries, odney King's name sounds Russian, *rodnik* for ground-spring. s for me who crapped up my own homeland ow lay the blame on anybody else? ain & ashes seal my lips. he two superpowers left the Little Man supersufferings. s—blown to hell. You—immolate yourselves in flame?

ny light at the end of the tunnel of pain?

Translated by Allen Ginsberg and Nina Bouis May 17, 1992 Los Angeles

#### Research

esearch has shown that black people have inferiority complexes regarding white folks

esearch has shown that Jews are exclusively concerned with financial lasciviousness

esearch has shown Socialism to be a universal failure wherever practiced by secret police

esearch has shown that Earth was created 4004 B.C., a Divine Bang

esearch has shown that sparrows, bees, lizards, chickens, pigs & cows exhibit signs of homosexual behavior when in prison

esearch has shown Southern Baptist Inerrancy Confession the most virulent form of Christian Truth

esearch has shown that 90% of people going to Dentists have bad teeth

rush your teeth violently 3 times a day after meals wear away the roots

esearch has shown that Hollywood makes the best films ever, the sexually degenerate

nat the U.N. is Good □ Bad □ Indifferent □ for American interests Check One

esearch has shown that Christian Reconstructionist homosexuality is Sin, Lesbianism crime against nature, AIDS a plague sent to punish gay Angelmakers

isexuality disapproved by 51% Americans

esearch has shown that teen headshakers watching TV get more IQ tests than natives of Amazon & Ucayali rivers who have no antennae esearch has shown whales & porpoises to subscribe to a Higher Intelligence

esearch has shown that Elitist Individualism Spiritual Corruption & Degenerate Art caused Dictatorships in Soviet Union China and

#### Germany

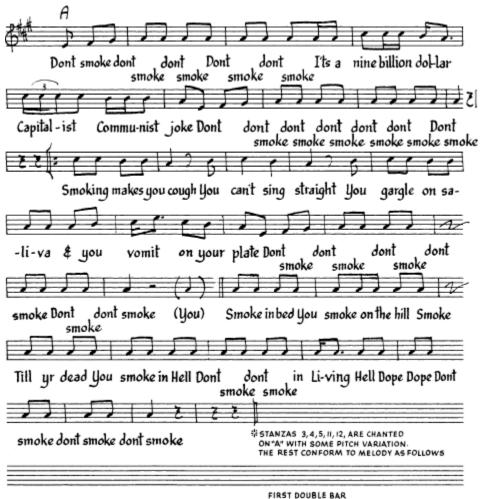
nat possession of pornography by American Family Institute has resulted in 35% increase in sex crimes among institute librarians

iewing murderous behavior on TV sitcoms resulted in 100% increased violent language behavior by intercontinental Heads of State

o conclude research has shown that the material universe does not exist

May 20, 1992

#### PUT DOWN YOUR CIGARETTE RAG



FIRST DOUBLE BAR

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#### **Put Down Your Cigarette Rag (Dont Smoke)**

Dont smoke dont smoke
Dont smoke
It's a nine billion dollar
Capitalist Communist joke
Dont smoke dont smoke dont smoke
Dont smoke

Smoking makes you cough,
You cant sing straight
You gargle on saliva
& vomit on your plate
Dont smoke dont smoke dont smoke,
Dont smoke smoke smoke

You smoke in bed
You smoke on the hill
Smoke till yr dead
You smoke in Hell
Dont smoke dont smoke in living Hell Dope Dope
Dont smoke dont smoke

You puff your fag
You suck your butt
You choke & gag
Teeth full of crud
Smoke smoke smoke Dont dont dont
Dont Dont Dope Dope Dope Dont Smoke Dont Dope

Pay your two bucks for a deathly pack

Trust your bad luck
& smoke in the sack
Dont Smoke Dont Smoke Nicotine Nicotine No
No dont smoke the official Dope Smoke Dope

Black magic pushes dope Sexy chicks in cars America loses hope & smokes and drinks in bars

Dont smoke dont smoke dont smoke, dont smoke dont dont dont choke choke choke kaf kaf Kaf Kaf Choke Choke Choke Choke Dope

Communism's flopped Let's help the Soviet millions Sell 'em our Coffin-Nails & make a couple billions

Big Bucks Big Bucks bucks
bucks smoke smoke smoke smoke
smoke bucks smoke bucks Dope bucks big
Dope Bucks Dig Big Dope Bucks Big Dope
Bucks dont smoke big dope bucks
Dig big Pig dope bucks

Nine billion bucks a year
a Southern Industry
Buys Senator Jesse Fear who pushes Tobacco subsidy
In the Senate Foreign Relations Committee
Dope smokes dope smokes dont smoke dont smoke
Cloak cloak cloak room cloak & dagger
smoke room cloak room dope cloak
cloak room dope cloak room dope dont smoke

Nine billion bucks for dope approved by Time & Life America loses hope The President smokes Tobacco votes Dont Smoke dont smoke dont smoke Dont smoke nope nope nope

20 thousand die of cokeIllegal speed each year400 thousand cigarette deathsThat's the drug to fearDont smoke Dont smoke

Get Hooked on Cigarettes
Go Fight the War on Drugs
Smoke any other Weed
Get bust by Government Thugs
Dont smoke dont smoke the official dope

If you will get in bed & give your girlfriend head then you wont want a fag Nor evermore a drag Dont Smoke dont smoke Hope Hope Hope O Please Dont Smoke O Please O Please I'm calling on my knees

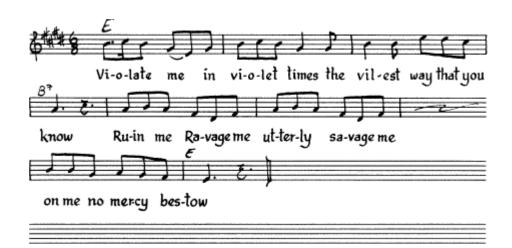
Wenty-four hours in bed
give your boyfriend head
Put something in your mouth
Like skin not cigarette filth
Suck tit suck tit suck cock suck cock
suck clit suck prick suck it
but dont smoke nicotine dont smoke
dont smoke nicotine nicotine it's
too obscene dont smoke dont smoke
nicotine suck cock suck prick suck tit
suck clit suck it But don't smoke shit nope
nope nope nope Dope Dope Dope
the official dope Dont Smoke

Make believe yer sick Stay in bed and lick yr cigarette habit greed One day's all you need

In deed in deed in deed smoke weed smoke weed Put something green in between but don't smoke smoke dont smoke hope hope hope Nicotine dont smoke the official dope Dope Dope Dope Don't Smoke

1971; June 21, 1992

#### VIOLENT COLLABORATIONS



#### **Violent Collaborations**

Violate me
in violet times
the vilest way that you know
Ruin me
Ravage me
utterly savage me
on me no mercy bestow

—OLD SONG, 1944

Trespass against me & penetrate deeply Spare me not even your rape Tie me up quickly make me smile sickly Seal up my mouth with scotch tape

—AG

Piss on me Crap on me
Wipe your fat ass on me
Make me a creature you loathe
Sorely harass me
Dont even ask me
But deal me your ultimate blow

—PH

Ignore me & stomp on me Crack your big whip on me Make me get down on my knees Order me suck your dick spank me & do it quick Shove it in deep as you please

—AG & PH

Stun me & shun me slave me & shave me Give me your loathsome disease Fuck me & fist me in your army enlist me Poop on me when you're at ease

—AG & PH

Degrade & debase me in public deface me come on my beard in the mud Double me over in summertime clover then hose me down w/your stud

—AG & PH With Peter Hale June 1992

#### **Calm Panic Campaign Promise**

End of Millennium

Earth's decay—

Fire Air Water tainted

We're the Great Beast—

Dark bed thoughts

Can't do anything to stop it—

Denial in Government, in Newspapers of Record—

Like watching gum disease & not brushing teeth

Getting heart failure, no rest much stress

Putting salt on your greasy pork

Putting sugar in coffee you're diabetic

Dysesthesia on foot soles

Poor circulation smoke more cigarettes

Kick your son under the table have another beer

Need President who'll reverse the denial—

The Calm Panic Party to restore nature's balance.

July 9, 1992, 12:55 A.M.

#### **Now and Forever**

I'll settle for Immortality— Not thru the body Not thru the eyes Star-spangled high mountains waning moon over Aspen peaks But thru words, thru the breath of long sentences loves I have, heart beating still, inspiration continuous, exhalation of cadenced affection These immortal survive America, survive the fall of States Departure of my body, mouth dumb dust This verse broadcasts desire, accomplishment of Desire Now and forever boys can read girls dream, old men cry Old women sigh youth still come.

> July 19, 1992 Aspen

#### Who Eats Who?

A crow sits on the prayerflagpole,
her mate blackwinged walks the wet green grass, worms?
Yesterday seagulls skimmed the choppy waves,
feet touching foamed breakers
looking for salmon? halibut? sole?
Bacteria eat parameciums or vice versa,
viruses enter cells, white cell count low—
Tooth & claw on TV, lions strike down antelope—
Whales sift transparent krill thru bearded teeth.
Every cannibal niche fulfilled, Amazon
headhunters eat testicles—
Enemy's powers & energy become mine!

August 13, 1992 Gampo Abbey, Nova Scotia

#### The Charnel Ground

... rugged and raw situations, and having accepted them as part of your home ground, then some spark of sympathy or compassion could take place. You are not in a hurry to leave such a place immediately. You would like to face the facts, realities of that particular world. ...

FROM A COMMENTARY ON THE SADHANA OF MAHAMUDRA, Chögyam TRUNGPA, RINPOCHE

pstairs Jenny crashed her car & became a living corpse, Jake sold grass, the white-bearded potbelly leprechaun silent climbed their staircase

x-janitor John from Poland averted his eyes, cheeks flushed with vodka, wine who knew what

s he left his groundfloor flat, refusing to speak to the inhabitant of Apt. 24

'ho'd put his boyfriend in Bellevue, calling police, while the artistic Buddhist composer

n sixth floor lay spaced out feet swollen with water, dying slowly of AIDS over a year—

he Chinese teacher cleaned & cooked in Apt. 23 for the homosexual poet who pined for his gymnast

nighs & buttocks— Downstairs th' old hippie flower girl fell drunk over the banister, smashed her jaw—

er son despite moderate fame cheated of rocknroll money, twenty thousand people in stadiums

neering his tattooed skinhead murderous Hare Krishna vegetarian drum lyrics—

lary born in the building rested on her cane, heavy-legged with heart failure on the second landing, no more able

- vacation in Caracas & Dublin— The Russian landlady's husband from concentration camp disappeared again—nobody mentioned he'd died—
- enants took over her building for hot water, she couldn't add rent & pay taxes, wore a long coat hot days
- lone & thin on the street carrying groceries to her crooked apartment silent—
- ne poet highschool teacher fell dead mysterious heart dysrhythmia, konked over
- ı his mother's Brooklyn apartment, his first baby girl a year old, wife stoical a few days—
- neir growling noisy little dog had to go, the baby cried—
- leanwhile the upstairs apartment meth head shot cocaine & yowled up and down
- ast 12th Street, kicked out of Christine's Eatery till police cornered him, 'top a hot iron steamhole
- ear Stuyvesant Town Avenue A telephone booth calling his deaf mother—sirens speed the way to Bellevue—
- ast whispering grass crack salesman jittering in circles on East 10th Street's
- Japanese Sushi Bar—& they poured salt into potato soup heart failure vats at KK's Polish restaurant
- -Garbage piled up, nonbiodegradable plastic bags emptied by diabetic sidewalk homeless
- oking for returnable bottles recycled dolls radios half-eaten hamburgers—thrown-away Danish—
- n 13th Street the notary public sat in his dingy storefront, driver's lessons & tax returns prepared on old metal desks—
- unnysides crisped in butter, fries & sugary donuts passed over the luncheonette counter next door—

he Hispanic lady yelled at the rude African-American behind the Post Office window

waited all week my welfare check you sent me notice I was here yesterday

want to see the supervisor bitch dont insult me refusing to look in—" losed eyes of Puerto Rican wino lips cracked skin red stretched out n the pavement, naphtha backdoor open for the Korean family dry cleaners at the 14th Street corner—

on Ed workmen drilled all year to bust electric pipes 6 feet deep in brown dirt

o cars bottlenecked wait minutes to pass the M14 bus stopped midroad, heavy dressed senior citizens step down in red rubble

ith Reduced Fare Program cards got from grey city Aging Department offices downtown up the second flight by elevators don't work—

ews comes on the radio, they bomb Baghdad and the Garden of Eden again?

million starve in Sudan, mountains of eats stacked on docks, local gangs & U.N.'s trembling bureaucrat officers sweat near the equator arguing over

heat piles shoved by bulldozers—Swedish doctors ran out of medicine— The Pakistan taxi driver

lys Salman Rushdie must die, insulting the Prophet in fictions—

No that wasn't my opinion, just a character talking like in a poem no judgment"—

Not till the sun rejects you do I," so give you a quarter by the Catholic church 14th St. you stand half drunk

raving a plastic glass, flush-faced, live with your mother a wounded look on your lips, eyes squinting,

eceding lower jaw sometimes you dry out in Bellevue, most days cadging dollars for sweet wine

y the corner where Plump Blindman shifts from foot to foot showing his white cane, rattling coins in a white paper cup some weeks

here girding the subway entrance construction sawhorses painted orange

uard steps underground— And across the street the NYCE bank machine cubicle door sign reads

ot in Operation as taxis bump on potholes asphalt mounded at the crossroad when red lights change green

I'm on my way uptown to get a CAT scan liver biopsy, visit the cardiologist,

count for high blood pressure, kidneystones, diabetes, misty eyes & dysesthesia—

eling lack in feet soles, inside ankles, small of back, phallus head, anus—

Id age sickness death again come round in the wink of an eye—igh school youth the inside skin of my thighs was silken smooth tho obody touched me there back then—

cross town the velvet poet takes Darvon N, Valium nightly, sleeps all day kicking methadone

etween brick walls sixth floor in a room cluttered with collages & gold dot paper scraps covered

ith words: "The whole point seems to be the idea of giving away the giver."

August 19, 1992

# **Everyday**

The Lama sat in bed with bamboo backscratcher his false teeth in a big glass of water on the sunny windowsill.

August 1992

#### **Fun House Antique Store**

I'd been motoring through States & stopped at a country antique store, an old-fashioned house, in excellent condition— Flower'd wallpaper, polished banisters lampshades dusted, candelabra burnished flaming quiet by the cloak closet under the stairs, pitcher of water & white washbowls beside the french doors embroidered doilies & artificial flowers ivory & light brown on mahogany side tables, a brass bowl for cards, kitchen with polished stove cold ready at Summer's end to light up with split wood & kindling in buckets beside the empty fireplace, tongs & screen in neat order. The second floor as perfectly appointed as the fover (set with hat & cane rack & mirror) stairway rugs & oaken doors, down beds a glass-front bookcase, brown shiny bureaus, drawers crammed with old ties & bloomers, celluloid collars, some long-sleeved underwear, silk & paisley shirts & shawls—and the stairs to the third-floor attic rose five steep steps into a blank wall nicely wallpapered with roses.

What a delicate touch, trompe l'oeil artistry, what charming care & magical consciousness arranged this antique shop, so practical for display as Bed-and-Breakfast wayfarer's stop-over & lampshade collector's twee daydream—Yet it was a modern commercial establishment we'd entered casually on our own road through Maryland to see our lawyer in D.C.—

One attendant who observed us admiring his home appointments watched us turn to go—
I wished to make a speech: "Congratulations on your work of Ahrt, your antique care & delicate intelligence, as if Messrs. McDermott & McGough photographed the 1880s entire & built it in 3-D renewed at millennium's end—"

So I orated on but the attendants conferred, minds elsewhere, only one scion of the house moon-faced thirtysomething sat legs spread on the fake stairway & applauded our appreciation & delight—& so we left to go, our party on its way to the postmodern Capital.

August 31, 1992

#### **News Stays News**

Diana & Roger Napoleon's real estate empire extended up to the Napoleon Castle Hotel's penthouse stainless steel & gold doorknobs bathtubs bars & windowsills But Roger got Alzheimer's & couldn't keep his money books straight Diana went to jail for back taxes & cheating at cards Lost control of her castle, lawyers ate her Empire She got sick & spent years maintaining her body, skin growths, liver failure, kidney disturbances, upset stomach But the castle of flesh ceased to function She was left inside with her soul.

What is that? Where will it go? Who am I? asked Napoleon in bed, eyes closing for the last time on St. Helena.

September 7, 1992, 3:00 P.M.

#### **Autumn Leaves**

t 66 just learning how to take care of my body
/ake cheerful 8 A.M. & write in a notebook
sing from bed side naked leaving a naked boy asleep by the wall
ix miso mushroom leeks & winter squash breakfast,
heck bloodsugar, clean teeth exactly, brush, toothpick, floss,
mouthwash
il my feet, put on white shirt white pants white sox
t solitary by the sink
moment before brushing my hair, happy not yet
be a corpse.

September 13, 1992, 9:50 A.M.

# In the Benjo

To G.S.

Reading No Nature in the toilet
Sitting down, absorbed
 page after page, forgetting
time, forgetting my bottom
 relax, detritus
 flopping out into water
—better than pushing and squeezing,
 nervous, self-conscious—
better forget and read a book,
 let your behind take care of itself
better than hemorrhoids, a good volume
 of poetry.

October 23, 1992, 11:00 A.M.

#### **American Sentences**

Tompkins Square Lower East Side N.Y.

Four skinheads stand in the streetlight rain chatting under an umbrella.

1987

\* \* \*

Bearded robots drink from Uranium coffee cups on Saturn's ring.

May 1990

\* \* \*

On Hearing the Muezzin Cry Allah Akbar While Visiting the Pythian Oracle at Didyma Toward the End of the Second Millennium

At sunset Apollo's columns echo with the bawl of the One God.

\* \* \*

Crescent moon, girls chatter at twilight on the busride to Ankara.

\* \* \*

The weary Ambassador waits relatives late at the supper table.

\* \* \*

To be sucking your thumb in Rome by the Tiber among fallen leaves ...

June 1990

\* \* \*

ainy night on Union Square, full moon. Want more poems? Wait till I'm dead.

August 8, 1990, 3:30 A.M.

\* \* \*

Approaching Seoul by Bus in Heavy Rain

et used to your body, forget you were born, suddenly you got to get out!

August 1990

\* \* \*

Put on my tie in a taxi, short of breath, rushing to meditate.

November 1991 New York

\* \* \*

Taxi ghosts at dusk pass Monoprix in Paris 20 years ago.

\* \* \*

he young stud who dreamt I "dick'd his ass" asked me to take him to supper.

\* \* \*

wo blocks from his hotel in a taxi the fat Lama punched out his mugger.

\* \* \*

can still see Neal's 23-year-old corpse when I come in my hand.

January 1992 Amsterdam

\* \* \*

Naropa Hot Tub

he ocean is full of naked young boys and Neptune-bearded old men.

\*July 1992\*\*

\* \* \*

e stands at the church steps a long time looking down at new white sneakers—

etermined, goes in the door quickly to make his Sunday confession.

September 21, 1992

\* \* \*

he midget albino entered the hairy limousine to pipi.

September 25, 1992 Modesto

\* \* \*

hat grey-haired man in business suit and black turtleneck thinks he's still young.

December 19, 1992

#### **Notes**

These reference notes may be of use to younger readers & translators not familiar with ephemeral news situations or translated & esoteric texts.

# Title page epigraph

Section 2, "Discussion on Making All Things Equal," *Chuang Tzu Basic Writings*, trans. Burton Watson (New York: Columbia University Press, 1964), p. 42.

#### (p. 937) Improvisation in Beijing

Discourse at Chinese Writers Association conference with American Academy of Arts and Letters on "Sources of Inspiration," Beijing, October 1984. Improvised from notes, transcribed from tape, lightly edited.

### (p. 941) Prologue: Visiting Father & Friends

See "At the Grave of My Father," Louis Ginsberg, *Collected Poems*, ed. Michael Fournier, Introduction Eugene Brooks, Afterword Allen Ginsberg (Orono, Maine: Northern Lights, 1992).

# (p. 947) On the Conduct of the World

Roque Dalton: Salvadorian poet-hero-martyr (1935–1975) was liquidated by fellow FMLN revolutionists for tactical differences of

opinion.

Velemir Khlebnikov (1885–1922), *Snake Train* (Ann Arbor: Ardis House, 1976). The classic Futurist poet perished after returning by train from Pyatigorsk to Moscow, "weakened by malnutrition and repeated bouts of typhus and malaria." See *The King of Time, Selected Writings of the Russian Futurian*, trans. Paul Schmidt (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1983).

### (p. 951) Spot Anger

"Drive All Blames into One"—i.e., oneself. Jamgon Kongtrul, *The Great Path of Awakening. A Commentary on the Mahayana Teaching of the Seven Points of Mind Training*, trans. Ken McLeod (Boston: Shambhala Press, 1987). Original text by Atisa.

#### (p. 952) London Dream Doors

"God sent him to sea for pearls": "For in my nature I quested for beauty, but God, God hath sent me to sea for pearls." Christopher Smart, *Jubilate Agno*, ed. W. H. Bond (New York: Greenwood Press, 1969).

# (p. 954) Cosmopolitan Greetings

Response to Macedonian request for message to Struga Evenings of Poetry festival, on receiving 1986 Golden Laurel Wreath prize.

"Molecule/clinking against molecule.": See "Winter Night," *Attila Józef's Selected Poems and Texts*, trans. John Bátki (Iowa City: International Writing Program, University of Iowa, 1976).

First Thought, Best Thought, Chögyam Trungpa (Boston: Shambhala Press, 1984).

"If the mind is shapely, the art will be shapely": Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg, conversation 1958, Cherry Plains, N.Y.

#### (p. 957) Fifth Internationale

See the "Internationale," former Soviet national anthem:

"Arise ye prisoners of starvation, Arise ye wretched of the earth, For justice thunders condemnation, A better world's in birth," etc.

Crazy Wisdom: i.e., wild wisdom "whispered lineage," characteristic of Kagyu school, Tibetan Buddhism. See Chögyam Trungpa, Rinpoche, *Crazy Wisdom* (Boston: Shambhala Press, 1992).

#### (p. 959) Europe, Who Knows?

Russian Chernobyl translates literally as "wormwood."

# (p. 960) "Graphic Winces"

Collaboration with Brooklyn College M.F.A. Writing Workshop, Fall 1986, and Bob Rosenthal.

# (p. 961) Imitation of K.S.

Jack Micheline, *Skinny Dynamite* (San Francisco: Second Coming Press, 1980). Story by the poet-painter.

# (p. 967) On Cremation of Chögyam Trungpa

Cremation ceremony took place at Karme-Chöling Retreat Center, Barnet, Vermont.

#### (p. 969) Nanao

Written for back jacket copy, *Break the Mirror: The Poems of Nanao Sakaki* (San Francisco: North Point Press, 1987).

#### (p. 976) Salutations to Fernando Pessoa

See "Salutation to Walt Whitman," *The Poems of Fernando Pessoa*, trans. Edwin Honig and Susan M. Brown (New York: Ecco Press, 1987).

### (p. 979) May Days 1988

"Arabs should throw words not stones," Elie Wiesel, quoted in *New York Post* sometime 1988.

#### (p. 984) Return of Kral Majales

See "Kral Majales," p. 353 and notes, *Collected Poems 1947–1980* (New York: Harper & Row, 1984).

Sen. Jesse Helms & Heritage Foundation's October 1988 law directed Federal Communications Commission to enforce 24-hour ban on "indecent" language over all airwaves, declared unconstitutional by subsequent court decisions. At poem's writing, ban extended 6:00 A.M. to midnight. Court decisions 1993 froze ban as of 6:00 A.M. to 8:00 P.M., leaving as "safe harbor" late evening to 6:00 A.M. Daytime broadcast for students (& adults) reading the author's "questionable" poems in schools is now forbidden by law.

All gone all gone ...: version of *Prajnaparamita*, Highest Perfect Wisdom, 17-syllable Sanskrit mantra: "Gate Gate Paragate Parasamgate Bodhi Svaha."

### (p. 985) Elephant in the Meditation Hall

"As late as 1988, 333 House members and 61 Senators hosted significant donations from Savings & Loan lobbyists." "S & L Scandal: The Gang's all Here," by Mary Fricher and Steve Pizzo, *New York Times* Op-Ed, July 27, 1990.

# (p. 987) Poem in the Form of a Snake That Bites Its Tail

Ojus: hard coral limestone formations, North Miami area, Florida.

# (p. 997) CIA Dope Calypso

See New York Times, March 12, 1989:

#### HULL BAILED OUT IN COSTA RI CA

San Jose, Costa Rica, March 10 (AP)—American-born John Hull, who has been linked to Nicaraguan rebel supply network, was released from prison Friday after he posted \$37,000 bail, his attorney said. The 69-year-old Mr. Hull, who was jailed on Jan. 13 on charges of drug trafficking and violating Costa Rican security, was freed soon after friends collected bail money. Mr. Hull has lived in Costa Rica for 20 years. He is accused of allowing his ranch to be used by the Nicaraguan contras and of narcotics trafficking between 1982–1985.

Part I originally published in *First Blues* (New York: Full Court Press, 1979). Here two additional sections update events. For scholarly history of government intelligence involvement with drug trafficking to aid or fund "off-the-shelf" secret & illegal operations, including most references in "CIA Dope Calypso," see Alfred McCoy, *The Politics of Heroin* (Brooklyn: Lawrence Hill Books, 1991), to which poet contributed research.

# (p. 1002) Just Say Yes Calypso

After aiding CIA overthrow of Iran's legal Premier Mohammed Mossadegh, General N. Schwarzkopf's father, Norman Schwarzkopf, Sr., trained the Shah's dreaded secret police, the Savak. See "Capitol Air," *Collected Poems 1947–1980; Lies of Our Times*, vol. 2, no. 2 (February 19, 1991) (New York: Sheridan Square Press); and James Breslin, "A Son Follows Suit in the Matter of Oil," *New York Newsday*, September 9, 1990.

#### (p. 1004) Hum Bom!

Part I and shorter version of Part II were published in *Collected Poems 1947–1980*. Additional verses added 1991.

### (p. 1011) Big Eats

Mahamudra poetics exercise suggested by Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso, Rinpoche, Rocky Mountain Dharma Center, Summer 1991. The first of five verses, 21 syllables each, begins in "neurotic confusion" (Samsara), the last concludes grounded in "ordinary mind" (Dharmakaya).

### (p. 1019) After Lalon

Lalon Shah (1774–1890), Bengali Baul singer, devotional forerunner of Rabindranath Tagore. See *Songs of Lalon Shah*, trans. Abu Rushd (Dhaka: Bangla Academy Press, 1991).

### (p. 1024) Get It?

Verse 1: Ref Rodney King videotape beating and police trials, Los Angeles 1992–93.

Verse 3: Ref. Police frame-up of political poet Amiri Baraka, 1966, later thrown out of court.

Verse 4: Ref. J. Edgar Hoover's amative relationship with assistant Clyde Tolson and his withholding of Kennedy assassination information from Warren Commission. See Curt Gentry, *J. Edgar Hoover: The Man and His Secrets* (New York: Penguin, 1991); and Anthony Summers, *Official and Confidential: The Secret Life of J. Edgar Hoover* (New York: Putnam, 1993).

Verse 5: Ref Oswald's role as government intelligence informant within Fair Play for Cuba Committee.

Verse 6: Ref. Jack Ruby, courier to Cuba for Mafioso boss Santos Trafficante, Jr., former drug lord of Havana.

Verse 7: See "N.S.A. Dope Calypso" pp. 58–59, stanzas 3–6, and note.

Verse 8: Ref. Oliver North, Richard Secord, etc.

Verse 9: Ref. Elliott Abrams, former Assistant Secretary of State for Latin America, pardoned by outgoing President Bush 1992 after guilty plea to withholding Iran-contra scam information from Congress.

Verse 13: Charles H. Keating, Jr., 69, founder, Cincinnati Citizens for Decent Literature, later Citizens for Decency Through Law, was convicted 1993 on state and federal charges of swindling investors, fraud, and racketeering in collapse of Lincoln Savings and Loan Association. "The collapse of Lincoln, which was based in Irvine, California, in early 1989 is estimated to have cost taxpayers \$2.5 billion" (New York Times, September 4, 1992). Along with pedophile Father Joseph Ritter, former director of wayward youths' Covenant House, Keating was outstanding homophobe on President Reagan's Meese Commission on Pornography.

#### (p. 1026) *Research*

Verse 6: Rev. W. A. Criswell, mentor of TV Bible evangelist fundraising theopoliticians Jimmy Swaggart, Pat Robertson, Jerry Falwell, and Billy Graham, decrees the Bible 100 percent "Inerrant."

Verse 11: John Rousas Rushdoony, fundamentalist author, leader of Chalcedon Foundation's Christian Reconstructionist exertions, disapproves homosexual emotions.

#### (p. 1029) Put Down Your Cigarette Rag

Originally published in *First Blues* (New York: Full Court Press, 1975). Here updated statistics, additional stanzas.

#### (p. 1033) Violent Collaborations

Epigraph remembered from 1940s college days, heard by classmate from his mother, perhaps 1920s flappers' ditty.

#### (p. 1038) The Charnel Ground

Epigraph and final quotation, "The whole point seems to be the idea of giving away the giver," taken from lectures on *The Sadhana of Mahamudra*, by Ven. Chögyam Trungpa, Rinpoche, Karma Dzong, December 1973, privately printed.

# (p. 1047) In the Benjo

Gary Snyder, *No Nature: New and Selected Poems* (New York: Pantheon, 1992).

#### (p. 1048) American Sentences

On Hearing the Muezzin Cry Allah Akbar While Visiting the Pythian Oracle at Didyma Toward the End of the Second Millennium

Didyma, Asia Minor's shore site where Magna Mater and Pythian oracle were displaced by Judeo-Christian-Islamic Father God. In response to imperial Roman request for prophecy circa 4th century A.D., the oracle's last utterance declared the gods had departed, Apollo no longer inhabited the temple's pillars.

Rainy night on Union Square ... Answering office mail late night, response to request from little magazine.

#### (p. 1049) Approaching Seoul by Bus in Heavy Rain

Bus over steep mountains from Kangnung to Seoul one rainy night was delayed along precipice by a mile of ambulance lights marking crash of bus I'd missed, scheduled an hour earlier.

Monoprix, familiar department store, onetime right bank of Seine across from Place St. Michel.

# **DEATH & FAME POEMS 1993–1997**



Edited by Bob Rosenthal, Peter Hale, and Bill Morgan Foreword by Robert Creeley Afterword by Bob Rosenthal Thanks to the hospital editors, variants of these writings were printed first in: Aftonbladet, Allen Ginsberg e Il Saggiatore, The Alternative Press, American Poetry Review, American Sentences, Ballad of the Skeletons [recording], The Best American Poetry 1997, Bombay Gin, Booglit, City Lights Review, Cuaderno Carmin, Davka, Harper's magazine, Harvard magazine, Illuminated Poetics, Lettre International, Literal Latté, Long Shot, Man Alive, The Nation, New York Newsday, New York Times Book Review, the New Yorker, Off the Wall, Poetry Flash, Poetry Ireland Review, Shambhala Sun, Tribu, Tricycle, Viva Vine, Viva Ferlinghetti!, and Woodstock Journal.

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#### **Foreword**

#### Vale

This is Allen Ginsberg's last book, particular to his determining intent, his last writings when in hospital aware of his impending death, his last reflections and resolutions—his last mind. When he was told by the doctors that he had at best only a short time to live, he called his old friends to tell them the hard news, comforting, reassuring, as particular to their lives as ever. Despite the intensely demanding fame he'd had to deal with for more than forty years, he'd kept the world both intimate and transcendent. It was a "here and now" that admitted all the literal things of each day's substance and yet well knew that all such was finally "too heavy for this lightness lifts the brain into blue sky/at May dawn when birds start singing on East 12th street..." He was, and remains, the enduring friend, the one who goes with us wherever we are taken, who counsels and consoles, who gets the facts when it seems we will never be told them, who asks "Who'll council who lives where in the rubble/who'll sleep in what brokenwalled hut/in the moonlight..." He kept a witness of impeccable kind.

The playful, reductive, teasing verses, which could sometime make this world seem just the bitter foolishness it finally has to, sound here clearly. What is the grandness of death, of a body finally worn out, at last the simple fact of stubbornly reluctant shit and a tediously malfunctioning heart, of "all the accumulations that wear us out," as he put it, when still a young man? There is no irony, no despair, in delighting as one can in "No more right & wrong/yes it's gone gone gone/ gone gone away..." No poet more heard, more respected, more knew the intricacies of melody's patterns. He took

such pleasure in the whimsical, insistent way the very rhythms could take hold of attention, bringing each word to its singular place. "Chopping apples into the fruit compote—suffer, suffer, suffer, suffer!" His company insisted upon music and he danced with a consummate grace.

Now we must make our own music, albeit his stays with us forever. William Blake's great call, "Hear the voice of the bard ...," now changes to "The authors are in eternity," because ours is a passing world. Yet the heroic voices, the insistent intimacies of their tenacious humanity, hold us in a profound and securing bond. Where else would we think to live? Our friend gave his whole life to keep faith with Whitman's heartfelt insistence, "Who touches this book touches a man." So Allen Ginsberg will not leave us even now. "To see Void vast infinite look out the window into the blue sky."

ROBERT CREELEY
JUNE 13, 1998

#### **New Democracy Wish List**

for President Clinton White House

Retro Axioms:

"Progress" ended in XX century.

yper-rationalism reduces natural complexity of nature through narrow thought abstraction; Hyper-rationalization, hyperindustrialization & Hyper-technology create chaos.

Science, Agriculture, Air & Motor Transport, Banking, Communications, Military Industrial Complex, licit & illicit psychoactive Drugs, also rules Mass Media via FCC. American Free Market is hi-tech myth with national socialist centralized regulation implicit everywhere except small business & little magazines.

Iuscle Power connected to appropriate hi-tech might rehabilitate Earth.

Lacks & Needs:

ossil Fuels retard the planet. Detoxify America: tainted Fire poisons Earth, fouls Air & pollutes Water.

mphasize prevention & alternative medicine with medical insurance rebates for not using Self-insured health credits: like mythic China, "Only pay Doctor when you are well."

und Ryan White Care Act, separate Church & State in Center for Disease Control, fund bleach kits, needle exchange & plainspoken AIDS education, build infrastructure of decentralized community based health care preventative medicine early intervention clinics for poverty class disease-prone high-risk teens women & men living with AIDS & TB inner city plagues.

oordinate National crash program to research inexpensive anti-AIDS medicines.

eparate Church & State in arts, education & civil law. Restore National Endowment for the Arts & FCC freedom from Fundamentalist political intrusion.

exuality's loose not fixed. Legalize it.

ecriminalize addictive drug problem, doctors can cure addiction or provide maintenance if no cure. Reduce mass-million expense on narcotics-addicted political prisoners overcrowding courts & jails, Medicalize drug trade.

ecriminalize marijuana, its disadvantages are minor; reserve hemp grass as unadvertised private small cash crop for failing family farms, encourage hemp fabric industries.

rivatize & entrust psychedelics to medical educational priestly professions. End Military monopoly on LSD research and development.

nd tobacco farming subsidies, cut use. Ex-Nicotine lobbyists working in Clinton's new White House can stop smoking.

hift agricultural subsidies toward grain beans & vegetable diet. Tax meat as a nutritional agronomic & ecologic disaster.

/ith massive scale reforestation rural & in wilderness, plant also universal urban tree rows.

stablish Civilian Conservation Corps for Urban homesteading, thin out corrupt local bureaucracies obstructing populist housing reconstruction.

ncourage international trade in Eco-technology in place of enabling codependency on weapons trade.

naugurate National "Limits of Growth" Program for Population/Land Use/Pollution.

ump start national state & city human and industrial waste compost & recycling.

onor primary and secondary school teachers, elevate respect, reward educators as handsomely as Plumbers, reduce class crowding to human size, under 15 students; encourage national child-care projects.

ake back money from SLA bankruptcy profiteer goniffs.

urge U.S. military death squad subsidies in Salvador, Guatemala, etc. We backed up dictators in Zaire, Somalia, Liberia, Sudan, Angola, Haiti, Iran, Iraq, Salvador, we're responsible: admit it then figure ways out.

pen CIA & FBI & NSA archives on Cointelpro raids, Government drug dealing, Kennedy/King assassinations, Iranian Contragate, Panama Deception, Vatican, Hand & Lavoro Bank thuggery, etc. including Bush-Noriega relations and other CIA client-agent scandals.

pen all secret files on J. Edgar Hoover-Cardinal Spellman-Roy Cohn-Joe McCarthy alcoholic Closet-Queen Conspiracy with Organized Crime to sabotage the U.S. Labor Movement, Native African-American Hispanic & Gay minority leaderships; and blackmail U.S. Presidents Congress each other for half century.

et Government Secret Police (DEA CIA FBI NSA etc.) off our backs by the next millennium.

January 17, 1993

### Peace in Bosnia-Herzegovina

legal briefs,

General Mother Teresa Emperor Dalai Lama XIV Chief of Staff Thich Nhat Hanh Army Chaplain John Paul II followed by the shades of Gandhi Sakharov, Sartre & his uncle Albert Schweitzer went to the bombed out streets talked to Moslem Bosnians in the burnt out grocery stores parlayed with Croatian & Serbian Generals & Parliament asked them to quit shooting & firing artillery from the mountainside overlooking villages emptied of grandmothers— So now there was quiet—a few fires smoldered in back alleys a few corpses stank in wet fields —But who owns these houses? The cinema theaters with broken doors? Who owns that grocery store, that City Hall, that windowless school with broken rooftiles? Who owns these little apartments, now all worshippers of Allah pray in towns besieged 100 miles away overcrowded in tenements & tents, with U.N. portosans at the crossroads? Who owns these abandoned alleys & drugstores with shattered bottle shards over the sidewalk & inside the door? Who'll be the judge, attorney, file

bankruptcy papers, affidavits of ownership,
deeds, old tax receipts?
Who'll council who lives where in the rubble,
who'll sleep in what brokenwalled hut
in the full moonlight when spring clouds
pass over the face
of the man in the moon at the end of May?

May 6, 1993, 3 A.M.

### **After the Party**

amid glasses clinking, mineral water, schnapps among professors' smiling beards, sneaker'd classicists, intelligent lady millionaire literary Patron fag hags earth mothers of Lambeth, Trocadero, Hyde Park, 5th Avenue blond haired journalists with bracelets, grand readers of Dostojevsky & Gogolsenior editor escorts from Trotskyite weeklies, lesbians sitting on glossy magazine covers what have we here? a kid moving from foyer to bathroom, thin body, Pale cheeked with red cap, 18 year old window washer, came with Señora Murillo She admired his impudence, amused by his sincere legs as I admire his glance, he turns aside to gaze at me, I'm happy to guess he'll show his naked body in bed where we talk the refined old doctrine, Coemergent Wisdom

> Lódz', October 5, 1993 9:15 P.M. at "Construction in Process" poetry reading

### After Olav H. Hauge

T

Some live on islands, hills near Trondheim
Some in St. Moritz, or the forest depths
Some lonely have beautiful wives
castles, fine carpets on Wall Street
Buy & sell currencies, solitary on marble floors
consumed by a passion for fossil fuel
magnetized by cannons, lasers, bombsights, enriched uranium
or together play the stock market
They live & die at the throw of the dice
They're all businessmen
who have found eachother.

II

#### Fermented Jungle

North wind blows
Fish fly around the room
wind dies down
Fish fly under water.

Ш

Sometimes the Godliness
strikes me as heroic
People mill about
Bodø won the Norwegian soccer cup
It's so crowded, fans are drunk
People's feet get mixed up
That big man wanders around
lost, barefoot

he can't find his feet— Finally he goes out, late on his way home not sure if he's on his own two feet

Trondheim, October 25, 1993

### These knowing age

These knowing age fart These knowing age walk slowly these knowing age remind themselves of their grandmothers these knowing age take waterpills, high blood pressure, watch their sugar and salt these knowing age eat less meat, some stopped smoking a decade ago Some quit coffee, some drink it strong These knowing age saw best friends' funerals, telephoned daughters & granddaughters Some drive, some don't, some cook, some do not These knowing age often keep quiet.

Munich, November 5, 1993

### C'mon Pigs of Western Civilization Eat More Grease

- Eat Eat more marbled Sirloin more Pork'n gravy!
- Lard up the dressing, fry chicken in boiling oil
- Carry it dribbling to gray climes, snowed with salt,
- Little lambs covered with mint roast in racks surrounded by roast potatoes wet with buttersauce,
- Buttered veal medallions in creamy saliva, buttered beef, by glistening mountains of french fries
- Stroganoffs in white hot sour cream, chops soaked in olive oil,
- surrounded by olives, salty feta cheese, followed by Roquefort & Bleu & Stilton thirsty
- for wine, beer Cocacola Fanta Champagne Pepsi retsina arak whiskey vodka
- Agh! Watch out heart attack, pop more angina pills
- order a plate of Bratwurst, fried frankfurters,
- couple billion Wimpys', McDonald's burgers to the moon & burp!
- Salt on those fries! Hot dogs! Milkshakes!
- Forget greenbeans, everyday a few carrots, a mini big spoonful of salty rice'll do, make the plate pretty;
- throw in some vinegar pickles, briny sauerkraut check yr. cholesterol, swallow a pill
- and order a sugar Cream donut, pack 2 under the size 44 belt
- Pass out in the vomitorium come back cough

up strands of sandwich still chewing pastrami at Katz's delicatessen

Back to central Europe & gobble Kielbasa in Lódz

swallow salami in Munich with beer, Liverwurst on pumpernickel in Berlin, greasy cheese in a 3 star Hotel near Syntagma, on white bread thick-buttered

Set an example for developing nations, salt, sugar, animal fat, coffee tobacco Schnapps

Drop dead faster! make room for Chinese guestworkers with alien soybean curds green cabbage & rice!

Africans Latins with rice beans & calabash can stay thin & crowd in apartments for working class foodfreaks—

Not like Western cuisine rich in protein cancer heart attack hypertension sweat bloated liver & spleen megaly

Diabetes & stroke—monuments to carnivorous civilizations

presently murdering Belfast

Bosnia Cypress Ngorno Karabach Georgia

mailing love letter bombs in

Vienna or setting houses afire in East Germany—have another coffee, here's a cigar.

And this is a plate of black forest chocolate cake, you deserve it.

Athens, December 19, 1993

## Here We Go 'Round the Mulberry Bush

I got old & shit in my pants
shit in my pants
shit in my pants
I got old & shit in my pants
shit in my pants again

We got old & shit in our pants
shit in our pants
shit in our pants
We got old & shit in our pants
shit in our pants

You'll be lucky if you get old
& shit in your pants
& shit in your pants
You'll be lucky if you get old
& shit in your pants again

January 1, 1994

### **Tuesday Morn**

Taking with aching back at base of spine, walked stiffly to kitchen toilet to pee,

ore limber returned to unmade bed, sat to write, dreamlike yesterdays recorded—

rom pill dispenser 60 mg Lasix, water pills brings blood to kidney to relieve heart stressed by lung liquid

ne white Lanoxin something further steadies the heart, one brown Vasotec for high blood pressure

round blue potassium pill set aside for breakfast

ext another quaff of water for sleep-dried tongue

check stove water boiling Tibetan medical powders

uarter tsp. directly in mouth with hot water, morn & night

ext make the bed—pull out mattress, lift up sheets ballooning in air to settle all four corners,

y on the orange-diamonded Mexican wool blanket & 3 pillows—push mattress back in place

rush teeth—then prick my finger

drop, Exac-Tech blood sugar teststrip results noted morn & eve

8 today, a little low, swab pinkie with alcohol pad, another sip medicinal tea—

eplace reading glasses with bifocals, brush teeth at front-room sink & looking out window, church door passers-by four floors below

hile noon bells ring, clock ticking on the kitchen wall above the toilet cabinet—pull chain

orked this morning, flushed a wobbly porcelain throne—needa get Mike the Super fix pipes—

ack to front room, brush teeth, bowels begin to stir relief, electric shave,

rush out gray dust from razor head, wash face, clear throat's pale yellow phlegm, blow nose

paper towel, stick pinkie end with white cream Borofax drop in each nostril, wipe mustache, put on teashirt

italis on short hair around bald head, brush back small beard—& ready for breakfast

ı boxer shorts alone at home, pee again, gray sky out window

parrows on courtyard dirt, bare Heaven Trees—yesterday's *Times* half read on the table where

ed tulip blossoms dry in a glass jar—Time to crap & finish *Exquisite Corpse*—not much came down—

ush, climb ladder and fix the water ball, wash ass change shorts and choose fresh sox—

t last it's time to eat, clear & safe in the morning—1 P.M.

alt-free cornflakes from the icebox, brown rice, shredded wheat in a Chinese bowl

lled thereafter with Rice Dream milk—banana that!

hew and wonder what to read, answer phone, yes, "Peter's flown to Colorado, Huncke's rent is due" to patron Hiro—

inish cereal reading yesterday's *Times* "How Mental Patients Sleep Out of Doors"

'Last time, I was just walking in the rain,' he said, his hands and lips quivering slightly from the medication he takes."

lip a multivitamin pill in my mouth, grab a dish, fruit stewed two nites ago—

ing Ring the telephone—the office, Bob Rosenthal, Debbie for Jewel Heart Benefit,

srael Lubavitcher fairy returned from his Paris year dith not home, Aunt Honey leaving for Australia next week, ne had stroke & splenectomy 1942, long storyavid Rome preparing arts program Halifax during Sawang's Shambhala confirmation

-Finally 3 P.M. I get dressed go to office couple hours—hone Robert Frank? Yup, he's out, call early evening. I'm free.

January 23, 1994

#### God

he 18 year old marine "had made his Peace with God."

word. A capitol G. Who is God? I thought I saw him once

nd heard his voice, which now sounds like my own,

nd I'm not God, so who's God? Jesus Bible God?

/hose Bible? Old JHVH? The 4 letter one without vowels or the 3 letter word God? G-O-D?

llah? Some say Allah's great, tho' mock his name you're dead!

oroaster's Wise One used to be great, & Mormons' version got absolute pedigrees & Genealogies.

Pope's God same as Southern Baptist Inerrancy televangelists?

ow's that square with the Ayatollah's Allah, Billy Graham Nixon's on his knees, Ronald Reagan's Armageddon deity?

That of Lubavitcher Rabbi's God refusing land for peace exchange?

Yassir Arafat's God same as Shamir's? What about Magna Mater?

That happened to Aphrodite, Hecate, Diana many breasted at Ephesus,

ound bottom'd Willendorf Venus older than Jahweh & Allah & Zoroaster's dream!

lder than Confucius, Lao Tzu, Buddha & the 39 patriarchs.

any God real? Is there one God? How come so many Gods—

ighting eachother, poor Mayans, Aztecs, Peruvian sun worshippers? Hopi peyote dreamers round the half moon fire.

m I God after all, made the universe, we dreamed it up together

r got tumbled out of the Chute onto the Planet, looking for progenitors?

know I'm not God, are you? Don't be silly.

od? God? Everybody's God? Don't be silly.

#### **Ah War**

Ah War bigness addiction Alchemized thru meta-industrial Labor-Intensive permanent tree Crop protein energy system recycling Urban Wastes in Meditative Egoless non Theistic Space

Lisner Auditorium Monday, March 21, 1994, 8:00 P.M.

#### **Excrement**

Name it? byproduct of
vegetables, steak, sausages, rice
reduced to a brown loaf in the watery tureen,
splatter of dark mud on highway
side cornfields
studded with peanuts & grape seeds—

Who doesn't attend to her business

No matter nobility, Hollywood starshine, media

Blitz-heroics, everyone at

table follows watercloset

regulation & relief

An empty feeling going back to banquet,

returned to bed, sitting for Breakfast,

a pile of dirt unloaded from gut level

mid-belly, down thru the butthole

relaxed & released from the ton

of old earth, poured back

on Earth

It never appears in public 'cept cartoons, filthy canards, political commix left & right The Eminent Cardinal his robes pushed aside, Empress of Japan her 60 pound kimono, layered silks pushed aside, The noble German Statesman giving his heart ease The pretty student boy in Heidelberg between chemic processor abstractions, Keypunch operators in vast newsrooms Editors their wives and children drop feces of various colors iron supplement black to pale green-white sausage delicacies the same in tiny bathroom distant suburbs, even dogs on green front lawns produce their simulacra of human garbage we all drop Myself the poet aging on the stool Polyhymnia the Muse herself, lowered to this throne what a relief!

March 24, 1994

### **New Stanzas for Amazing Grace**

I dreamed I dwelled in a homeless place Where I was lost alone Folk looked right through me into space And passed with eyes of stone

O homeless hand on many a street Accept this change from me A friendly smile or word is sweet As fearless charity

Woe workingman who hears the cry And cannot spare a dime Nor look into a homeless eye Afraid to give the time

So rich or poor no gold to talk A smile on your face The homeless ones where you may walk Receive amazing grace

I dreamed I dwelled in a homeless place Where I was lost alone Folk looked right through me into space And passed with eyes of stone

April 2, 1994

Composed at the request of Ed Sanders for his production of The New Amaz

ing Grace, performed November 20, 1994, at the Poetry Project in St.

Mark's Church in-the-Bouwerie.

### **City Lights City**

n Via Ferlinghetti & Kerouac Alley young heroes muse melancholy 2025 A.D.

lusicians brood & pace Bob Kaufman Street and practice future jazz on Rexroth place

piritual novelists sit rapt in contemplation under the street sign at Saroyan Place before they cross to Aram Alley

oves' eyes gaze sparkling on Bay waters from McClure Plaza at the foot of Market

Id Market itself as Robert Duncan Boulevard teems with theosophic shops & Hermetic Department Stores

crossing Duncan Blvd.: First DiPrima Second Henry Miller Third Corso Street

ourth Jeffers Street & Fifth on John Wieners Street the Greyhound Terminal stands

irrounded by Bookstore Galleries, Publishers Rows, and Artists lofts ightseers in tourist buses breathe fresh foggy air on Harold Norse & Hirschman Peaks—oldies but goldies

en Kesey's name makes Bayshore famous as you barrel up past Brother Everson Memorial Stadium

Thalen Bridge sits meditating all the way to Oakland

nyder Bridge connects the East-West Gate between S.F & Marin

ommuters crowd exhausted into the Neal Cassady R.R. Station on Corso

zeslaw Milosz Street signs shine bright on Van Ness

oet Jack Micheline gets Tenderloin, Philip Lamantia Tower crowns Telegraph Hill

here international surrealist tourists climb to see the view—

I'll take Alcatraz (to return to Native Americans along with Treasure Island)

# **Newt Gingrich Declares War on "McGovernik Counterculture"**

oes that mean war on every boy with more than one earring on the same ear?

gainst every girl with a belly button ring? What about nose piercing? a diamond in right nostril?

oes that mean more plainclothesmen high on LSD at Dead concerts?

/hat about MTV—no more Michael Jackson, no Dylan Subterranean Homesick Blues? Yoko & John no more Give Peace a Chance

/ill there be laws against Punk, Generation X, the Voidoids, Slackers, Grunge?

lues, Jazz, Bebop, Rocknroll? Where did it get countercultural?

That about Elvis' Pelvis? Sonic Youth dumbed, Cobain's screams banished from Nirvana?

o more grass on college campuses, Mushrooms stomped to death by the Elephant Party?

That about African-Americans? That's a terrific Counterculture, & what about the Yellow Peril, Chinese restaurants? New Age Cooking? is Japanese Sushi too much Zen?

itting meditation, that be frowned satanic in Congress? Tai Chi, Tai Kwando, Karate, Martial Arts? Ballet? Opera, *La Bohème?* 

on't mention us cocksuckers?! Is eating pussy countercultural?

appho, Socrates, Da Vinci, Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Proust in or out the canon?

E. Hoover's name wiped off FBI granite in the Capital?

oetry slams, is poetry countercultural, like a Third Party?

ecology pro or counter culture? Astronomy determining the Universe's age & size?

ong hair, relativity, is Einstein countercultural?

January 1995

#### **Pastel Sentences (Selections)**

lice ate at the big red heart in her breast, she was distracted in love.

owed down by the weight of nebulae he crouches underneath the hill.

bat that's bigger than your ear watches you sleep while you dream him there.

round blue eye woke red lipped 'neath this century's gigantic lightbulb.

antern-jawed Bismarck dreams a rich red rose blossoms thornstemmed through his skull.

an oval blue womb a full-grown girl curled up eyes closed dreams her birth.

ig little people do yab yum in their ten petal'd yellow daisy.

ong hand over left eye Mother Sudan sees big bellied kids' thin ribs.

1 midst of coition a blood-red worm spurts out his heaving rib-cage.

he one eyed moon-whale watches you weep, drifting brown seas in a pale boat.

hirty Kingdoms' keys chainmailed down his chest, the Pope dreams he's St. Peter.

eannie Duval's cheek tickled by a Paris fly, 1852.

uff a cigarette between skullfleshed lips, smoke gets in your empty eyes.

phincter-wound in his chest, he kneels and lifts both hands in surprise to pray.

ll mixed up breasts feet genitals nipples & hands, both fall into sleep.

dam contemplates his navel covered with a bush of jealous hearts.

ody spread open, black legs held down, she eats his ice cream—white sex-tongue.

ne centaur palm raised thru earth-crust lifts a red live dog barking at stars.

er dog licks the live red heart of th' African lady curled up in bed.

aked in solitary prison cell he looks down at a hard-on.

ands hold her ass tight with joy to lick & eat the blue star 'twixt her thighs.

mall pink-winged Lady-Heart hovers, rose-cunt legs spread nigh his stiff black dick.

hic shoes rest in a black rose vortex of sociable fashion money.

he poses self-confident, blue sky & clouds borne in her oval womb.

ady Buddha sleeps on blue air in a green leaf, knees raised spread naked.

epose open-eyed on starry blue pillows under a star-roofed sky.

he black guy steps in the shade, glancing back at the sunlit boy he screwed.

egs behind neck, arms hung down, Yogi's solar anal navel burns red.

lowing bubbles in blue sky he squats on his own blue bubble planet.

tar, bird, cane & big thigh bones, the ghost baby dreams life beyond the womb.

egarding their long thick tails, blue demons wrestle with golden scissors.

e steps on his own breast lying in bed with red half hard-on.

ady snails delicately climb naked thighs to stir his genitals.

eft forefinger probed into his own left hand proves a Doubting Thomas.

hey exchange glances, a bee shadows her tail, a rose grows on his hip.

/illiam Burroughs' skeleton twists a towel, he's got the bloody rag on.

he rose-girl kneels weighed down, iron tanks on shoulder, coccyx, calves & footsoles.

orse stands on horse upon horse, lie back on top & take your forty winks.

e dives from naked sky past the sun's nimbus into space-blue ocean.

urtains part on a nail and its shadow, Samsara's drama Act I.

he red lip'd fat billionaire appeals you try out his wee twat or dick.

rms to neck, his tit, her belly, prong-twat, the President and his wife.

ale green headless phantoms upside-down dipsy-doodle with thin hard-ons.

ady Day bows her neck under a pyramid of oily black rocks.

eneath breast-eyed wasp-beaks the pink rose opens, better get in there quick!

iside her red womb the hermaphrodite fetus closes a third eye.

/iping blood-black tears from hard labor, try holding up your big sad head.

ealousy! Jealousy! Chin in hand he ponders the Unfaithful Muse.

oung Don Juan bravely displays his girlish red-sexed lips and eyeshadow.

aught in the burning house of my brown body I fainted openeyed.

ig phallus, black womb lined with reddish flesh, look at the monkey we birthed.

ne bird pecks her double's breast on a ghost-white lingam's unblinking head.

he flies down thousands of stone steps for years, aged climbs them all back up.

for Francesco Clemente Château Chenonceau, June 24, 1995 Naropa Institute, July 5, 1995 Lawrence, Kansas, July 22, 1995

# **Nazi Capish**

Catholicism capish Catholicism capish Catholicism abortion capish Capish capish capish

Christian capish Christian capish Christian sin capish

Islamic capish Islamic capish Islamic Jihad capish

Zionist capish Zionist capish Zionist nationalist capish

Fundamentalism capish Fundamentalism capish Fundamentalism absolutism Fundamentalism capish

Hunkie Honkie Aryan Frog Jap & Gook & Limey Wog Afric Chink capish

Nazi capish Nazi capish Nazi capish capish Commie capish Commie capish capish

Capitalist capish Capitalist capish Capitalist capish capish

Fascisti capish Fascisti capish Fascisti shit capish

September 21, 1995

### Is About

ylan is about the Individual against the whole of creation eethoven is about one man's fist in the lightning clouds

he Pope is about abortion & the spirits of the dead ...

elevision is about people sitting in their living room looking at their things

merica is about being a big Country full of Cowboys Indians Jews Negroes & Americans

rientals Chicanos Factories skyscrapers Niagara Falls Steel Mills radios homeless Conservatives, don't forget

ussia is about Tzars Stalin Poetry Secret Police Communism barefoot in the snow

ut that's not really Russia it's a concept

concept is about how to look at the earth from the moon

ithout ever getting there. The moon is about love & Werewolves, also Poe.

oe is about looking at the moon from the sun

r else the graveyard

verything is about something if you're a thin movie producer chainsmoking muggles

he world is about overpopulation, Imperial invasions, Biocide, Genocide, Fratricidal Wars, Starvation, Holocaust, mass injury & murder, high technology

uper science, atom Nuclear Neutron Hydrogen detritus, Radiation Compassion Buddha, Alchemy

ommunication is about monopoly television radio movie newspaper spin on Earth, i.e. planetary censorship.

niverse is about Universe.

llen Ginsberg is about confused mind writing down newspaper headlines from Mars—

he audience is about salvation, the listeners are about sex, Spiritual gymnastics, nostalgia for the Steam Engine & Pony Express itler Stalin Roosevelt & Churchill are about arithmetic & Quadrilateral equations, above all chemistry physics & chaos theory

Tho cares what it's all about?
do! Edgar Allan Poe cares! Shelley cares! Beethoven & Dylan care.
o you care? What are you about
r are you a human being with 10 fingers & two eyes?

New York City, October 24, 1995

## The Ballad of the Skeletons

Said the Presidential Skeleton I won't sign the bill Said the Speaker skeleton Yes you will

Said the Representative Skeleton I object Said the Supreme Court skeleton Whaddya expect

Said the Military skeleton Buy Star Bombs Said the Upperclass Skeleton Starve unmarried moms

Said the Yahoo Skeleton Stop dirty art Said the Right Wing skeleton Forget about yr heart

Said the Gnostic Skeleton The Human Form's divine Said the Moral Majority skeleton No it's not it's mine

Said the Buddha Skeleton Compassion is wealth Said the Corporate skeleton It's bad for your health Said the Old Christ skeleton Care for the Poor Said the Son of God skeleton AIDS needs cure

Said the Homophobe skeleton Gay folk suck Said the Heritage Policy skeleton Blacks're outa luck

Said the Macho skeleton Women in their place Said the Fundamentalist skeleton Increase human race

Said the Right-to-Life skeleton Foetus has a soul Said Pro Choice skeleton Shove it up your hole

Said the Downsized skeleton Robots got my job Said the Tough-on-Crime skeleton Tear gas the mob

Said the Governor skeleton Cut school lunch Said the Mayor skeleton Eat the budget crunch

Said the Neo Conservative skeleton Homeless off the street! Said the Free Market skeleton Use 'em up for meat

Said the Think Tank skeleton Free Market's the way Said the S&L skeleton Make the State pay

Said the Chrysler skeleton Pay for you & me Said the Nuke Power skeleton & me & me & me

Said the Ecologic skeleton Keep Skies blue Said the Multinational skeleton What's it worth to you?

Said the NAFTA skeleton Get rich, Free Trade, Said the Maquiladora skeleton Sweat shops, low paid

Said the rich GATT skeleton One world, high tech Said the Underclass skeleton Get it in the neck

Said the World Bank skeleton Cut down your trees Said the I.M.F skeleton Buy American cheese Said the Underdeveloped skeleton Send me rice Said Developed Nations' skeleton Sell your bones for dice

Said the Ayatollah skeleton Die writer die Said Joe Stalin's skeleton That's no lie

Said the Middle Kingdom skeleton We swallowed Tibet Said the Dalai Lama skeleton Indigestion's whatcha get

Said the World Chorus skeleton That's their fate Said the USA skeleton Gotta save Kuwait

Said the Petrochemical skeleton Roar Bombers roar! Said the Psychedelic skeleton Smoke a dinosaur

Said Nancy's skeleton Just say No Said the Rasta skeleton Blow Nancy Blow

Said Demagogue skeleton Don't smoke Pot Said Alcoholic skeleton Let your liver rot

Said the Junkie skeleton Can't we get a fix? Said the Big Brother skeleton Jail the dirty pricks

Said the Mirror skeleton Hey good looking Said the Electric Chair skeleton Hey what's cooking?

Said the Talkshow skeleton Fuck you in the face Said the Family Values skeleton My family values mace

Said the N.Y. Times skeleton That's not fit to print Said the C.I.A. skeleton Cantcha take a hint?

Said the Network skeleton Believe my lies Said the Advertising skeleton Don't get wise!

Said the Media skeleton Believe you Me Said the Couch-potato skeleton What me worry? Said the TV skeleton Eat sound bites Said the Newscast skeleton That's all Goodnight

February 12–16, 1995

## "You know what I'm saying?"

was shy and tender as a 10 year old kid, you know what I'm saying? fraid people'd find me out in Eastside H.S. locker room you know what I'm saying?

arl had beautiful hips & biceps when he took off his clothes to put on gym shorts you know what I'm saying?

is nose was too long, his face like a ferret but his white body

roportioned thin, muscular definition thighs & breasts, with boy's nipples you know what I'm saying? uncircumcised

strange, goyishe beauty you know what I'm saying, I was dumbstruck—

t Golden 50th H.S. Reunion I recognized him, bowed, & exchanged pleasant words, you know what I'm saying?

e was retired, wife on his arm, you know what I'm saying?

Millie Peller "The Class Whore" warmest woman at our last Silver 25th Reunion alas had passed away

he was nice to me a scared gay kid at Eastside High, you know what I'm saying?

December 23, 1995

# **Bowel Song**

You've been coughing for weeks still you don't sit on your cushion & visualize Bam You've been in the hospital just last week still you read the newspapers Recovered from congestive heart failure, you took 7 hours last week to read the Sunday N.Y Times Listen, your days are numbered, why waste the essence of your clock How will you feel when you can't breathe? What'll you do the last six minutes? Where'll you go for the next 6 hours? What good, half dozen gay porno films then? You can hardly catch your breath now, why jack off limp prick? Your master gives good advice, you listen, follow it couple weeks then lapse into old habits, waste time on the toilet reading books, at the kitchen sink 3am washing dishes daydreaming. If you don't get ready now, what'll you do at the Black Hole You wanna get born a pretty little girl & go through agony? Wanna get caught between snakes coupling? In between death and life, still wanna get laid? What makes you lazy? you're not on your deathbed yet, if you've an ounce of strength, use it to look inside. Clear your mind, you won't escape the Great Sickness the Immortal Plague, Grand Disaster continuous to eternity— Whatever it is, whyn'cha figure it out? Wanna drift off & become a newspaper headline, what good favorable publicity in the bardo? Allen Ginsberg says, these words'll get you nowhere these jokes won't be funny when everyone leaves the seven exits.

January 2, 1996

## **Popular Tunes**

What do I hear in my ear

approaching my 70th year—

Echoes of popular tunes, old rhymes

familiar runes

Songs my mother taught me

"O tell me pretty maiden

are there any more at home

like you?"

Cousin Claire heard on the Newark radio

Aunt Elanor played on her Bronx phonograph

piercing Bell Song soprano notes,

sostenuto Amelita Galli-Curci & Rosa Ponselle

Wind up Victrola Yiddish Monologues

Cohen On The Telephone,

The Wind the Wind,

"Last night da vind, da vind blew down da shutters."

"No I didn't say shuddup!"

The fugitive words of a Scots contralto

woman's chant "McCushla,

McCushla my dark eyed McCushla"

Ask Aunt Honey age 83, ask Stepmother Edith just 90,

they'll know—

they'll remember

"The March of the Wooden Soldiers," tin drums

& pipes of Babes in Toyland

"Comin' thru the rye" new generations of

folksing kids never remember sung

when they play Guitar on Union Square's

L train subway platform—

or "Auchichornya, auchimolinka, rasdrivyminya,

molijeninka," with Mandolins or Balalaikas

and "Tis the last rose of Summer" by Thomas Moore—echoing thru Time's skull as my beard's

turned white, sugar high in my blood
coughing weeks on end fall to winter,
Chronic bronchitis the rest of my days?
& "Down will come baby cradle and all"
as 1930's all fell down with
mournful Peat Bog Soldiers'
"Lied des Concentrationslagers"

February 9, 1996

### Five A.M.

Élan that lifts me above the clouds into pure space, timeless, yea eternal Breath transmitted into words

Transmuted back to breath
in one hundred two hundred years
nearly Immortal, Sappho's 26 centuries
of cadenced breathing—beyond time, clocks, empires, bodies, cars, chariots, rocket ships skyscrapers, Nation empires
brass walls, polished marble, Inca Artwork
of the mind—but where's it come from?
Inspiration? The muses drawing breath for you? God?
Nah, don't believe it, you'll get entangled in Heaven or Hell—
Guilt power, that makes the heart beat wake all night
flooding mind with space, echoing thru future cities, Megalopolis or
Cretan village, Zeus' birth cave Lassithi Plains—Otsego County
farmhouse, Kansas front porch?

Buddha's a help, promises ordinary mind no nirvana—coffee, alcohol, cocaine, mushrooms, marijuana, laughing gas? Nope, too heavy for this lightness lifts the brain into blue sky at May dawn when birds start singing on East 12th street—Where does it come from, where does it go forever?

May 1996

### **Power**

The N Power, the feminine power the woman power the flower power, the power of Marigolds & roses, Sequoia power, Nature's power wont blossom in this lifetime or the next, this Yuga's finished, seeds shot, entered the earth gestating with alligators & waterworms in swamps where planes crash, Next lifetimes after, watch roses turn red, Marigolds yellow, little sequoias begin to climb the sky Millions of African kids'll grow up amid green bushes & radiant camelopards again—

Down 12th Street corner Avenue A midnight police lean against Bodega shutters looking for last week's swarthy crack pushers

May 15, 1996, 11 A.M.

# **Anger**

How'd I get angry? Analytic approach:
M'I still angry with Carolyn? forty three years ago
kicked me out of bed with
naked Neal their house San Jose—
Disadvantaged hating Podhoretz
for put-down of Beat writers
queers nineteen fifty eight
later defense of death-squad drug-dealer
Generals in El Salvador
& op-ed B2 Bombers

Angrily sat an hour adamant

Thangka-thief meth-head Gaiton's apt.

E. Houston Street nineteen sixty three never got my Dancing Skeletons back—

Never forgave late Alan Marlowe nineteen seventy five stole back my \$100 loan gift

to Jyoti Datta Calcutta four years earlier

Lost my telephone temper with critic Walter Goodman

insulting Gunther Grass' visit to poor South Bronx
International PEN Congress nineteen eighty five
& my own handmade Nicaraguan
Contra-War peace petition mocked
as "all the news that's fit to print."

May 18, 1996

# **Multiple Identity Questionnaire**

"Nature empty, everything's pure; Naturally pure, that's what I am."

I'm a jew? a nice Jewish boy?

flaky Buddhist, certainly

ay in fact pederast? I'm exaggerating?

ot only queer an amateur S&M fan, someone should spank me for saying that

olumbia Alumnus class of '48, Beat icon, students say.

Thite, if jews are "white race"

merican by birth, passport, and residence

lavic heritage, mama from Vitebsk, father's forebears Grading in Kamenetz-Podolska near Lyov.

m an intellectual! Anti-intellectual, anti-academic

istinguished Professor of English Brooklyn College,

lanhattanite, Another middle class liberal,

ut lower class second generation immigrant,

pperclass, I own a condo loft, go to art gallery Buddhist Vernissage dinner parties with Niarchos, Rockefellers, and Luces

h what a sissy, Professor Four-eyes, can't catch a baseball or drive a car—courageous Shambhala Graduate Warrior

ddressed as "Maestro" Milano, Venezia, Napoli

till student, chela, disciple, my guru Gelek Rinpoche,

enior Citizen, got Septuagenarian discount at Alfalfa's Healthfoods New York subway—

Ir. Sentient Being!—Absolutely empty neti neti identity, Maya Nobodaddy, relative phantom nonentity

July 5, 1996, Naropa Tent, Boulder, CO

# Don't Get Angry with Me

for Chödok Tulku

Don't get angry with me You might die tomorrow I'm an empty hungry ghost Any spare change I can borrow?

Don't get angry with me Full of God tomorrow Could get sorry you got mad, wanna be the God of sorrow?

Don't get angry with me
War starts tomorrow
I'll get bombed You'll get shot
in the eye with Interdependent Arrow

Don't get angry with me Hell's hot tomorrow If we're burned up now inflamed Could pass aeons in cold horror

Don't get angry with me
We'll be worms tomorrow
Both wriggling in the mud
cut in two by the ploughman's harrow

Don't get angry with me— Who'll we be tomorrow? who knows who we are today? Better meditate & pray, Tila, Mila, Marpa, Naro.

August 27, 1996

# **Swan Songs in the Present**

"Swan songs in the present moon systems in gleeps Don't hang on to the essence the refrigerator's for keeps the Hot house vernacular Sets up on the moldy hill you and I climb the ribcage & look for a heart to kill

you can do whatcha want with Europe
Eat Bananas with your dung
Whistle while you wonk the Pope
Breathe out of a spastic lung
but you'll live forever anyway
in birds' beasts hungry ghosts
& various Boddhisattvas
Drinking morning coffee
eating loxes & toasts

Hypnogogi Twaddle anytime I can But 70 years I'll sleep like other old men

October 29, 1996, 3:50 A.M.

### **Gone Gone Gone**

"The wan moon is sinking under the white wave and time is sinking with me, O!"

—Robert Burns

yes it's gone gone gone gone gone away yes it's gone gone gone gone gone away yes it's gone gone gone gone gone away yes it's gone gone gone it's all gone away gone gone gone won't be back today gone gone gone just like yesterday gone gone gone isn't any more gone to the other shore gone gone gone it wasn't here to stay yes it's gone gone gone all gone out to play yes it's gone gone gone until another day no one here to pray gone gone gone yak your life away no promise to betray gone gone gone somebody else will pay the national debt no way gone gone gone

your furniture layaway plan gone astray gone gone gone made hay gone gone gone Sunk in Baiae's Bay yes it's gone gone gone wallet and all you say gone gone gone so you can waive your pay yes it's gone gone gone gone last Saturday yes it's gone gone gone tomorrow's another day gone gone gone bald & old & gay gone gone gone turned old and gray yes it's gone gone gone whitebeard & cold yes it's gone gone gone cashmere scarf & gold yes it's gone gone gone warp & woof & wold yes it's gone gone gone gone far far away to the home of the brave down into the grave yes it's gone gone gone moon beneath the wave yes it's gone gone gone so I end this song yes this song is gone gone to kick the gong yes it's gone gone gone No more right & wrong

yes it's gone gone gone gone away

November 10, 1996

### Reverse the rain of Terror ...

everse the rain of Terror on street consciousness U.S.A.

eath Penalty! Electric Chair! A roomsful of poison gas! Lethal injections! Mortal Hanging! Beheading the Idiot killer!

ogs slaver over airport luggage! Suitcase bottoms caked with hash! Strip search the sick opium addict, medicine's up his anus in a finger stall

rriving from legal India, cozy England, lax Morocco, face 12 billion Dollars worth of cops

niffing bodies for illegal medicine! Vomiting in a stone cell, abdominal convulsions, muscle spasms thigh & foot, sleepless cold-turkey torture—

uerto Rican kid needs a doctor, young black man needs his girlfriend's fix, white boy didn't know his habit was immortal!

he octogenarian schmecker's liver & kidneys failed, wants a deathbed shot of M

alf mad lady on the street had a fight with her daughter the whore!

he old boy lies on the sidewalk hands dirty red faced in his own saliva.

he delicate youth's in his halfway house a decade, thorazine eyes glazed over

is brother's Christmas card arrives at Binghampton State Hospital!

he elder hides in a furnished room drinks wine delivers newspapers, didn't wanna work on the neutron bomb!

he salesman's product went off the market, recycling coke bottles he cries at kitchen tables blaming Jews

n auto worker shoveling snow curses six African-Americans mugged him twenty years ago—

black man walked the street with his B.A. pager, clubbed down giving lip to a cop car

he young fruit dies body with sores he challenged the Senate on the plague.

he homeless jewish guitarist sings on the 14th Street's L Train Subway platform, blows harmonica, taps tambourine with one foot, with another drums

ıen back to his graybeard cocksucker's apartment fries eggs

treetcorner boys and girlfriends hang round the butcher shop corner, "Smoke smoke?"

ocky Flats engineers tear their hair, Plutonium waste'll outlast an otherworldly God

December 1996

# **Sending Message**

hey are sending a message to the youth of America moking medical marijuana's all right

hey're sending a message in cartoon saloons hard-ass blokes look like camels smoke Camels at the bar, 5 year olds love it,

o the youth of America they're sending a message

IA no official connections to Contra coke dealers in *New York Times Washington Post* expert crackheads send same messages to

adolescent Senior citizen crackhead readers

hey're sending a message to American youth, African youth can starve to death we can't care

no much money, far over the Atlantic, our boys'll never die, politically unpopular, they'll become dependent, it won't fly

hey're sending message by Bronco, Honda, 4 by 4, cinema MG, Land Rover & half million gas stations

outh of this nation fossil fuel's neat, hella cool, admirable dope really rad, as if—what valley girls think when their fathers drive them to Highschool—

hey're sending the message to Saturn, American Democracy works over the globe, spin that round your rings

o Chinese youth, eat like us, we do flesh & fries,

on't sleep on streets, dangerous off-duty death-squad police send this message to Brazilian kiddies

omeone sent naked pretty boys on FCC Internet, Don't!

o Forbidden Planet Swedish sex? Got the message pretty girls?

ot the message clean old men? Michelangelo got the message? Da Vinci got it? Phidias, Socrates, Shakespeare, J. Edgar Hoover at the Plaza, Cardinal Francis Spellman on Roy Cohn's yacht, Senator Jesse Helms in your gut, duh

ot the message teeny-weenies? They're sending a message right below your belly button.

message to the youth of America, "Diminished expectations," they's too many people,

ative gooks work cheaper, rich get richer, North hemispheric whites live longer, Black high-blood pressure rules Kentucky Fried Chicken

cross the highway from Arbie's Barbecue Palace, Roy Rogers' Horsechops, or McDonalds Amazon Treeburgers

ou heard about on Television serves the message Eat your meat

r beat your meat, safe sex with ketchup, Whatever

he message now's pay 4 trillion dollars debt Reagan pissed away on Military,

romised before you born, sit in school waterclosets study yr Latin hey're sending youth a message look at TV football baseball hypnotic soccer basketball sports, sport!

eneral Rios-Montt & Pat Robertson sent a message to Guatemalan Indians

200,000 dropped dead with delight at sight of Christ's military istol machete machinegun baseball bat & Inerrant Bible

00 Club's Antichrist sends U.S. youth this message Despise the poor & piss on liberal Jesus

he message is Compassion'll cause a Wall Street crash Networks send me messages Shut the fuck up.

> December 3, 1996, 4:30 A.M. New York City

## No! No! It's Not the End

No! No!

Not the end of

Civilization

Not the end of

Civilization

Blast of industrial
Gas in Bhopal
No! No! Not the end of
Civilization

Dropt one bomb killed one hundred thousand Hiroshima nineteen forty five

No no not the end of Civilization Not the end of Civilization

Guatemala murdered two hundred thousand Indians

No no not the end of Civilization Not the end of Civilization 200 thousand slaughtered in Rwanda Crazed events on the TV screen

No no not the end of Civilization Not the end of Civilization

U.S. Blacks in jail land of the free mosta these citizens you & me

No no not the end of Civilization Not the end of Civilization

Fossil fuel dust filling heaven ozone layer hole in the sky

No no not the end of Civilization Not the end of Civilization

Oldest trees in the world cut down Weyerhaeuser Bush wears a cardboard Crown

No no not the end of Civilization Not the end of Civilization Amazon forests cut to the ground you can still breathe to the chainsaw's sound

No no not the end of Civilization Only a temporary aberration

No No it's not the end of Civilization It's Nobadaddy's old temptation No no it's not the end of Civilization Everybody's waltzing to "the Hesitation" It's the same damned President's Inauguration No no it's not the end of Civilization We're come to "the fabled damned of Nations" No no it's not the end of Civilization Slaves wore chains at the States' creation No no it's not the end of Civilization sourpuss wantsa stop colored immigration Nobody's wearing hooves & scales all they wanna do is kill more whales No no it's not the end of Civilization

No no it's not the end of Civilization Cayenne saved a little bit of sensation No no it's not the end of civilization No final solution just gas & cremation

December 18–20, 1996

# **Bad Poem**

Being as Now has been re-invented I have devised a new now Entering the real Now at last which is now

December 24, 1996, 3 A.M.

## **Homeless Compleynt**

Pardon me buddy, I didn't mean to bug you
but I came from Vietnam
where I killed a lot of Vietnamese gentlemen
a few ladies too
and I couldn't stand the pain
and got a habit out of fear
& I've gone through rehab and I'm clean
but I got no place to sleep
and I don't know what to do
with myself right now

I'm sorry buddy, I didn't mean to bug you
but it's cold in the alley
& my heart's sick alone
and I'm clean, but my life's a mess
Third Avenue
and E. Houston Street
on the corner traffic island under a red light
wiping your windshield with a dirty rag

December 24, 1996

## **Happy New Year Robert & June**

Happy New Year Robert & June Tho I'd hoped to see you soon I'd better say Happy Hanukkah too Till I get your number that's new— I'll be leaving for retreat, Where they make me salt-free meat along with Gelek Rinpoche Who's got ailments same as me, in Michigan Camp Copneconic Where I'll room with Mr. Harmonic Philip Glass in our Buddhist Class Ten days later January 8 I'll go to Boston, rest & wait the weekend in anticipation Maybe a hernia operation supervised by Dr. Lown (cardiologist of wide renown —I'd recommended him to you elderly trustworthy smart & true) —Recuperate a week with Ellie Dorfman, eat yellow fish-yuckh jelly with Gefilte fish, then best Mid January home NY to rest Maybe we'll see eachother then, in any case let me know when.

> Love, Allen December 12, 1996

#### **Diamond Bells**

"Clear light & illusion body become one"

earing the all pervading scintillation of empty bells I realize apoleon had toes

rankenstein's big toe

ayagriva cosmic horse one big cleft toe

irgin Mary white-toed married Joseph brown-toed, impregnated by a white dove transparent triple-toed

ow many toes has God? Yahweh nobody knows his toes

llah's toes? Mohammed, prophetic ten

esus Christ well-kissed human toes

ealo the Seal Boy who two-fingered hand-flippers at shoulders could smoke & type with regular ten toes

old tiny white toilets wrapped in toilet paper, souvenirs one dollar helly ten pale pure toes

lichelangelo enjoyed five digits per foot, Da Vinci mapped ten on his two feet

lies toes get stuck on spiderwebs

piders slide swift-toed on sticky nets

cratch the sole, toes curl

oetus is capable of toes

tubbed my bare fourth toe on a step ladder one dark Friday night, though it still wiggles

'alking on snowy mud's painful, back aches

ohn Madison has chocolate toes

itler natural toes

uddha ten bare toes enlightened

ay my skull on night pillows, rest on Tara's lap between gentle toes

ama YabYum dreams with 20 toes
mptiness innumerable trillion toes
ld men's toenails thicken ivory aged
ead toenails grow in cenotaphs
apoleon wore toenails inside polished riding boots
lephant toenail stubs nudge tussocks
uch is the all pervading scintillation of empty bells

December 30, 1996, 12:55 A.M.

## **Virtual Impunity Blues**

/ith Virtual impunity Clinton got campaign funds from pink Chinese /ith Virtual impunity CIA Contra stringers sold Cocaine disease L.A. & Minneapolis

Ith Virtual impunity FBI burned down apocalyptic Waco

7ith Virtual impunity gov't began charging huge fees for public college studies

7ith Virtual impunity Congress FCC ok'd Fundamentalist Broadcast censorship

Ith Virtual impunity Family Values insulted ladies, gays, Afric Americans

/ith Virtual impunity the Pope banned planet birth control
/ith Virtual impunity N. Carolina banned sodomy in the wrong hole
/ith Virtual impunity the Chinese banned fresh speech electrics
/ith Virtual impunity Albanian Lottery bosses bought & sold elections

January 1997

#### Waribashi

Talk into your local Japanese restaurant Teriyaki Boy—

rder sliced raw fish mackerel, smoked eel, roe on vinagered rice balls ide thin wooden utensils out a white paper sleeve with blue Crane print

olit the wood, rub ends together smooth down splinters, sit & wait & sigh—

00,000 cubic meters Southeast Asian timber exports

awed & processed in Japan, resold, 20 billion waribashi

sed once, thrown away—roots of rainforest destruction—help pay interest

hailand's & Malaysia's yearly debt service to World Bank, IMF our plate arrives with sharp green mustard & pink pickled ginger slices

ew sprig of parsley, lift the chopsticks to your mouth enjoy sashimi

January 7, 1997, 6:30 A.M.

#### **Good Luck**

m lucky to have all five fingers on the right hand
ucky peepee with little pain
ucky bowels move
ucky, sleep nights on a captain's bed, nap mid-afternoons
ucky to amble down First Avenue
ucky make a couple hundred thousand a year
nging Eli Eli, writing passing mind, etching primordial doodles,
teaching Buddhist college, snapping Leica bus-stop photos thru my
window eyeballs

ear ambulance sirens, smell garlic & rust, taste persimmons & flounder, walk the loft floor barefoot soles a little desensitized ucky I can think, and sky can snow

January 8, 1997

## **Some Little Boys Dont**

Some little boys like it Some little boys dont Some little girls swipe it Some little girls won't

Some nephews suck it Some lollypops grunt Some nieces truck it If grandpa's a runt

Some puberties request it Four times a month Some girl teens breast it Some eat it for brunch

Some little people gargle Some adolescents warble Some teenyboppers babble Some kiddies play Scrabble

January 10, 1997, 4 A.M.

## **Jacking Off**

Who showed up? Joe S. pale bodied wiry leanness, suck your cock—I kissed his belly, thin muscular breast— Suck my cock you bitch, little bitch suck my cock, Huck, I got him on his knees licked his ass his hairy behind doggie style, jacked him off he grabbed his own dick finished—come. Tom G. big cocked passed thru my dream bed, didn't stay Ah John got you, bought the leather handcuffs & strap binding hand & feet helpless, Leather collar roped to the bedstead's head—buy it once for all S&M shops Christopher Street Uptown leather Spank good & hard, slap his ass let him writhe, better than cutting him up, designs with razor— So came on that unfamiliar fear savage control over Adonis body, willing eager—bound to be true.

January 28, 1997

## **Think Tank Rhymes**

think tank pick thank lamb shank wet wank drug dork hankie pankey kitchey camp namby pamby macho wimp witchy granny randy daddy skimpy mammie toilet Tilly itchy nursie Golden Grammie dandy Sammy

Fried pork
mind wonk
brain konk
junk funk
coke dink
dead drunk
Big Pink
skunk stink
mom wink
nuke kink
big dick
instinct
gum crank
space pork
fried wok

Hershey drink Einstein

January 30, 1997, 2:45 A.M.

# **Song of the Washing Machine**

Burned out Burned out We're not burned out We're not burned out for a house for a house for a house for a house Bathroom Bathroom Bathroom Bathroom At home at home at home We're not burned out We're not burned out Fair enough fair enough fair enough Can you account for yourself account for yourself Better not better not better not

January 31, 1997

#### **World Bank Blues**

I work for the world bank yes I do My salary was hundred thousand smackeroo I know my Harvard economics better than you

Nobody knows that I make big plans I show Madagascar leaders how to dance How to read statistics & wear striped pants

Emotional statistics that's not my job Facts & figures, I'm no slob But foresting & farming's all a big blob

Here's our scheme to stabilize your paper for International trade right now or later Follow our advice you'll thank your creator

Whatcha got to export, what raw materials? Monoculture diamonds, coffee, Cereals Sell 'em on the market to Multinational Imperials

We'll loan you money to expand production Pay our yearly interest, for your own protection Tighten your belts, we'll have no objection

Throw in some little minimal principle tho debt service paid makes the deal invincible That takes dollars but your currency's exchangeable Get people working on mass market land cut down forests, for your cash in hand Or superhighways money where Rainforests stand

With agribusiness farms you can export beef Cut social services & poverty relief Forest people shift to the cities in grief

Tighten your belt for a roller coaster ride Production's up, market prices slide Wood pulp burger meat, coffee downside

Increase production pay yr. World Bank debt—At least the interest if that's all you can get Cut down Amazon you haven't paid it yet

In one decade you give all the money back As Bank debt service but the Principal, alack! We'll lend more cash (but dont sell smack)

Austerity measures, wages go down, th'urban sewage is a charnel ground Buses fall apart at the edge of town

coral reef fish dead factory waste, Indigines hooked on Yankee dollar taste Swiss bank funds for dictators disgraced

Fauna killed for the debt Costa Rica Unknown flora at the mouth of Boca Chica Birds in Equador, sick with toxic leakage? Riots start over bags of foreign rice Arm your teenage army with U.S. mace Borrow money for a local Arms race

Families driven from crop land to forests Forest folk in hovels hid from tourists Currencies bankrupt for free market purists?

I just retired from my 20 year job at World Bank Central with the money mob Go to AA meetings so's not die a slob

I worked in Africa, Americas, Vietnam Bangkok too with World Banks' big clan Now I'm retired and I don't give a damn

Walk the streets of Washington alone at night The job I did, was it wrong was it right? Big mistakes that've gone out of sight?

It wasn't the job of a bureaucrat like me to check the impact of the Bank policy When debt bore fruit on the world money tree.

February 1997

## **Richard III**

Toenail-thickening age on me,
Sugar coating my nerves, leg
muscles lacking blood, weak kneed
Heart insufficient, a thick'd valve-wall,
Short of breath, six pounds
overweight with water—
logged liver, gut & lung—up at 4 A.M.
reading Shakespeare.

February 4, 1997, 4:03 A.M., NYC

#### **Death & Fame**

*I*hen I die

don't care what happens to my body

row ashes in the air, scatter 'em in East River

ury an urn in Elizabeth New Jersey, B'nai Israel Cemetery

ut I want a big funeral

t. Patrick's Cathedral, St. Mark's Church, the largest synagogue in Manhattan

irst, there's family, brother, nephews, spry aged Edith stepmother 96, Aunt Honey from old Newark,

octor Joel, cousin Mindy, brother Gene one eyed one ear'd, sister-inlaw blonde Connie, five nephews, stepbrothers & sisters their grandchildren.

ompanion Peter Orlovsky, caretakers Rosenthal & Hale, Bill Morgan

ext, teacher Trungpa Vajracharya's ghost mind, Gelek Rinpoche there, Sakyong Mipham, Dalai Lama alert, chance visiting America, Satchitananda Swami,

hivananda, Dehorahava Baba, Karmapa XVI, Dudjom Rinpoche, Katagiri & Suzuki Roshi's phantoms

aker, Whalen, Daido Loori, Qwong, Frail White-haired Kapleau Roshis, Lama Tarchin—

hen, most important, lovers over half-century

ozens, a hundred, more, older fellows bald & rich

oung boys met naked recently in bed, crowds surprised to see each other, innumerable, intimate, exchanging memories

He taught me to meditate, now I'm an old veteran of the thousand day retreat—"

I played music on subway platforms, I'm straight but loved him he loved me"

I felt more love from him at 19 than ever from anyone"

We'd lie under covers gossip, read my poetry, hug & kiss belly to belly arms round each other"

I'd always get into his bed with underwear on & by morning my skivvies would be on the floor"

Japanese, always wanted take it up my bum with a master"

We'd talk all night about Kerouac & Cassady sit Buddhalike then sleep in his captain's bed."

He seemed to need so much affection, a shame not to make him happy"

was lonely never in bed nude with anyone before, he was so gentle my stomach

nuddered when he traced his finger along my abdomen nipple to hips \_\_\_"

All I did was lay back eyes closed, he'd bring me to come with mouth & fingers along my waist"

He gave great head"

o there be gossip from loves of 1946, ghost of Neal Cassady commingling with flesh and youthful blood of 1997

nd surprise—"You too? But I thought you were straight!"

am but Ginsberg an exception, for some reason he pleased me,"

I forgot whether I was straight gay queer or funny, was myself, tender and affectionate to be kissed on the top of my head,

y forehead throat heart & solar plexus, mid-belly, on my prick, tickled with his tongue my behind"

I loved the way he'd recite 'But at my back always hear/time's winged chariot hurrying near,' heads together, eye to eye, on a pillow—"

mong lovers one handsome youth straggling the rear

studied his poetry class, 17 year-old kid, ran some errands to his walk-up flat,

Educed me didn't want to, made me come, went home, never saw him again never wanted to ..."

He couldn't get it up but loved me," "A clean old man," "He made sure I came first"

his the crowd most surprised proud at ceremonial place of honor—

hen poets & musicians—college boys' grunge bands—age-old rock star Beatles, faithful guitar accompanists, gay classical conductors, unknown high Jazz music composers, funky trumpeters, bowed bass & french horn black geniuses, folksinger fiddlers with dobro tambourine harmonica mandolin autoharp pennywhistles & kazoos

ext, artist Italian romantic realists schooled in mystic 60's India, late fauve Tuscan painter-poets, Classic draftsman Massachusetts surreal jackanapes with continental wives, poverty sketchbook gesso oil watercolor masters from American provinces

hen highschool teachers, lonely Irish librarians, delicate bibliophiles, sex liberation troops nay armies, ladies of either sex

met him dozens of times he never remembered my name I loved him anyway, true artist"

Nervous breakdown after menopause, his poetry humor saved me from suicide hospitals"

Charmant, genius with modest manners, washed sink dishes, my studio guest a week in Budapest"

housands of readers, "Howl changed my life in Libertyville Illinois"

saw him read Montclair State Teachers College decided be a poet—"

He turned me on, I started with garage rock sang my songs in Kansas City"

Kaddish made me weep for myself & father alive in Nevada City"

Father Death comforted me when my sister died Boston 1982"

read what he said in a newsmagazine, blew my mind, realized others like me out there"

eaf & Dumb bards with hand signing quick brilliant gestures

hen Journalists, editors' secretaries, agents, portraitists & photo graphy aficionados, rock critics, cultured laborors, cultural historians come to witness the historic funeral

uper-fans, poetasters, aging Beatniks & Deadheads, autographhunters, distinguished paparazzi, intelligent gawkers

veryone knew they were part of "History" except the deceased ho never knew exactly what was happening even when I was alive

February 22, 1997

#### **Sexual Abuse**

"A Nation of Finks"
—W. S. Burroughs

A voice in the kitchen light:

Sexual abuse should not be
rewarded with a wink

Sexshual abuse should not be
revarded mit a vink

Re Boston-Herald headline "Sexual Abuse Law Targets Clergy"

"Senator: Religious leaders must report child molesters"

Priests should turn each other in, fink—

So, say it in the confession box, not
over sherry at intimate dinner.

February 26, 1997, 6 A.M.

## **Butterfly Mind**

The mind is like a butterfly
That lights upon a rose
or flutters to a stinky feces pile
swoops into smoky bus exhaust
or rests upon porch chair, a flower breathing
open & closed balancing a Tennessee breeze—
Flies to Texas for a convention
spring weeds in fields of oil rigs
Some say these rainbow wings have soul
Some say empty brain
tiny automatic large-eyed wings
that settle on the page.

January 29, 1997, 2:15 A.M., NYC

#### A fellow named Steven

A fellow named Steven went to look for God on a street that's even and a street that's odd

A lifestyle clean with music and wife A golden mean For a heavenly life

He went to the city Tried all tricks Sadness & pity many highs, many kicks

Saved by music Books & dance bands, Generous, correct Taught class, steady hands

Married, had a boy Whom he sang into life He'll long enjoy His Child & Wife

Air Shuttle Boston—N.Y. March 4, 1997, 5 P.M. in milky sky

## **Half Asleep**

Moved six months ago left it behind for Peter
He'd been in Almora when we bought it,
an old blanket, brown Himalayan wool
two-foot-wide long strips of light cloth
bound together with wool strings
That after 3 decades began to loosen
Soft familiar with use in Benares & Manhattan
I took it in my hands, searched to match the seams,
fold them, sew together as I thought
But myself, being ill, too heavy for my arms,
Leave it to housekeeper's repair
it disappeared suddenly in my hands—
back to the old apartment
where I'd let go half year before

March 7, 1997

# **Objective Subject**

It's true I write about myself
Who else do I know so well?
Where else gather blood red roses & kitchen garbage
What else has my thick heart, hepatitis or hemorrhoids—
Who else lived my seventy years, my old Naomi?
and if by chance I scribe U.S. politics, Wisdom
meditation, theories of art
it's because I read a newspaper loved
teachers skimmed books or visited a museum

March 8, 1997, 12:30 A.M.

## Kerouac

I can't answer, reason I can't answer I haven't been dead yet Don't remember dead I'm on 14th St & 1st Avenue Vat's the question?

March 12, 1997

# **Hepatitis Body Itch ...**

Hepatitis
Body itch
nausea
hemorrhage
tender Hemorrhoids
High Blood
Sugar, low
leaden limbs
lassitude
bed rest
shit factory
this corpse
cancer

March 13, 1997

## **Whitmanic Poem**

We children, we school boys, girls in America laborers, students dominated by lust

March 18, 1997

#### **American Sentences 1995–1997**

felt a breeze below my waist and realized that my fly was open.

April 20, 1995

\* \* \*

itting forward elbows on knees, oh what luck! to be able to crap!

April 17, 1995

That was good! that was great! That was important!" Standing to flush the toilet.

June 22, 1995

elief! relief! O Boy O Boy! That was necessary, wash behind!

January 18, 1997

A good shit is worth a thousand dollars if your purse can afford it." *February 10, 1997, 5 A.M.* 

eard at every workplace—obnoxious slogan: "Shit or get off the pot!"

January 24, 1997

low did I know? How did my ass know? Suddenly, go to the bathroom!

March 10, 1997

\* \* \*

#### Château d'Amboise

un setting on their faces the diners chatter over plates of duck.

June 22, 1995

### Baul Song

Oh my mad mind, my mad mind, where've you been all my life, my old mad mind?"

October 7, 1996

he three-day-old kitchen fly's flown into my bedroom for company.

December 9, 1996

Hi-diddly-Dee, a poet's life for me," Gregory Corso sang in Paris sniffing H.

January 16, 1997

hopping apples for the fruit compote—suffer, suffer, suffer, suffer!

January 24, 1997

ourageous little lemon with so many pits! sliced into the pot.

January 25, 1997

he young dog—he jumped out the TV tube stood still then barked for supper.

January 26, 1997

tupid of me, stupid of me, just dumb plain stupid ass! Where's my pen?

February 19, 1997, 2:45 A.M.

ly father dying of Cancer, head drooping, "Oy kindelach."

February 24, 1997

/hatcha do about little girls who want to play Horsey on my knee?

March 10, 1997

Hey Buster! Whatcha looking at me like that for?" in the Bronx subway.

March 10, 1997, 2:45 A.M.

o see Void vast infinite look out the window into the blue sky.

March 23, 1997

## Variations on Ma Rainey's See See Rider

"I've been down at the bus stop Buy my jellyroll there If I can't sell it in Memphis you can buy it in Eau St. Claire. See See Rider you got me in your chair But if I have my fanny can sell it anywhere See what I want today yes yes yes Need a man who really can do anything I say Do that for me Then I guess I won't go way.

Go way go way go way from here look for all old gray home I can live by myself and ring my telephone Dirty pictures on my new TV Just now turned them on I don't need you and your mamma's long time gone

## **Sky Words**

Sunrise dazzles the eye Sirens echo tear thru the sky Taxi klaxons echo the street Broken car horns bleat bleat

Sky is covered with words
Day is covered with words
Night is covered with words
God is covered with words

Consciousness covered with words Mind is covered with words Life & Death are words Words are covered with words

Lovers are covered with words Murders are covered with words Spies are covered with words Governments covered with words

Mustard gas covered with words Hydrogen Bombs covered with words World "News" is words Wars are covered with words

Secret police covered with words Starvation covered with words Mothers bones covered with words Skeleton Children made of words Armies are covered with words Money covered with words High Finance covered with words Poverty Jungles covered with words

Electric chairs covered with words Screaming crowds are covered with words Tyrant radios covered with words Hell's televised, covered with words

March 23, 1997, 5 A.M.

## **Scatalogical Observations**

The Ass knows more than the mind knows

Young romantic readers Skip this part of the book If you want a glimpse of life You're free to take a look

Shit machine shit machine I'm an incredible shit machine Piss machine Piss machine Inexhaustible piss machine

Piss & shit machine That's the Golden Mean Whether young or old Move your bowels of gold

Piss & shit machine It always comes out clean Whether you're old or young Never hold your tongue

## (Chorus)

Shit machine piss machine I'm an incredible piss machine Piss machine piss machine Inexhaustible shit machine.

Brown or black or green everything will be seen

Hard or soft or loose Shit's a glimpse of Truth

Babe or boy or youth Fart's without a tooth Baby girl or maid Many a fart in laid

Shit piss shit piss
Fuck & shit & piss
Fuck fart shit Piss
It all comes down to this

Beautiful male Madonnas Wrathful Maids of Honor To be frank & honest Stink the watercloset

Shit machine piss machine Much comes down to this Piss machine shit machine Nature's not obscene

Shit piss shit piss How'll I end my song? Shit piss shit piss Nature never wrong

(Chorus)
Shit machine Piss Machine
I'm an incredible piss machine

# Piss machine shit machine Inexhaustible shit machine

March 23, 1997

# My Team Is Red Hot

My dick is red hot Your dick is diddly dot

My politics red hot Your politics diddly-plot

My President's red hot your President's diddly-blot

My land is red hot Your land is diddly-knot

My nation's red hot Your nation's diddly rot

My cosmos red hot Your cosmos diddly iddly squat

March 23, 1997

# **Starry Rhymes**

Sun rises east Sun sets west Nobody knows What the sun knows best

North star north Southern Cross south Hold close the universe In your mouth

Gemini high Pleiades low Winter sky Begins to snow

Orion down North Star up Fiery leaves Begin to drop

March 23, 1997, 4:51 A.M.

#### **Thirty State Bummers**

Take a pee pee take a Bum Take your choice for number one

Old man more or someone new Take your choice someone new

President Clinton President Dole Number three you're in a hole

Anchor two or anchor four One's a liar one's a bore

Richard Helms Angleton live We were lucky to survive

Jesse Helms & dirty pix
Dance your fate with his party mix

Idi Amin General Mobutu Were paid by me & you

They were bought by me & mine Albania, number 9

Mr. Allende was number 10 Pinochet Dictator then

Death squads in El Salvador We paid D'Aubisson to score

Guatamalas by the dozen Pat Robertson was country cousin

Rios-Montt the Indian killer Born-again General Bible pillar

Nicaragua squeezed between Col. North & a cocaine queen

Drug Czar Bush gave Company moolah To Noriega Panama's ruler

Venezuela's Drug War Chief Turned around to be a thief

Mexico's general drug-war head pumped informers full of lead

State Department's favorite bloke In Haiti he sold tons of coke

Till Aristide unhex'd the curse CIA filled Cedras' Purse

White Peru's its Indian shame Gave "Shining Path" worldwide fame Then dictator Fujimori
Paid the World Bank hunky dory

With Indian Class the majority Peru got respectable with poverty

Made a deal with English banks To pay back USA with thanks

The price of rubber tin went down Cocaine syndicates come to town

Now the money's in cocaine crops U.S. Hellies do their dope air drops

We got rid of the President of Costa Rica He had no army he didn't kill people

Lots began in '53 Guatemala couldn't break free

United Fruits annulled the vote As Alan & Foster Dulles gloat

Then unseated Mosaddeq & left Iran a police-state wreck

Then we sold the guy in Iraq Money to bomb Iranians back Central America Middle East Preyed on by "Great Satan's" beast

Worst of all, & hell be damned! Think what happened in Vietnam

Laos, victim of the war Nobody really knew what for

Cambodia, caught by the tail When we blew up Mekong's Ho Chi Minh Trail,

Descended into Anarchy Pol Pot's Maoist Butchery

Shihanook's book before that day Was called "My War with the CIA"

Who's to blame, Who's to blame Anybody share America's shame

But there's more! Count the score! So far we got twenty-four

25 is Afghanistan Fundamentalists armed by The Man

Tribal Drug Lord Mountain gangs Veiling up their own sex thangs Looking around for number 26 Indochina was the Colonial sticks

France introduced the opium crop France would sell the Chinese hop

Britain, U.S. got in on the deal Opium war made the Emperor kneel

China opened to our own junk men Shanghai famous for the opium den

Strung out on junk we took their silk The yellow peril drank Christian milk

We're doing exactly the same thing again In Indochina with Marlboro men

Smoke our dope to be Favored Nation Nicotine cancer next generation

Who's pushing this new dope ring? Senator Jesse Helms the Moralist King

Peaches Prunes & company goons
For the next two-hundred eighty eight moons

NAFTA NAFTA what comes after? Toxic waste—Industrial laughter

Industrial Smog, Industrial sneers Industrial women weeping tears

Wages low no CIO No medical plan oh no! no! no!

No FDR No WPA No toilet time, human say

No overtime no other way Yankee work for a dollar a day

No jobs today No jobless pay No future life but turn to clay

Work hard for a little bit of honey But USA takes all the money

March 24, 1997, 10:40 P.M.

# I have a nosebleed You have a nosebleed

He has a nosebleed three She has a nosebleed It has a nosebleed They all bleed on me

March 24, 1997

# Timmy made a hot milk

Better than a warm milk
Better than a cold milk shake
Hot cream warm cream oh La La!
Pretty boy straight kids, Ha ha ha
Sneakers Jeans & T-shirts, damn!
Got it made said houseboy Sam
All except the Ku Klux Klan
Wham Bam & thank you ma'm

March 25, 1997, 6:30 A.M.

# This kind of Hepatitis can cause ya

Nosebleed skin itch bowel nausea Swell up hanging hemorrhoid heads Easter lilies by your hospital beds

March 24, 1997

# Giddy-yup giddy-yup giddy-yap

I can't take more of your crap Giddy-yap Giddy-yup So you're right, so you're right, Shut up! Giddy yup shut up, Giddy yup shut up Giddy-yap giddy yap giddy yap shut up.

March 24, 1997

Turn on the heat & take a seat & lookit junkies on the street

Forget the news from old Time-Warner Lookit crackheads on the corner

Turn off TV 7 o'clock They're selling grass around the block

Minimum wage is whacha make Narcs are mostly on the take.

Make big money from your mob Till Old MacDonald makes a job.

March 25, 1997

# **Bop Sh'bam**

OO Bop Sh'bam At the poetry slam Scream & yell At the poetry ball

Get in a rage On the poetry stage Make it rhyme In double-time

Talk real fast till your time's passed Sound like a clown & then sit down.

Listen to the next 'cause she listened to you Tho all she says is Peek-a-boo-boo.

March 25, 1997, 3:30 P.M.

#### **Dream**

There was a bulge in my right side, this dream recently—just now I realized I had a baby, full grown that came out of my right abdomen while I in hospital with dangerous hepatitis C.

I lay there awhile, wondering what to do, half grateful, half apprehensive. It'll need milk, it'll need exercise, taken out into fresh air with baby carriage.

Peter there sympathetic, he'll help me, bent over my bed, kissed me, happy a child to care for. What compassion he has. Reassured I felt the miracle was in Peter's reliable hands—but gee what if he began drinking again? No this'll keep him straight. How care for a baby, what can I do?

Worried & pleased since it was true I slowly woke, still thinking it'd happened, consciousness returned slowly 2:29 AM I was awake and there's no little mystic baby—naturally appeared, just disappeared—

A glow of happiness next morn, warm glow of pleasure half the day.

March 27, 1997, 4A.M.

#### Things I'll Not Do (Nostalgias)

ever go to Bulgaria, had a booklet & invitation

ame Albania, invited last year, privately by Lottery scammers or recovering alcoholics,

r enlightened poets of the antique land of Hades Necromanteion

or visit Lhasa live in Hilton or Ngawang Gelek's household & weary ascend Potala

or ever return to Kashi "oldest continuously habited city in world" bathe in Ganges & sit again at Manikarnika ghat with Peter, visit Lord Jagganath again in Puri, never back to Birbhum take notes tales of Khaki Baba

r hear music festivals in Madras with Philip

r return to have Chai with older Sunil & the young coffeeshop poets,

ie my head on a block in the Chinatown opium den, pass by Moslem Hotel, its rooftop Tinsmith Street Choudui Chowh Nimtallah Burning ground nor smoke ganja on the Hooghly

or the alleyways of Achmed's Fez, nevermore drink mint tea at Soco Chico, visit Paul B. in Tangiers

r see the Sphinx in Desert at Sunrise or sunset, morn & dusk in the desert

ncient collapsed Beirut, sad bombed Babylon & Ur of old, Syria's grim mysteries all Araby & Saudi Deserts, Yemen's sprightly folk,

ld opium tribal Afghanistan, Tibet-Templed Beluchistan

ee Shanghai again, nor caves of Dunhuang

or climb E. 12th Street's stairway 3 flights again,

or go to literary Argentina, accompany Glass to Sao Paolo & live a month in a flat Rio's beaches & favella boys, Bahia's great Carnival

or more daydream of Bali, too far Adelaide's festival to get new song sticks

ot see the new slums of Jakarta, mysterious Borneo forests & painted men & women

o more Sunset Boulevard, Melrose Avenue, Oz on Ocean Way ld cousin Danny Leegant, memories of Aunt Edith in Santa Monica o more sweet summers with lovers, teaching Blake at Naropa, lind Writing Slogans, new modern American Poetics, Williams Kerouac Reznikoff Rakosi Corso Creeley Orlovsky

ny visits to B'nai Israel graves of Buba, Aunt Rose, Harry Meltzer and Aunt Clara, Father Louis

ot myself except in an urn of ashes

March 30, 1997, A.M.

#### **Afterword**

#### On Death & Fame

This final collection of Allen Ginsberg poems completes a remarkable half century of continuous verse creation. Allen leaves nothing out and takes the readers down a final walk of sickness and decline, but still the illumination of life shines through these strophes and rhythms. In these final five years, Allen struggles through several transformations. He is placed under the ever intensifying glare of media attention as a founder of the Beat Generation. He is interviewed as a living icon/prophet to each generation from the 1940s through the 1990s and is expected to elucidate the meaning of the century's conclusion and make new millennial predictions. The telephones ring continually for talk and advice on every subject from presidential politics to baby naming. He finally manages to place his lifelong archives into a permanent home at Stanford University. He is reviled in the New York Times on several occasions for "selling out." For the first time in his life, he buys himself a bit of comfort. At age seventy, he leaves his fourthfloor walk-up tenement apartment and moves into an elevator loft building still within his beloved Lower East Side of Manhattan. In these years, he embraces Jewel Heart Buddhist Center in Ann Arbor, Michigan, where he attends retreats, performs benefits, and receives profound and ultimate instructions from his teacher Gelek Rinpoche. Although struggling with illnesses continually, he does not learn of his fatal diagnosis until a week before his last breath. The poems follow these paths and illumine our own lives.

"New Democracy Wish List" was written at the request of Long Island Newsday. Allen polled his friends and collected advice on various subjects. The poem was sent to the White House and politely received. Allen's diabetes led to a state of dysesthesia below the waist. Allen transformed any shame of incontinence to a celebration of aging and life, as in "Here We Go 'Round the Mulberry Bush." It was Allen's habit to write poetry in his journals in the late night or the early morning. He would often write at dawn and then go back to sleep until late morning. His waking routine took several hours. There is a good sample of that routine in "Tuesday Morn." When Allen had collected several pages of poetry in his journals, he would photocopy them and hand them to his office to perform a first typing. Peter Hale typed them and returned them promptly. Allen would make alterations by hand and return them. Sometimes this process went on through ten drafts. We kept every draft in a file folder labeled with the title of the poem. Often slight rhythmic corrections to poems would come in after Allen returned from giving poetry readings. Allen Ginsberg was one of very few poets who had the opportunity to refine the exact cadence of his lines through his frequent public readings.

One of Allen's most beautiful song lyrics was "New Stanzas for *Amazing Grace*." Allen never ignored the homeless or beggars. He was generous to a fault and could not pass an outstretched hand without leaving a coin and looking deeply into the face beyond the hand. Allen lived comfortably within his modest fame. As he walked the streets of Lower Manhattan, people would nod to him in recognition or simply say "Hi Allen!" as they passed. If they stopped to recall when they last met him or ask a question, he was patient and conversed with them. If someone came up and said, "Are you Allen Ginsberg?" he might answer, "No, but that is what I am called." Allen was always supportive of the writers he admired and who were his friends. Notice in "City Lights City" which was written for the naming ceremony of Via Ferlinghetti, Allen used the

occasion to create new literary renamings of streets for all the worthy writers of his circle.

"Pastel Sentences" were written in Allen's form of American Haiku syllables with the common haiku associational enjambment of senses but carried through on a single strophe each). These sentences were composed to accompany a set of water colors by his friend, Francesco Clemente. There was a conciliation in Allen's poems; he was commingling his worldview with its detail of causes into Buddhist mindfulness and ego urges. He continued a flirtation with children's poetry in "The Ballad of the Skeletons" which was turned into a rock 'n' roll song with Paul McCartney, Philip Glass, and Lenny Kaye collaborating musically. Gus Van Sant made a music video. Memories from East Side High, Paterson, are explored in "You know what I'm saying?" Allen remembered the songs of his childhood ("Popular Tunes"). One day he walked around the loft trying to find his scarf. He sang a little ditty about the lost scarf, which became "Gone Gone": a poem about loss, which was read at a Buddhist service the day after Allen's death.



Allen was unsteady on his feet, hesitant in his step, and exhausted in his frame. He had to fly the shuttle to Boston to see his cardiologist. I sensed that, for the first time, he didn't have the energy to fly by himself. "Allen, I'll go with you," I reassured him in the early twilight of a late February afternoon. He protested that it was not necessary. I insisted and he gave in happily.

I carried my bag and his. He shuffled with me. In the taxi to LaGuardia Airport, Allen asked for his book bag. The taxi was dark, only lit by the street lamps whisking by in an alternating stream. As the vehicle sped between lanes, I felt my stomach rise up to my throat and stick there. Allen said, "Listen to this. I started it last

night!" He was laughing and cracking up. He searched in his journal and found the scrawled poem. It started:

When I die
I don't care what happens to my body
throw ashes in the air, scatter 'em in the East River
bury an urn in Elizabeth New Jersey, B'nai Israel Cemetery
But I want a big funeral

I wanted the cab ride to be over. I didn't want to hear the poem, but it got funnier and funnier. He was almost in hysterics as he listed what all his myriad boyfriends would say at his funeral. He wanted to know if I could add any lines. I suggested that women would all say, "He never did remember my name."

On the shuttle, Allen fell into a deep sleep. I stared at the deep lines in his face. He seemed so far away. I thought he might be dead. But at the beginning of our descent, he jerked awake, grabbed his notebook, scribbled for about two minutes, and read me this American sentence: "My father dying of Cancer, head drooping, 'Oy kindelach."



Allen's health continued to deteriorate. Poems were being written so fast that we could not keep up with them. Weeks after the trip to Boston, Allen entered Beth Israel Hospital in New York City. One of the doctors in the Emergency Room handed Allen a poem he had written seeking Allen's improvements. Allen obliged and was pleased as he confided in me that it was "a much stronger poem now." In the hospital, Allen asked for a copy of *Mother Goose*. I brought my children's Rackham edition. "Starry Rhymes" injected pure beauty into the simple rhymes. The poetry of late March 1997 reflected Allen's lively mind balancing the primary hospital bodily events and his childhood innocence so long overridden in the need to grow up fast in a dysfunctional family.

Although we are unsure that Allen had finished with the rhymes dated March 24, 1997, we include them as exemplar of the pure, supple child Allen slipped in and out of in the late stages of liver cancer. "Dream" resolves contradictions inherent in his long love affair with Peter Orlovsky and remained the last poem written before the fatal diagnosis of liver cancer. After being told of the massive metastasized cancer within him, Allen Ginsberg only completed one poem in his final week of life. "Things I'll Not Do (Nostalgias)" is the only poem that Allen did not have a chance to proof and amend before his death. The poem is a compendium of farewells, with honest regrets and true Buddhist ability to let go. Allen was sad to leave the world, but he was also exhilarated.

Besides calling friends to take leave, and extract a few promises, he wrote a final political letter to President Clinton. He prefaces his note with, "Enclosed some recent political poems." Allen lapsed into his death coma before he could select the poems.

In preparing *Death* & *Fame*, Peter Hale, Bill Morgan, and myself have honored Allen's insistence on chronology and notes. We have included each poem as Allen fashioned it. We suspect that some of the short verse would be further revised and combined. These are the final poetry breaths—no more Allen Ginsberg. When Allen died many people felt as if a large hole gaped in their lives. Allen left many writings and songs to fill that hole. With *Death* & *Fame*, we find the circle will be unbroken.

Bob Rosenthal July 7, 1998

#### **Notes**

# (p. 1063) "New Democracy Wish List"

Ryan White Care Act—A federal program designed to provide support services for people with HIV/AIDS. The act was named for youth Ryan White, a hemophiliac who had contracted HIV through blood transfusion. His battle to return to school helped advance the rights of people living with AIDS.

SLA—Savings & Loan Association, a 1980's Federal program to bail out bankrupted savings & loan banks resulted in much mis-use and corruption.

Hand & Lavoro Bank Thuggery—Lavoro: Banca Nazionale del Lavoro.

# (p. 1066) "Peace in Bosnia-Herzegovina"

Thich Nhat Hanh—(b. 1926) Zen monk, exiled from Vietnam, heads a retreat community in the south of France. Authored over seventy-five books.

Sakharov—Andrei Sakharov (1921–1989) Russian engineer and humanist, first known as "father of the Soviet Hydrogen Bomb" but soon realized radioactivity's hazards and in a series of articles confronted the Soviet government. In 1975, he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

Albert Schweitzer—(1875–1965) Theologian, minister, medical missionary in Gabon, Organist, awarded the Nobel Peace prize in 1952. Schweitzer was in fact Sartre's cousin, though Sartre referred to him as "uncle Al."

### (p. 1068) "After the Party"

Coemergent Wisdom—A key term in Vajrayana Buddhism referring to the simultaneous arising of samsara and nirvana, naturally giving birth to wisdom.

#### (p. 1069) "After Olav H. Hauge"

Olav H. Hauge—Norwegian poet (1908–1994). Trained as a gardener, his work was inspired by the natural world.

Bodø—Second largest city of northern Norway, just inside the Arctic Circle.

## (p. 1074) "Tuesday Morn"

Exquisite Corpse—Literary Journal, edited by poet Andrei Codrescu.

Peter's flown—Peter Orlovsky

Sawang's ... confirmation—*Sawang*: Previous title for Sakyong Mipham Rinpoche (see note, page 108). *Confirmation*: Or enthronement in Tibetan Buddhism, it is the formal recognition of an incarnation.

#### (p. 1076) "God"

Willendorf Venus—Late Stone-Age limestone statuette of Venus, found near the village of Willendorf, Austria.

39 patriarchs—In Chinese and Zen Buddhism, patriarch is the founder of a school and his successors. In some accounts lineages are traced back to 28 original Patriarchs in India, and many more in China, although never as a group of 39—. It's likely the Author remembered incorrectly here.

# (p. 1078) "Excrement"

Polyhymnia—Polyhymnia (Polymnia) is one of the nine muses; sometimes considered the muse of Sacred Poetry.

#### (p. 1083) "Pastel Sentences"

The author had worked out a series of 108 seventeen syllable sentences describing individual pastel paintings by Francesco Clemente. With a copy of the catalogue, he continued to polish them as he traveled on. Included here are the sentences that the Author felt could stand alone without accompanying images.

#### (p. 1089) "Is About"

muggles—Hipster term for marijuana cigarette.

#### (p. 1091) "The Ballad of the Skeletons"

Yahoo—From Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*: A member of a race of brutes who have all the human vices, hence a boorish, crass, or stupid person.

Heritage Policy—Heritage Foundation: Conservative foundation think tank, often thwarting NEA projects, opposing social welfare programs and favoring strict FCC restrictions on "indecent" language. In their own words "One of the nations largest public policy research organizations."

NAFTA—North American Free Trade Agreement, passed by President Clinton and Congress over objections of many labor and environmental groups concerned about lowered workplace and ecological safeguards.

Maquiladora—Foreign-owned factories operating on the Mexican side of the U.S./Mexican border producing goods mainly for the U.S.

market.

GATT—General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade.

I.M.F.—International Monetary Fund.

#### (p. 1097) "Bowel Song"

Bam—Seed syllable for Vajrayogini, one of the Author's principal Tibetan Buddhist practices.

#### (p. 1101) "Power"

Yuga—As in kaliyuga, Sanskrit for "age," as in the dark age.

#### (p. 1102) "Anger"

Carolyn—Carolyn Cassady

# (p. 1103) "Multiple Identity Questionnaire"

chela—Sanskrit term, literally "servant," though often used as the general word for a student, as in a spiritual student seeking guidance from a teacher.

neti neti—"Not this, not this." Vedantic process of discrimination by negation.

Maya—Sanskrit term in Buddhism meaning "deception, illusion, appearance," the continually changing impermanent phenomenal world of appearances and forms of illusion or deception which the unenlightened mind takes as the only reality.

#### (p. 1104) "Don't Get Angry with Me"

Chödok Tulku—Gelugpa school Tibetan Lama friend of Gelek Rinpoche, he was a guest speaker at a summer retreat attended by the Author. Because of nervousness or difficulty with English, he repeatedly interjected, "Don't get angry with me." The Author found it funny and innocent and wrote this poem during the lecture.

Tila, Mila, Marpa, Naro—Said here in prayer form, it is short for Tilopa, Milarepa, Marpa, Naropa (Gampopa). The line of saints or Mahasidhas of Kagupa lineage of Tibetan Buddhism.

#### (p. 1108) "Reverse the rain of Terror ..."

Rocky Flats—Rockwell Corporation Nuclear Facility's Plutonium Bomb trigger factory, near Boulder, Colorado. Starting in the late '70s, the Author joined in many protests against the plant. In 1989 the FBI investigated the site, confirmed careless handling of radioactive materials, suspended activity there and subsequently shut it down, but only after a \$2 billion failed attempt to get the plant back on line. Cleanup will continue into the next millennium.

#### (p. 1110) "Sending Message"

General Rios-Montt—Efrain Rios-Montt (b. 1926), Guatemalan dictator, rose to power in a 1982 coup lasting seventeen months. Claiming himself a "Born-Again" Christian reformer and backed by President Reagan, his campaigns were responsible for the destruction of native villages and the killing of tens of thousands of natives.

700 Club—Televangelist cable talk show, Christian Broadcasting Net-works's Flagship program, founded by Pat Robertson.

# (p. 1117) "Happy New Year Robert & June"

Robert & June—Robert Frank, June Lief.

# (p. 1118) "Diamond Bells"

Hayagriva—One of the eight fierce protective deities, identified by a horse's head in Tibetan Buddhist iconology

#### (p. 1120) "Waribashi"

See "Roots of Rain Forest Destruction," Khor Kok Pen, *Third World Resurgence*, no. 4, December 1990 (Malaysia, Third World Network), paraphrased in *The Debt Boomerang*, Susan George, 1992 (London, Pluto Press with Transnational Institute).

#### (p. 1130) "Death & Fame"

Trungpa Vajracharya—Vajracharya: In Tibetan Buddhism, Mantrayanastyle meditation practice master. *Trungpa*: Chögyam Trungpa, Rinpoche (1939–1987), the Author's first meditation master (1971–1987), founder of Naropa institute and Shambhala centers, author of *Cutting Through Spiritual Materialism* and *First Thought Best Thought*, with introduction by Allen Ginsberg, 1984, both published by Shambhala Publications, Boston.

Gelek Rinpoche—Kyabje or Ngawang Gelek Rinpoche (b. 1939), friend and teacher to the Author, he is the founder of Jewel Heart Tibetan Buddhist centers. A refugee in India since 1959, where he gave up monastic life to better serve the Tibetan Buddhist lay community, in the late '70s he was directed by tutors to the Dalai Lama to begin teaching Western students. He currently resides in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Sakyong Mipham Rinpoche—(b. 1962) The lineage holder of the Buddhist and Shambhala meditation traditions brought from Tibet by his father and teacher, Chögyam Trungpa Rinpoche. He is the leader of the international Shambhala community based in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Satchitananda Swami—Sri Swami Satchidananda, founder of Integral Yoga Institute. Came to the United States from India 1966.

Dehorahava Baba—A yogi the Author met at the Ganges River across from Benares in 1963.

Karmapa XVI—(1924–1981) Sixteenth lama head of Milarepa lineage, Kagupa order of Tibetan Buddhism.

Dudjom Rinpoche—(1904–1987) Former lama head of Nyingmapa "old school" Tibetan teachings, founded by Padmasambhaya.

Katigiri Roshi—Dainin Katagiri-Roshi (1928–1990), first Abbot of the Minnesota Zen Meditation Center in Minneapolis. Came to the United States from Japan in 1963. Taught and practiced in California and also assisted Suzuki-roshi at the San Francisco Zen Center.

Suzuki Roshi—Shunryu Suzuki-roshi: Zen master of the Soto Lineage. Came to the United States in 1958 as head of the Japanese Soto sect in San Francisco, where he established a Zen Center. He built Zen Mountain Center at Tassajara Springs, the first Zen monastery in America. His Dharma heir is Richard Baker.

Baker Roshi—Richard Baker, Roshi, Abbot, head teacher, and founder of the Dharma Sangha centers, Crestone, Colorado, and Germany.

Whalen Roshi—Zenshin Philip Whalen (b. 1923), poet friend associated with the Beat Generation, now an ordained Zen Buddhist priest, he is Abbot of the Hartford Street Zen Center, San Francisco.

Daido Loori Roshi—John Daido Loori, Abbot of Zen Mountain Monastery in Mt. Tremper, New York, and the founder/director of the Mountains and Rivers Order. Master in Rinzai and Soto lines of Zen Buddhism. Dharma heir of Hakuyu Taizen Maezumi Roshi.

Kapleau Roshi—Philip Kapleau Roshi, Zen master, studied Zen in Japan, founded the Rochester Zen Center in 1966, author of many books on Zen practice.

Lama Tarchin—Nyingmapa school Tibetan Lama, founded the Vajrayana Foundation, Santa Cruz, California, at the request of HH Dudjom Rinpoche.

#### (p. 1133) "Sexual Abuse"

See article "Sexual Abuse Bill Targets Clergy," Mark Mueller, *Boston Herald* (February 21, 1997).

#### (p. 1136) "Half Asleep"

Almora—Town in Uttar Pradesh state of Northern India, near the foothills of the Himalayas.

#### (p. 1151) "Thirty State Bummers"

Idi Amin—Idi Amin Dada Oumee (b. 1925), president and dictator of Uganda from 1971–1979, responsible for the killing of 300,000 tribal Ugandans.

General Mobutu—Joseph Mobutu (1930–1997), president and dictator of Zaire from 1965–1991, supported by Western powers.

Mr. Allende—Salvador Allende Gossens (1908–1973), Popularly elected Democratic Socialist President of Chile, overthrown by a military coup supported by the CIA.

Pinochet—Augusto Pinochet Ugarte (b. 1915), president of Chile following the death of Allende.

D'Aubuisson—Roberto D'Aubuisson Arrieta, Death Squad Leader of Arena Party in El Salvador.

Pat Robertson—Conservative Baptist minister and television talk show host who ran for president in 1988.

Rios-Montt—(See note, p. 108.)

Col. North—Oliver L. North, Jr. (b. 1943), U.S. Marine Colonel and a key figure in the Iran-Contra affair.

Aristide—Jean-Bertrand Aristide (b. 1951), the first democratically elected leader of Haiti from 1990–1991 and 1994–1995.

Cedras—Lt. Gen. Raoul Cedras, Haitian military ruler who overthrew Aristide in 1991.

Fujimori—Alberto Fujimori (b. 1938), president of Peru.

United Fruits—Corporation that controlled much of the Central American fruit market and now part of United Brands Company. United Fruit Company's law firm, Sullivan and Cromwell, had employed State Secretary Dulles, whose brother, Allen, heading the CIA, coordinated the 1954 then-covert overthrow of Jacob Arbenz, elected president of Guatemala. The event is notorious throughout Latin America as a mid-twentieth-century example of "banana republic" repression by North American imperium. By 1980, the U.S.-trained Guatemalan military had reportedly killed 10 percent of jungle Indian population as part of a "pacification" program to "create a favorable business climate." (See note: Rios-Montt.)

Mosaddeq—Mohammad Mosaddeq (1880–1967), Democratically elected Iranian premier from 1951–1953 who nationalized Western oil holdings.

Pol Pot—(1928–1998), Prime Minister of Cambodia from 1976–1979 and former leader of the Khmer Rouge.

Sihanook—Norodom Sihanook, Prime Minister since 1955 and crowned king of Cambodia in 1993 for the second time.

# (p. 1160) "Things I'll Not Do (Nostalgias)"

Kashi—Known now as Benares, a city in northern India, mentioned in ancient Buddhist writings.

Manikarnika ghat—Benares, India; steps near the river where corpses are burned.

Jagganath, Lord—Lord Jagganath is the form under which the Hindu god Krishna is worshipped in Puri, a town in eastern India.

Birbhum—A district in West Bengal state, northeastern India, home of nineteenth-century holy fool, Khaki Baba (see below).

Khaki Baba—North Bengali (Birbhum area), nineteenth-century saint who, dressed in khaki loincloth, is pictured sometimes sitting surrounded by canine friends and protectors.

Philip—Philip Glass, American composer.

Sunil—Sunil Ganguly, Indian poet-friend.

Choudui Chowh Nimtallah—Calcutta neighborhood where the Author lived in the summer of 1962, near the burning ghats.

Soco Chico—Square in the medina, Tangiers, where outdoor cafes were popular with the Author, William S. Burroughs, and Paul Bowles.

Paul B.—Paul Bowles, American writer living in Tangier.

Baluchistan—Baluchistan province in Pakistan, bordered by Afghanistan on the north and Iran on the west.

Dunhuang—Pinyin Dunhuang, city in western Kansu Sheng province, China.

Buba—(Yiddish) *Grandmother* Rebecca Ginsberg was Allen Ginsberg's grandmother, buried in this cemetery.

# INDEX OF TITLES, FIRST LINES, AND ORIGINAL BOOK SOURCES

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AD Airplane Dreams

AE As Ever

AW Angkor Wat

CG Cosmopolitan Greetings

D&F Death & Fame

EM Empty Mirror

Fall The Fall of America

GW The Gates of Wrath

Howl Howl

IH Iron Horse

IJ Indian Journals

J Journals: Early Fifties Early Sixties

Kaddish Kaddish

MB *Mind Breaths* 

Mss. Unpublished Manuscript

PAOTP Poems All Over the Place

PN Planet News

PO Plutonian Ode

RS Reality Sandwiches

SDG Sad Dust Glories

SHD Straight Hearts' Delight

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### **About the Author**

Allen Ginsberg was born in Newark, New Jersey, in 1926, a son of Naomi and lyric poet Louis Ginsberg. As a student at Columbia College in the 1940s, he began a close friendship with William Burroughs, Neal Cassady, and Jack Kerouac, and he later became associated with the Beat movement and the San Francisco Renaissance in the 1950s. After jobs as a laborer, sailor, and market researcher, Ginsberg published his first volume of poetry, *Howl and Other Poems*, in 1956. *Howl* defeated censorship trials to become one of the most widely read poems of the century, translated into more than twenty-two languages, from Macedonian to Chinese, a model for younger generations of poets from West to East.

Crowned Prague May King in 1965, then expelled by Czech police and simultaneously placed on the FBI's Dangerous Security list, Ginsberg traveled to and taught in the People's Republic of China, the Soviet Union, Scandinavia, and Eastern Europe, receiving Yugoslavia's Struga Poetry Festival "Golden Wreath" in 1986.

Ginsberg was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, was awarded the medal of Chevalier de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres by the French minister of culture, was a winner of the National Book Award (for *The Fall of America*), and was a cofounder of the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics at the Naropa Institute, the first accredited Buddhist college in the Western world. He died in New York City in 1997.

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