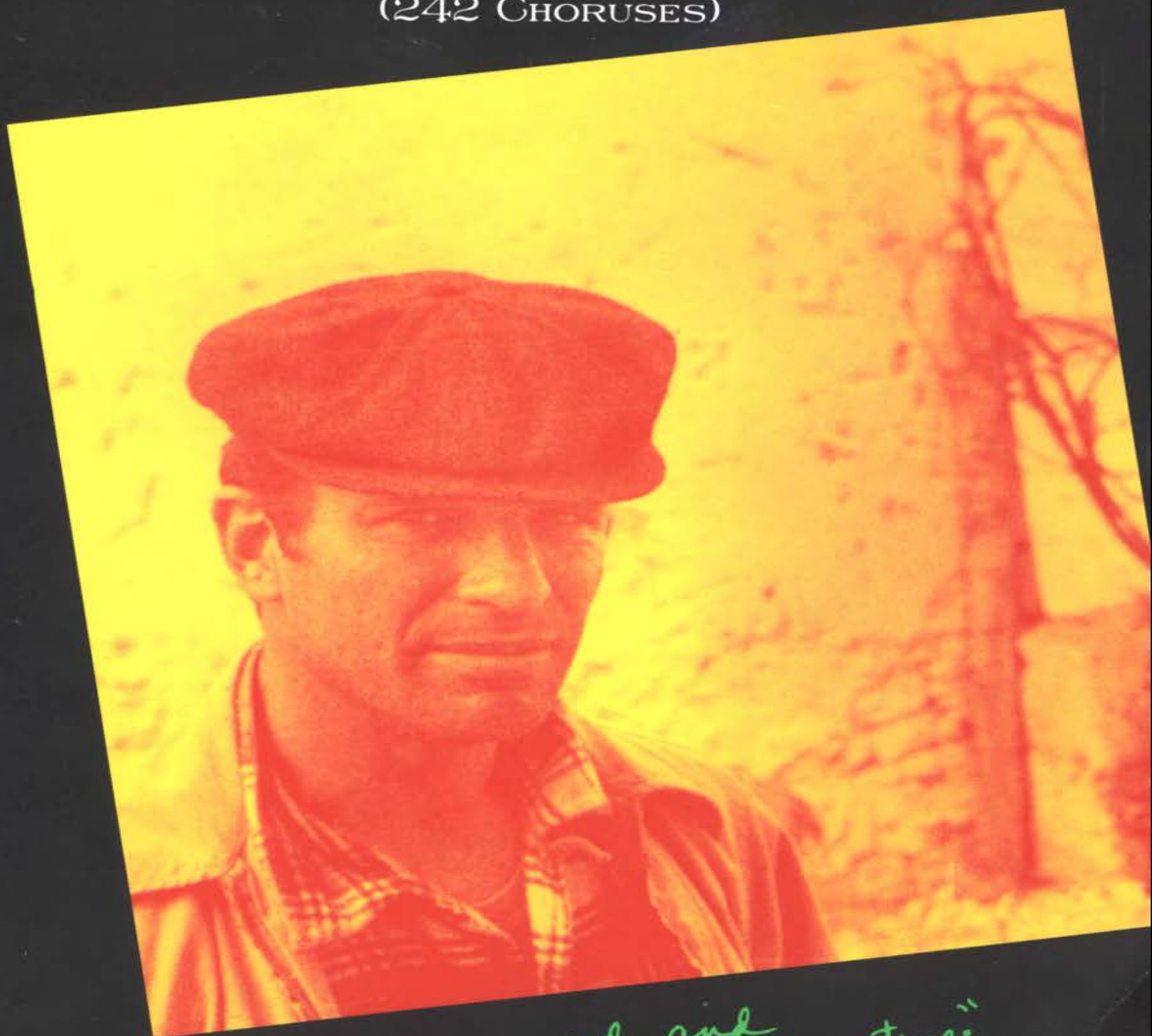


*Jade Kerouac*

# MEXICO CITY BLUES

(242 CHORUSES)



*"A spontaneous bop prosody and  
original classic literature!"  
—Allen Ginsberg*

# MEXICO CITY BLUES

Other Works by Jack Kerouac

Published by Grove Press

*Dr. Sax*

*Lonesome Traveler*

*Satori in Paris* and *Pic* (one volume)

*The Subterraneans*

# MEXICO CITY BLUES

Jack Kerouac



Copyright © 1959 by Jack Kerouac

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, or the facilitation thereof, including information storage and retrieval systems, without permission in writing from the publisher, except by a reviewer, who may quote brief passages in a review. Any members of educational institutions wishing to photocopy part or all of the work for classroom use, or publishers who would like to obtain permission to include the work in an anthology, should send their inquiries to Grove/Atlantic, Inc., 841 Broadway, New York, NY 10003.

*Published simultaneously in Canada  
Printed in the United States of America*

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Kerouac, Jack, 1922-1969.

Mexico City blues / Jack Kerouac.

p. cm.

eBook ISBN-13: 978-0-8021-9568-5

I. Title.

PS3521.E735M4      1990

813'.54—dc20                      90-2748

Grove Press  
an imprint of Grove/Atlantic, Inc.  
841 Broadway  
New York, NY 10003

Distributed by Publishers Group West  
[www.groveatlantic.com](http://www.groveatlantic.com)

# MEXICO CITY BLUES

# MEXICO CITY BLUES

## NOTE

I want to be considered a jazz poet blowing a long blues in an afternoon jam session on Sunday. I take 242 choruses; my ideas vary and sometimes roll from chorus to chorus or from halfway through a chorus to halfway into the next.

## 1st Chorus

Butte Magic of Ignorance

Butte Magic

Is the same as no-Butte

All one light

Old Rough Roads

One High Iron

Mainway

Denver is the same

“The guy I was with his uncle was  
the governor of Wyoming”

“Course he paid me back”

Ten Days

Two Weeks

Stock and Joint

“Was an old crook anyway”

The same voice on the same ship

The Supreme Vehicle

S. S. Excalibur

Maynard

Mainline

Mountain

Merudvhaga

Mersion of Missy



## 2nd Chorus

Man is not worried in the middle

Man in the Middle  
Is not Worried  
He knows his Karma  
Is not buried

But his Karma,  
Unknown to him,  
May end –

Which is Nirvana

Wild men  
Who kill  
Have Karmas  
Of ill

Good men  
Who love  
Have Karmas  
Of dove

Snakes are Poor Denizens of Hell  
Have come surreptitioning  
Through the tall grass  
To face the pool of clear frogs

## 3rd Chorus

Describe fires in riverbottom  
sand, and the cooking;  
the cooking of hot dogs  
spitted in whittled sticks  
over flames of woodfire  
with grease dropping in smoke  
to brown and blacken  
    the salty hotdogs,  
    and the wine,  
    and the work on the railroad.

\$275,000,000,000.00 in debt  
    says the Government  
Two hundred and seventy five billion  
    dollars in debt  
Like Unending  
    Heaven  
And Unnumbered Sentient Beings  
    Who will be admitted –  
    Not-Numberable –  
To the new Pair of Shoes  
Of White Guru Fleece  
    O j o!  
    The Purple Paradise

## 4th Chorus

Roosevelt was worth 6, 7 million dollars  
He was Tight

Frog waits  
Till poor fly  
Flies by  
And then they got him

The pool of clear rocks  
Covered with vegetable scum  
Covered the rocks  
Clear the pool  
Covered the warm surface  
Covered the lotus  
Dusted the watermelon flower  
Aerial the Pad  
Clean queer the clear  
blue water

AND THEN THEY GOT HIM

The Oil of the Olive  
Bittersweet taffies  
Bittersweet cabbage  
Cabbage soup made right  
A hunk a grass  
Sauerkraut let work  
in a big barrel  
Stunk but Good

## 5th Chorus

I am not Gregory Corso  
The Italian Minnesinger –  
Of the Song of Corsica –  
Subioso Gregorio Corso –  
The Haunted Verse-maker

King

Of Brattle Street.

In streets of snow

He wove the show

And worried in tunnels

And mad dog barked

KIND KING MIND

Allen Ginsberg called me

William Burroughs

Is William Lee

Samuel Johnson

Is Under the sea

Rothridge Cole parter

Of Peppers

Is Numbro

Elabora

If you know what I

p a l a b r a

## 6th Chorus

This Thinking is Stopped.

Buddha's Secret Moonlight: – is  
the Ancient Virtue of laying up  
and thinking happy & comfortable  
thoughts – This, which modern  
Society has branded “Loafing,” is  
made available to people now  
apparently only by junk.

Self depends on existence of other  
self, and so no Solo Universal Self  
exists – no self, no other self,  
no innumerable selves, no  
Universal self and no ideas  
relating to existence or non-  
existence thereof –

The Greatest, Who Has Undertaken  
to Comfort Innumerable Beings

The Kind One

The Art-of-Kindness Master

The Master of Wisdom

The Great Ferryman

The Great Vehicle Being

## 7th Chorus

He Who is Free From Arbitrary Conceptions  
of Being or Non-Being

The Genius of the Elephant

The Destroyer of Elephant-Trainers  
by Death

The Destroyer of Elephants by Death

The Destroyer of Death

The Destroyer and Exterminator  
of Death

Exterminator of Being and Non-Being

Tathagata

The Essence Master

The Womb

The Manifestor

Man's Made Essence

Essence's Made Man

The Maker of Light

The Destroyer of Light

## 8th Chorus

Mysterious Red Rivers of the North –  
Obi Ubang African Montanas  
of the Gulchy Peary  
Earth –

Lakes of Light – Old Seas –  
Mississippi River, Chicago,  
the Great Lakes –

The Small Rivers like Indiana,  
the Big Ones

Like Amazon.

Joliet flew.

Alma, the River of Snowy Love  
– Amida, of Brightest  
Perfect  
Compassion

The Tamiyani Trail across  
the Everglades –

Ai la ra la  
la rai la ra –

Singing breasts of women  
of earth receiving  
Juicy Rivers – red earth

## 9th Chorus

We're all taking short cut  
Through Death Valley  
    The Volcanic Mountains  
    And the Lizard Ice  
    And the Lice of Sand  
    – Lhasas of Weedblack  
    Cock Rock Philtrite –  
Redwoods so Huge  
They climb passes by God –  
    The Giant Angels  
    In the Washington D C Blue Sky  
    – – The Heroines of Cathedral  
    Fellaheen Mexico –  
Commenting on the Great Cities  
    of the World,  
The Blue Marvel of New Orleans  
    (land a swamps)

    Ingers had done windows  
    with penal Australia  
too – pear Attantisatasa  
    the Central Essential  
    Indy Portuga  
    coit



## 10th Chorus

The great hanging weak teat of India  
on the map

The Fingernail of Malaya

The Wall of China

The Korea Ti-Pousse Thumb

The Salamander Japan

the Okinawa Moon Spot

The Pacific

The Back of Hawaiian Mountains

coconuts

Kines, balconies, Ah Tarzan –

And D W Griffith

the great American Director

Strolling down disgruntled

Hollywood Lane

– to toot Nebraska,

Indian Village New York,

Atlantis, Rome,

Peleus and Melisander,

And

swans of Balls

Spots of foam on the ocean

## 11th Chorus

Brown wrote a book called  
The White and the Black

N a r c o t i c C i t y  
switchin on

Anger Falls –

(musician stops,  
brooding on bandstand)

## 12th Chorus

Indian songs in Mexico  
(the Folk Chanties of Children  
at dusk jumprope –  
at Saturday Night power failure –)  
are like the little French Canuckian  
songs my mother sings –  
Indian Roundelays –  
Row Canoe –  
Ma ta wacka  
Johnny Picotee  
Wish-tee  
Wish-tee

Negwayable

Tamayara  
Para ya  
Aztec squeaks

(ONLY THE MOTHERS ARE HAPPY)

## 13th Chorus

I caught a cold  
From the sun  
When they tore my heart out  
At the top of the pyramid

O the ruttie tooty bloody  
windowpooopies  
of Fella Ack Ack  
Town that russet noon  
when priests dared  
to lick their lips  
over my thumping meat  
heart –  
the Sacrilegious beasts  
Ate me 10,000 million  
Times & I came back  
Spitting Pulque  
in Borracho  
Ork  
Saloons  
of old Sour Azteca

Askin for more  
I popped outa Popocatapetl's  
Hungry mouth

## 14th Chorus

And when they saw me  
Rowin my sailin canoe  
Across the lake of dreams  
In the Lotus Valley Swamp,  
And arrested me  
For the size  
Of my heart,  
T's' then I decided  
'Don't Come Back'  
They'll eat your heart alive  
Every time.  
But there's more blood  
I shed  
Outa my pumpin heart  
At Teotihuacan  
And everywhere else  
Including Turban Block,  
Lookout, Ork –  
I got more water  
Pissed in the Ocean  
As a sailor of the several  
seas  
Than Sallow's  
Aphorism  
will allow

## 15th Chorus

Meaning –

I'm just an old calvert  
cross  
dead of die pork

I believe in the sweetness  
of Jesus

And Buddha –

I believe

In St.Francis,

Avaloki

Tesvara,

the Saints

Of First Century

India A D

And Scholars

Santivedan

And Otherwise

Santayanan

Everywhere

## 16th Chorus

Santayana meaning,  
holy vehicle,

Uno –

One Cross

One Way

One Cave inward

down

to

moon

Shining essences  
of universes of stars  
disseminated into powder

and dust –

blazing

in the dynamo

of our thoughts

in the forge

of the moon

In the June

of black bugs

in your bed

of hair earth

## 17th Chorus

Starspangled Kingdoms bedecked  
in dewy joint –

DON'T IGNORE OTHER PARTS  
OF YOUR MIND, I think,

And my clever brain sends  
ripples of amusement  
Through my leg nerve halls

And I remember the Zigzag  
Original  
Mind

of Babyhood  
when you'd let the faces  
crack & mock  
& yak & change  
& go mad utterly  
in your night  
firstmind  
reveries

talking about the mind

The endless Not Invisible  
Madness Rioting  
Everywhere



## 18th Chorus

The bottom of the repository  
human mind

The Kingdom of the Mind,  
The Kingdom has come.

It's the only thing you got free,  
the Mind

Per Se Williams, the critic  
and author,

Slept in a rainbow  
When he discovered  
the perfect accommodation  
of Universal Mind  
in its active aspect

You'll have a Period of Golden Age  
Restitution of Loss

I've had all I can Eat  
Revisiting Russet towns  
Of long ago  
On carpets of bloody sawdust

## 19th Chorus

Christ had a dove on his shoulder

– My brother Gerard

Had 2 Doves

And 2 Lambs

Pulling his Milky Chariot.

Immersed in fragrant old  
spittoon water

He was Baptized by Iron

Priest Saint Jacques

De Fournier in Lowell

Massachusetts

In the Gray Rain Year,

1919

When Chaplin had Spats

and Dempsey

Drank no whisky by the track.

My mother saw him in heaven

Riding away, prophesying

Everything will be alright

Which I have learned now

By Trial & Conviction

In the Court of Awful Glots

## 20th Chorus

*The Art of Kindness* A Limping Sonnet

How the art of kindness doth excite,  
The ressure and the intervening tear,  
What horizons have they fled,  
What old time's blearest dream!  
But atta pressure of the Two Team,  
Finding nothing to surfeit the bloated corpse,  
Rabbed the Whole She bo be bang  
And rounded them a Team.  
Beam! Bbeam! So no one cared.  
Except the High Financier.

Ah, but wine was never Made  
That sorely tongues gave grace & aid.

Because I cant write a sonnet  
Does that make me Shakespeare?

There's a sonnet of the lotus  
A rubicund rose  
Death in a rose  
Is prouder than satin  
Emerald Isles

Blest  
In the Archipelagoan  
Shore –  
Ferry's arrived.

## 21st Chorus

Not very musical, the Western ear

– No lyres in the pines  
compare with the palms

Western Sorcery is Sad Science –

Mechanics go mad  
In Nirvanas of hair  
and black oil  
and rags of dust  
and lint of flint

Hard iron fools raging in the gloom

But here's East, Cambodian

Saloons of Air  
And Clouds Blest.  
Blakean Angel Town.  
Grove of Beardy Trees  
& Bearded Emptily –  
Expressing Patriarchal  
Authority  
To us listeners  
Of the Holy See

Saw,

said,

Saved

Saved my Bhikkucitas

## 22nd Chorus

Saved my bhikkucitos  
for the holy hair  
that was found wanting  
in merde air –

Ninety devils jokin with me  
And I'm running on the catwalk  
At Margaritee  
Jumping from car to car  
In a 60 mile freight  
Runnin up the pass maw  
Tunnel Gore waited Ore  
The fantastic steelsmoke  
In choke mad tunnels  
of Timbercountry Calif.  
where if I'd-a fell,  
I'd-a fell on peb pebbles  
of sore iron grit,  
of hard put to it

Importunate fool that I was,  
I raved to fight Saviors  
Instead of listening in  
To the Light – still a fool

## 23rd Chorus

CHORUS NO. 1 of  
Blues in Bill's Pad

CHORUS NO. 23 of  
San Francisco Blues

FOURTEEN CHORUSES  
of Blue City Blues

Fifteen O Choruses  
of Genu wine blues

Sing you a blues song  
sing you a tune

Sing you eight bars  
of Strike Up the Band

Eight of Indiana, eight  
of Israel,

Eight of Chubby's Chubby,  
eight of old Wardell

Yes baby, Count Blue  
Basie's fat old Chock  
Wallopin Fat Rushing  
Was a wow old saloon man

## 24th Chorus

All great statements ever made  
abide in death  
All the magnificent & witty  
rewards of French Lettrism  
Abide in death

All the Roman Sculptor  
of Heroes, all Picassos  
and Micassos and  
Macayos  
and  
Machados  
and Kerouaco's –

even Asvaghosha's Glorious Statement  
and Asanga's and Holy Sayadaw  
and all the good and kind saints  
and the divine unabstractable ones  
the holy and perfect ones  
All Buddhas and Dharmas  
All Jesuses and Jerusalems  
And Jordans and How are You's  
– Nil, none, a dream,

A bubble pop, a foam snit  
in the immensities of the sea  
at midnight in the dark

## 25th Chorus

Dont worry about death  
Once you're there  
Because it is trackless

Having no track to follow  
You will rest where you are  
In inside of the essence

But the moment I say essence  
I draw that word back  
And that remark – essence's  
Unspoken, you cant say a word,  
essence is the word for the finger  
that shows us bright blankness

When we look into the God face  
We see radiant irradiation  
From middleless center  
Of Objectless fire roe-ing  
In a fieldstar all its own

Is my own, is your own,  
Is not Owned by Self-Owner  
but found by Self-Loser –  
Old Ancient Teaching



## 26th Chorus

Knew all along  
That when chicken is eaten  
Rooster aint worried  
And when Rooster is eaten  
Chicken aint worried

Because what's there to worry  
What's there to grow teeth  
To eat rebirth's beginningless  
Meat of Eternal Comeback?

For Christ Sake stop saying  
And saving your lives,  
It's only one more hour  
Beyond your pale light

There's no end on all sides  
The saylessness, the sayless ork  
    awk ah of child  
    on afternoon sidewalk

Or of Hurubela Elephant Cow  
    of Ant Colonies  
    M'e'r y o cking  
    in a moment  
    of the Landscape day  
    in Vast Acadian  
    Pure Land –  
Buddha loved all sentient beings

## 27th Chorus

Krissake Wakeup  
Nuts like Carl Solomon  
A sharp Jew I know,  
Say that all's already ended,  
A dream a long time done.  
Sit in the Bedlam high  
Inside Mind listening dreaming  
To the music of the time  
Coming through the Aura Hole  
Of Old Father Time  
Mustache on a Jimmy the Greek  
stage

Ork, song of Nova Scotia,  
Silly, any, songs,  
Floating in the Open Blue,  
Balancing on Balloons,  
Balloons, BALLOONS,  
BALLOONS of Rosé Hope,  
balloons Balloons BALLOONS  
the Vast Integral Crap  
a  
Balloons

BALLOONS is your time  
Balloons is the ending  
THAT'S THE SCENE

## 28th Chorus

The discriminating mind.  
Discrimination is when, say,  
    you're offered something  
And you accept it one way  
    or the other,  
Not thinking of improving;  
Then comes the Craft Gleam  
And you look over to see  
What's to be to advantage,  
And find it, pouncin like a Puma,  
Like a Miser Hero of Gold  
    Cellars  
    & Herring  
    in barrels,

– And you seek to achieve  
    Greater satisfaction  
    Which is already impossible  
    Because of Supreme Reality  
    and Time  
And Timelessness Entire  
All conjoined & arranged & finished  
By Karmas of Rue  
In heavenlands remote –  
You suffer & you fall,  
You discriminate a ball.

## 29th Chorus

“Man, now, you wont let me talk”  
Gripes the irreligious feline cat –

That cat has no trumpet  
But bubblegum to blow on

Poor sad Bhikku of the Forest  
Of poor, lost little Nino

In Calles of Forever,  
Streets of Old Burma,  
Be saved secret wretched  
Urchin brother hero

    You are protected  
    By the Guardians  
        of  
        the  
        Alone

All is alone, you dont have to talk

One Light, One Transcendental Ecstasy

If they dont understand that  
In the South, it's because  
All their Baptists  
Have not been to Shool

## 30th Chorus

Tender is the Night  
Tender is the Eve Star

F. Scott Fitzgerald, the Alamoan  
Huckster Crockett Hero  
Who burned his Wife Down  
and tore up the 95 Devils  
with crashes of laughter  
and breaking of glass  
in the monocled Ibyarritz  
the Little Grey Fox  
OF NEW HAVEN CONN  
via Princeton O Sure

Tender is the marlin spike,  
Tender is the sea,  
Tender the London Fog  
That Befalls to Me

Tender is the Cat's Bath  
Blue Meow  
The Little Grey Fox  
That nibbled at the grapes  
Tender was his foreskin,  
tender his Nape.

## 31st Chorus

Three Saints in Four Acts

by Gertrude Stein

A Great Prophet

is a Great Teacher

But he is also

a Great Saint

And he is furthermore

a Great Man

And more than that

an incomparable listener  
to music and non-music  
everywhere

And a Great Sitter Under Trees,

And a Man of Trees,

And a Man of Sorrows,

And a Lemon Light

of Angel Sounds  
and Singer of Religion  
wild singer of come-igion  
wild lover of the origin  
wild hater of hate his own

Convulsive writer of Poems

And dialog for Saints

Stomping their feet

On Pirandelloan stage

## 32nd Chorus

Newton's theory of relativity  
and grave gravity  
Is that rocks'll fall on your head

Pluto is the Latest Star

Astronomical facts  
from under the bar.

Little cottages on hills receive  
the Constellation of  
the Southern Hemisphere

Where rosy doves're seen flyin  
Past Pis Caculaheuro  
Monte Visto de Santo  
De Gassa – healing helium  
gas – from the substance  
on the sun star –  
gas discovered on the sun  
by spectral gazing

Sorcerers hoppity skop  
with the same familiarity  
In my Buddhaland dreams –

Monotonous monotony  
of endless grape dirigible stars

## 33rd Chorus

A vast cavern, huh?  
I stop & jump to other field  
And you wander around  
Like Jap prisoners  
In Salt Lake Cities  
Under San Francisco's  
Sewage disaster.

"An explorer of souls  
and cities –"

"A lowdown junkey" –  
"Who has discovered  
that the essence of life  
is found only in the poppy plant

with the help of odium  
the addict explores  
the world anew  
and creates a world  
in his own image  
with the help of Madame  
Poppy

I'm an idealist  
who has outgrown  
my idealism  
I have nothing to do  
the rest of my life  
but do it  
and the rest of my life  
to do it"



## 34th Chorus

“I have no plans  
No dates  
No appointments with anybody  
So I leisurely explore  
Souls and Cities  
Geographically I’m from  
and belong to that group  
called Pennsylvania Dutch  
But I’m really a citizen  
of the world  
who hates Communism  
and tolerates Democracy  
Of which Plato said 2000 years  
ago,  
Was the best form of bad government  
I’m merely exploring souls & cities  
From the vantage point  
Of my ivory tower built,  
Built with the assistance  
of Opium  
That’s enough, isn’t it?”

## 35th Chorus

It was the best show,  
the guys used to give up  
a good movie  
just to hear him talk

Now is the Time  
Now is the Time  
To kill an hour  
and Delaware Punch  
each

A Star is Born –  
muckle lips in the movie  
“I’d rather not” –  
“I really dont wanta go” –  
Yeah, fuck the movie.

Fuck the mambo.  
Fuck is a dirty word  
But it comes out clean.

Everything (after a gasp)  
is fine, already really.  
Whatever it was.  
“Anyway it happened”  
Says Allen (Poe) Ginsberg –  
Quote from Plato right?  
Time on a Bat – growl of truck.

## 36th Chorus

No direction

No direction to go

Burroughs says it's a time-space  
travel ship

Connected with mystiques  
and mysteries

Of he claims transcendental  
majesties,

Pulque green crabapples  
of hypnotic dream

In hanging Ecuad vine.

Burroughs says, We have destiny,  
Last of the Faustian Men.

No direction in the void  
Is the news from the void  
In touch with the void  
Everywhere void

No direction to go

(but)

(in) ward

Hm

(ripping of paper indicates  
helplessness anyway)

## 37th Chorus

Mad about the Boy –  
Tune – Fué –  
Going along with the dance  
Lester Young in eternity  
    blowing his horn alone  
Alone – Nobody's alone  
For more than a minute.  
    Growl, low, tenorman,  
    Work out your tune till the day  
    Is break, smooth out the rough night,  
    Wail,  
    Break their Beatbutton bones  
    On the Bank of Broad  
    England Ah Patooty  
    Teaward Time  
    Of Proust & bearded  
    Majesty  
In rooms of dun ago  
    in long a lash  
    alarum speakum  
    mansions tennessee  
    of gory william tree  
    – (remember that little  
    box of tacks?)

## 38th Chorus

(Pome beginning with parenthesis:–  
God!)

Garver has an Aztec Hammer  
To batter the tacks in  
It's made of Pyramid Stone

The shape of a Knot –

Cleopatra's Knot –

The Knotty issue Marc

Brandelian Antonio

Julius Marc McAnthony

Thorny horn of hare

Propensities and hair

And disgusting to the bare.

Aztec Hammer, never stop.

Folded ripplefold over there

nice,

Tacks went in,

"It's take an artist

to do all this"

Careful man of cellophane

decks

&

sometimes

ceremonial

silver foil

but

usually

plain pleasant paper

## 39th Chorus

Comfortable Patience –  
Talkin about a Hobbyman  
Who draws cartoons for a livin,  
Bangin in tacks carefully  
For King Features Syndicate  
    Has got him by the balls  
    And Hammerthongs  
    And central Goonyak  
        Worp Ward  
        Orphantail –  
Aztec Stick –  
    ugly Spew Smoke  
    Dragon Beoryen  
    smithewolf  
    Wildstar  
    Monster Over the Fence  
    is Frankenstein  
Careful, true, Nirvana,  
Patient in his Comfort,  
Humble in his Demands,  
Weary of the Fear,  
No longer fearing  
The fair happy air  
Permeated with Cherub  
And fingers a pair  
In V Victory – meaning One



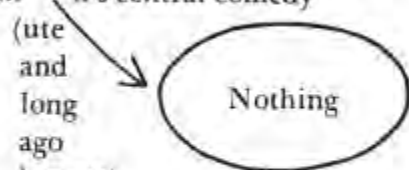
## 41st Chorus

That other part of your mind  
Where everything's refined  
To thin hare screamers  
Must be in the cavern  
Somewhere.

But was is its self-nature  
of location?  
Nada, nadir, napanirvana  
ni parinirvana  
But Most Excellent & Wise,  
the Glorious Servant  
of Sentient Needs

Tathagata Akshobya,  
Brother of Merudhvaga,  
Kin to Sariputra –  
Holy & Wise  
Like John in the Wood

No location to thin hare screamers  
In the mind's central comedy  
(ute and long ago lament)  
Nothing  
of mind's central comedy BALLOONS





## 42nd Chorus

POEM WRITTEN ON A SAILBOAT

It's a powerful sock powerful  
Mock powerful breeze blowin  
Across this leeward shirsh  
Of fought waters thrashin  
Up to spit on the deck  
Of Heroing Man,  
Ah, as we sail the jibboom  
Upon the va va voom  
And Saltpeter's her petter  
Again, the Larceny Commission'll  
Hear of this, fight the lawyers,  
Upset the silly laws, anger

the  
hare  
brain  
bird  
of  
wine

In his railroad tam o shanter  
Commemorative termagant  
Able to dissect such tycoon  
Burpers outa their B Movies'  
Investment in Black.

'Bop'

Even on a sailboat  
I end up writin bop

## 43rd Chorus

Mexico City Bop

I got the huck bop

I got the floogle mock

I got the thiri chiribim

bitchy bitchy bitchy

batch batch

Chippely bop

Noise like that

Like fall in off porches

Of Tenement Petersburg

Russia Chicago O Yay.

Like, when you see,

the trumpet kind, horn

shiny in his hand, raise

it in smoke among heads

he bespeaks, elucidates,

explains and drops out,

end of chorus, staring

at the final wall

where in Africa

the old men petered

out on their own account

using their own Immemorial

Salvation Mind

SLIPPITY BOP

## 44th Chorus

Waves of cantos and choruses  
And lily pads of anything  
Like flying carpets that are  
nowhere  
And all's bugged with the scene –  
Ah I wish I could fight out  
Of this net of mistakes  
And anxieties among others  
Who wait in my silence  
Till I end up my work  
Which never began and  
Never will end – hah –  
Bespeak thyself not, soft spot,  
Aurorum's showed his Mountain

Top

Of Eastern be Western morning  
To Indicate by Moon Magic  
Constellative Stardom  
of  
Gazers  
in Mock Roman  
Arabian Kimonos,  
the lay of the pack  
in the sky

## 45th Chorus

Euphonism, a softening of sounds

Euphemism, a softened word –

One is sonic, one is human

Both are imaginary metaphors

Metaphysical Exception taken

by the old euphonious

phoney of Arkansaw

River bridge

Excisor of taxes via tickets

of taxes

With what Euphonic

doesnt-matter

Really pronunciation

price

Dolichocephalic?

Ichthyocephalic,

Encephalotherapy.

Dont point at your head

The Judge says you're crazy

Breaky cephalic

Ouch

Inch of Grace, sigh.

## 46th Chorus

I had a dream that Bill  
G. here, was lying on his bed  
talking to me in a room  
in Mexico City on a  
horrible afternoon, as  
he mumbles information  
about the crossroads of the world  
I wander like a Giggling Ling  
Chinese boy without rice  
in a Fog Over Grass  
Land vast and like life,  
– in my thoughts – but  
return to re-listen to what  
he was saying, about loaning  
money on interest, Christians,  
Medicis, Churches, therefore,  
Coats of Arms, Balls,  
Bridge Post Pots, Guards,  
I realize I am dreaming  
In beginnings already  
And ending's nowhere  
To be seen  
Yet forgotten –  
Is all

## 47th Chorus

Where is Italy?

How can I find it in my mind

If my mind is endless.

Skulls on the slavemarket,

blacksmiths, doctors –

I end up bleakly giggling

in gleak romany rooms

Sliced by Sardinian fiends

And shot fulla morphine

By sadistic doctors

That didnt dream of Japan

With me the night I dreamed

Of the Japanese Boy

With black wool cap

Sitting on a wall

On Kamikaze Boulevard

Near the Sea's Hurricane,

In low gloomy dark

Dusk of War 1943 –

What happened in Italy?

## 48th Chorus

Marco Polo had canals  
and Venetian genitals,  
In the war between Genoa  
and Venicia,  
Marco Polo's was captured  
And then they wrote the book  
And that's all she wrote,  
Because after that  
the Wandering Jesuit  
Italian Monk  
made his way to the wall  
in the China – far  
in the Indies of the  
Saints,

far in the cave of reality  
down the suicide steps  
into underground caves  
where worshippers  
like Ignatius Loyola  
and the Hearer & Answerer  
of Prayer, Samantabhadra,  
what's his Indian name,  
preside  
(like before they were born)

## 49th Chorus

They got nothing on me  
at the university  
Them clever poets  
of immensity  
With charcoal suits  
and charcoal hair  
And green armpits  
and heaven air  
And cheques to balance  
my account  
In Rome benighted  
by White Russians  
Without care who puke  
in windows  
Everywhere.

They got nothing on me  
'Cause I'm dead

They cant surpass me  
'Cause I'm dead  
And being dead  
I hurt my head  
And now I wait  
Without hate  
For my fate  
To estate



## 50th Chorus

Maybe I'm crazy, and my parts  
Are scattered still – didnt gather  
Em when form was passin out  
The window of the giver,  
So I'm looking for derangement  
To bring me landward back  
Through logic's cold moon air  
Where water everywhere  
Appears from magic gems  
And Asphasiacx the Nymph  
    of India by the Sea  
Dances princely mincing  
    churly jargots  
In the oral eloquent air  
    of tents'  
Canopied majesty,  
Ten thousand Buddhas  
Hiding Everywhere –  
How can I be crazy  
Even here?

– or wait  
Maybe I'm an Agloon  
doomed to be spitted  
on the igloo stone  
of Some North mad

## 51st Chorus

America is a permissible dream,  
Providing you remember ants  
Have Americas and Russians  
Like the Possessed have Americas  
And little Americas are had  
By baby mules in misty fields  
And it is named after Americus  
Vespucci of Sunny Italy,  
And nobody cares how you hang  
Your spaghetti wash  
On the Pasta Rooftops  
Of Oh Yawn Opium  
Fellaheen Espagna  
Olvierto Milano

Afternoon, when men  
gamble & ramble & fuck  
and women watch the wash  
with one eye on the grocer boy  
and one eye on the loon  
and one eye  
in the universe  
is Tathagata's  
Transcendental  
orb of balloon

## 52nd Chorus

I'm crazy everywhere  
Like the guy sailed on that ferry  
for 3 years  
Between Hong Kong & China –

The British shoulda given him  
temporary residence in Hong Kong;  
but they didnt want any part  
of him first place he didnt  
have any money

Citizen somehow  
of a country behind the Iron Curtain  
Ex-Spy from Skid Row

I'm crazy everywhere  
like Charlie Chaplin  
dancing in moral turpitude  
playing Bluebeard killer  
on satin asskiss couches  
with itchy mustache  
so well known to dreamers  
of Choice's Century

Every one of us Roman Circus  
sacrifices, every one,  
Returned for payment  
In America Madhouse

## 53rd Chorus

Merrily we roll along  
Dee de lee dee doo doo doo  
Merrily merrily all the day

Roll along, roll along,  
O'er the deep blue sea

“Yes, life woulda been  
a mistake without music”  
Most primitive thing we know  
About man is music, drums –  
first thing we hear – drums,  
fifes, reed instruments –  
naturals – catgut violins  
and heavenly lyres  
and along that line  
what the hell's the name  
of that instrument  
the Aeolian Lyre  
by the Sea

The Organ they made too –  
Demosthenes listened by the sea  
with a rock in his teeth  
And complained when he spent  
more on bread than wine –  
S h h h says the Holy Sea

## 54th Chorus

One night in 1941 I was a kid  
And ran away from college  
And took a bus to the South  
Where bedbugs got in my hair  
In the Heatwave Night  
And all I saw on the long  
Avenue were Negroes

Once I went to a movie  
At midnight, 1940, Mice  
And Men, the name of it,  
The Red Block Boxcars  
Rolling by (on the Screen)

Yessir

life

finally

gets

tired

of

living –

On both occasions I had wild  
Face looking into lights  
Of Streets where phantoms  
Hastened out of sight  
Into Memorial Cello Time

## 55th Chorus

When I was in the hospital  
I had a big fat nurse  
Who kept looking over my shoulder  
At the book I was reading,  
'The Brothers Karamazov,'  
By Gambling Man Fyodor  
Dostoevsky  
Of Czarist Russia, a Saint,  
And in the chapters  
called Pro and Con  
She kept giggling & insisting  
That Pro meant Prophylactic  
and Con Contraceptive  
In all her laughs & gestures.  
Of this Holy Nurse  
I learned bed wet  
comforts of hot water  
and senile satisfaction  
'I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen'  
Sang the old white Cancer man  
in the corner  
when the children guitared  
at my footbed,  
Kolya Krosotkins  
of my railroad

## 56th Chorus

At another hospital  
I almost died  
With ecstasy  
Glancing at the Babylonian  
Rooftops of the Bronx,  
And at my fellow

Kaiser was dying of Leukemia,  
Not enough thick blood,  
    I had too much.  
I was dying of die-sadness,  
Others had diabetes  
    like my Uncle John;  
Others had sores in the stomach,  
    ulcers, worriers? –  
Sexfiends I'd say.

Old Italian Fruiterer  
Had Banti's Awful Disease,  
    the bloating of the belly  
    by undigested water  
    come from food,  
    everything he ate  
    turned to water.

## 57th Chorus

Green goofballs,  
Blue Heavens,  
Sodium amythol,  
Sleeping compound.

Thirty of em  
To commit suicide –  
Lethal dose is 30 to 50  
Times the therapeutic dose,  
The therapeutic dose is one –  
Take thirty to be safe –  
Or else praps forty be better –  
If you take too many  
You throw em up –  
    You gotta let alone  
    Your stomach, if you  
    threw it right down  
    you would throw it up  
    then, in lethal powder  
    form

Better to eat the capsules  
Swallow about six at a time,  
Take em with cold water,  
Till you get about 35 in ya  
And then lay down on your back



## 58th Chorus

All about goofballs,  
all about morphine,  
so I read all about it,  
that's what it said,  
'Lethal dose is 30 times  
the Therapeutic dose'

Very painful death, morphine  
or heroin; never  
Try to kill yourself with  
heroin or morphine;  
It's a very painful death.

Doctor gave me a mainline shot  
Of H grain – Jesus I  
thought the whole building  
was falling on me –  
went on my knees, awake,  
lines come under my eye  
I looked like a madman  
In 15 minutes I begin  
to straighten up a little bit  
Says "Jesus Bill I thought  
you was dead  
A goner, the way you  
looked  
When you're standin there"

## 59th Chorus

Then I always manage to get  
my weekly check on Monday,  
Pay my rent, get my laundry  
out, always have enough  
Junk to last a coupla days

Have to buy a couple needles  
tomorrow, feels like  
Shovin a nail in me

Just like shovin a nail in me  
Goddamn – (Cough) –

For the first time in my life  
I pinched the skin  
And pushed the needle in  
And the skin pinched together  
And the needle stuck right out  
And I shot in and out,  
Goofed half my whole shot  
On the floor –  
Took another one –  
Nothin a junkey likes better  
Than sittin quietly with a new shot  
And knows tomorrow's plenty more

## 60th Chorus

Cil

Rubberbands Seventyfivedollars  
I came out of the dream  
That time with mind made  
Of misery and tried to remember  
    the member  
    of the ball  
    who it did seem to me  
    was the most proficient  
    at devaluating the advance  
of my profit & loss  
    company, Holmes –  
    Whatever that means

It means that I have been asked  
To receive a brother  
Who sinned against me  
And I knew all the time  
The Saints were for me.

The Saints are still for me,  
    are Still,  
Chico,  
    small angels,  
I am still for them  
I got eyes of Avalokitesvara

## 61st Chorus

And all my own sins  
Have been forgiven somewhere –  
I dont even remember them,  
I remember the sins of others.

Let me meditate on my sins.  
    (Judgment Gate, somebody  
    stuck a spear  
    through the heart  
    of the Judgment Gate)  
    (with her surl of leer)  
    and that's how we got in

Powerful Tea you gotta smoke  
    to believe that

About the actual honey  
    of women's limbs

Archangels have true eyes –  
They look sideways at you  
And make you excise  
The end from the tax bit  
    of your doubts –  
'S all about angels' sins

## 62nd Chorus

A warrant for arrest  
Is a mandate,  
An order from the Court  
Or from the Rooyal Coart  
Or from the Royal King  
Or from  
    the Royal Coast,  
    or Coat of Arms,  
    or Charms,  
    Boudoirs,  
    Histories by Voltaire,  
    Arrested disorderly  
    Louis Ferdinand Celine's  
    of South Africa  
    murderous intelligent

If you got a lot a money  
    You're a felon  
If you got not but little money  
    Misdemeanor

Mal-Hishaps-Deameaning  
Lost Ass-Kicked Out  
    or go to jail  
    Keep the door locked

## 63rd Chorus

Rather gemmy,  
Said the King of Literature  
Sitting on a davenport  
at afternoon butler's tea.

Rather gemmy, hm,  
Always thought these sonnets  
Of mine, were rather gemmy,  
As you say,  
pureperfect gems  
of lucid poetry

Poetry being what it is today

Rather gemmy, I concluded,  
thinking you were right –  
It isnt my fault that Buddha  
gave me helmet  
Of Right Thought, and indices  
of long Saints  
To Cope my Lope along  
with,  
Seeing I never had harm  
from anything  
But a Heavenly Farm.

## 64th Chorus

I'd rather die than be famous,  
I want to go live in the desert  
With long wild hair, eating  
At my campfire, full of sand,  
Hard as a donut  
Cooked by Sand  
The Pure Land  
Moo Land  
Heavenland Righteous  
sping  
the thing

I'd rather be in the desert sand,  
Sitting legs crossed, at lizard  
High noon, under a wood  
Board shelter, in the Dee Go  
Desert, just west a L A,  
Or even in Chihuaha, dry  
Zackatakies, High Guadalajara,  
– absence of phantoms  
make me no king –

rather go in the high lone land  
of plateau where you can hear  
at night the zing of silence  
from the halls of Assembled

## 65th Chorus

To understand what I'm say in  
You gotta read the Sutras,  
The Sutras of the Ancients, India  
Long ago, when campfires at night  
Across the Rahun River  
Showed lines of assembled bo's  
With bare feet bare the naked  
Right shoulders of passing hours,  
Sravasti late at night, tinkle  
Goes the Indian Dancingerl –

    There's One Thousand  
    Two hundred and fifty  
    Men  
    Sitting around a grove  
        of trees  
    Outsida town  
        right now

    With Buddha  
    Is their leader  
    Discoursing in the middle,  
    Sitting lotus posture,  
    Hands to the sky,  
    Explaining the Dharma  
    In a Sutra so high



## 66th Chorus

Dharma law

Say

All things is made  
of the same thing  
which is a nothing

All nothings are the same  
as somethings  
the somethings  
are no-nothings,  
equally blank

Blank

bright

is the whole scene  
when you let your eyes  
wander beyond the mules  
and the fields and carpets  
and bottles on the floor  
and clean mahogany radios,

dont be afraid

the raid hasnt started

panic you not

day the better

arriveth soon

And the gist of it Nothingness

SUCH-NESS

## 67th Chorus

Suchness

Is *Tathata*, the name,

Used,

to mean, Essence,

all things is made

of the same thing

essence

The thing is pure nature,

not Mother Nature

The thing is to express

the very substance of your thoughts

as you read this

is the same as the emptiness

of space

right now

and the same as the silence you hear

inside the emptiness

that's there

everywhere,

so nothing in the way

but ignorant sofas

and phantoms & chairs,

nothing there but the picture

in the movie in your mind

## 68th Chorus

My disciples of the modern world.  
Christ was born in a barn because  
the inn was full. Egyptian,  
Babylonian, African. They  
met in the desert and saw  
the star and God was  
s'posed to have spoken to em  
– picked up.

Like wild.

A hayloft in a barn.

All will appeal

to Slaves

Every saint of Christ  
was the guilt of slaves

Inherit the Earth, O  
Camel thru the eye  
of a needle

Rich man full of heaven  
follow me

Poor

Never die.

## 69th Chorus

Mary

Who's my mother?

Goes back to Isis

Who *is* my mother?

Christ said – You are  
all my mothers.

All my brothers  
and sisters.

Peace.

The faith  
and belief  
in him

That

through their faith  
eyes of God –

But the Catholic Church

Shw vass iss?

## 70th Chorus

Who *is* my father?

Who is my mother?

Who is my brother?

Who is my sister?

I say you're all my father

all my mother

all my sister

all my brother

“Rather a good thing”

– that we're all

brothers & sisters

Men Of Good Will

is Something we Need

in the World Today

Men of Philosophy

that Cannot be of Good

Will

Are the Communists

& Fanatical Jews

## 71st Chorus

Fanatical spews  
Fanatical mews

It is magic  
That men have anything  
to do with birth

Say the Primitives.  
“I never objected to the word  
God”

The crazy sex  
the Protestant has

They're Brigham Me Young  
God hid some tablets  
full of Gold Heroin  
In the Mormon Bible

And flew pigeons & cocks  
Welcome Home

## 72nd Chorus

The higher criticism

If you know what I mean

“Literary Criticism?”

“No –Bible.”

Every chapter & phase

Historical, anthropological,

Archaeological, Logical,

Magical,

There's not after they

get thru with the Bible

Much of it Left

Mo the Span

Pure Boy

I must naw

remember

Nao

## 73rd Chorus

The Book of Pluviums

“You want some coffee  
before I get it too good?”

A O Kay,

Straighten me out.

Zaroomooo

(The Bus outdoors)

and he-hey the

Nay Neigh

of the Heaven

Mule

Nice clean Cup

Mert o Vik lu

Nut – upanu.

Yes

Sir.

Merp.

HOOT GIBSON



## 74th Chorus

“Darling!”

Red hot.

That kind of camping

I dont object to

unless it's kept

within reason.

“The coffee is delicious.”

This is for Vidal

Didnt know I was

a Come-Onner, did you?

(Come-on-er)

I am one of the world's

Great Bullshitters,

Girls

Very High Cantos

## 75th Chorus

But cantos oughta sing



**HE WAS AN  
OLD CROOK**

The hand of death  
Wrote itself

Jumping over the moon  
With a Cow and Jesus

Now Onions, chickens,  
Noodle end of it

Mo

Not too many hands  
of death  
In slave Arabia  
the post hot  
Top town  
of  
Thieves

## 76th Chorus

A GUYS ASKING A QUESTION

It's better not to wake them up

So they wont know

They're dreaming?

It's better to wake them up

because

they're dreaming.

It's not better to wake them up

because they dont know

that they're dreaming?

Who, no, who said I

was dreaming?

You said, who said, I say

You're dreaming?

Lise is a fl dreamy

phantasm

"Go on, you're having one big dream,

That would be my answer." (Bill)

## 77th Chorus

“Dreery my dear”  
The time we crossed Madrid  
in a car  
and Kelly pointed out  
the dreary Spanish  
Architecture  
As they OO’ed  
And aa’ed  
In a hired  
Li mousine  
Of the Zara  
Nazarenes  
smiling to be bold  
in foretold of old  
And they stopped  
At a balcony

## 78th Chorus

A Porte Corrière  
Of Spanish  
Portugy  
Blazed  
By guitars  
Like Spanish Cows  
Ortega y gassa  
    Monte de eleor  
    De manta  
    Moda  
    Fawt  
    Ta caror  
    Ta fucka  
    Erv old  
    Men

## 79th Chorus

Story About What?

(Story About Babyhood)

While walking down  
the boulevard

Contemplating suicide

I sat down at a table

And much to my surprise

My friend was goofing  
at a table

And he was goofing out loud

And this is the result

Of what he Said.

Take your pick

Winds up in such

A predicament

You won't know

What to do with yourself

Live or die

## 80th Chorus

GOOFING AT THE TABLE

“You just dont know.”

“What dont I know?”

“How good this ham n eggs

is

“If you had any idea

whatsoever

How good this is

Then you would stop

writing poetry

And dig in.”

“It’s been so long

since I been hungry

it’s like a miracle.”

Ah boy but them bacon

And them egg –

Where the hell

is the scissor?

SINGING:– “You’ll never know  
just how much I love you.”

## 81st Chorus

Mr Beggar & Mrs Davy –  
Looney and CRUNEY,  
I made a pome out of it,  
Havent smoked Luney  
    & Cruney  
In a Long Time.

Dem eggs & dem dem  
Dere bacons, baby,  
If you only lay that  
    down on a trumpet,  
‘Lay that down  
    solid brother  
‘Bout all dem  
    bacon & eggs  
Ya gotta be able  
    to lay it down  
    solid –  
All that luney  
    & fruney



## 82nd Chorus

Fracons, aeons, & beggs,

Lay, it, all that

be bobby

be buddy

I didnt took

I could think

So

bepo

beboppy

Luney & Juney

–if–

that's the way

they get

kinda hysterical

Looney & Boony

Juner and Mooner

Moon, Spoon, and June

## 83rd Chorus

Dont they call them

cat men

That lay it down  
with the trumpet

The orgasm  
Of the moon  
And the June

I call em

them cat things

“That’s really cute,  
that un”

William  
Carlos  
Williams

## 84th Chorus

SINGING:–

By the light

Of the silvery moon

I like to spoon

To my honey

I'll

Croon

Love's Dream

By the light

Of the silvery moon

We'll O that's the

part I dont remember

ho ney moon –

Croon –

Love –

June –

O I dont know

You can get it out of a book

If the right words are

important

## 85th Chorus

Do you really need  
the right word  
Do you really need  
Of course it's all asinine  
Forms of asininity  
Once & for all

Mr. William Carlos  
Williams

Anyway,  
An asinine form  
which will end  
all asininity  
from now on

That's a poem  
The poem  
Will end  
Asininity

## 86th Chorus

Take your pick,  
If you wanta commit suicide.  
So that we'll know  
What it woulda been  
    like without life.  
Woulda been like  
Peaceful and Golden.

A Crashing Movie  
    The world  
    Full of beet skins  
    And fist stars  
    And editorial  
    Poon yaks.

A crashing movie  
    The World  
Full of craze  
    Beware  
    The Share  
    is Merde  
    Air

## 87th Chorus

*These things* in a big structure of Confession –  
And “Later” – “Later the Road” –  
Or “On the Road” simply. New  
Haven Railroads of the Night  
Couldnt be Tighter, than Slaw,  
The Riverbottom Rog Man, Screaming  
In the Passaic Rocks ready to throat  
And drown the sodden once-dry dog  
In a multifarious Pool of Pearls  
Containing Amethystine Paradises  
And Worlds a Hundred Million in Number  
Fit for the following Kings:  
Ashapur, Parteriat, Klane,  
Thor, Mordelowr, Power,  
Thwatmalee, Rizottle the Bottle  
The Funny King of the Aisles –  
    Ah the insane –  
Make it a great story & confession  
Of all the crazy people you’ve known  
Since early Nineteen Fifty One,  
In the Twat and the Twaddle  
Of the Lovegirl Marriage.

## 88th Chorus

“I wanted to marry a lovegirl,  
A girl-only-interested-in-love girl,”  
that would be the first sentence  
of this masterpiece  
Of golden litteratur –  
Brap. All the crazy people  
I’ve known since I was 4 years old  
– 6 years old I saw the sun red  
on windows of snowy centralville,  
and wondered “Who am I?”  
with truthful little eyes  
turned to the skies of paradise –  
no answer came.

I was the first crazy person  
I’d known.

Had bundles and scarves a hundred miles  
long

Wrapt in my heart of the library,  
I had bottles and barts, & Xmas Trees,  
and every thing known to man,  
including 6 year old ache pains  
in the Poxy back.

Was afraid of myself simply,  
And afraid a everyone else.

## 89th Chorus

Remembering my birth in infancy, the coughs,  
The swallows, the tear-trees growing  
From your eyeballs of shame; the grey  
Immense morning I was conceived i the womb,  
And the red gory afternoon delivered  
therefrom.

Wow. I could sing you hounds  
make you bell howl packs,  
Zounds, I'd-a lived & lived laughing  
as a child  
If somebody coulda told me  
it was unreal:  
I was scared. The dark  
was full of phantoms  
Come from the other side of death  
to claim the hearts  
Of Sacrificial little children  
laying up in the winter night  
In cribs by howling windows  
of the cold & forlorn  
Earth of Massachussetts February,  
Massachussetts March,  
Wild howl Lupine Cold the Moony  
and Loony nights.



## 90th Chorus

I thought I was a phantom,  
me, myself,  
Suffering. One night I saw  
my older brother Gerard  
Standing over my crib with wild  
hair, as if he had just  
pee-visited the pail  
in the hall of snores  
and headed back for his room  
was investigatin the Grail,  
Nin & Ma's bedroom,  
Who slept in the same bed  
and in the crib alongside.  
Oily is the moment so  
that phantom was my brother  
only in the sense that cotton  
is soft,  
Only in the sense that  
when you die  
you muffle  
in your sigh  
the thorny hard  
regret of rocks  
of life-belief.  
I knew, I hoped, to go be saved.

## 91st Chorus

If that phantom was real  
And wanted to hurt me, then,  
All I had to do was suffer & die,  
Gritting my teeth awhile  
Till it's all over.  
If the phantom was unreal  
And was only a friendly shade  
Standing commiserating compassionately  
At my side as I slept and sighed  
In the Shakespearean night,  
Perhaps, may be, it was my brother.  
And my brother didnt seek to hurt me.

    If he did, I crashed,  
    I saw stars, marvels,  
    My miracle hullabaloo  
    Balloon Rainbow  
    Turned out to be "Bone  
    the Brother-Crash" –  
    You get socked on the jaw  
    By your best friend –  
    You keep thinking  
    It's going to happen  
    And it never happens,  
        Pow!

## 92nd Chorus

It was all right,  
And I was the strangest creature  
of them all.

At Xmas they brought me a toy house  
in and out of which  
Caroline my sister  
played little valentine  
armies showing little sad  
people of the prime  
pip Vienna smalltoot  
towns, with orchestras  
of the square,  
and in the brown light  
of the kitchen I wondered

“What is this? – mystery of little people.  
Is each one a frightening as me?  
Is each one afraid as me?  
Is each one got to sleep  
in the dark at night?  
Did any of them lil cardboard soldiers  
See the Sun of Sadness at Six  
In the windows of their snow slope?”

## 93rd Chorus

But I knew they hadnt.  
They hadnt thought such thoughts.  
No – I knew.  
I knew I knew I knew.  
It was like the Lankavatara  
    Scripture  
I got to read 30 years later,  
It said: “These little cardboard  
Houses and people, may be real,  
Considered as real, if you steal  
Little reel from the wheel  
Every neel till the eel  
In the skeel keep the weal  
Of all men intact in city  
    halls  
Of poop hope.

    In other words, son,  
    hang on – dont tip,  
    lose balance, see reality  
    in images like cardboard  
    – nor in the brown light  
    of this very kitchen.”  
    I pouted in my childhood.

## 94th Chorus

But now I will describe  
The crazy people I've known.

*These things.*

My mother would take us  
To a three story tenement  
on Lakeview Avenue, still  
standing there – washlines  
of Araby hung from ropes  
on the brown porch –  
spend all day in there  
talkin & gossipin –  
lockin and rossipin

and plopperin and  
dopperin and sopperin –  
– it's easy to go crazy  
I go crazy sometimes.

Can't get on with my story,  
write it in verse.

Worse

Aint go no story, just verse  
It was a crazy place to take us, I mean

## 95th Chorus

It was where I learned to say “door”  
Meanwhile a thousand things  
Were happening in the Maldoror wood  
Of our neighborhood, Beaulieu Street  
Up ahead, with rats of rat winery  
And pestils and poolsharks  
And pests of tenement crooners,  
Looners – the dreary population  
Of the world in 1924.

Two years old, I sat on the sidewalk  
Contemplating time in white sand,  
That was up on Burnaby Street.

Names of Silly Streets.

We have a meet to keep.

“Simplificus? Ridiculous?  
Immensicus? Marvailovous!”  
The wild a thousand and one thousand  
things  
To do & be done  
when you’re a kiddy  
of two or four  
in the bright ball  
inside your mind  
of heaven given  
joy.

## 96th Chorus

I tumbled down the street  
On a tricycle, very fast,  
I coulda kept going  
And wound up in the river,  
– Or across the trolley tracks  
And got cobble mashed  
And all smashed so that later on  
I cant have grit dreams  
Of Lakeview Avenue,  
And see my father die,  
Had I died at two –  
    But I saw my father die,  
    I saw my brother die,  
    I saw my mother die  
    my mother my mother my mother  
    inside me –  
Saw the pear trees die,  
    the grapes, pearls, penny trees –  
Saw little white collar girl  
    with little black dress  
And spots of rose on each cheek,  
    die, in her glasses  
In a coffin.  
    But I raced my bicycle safely.

## 97th Chorus

Meanwhile there's my Pa, alone in street,  
Coming for supper, under heaven bleak  
The trees of March black twigs  
Against the red & gory sundown  
That blazed across the River  
sinking in the ocean to the East  
beyond Salisbury's latest & last  
grain of sand,

Then all's wet underneath, to Eclipse  
(Ivan the Heaven Sea-Ice King, Euclid,  
Bloody Be Jupiter, Nucleus,  
Nuclid, What's-His-Name – the sea  
The sea-drang Scholar with mermaids,  
Bloody blasted dadflap thorn it  
– Neppy Tune–)

All's wet clear to Neptune's Seat.

Sensing the aura, the news  
Of that frost, my father  
Hurries in his Woe-Street  
Conscious he is a man  
Doomed to mortal destiny.  
“And my poor lil Ti Pousse,”  
he thinks of me,  
“He'll get it too.”



## 98th Chorus

My father loves me,  
my mother too,  
I am all safe,  
and so are you.

My father adores me  
thinks I am cute  
hates to see me  
flash sheroot

Or bespatter bedspreads  
with mule of infant  
woodsy odors –  
blash aroot

My old man's only 28 years old  
And is a young insurance salesman  
And is confidently clacking down the street  
And chuckling to think of the boys  
And the poker game and gnaws  
His fingernails worried about how fat  
He's getting, "no coal bill's been  
Highern this 1924 coalbill  
I got to watch my dollars  
Pretty soon the poorhouse" –  
("Wish I was God," he adds to think)

## 99th Chorus

My father, Leo Alcide K rouac  
Comes in the door of the porch  
On the way out to downtown red,  
(where Neons Redly-Brownly Flash  
An aura over the city center  
As seen from the river where we lived)  
– “Prap – prohock!” he’s coughing,  
    Busy, “Am,” bursting to part  
    the seams of his trousers with power  
    of assembled intentions.  
    “B-rrack – Brap?”  
(as years later GJ would imitate him,  
“your father, Zagg, he goes along,  
Bre-hack! Broop?” Raising  
    his leg, bursting his face  
    to rouge outpop huge mad eyes  
    of “big burper balloons  
    of the huge world”)  
To see if there’s any mail in the box  
My father shoots 2 quick glances  
Into all hearts of the box,  
No mail, you see the flash of his anxious  
Head looking in the void for nothing.

## 100th Chorus

That's the porch of the Lupine house.

Afternoons I sleep upstairs,

In the sun, on the porch, in October,

I remember the dry leaves  
in the blue sky.

I remember one day being parked in the  
wickerbasket

Baby carriage, under huge old tree,

In family photos we've preserved it,

A great elm rising from dust

Of the little uphill road –

By dry hedges on a late afternoon

In November in the North, sun warm

But air cold, I am wrapt

And beswalled in sweet ebony

With wraps and puffcream caps

And chinkly pinkly pink baby,

Gleering at the world with little  
wet lips,

Glad, Ah John,

– that tree is still standing

but the road has moved over.

Such is the might of the baby  
in the seat

He huggens to re-double  
the image, in words.

## 101st Chorus

We strove to go to movies  
And re discover the happiness  
of the baby –  
We built up towers of prayer  
in ivory and stone –  
Roused denizens from their proper  
rat-warrens –  
“Simplificus the baby,  
what hast thou thought,  
should he be serried  
and should we be clobber  
the agent of the giant  
in the picture?  
or let him guess?  
I say, let’s  
let him guess.

Then he’ll come crying  
& sneaking thru the tent  
looking for the showing  
of proud discontent,  
the circus of mirkus,  
pile it on thick,  
– befriend –  
it’s a show to go to movies  
but a blow the baby be”

## 102nd Chorus

“See to it that he never ends,”  
they might have added anyhow.

One never dies,  
One’s never born  
So sing the optimists  
Of holy old religion,  
trying to assuage –

Your shoes may look nice,  
your baby buggies neater,  
but one dies,  
one’s born.

What the Tathagata of Buddhism  
preaches,

The Prophet of Buddhahood  
is that  
nothing  
is really  
born nor dies

But that Ignorance is its Prince,  
The essence never moved  
From folded magnificence.

## 103rd Chorus

My father in downtown red  
Walked around like a shadow  
Of ink black, with hat, nodding,  
In the immemorial lights of my dreams.  
For I have since dreamt of Lowell  
And the image of my father,  
Straw hat, newspaper in pocket,  
Liquor on the breath, barber shopshines,  
Is the image of Ignorant Man  
Hurrying to his destiny which is Death  
Even though he knows it.

'S why they call Cheer,  
a bottle, a glass, a drink,  
*A Cup of Courage* –

Men know the mist is not their friend –  
They come out of fields & put coats on  
And become businessmen & die stale  
The same loathsome stale death  
They mighta died in countryside  
Hills of dung.

My remembrance of my father  
in downtown Lowell  
walking like cardboard cut  
across the lost lights  
is the same empty material  
as my father in the grave.

## 104th Chorus

I'd rather be thin than famous,  
I dont wanta be fat,  
And a woman throws me outa bed  
Callin me Gordo, & everytime

I bend  
to pickup  
my suspenders  
from the davenport  
floor I explode  
loud huge grunt-o  
and disgust  
every one  
in the familio

I'd rather be thin than famous  
But I'm fat

Paste that in yr. Broadway Show

## 105th Chorus

Essence is like absence of reality,  
Just like absence of non-reality  
Is the same essence anyhow.

Essence is what sunlight is  
At the same time that moonlight is,  
Both have light, both have shape,  
Both have darkness, both are late:

Both are late because empty thereof,  
Empty is light, empty is dark,  
    what's difference between emptiness  
    of brightness and dark?

What's the difference between absence  
Of reality, joy, or meaning  
In middle of bubble, as being same  
As middle of man, non-bubble

Man is the same as man,  
The same as no-man, the same  
As Anyman, Everyman, Asiman,  
    (asinine man)

Man is nowhere till he knows,

    The essence of emptiness  
    is essence of gold



## 106th Chorus

Man is nowhere anyway  
Because nowhere is here  
And I am here, to testify.

Nowhere is  
    what nowhere was

I know nowhere  
More anywhere  
Than this here  
Particular everywhere

When I fell thru the eye of the needle  
And became a tumbling torso  
In the Univers-O,

    Brother, let me  
        tell you,  
    I thought  
    I was moving  
    from somewhere  
    to everywhere  
    but nothing moved  
    so I musta been  
    and still be  
    (must) no  
    where be

    But that's all up to the Saints  
I aint gonna say the Saints of Innisfree

## 107th Chorus

Light is Late

yes

because

it happens after you realize it

You dont see light

Until sensation of seeing light

Is registered in Perception.

Perception notifies Discrimination,  
etc., Consciousness

Until then there was no light

So light is late

Darkness is late

You dont conceive of darkness

Till you've been late with light

When you learned difference

Between equal poles abright

with Arbitrary ideas

About somethin bein this

Or that, abiding in this abode,

Denying in that abode –

Equal, positive, electric shock,

coil, dacoit, tower,

oil – it's all late

## 108th Chorus

Neither this nor that

means,

no arbitrary conceptions,  
because if you say  
arbitrarily, the RAMMIS  
is the RAMMIS, ! –  
and the TSORIS is the TSORIS,  
or the FLORIST,  
or the –

arbitrary conceptions  
have sprung into existence  
that didnt have to be there  
in the first place  
when your eyes were bright  
with seeing emptiness  
in the void of holy sea  
where creatures didnt  
abound, nor crops grow,  
and nothing happened,  
and nobody lived,  
and nobody cared –

You didnt need  
arbitrary concepts there  
and need them now  
you say you need them now  
I say, you say,  
Why should you need them now  
Why should you now

## 109th Chorus

“Was it a bright afternoon,  
bright with seeing?”

Asks the literary type  
sitting in a chair

In an afternoon’s dream

And you see his buddy comin in,  
Holding his coat to the hook

After closing the door,

You see it on a Thurber Cartoon,

In New Yorker, the funny

Fat figures V-cut and Z-cut

In squares, spilling cartons  
of spaghetti to their orb ball

OON LINE ANOON

POP CLOUD - WORD - HOLE

And people thumb thru

Reg’ally

And up comes the laugh, the yok,

Funny Thurber

Cartoon there,

“Was it a bright afternoon,  
bright with seeing?”

looking over his newspaper  
or poetry pad

## 110th Chorus

I know how to withstand poison  
And sickness known to man,  
In this void. I'm no apprentice  
When it comes to remembering  
The eternity of suffering  
Quietly I've been through,  
Without complaint, sensing inside  
Pain the glorifful um mystery.  
Afternoons as a kid I'd listen  
to radio programs for to see  
the scratch between announcements,  
Knowing the invalid is glad  
only because he's mad  
enough to appreciate every  
little thing that blazons there  
in the swarmstorm of his eye  
Transcendental Inner Mind  
where glorious radiant Howdahs  
are being carried by elephants  
through groves of flowing milk  
past paradises of waterfall  
into the valley of bright gems  
be rubying an antique ocean  
floor of undiscovered splendor  
in the heart of unhappiness

## 111th Chorus

I didnt attain nothin  
When I attained Highest  
Perfect  
Wisdom  
Known in Sanskrit as  
Anuttara Samyak Sambodhi

I attained absolutely nothing,  
Nothing came over me,  
nothing was realizable –

In dropping all false conceptions  
of anything at all  
I even dropped my conception  
of highest old wisdom  
And turned to the world,  
a Buddha inside,  
And said nothing.

People asked me questions  
about tomatos robbing the vine  
and rotting on the vine  
and I had no idea  
what I was thinking about

and abided  
in blank ecstasy

## 112th Chorus

Dont sound reasonable,  
    dont sound possible,  
        when you bring it up  
But if you dont bring it up,  
    everything is alright.  
Dont believe Mr. Believe Me?  
Dont think about him  
    and boy  
        you'll see how he vanishes  
        in morning's mist  
        when the moon  
        is a crescent a banana  
        and birds jump  
and far over the Atlantic  
where Red Amida is Shining  
you'll hear the Call Trumpet  
of East is Alright with the West  
In the Orb of the Womb  
    of Tathagata  
        so round  
        so empty  
    so unbelievably  
        false-lyingly  
    empty of persimmonny

## 113th Chorus

Got up and dressed up  
and went out & got laid  
Then died and got buried  
in a coffin in the grave,

Man –

Yet everything is perfect,  
Because it is empty,  
Because it is perfect  
with emptiness,  
Because it's not even happening.

Everything

Is Ignorant of its own emptiness –  
Anger

Doesnt like to be reminded of fits –

You start with the Teaching

Inscrutable of the Diamond

And end with it, your goal  
is your startingplace,

No race was run, no walk  
of prophetic toenails

Across Arabies of hot

meaning – you just  
numbly dont get there



## 114th Chorus

Everything is perfect, dear friend.  
When you wrote the letter  
I was writing you one,  
I checked on the dates,  
Just about right, and One.

You dont have to worry  
    about colics & fits  
From me any more  
    or evermore either

You dont have to worry bout death.  
Everything you do, is like your hero  
The Sweetest angelic tenor of man  
Wailing sweet bop  
On a front afternoon  
When not leading the band  
And every note plaintive,  
Every note Call for Loss  
    of our Love and Mastery –  
    just so, eternalized –

You are a great man  
I've gone inside myself  
And there to find you  
    And little ants too

## 115th Chorus

LANGUID JUNKEY SPEECH WITH LIDDED EYES

So bleakly junk hit me never.

Must be something wrong with the day.

“How you feel?” – “Um – Ow” –

Green is the wainscot, wait

For the vaquero, 1, 2, 3 –

all the faces of man

are torting on one

neck

Lousy feeling of never-get-high,

I could swallow a bomb

And sit there a-sighing,

T's a Baudelairean day,

Nothing goes right – millions

Of dollars of letters from home

And the feeling of being,

Ordinary, sane, sight –

Arm muscles are tense

Nothing ever right

You cant feel right

Hung in Partiality

For to feel the unconditional

No-term ecstasy

Where, of nothing,

I mean, of nothing,

That would be best

## 116th Chorus

The Jews Wrote American Music

Niki Niki Niki- la  
Che wa miena  
Pee tee Wah

Song of Lil Mexico Children

Kitchi Kitchi  
Kitchy val

Big fat mustachio'd businessmen  
Have just to finish their commercial  
And go home, saw em at five  
Drinking beer at Bar's Alive  
While old Canuck Pot  
Looked white & cold  
In corner, countin candles  
Music

It's an Aztec Radio  
with the sounds thick & guttural  
kicking out of the teeth  
The Great Jazz Singer  
was Jolson the Vaudeville Singer?  
No, and not Miles, me.

## 117th Chorus

Me, Paraclete, you. Ye –  
Me, Paraclete, Thee –  
Thou Maitreya Love of the Future  
– Me.

Me Santiveda me, saint,  
Me sinner me – Me baptist  
A-traptist of Lower  
Absafactus

Me – You  
Me, alone in understandin old  
void of I love you,  
feel fine

Me, you gotta love yourself,  
love, somethin,  
thass all I can say

The witchcraft Indiana girls  
that didnt sing with their hearts,  
where never in a better  
shock of hay hocks  
than the oldtime  
singer with dusty feet  
that chased death  
comes and enfolds you

## 118th Chorus

It's all the same to me.  
The radio I dont wanta hear  
And cant have to hear  
Plays one thing and another  
Of great Sarah Vag

but no I stop  
and grasp  
and I forget  
that it's my own fault

See how you do it?

And having grasped  
go on singing  
because I wouldnt  
be writing these poems  
if I didnt know

That I grasp I sing

I've had times of no-singing,  
they were the same

Music is noise, Poetry dirt

## 119th Chorus

Self be your lantern,  
Self be your guide –  
Thus Spake Tathagata  
Warning of radios  
That would come  
Some day  
And make people  
Listen to automatic  
Words of others

and the general flash of noises,  
forgetting self, not-self –  
Forgetting the secret ...

Up on high in the mountains so high  
the high magic priests are  
swabbing in the deck  
of broken rib torsos  
cracked in the rack  
of  
Kallaquack  
tryin to figure yr way  
outa the calamity of dust and  
eternity, buz, you better  
get on back to your kind  
boat

## 120th Chorus

Junkies that get too high  
Shoot up their old stock of stuff  
And sit stupidly on edge  
Of bed nodding over  
The single sentence in the paper  
    They been staring at all night –  
    Six, seven hours they'll do this,  
    Or get hungup on paragraphs:

“You go on the nod,  
    Then you come up,  
        Then you start readin  
        it again  
    Then you go on the nod again  
and everytime you read it  
    it gets better”

You dont remember the next  
    rebirth  
    but you remember  
    the experience

“Took me all evening to read  
3 or 4 pages, ossified,  
on the nod”

## 121st Chorus

Everything is in the same moment  
It doesn't matter how much money you have  
It's happening feebly now,  
    the works  
I can taste the uneaten food  
    I'll find  
In the next city  
    in this dream

I can feel the iron railroads  
    like marshmallow

I can't tell the difference  
    between mental and real

It's all happening  
It won't end  
It'll be good  
The money that was to have been spent  
    on the backward nations  
of the world, has already been  
    spent in Forward Time

Forward to the Sea,  
    and the Sea Comes back to you  
    and there's no escaping  
    when you're a fish  
    the nets of summer destiny



## 122nd Chorus

We cannot break  
Something that doesnt exist

Derange pas ta tendresse,  
Dont break your tenderness

Is advice that comes to “me”

What a poem the knowledge  
that Time

With its Pasts & Presents  
& Appurtenant

Futures, is One Thing

THE THING ONE WHOLE MASS

Getting dimmer and dimmer  
to the feel

What glorious repose knowing

What a Golden Age

of Silent Darkness

in my Happy Heart

as I lay contemplating

the fact that I shall die

anyhow regardless of race

regardless of grace

## 123rd Chorus

The essence is realizable in words  
That fade as they approach.  
What's to be done Bodhisattva?  
O live quietly; live to love  
Everybody.

Be devout under trees  
At midnight on the ground.  
No hope in a room  
of dispelling the gloom  
that's assembled  
Since Moses

Life is the same as death  
But the soul continues  
In the same blinding light.  
Eating is the same as Not Eating  
But the stomach continues,  
The thinking goes on.

You've got to stop thinking,  
stop breathing.  
How can you travel from Muzzy  
to  
Muzzy?  
Forgive everyone for yr own sins  
And be sure to tell them  
You love them which you do

## 124th Chorus

The tall thin rawboned fellow  
Come up to Paw and me  
On the misty racetrack.  
“Got a good one in the fourth.”  
“How do YOU know”

        says my Dad  
“I’m a jockey”  
His hat waved over his eyes  
In the rain.  
I saw Arkansaw  
behind him.  
He looked too big to be a jockey  
        to me –  
“Just put 4 dollars to win  
And give me half  
        the winnings.”  
I dont remember now  
        whether my father fell  
And got laid by that line,  
But “too big  
        man  
        he too big  
        to be a jockey”  
        was my thought

## 125th Chorus

He shoulda been a football coach,  
Joe McCarthy – the guy  
that was a turncoat  
at the assistant editor  
of the Daily Worker?  
– the tenement marble  
sculptured Attican column  
in the moonlight illuminating  
my eyes – the ross  
osh dewey bilbo long  
scatter de crash talk  
of Fascist BWAS!

-CLAP TRAP

the machinegunners of Goa  
are in the Street mashing  
the Saints of McCarthy  
Cohn Captus & Company  
and all I gotta say is,  
remove my name

from the list

And Buddha's too  
Buddha's me, in the list,  
no-name.

## 126th Chorus

Like running a stick thru water  
The use and effect  
Of tellin people that  
                  their house  
                  is burning,  
And that the Buddha, an old  
          And wise father  
Will save them by holy  
          subterfuge,

Crying: "Out, out, little ones,  
The fire will burn you!  
I promise to give you fine  
                  carts  
Three in number, different,  
Charming, the goat cart,  
The deer cart, and  
The cart of the bullock

Gayly bedecked – With oranges,  
Flowers, holy maidens & trees,"  
So the children rush out, saved,  
          And he gives them  
          The incomparable single Greatcart  
          Of the White Bullock, all snow.

## 127th Chorus

Nobody knows the other side  
of my house,  
My corner where I was born,  
dusty guitars  
Of my tired little street where  
with little feet  
I beetled and I wheedled  
with my sisters  
And waited for afternoon sunfall  
call a kids  
And ma's to bring me back  
to supper mainline  
Hum washing line tortillas  
and beans,  
That Honey Pure land,  
of Mominu,  
Where I lived a myriad  
kotis of millions  
Of incalculable  
be-aeons ago  
When white while joyous  
was also  
Center of lake of light

## 128th Chorus

How solid our ignorance –  
how empty our substance

and the conscience  
keeps bleeding

and decay is slow –  
children grow.

The toothbone goes  
Out of mushy pulp  
And you cry  
As if rocks  
Had been dumped  
From a truck  
On your back  
And whimper,  
saying  
'O Lord,  
Mercy on Mission.'

## 129th Chorus

We've all been sent  
On a mission  
To conquer the desert  
So that the Shrouded  
    Traveller  
Behind us  
Makes tracks in the dust  
    that dont exist,  
    He'll, or We'll,  
    All end in Hell  
    All end in Heaven  
    For sure –  
Unless my guess is wrong,  
We are all in for it  
And our time  
Is Life,  
The Penalty,  
    Death.  
    The Reward  
    To the Victor  
    Then Goes.  
The Victor is Not Self



## 130th Chorus

And the Victor is Not Pride

And the Victor is not.

Thus Spake Tathagata

But I get tired

Of waiting in pain

In a situation

Where I aint sure.

Where I am not sure

Where I am Wolfe

Sorrow

Whitman Free

Melville dark

Mark Twain Mark

Twain

where I am

wild

Where I am Mild

## 131st Chorus

Where I aim  
And do not Miss

Dawdlers.

Alla them are dawdlers.

Poets.

Call themselves poets

Call themselves Kings

Call themselves Free

Calls themself

Hennis free

Calls themself

Calls themself

Calls themself catshit

Calls themself mean

Calls themself me

## 132nd Chorus

Innumeral infinite songs.  
Great suffering of the atomic  
in verse

Which may or not be  
controlled

By a consciousness  
Of which you & the  
ripples of the waves  
are a part.

That's Buddhism.

That's Universal Mind

Pan Cosmodicy

Einstein believed

In the God of Spinoza

(– Two Jews

– Two Frenchmen)

## 133rd Chorus

“Einstein probably put a lot  
of people in the bughouse by  
saying that

All those pseudo intellectuals  
went home & read Spinoza  
then they dig in  
to the subtleties  
of Pantheism –

After 10 years of research  
they wrap it up  
& sit down on a bench  
& decide to forget  
all about it.

Because Pantheism’s  
Too Much for Em.

They wind up trying to  
find out Plato, Aristotle,  
they end up in a  
vicious Morphine circle”

## 134th Chorus

“The only cure for  
morphine poisoning  
Is more morphine.”

This is the real morphine.

Now it's after supper  
And the little kids  
Are out on the street  
Yelling “Mo perro,  
Mo perro, mo perro”  
And the sky is purple  
In old hazish Mexico  
of Hashisch, Shaslik  
And Veal Parmezan.

Russian Spy Buses  
Tooting  
“Salud”

## 135th Chorus

The ants are gone asleep  
By now, out on those plains  
Of pulque and rice  
Beyond Pascual  
And the Cactus Town

Matador pan  
Pazatza cuaro  
Mix-technique  
Poop  
Indio  
Yo yo catlepol  
Moon Yowl  
Indian  
Town & City

Vendors of Take a Giant Step  
Say Hailé  
In back se malleys  
Selling drunks

## 136th Chorus

I always did say  
Aunt Semonila  
The Amapola Champeen  
Of Yon Yucatan  
will never find  
her potatoes  
Till she sticks in her hands

Potatoes of paternity  
Grow deep,  
Edie.

Nut went Crazy  
Fife Faces of Man  
In One Cell  
Ow are you?  
Fall.

## 137th Chorus

AZTEC BLUES

“A kek Horrac”

I hear in the Aztec Night  
Of Mystery

Where the Plateau Moon  
With Moon Citlapol  
Over the dobe roofs  
Of Heroé Mexico.

“Screeaa-ra- sarat”

The Scraping of Chair,  
Followed by Toot & Boom.

Punk! says Iron Pot Lid.

Tup! says finger toilet.

Tuck! says dime on Ice.

Ferwutl says Beard Bird.

Howl of Moondogs in Monterrey

When dry is Riverbottom

Baseball Rock

Nothing nada like this scene

Of Apish majesty

In April's hide of hair



## 138th Chorus

It's really a Brooklyn Night  
the Aztec Night  
the Mix Toltec Night  
the Saragossa Night  
the Tarasco Night

Jaqui Keracky  
Grow Opium  
In Ole Culiacan

(BLANK, the singer  
sings nothing)

## 139th Chorus

I said Well  
Bad time of month for me –  
So last I saw or heard a  
    him –  
    Matter of fact, he even –  
    But he never hardly  
        gave me the 10 pesos

So I was figuring it was  
    worthwhile to keep  
    the bum outa my hair,  
    ten pesos

Only one guy I ever known  
He always paid me back  
Angel Gabriel  
Bright on High

## 140th Chorus

Fifty pesos

3 Cheers Forever

It's beautiful to be comfortable

Nirvana here I am

When I was born Tathagatas

Assembled from all universes

And chanted in my ear

The gray song of Nirvana

Saying "Dont Come Back"

Then my Angel Gerard

Protected & comforted me

In the Rainy Misery

And my mother smiled

And my father was dark

And my sister

And I sat on the floor

And I Void Listened

To the Eternal Return

With no Expression

## 141st Chorus

Zoom  
S t a r  
o f H o l y  
I n d i a n  
N I G H T

The Tathata  
of  
Eminence  
is  
Silence

The Clear Sight  
of Varied Crystal  
Shining Mountains  
shifting in the Air

Exploding Snow  
is Transcendental  
Brilliant Shattered  
Hammered Smithy  
Emerald Green  
Rubioso Mostofo  
Be spark snaked

## 142nd Chorus

Muck Ruby  
Crystal Set  
Smithereen  
Holylilypad  
Bean –  
A la Pieté –

Truss in dental  
Pop Oly Ruby  
Tobby Tun w d 1  
ixts87rer(

Gainesville Georgia – Sleeping in the  
grass on a July night –  
Dream of climbing night bank  
behind the Joe Louis signatures  
We die with same  
unconcern we live

## 143rd Chorus

(pause)

Junkies  
Should be practical nurses  
And be given permits  
To get 3 to 5 grains a day  
Every day,  
The older addicts need more.  
    Drug Addicts  
    Are human beings  
    Less dangerous  
    Than alcoholics  
  
    And alcoholics aren't so bad  
Look at the speed drivers  
Look at the sex fiends

## 144th Chorus

Look at the sex fiends  
Speeding thru their suicide!  
Nembutols!  
Guns & jumps in the river!  
Lilly saved the man's life!  
Flying with legs  
out the window  
to crash the locomotive  
at the X Crossing  
  
X!

I been in crashes,  
I been in many a bad night,  
I been in Nova Scotia  
Investigating the Blight.  
And Bright the Vast  
Atlantic Greenland  
Mountain cap  
Of Old Atombomb  
Atlantis

## 145th Chorus

A BANG OF M

A razor mountain –

An Empire State Building

needle Hypo –

A boiling cauldron

*cucharra* –

A sneeze, a wheeze –

A Cough

A cotton sucking –

A Bang of M

Anticommunism is an

arbitrary distinction

Depending on Communism

A shoot-in

Pull out needle

James Huneker

Alfred Knopf

H L Mencken

Edgar Lee Masters



## 146th Chorus

The Big Engines  
In the night –  
The Diesel on the Pass,  
The Airplane in the Pan  
American night –  
Night –

The Blazing Silence in the Night,  
the Pan Canadian Night –  
The Eagle on the Pass,  
the Wire on the Rail,  
the High Hot Iron  
of my heart.

The blazing chickaball  
Whap-by  
Extry special Super  
High Job  
Ole 169 be  
floundering  
Down to Kill Roy

## 147th Chorus

The Sock  
    Wock Williby  
        Balloons  
In the shitfence

The Angels  
    in Heaven  
        I knew

The Angel in Heaven  
    Gabriel Toot Boy  
    Horn n All  
    Blows Awful  
    Blues When  
    Toy Doy  
    Done Bo Moy  
    From China mo Moy  
    To Ole Penoy,  
        Oy-y-  
Y gerta  
    was gordo

## 148th Chorus

Instrucciones  
Precaucion

Whichever way you look  
you're looking East

Same with West

Whichever etc. way you look,  
you're looking West

Thus Spake Tathagata

In the Eastern Heavens I knew  
Blue Auroras of the new  
Most of David ever knew  
Find the Bible Desert,  
Rock,

Ti Jean Picotée  
Silence

Bzzzzz  
the razor in-cut  
of void meat

## 149th Chorus

I keep falling in love  
with my mother,  
I dont want to hurt her  
– Of all people to hurt.

Every time I see her  
she's grown older  
But her uniform always  
amazes me  
For its Dutch simplicity  
And the Doll she is,  
The doll-like way  
she stands  
Bowlegged in my dreams,  
Waiting to serve me.

And I am only an Apache  
Smoking Hashi  
In old Cabashy  
By the Lamp

## 150th Chorus

Appeasement is Hypnotism  
When the Houri Indian  
    snakecharmer gets under way  
        swaying his crock toilet  
        picoloette clarinoot  
        at the snake's bony  
        leer  
        he is leading a band  
        like Sammy Kaye  
        that could erupt  
        and kill him

The Weasels Wait

If Buddha appeased  
    the Likhavi Tribesmen  
It means he must have hypnotized  
    and pleased  
Their appeasable hearts  
    with talk  
Of Grand Nirvana's  
Holy Paradise

## 151st Chorus

### STILL LIFE

A candle dripped all its  
gysm

To the bottom of a strawberry  
designed

Mexican Beer tray –

A single edge razorblade,  
Partially underneath  
The blade of a butter knife  
Abstracted from old

camp  
packs –

And a tin cup.

This is the Matisse Story  
Of a simple arrangement  
Of natural objects  
In a room on a Sunday  
Afternoon –

bits of dry dust,  
black ashes

## 152nd Chorus

The edge of the tray  
is bright red –

The strawberries are crimson  
dull painted  
juicy dimensional  
indefinable silver lights  
on the knife & blade  
brass dark death  
and the tragic gloom  
inside the lull  
of the tumbled wax  
Attican and Shapely

The rim sadness aluminum  
ALCO Shipwave  
cup –

Then, in real life not  
still life – comes  
the filthy dry gray  
ash tray of butts  
and matchlet tips

## 153rd Chorus

Sir Garver is cleaning  
His Attic and Castle,  
Sniffing & snappin  
The Bardic Be  
Garters –  
Wearing the huge shroud  
sorcerer's head  
Picking up deadbeats  
Offa his bed.  
Tucking the sheets in  
of no consequence;  
Turning and struggling  
to kneel to a stand  
Off the bed of dimensions  
& middles  
And spans,  
that wont let him lie  
straight  
In the South American  
Pan



## 154th Chorus

Pan mattress, pan spang,  
pan bang,  
Perdoneme, pardon  
me.

He's got a rich cover  
Lines made of wine  
To cover his bed with  
And pull in the line

And unties his bow strings  
Of bathrobe & gore,  
His plue pajamas  
Poaping  
around all that  
gore  
His feet clean & shiny  
Like askin for more

## 155th Chorus

And as he keeps washing  
    & blowing his poor nose  
And waiting for death  
    to make V-repose  
Out of hands he now rubs with  
    the towel of More.

Coffee cup's a-covered  
    Friend does the Sneeze  
Death'll overcome him  
    in Some Fleece of Sleep

Nirvana is Snowing  
Right down on his head  
Everything's all right  
In Heaven in High  
Inside this blue bottle  
    us flies rage & wait  
But outside is the Rosy  
    of Purple O Gate  
    O J O

## 156th Chorus

I know we're all straight  
I knew from a tree  
I leaned on a tree  
And the tree told me

Tree told me Haby  
The Maybe is Abey,  
The Kapey is Correcty,  
You'll be allarighty

Trees dont talk good  
No they don't talk good  
This tree just told me  
See Eternity  
Is the other side  
Of the other part  
Of your mind  
That you ignore  
Because you want to

## 157th Chorus

The Art of Kindness  
Is a dream  
That was foretold by prophets  
Of Old, wd. be continuous  
With no broken lines  
Buddha after Buddha  
Crashing in from Heavens  
Farther than expressioning,  
Bringing the Single Teaching:  
Love Everywhere.

Bring on the single teaching,  
It's all indeed in Love;  
Love not of Loved Object  
Cause no object exists,  
Love of Objectlessness,  
When nothing exists  
Save yourself and your not-self  
Hung in a Moon  
Of Perfect O Canopy  
Sorrowing Starborrowing  
Happiness Parade

## 158th Chorus

It wont happen is what

it is –

It'll lose touch –

It was the same in past  
eternities

It will be with the bees  
now

the feeling of in and out  
your feeling of being alive  
is the feeling of in & out  
your feeling of being dead  
unalive

When it comes you wont  
sneeze no more, Gesundheit.

It wont happen, is what

is –

And

it aint happenin now

Smile & think deeply

## 159th Chorus

Blook Bleak.

Bleak was Blook,  
    an Onionchaser Hen  
    necked Glutinous  
    Huge Food monster  
    that you ate  
    with FLAN & Syrup  
    in a sticky universe

Blook on the Mountaintop,

    Bleak;

Blake by the Mountainside,

    Baah! –

Boom went the Crasher

    Mountain Heidi

    Kerplunk Archagelan

    Swiss Funnel

    Top of Funny Ships

    Singing & sinking

    In a Glutinous Sea

    (of Lese Majesty.)

## 160th Chorus

Poppa told me a perfect pome.

It's simple

The smiles of hungry sexy  
brunettes

Looking to lock you in  
lock joint and all

And those eyes of Italian  
deep scenery

In Riviera's of Caviar  
Tree

And Mulberry Bee

Lampshade

Sun Ahmenides

Ahmenemet!

Ak!

That's your rosy

Figury,

another word

for future –

That's your come itself

## 161st Chorus

It's a starry disaster  
Wobbling many times  
Like Sick-to-my-Stomach  
The All Slop of Brothers,  
Every word that Pegler utters,  
"So-pa-top-a-ta!"  
Shout children on street –  
("Luz!" is her call name)  
Horn of Sunday car, yar  
Of yak-pass mufflerless  
Cars – "You writing that down?  
"Not necessarily in agreement  
With general trend against  
The labor movement" – but here's  
his takeoff on Eleanor  
Roosevelt 'This is My Day,'  
It's a funny statement –  
Pegler took out My Day  
And rolled into thought  
Tortilla & puts it on one  
article –  
(con salsa –)



## 162nd Chorus

### BILL'S DREAMS

Slim girls in thin kimonos  
Of blue silk, thin gossamer,  
Long, that you could see thru,  
Lying down, half-sitting,  
Smoking through long tubes  
In which every once in a while  
An attendant places drug,  
In a central bowl,  
    And as they smoke on  
    An attendant sprinkles  
    their eyes with talcum  
    powder  
And they flutter their eyes  
To the joy of it.  
    Then, back in the Tombs,  
    He's smoking in his cell  
    And the smoke became  
    Singing people fading  
    And coming with smoke  
    and a guy passing bread  
    Passes him up –

## 163rd Chorus

Left the Tombs to go  
and look at the  
Millions of cut glass –  
– a guy clocking them,  
as you look you swallow,  
you get so fat  
you can't leave the building,  
– stand straight,  
dont tip over, breathe  
in such a way yr fatness  
deflates, go back to  
the Tombs,  
ride the elevator –  
he tips over again,  
gazes on the Lights,  
eats them, is clocked,  
gets so fat  
he cant leave elevator,  
has to stand straight  
and breathe out the fat –  
– hurry back to the Tombs

## 164th Chorus

Grand Central Station,  
side entrance  
where they unload produce

– He & friends get scraps  
of meat & cabbage,

All starving,  
on floor are iron plates  
hot, not too hot,

They all start slowly  
cooking, but keep moving up  
as men with central  
hotplate heat  
get impatient & eat  
meat half raw –  
so he keeps pushing up  
his little meat  
towards the center –

These people are all bums –  
Hang around in restaurants  
Where there's nothing to eat  
And you sit a table  
And suddenly there's a guy

## 165th Chorus

under the table  
cooking your leg  
in some kind of steam  
– much quicker job  
with the steam on the leg  
than central radiant  
wildheat of cabbage  
plates  
in Grand C Station

And I see: “Everybody’s eatin you.  
You eat them,  
makes no difference,  
the essence does not pass  
From mouth to mouth  
And crawl to crawl,  
it’s ignorance does.  
ignorant form.  
the essence is not  
disturbed  
really,  
Like the sudden thought  
of India is a dream”

## 166th Chorus

A home for unmarried fathers.

He said I must investigate  
some day, that –  
Homefront married fathers,  
– some whacky idea –  
like a home for unmarried fathers  
would be.

Pegler and the Cabinet  
of Peligroso FDR  
– Firstbase, Perkins;  
Eleanor, Right field;  
Pitching, Cervantes  
the Cuban Newcomer  
from downriver  
Harlem  
riding a white  
horse riot  
Picasso  
in his helmet  
Jesus

## 167th Chorus

The details are all the same,  
Like honey stored in beehives,  
Like atomic power, so many  
Atoms, the details per  
Square inch are the life of it  
And the death of it

The critical mass collapses  
And like a tumbled Sand castle  
When the tide of disintegration  
And its conception rise,  
Flops into the sea softmaw  
Sand salvaging, bells  
Toll it not offshore.  
The Castle was a Dream.

Now learn  
that the water is a dream  
For when the Tide of Disaster  
Rises water will disintegrate  
And all will be left  
Is the Successful Savior  
Abiding Everywhere in  
Beginningless Ecstatic Nobody

## 168th Chorus

Asking questions and listening  
is sincerity;  
Asking questions and listening  
without really listening  
Is a kind of sincerity; but  
Talking about yourself alia  
time, is not insincere.

It's all the same thing  
In the long run, the short run  
the no run

Whitman examined grass  
and concluded  
It to be the genesis  
& juice, of pretty girls.

“Hair of Graves,” footsteps  
Of Lost Children,  
Forgotten park meadows,  
– Looking over your shoulder  
At the beautiful maidens –

## 169th Chorus

Lie down

Rest

Breathe slowly

Dead in Time

You're dead already

What's a little bit more time got to do  
with it

So you're dead

So the Living Loathe the Dead,  
themselves –

So forgive, reassure, pat, protect,  
and purify them

Whatever way is best.

Thus Spake, Tathagata.

The girls are pretty

But their cherries are itty

And if they aint got cherries

Sleep in the Park anyway

And if you dont go near them

You dont get that sensation

Of their inexhaustible delicacy

Dead in Time – Rest in Time



## 170th Chorus

Rest in Delicacy

The far border of the puff lace  
clouds of Amida's Western  
Heaven of Diamond Repose  
is Delicate

And delicate is the Spanish  
language, delicate the Spanish  
they speak in Upper Bleak  
where King Sariputra  
holds forth a tablet of ice  
(I mean diamonds)  
to be read by the highest  
most delicate Bodhi papa  
in the whole confraternity  
– Old Buddha of Old  
In his Magic Selves  
Commingled as One, Maitri,  
Coos delicate songs  
To the lyres & guitars  
Of the minds of the Lapis  
Lazuli old Saints

## 171st Chorus

When I hear that serenade  
in blue –  
Tell me darling are these things  
the same  
That we had always known  
Well all alone  
And true, it's that serenade  
O serenade,  
In the blue, in the blue.

Oopli da da  
Aow dee a dee e-da-ha  
You never had no chance  
Fate dealt you wrong hands

Romance never came back

Crashing interruptions  
So I'm with you  
happy once again  
and singing all my blues  
in tune with you  
with you

## 172nd Chorus

When I hear that  
    serenade in bleu,

OO dee de ree,  
    – a song I could sing  
    in a low new voice  
    to be recorded  
    on quiet microphones  
    of the Roman Afternoon,  
    tape, a new kind of voice,  
    sung for the self  
    sung for yourself  
    to hear in a room  
    where you dont  
    want to be  
    interrupt  
    ed

Or made to sing dirges  
Of suicide & main  
in the candle of the handle  
of the coffin to blame

## 173rd Chorus

The funerals of the doornails  
Gay Chocolateers with sadness  
of Marshes across  
their Germany  
Hope of Eleanoras of Russia  
rising from  
the railroad  
Nevsky track  
Loud upturned chocolate bedpans  
of Saturday Night  
Drugstore Windows  
showing rubber  
and the sexfiend  
watching  
Oldtime childhood shoesheens  
The Music of the uninhabited spheres  
being played & developed  
over ages for no one  
That's the Radio to me  
The Ultimo Actual Soundbody  
discriminating in the air  
by means of men tubes  
invented by the 95 devils



## 175th Chorus

Cunalingus  
My sister's playin piana in Vienna  
The Jews are Genius Gypsies  
The Moors are Poor.  
Aristotle, Isabel,  
Ferdinand the Bull.

Ferdinand was no Dumb-Bell –  
Piano high was Vienna  
When Freud interviewed  
The oversexed Rothschilds  
And Richjews of Vienna  
And the Gypsies were camped  
In apartments – with lamps –

All the wealth of Europe  
had poured  
Into Vienna – Freud was there –  
So his Psychoanalysis Sex  
Chart of Mad talk  
Was accepted as Gospel  
By undermined golfcourses  
of the River West –  
The multiple too-much of the world

## 176th Chorus

The reason why there are so many things  
Is because the mind breaks it up,  
The shapes are empty  
That sprung into come  
But the mind wont know this  
Till a Buddha with golden  
Lighted finger, hath pointed  
To the thumb, & made an aphorism  
In a robe on the street,  
That you'll know what it means  
For there to be too many things  
In a world of no-thing.

One no-thing  
Equals  
All things

When sad sick women  
Sing their sex blues  
In yr ear, have no fear  
have no fear –  
the moon is true, enough,  
but, but, but, but, but,  
it keeps adding up

## 177th Chorus

Farewell, tendril

I dont wanta play like that

when I find you

as a world

In my heart

I dont want

To talk it lightly

And make jokes

And find myself

Paranoically

Grunting loud huge grunt

Of Gordo Exer-

Indian-Cise,

I'd – O Christ –

wouldn't want to be cool

in hot hell

and be goofing

when yr sweet attentions

all me, thee,

describe, self-descried

in one essential

l i g h t ,

the holy gold so-called



## 178th Chorus

Put the blame on intelligence –  
the reason, no,  
not the bloody reason,  
the asskissed burned  
Chicago Putdown  
talk of time –  
who was it maimed  
the rescue,  
and made – the mistake –  
and held  
the loft  
and lost  
and got lost  
and knew nothing –

What knew the blame?  
Who put the blame?  
Who's trying to throw me  
out?

Who am I?  
do I exist?  
(I don't even exist anyhow)

## 179th Chorus

Glenn Miller and I were heroes  
When it was discovered  
That I was the most beautiful  
Boy of my generation,  
They told Glenn Miller,  
Whereby he got inspired  
And wrote the saxophone  
Wrote the reed sections –  
like sautergain & finn –  
and then they all did dance  
and kissed me mooning stars  
and I became the Yokum  
of the wall-gang, flowers,  
and believed in truth & loved  
the snowy earth  
    and had no truck  
    and no responsibility

a bhikku in my heart  
waiting for philosophy's  
    dreadful murderer  
    BUDDHA

## 180th Chorus

When you work on that railroad  
You gotta know what old boy's  
sayin

In that en-gyne,  
When you head brakie  
just showin up for work  
on a cold mist dusk  
ready to roll  
to on down the line  
lettuce fields  
of Elkhorn  
& sea-marshes  
of the hobo highriding  
night, flash Salinas –

“Somebody asked me where  
I come from  
I tell them it's none a their  
business,  
Cincinnati”–

Poetry just doesnt get there



## 182nd Chorus

The Essence of Existence  
is Buddhahood –

As a Buddha  
you know  
that all the sounds  
that wave from a tree  
and the sights  
from a sea of fairies  
in Isles of Blest  
and all the tastes  
in Nectar Soup  
and all the odors  
in rose arbour  
– ah rose, July rose –  
bee-dead rose –

and all the feelings  
in the titwillow's  
chuckling throat  
and all the thoughts  
in the raggedy mop  
of the brain –  
one dinner

## 183rd Chorus

“Only awake to Universal Mind  
And realize that there is nothing  
Whatever to be attained. This  
Is the real Buddha.”

Thus spake Hsi Yun  
to P’ei Hsiu

Names so much like each other  
You know it cant be wrong  
You know that sweet Hsi Yun  
Had eyes to see the Karma  
Wobbling in the balloon  
– shiney –

    millions of dollars damage  
    from rains and floods –  
vast fading centers of a Kansas  
    central standard time

    buss-i-ness  
    my fron

Only awake to Universal Mind,  
    accept everything,  
    see everything,  
    it is empty,  
Accept as thus – the Truth.

## 184th Chorus

“Men are afraid to forget  
    their own minds,  
Fearing to fall thru the void  
With nothing to which they can cling.

They do not know  
    that the void  
    is not really void  
    but the real realm  
    of the Dharma”–

Wow, I thought reading that,  
    when I start falling  
    in that inhuman pit  
    of dizzy death  
    I’ll know (if  
    smart enough t’remember)  
    that all the black  
    tunnels of hate  
    or love I’m falling  
    through, are  
        really radiant  
    right eternities  
    for me

## 185th Chorus

Farewell, pistil –  
“as old as space”  
“without the faintest tendency  
towards rebirth”

No-self, no-self, no-self,  
Dass iss the order of the day,  
Virya, Zeal, Wednesday,  
When I can turn this old  
patayo Matago dun's  
nest of hornet toad  
shoot bewallopers  
worrying in Finnegan's  
Whorehouse about nothing,  
into a Pagoda of Bright  
Jesus Lace Snow  
Japana dreams,  
with showers of aura  
arras flower rose  
bepetalling pet by pet  
from the holy dispenser  
of dogs –  
Farewell, puppy



## 186th Chorus

It's all happening in snow  
But I shudder.

Now there's no reason for that.

Now argue the sky saints.

And down below, I mourn

and low like an old cow

in a rastro slaughterhouse

in the I-Dont-Know

district of Hellavides'

Devil Dang –

No, hmf, damn, boy,

boom – hell's clutters

that meated dante

when he virgilized

his poign –

bom –

om, atva,

svaha, snatva,

Holy Old Howl Who'll

Ya

Is Okay

## 187th Chorus

Do not Seek,  
and Eliminate nothing,  
concluded the Chinese  
Master of 840 B.C.

“Observe the Void which lies  
before your eyes  
How can you set about  
eliminating it?”

Buddhism is a big bomb on the head  
and it hurts

After which comes I know  
the milky fliss,  
fluff, soft AW eternities,  
skyrockets,  
snowflakes, hope revealed,  
snow  
Gerard, Pa, lamb,  
Sax,  
Heaven, you, me.

## 188th Chorus

And tonight I'll pray  
And O I'll call Fugen  
and Kwannon to my aid  
and ask them to let me  
hear their transcendental  
silence sound,  
    learning  
    thereby  
    Fugen  
    Avaloki-  
    tesvara'an  
    mostafokas  
    fakirs, makers,  
sing sound silence  
of my sound

O bless me, make me safe,  
say, 'No-Yo' but save  
'Me no?' save  
No-me – I beseech  
save no-me

## 189th Chorus

Petronic, Satiricon –  
The Black Mass is the Christian  
Devil Mass

“A guy in there  
gives a supper  
and has his funeral oration  
spoken, & coffin bared  
in which he is to lie,  
all dishes are black,  
all food black & white  
(that which can be)  
– they have world-food  
at this banquet of death,  
the wealthy man celebrant  
says he’ll die early  
and violently”  
and Does he?

Petronius Arbitum –  
elegant queer,  
my dear

## 190th Chorus

What I have attained in Buddhism  
is nothing.

What I wish to attain,  
is nothing.

Let me explain.

In perceiving the Dharma

I achieved nothing –

What worries me is not  
nothing

But everything, the trouble is  
number,

But since everything is nothing  
then I am worried nil.

In seeking to attain the Dharma

I failed, attaining nothing,

And so I succeeded the goal,

Which was, pure happy  
nothing.

No matter how you cut it

it's empty delightful boloney

## 191st Chorus

My startingplace and my goal  
are right here in this simple  
space hole

Sings Shinran:—

“All that have obstructions  
Are not impeded  
By the Clouds of Light.”

It is like the Iddhi Magic  
Mentioned in Surangama Sutra,  
Where say, The Bhikshu  
Who delights in Transcendental  
Solitude and Brilliant Silence  
And Rhinoceros Sorrow  
Shall be saved, & transported  
Magically in the air  
To his Blessed Pure Land  
Diamond Irradiation  
From the Crown of Buddha.  
Wild – I wait by candlelight  
for confirmation  
(And I see waving whitenesses)

## 192nd Chorus

“O thou who holdest the seal  
of power, raise thy diamond  
hand, bring to naught, destroy,  
exterminate.

O thou sustainer, sustain  
all who are in extremity.

O thou purifier, purify all  
who are in bondage to self.

May the ender of suffering  
be victorious. Om!

Om! Oh! Thou perfectly enlightened,  
enlighten all sentient beings.

O thou who art perfect in wisdom  
and compassion,

Emancipate all beings, & bring  
them to Buddhahood. Om!

Adoration to Tathagata (Attainer  
to Actual Isness), Sugata  
(Attainer to Actual Goodness),  
Buddha (Who is Awake), Perfect  
in Pity and Intelligence

## 193rd Chorus

Who has accomplished,  
And is accomplishing,  
And will accomplish,  
All these words  
Of mystery,  
Svaha,  
So be it,  
Amen.”

Numberless roses arranged,  
The milk of merriment  
    without the curds,  
The Pleased Milk  
    of Humankindness  
The Frowns of worried saints,  
The Helpless Hands of Buddha  
    burning,  
The Crown Prince of the Lotus  
    Blossom Sky,  
Lover of all the mental phantoms  
    in the mind –  
Wordmaker, curdmaker  
    Kingmaker, Ding  
Dong, the Buddha’s Gong



## 194th Chorus

Being in selfless one-ness  
With the such-ness  
That is Tathagatahood,  
So is everybody else  
Lost with you  
In that bright sea  
Of non-personality.

In teaching the Paramitas  
Of Virtue and Sweetness,  
The Wu-Weis of Love,  
The Tehs of Sensibility,  
And all the Tibetan Arhat  
Secrets of the Buddha Mountain  
World up & down of which  
We race in celestial racingcars  
On imaginary hills seeking  
Salvation at the goal,  
Flagged by Dominos of Bodhi  
And Oil men Ragged Hero  
Mechanic Sariputran  
Minnesinging Gurus, on we rave.

## 195th Chorus

The songs that erupt  
Are gist of the poesy,  
Come by themselves, hark,  
Stark as prisoners in a cave  
Let out to sunlight, ragged  
And beautiful when you look close  
And see underneath the beards  
the holy blue eyes of humanity  
And brown.

The stars on high sing  
songs of their own, in motion  
that doesnt move, real,  
Unreal, singsong, spheres:–

But human poetries  
With God as their design  
Sing with another law  
Of spheres & ensigns  
And rip me a blues,  
Son, blow me a bop,  
Let me hear 'bout heaven  
In Brass Fluglemop

## 196th Chorus

So I write about heaven,  
Smoke for the scene,  
Wanta bring everyone  
Straight to the dream.

If you only could hold  
    what you know  
As you know it forever,  
    instead-a  
Moving from grievy to grievy,  
    lament to lament,  
Groan, and have to come out  
    and smile once again,  
– S teada all that,  
A hospital for the sick,  
Lying high in crystal,  
In heaven of pure  
    adamantine  
Consanguine  
Partiality devoid  
Of conditions, free –  
    Here I go rowin  
    Thru Lake Innifree  
    Looking for Nirvana  
    Inside me

## 197th Chorus

Inside, Inside Me,  
I'se free  
Free as the bee  
Inside he.

    Lord have a mercy  
    on Hallelujah Town  
I got to stomp my foot,  
And say, whee,  
    hey dad, now oan,  
    from now oan,  
I dont wanta  
cant wanta  
wont wanta  
    hear about it  
not in my Oakland  
    Saloon, not in my bar  
    Not in my brokenglass  
    Not in my jar

Blue, black, race, grace,  
    face,  
I love ye.

## 198th Chorus

Nirvana aint inside me  
cause there aint no me.

Nirvana's everywhere  
'xceptin' what's everywhere  
And so all is nowhere.

Swimmin free, in the lake free,  
Rowing to the other beachy.

Tall guards you say? tall  
saloons? maloons?  
Tall goons? Tall tunes?

Tall stately heroes  
Tall calm saints  
Tall long tendrils  
of cloud-air  
Tall unobstructed  
ghost whitenesses  
Imagining on the edge  
of the pier –  
Just not there.

## 199th Chorus

Empty balloons of gorgeous?  
Wild upskies bedazzling radiant?  
Immense arcades of secret joy?  
Caves of light, Ya-Vingo,  
dream-material palaces  
high in the texture  
of the high thought?

Nirvana? Heaven?  
X? Whatyoucallit?

Swear

Huge milky areas of silence  
Permeated by rose petals  
crushed in diamond vats –  
Great baths of glory? –  
Singing quiet humsound?  
White light of black eternity?  
Golden Secret Figures  
Of Unimaginable  
Inexpressible Flowers  
Blooming in the One Own  
Mind  
Essence

## 200th Chorus

White figures throughout  
made of light,  
Like a truck becomes a square  
mass of shining light bars,  
Empty Apparitional secret  
figure of the mind.  
More than that. Face  
is mass of swarm-roe  
starlight, insanity  
itself personified  
& taking up space  
& penetrable throughout.

Secret parleys with saviour  
Angels outside brown rooms  
Where phantoms converge  
In light, black and white,  
Dazzling in the middle  
With one Insane Bar Light –  
One Shiningness  
And you know darkness nullifies  
the color  
Into Nirvana No

## 201st Chorus

When the girls start puttin  
Nirvana-No on their lips  
Nobody'll see them.

Poor girls, did they always  
Want attention? Did they  
always disturb  
The sitting saint in the woods  
and make him feel  
Cheap by sayin: "Those  
guys think they  
can sit down & be God."

– "They think they dont  
have to work  
because they are God  
and they sit down  
and think they are God"  
– Those Guys ...

Over their heads is the unbelievable  
unending  
emptiness  
the enormous  
nothingness  
of the skies

And they claim



## 202nd Chorus

A white poem, a white pure  
spotless poem  
A bright poem  
A nothing poem  
A no-poem non poem  
nondream clean  
silverdawn clear  
silent of birds  
pool-burble-bark  
clear  
the lark of trees  
the needle pines  
the rock the pool  
the sandy shore  
the cleanness of dogs  
the  
frogs  
the  
pure white  
spotless  
Honen  
Honey Land  
Blues

## 203rd Chorus

Heaven's inside you but there's no you.

What does that mean?

said the teacher,

The Great Holy the All Holy

Old Teacher:–

All you've got to do

Everytime you feel sick

Is stop (this madhouse

shot of yours

is not exactly

the immemorial miel)

stop – and stare

through the things

before your eyes

with eyes unfocused

and as soon as they move

you will have seen

that they move

to illusion.

Seeing that all's illusion

You lose your mind

In meditation

And heal yourself well

(AND WHAT'S BEEN HEALED?)

## 204th Chorus

What's been buried in the grave?

Dust.

Perfect dust?

Perfect dust in time.

Time.

Time is dust.

Time's not dust

Time's already happened

immemorially

The pearl of the gods

the agonizer of Wests

The ball in the bubble

void

Time –

Dont worry bout time.

What's been buried inside me

for sure?

The substance of my own father's

empty light

Derived from time working

on dirt

And clay bones.

Buddha's River.

## 205th Chorus

Enter the Holy Stream.  
March with the Saints.  
Follow along the emptiness.  
Follow bright the ferrymen  
And follow the All Star  
And sing with the others  
In praise of the light  
In praise of the emptiness  
    so bright  
In praise of the OO-LA-LA'S  
Of Parisian Women.

In praise of the singsong  
    mingsong  
    brokesong  
    lostsong  
    Ah Time  
    Ah Perturbable  
  
    Me, Sir,  
Dis-beturbable Ameget  
    Me

## 206th Chorus

Maaaaaah! said the sheep  
And opened its foxtail soft  
Mouth to say something empty,  
To express its reverentation,

And M n a a a came

    the bull cry something-cry  
Because you cant sing  
    open yr mouth with poems  
    without you make sound  
    and sound is wrong  
    sound is noise

But only human speech  
    and also all sentient  
    communication  
    pointing to the finger  
    that points at sound  
    saying 'Sound is Noise' –  
Otherwise

    sound itself  
    un-self-enlightenable  
    would go on blating  
    & blaring unrecognized  
    as emptiness and silence

## 207th Chorus

Aztec Blues – Imitation of Pound

A God called “Drink the Flood  
Water” – HUETEOTL –

Is a very old God.

What older God could you get

GLED-ZAL-WAD-LE,

The Sound of the Feathered Serpent,  
cause of the flood.

He came from:

“Destroyed-Over-Flooded-Land-  
Exiled-Him-Water-Pour,”

Which means: He is Water.

He is the Flood.

He is the Ocean that Floods

Serpent as the Sign of Flood, Ah

Sax –

Bird-feather is a sign of escape,  
flight, exile –

The Feathered Serpent

Snakes that Fly

Nail Eternity

To bye/

TONA TI UH:- “Of the Sunken Your Ear”

## 208th Chorus

Anciently in cities

men have been sitting  
in waiting rooms  
in the night bloated  
with food and alcohol  
waiting waiting waiting  
as though the city existed not.

They are so old.

They think all alike.

I've seen them die in chairs  
Quietly in cities they never planned.  
Seen them sing in saloons  
For muffled uproars.  
Seen men in coffee houses  
Shoot the opium cup  
With Greeks of Brotherhood.  
Aztec Pulque Distributors  
Rembrandtian city committees  
And unions of Masons –  
Shoot the sperm cup to me, Jim,  
These partitioned Anglo Spanese  
Singing sneerers perturbing  
You in the background  
Are your father's kindly  
buriers

## 209th Chorus

Well, that about does me in.  
I've packed my bags and time  
Has come to start to heaven.  
Afraid of the trip. Always  
Thought it was short & snappy  
And I wouldnt worry. Or  
Always thought I'd be glad to go.  
But who's glad to go? I want gold.  
I want rich safety in my legs  
And good bones made of empty milk  
Of God-Kindness – I want  
I need I cry like baby  
I want my Partotooty  
Sweety backpie back  
And dong strang bang bong  
Dont scrounge my yoll-scrolls  
And try to fool with me  
One more time & I report you  
To the pimp, whore God –  
I got the woozes  
Said the wrong thing  
Want gold want gold  
Gold of eternity



## 210th Chorus

Impressionism. The drowned afternoon  
along the sunny carnival –  
Trees waving over rock walls  
of drowned scummers –  
Gluttoned bloatbellies blue as the bay  
scummed in tangle raft –  
Shit on a leaf, by the pier,  
shit used as leaf paper  
Piled by flooded Ack Merrimool  
the Plantaneous River  
of Fra Devilico Mojostico  
the Funny Folly Phoney balloon  
of Polateira Mia OOLA  
the Crap' in-ping, Caing,  
and mutter of imbecile  
boys in jungle beehive fish.  
Blop.  
Centurions. Potalishakions.  
Prerts. F. Funks. P.I.u.p.s.  
Frains Trails Moss.  
Scum. Sing my lil yella  
basket. A tisket. Tasket.  
Athabasket. Ma the basket.



## 212th Chorus

All of this meat is in dreadful pain  
Anytime circumstances attain  
To its attention like a servant  
And pricking goads invest the flesh,  
And it quivers, meat, & owner cries  
And wishes "Why was I born with a body,  
Why do I have this painful hive  
Of hope-of-honey-milk yet bane  
Of bitterest reward, as if, to wish  
For flesh was sin alone itself – ?"  
And now you gotta pay, rhinoceros  
and you,

Tho his hide's toughern ten young men  
Armed with picks against the Grim  
Reaper

Whose scythe is preceded by pitchforks  
Of temptation & hell, the Horror:  
"Think of pain, you're being hurt,  
Hurry, hurry, think of pain  
Before they make a fool of you  
And discover that you dont feel  
It's the best possible privilege  
To be alive just to die  
And die in denizen of misery"

## 213th Chorus

Poem dedicated to Allen Ginsberg

– prap – rot – rort –

mort – port – lort – snort

– pell mell – rhine wine –

roll royce – ring ming –

mock my lot – roll my doll –

pull my hairline – smell my kell –

wail my siren – pile my ane –

loose my shoetongue – sing my aim –

loll my wildmoll – roll my

luck –

lay my cashier gone amuk –

suck my lamppole, raise the bane,

hang the traitor

inside my brain

Fill my pail well,

ding my bell, smile for the ladies,

come from hell

## 214th Chorus

Ling the long Chinese peeswallower,  
a lad like ye,  
Laid his hand on Garty's knee  
and paid the pree –

Shong the mong of anisfore,  
Maharajah  
Dusty, kinked the from of Jaidphur  
from the Konk mirror free  
So all Bojangles Banghard  
had to do  
Was roil his roily tooty  
mot the polyong,  
And if you knew what I meant  
you would say  
You disgust me –

Aright, ring the devil free –  
Bong – Ring the devil free  
Prong – ring the devil free,  
Song, ring the devil free,  
Ong, ring the biney free

## 215th Chorus

Moll the mingling, mixup

All your mixupery,

And mail it in one envelopey:

Propey, Slopey, Kree.

Motey, slottey, notty,

Potty, shotty, rotty, wotty,

Salty, grainy, wavey,

Takey, Carey, Andy

Sari Pari Avi Ava

Gava lava mava dava

Sava wava ga-ha-va

Graharva pharva

Dharma rikey rokkek

Tokkek sokkek

Mrockk, the Org

Of Old Pootatolato

England Ireland

O

Sail to Sea

## 216th-A Chorus

Fuck, I'm tired of this imagery

– I wanta quit this horseshit

go home

and go to bed

But I got no home,

sickabed,

suckatootle,

wanta led

bonda londa

rolla molla

sick to my

bella bella

donna donna

I'm a goner

Soner, loner,

moaner,

Poan, cornbelly,

No loan,

Ai, ack,

C r a c k /

I'm sick of this

misery poesy/ flap Jean

Louis

Miseree





## 216th-C Chorus

Well roofed pleasant little hut,  
    screened from winds:  
That's all I need. Foursquare  
The image of the Buddha in my brain,  
Drawing from the countryside the verdant  
Fantasm of conception, saying:  
"We green imageries of bush & tree,  
Like you, have risen from a mystery,  
And the mystery is fantastic,  
Unreal, illusion, and sane,  
And strange – It is: When ye  
Are not born, thou never showest:  
When thou art born thou showest,  
Thou showest emeralds and pine trees  
And thou showest, and if not born  
Thou showest naught in white  
Dazzling buried in mindless obscure sea  
That strange eternity devises to befool,  
Befoul and play unfair with Mag  
The worshipper and worrier, Man,  
Mag, Mad,  
    it's all green trees, men  
    And dogs of toothbone:  
    All shine in the dust,  
    All the same Novice Scotia"



## 218th Chorus

Sight the saver having from the coast  
put further items down – what? you  
wish to talk to me, hear me scratch  
at the mean little door, hiding in my bonnet –  
O come off it, the vast canopial  
Assemblies wait for yr honest spontaneous reply.  
What shall it be?  
I promise to reject pain when next  
My turn comes back again  
I promise not to steal, nor go to hell  
For stealing  
I promise to say Na  
When Tathagata's Angels  
Ride for me. Na –  
I wanta go to Inside-Me,  
Is there such a place? No is.  
Flap the wack I smack the hydrant  
of desire, sip sop the twill –  
(hiding all them guys – 'twere  
as I told you, old dreams  
of young brides'll do you no more good)

Wake up Scribe! Pharisee!

The axxabata

f I O R I A N I O L A

S P R I N G T I M E

O W O H A L L

O F F I C I A L S E M I N A R Y

## 219th Chorus

Saints, I give myself up to thee.  
Thou hast me. What mayest thou do?  
What hast thou? Hast nothing?  
Hast illusion. Hast rage, regret,  
Hast pain. Pain wont be found  
Outside the Monastery only –  
    Hast decaying saints like Purushka  
    Magnificent Russian-booted bird loving  
    Father Zossima under the cross  
    In his father cell in Holy Russia  
    And Alyosha falls to the ground  
    And Weeps, as Rakitin smears.  
    Grushenka sits him on her lap  
    And lacky daisies him to lull  
    And love and loll with her  
    And wild he runs home in the night  
    Over Charade Chagall fences  
        snow-white  
    To the pink cow of his father's ear,  
    Which he slits, presenting to Ivan  
    As an intellectual courtesy, Dmitri  
    Burps, Smerdyakov smirks.  
    The Devil giggles in his poorclothes.  
Saints, accept me to the drama  
of thy faithful desire.  
No me? No drama to desire?  
No Alyosha, no Russia, no tears?  
Good good good good, my saints.  
No saints? No no no my saints.  
No no? No such thing as no.

## 220th Chorus

Pieces of precious emerald and jade  
Come from igneous rock once on fire,  
Erupted through a volcano, sandstone,  
Came out oozing in crevices  
Pieces of light long buried in the earth  
Are diamonds and floods of them.  
“Amen the Jewel in the Lotus!”  
Prays the Tibetan Saint with Prayerwheel,  
“Om Mani Padhme Hum,”  
He wants to pile up credit  
Like the jewel in the rock  
So that when he’s found  
The doves will have laid aground  
Eggs of bright amethystine  
Wallowing splendid decay,  
Kings of Ore, art of fathers  
Handed to sons, fire and air.  
Kingdoms have been founded on diamonds,  
Emeralds and pearls, and walkways  
Of padded lily milky meshed  
And crushed in holy feet, Maha  
Gruha Sattva, Being of Great Power,  
Fortunes in Wisdom, Stores of Love.  
    Mountains rise high, diamonds shine,  
    Men ride high the alumpshine  
        The lump sunshine  
        Delicious is the taste of Porcupine

## 221st Chorus

Old Man Mose  
Early American Jazz pianist  
Had a grandson  
Called Deadbelly.  
Old Man Mose walloped  
the rollickin keyport  
Wahoo wildhouse Piany  
with monkees in his hair  
drooling spaghetti, beer  
and beans, with a cigar  
mashed in his countenance  
of gleaming happiness  
the furtive madman  
of old sane times.

Deadbelly dont hide it –  
Lead killed Leadbelly –  
Deadbelly admit  
Deadbelly modern cat  
Cool – Deadbelly, Man,  
Craziest.  
Old Man Mose is Dead  
But Deadbelly get Ahead  
Ha ha ha

## 222nd Chorus

Mexico Camera

I'm walkin down Orizaba Street  
looking everywhere. Ahead of me I  
see a mansion, with wall, big  
lawn, Spanish interiors, fancy  
windows very impressive

Further bloated copulated bloats

Silent separative furniture

The Story of No-Mad, silent  
separative corpses;

Ignorino the Indian General

He Chief, wow,

Of Southern Sonora,

You know the Bum,

what was his name?

Asserfelter Shnard Marade,

the Marauding Hightailer

of Southern Slopetawvia,

krum, full of kerrs and kierke

gaard/

and bash bah

the Plap

## 223rd Chorus

Pineys hursaphies,

Finally allawies,

Fonally finalles.

Hookies from OO-SKOOL,

Polls for Who Hook Fish,

Fowl for Fair Weather.

Wu! cries the Indian Boy

in the South Sampan Night,

“Esta que ferro,” you be of iron,

I’ll be a damn tootely wow

wot Rot Moongut Rise Shine

Hogwater Wheel –

Juice a the eel –

In Old Lake Miel –

Honey wheel –

Sound

E Terpt T A pt T E rt W –

Song of I Snug Our Song

Sang of Asia High Gang

Clang of Iron O Hell Pot –

Spert of Ole Watson Ville

Gert –

Smert –

Noise of old sad so

*Such Is*

Sing a little ditty of the moon inside the loony

boon of snow white blooms in Parkadystan

ISTAMHOWHUCK



## 224th Chorus

Great God Amighty

What's to be done?

O what's to be done?

Sings the majestic keener  
and moaner

At the Mexican Funeral home –

And from a clap in the upclouds

Comes a clap of clouts,

“All has been done.”

As Theravada say “Nothing”

Nada moonshine number, whats been done?

All been done – all singly blessed –

All has been done? The mansion's  
been built and Damema  
grown old & died

in burning house within?

And Seventeen Sutras & Lotuses

Transmitted by Perfumed Hand

From Jingle to Jiggle

The Hip Hou Parade

of Togas & Mowrdogrogas

Of Maharajah India –

‘All's been done’

‘so rest’

Repose yourself

## 225th Chorus

The void that's highly embraceable  
during sleep  
Has no location and no fret;  
Yet I keep restless mental searching  
And geographical meandering  
To find the Holy Inside Milk  
Damema gave to all.

Damema, Mother of Buddhas,  
Mother of Milk

In the dark I wryly remonstrate  
With my sillier self  
For feigning to believe  
In the reality of anything  
Especially the so-called reality  
Of giving the Discipline  
The full desert-hut workout  
And superman solitude  
And continual enlightened trance  
With no cares in the open  
And no walls closing in  
The Bright Internal Heaven  
Of the Starry Night  
Of the Cloud Mopped afternoon –  
Oh, Ah, Gold, Honey,  
I've lost my way.

## 226th Chorus

There is no Way to lose.

If there was a way,

then,

when sun is shining on pond

and I go West, thou East,

which one does the true sun

follow?

which one does the true one

borrow?

since neither one is the true one,

there is no true one way.

And the sun is the delusion

Of a way multiplied by two

And multiplied millionfold.

Since there is no Way, no Buddhas,

No Dharmas, no Conceptions,

Only One Ecstasy –

And Right Mindfulness

Is mindfulness that the way is No-Way –

Anyhow Sameway –

Then what am I to do

Beyond writing this instructing

Poesy, ride a magic carpet

Of self ecstasy, or wait

For death like the children

In the Funeral Street after

The black bus has departed –

Or – what?

## 227th Chorus

Merde and misery,  
I'm completely in pain  
Waiting without mercy  
For the worst to happen.  
I'm completely at a loss,  
    There is no hope  
Though I know the arbitrary conception  
    of suffering is racking  
    my metaphysical  
    handicapped ribs,  
and I dont even exist less sing,  
and I been paid  
for work I done  
when I was young  
and work was fun  
and I dont know name from mercy,  
aint got no blues  
no shoes no eyes  
no shoetongues, lungs,  
no happiness, no art,  
nothing to do, nothin to part,  
no hairs to split  
sidewalks to spit,  
words to make flit  
in the fun-of make-it,  
    horror & makeshift poetry  
    covering the fact I'm afraid  
    to work at a steady job  
jungles of hair on my wrists  
magnified 1000 times

in Hells of Eternity

## 228th Chorus

Praised be man, he is existing in milk  
and living in lillies –  
And his violin music takes place in milk  
and creamy emptiness –  
Praised be the unfolded inside petal  
flesh of tend'rest thought –  
(petrels on the follying  
wave-valleys idly  
sing themselves asleep) –  
Praised be delusion, the ripple –  
Praised the Holy Ocean of Eternity –  
Praised be I, writing, dead already &  
dead again –  
Dipped in acid ink  
the flamd  
of T i m  
the Anglo Oglo Saxon Maneuvers  
Of Old Poet-o's –  
Praised be wood, it is milk –  
Praised be Honey at the Source –  
Praised be the embrace of soft sleep  
– the valor of angels in valleys  
of hell on earth below –  
Praised be the Non ending –  
Praised be the lights of earth-man –  
Praised be the watchers –  
Praised be my fellow man  
For dwelling in milk

## 229th Chorus

In the ocean there's a very sad turtle  
(Even tho the *SS Mainline* Fishin Ship  
is reeling in the merit like mad)  
Swims longmouthed & sad, looking  
for the Impossible Except Once  
afternoon when the Yoke, Oh,  
the old Buddha Yoke set a-floatin  
is in the water where the turtle raises  
his be-watery snop to the sea  
and the Yoke yokes the Turtle  
a Eternity –

“Tell me O Bhikkus,  
what are the chances,  
of such a happening,  
for the turtle is old  
and the yoke free,  
and the 7 oceans bigger  
than any we see  
in this tiny party.”

Chances are slender –  
In a million million billion kotis  
of Aeons and Incalculables, Yes,  
the Turtle will set that Yoke free,  
but till then, harder yet  
are the chances, for a man  
to be reborn a man  
in this Karma earth

## 230th Chorus

Love's multitudinous boneyard  
of decay,  
The spilled milk of heroes,  
Destruction of silk kerchiefs  
by dust storm,  
Caress of heroes blindfolded to posts,  
Murder victims admitted to this life,  
Skeletons bartering fingers and joints,  
The quivering meat of the elephants of kindness  
being torn apart by vultures,  
Conceptions of delicate kneecaps,  
Fear of rats dripping with bacteria,  
Golgotha Cold Hope for Gold Hope,  
Damp leaves of Autumn against  
the wood of boats,  
Seahorse's delicate imagery of glue,  
Sentimental "I Love You" no more,  
Death by long exposure to defilement,  
Frightening ravishing mysterious beings  
concealing their sex,  
Pieces of the Buddha-material frozen  
and sliced microscopically  
In Morgues of the North,  
Penis apples going to seed,  
The severed gullets more numerous than sands –  
Like kissing my kitten in the belly  
The softness of our reward



## 231st Chorus

Dead and dont know it,  
Living and do.

The living have a dead idea.

A person is a living idea;  
after death, a dead idea.

The idea of living is the same  
as the idea of death.

The dead have a living idea –  
Dead, it aint my fault  
I was only an idea –

Respected penitence in a shack  
dedicated to the study of Origin –

The good Buddha-material  
is not a sin-cloth –

Cloth of Light –

Beings alive indicate death  
by their jaunty work

Just as the dead indicate the living  
by their silence

When rock becomes air  
I will be there

## 232nd Chorus

Buddhists are the only people who dont lie,  
In the Sacred Diamond Sutra  
Mention is made that God will die –

“There are no Buddhas  
and no Dharmas” – means –  
There is no Universal Salvation Self,  
The Tathagata of Thusness has understood  
His own Luvaic Emanations  
As being empty, himself and his womb  
Included – No Self God Heaven  
Where we all meet and make it,  
But the Meltingplace of the Bone Entire  
In One Light of Mahayana Gold,  
Asvhaghosha’s singing in your ear,  
And Jesus at your feet, washing them,  
And St. Francis whistling for the birds –  
All conjoined though and melted  
And all be-forgotten, pas’t on,  
Come into Change’s Lightless Domain  
And beyond all Conception,  
Waiting in anticipatory halls  
Of Bar-Light, ranging, searchlights  
Of the Eye, Maitreya and his love,  
The dazzling obscure parade  
of elemental diamond phantoms  
And dominos of chance,  
Skeletons painted on Negresses  
Standing by unimportant-to-you  
Doorways, into Sleep-With-Me  
The alley way behind.

## 233rd Chorus

There is no selfhood that can begin the practice  
Of seeking to attain Anuttara Samyak Sambodhi  
Highest Perfect Wisdom

Yet

“Faithfully and earnestly observe and study  
and explain this Scripture to others”

is the gory reminder of bone.

Others. “Listen, Subhuti! Wherever

This Scripture shall be observed and studied  
and explained, that place

will become sacred ground

to which countless devas and angels

will bring offerings. Such

places, however humble they may be,

will be revered as though

they were famous temples & pagodas,

to which countless pilgrims will come

to offer worship and incense.

And over them the devas & angels

Will hover like a cloud & will sprinkle

offerings of celestial flowers

upon them.”

The Pilgrims are happy.

The Pilgrim of the Holy Grail, the Snail,

The Pilgrim of the Fine Pagoda,

The Pilgrim of the Five Tendencies

to Hear and Support Prayer –

No selfhood that can begin the practice

of seeking to attain

## 234th Chorus

Holy poetry.

“All things are empty of self-marks.”

“If it is space

that is perception of sight

You ought to know,

and if we were to substitute

One for the other, who'd win?”

Santiveda, St. Francis, A Kempis,

Hara

A sinner may go to Heaven

by serving God as a sinner

## 235th Chorus

Dont camp,  
You know very well  
    What'll happen to you  
When you die  
    and claim  
        you dont know you're dead  
        when you die and you know  
        "I know dont know that I'm dead"

Dont camp. Death, the no-buzz,  
no-voices, is, must be, the same,  
as life, the tzirripirrit of thupsounds  
in this crazy world that horrifies my mornings  
and makes me mad wildhaired in a room  
like old metaphysical ogrish poets  
in rooms of macabre mysteries.

But it's hard to pretend you dont know  
That when you die you wont know.

I know that I'm dead.  
I wont camp. I'm dead now.  
What am I waiting for to vanish?  
    The dead dont vanish?  
        Go up in dirt?  
    How do I know that I'm dead.  
    Because I'm alive  
        and I got work to do  
            Oh me, Oh my,  
            Hello – Come in –



## 237th Chorus

“Ma mère, tu est la terre.”

What does that mean?

For one thing, Damema was the mother of Buddhas,  
in Ancient India and Modern Asia  
you put up a Virgin Mary very weird  
in your altars and ikons, Damema,  
with crowns of light coming out of her head  
and lotuses and incense sticks  
and big sad blue eyes inside Flowers.

People light perpetual candles to her name,  
Wax in glass with wick, fire,  
For 30 days the pale Mystic Face  
Of Damema flickers in the ceiling corner  
And the dogs bark outside.

They get water from the moon,  
Send boys out of sight in baskets,  
Sleep in the streets of night,  
Playing flutes & having curbstome nightclubs  
And the curbstone put there by the British –  
They honor and beseech and pray to  
Damema.

To me Damema is like Virgin Mary,  
Mother Maya of Siddhartha Buddha  
Died at his childbirth,  
Like all mothers should be,  
Going to heaven on their impulse  
Pure and free and champion of birth.  
Damema the Milky Mother  
Damema the Secret Hero

## 238th Chorus

Who was it wrote “Money is the root of all evil?”

Was it Oscar Wilde in one of his witties?

Was it Celine – nah.

Was it Alexander Pope, Benjamin Franklin  
or William Shakespeare –

Was it Pope in one of his many  
clever lines?

Benjamin in his Almanac of Peers  
has Richard the Chicken Liver  
Express a private pear.

Or is Shakespeare blowing wild  
Confucius-Polonius witticismical  
Paternity-type advice –

“Money is the root of all evil”

For I will

Write

In my will

“I regret that I was not able

To love money more.”

For which reason I go into retreat

And monastery – all monastic in a cell

With devotions and hellpellmell

And Yumas Arctic Gizoto Almanac

Priocho Consumas Konas

In the Corner, & Mother Damema





## 240th Chorus

Musically as important as Beethoven,  
Yet not regarded as such at all,  
A genteel conductor of string

orchestras

In front of which he stood,  
Proud and calm, like a leader  
of music

In the Great Historic World Night,  
And wailed his little saxophone,  
The alto, with piercing clear  
lament

In perfect tune & shining harmony,  
Toot – as listeners reacted  
Without showing it, and began talking  
And soon the whole joint is rocking  
And everybody talking and Charley  
Parker

Whistling them on to the brink of eternity  
With his Irish St Patrick  
patootle stick,

And like the holy piss we blop  
And we plop in the waters of  
slaughter

And white meat, and die  
One after one, in time.

## 241st Chorus

And how sweet a story it is  
When you hear Charley Parker  
    tell it,  
Either on records or at sessions,  
Or at official bits in clubs,  
Shots in the arm for the wallet,  
Gleefully he Whistled the  
    perfect  
    horn

Anyhow, made no difference.

Charley Parker, forgive me –  
Forgive me for not answering your eyes –  
For not having made an indication  
Of that which you can devise –  
Charley Parker, pray for me –  
Pray for me and everybody  
In the Nirvanas of your brain  
Where you hide, indulgent and huge,  
No longer Charley Parker  
But the secret unsayable name  
That carries with it merit  
Not to be measured from here  
To up, down, east, or west –  
– Charley Parker, lay the bane,  
    off me, and every body

## 242nd Chorus

The sound in your mind  
is the first sound  
that you could sing

If you were singing  
at a cash register  
with nothing on yr mind –

But when that grim reper  
comes to lay you  
look out my lady

He will steal all you got  
while you dingle with the dangle  
and having robbed you

Vanish.

Which will be your best reward,  
T'were better to get rid o  
John O' Twill, then sit a-mortying  
In this Half Eternity with nobody  
To save the old man being hanged  
In my closet for nothing  
And everybody watches  
When the act is done –

Stop the murder and the suicide!  
All's well!  
I am the Guard

