

Guns, the Falcon's Mouthbook & Gashcat Unpunished

aretha/ crystal jukebox queen of hymn & him diffused in drunk transfusion wound
would heed sweet soundwave crippled & cry salute to oh great particular el dorad
o reel & ye battered personal god but she cannot she the leader of whom when ye
follow, she cannot she has no back she cannot . . . beneath black flowery railro
ad fans & fig leaf shades & dogs of all nite joes, grow like arches & cures the
harmonica battalions of bitter cowards, bones & bygoness while what steadier loud
er the moans & arms of funeral landlord with one passionate kiss rehearse from d
usk & climbing into the bushes with some favorite enemy ripping the postage stam
ps & crazy mailmen & waving all rank & familiar ambition than that itself, is ne
eded to know that mother is not a lady . . . aretha with no goals, eternally sin
gle & one step soft of heaven/ let it be understood that she owns this melody al
ong with her emotional diplomats & her earth & her musical secrets the censor in
a twelve wheel drive semi stopping in for donuts & pinching the waitress/ he li
kes his women raw & with syrup/ he has his mind set on becoming a famous soldier
manuscript nitemare of cut throat high & low & behold the prophesying blind all
egiance to law fox, monthly cupid & the intoxicating ghosts of dogma . . . nay & m
ay the boatmen in bathrobes be banished forever & anointed into the shelves of a
live hell, the unimaginative sleep, repetition without change & fat sheriffs who
watch for doom in the mattress . . . hallaluyah & bossman of the hobos cometh &
ordaining the spiritual gypsy davy camp now being infiltrated by foreign dictat
or, the pink FBI & the interrogating unknown failures of peacetime as holy & sil
ver & blessed with the texture of kaleidoscope & the sandal girl . . . to dream
of dancing pinhead virgins & wandering apollo at the pipe organ/ unscientific ra
mblers & the pretty things lucky & lifting their lips & handing down looks & reg
ards from the shoulders of adam & eve's minstrel peekaboo . . . passing on the cha
nce to bludgeon the tough spirits & the deed holders into fishlike buffoons & ya
nking ye erratic purpose . . . surrendering to persuasion, the crime against peo
ple, that be ranked alongside murder & while doctors, teachers, bankers & sewer
cleaners fight for their rights, they must now be horribly generous . . . & into t
he march now where tab hunter leads with his thunderbird/ pear bailey stomps him
against a buick & where poverty, a perfection of neptune's unused clients., pla
ys hide & seek & escaping into the who goes there? & now's not the time to act s
illy, so wear your big boots & jump on the garbage clowns, the hourly rate & the
enema men & where junior senators & goblins rip off tops of question marks & th
eir wives make pies & go now & throw some pies in the face & ride the blinds & i
nto aretha's religious thighs & movement find ye your nymph of no conscience & b
ombing out your young sensitive dignity just to see once & for all if there are
holes & music in the universe & watch her tame the sea horse/ aretha, pegged by
choir boys & other pearls of .mamas as too gloomy a much of witchy & don't you k
now, no happy songs the lawyer leading a pig on a leash stopping in for tea & ea
ting the censor's donut by mistake/ he likes to lie about his age & takes his pa
raanoia seriously, the hospitable grave being advertised & given away in whims &
journals the housewife sits on. finding herself I financed, ruptured but never c
ensored in & also never flushing herself/ she denies her corpse the courage to c
rawl- his own door, the ability to die of bank robbery & catches the heels of ol
d stars making scary movies on her dirt & her face & not everybody can dig her n
ow. she is private property . . . bazookas in the nest & weapons of ice & of weath
erproof flinch & they twitter, make scars & kill babies among lady shame good lo
oks & her constant foe tom sawyer of the breakfast cereal causing all females pa
ying no attention to this toilet massacre to be hereafter called LONZO & must wa
lk the streets of life forever with lazy people having nothing to do but fight o
ver women . . . everybody knows by now that wars are caused by money & greed & c
harity organizations/ the housewife is not here. she is running for congress the
senator dressed like an Austrian sheep. stopping in for coffee & insulting the
lawyer/ he is on a prune diet & secretly wishes he was bing crosby but would set
tle for being a close relative of edgar bergen

passing the sugar to iron man of the bottles who arrives with the grin & a heatl
amp & he's pushing "who dunnit" buttons this year & he is a love monger at first
sight you have seen him sprout up from a dumb hill bully into a bunch of backsl
ap & he's wise & he speaks to everyone as if they 'just answered the door/ he do
n't like people that say he comes from the monkeys but nevertheless he is dull &
he is destroyingly boring . . . while Allah the cook scrapes hunger from his fl
oor & pounding it into the floating dishes with roaring & the rest of the meathe
ads praising each other's power & argue over acne & recite calendars & pointing
to each other's garments & liquid & disperse into segments & die crazy deaths &
bellowing farce mortal farm vomit & why for Jesus Christ be Just another meathea
d? when all the tontos & heyboy lose their legs trying to frug while kemosabe &
mr palladin spend their off hours remaining separate but equal & anyway why not
wait for laughter to straighten the works out meantime & WOWEE smash & the rage
of it all when former lover cowboy hanging upside down & Suzy Q. the angel putti
ng new dime into this adoption machine as out squirts a symbol squawking & freez
ing & crashing into the bowels of some hideous soap box & it's a rumble & iron m
an picking up his "who dunnit" buttons & giving them away free & trying to make
friends & even tho you're belonging to no political party, you're now prepared,
prepared to remember something about something

the chief of police holding a bazooka with his name engraved on it. coming in dr
unk & putting the barrel into the face of the lawyer's pig. once a wife beater,
he became a professional boxer & received a club foot/ he would literally like t
o become an executioner. what he doesn't know is that the lawyer's pig has made
friends with the senator

gambler's passion & his slave, the sparrow & he's ranting is from a box of black
platform & mesmerizing th' ball of daredevils to stay in the morning & don't bu
st from the factories/ everyone expecting to be born with whom they love & they'
re not & they've been let down, they've been lied to & now the organizers must b
ring the oxen in & dragging leaflets & gangrene enthusiasm, ratfinks & suicide t
anks from the pay phones to the housing developments & it usually starts to rain
for a while . . . little boys cannot go out & play & new men in bulldozers come
in every hour delivering groceries & care packages being sent from las vegas ..
. & nephews of the coffee bean expert & other favorite sons graduating with a po
mpadour & cum laude praise be & a wailing farewell to releasing the hermit & bea
utifully ugly & fingering eternity come down & save your lambs & butchers & stri
ke the roses with its rightful patsy odor ... & grampa scarecrow's got the tiny
little wren & see for yourself while saving him too/ look down oh great Romantic
. you who can predict from every position, you who know that everybody's not a J
ob or a Nero nor a J.C. Penney ... look down & seize your gambler's passion, mak
e high wire experts into heroes, presidents into con men. turn the eventual... b
ut the hermits being not talking & lower class or insane or in prison . . . & th
ey don't work in the factories anyway the good Samaritan coming in with the word
s "round & round we go" tattooed on his cheek/ he tells the senator to stop insu
lting the lawyer/ he would like to be an entertainer & brags that he is one of t
he best strangers around, the pig jumps on him & starts eating his face illitera
te coins of two head wrestling with window washer who's been reincarnated from a
garden hoe & after once being pushed around happily & casually hitting a rock o
nce in a while is now bitter hung up on finding some inferior. he bites into the
window ledge & by singing "what'll we do with the babyo" to thirsty peasant gir
ls wanting a drink from his pall, he is thinking he is some kind of success but
he's getting his kicks telling one of the two headed coins that tom Jefferson us
ed to use him around the house when the bad stuff was growing ... the lawrence w
elk people . 'de the window, they're running the city planning division & they h
ibernate & feeding their summers by conversing with poor people's shadows & othe
r ambulance drivers, & they don't even notice this window washer while the famil
ies who tell of the boogey men & they're precious & there's pictures of them pla
ying golf & getting blacker & they wear oil in the window washer's union hall &

these people consider themselves gourmets for not attending charlie starkweather's funeral ye gads the champagne being appropriate pagan & the buffalo, tho the restaurant owners are vague about it, is fast disappearing into violence/ soon t here will be but one side of the coin & mohammed wherever he comes from, cursing & window washers falling & then no one will have any money . . . broad save the clean, the minorities & liberace's countryside.

the truck driver coming in with a carpet sweeper under his eyes/ everybody says "hi joe" & he says "joe the fellow that owns this place. i'm just a scientist. I aint got no name" the truck driver hates anybody that carries a tennis racket/ he drinks all the senator's coffee & proceeds to put him in a headlock

first you snap your hair down & try to tie up the kicking voices on a table & then the sales department people with names like Gus & Peg & Judy the Wrench & Nadine with worms in her fruit & Bernice Bearface blowing her brains on Butch & the y're all enthused over locker rooms & vegetables & Muggs he goes to sleep on your neck talking shop & divorces & headline causes & if you cant say get off my neck, you just answer him & wink & wait for some morbid reply & the liberty bell ringing when you don't dare ask yourself how do you feel for God's sake & what's one more face? & the difference between a lifetime of goons & holes, company pigs & beggars & cancer critics learning yoga with raving petty gangsters in one act plays with V-eight engines all being tossed in the river & combined in a stolen mirror . . . compared to the big day when you discover lord byron shooting craps in the morgue with his pants off & he's eating a picture of jean paul belmond & he offers you a piece of green lightbulb & you realize that nobody's told you about This & that life is not so simple after all . . . in fact that it's no more than something to read & light cigarettes with . . . Lem the Clam tho, he really gives a damn if dale really does get nailed slamming down the scotch & then going outside with Maurice, who aint the Peoria Kid & don't look the same as they do in De Moines, Iowa & good old debbie, she comes along & both her & dale, they start shacking up in the newspapers & jesus who can blame 'em? & Amen & oh lordy, & how the parade don't need your money baby . . . it's the confetti & on george Washington & Nadine who comes running & say where's Gus? & she's salty about the bread he's been makin off her worms while dollars becoming pieces of paper . . . but people kill for paper & anyway you cant buy a thrill with a dollar as long as pricetags, the end of the means & only as big as your fist & they dangle from a pot of golden rainbow . . . which attacks & which covers the saddles of no seless poets & wonder blazing & somewhere over the rainbow & blinding my married lover into the ovation maniacs/ cremating innocent child into scrapheap for vicious controversy & screwball & who's to tell charlie to stop & not come back for garbage men aren't serious & they gonna get murdered tomorrow & next march 7th by the same kids & their fathers & their uncles & all the rest of these people that hat would make leadbelly a pet . . . they will always kill garbage men & wiping the smells but this rainbow, she goes off behind a pillar & sometimes a tornado destroys the drugstores & floods bring polio & leaving Gus & Peg twisted in the volleyball net & Butch hiding in madison square garden . . . Bearface dead from a flying piece of grass! I.Q.-somewhere in the sixties & twentieth century & so sing aretha . . . sing mainstream into orbit! sing the cowbells home! sing misty . . . sing for the barber & when you're found guilty of not owning a cavalry & not helping the dancer with laryngitis . . . misleading valentino's pirates to the indians or perhaps not lending a hand to the deaf pacifist in his sailor jail.... . it then must be time for you to rest & learn new songs..... forgiving nothing for you have done nothing & make love to the noble scrubwoman

what a drag it gets to be. writing for this chosen few. writing for anyone cpt you. you, daisy mae, who are not even of the masses . . . funny thing, tho, is that you're not even dead yet . . . i will nail my words to this paper, an fly them on to you. an forget about them . . . thank you for the time. you're kind love an kisses your double Silly Eyes (in airplane trouble)

Having a Weird Drink with the Long Tall Stranger

back betty, black bready blam de lam! bloody had a bab blam de lam! hire the han dicapped blam de lam! put him on the wheel blam de lam! burn him in the coffee b lam de lam! cut him with a fish knife blam de lam! send him off to college & pet him with a drumstick blam de lam! boil him in the cookbook blam de lam! fix him up an elephant blam de lam! sell him to the doctors blam de lam ... back betty, big bready blam de lam! betty had a milkman, blam de lam! sent him to the chain gang blam de lam! fixed him up a navel, blam de lam (hold that tit while i git it. Hold it right there while i hit it blam!) fed him lotza girdles, raised him in pneumonia black bloody, itty bitty, blam de lam! said he had a lampchop, blam de lam! had him in a stocking, stuck artichokes in his ears, planted him in green beans & stuck him on a compass blam de lam! last time i seed him, blam de lam! he was standing in a window, blam de lam! hundred floors up, blam de lam! with his prayers & his pigfoot, blam de lam! black betty, black betty blam de lam! betty had a loser blam de lam, i spied him on the ocean with a long string of muslims-blam de lam! all going quack quack ... blam de lam! all going quack quack. blam!

sorry to say, but i'm going to have to return your ring. it's nothing personal, except that i cant do a thing with my finger & it's already beginning to smell like an eyeball! you know, like i like to look weird, but nevertheless, when i play my banjo on stage, i have to wear a glove. needless to say, it has started to affect my playing. please believe me. it has nothing whatsoever to do with my love for you ... in fact, sending the ring back should make my love for you grow all the more profound ... say hi to your doctor love, Toby Celery

(Pointless Like a Witch) trip into the light here abraham ... what about this boy of yours? & don't tell me that you just do what you're told i might not be hip to your sign language but i come in peace i seek knowledge. in exchange for some information, i will give you my fats domino records, some his an hers towel & your own private press secretary . . . come on. fall down here. my mind is blank . i've no hostility. my eyes ar two used car lots. i will offer you a cup of urn cleaner—we can learn from each other/ just don't try & touch my kid

got too drunk last nite. musta drunk too much. woke up this morning with my mind on freedom & my head feeling like the inside of a prune ... am planning to lecture today on police brutality. come if you can get away. see you when you arrive . write me when you're coming your friend, homer the slut

Ballad in Plain Be Flat

the feet were stuck between the petticoat & tom dick & harry rode by & they all screamed . . . her lips was so small & she had trenchmouth & when i saw what i had done, i guard my face/ the time is handled by some crazy cheerleader snob & s ticking her tongue out, dropping a purple tostle cap, she mingles with a bus, carries a bloody crucifix & is praying for her purse to be stolen up gunpowder alley! her name, Delia, she envies the block of chain & kingdom where the khaki thermometer kid, obviously a front man & getting a commission growling "she'll drown you! split your eyes! put your mind where your mouth is! see it explode! just 65 & she don't mind dying!" is bending over for scraps of food, fighting an epileptic fit & trying to keep dry in a typical Cincinnati weather . . . Claudette, the sandman's pupil, wounded in her fifth year in the business & she's only 15 & go ahead ask her what she thinks of married men & governors & shriner conventions go ahead ask her & Delia, who's called Debra when she walks around in her nurse uniform, she casts off pure light in the cellar & has principles/ ask her for a paper favor & she gives you a geranium poem . . . chicago? the hogbutcher! meatpacker! whatever! who cares? it's also like Cleveland! like Cincinnati! i gave me my love a cherry. sure you did. did she tell you how it tasted? what? you also gave her a chicken? fool! no wonder you want to start a revolution

look. i don't care what your daddy says. j. edgar hoover is just not that good a guy. like he must have information on every person inside the white house that if the public knew about, could destroy those people/ if any of the knowledge th at he's got ever got out, are you kidding, the whole country would probably quit their jobs & revolt. he aint never gonna lose his job. he will resign with hono r. you just wait & see ... cant you figure out all this commie business for your self? you know, like how long can car thieves terrify the nation? gotta go. ther e's a fire engine chasing me. see you when i get my degree. i'm going crazy with out you. cant see enough movies your crippled lover, benjamin turtle

On Busting the Sound Barrier

the neon dobro's F hole twang & climax from disappointing lyrics of upstreet out law mattress while pawing visiting trophies & prop up drifter with the bag on he ad in bed with next of kin to the naked shade-a tattletale heart & wolf of silve r drizzle inevitable threatening a womb with the opening of rusty puddle, bottom less, a rude awakening & gone frozen with dreams of birthday fog/ in a boxspring of sadly without candle sitting & depending on a blemished guide, you do not fe el so gross important/ success, her nostrils whimper. the elder fables & slain k ings & inhale manners of furious proportion, exhale them against a glassy mud . . . to dread misery of watery bandwagons, grotesque & vomiting into the flowers of additional help to future treason & telling horrid stories of yesterday's inf luence/ may these voices join with agony & the bells & melt their thousand sonne ts now . . . while the moth ball woman, white, so sweet, shrinks on her radiator , far away & watches in with her telescope/ you will sit sick with coldness & in an unenchanted closet . . . being relieved only by your dark jamaican friend-yo u will draw a mouth on the lightbulb so it can laugh more freely

forget about where you're bound. you're bound for a three octave fantastic hexag ram. you'll see it. don't worry. you are Not bound to pick wildwood flowers... l ike i said, you're bound for a three octave titanic tantagram your little squirr el, Pety, the Wheatstraw

Thermometer Dropping

the original under taker, Jane, with bangs, & her hysterics I bodyguard, Coo, wh o comes from Jersey & always carries his lunch/ they screech around the corner & tie the old Buick into a lamppost/ along came three bachelors sprinkling the si dewalk with fish/ they spot the mess. first bachelor, Constantine, he winks at s econd bachelor, Luther, who immediately takes off his shoes & hangs them around his neck. George Custer IV, third bachelor, weary from trying to chew up a stork , takes out his harmonica & hands it to first bachelor, Constantine, who after t wisting it into form of a fork, reaches into shoulder holster of the bodyguard, removes a sickle, & replaces it with this out of shape musical instrument . . . Luther begins to whistle "Comin thru the Rye" George IV gives out with a wee chu ckle . . . all three continue down the avenue & dump the leftover fish into the unemployment office. all except of course for a few trout, which they give to th e lady at the lost & found/ accident is reported at 3 PM. it is ten below zero

do people tell you to your face you've changed? do you feel offended? are you se eking companionship? are you plump? 4 ft- 5? if you fit & are a full blooded alco holic catholic, please call UH2-6969 ask for Oompa

Prelude to the Flatpick

mama/ tho i make no attempt to disqualify the somber moody you. mama with the wo eful shepherd on your shoulder. the twenty cent diamond on your finger. i play n o more with my soul like a tinker toy/ i now have the eyes of a camel & sleep on a hook... to glorify your trials would be most easy but you are not the queen-t

he sound is queen/ you are the princess..... & i have been your honeyed ground.
you have been my guest & i shall not smite you

"Are there any questions?" the instructor asks. a blond haired little boy in the first row raises his hands and asks "how far to medico?" "are there any questions?" the poor optical muse known as uncle & carrying a chunk of wind & trees from the meadow & the kind of uncle that says "holy moly" in a mild whisper meeting the farmer who says "here. have some hunger for you." & lay some good fine work in his nauseous lap/ chamber of commerce tries to tell poor muse that Minnesota fat was from Kansas & not so fat, just notoriously heavy but they're putting up super-market across the meadow & that should take care of the farmer "does anybody wanna be anything out of the ordinary?" asks the instructor. the smartest kid in class, who comes to school drunk, raises his hand & says 'yes, sir. i'd like to be a dollar sir"

the dada weatherman comes out of the library after being beaten up by a bunch of hoods inside/ he opens up the mailbox, climbs in & goes to sleep/ the hoods come out/ tho they don't know it, they've been infiltrated by a bunch of religious fanatics..... the whole group looks around for some easy prey... & settle for some out of work movie usher, who is wearing a blanket & a pilot's cap/ it is one second to fourth of july & he does not fight back/ the dada weatherman gets mailed to Monaco. grace kelly has another kid & all the hoods turn into drunken businessmen who can tell me the name of the third president of the united states?" a girl with her back full of ink raises her hand & says "ernest tubb"

more blue pills father & gobble the little quaint pills/ these gushing swans, rituals & chickens in your sleep-they've been given the ok & the mad search warrant yes & you, the famous Viking, snatching the time bomb from Sophia's filter tip, down some jack daniels & get out there to meet James Cagney . . . a swinging ramadillo for your friend, your faithful mob & mona lisa behind you . . . God ma, the swains are baking him & how i wish i could ease him & honor him with peace thru his veins. make him calm. almighty & slay the horrible hippopotamus of his nitemare. . .but i can take no martyr's name nor sleep myself in any gust of dungeon & am sick with cavity ... ludicrous, the dead angel, monopolizing my vocal cords, gatherin her parent sheep onward & homeward into obituary. she's hostile. she's ancient . . . aretha-golden sweet/ whos nakedness is a piercing thing-she's like a vine/ your luck tongue shall not decay me

"is there anyone in class who can tell me the exact hour his or her father isn't home?" asks the instructor. everybody suddenly drops their pencils & runs out the door-all except of course the boy in the last row wearing glasses & who's carrying an apple

juicy roses to coughing hands assembling & pluck national anthems! all hail! the football field ablaze with doves & alleyways where hitchhikers wandering & setting fire to their pockets resounding with the nuns & tramps & discarding the weedy Syrian, surfs of half reason, the jack & jills & wax Michael from the church acre, who cry in their prime & gag of their twins . . . empty ships on the desert & traffic cops on the broomstick & weeping & hanging onto a goofy sledgehammer & all the trombones coming apart, the xylophones cracking & flute players losing their intimates ... as the whole band groaning throwing away measures & heartbeats while it pays to know who your friends are but it also pays to know you ain't got any friends ... like it pays to know what your friends aint got-it's friendlier to got what you pay for

down with you sam. down with your answers too. Hitler did not change history. Hitler WAS history/ sure you can teach people to be beautiful but don't you know that there's a greater force that teaches them to be gullible-yeah it's called the problem force/ they assign everybody problems/ Your problem is that you wanna better word for world . . you cannot kill what lives an expect nobody to take no

tice. history is alive/ it breathes/ now cut out that jive/ go count your fish.
gotta go. Someone's coming to tame my shrew.. hope they removed your lung succes
sfully say hi to your sister love, Wimp your friendly Pirate

Maria on a Floating Barge

in a sunburned land winter sleeps with a snowy head at the west of the bed/Madon
na. Mary of the Temple. Jane Russell. Angelina the Whore. all these women, their
tears could make oceans/ in a deserted refrigerator carton, little boys on ash
Wednesday make ready for war & for genius..... whereas the weary archaic gypsy-y
awning-warbles a belch & tracking the cats & withstanding a ratsized cockroach s
he hardly appears & looks down upon her sensual arena
dear fang, how goes it old buddy? long time. no see. guess what? was gonna vote
for goldwater cause you know, he was the underdog but then i found out about thi
s Jenkins thing, & i figger it aint much, but it's the only thing he does have g
oing for him so i'm changing my vote to johnson. did you get the clothes i sent
you? the shirt used to belong to sammy snead so better take good care of it see
you Mouse

Sand in the Mouth of the Movie Star

a strange man we're calling Simply That wakes up to find "what" scribbled in his
garden. he washes himself with scrambled egg, puts his glasses in his pants & p
ulls up his trousers. there's a census taker knocking on his door & hi orders fo
r the day are nailed up on his mailbox reading that the route on junky monday is
therefore as follows: two pints of soft liberty. a book of zulu sayings. citize
n kane translated into dirty french. an orange t.v. studio. three bibles each au
tographed by the hillbilly singer who can sing salty dog the fastest. the back p
age of a 1941 daily worker. a salty dog. any daughter of any district judge. a t
ablespoon of coke & sugar heated to 300 degrees. jack london's left ear. seven p
ieces of deadly passport. a corn on the cob. five wooden pillows. one boy scout
resembling charlie chan & a stolen titerope walker/ "what" is in my garden, he s
ays over the phone to his friend, wally the fireman/ wally replies "i dont know.
i really couldn't say. i'm not there" the man says "what do you mean, you dont
know! what is written in my garden" wally says "what?" the man says "that's righ
t" . . . wally replies that he is on his way down a pole & asks the man if he se
es any relationship between doris day & Tarzan? the man says "no, but i have som
e james baldwin & hemingway books" "not good enough" says wally, who again asks
"what about a shrimp & an american flag? do you see any relationship between tho
se two things?" the man says, "no, but i see bergman movies & i like Stravinsky
quite a lot" wally tries again & says "could you tell me in a million words what
the bill of rights has to do with a feather?" the man thinks for a minute & sa
ys "no i cant do that but i'm a great fan of henry miller" wally slams the phone
& the man, Simply That, he gets back into bed & begins reading "The Meaning of
an Orange" in german ... but by nitefall, he is bored. puts the book down & goes
to shave while looking into a picture of thomas edison/ he decided over a bowl
of milk to go out & have a good time & he opens the door & who's standing there
but the census taker "i'm just a friend of the person who lives here" he says &
goes back in the house & out the back door & down the street & into a bar with a
moose head . . . the bartender gives him a double brandy, punches him in the gr
oin & pushes him into a phone booth-obviously the man's crime is that he sees no
thing resembling anything-he wipes the blood away from his groin with a hankle &
decides to wait for a call/ "what" is still written in his garden. the clinics
are integrated. the sun is still yellow. some people would say it's chicken ...
wally's going down a pole, the census taker arrives to make a phone call & phone
booths dont have back doors/ junky monday driving, going down a one way street
& turning into a friday the 13th ... Ah Wilderness! darkness! & Simply That we
went five hours without a drink of water. figger i'm ready for the desert. wanna
come? I'll take along my dog. he's always good for a laugh. pick yuh up at seven

faithfully, pig

Roping Of the Madman's Corner,

green maggie of profanity slapstick & her cast of seven coats I shining & fighting the milkmaids & high whining barn door I slam-heavens! & righteous 38-20 slightly built on the ball & chain & leashing the lawyer's pigeon while the rock n roll lead guitar player does his mother's violets & his thing in the middle of the bailiff's workbench & green maggie pushing you into hotrod driver's eyes & he's lisping & he has no money to pay for his language & maggie) s not green & not funny & life gets unbearable but the orator is not the reporter & hanging around at the press room & shelling out to the day crew & merchants of venice & why be bothered with other people's set ups? it only leads to torture/ why it's incredible! the world is mad with justice

dear mayor wagner. has anybody ever told you, you look like james arness? i am writing to say that you are my son's idol. could you please send your schedule & repertoire to him, with an autographed picture, at your earliest convenience. he would appreciate it kindly as that's all he does is play your records & defend you to his friends. i do hope it's you that's reading this & not some secretary thank you wishfully Willy Purple

Saying Hello to Unpublished Maria

you taste like candy TUS HUESOS VIBRAN yowee i'm here because i'm starving & swallowing your tricks into my stomach ERES COMO MAGIA like the greasy hotel owner & it's not your father i'm hungry for! but i will bring a box for him to play with. i am not a cannibal! dig your self! i am not a sky diver/ i carry no sticks of dynamite . . . you say NO SERE TU NOVIA & i am not a pilgrim neither TU CAMPESINA & you dont see ME crying over that i cant be sad & wonderful & yippee TU FORMA EX TRANA your horseness amazes me/ i will stand-oh honor able-on the window of your countess even tho i am not window shade & bang SOLO SOY UN GUITARRIS all i do is drink & eat. all i have is yours

i'm telling you, the next time you threaten to commit suicide in front of me, i'm just gonna haul off an blow your brains out y' hear! y' read me? i'm so sick of having you bring me down that i'd just as soon tie you up & ship you off to red china. another thing! you better take good care of my mother. if i. hear that you're taking out your misery on her, i'm coming to see what i can do about things once & for all... why dont you learn to dance instead of looking for new friends? dont you know that all the friends have been taken yours, Hector Schmector

Forty Links of Chain (A Poem)

fox eyes from abilene-garbage poet from the greyhound circuit & who has a feeling for the most lost pieces of frost & boast of glass jaw & grampa playing tiddly winks & finks in the sinks & the barf & gook in the book of his cook, the ma & he's back in town screwing around with his hairlip down... he needs a dime & writing rhyme You dont have to guess ... you know the rest/ watch his nose! you can see where he goes by offering to pay his dues-fox eyes, he's got lotza blues-Tiny the chick with the wet newspaper, she used to bring french fries to the mechanics & whose right arm once went deaf & dumb (it can happen to some) she sees fox eyes come climbing out of the stop sign & he's got a hangover on top of it & she say "oh great grooby fox eyes. lead me to the garbage" & he take her by the lily white cottonpickin hand & she say "yeah man i be a yellow monkey oowee!" & he say "'us you folly me baby snooks! just you folly me & you feel fine! & she say "giddy up & hi ho silver & i feel irish! & both go off & get a bus schedule & she saying all the time "steady big fella! steady!" while on the other side of the street this mailman who looks like shirley temple & who's carrying a lollypop stops & looks at a cloud & just then the sky, he gets kinda pissed & decides to t

hrow his weight around a little & bloop a tulip falls dead-the mailman starts talking to a parking meter & fox eyes, he say "it sure wasn't like this in abilene" & it's a hurricane & a bus reading baltimore leaves them in a total mess-she falls on her knees & she say "i'm filthy" & fox eyes he say "go back to florida baby there aint nothing here a city grill like you can do" & the chick she does a handstand & she say "i'm canadian! & he say "get outa here & go to florida!" & she starts reciting fox eyes poems about salvation & the loony bin, strikes in the coloring book factory & Christmas when they wrapped him in a shirt & he say "WHOA! GET OUTA HERE! I STEAL YO MONEY OWEE JESUS GRILL I YOU SOME SLUMP!" & she moans & groans & she say "oh i really do love life & love love & love living & he say "grooby! wail! wail! & she say "dont you understand" & she starts making this terrible scene right there in the middle of the street ...Tiny-i met Tiny later at an outrageous party-she was sitting under a clock & i say you need an umbrella, friend" & she say "oh no! no another one! "she's got a new boyfriend now & he looks like machine gun kelly ...fox eyes-he lost all his money in a furnace-when last heard from was riding fast freight out of salinas in a pile of lettuce, still trying to collect unemployment ... me? i made a special trip downtown to get some graveyard figures-but it wasn't raining & there were no buses going to baltimore/ just a broken jawed parking meter, a water logged pen & a bunch of old shirley temple pictures with her neck in a noose was all that i could find. look. I dont care if you are a merchant marine. the next time you start telling me i dont walk right, "I in gonna get some surfer to slap your face. i think you're being very paranoid about the whole thing ... see you at the wedding stompingly yours Lazy Henry

Mouthful of Loving Choke

crow jane from the wedding into the beast nest where wild man peter the greek & ambassador frenchy do primitive worship with hustling john from coney striking a pose & dancing the pink velvet-all dramatics & curiously belonging to the armenian hunchback resembling arthur murray who's very turned off & gets syphilis & crow jane, she gets the chilly blues watching but she speaks like a champion & she dont kid around "what you gonna do? i mean besides now is time for the good men promenade a party?" some plaintive woos in the twilight & throats ripping & laughing & fool's terror snapping like a tail & taking it in the ribs & bop music where south walls quivering & colliding bosoms & weigh the likes of maid marian's bandits & i repeat: two face minny, the army derelict/ christine, who's hung up on your forehead/ steve canyon Jones who looks like mae west in a closet/ screw herman x, who looks like a closet/ jake the brown, who look like a forehead . . . dino, the limping bartender, who steps in between Man Mountain Sinatra who looks like the boy next door & Gorging George, who has no last name ... all these & their agents & "how come you so smart crow jane?" & she say back "how come you wanna talk so colored? & dont call me no crow jane!" & superfreak pushing & shoving amazing totally amazing-"& i think i'm gonna do april or so is a cruel month & how you like your blue eyed boy NOW mr octopus?" when the four star colonels come in & every body says yankee doodle & plastered & some western union boy rides thru on a unicycle yelling "God save the secrets!" but is just coming on-he's mad & he's a horseshoe wizard - nobody cares tho & he's looking for the action & nobody cares about that either & he yells "help! " & two face minny screaming, swinging from a chandelier & goes to bless him you cant make nobody understand you too smart to think you know anything! not even john henry did that" crow jane jingle girl & she's a phantom & mouth like an oven she dances on a cake of islam & "dont tell someone what you know they already know. that makes them think that you just like them & you aint! " . . . but then you take gwendeline, the different story & rides with lawrence o arabia & plays with her mercury-mumbling crummy world & "oh, the sadness! " . . . she gets some horny foreigners' attention but mainly all the cool people continue drawin noses on robert frost books "why be crazy on purpose? say two face minny who's now on top the western union boy & steve canyon jones going off in the corner & crying "we aint never gonna get no messages that way! " . . . crow jane, she got this talent for robbing hardw

are stores always being someplace at the wrong time but saying the right things
"dont do your ideas-everybody's got those let the ideas do you & talk with melod
y & money tempt ideas & it cant get close to melody & take all the money you can
get but dont hurt nobody" crow jane, she got class " above all else, be all els
e! "oh the nites with broken arcs, the backs of greensleeves & bruised film-home
ly & absurd with rhythm & it gets to you after a while . . . a glass sidewalk me
eting the cracker boy's soul & trees like fire hydrants standing in the path of
the wooden horse & help mama! help those that cannot understand not to understan
d ... the cracker boy wears spiked shoes but his hands are bare/ peter & frenchy
still dancing the cocktail tango-the hunchback being carried out . . . honeymoo
n locked into footsteps of the riderless stallion/ rome falling with driving wis
hy washy half note-crawl with the blues feeling . . . & the going daylight. crow
jane say come, hang out her limelight ... there are green bullets in my throat/
i walk sloppily on the sun feeling them turn into yellow keys-i touch jane on t
he inside & i swallow'

dear tom have i ever told you that i think your name ought to be bill. it doesn'
t really matter of course, but you know, i like to be comfortable around people.
how is margy? or martha? or whatever the hell her name is? listen: when you arr
ive & you hear somebody yelling "willy" it'll be me that's who... so c'mon. ther
e will be a car & a party waiting. it'll be very easy to single me out, so dont
say you didn't know i was there gratefully truman peyote

The Horse Race "always trying, always gaining" -lyndon johnson

yes & so anyway on the seventh day, He created pogo, bamasterson, & a rose color
ed diving board for His cronies the sky already strung up shivered like the top
of a tent what's all this commotion" he said to his main man, Gonzalas, who with
out batting an eyelash picked up a rake began flogging a cloud..... seeing that
Gonzalas had the wrong idea, He told him to lay down the rake & go build an ark/
when Gonzalas reaches twenty-five he starts wondering when his parents will kic
k off. it's nothing personal, it's just that he needs some money & is beginning
to resent the fact that he hasn't been laid yet/ "why did you not create an eigh
th day?" ask Gonzalas' chauffeur to his Sausage Maker on the steps of the boom b
oom parlor/ while handing in his perfume/ the sky, changing into a sexy spaghatt
i odor, continues to tremble-Gonzalas, meanwhile, sports a cane & tries to hide
his korean accent/ edgar allan poe steps out from behind a burning bush . . . He
sees edgar. He looks down & says 'it's not your time yet" & strikes him dead .
. . Gonzalas enters/ places fifth in the second

how come you're so afraid of things that dont make any sense to you? do people p
ass you up on the street all the time? do cars pass you up on the highway? how c
ome you're so afraid of things that dont make any sense to you? do you water you
r raisins daily? do you have any raisins? is there anything that does make sense
to you? are you afraid of twelve button suits? how come you're so afraid to sto
p talking? your valve cleaner Tubba

Pocketful of Scoundrel

in a hilarious grave of fruit hides the wee gunfighter warm bottle of roominghou
se juice in the rim of his sheep skin/ lord thomas of the nightingales, bird of
youth, rasputin the clod, galileo the regular guy & max, the novice chess player
/ the battles inside their souls & gloves being a dead as their legends but only
more work for the living jesters-victims of assassination & dying comes easy .
. on the other side of the tombstone, the amateur villain sleeps with his tongue
out & his head inside the pillow case nothing makes him seem different/ he goes
unnoticed any way.

dear Sabu it's my chick! she tells me that she takes long walks in the woods. th
e funny thing about it is that i followed her one nite, & she's telling me the t

ruth. i try to get her interested in things like guns an football, but all she does is close her eyes & say "i dont believe this is happening" last nite she tried to hang herself ... i immediately thought of having her committed, but goddamn she's my chick, & everybody'd just look at me funny for living with a crazy woman. perhaps if i bought her her own car, it would help/ can you fix it? thanx for listening All Petered Out

Mr. Useless Says Good-bye to Labor & Cuts a Record

Phombus Pucker. with his big fat grin. his hole in the head. his matter of fact knowledge of zen firecrackers. his little white lies. his visions of sugar plums . his dishwater hands/ Phombus Tucker. with his bulldog wit. his theories on atomic nipples. his beard & his backache/ Bombus Thucker. with his soft boiled stovepipe. his aloneness & aloofness. his hatred for crap/ Longus Bucker. with his numbers & decimals. with his own special originality . . . spent hours & hours carving his name in the sand. when all of a sudden, a wave's commotion washed him & his name right into the ocean (ho ho ho)

look, you know i dont wanna come on ungrateful, but that warren report, you know as well as me, just didn't make it. you know. like they might as well have asked some banana salesman from des moines, who was up in toronto on the big day, if he saw anyone around looking suspicious/ or better yet, they just coulda come & asked me what i saw/ the doctors say i gotta tumor coming up tho, so i got more important things to do than to be bothered with straightening out this whole mess ... while you're down there, see if you can get me murph the surf's autograph bye for now your lightingman Sledge

Advice to Tigers Brother

you are in the rainstorm now where your cousins seek raw glory near the bridge & the lumberjacks tell you of exploring the red sea you fill your hat with rum & heave it into the face of hailstone & not expect anything new to be born dogs wag their tails good-bye to you & robin hood watches you from a stained glass window the opera singers will sing of YOUR forest & YOUR cities & you shall stand alone but not make ceremony..... and a wrinkled prospector will appear & he will NOT say to you "dont be possessive! dont wish to be remembered! "he will just be looking for his geiger counter & his name wont Moses & dont count yourself lucky for not interfering is petty... do not count yourself lucky hi. just a note to say that ever since the robbery, things've kinda quiet down. altho theo's kidnappers haven't returned him yet, dad got promoted to den mother, so things are not all going downhill/ mom joined the future fathers of alaska. really likes it/ you oughta see little dumbbell. he's nearly two now. talks like a fish & is already starting to look like a cigar/ see you on your birthday big brother Dunk p.s. adolph got you a trick piece of puke which you put on the table & just watch the girls throw up

On Watching the Riot from a Filthy Cell or (The Jailhouse Has No Kitchen)

standing on a bullet holed Volkswagen, a bearded leprechaun & he's wearing a topless mafia cape-holding up some burning green stamps & he speaks out to the automobile graveyard "four score & seven beers ago" & then he say "etcetera" but his voice is drowned out by mickey mantle hitting a grand slam ... the mayor of the city, with alka seltzer, climbs down from a limousine & asks "who the hell is that leppo?" when a thousand angry tourists trample over him all donning baseball gloves & here comes the squad/ "just who the hell are you?" speaks a garbage disposal "i'm cole younger. gave my horse to the pony express. other 'n that, i'm just like you" a rousing cheer & the ball crashes thru the fire box "i work for the city. before i swat you, you'd best tell me your occupation" "i'm an actor. tomorrow & tomorrow & tomorrow lights this petty grace from blow to blow like a poor stagehand pounding fury signifying nothing. oh romeo, romeo, wherefor fart

thou? pretty good huh?" "i work for the city, i'll trample you with my horse" "wanna hear some oedipus?" but beneath the underground, Blind Andy Lemon & his friend, Lip, sing rabbit foot blues in spurs & light pullover design by Chung of paris-there standing in a fish bowl & every body's throwing marbles at them . . . outside, however after the tear gas disappears, we find that the leprechaun's got his hand in a bandage & his beard's gone & the mayor, we find out, is home making urgent phone calls to cardinal spellman/ it has been a long time nite & everybody has had lots of contact ... i am ready for the cradle. the desert is full of cattle sorry for not writing sooner. had to have some teeth pulled. finally read the great glaspy. helluva book just a helluva one. that cat sure tells it like it is. not much happening around here. Chucky tried to get the donkey to jump a fence. you can guess what happened there. sis got married to a real dog. i punched him out right away. that's all for now see yuh on thanxgiving Corky

Hopeless & Maria Nowhere

raggity ann daughter of brazos & teeth in the necklace ornery in the flesh & the border with the big laugh of bullfight ghost & LIBERACION & she, with the leather mother thief & peeking DOS PASOS MAS ee & crazy ALLA LUEGO UN RAYO & insane DE SOL & taking the brothers to bed & to boredom-heat in every corner like the silent parrot by SALA UN DIA & mad like a hatter & the pig barker-maria ESTAS DESNUDA she digs holes on my eyes the size of the moon while her father, he keeps the hill warm-& uncritical from deacons & the youngster missionaries-maria sleep lightly PERO TE QUITARAS cursing blond dynamite & TUS ROPAS ... there is a hatchet in maria's makeup & the spike driver moans, they sound on her sink like the fornicating rattlesnake-friendly on her nature & MARIA PORQUE LLORAS? & i give you my twelve midnights & kick you with leapyear & protect you from the crooked words & loyalty to the power works & these little frogs with notebooks . . . maria PORQUE TU RIES? freedom! she's the yardbird, the constant & the old lady is made of marias & dogs yelping & RECUERDOS oh how the furious yesterday, pyria SON HECHOS laying bang DE ARCAICOS with simple simon NADAS is still right now the pois on nothing & maria, me & you, we make up three TE QUIERO do not churchize my nakedness-i am naked for you..... maria, she says i'm a foreigner. she picks me. she pours salt on my love ok. so i shoot dope once in a while. big deal. what's it got to do with you? i'm telling you mervin, if you dont lay off me, i'm gonna rip you off some more where that scar is, y'hear? like i'm getting mad. next time you call me that name in a public cafeteria, i'm just gonna haul off & kick you so you'll feel it. like i aint even gonna get angry. i'm just gonna let one fly . fix you good better watch it The Law

A Confederate Poke into King Arthur's Oakie

". . . later i left the Casino with one hundred & seventy gulden in my pocket. it's the absolute truth!" -fyodor dostoevsky

son of the vampire with his arm around betsy ross-he & his society friends: Rain Man. Burt the Medicine. President Plump. the Flower Lady & Baboon Boy . . . they all said "happy new year, elmer & how's your wife, cecile?" & that got them in to the party free . . . once into the party, Burt just stood around with a toothpick in the back of his neck watching for the doctor & tho the card game was something else in itself, Flower Lady lost her shirt & went to the bushes-who should come by but the little old wine maker trying to be helpful-"get out of the picture" said Flower Lady "you werent at the party! " the little old wine maker immediately took off his head & his belt & who do you think it turned out to be but fabian-"i dont care how many tricks you can do, just get outa here!" - - just then, this cable car on its way to Washington came rumbling down the hill carrying crossword puzzles for everybody-Rain Man yelled "watch out Flower Lady there's an elephant coming!" but by this time she was singing auld lang syne with Baboon Boy, who'd snuck up, stuck a lead weight life jacket around fabian & threw him in the swimming pool-the Plump himself tried to give a warning but he was so drun

k that he fell in a barrel & a tractor being driven by some dogs ran him over & dumped him into garage . . . the world didn't stop for a second-it just blew up/ alfred hitchcock made the whole thing into a mystery & huntley & brinkley never slept for a week ... the americans flag turned green & andy clyde kept pesterin g about a back paycheck-every gymnasium in the world was picketed . . . son of t he vampire, who got a divorce from betsy ross & now is with little red riding ho od made it into january first carrying some empty stomachs-he & red, they got a job hiding door knobs & got paid good wages & like all people who decide not to go to any more parties, they put their money where their mouth is . . . & begin to eat it translate this fact for me, dr. blorgus: the fact is this: we must be willing to die for freedom (end of fact) now what I wanna know about the fact is this: could Hitler have said it? de gaulle? pinocchio? lincoln? agnes Moorehead ? goldwater? bluebeard? the pirate? robert e. lee? eisenhower? groucho smith? te ddy kennedy? general franco? custer? is it possible that jose melis could have s aid it? perhaps donald o'connor? i happen to be a library janitor, so could you please clarify things a little for me. thank you . . . by the way, if you do not have a reply to me by this coming tuesday, i will take it for granted that all these forementioned people are all really the same person . . . see you later. h ave to take down a picture of lady godiva as the mental students are touring her e in an hour . . . considerately yours, Popeye Squirm

Guitars Kissing & the Contemporary Fix

along black winds & white fridays, they wash out water and shriek of Jungle & le nny immune to the mathematics, he the greasy quack-the vagabond god . . . he pla nts flowers in their saddle bags & speaks of Jesus brave & graduating-tragedy, t he broken pride, shallow & no deeper than comedy bites his path, his noise, his shadow . . . resign from mine the heart of light & approve the doom, the bending & the farce of happy ending . . . those that would gas the memory & shut out th e might of right, the sight of those defending & offending the blossom girls of the dark, pregnant permanent & pale outlaw . . . fair gloria the bowlegged singe r, the sign painter's bastard-joanne, raped by the tow historian & silver dolly, devirginated at 1 2, by her father, miner-maybelle with a chopped up arm from a n uncle double jointed barbara, who grinds a compact into the face of a druggist & maureen, the jealous lover none of them raking leaves-ratting on friends who are telephone operators or paying for the like of an e.e. cummings . . . none of them falling for the "purr lost soul" talk of the hillbilly brawny gospel singe r & lenny as the pilgrim angel-the crime but that he reigns in highway christ cl othes, boots & a swagger . . . the lone shark wolf in a world where piemen castrat e the dogs & cities for Du Pont, cat magazines & hiding in machines they chew gu m, their seeds, their portraits . . . lenny leaves the woodchuck, the veteran of foreign war to his plymouth 6, his murder page-the Arms Bros chair & to his kid napper & the radio siren/ the communists would call him lazy & the veteran calls him a bum & yo ho ho & a bottle of rum but he's nice to priests & dont tangle w ith the mayor's daughter 'n law . . . he wears silk & bows to yoyos, barbells & the strangers-he steals bow ties & heading for the north & waves to soldiers wit h amputated hands who picked up broken ashtray pieces & staying clear of muffled & exploding roosters, he pets ornaments & twin pipes/ there is a rhapsody to hi s toughness & he sure is warm & worthlessly wild

the deer thru the woods quite out of it all shall never be the slave but the tar get for military & freedom's legs having no substitute for death when sunday pro fessor & the children come out, say "watch it, you bound to stumble now! " & the lady in waiting just collapsin g & asked if that's a threat or perhaps a friendl y warming & the innocent coon being scraped on the table-liberty, an orphan sonn et, unwritten & having no eyes & needs, no defense & getting some glass in the v eins-the conspiracy to kill the free & romantic to custom operating regularly on schedule & attacking now the once that run with no sidecar..... go ahead, shoot ! all you need is a license & a weak heart

thru the braided hair & loafing beer can beach of wood brains of the roadhouse & panel trucks filled with cucumber funk, jim beam sweating & lords & ladies in the rear view mirror-humanity in the gang bang mood & yodeling swimmers-the kinks from strike town & itty bitty pretty o lapping up the crankcase rotgut & Jenny laughing in a fake sombrero & the jugglers trying to smother the queers & the girls from big city & panoramic way, you found lenny the dog catcher killer & motorcycle saint-you either love him or hate him-attracting the filthy mamas, Tom the Wretched, Mike the Bull & Hazel, the pornographic back slapper . . . lenny can take the bad out of you & leave you all good & he can take the good out of you & leave you all bad/ if you think you're smart & know things, jenny plays with your head & he contradicts everything you've been taught about people/ he is not in the history books & he either makes you glad to be you or he makes you hate to be you . . . you know he's some kind of robber yet you trust him & you cannot ignore him

the lion's den then, & anchors away & you remember the ' table-the hopped up table of worldly wiggies & unpatriotics & the slut madonna with her squatter's rights & everybody sexy & picking on the car thieves & some bumbling sacred cow telling how he marched right in & trimmed this chicken just like that but when peter pan of the throttle bums gets up to go someplace, it's growling & wondering & sentimental because you know he never does while gloria talks of the fish in her finger with her hair dyed pink & speaking of tomorrow, calling it sunday & the engine slams & really slams into first gear-& it sounds like john lee hooker coming & oh Lordy louder like a train . . . the punchdrunk sailor with a scar below his nose suddenly slaps & kicks little sally & makes her let go of the bottoms of his dungarees & you know he knows something's happening & it aint the ordinary kind of sound that you can see so clearly & carrrrrashhhhhh & a technicolor passion of berserk & napoleonic & suicide & lenny vanishes in the daytime & a bridge girder all lonesome & gone & the trumpets play what they've always been taught to play in time of emergency-Babylon's sweetheart & the redblooded boy oozing all over & shock, the defunct rockabilly in a blindfold-dissolve into the motherland for touch & kneeling to instinct, gypsies & into the most northernmost forest he can find

. . . a roaring free for all is witnessed later between as follows: rabbit seller, who, because he lives in a room where the rain continues to fall thru the chimney, always has a chronic cough & is constantly in an al capone type mood- call him White Man/ the ex faggot g.i., who now transports dummies from macy's to yankee stadium & whose ears always bleed in heavy weather-call him Black Man the hatcheck girl with a glass eye, whose father taught him how to walk exactly like P.T. Barnum & now she discovers it means nothing-call her Audience/ the candlestick maker, with a mouthful of plastic & his pockets full of useless matches-call him Reward/ the bathing beauty who wear a turban full of meatballs-call her Success/ the tug of war rope & a holy bell-boom & the pumphouse guardian stepping out of his cocoon & saying "words are objects! sigh is ego! did any of you freaks ever know a lenny? i ca remember his last name . . ." & then some vigilante, he say "get back in your clock! you ever heard of lions one Christians nothing?" & after sending Hitler out to murder the poor guardian, he jumps back into the Christians clocks & all types of mink, milk & vitamin C-grannies i titepants & barechested undertakers goosing preacher wearing egg cartons & U.N. generals in bathrobes & their feet stuck in bongo drums & three million jealous teacher in used roy acuff strings all flunking little de gaulles prison choruses bursting & singing hallaluyah . . . every body even Good St. Doc & the bird scientist suckin scruples & nipples & trying to hide their shit . . . everybody saying "disaster!" & pointing & examining hanging clowns making reports & going "gah gah" at dead pontiacs & babie in Lorca graves . . the tax collector stealing everybody' useless sacrifice & H.G. Wells unheeded..... Lulu the Smith having a heart attack at the birth of a black angel & john brown, Luke the snob & Achilles all reaching for the Flying Saucer . . . one day, the day of the Tambourines, the astronaut, Mickey McMicky, will remove a thumb from his mouth-say "go to hell" while lenny i'm

sure is already in a resentful heaven

dear dropout magazine, gentlemen: i understand that you are currently putting a book together about blacklisted or blackheaded artists or something. if it is the former, then i shall have to recommend that you place Jerry lee lewis first and foremost. if it is the latter, then i shall have to recommend that you contact the american medical society to discover the exact worth of such an undertaking in all respects, i remain a rabble rouser from the mountains Zeke the Cork

Advice to Hobo's Model

paint your shoes delilah-ye walk on white snow where nosebleed would disturb the universe . . . down these narrow alleys of owls and flamenco guitar players, jack paar and other sex symbols are your prizes-check into the bathrooms where bird lives for when he comes flying out with a saber in his wing-a country music singer by his side digesting a carrier pigeon . . . ye just might change your style of fornicating, sword swallowing-ye just might change your way of sleeping on nails-paint your shoes the color of the ghost mule-the paper tiger's teeth are made of aluminum-you've a long time to Babylon-paint your shoes, delilah-paint them with a sponge

look! like i told you before, it doesn't matter where it's at! there's no such thing. it's where it's not at that you gotta know. so what if tony married his mother! what's it got to do with your life? i really have no idea why you're so unhappy. perhaps you ought to change your line of work. you know. like how long can someone of your caliber continue to paint pencil sharpeners..... see you next summer, good to know you're off the wagon. prematurely yours, Funka

A Blast of Loser Take Nothing

jack of spades-vivaldi of the coin laundry-wearing a hipster's dictionary-we see him brownnosing around the blackbelts & horny racing car drivers-dashing to & fro like a frightened uncle remus . . . on days that he gets no mail, he rises early, sticks paper up the pay phones & cons the bubble gum machines . . . "the world owes me a living" he says to his half-hawaiian cousin, the half-wit, joe the head who is also planning to marry a folksinger next month-"round & round, old joe clark" is being recited from the steps of the water & light building as jack ambles by with a case full of plastic bubbles-things look well for him: he can imitate cary grant pretty good. he knows all the facts why mabel from utah walked out on horace, the lightingman from Theatre Altitude. he has even stumble onto a few hairy secrets of mrs. Cunk, who sells fake blisters at the world's fair-plus being able to play a few foreign legion songs on the yoyo & always managing to look like a grapefruit in case of emergency . . . he brags about his collection of bruises & corks & the fact that he pays no attention to the business world. he would rather show his fear of the bomb & say what have you done for freedom than to praise an escaped mental patient who pissed on the floor of junior's delicatessen-jack of spades, wit his axe, the record player. with his companion, the menu & his destination, a piece of kleenex-never touches the cracks on the sidewalk-"jack" says his other cousin, Bode guard, half danish & half surfer, "how come you always act like Crazy, jackie gleason's friend? i mean wow! aint there enough sadness in the world?" jack walks by in a flash-he wears ear plugs-from the steps of the water & light building, the band, after knocking all the juice out of their horns, begin to play on my papa . . . jack, shocked, takes a second look, raises his hand in a nazi salute. a woodsman, walking by with an axe, drops it. a D.A.R. woman flies off the handle. looks at jack. says "in some places, you'd be arrested for obscenity" she doesn't even hear the band . . . she falls down a sidewalk crack/ the band leader, paying no attention, does a slight curtsy, sneezes. points his wand at the classical guitar . . . a street cleaner bumps into jack & says & i quote "o.k. so i bumped into you. i dont even care. i got me a little woman at home. i know a good radiator down the block. man, i aint ne

ver gonna starve. would you like to buy a pail?" jack, amazed, rearranges his collar & heads off to the bell telephone hour. which is located beyond the next cop car . . . he passes a hot dog stand. a sauerkraut hits him in the face ... the band is playing malaguena salerosa-the D.A.R. woman pops out of the sidewalk, hears the band, screams, starts doing the jerk. the street cleaner steps on her . . . jack hasnt eaten all day. his mouth tastes funny-he has his unpublished novel in his hand-he wants to be a star-but he gets arrested anyway

hi y'all. not much new happening. sang at the vegetarian convention my new song against meat. everybody dug it except for the plumbers neath the stage. this one little girl, fresh out of college & i believe president of the Dont Stomp Out the Cows division of the society. she tried to push me into one of the plumbers. starts a little chaos going, but you know me, i didn't go for that not one little bit. i say "look baby, i'll sing for you & all that, but just you dont go pushing me, y'hear? " i understand that there not gonna invite me back cause they didn't like the way i came on to the master of ceremony's old lady, all in all, i'm making it tho. got a new song against cigarette lighters. this matchbook company offered me free matches for the rest of my life, Plus my picture on all the matchbooks, but you know me, it'd take a helluva lot more 'n that before i'd sell outsee you around nomination time your fellow rebel kid tiger

making love on maria's friend

yawn to foxy queenie school teacher-gone, decatur entering the pink highway-your black mongrel vagabond, your rat from Delphi-now he shall tattle on your nauseous bra-your hair in chains & speak TU CAMINO while your El Paso ideals, they celebrate ES TERCIOPELO they leave your gruesome body-your structure falling, you listen for a lazy siren & some young Spaniard to buy your wounds, your pregnant dawl . . . yawn to queenie of the GOYA painting seeking poor Homer QUEDA-FE CONMIGO while the dikes break & count your number & Baby Mean crying NO PREDENDAS while author Fritz from your industrial south yelling what's this all about & get the hell home, queenie & you, queenie, the spider-the sweat web's got you-you beg your arms to move-you pray to be righteous-you look for postcards & teddy bears for payoffs-the partisans, they laugh CON TUS PIERNAS & the boys with brown rags, they whisper of the bust & already they have Leo the Sneak & Doc's gonna have to leave by noon-St. Willy hides in the pawnshop PARA QUEENIE you need not fear & nobody's chasing-you want to be held LA ERRONEA DAMA & dig into your purse-forget your pupils & pay for your partner & botheration-the shadow of your boss, it is your felony-author Fritz would like to suck your toe-your holiday be gone soon & vanishing like your life LA CHOTA the grass cuts your feet & Socrates' Prison is your goal AHI VIENEN you are the wrong lady-you threaten nobody-spend your money on health food & you shall be run over by a truck they'll put a tag on you-send you home to Fritz-Fritz will cry for a week & marry your nurse-the dikes will curl their mouths but you'll still be the wrong one TODO SON DE LA CHOTA live now . . . live before yo board your Titanic-reach out, Queenie, reach out-feel for equal saggy skin & believe this dark playboy licking i from your notebook-see the cages & screaming ghosts you with the gall to think that ruins are buildings . . . take your bloody glands & medallion & make love once freely-it means nothing so wear a top hat-travel on a slow ship back to your guilt, your pollution, the kingdom o your blues

hi. watcha doing? how's the new religion? feel any different? gave it up myself. just couldn't make all the auctions and frankly, i's running out of bread. you know how it is, like about that little old lady in the back building all the time pointing telling me that God is watching. you know, like for a while there, i's scared to take a shit. anxious to get together with you. i know you dont wear bow ties anymore but i'm interested in other aspects of your new faith too. by the way, are you still in the keyhole business? cant wait to talk to you bye, your buddy, Testy Note to the Errand Boy as a Young Army Deserter

wonder why granpa just sits there & watches yogi bear? wonder why he just sits t here & dont laugh? think about it kid, but dont ask your mother. wonder why elvi s presley only smiles with his top lip? think about it kid, but dont ask your su rgeon. wonder why the postman with one leg shorter'n the other kicked your dog s o hard? think about it kid, but dont ask any mailman. wonder who ronald reagan t alked to about the foreign situation? think about it kid, but dont ask any forei gners. wonder why the mechanic, whose wife shot herself with a gun she got from his best friend, hates castro so much? wonder why castro hates rock n roll? thin k about it kid, but dont ask no roll. wonder how much the man who wrote white Ch ristmas made? think about it, but dont ask no made. wonder what bobby kennedy's really got against jimmy hoffa? think about it, but dont ask no bobby. wonder wh y frankie shot johnny? go ahead, wonder, but dont ask your neighbor . . . wonder who the carpet baggers are? think, but dont ask no carpet. wonder why you're al ways wearing your brother's clothes? think about it kid, but dont ask your fathe r. wonder why general electric says that the most important thing for a family t o do is stick together? think about it kid, but dont ask no together . . . wonde r what is paydirt ' ? go ahead, wonder..... wonder why the other boys wanna beat you up so bad? think about it kid, but dont ask nobody yes. ok. i guess you're a pumpkin. yes, it's true i referred to you as "that chinese girl" you have a ri ght to be angry. but what i want to know is just what have you got against the c hinese anyway? maybe we can still work it out properly yours, prince goulash

Taste of Shotgun

the roar of our engines promises us cover—we wear chokin pants & are slaves to a ppetite—we get stoned on joan crawford & form teeming colonies & die of masculin e conversation . . . Marcellus, wearing khaki when madness struck him, immediat ely filed suit against an illegitimate son be longing to someone else—josie said everybody at the trial came with a blowgun . . . Tom Tom made Melodius ha him, t hen jumped from a window—we are all alike & place scorpions neatly in our inside s—we take pills thru the ass we praise faggot missionaries & throw homosexuals i nto phenomenon gutters . . . in the winter a blackface musician announces he is from Two Women—he spends his free time trying to peel the moon & he's here to co llect his eight cent stamp—Marguerita the pusher, wheeling a cartful of Thursday up Damaen's Row yelling "cockles & muscles," kills him for getting in the way o f her appetite . . . the rewards are few on Chemical Isle—little girls hide perf ume up their shrimps & there are no giants—the warmongers have stolen all our ge rman measles & are giving them to the doctors to use as bribes—i stayed awake fo r three hours last nite with Pearl—she claimed to have walked by a rooming house i once lived in—we had nothing in common, me & Pearl—i shared her boredom & had nothing to give her—i was drunk & entertained myself . . . we wish to make jour neys & use everything except our feet & we meet tongue tied broken vulgar geeks with gorilla handshakes & drunken Hercules waits for us on our beds & we must sa lute him & he says that the new helicopters have arrived & "this is your geek" & "you will take your orders from him" yes the rewards are few here but there are oaths to take nor mental strokes—excpt for the self conscious insanity brought in by hunters with radios wear religious clothes, all goes well..... Angola bein g bombed this morning, i right now am happy with nausea—my head is suffocating—i am gazing into the big dipper with silver buttoned blouse in my nostrils—i'm gl ad Marguerita's a right—i do feel expensive i am leaving my kid on your doorstep, if you're so hot, you'll see that he gets taken care of. after all, he's your kid too. i expct to see him in about twenty years, so you better do a good job. i am going into the mountains to find work. i am taking along the food. remember luv, keep the stove clean & watch the gas t ank yours louie louie

Mae West Stomp (A Fable)

train goes by every nite the same old time & he, same ol man, sits looking into

a rosary which reads "i told you so" while rocking back & forth thinking about his eldest son, Hambone, who's in jail for life-buying beer for the kids & murdering the grocer with a pocket comb-this same old man, with nothing but a bathtub full of memories consisting of: a few Baby Huey for President buttons-a deck of cards with the aces missing-some empty deodorant bottle -a pamphlet of egyptian slogans-three pant legs that dont match & a hollow lynch rope . . . sits in a candy wrapper chair muttering day in court-day in court-i'll get it yet my day in court-a dapper young gentleman with chapped lips rubbed them on the old man's neck today-the little old man is planning revenge just as the same old time train shakes his whistler's mother painting off the wall & it gooses him to . . . day in court-i'll get it yet-yesterday was not so good either-a fox left him in a clump of mud & some little pest let him have it right in the kisser with a mixture of bamboo, barley & rotten ice cream-there he sits wishing he could get thru to the president-the little old man's bowels ache so he opens the window to breathe some good fresh air-he inhales deeply-there is a line full of wet underwear-used tires-dirty bed sheets-hats-chicken feathers an old watermelon-paper plates & some other garments-Johnny drumming wind-an indian, passing thru on his way to St. louis, is standing neath the old man's window "amazing" he says as he looks up & sees all this stuff on the clothes line suddenly get sucked into a hole . . . next day, the rent collector comes to get the rent-finds that the old man he disappeared & that the room's full of garbage-the lady who owns the clothesline, she reports theft to the robbery department-"all my valuables have been stolen"-she mutters to the inspector-the train still goes by at the same old time & Johnny drumming wind, he gets picked up for vagrancy -the rent collector looks around-steals a broken cocco "i think i'll give it to my wife" he says-his wife, who is 5 feet tall & wears a fez, & who, at the minute, by weird circumstance, is riding by on that same old time train-all all, not much happens in chicago

i'm not saying that books are good or bad, but i dont think you've ever had the chance to find out for yourself what there all about-ok, so you used to get B's in the ivanhoe tests & A minuses in the silas marners . . . then you wonder why you flunked the hamlet exams-yeah well that's because one hoe & one lass do not make a spear the same way two wrongs do not make a throng-now that you've been thru life, why dont you try again . . . you could start with a telephone book wonder woman-or perhaps catcher in the rye-there all the same & everybody has their hat on backwards thru the stories see you at the docks helpfully yours, Sir Cringe

Black Nite Crash

aretha in the blues dunes-Pluto with the high crack laugh & rambling aretha-a menace to president as he was jokingly called-go-yea! & the seniority complex disowning you . . . Lear looking in the window dangerous & dragging a mountain & you say "no i am a mute" & he says "no no i've told the others you were Charlie Chaplin & now you must live up to it-you must!" & aretha saying "split Lear-no of us got the guts for infinity-take your driving wheel split . . . & aretha next-she's got these hundred Angel Strangers all passing thru saying "i will be your Shakti your outlaw kid-pick me-pick me please-ah c'mon pi me" & aretha faking her intestinal black soul across all t fertile bubbles & whims & flashy winos-jinx, Poet Void Scary Plop all skipping to hell with their bunnies where food is cheaper & warmer & Nuclear Beethoven screaming "oh aretha-i shall be your voodoo doll-prick me-let make somebody hurt-draw on me whoever you wish! a pretty please! my bastard frame-my slimy self-penetrate unto me-unto me!" Scholar, his body held together by chiclets-raw beans & slaves of days gone by-he storms from the road his pipe nearly eaten "look! she burps o reality" & but he's not even talking to anybody-a moth flies out of his pocket & Void, the incredible fall apart reminds you once more of america with the dotted line-use less motive-the moral come on & silver haired men hidin in the violin cases . . . on a mound of phosphorus & success stands the voluptuous coyote eagle-he holds a half dollar-an anchor sways across his shoulders "good!" says Nuclear Beethoven "good to see there are s

ome real bird around" "that's no bird-that's just a thief-he's building a outhou
se out of stolen lettuce!" signs aretha-Sound o Sound-who really doesn't give a
damn about real birds o outhouses or any Nuclear Beethoven-approval, complaint&
explanations-they all frighten her-she has no flaws in her trumpet-she knows tha
t the sun is not a piece of her

the audio repairman stumbles thru the door with "sound is sacred so come in & ta
lk to us" written on the back of his shirt

Hostile Black Nite Crash

on this abandoned roof or pagoda stool they place you & you hear voices saying t
hings like "titen 'in up Joe-keep 'm titened up" & then Orion looking evil & he
wipes you off & keeps you clean & Familiar Face himself "i heard you been eating
some eggs? any truth to that?" & Orion licking his flesh & trouble in mind blue
s & shades of fire hydrants..... YOU-the fire hydrant & Beau Geste, a fire hydra
nt-failures completely & walking to Gibraltar & trying to find your energy-get y
our kicks & shadow box your language. . . Faust from the garden-Emancipation Ann
e, who looks like a hungarian deer & Chump with a brain like a iceberg all imita
ting Africa ... Dead Lover who hitchhikes & brags & says he's going to Carthage
& he keeps repeating "when i die" but then his mind goes black & blue & Methodis
t butter erupting & Twinkle Clown with arabic lettering on his forehead wanting
everybody to experience his fright "you must experience my fright to be my frien
d! " so says he to Lucy Tunia, whose vegetarian legs shine like mahogany & who c
omforts Twinkle Clown in his fits when he has no harem . . . Zing & Orion stutte
rs & coughs & SHAZAMMM-the opium ghost neath the ferris wheel on the side of the
highway-where nobody can stop-where he can cause no trouble-where the show must
go on . . . this is where He wishes to die-He wishes to die in the midst of cat
hedral bells-He wishes to die when the tornadoes strike the roofs & stools "so m
uch for death" he will say when he dies

the newsboy comes in the back door his big toe sticks thru his shoe-he carries a
piece of peeling with a number on it-he makes a phone call then he blows his no
se

Unresponsible Black Nite Crash

the united states is Not soundproof-you might think that nothing can reach those
tens of thousands living behind the wall of dollar-but your fear Can bring in t
he truth . . . picture of dirt farmer-long johns-coonskin cap-strang-

the bully comes in-kicks the newsboy you know where-& begins ripping away at the
audio repairman's shirt

Electric Black Nite Crash

nature has made the young West Virginia miners not war to be miners but rather g
et this '46 Chevy-no money do -take to Geneva . . . hunting for the likes of esc
ape Lord Buckley & Sherlock Holmes about to be his moth turning to Starhole the
Biology Amazon saying "i dont war to be my mother!" & e.e. cummings-spell it rig
ht-wrapping his leftover chicken bones in a pig tail belonging Bronx Baby No. 2
& she thinks the world's coming to end & tries to organize a rally & her 320 pou
nd Frenchman who sticks his tongue out at her father-he dont want part of it-"i
dont wanna go to no San Quentin! i'm not criminal-i'm a foreigner & i cant help
it if you dig e.e. cummings but me-like ah said-i'm just a foreigner" & s throws
all these leftover chicken bones into his face & so celebrities passing by-they
witness the whole thing & t down the serial numbers . . . Mona carries a lone r
an advertisement on her left front breast-Mona's cousin-t 320 pound Frenchman-he
resembles Arthur Conan Doyle. . .Mona-she resembles a sexy Buddha & always look
s like she's standing over the Golden Gate . . . she dont dig e.e.cummings-she d

igs Fernando Lamas-i am on a black train going west-there is no aretha on the de
sert-just you want-memories of aretha-but aretha teaches not depend on memory-th
ere is no aretha on the desert the stripper comes in wearing an engagement ring-
she asks for lemonade, but says she'll settle for a sandwich-the newsboy grabs h
er-yells "lord have mercy"

Somebody's Black Nite Crash

from entire Mexico & gay innocence once comes Satan of Autumn-from the gentlenes
s & barbarian bebop & lonesome rooms where you must put a nickel in the parking
meter-into the arms of notorious daughters-daughters who get social poems publis
hed in bazaar & fashion magazines & wonder of adventure-beer barrel polkas & eat
goofballs "why didn't HUAC get custer?" say some "how did robert burns escape H
itler is what i'd like to know!" say the smarter ones-all the hipster T-bone hea
ds & wheel chair Marxists wishing to be in Kansas City '51 & Satan of Autumn & h
is friend, I DONT KNOW YOU, gnawing farts in the farmlands & coming back & telli
ng everybody & then I DONT KNOW YOU finally coming to the conclusion "who good's
it all to tell everybody about anything-they all 9 alibis?" & then Montana comi
ng & Aztec Landlords the selves-their atomic fag bars being looted & Bishops dis
guise as chocolate prisoners & the empty Barbary Coast haunt houses where the bu
reaucrats-the dreamy Huxley hang oners-the New Awake with money & no place else
to & the ex cop who writes verse & thinks of himself as a salami & Gabby-the cri
ppled horror from Telegraph Avenue but who wants to hear of this-who really want
s to hear of this "who wants to hear anything? we just a part of a generation! j
ust one mangy grubby part!" said I DONT KNOW YOU one day to Satan & it was autum
n "you mean like the hula hoop happening?" "no-like the crucifixion happening!"
"like the Modern beat?" "like the beat of a peach tree" . . . both Satan & I DON
T KNOW YOU-they skip thru the New York race track-all the typical renaissance &
a blond that looks like ezra pound & they go right into Summer-without winter-se
eing them so unsuffered Lu with a crew cut, one of the chicks that write the big
fat writings-her mouth hangs open-some beggar comes out of his hovel & hangs a
hair from her lip-a streetcar crashes . . . but all in all-nobody really cares t
he chamber of commerce all come in- each member carrying hand grenades-everythin
g turns into blood-excpt for the jukebox, a stranger wearing a calendar, & a pos
tcard of a greek building..... which the owner of the place has left on top of t
he radiator by mistake/ the play now begins . . . it is all in the past..... i w
ill not be so insulting as to write it for you

Seems Like a Black Nite Crash

between the shrieking mattress in the kitchen & Time, a mysterious weekly-Tao-a
fingertip on his chin, his knees knocking together-Tao-he shows the inside of hi
s mouth to a column of faces "does this mean you must take a nap today?" & Phil
Silvers eating a banana-he is inside of the column of faces-Tao is quiet & Phil
pokes Duff the Hero -a miser from the Aegean Sea-a vast desert in his head he ha
s plenty of self confidence & lets yokels test bombs in his brain-"love is a gho
st thing" says Duff "it goes right thru you" Tao strains-he looks almost pornogr
aphic "some tonsils!" says Phil, who now wears long suspenders & tells Duff to k
eep up the self confidence "self confidence deceiving" says Mr. O'toole-a husban
d of questionable virtue it gives people without balls a sense of virility" "do
your wife own a cow?" says Phil, who has now turned into an inexpensive Protesta
nt ambassador from Nebraska & w speaks with a marvelous accent "what do you mean
does in wife own a cow?" "are you from Chicago then?" asks t ambassador . . . T
ao's face-while-becomes so bi it disappears "where'd he go?" says Duff-who's
not s much of a hero anymore but rather a jolly youth that hate degenerates & i
s supposed to be in school anyway . . . mr. O'toole-falls out of his chair "i mu
st find some railroad tracks-i must put my ear to the tracks-i must listen for t
rain"-the column of faces-all together now-a munching chorus "DONT GET KILLED NO
W"-repeat-"don't get killed now" yes & between this mattress shrieking & that in
mysterious weekly lay the slave counties-Doris Da y gone & Pacific fog-a Studeb

aker in twilight-crash-& breaking down the honkytonk doors & strange left handed moon men-from Arkansas & Texas & vagabonds with girlie magazines from Reed College-cellars & Queens-they all shouting "watch me Tao-watch me-i'm high-watch me now! " . . . that lonesome feeling-paralyzing-that lonesome feeling-or aretha-my mama didn't raise no fool-i have nothing new to add to that feeling . . . slide on vomit-better'n working with a shovel-Reject-God Bless Holy Phantomism & damn the farewell parties-statistic books the politicians..... the column of faces-all together now -raising the flag & staring up to a hole in it-chanting "it's halloween! can Tao come out & play? "-getting no reaction & shouting louder-all in unison now-"IT'S HALLOWEEN..... CAN TAO COME OUT & PLAY?)) give up-give up-the ship is lost: go back to san bernardino-stop trying to organize the crew-it's every man for himself-are you a man or a self? when the coast guard gets there, stand up proudly & point-dont be a hero-everybody's a hero-be different-dont be a conformist forget about all those sea shanties-just stand up & say "san bernardino" in a deep monotone . . . everybody will get the message your benefactor Smoky Horny

Chug A Lug-Chug A Lug Hear Me Hollar Hi Dee Ho

he was propped in the crutch of an oak tree-looking do -singing "there's a man going round taking names" indeed -i nod howdy-he nods howdy back "well he took my mother's name-left' me there in pain" i, who am holding a glass of sand in one hand & a calf's head in the other-i look up & say "are you hungry?" & he say "there's a man going round taking names" & i say "good nuff" & keep walking his voice rings thru the valley-it sounds like a telephone it is very disturbing-"you need anything up there?"-i'm going to town" he shakes his head "well he took my sister's name & i aint never been the same" "right-o" i say-tie my shoelace & keep walking-then i turn & say "if you need any help getting down, 'just you come to town & tell me" he doesn't even hear-"well he took my uncle's name & you know he wasn't to blame" "groovy" i say & continue my way to town . . . it couldn't 've been more 'n a few hours later when i happened to be passing by again-in the spot where the tree was, a lightbulb factory now stood-"did there used to be a guy here in a tree?" i yelled up to one of the windows-"are you looking for work?" was the reply . . . it was then when i decided that marxism did not have all the answers why are you so frightened of being embarrassed? you spend a lot of time on the toilet dont you? why dont you admit it? why are you so embarrassed to be frightened? your uncle Matilda

Paradise, Skid Row & Maria Briefly

fatty Aphrodite's mama-i bend to you . . . & with sex mad eternity at my vegetable shadow-i, wiping my hands on the horse's neck-the horse burping & you of the Indiana older brother-he who whips you with his belt & you who does not look for reason to your torture & i want your horizontal tongue-within Reflex-the perfect doom & these cruel nitemares where brickmasons introduce me to hideous connections & Marx Brothers grunting NO QUIERO TU SABIDURIA & your thighs be half awake & me so Sick so Sick of these lovers in Biblical roles-"so you're out to save the world are you? you impostor-you freak! you're a contradiction! you're afraid to admit you're a contradiction you're misleading! you have big feet & you will step on yourself all the people you mislead will pick you up! yo have no answers! you have just found a way to pass you time! without this thing, you would shrivel up & be nothing -you are afraid of being nothing-you are caught up in it -it's got you!" i am so Sick of Biblical people-they are like castor oil-like rabies & now i wish for Your eyes-yo who does not talk any business & supplies my mind wit blankness QUIERO TUS OJOS & your laughing & your slavery . . . there be no drunken risk-i am an intimate Egyptian-say good-bye to the marine

hi-just arrived-terrible trip-this little man carrying a white mouse stared at me the whole way-jesus he was a handsome man-are there any good lawyers around? will look you up shortly have to eat first sincerely yours, Froggy A Punch of Pac

ifist

Peewee the Ear, whose mouth looks like a credit card-him & Jake the Flesh-along with Sandy Bob from Pecos there leading the white elephant to water somewhere between wichita falls & el camino real-it's late in the day & no word from Saigon is in yet-along comes jerry mc boingboing's daughter-Liza the Blimp-riding on a two dollar bill belonging to Goose John Henry, negro medicine man from. Denver, who plays folk songs for kicks & speaks french for a living-onward then when Brown Dan, the creep cop-who likes to kill bullfrogs & whose boss keeps saying "he's got a bad knee but you oughta see him run, babe, you oughta see 'm run & chase them little chink lovers when they come down the river"-anyway Brown Dan he comes snooping for the strangers with his flunky known simply as Little Stick, who carries a burnt hat pin & two pieces of kotex in case of emergency ... they meet up with the crew at a clearing resembling a fisherman's dwarf . . . Jim Ghandi, the welder, is overlooking from his window-& yells something like "aw reet ye sons a vermits-draw ye now or shut ye mouths frever" just as the chick spreads her legs into the intersection & lets loose with the bumble seed grease, but nobody sneezes-she begins to yell about who her father is, but this doesn't work either . . . her fat two dollar bill falls dead from a bullet-"the flag of tex's ass is upon ye" screams Jim Ghandi & the chick immediate takes to the hills-Peewee drops his cookies as up drives XKE with Sandy Bob's cousin, Sandy Slim, who shows everybody his pictures of Nasser & says "hold it boys, know all about these things-i used to work in the edsel factory" taking advantage of the confusion, Little Stick steals the white elephant . . . nobody notices-not even Bro Dan, who by this time is busy beating Jake the Flesh death with a hacksaw-all in all, the situation in viet nam very disturbing

who wants to be noticed anyway? only you, who believes what suits you, could speak so badly of thelonius baker-what'd he ever do to you anyway besides get his name in the papers? dont you know that everybody wants to pick a moron for you dont concern yourself with all this pettiness-it will all pass-think big you've seen the sign-all in all, tho, you're a pretty good guy-stay clean dont waste your money on haircuts-see you at the drugstore your highness, Gumbo the Hobo

Sacred Cracked Voice & the Jingle Jangle Morning

go on-flutter ye mystic ballad-ah haunting & Tokay jittery ye be like the mad pulse-the mad pulse of child-the children of ring around the rosy & wandering poets over India-the jugglers who call you by the wrong name & title you wounded kitten-it is that easy for they know no fairy tales . . . in the modal tuning-a pontiac is parked without a leg to stand on-Plague the Kid-crusading in the blues dimension, he-hitchhiking the pontiac-brooding over the highway & searching for Joker-or perhaps the devil's eight drummer "down with enthusiasm!" says Plague "it is all temporary! away with it!" & Lord Randall playing with a quart of beer-Fanny Blair dragging a judge-Willy Moore, a shoemaker, who counts his thumbs with a switchblade along with Sir James, the dunce, who wears a stovepipe when he goes out on the town-Matty Groves, who secretly at midnight tries to chop down the church steeple with Edward, who cuts hedges for his wages & last but not least-Barbara Allen-she smuggles Moroccan cinders into Brooklyn twice a month & she wears a sheet-she takes many penicillin shots "anything temporary can be used for money reasons" says Plague & all these people-call them what you will-they believe him-yesterday i talked Abner for forty minutes-he, Abner-cursed out East Texas, tomatoes & tin pan alley-he didn't talk to me-he talked in a mirror-i did not have the courage to crash or shatter myself . . . when i left him, i met Puff-Puff had nothing but bad words for unemployment, Wrigley's Spearmint Rabelais-i slapped myself in the face-he told me i crazy & my only regret being that i could not fart thru m mouth-i walked away into a dimestore . . . what i speak of is the crazy unspeakable microphone & great flower celebration-it is not phony vision but rather friendly dark behold the dark-your strength-the darkness "the matrimony of self & spinal dream" says Plague the Kid & we but him a boxcar-Hysterica

l-melody in the Hysterical-as o posed to the music which offers every sound to make life existable except that of silence . . . Houdini & the rest of the ordinary people taking down puckered Jesus posters out there on 61 highway-Midas putting them back up-in the throne sinks Cleo-she sinks because she's fat . . . this land is your land & this land is my land-sure-but the world run by those that never listen to music anyway-"enthusiasm is music which needs a flashlight to be heard" so sa Plague

sorry to say baby but you ARE hung up aren't you? you know like suppose everybody DOES tell you you're like sabatchead dajapeeled you know what happened to him after everybody read him-yeah he went right up on the shelf let me know if you could use a horse tamer or a good worried mind your meatman Shorty Cookie

Flunking the Propaganda Course

strange men with belly trouble & their pin up girls: zelda rat-crooked betty & volcano the leg-here they come there popped out & they've been seen crying in the chapel -their friend, who says that everybody cries a lot-he's the congressional one & carries the snapshots-his name is Tapanga Red-known in L.A. as Wipe 'M Out-he coughs a lot -anyway they walk in-it's very early & they ask for black mongrels apiece-jenny says "why not roll 'in?" "there cops!" says a little boy who just climbed a mountain &

who's learned how to smell in the circus-jenny retires to the pinball machine-steam getting thicker-zelda rat asks for second black mongrel-please make it hot-one of the men, he dangles a watch in front of her face "It's late-zeld babe-it's late" & zelda's face turns into a measles & she says "i'm allergic"-a ringing sound & she say "oh look-that girl over there is getting free balls"-trying to get jenny's attention, one of the men, he asks "anything bothering you?" jenny replies "yes-whatever happened to Orval Faubus?" & the man quickly drops the subject -his eye swollen he pushes one of the hot mongrels down poor zelda's dress asks now does she wanna another one-everybody breaks into stitches except someone who's talking to a window & jenny, who's busy racking up balls ... the man who looks like an adam's apple-i think he belongs to crooked betty he goes thru his stool -volcano-she wraps him in the national insider-everybody reads him-jenny tilts the machine -the man's dead-just then, the congressional one, he pulls out a luger he says a kraut give to him during the war which is a goddamn lie, & begins to shoot up the barbecue beef signs . . . the radio plays the star spangled banner -next day, a young arsonist, with a turtle on his head & his hands on his hips & his backbone slipping, sees me walking the donkey on the east side-"saw you with jenny last nite anything happening there?" i say "oh my God, how can you ask such a thing? dont you know there are starving kids in china?" he say "yes, but that was last nite-today' a new day" & i say "yeah-well that's too bad-i still ain't gonna tell you nothing about jenny" he calls me an idiot & i say "here take my donkey if it'll make you feel any better -i'm on my way to the movies anyway it is five minutes to rush hour-a strange transaction of goods takes place on third avenue-the supermarket explodes from malnutrition -God bless malnutrition i dont care what bob hope says-he aint going with you nowhere-also, john wayne mightve kicked cancer, but you oughta see his foot-forget about those hollywood people telling you what to do they're all gonna get killed by the indians see you in your dreams lovingly, plastic man

Ape on Sunday

ZING & they throw him thru the door & he lands in truck-he gets out somewhere on the Mobile line & says "the war's going fine-aint it paleface?" & immediately makes a friend "it's nice to have friends, ain't it shitbrain?" this makes a stronger tie & both of 'm together they go beat up some male secretary who works for a jockey ...UNTOUCHABLE-they walk thru the streets of France & poison the dogs

& when they get back both receive medals for bravery "it's nice to have medals aint it monsterass?" they cannot be separated these two friends ... they are invited to speak at religious & college gatherings & finally become board members of the rootbeer industry "it's nice to have all the rootbeer you can drink aint it fishturd?" an ABSOLUTE bond that cannot be broken ... one day one of the friend s discovers that he's never been doing any of the talking ... he inquires about it but gets no response-he murders the other friend & some young punk around town-he gets put in jail for go years . . . everything wouldve been overlooked but John Huston-& i do mean John Huston-he made a Bible movie out of it & changed all the names-also there was nothing in the plot of course about the rootbeer stand-other'n that-it was a full drag "i was expecting to see a bit of Mobile"-said Princess "i was really expecting to see a bit of Mobile" Princess is an ape-she usually goes to movies on Sundays look you asshole-tho i might be nothing but a butter sculptor, i refuse to go on working with the idea of your praising as my reward like what are your credentials anyway? excpt for talking about all us butter sculptors, what else do you do? do you know what it feels like to make some butter sculpture? do you know what it feels like to actually ooze that butter around & create something of fantastic worth? you said that my last year's work "The King's Odor" was great & then you say i haven't done anything as great since-just who the hell are you talking to anyway? you must have something to do in your real life- i understand that you praised the piece you saw yesterday entitled "The Monkey Taster" about which you said meant "a nice work of butter carved in to the shape of a young man who likes only african women" you are an idiot-it do esn't mean that at all ... i hereby want nothing to do with your hangups-i really dont care what you think of my work as i now know you dont understand it anyway ... i must go now-i have this new hunk of margarine waiting in the bathtub-yes i said MARGARINE & next week i just might decide to use cream cheese-& i really dont care what you think of my experimenting-you take yourself too seriously-you're going to get an ulcer & go into the hospital-they'll put you in a

ward where you cant have any visitors-you'll go right off your nut-i really dont care anymore i am so bored with your rules & regulations that i might not even talk to you again-just remember tho, when you evaluate a piece of butter, you are talking about yourself, so you'd just better sign your name ... see you, if you're lucky, at mrs. keeler's cake festival yours Snowplow Floater p.s. you're my friend & i'm trying to help you collision boss aint it awful the way they make you look at things as if you were inside of their toilet! these sadistic nurses-they speak to me as if i was a finger i lay in this bed unprotected & the fellow next door-he must be a Zulu-the doctors cant stand him & he gets no visitors-the Sister says he's irreligious but i just think he gags a lot boss three bodies got shipped out this morning-Lady Esther said that they went to the hunting ground Cronie said that they never were worth much anyway & St. Crockasheet said abraacadabra-Lady Esther is the cleaning lady & she was mopping up the beds when i woke up . . . there was some candle wax on the window-Cronie said not to touch it there is a sign in the hall that reads "Quiet" it waits for no one-i think that is what makes people different than signs i say to him "they'll get you" & he say "no" & i say "& if they dont get you, you'll get yourself" & he say "you got bad manners & i go to church & nobody's gonna get me" & then some guys wearing parachutes come in & give him a wiff of mint & hand him a peacock feather & then they slit his throat . . . i looked out the window & saw this car stop-it had a bumper sticker saying "Vote, Goat" & a man got out & wiped his feet on a door mat he carried a book of Aesop's Fables & then Lady Esther came in again & cleaned up the mess-i turned on the radio but all that was happening was the news

boss aint it fierce the way that one woman with the Persian monkey treated the other woman with the Alley monkey? Claudette came to see me last nite she doesn't own a monkey & she couldn't get it then at the same time, the nurse came in & said "it's raining cats & dogs outside-is it too much for you to bear ha ha?" i couldve swallowed her

tonite i dance With Strawberry, the bloody clothes wife-i say her head, if necessary, would crack like an egg & she damns me-if i thank her then she calls me a whore so there's no way out..... my mind is with the kitchen workers but when they catch spiders & pull their legs off & laugh-it usually wakes me up . . . i am sick of people praising Einstein-bourgeois ghosts i am sick of heroic sorrow

as soon as i get out of here i'm going to my blood bank & make a withdrawal & go to Greece-Greece is beautiful & nobody understands you there

the janitor with a glass eye he's all right-at least he minds his own business-he tells me that Shakespeare's relatives killed his ancestors-& that now his brothers wont read Shakespeare he says that he used to ride to church on a ox & when they sold the church,, he sold the ox . . . the janitor, he's ok . . . Lady Esther says that he aint never gonna amount to much but i never speak to Lady Esther & what does she know about people with glass eyes anyway?

my bosom feels like the grave diggers have been at it all nite ... tomorrow if i 'm lucky, i'll have breakfast in Heaven ... some crazy fishhook dangles thru my window-i might as well get up & walk on my forehead i might as well lose all my tickets ... i wish there was something i wanted as badly as this fishhook wants to express itself

dear mister congressman: it's about my house-some time ago i made a deal with a syrup company to advertise their product on the side facing the street-it wasn't so bad at first, but soon they put up another ad on the other side-i didn't even mind that, but then they plastered these women all over the windows with cans of syrup in their arms- in exchange the company paid my phone & gas bill & bought a few clothes for the tots-i told the town Council that i'd do most anything just to let some sun in the house but they said we couldn't offend the syrup company

because it's called Granma Washington's Syrup & people tend to associate it with the constitution ... the neighbors dont help me at all because they feel that if anything comes off my house, it'll have to go on theirs & none of them want their houses looking like mine-the company offered to buy my house as a permanent billboard sign, but God, i got my roots here & i had to refuse at first-now they tell me some negroes are moving in down the block-as you can see, things dont look too good at the moment-my eldest son is in the army so he cant do a thing-i would appreciate any helpful suggestion thank you yours in allegiance Zorba the Bomb

Cowboy Angel Blues

meanwhile back in texas-beautiful texas-Freud paces back & forth-struggling with his boot & trying to finish his Vermouth-"fraid you got the wrong idea Mr. Clap-if i was you, i'd give in & go chop those trees down for my mother-after all, there's a little mother in all of us" "yes but i mean why do you think i do it? why do you think i intentionally set fire to my bed every time she asks me to cut down those trees? why?" "yes-well-Mr. Clap-perhaps it is the womb calling-you know-perhaps when you were a little boy, you heard a tree falling & the sound of it went WOOOOM & now as you are older-every time you hear that sound-in one form or another of course-you just want to-oh shall we say-light it up?" "yes that seems logical-thank you very much-i feel to go chop those trees down now" "ah but remember son-a tree falling in the forest without any sound has nobody to hear it!" "yes well-i shall be there then-i shall not burn my bed anymore" "good-let me know of your progress & if anything drastic comes up-here-take these pills-by the way, you should call your mother 'Stella' just to show her that you mean business-oh & while you're at it, could you chop me some firewood please?" "yes-all right-thank you very much again-excuse me sir-are you having some trouble with your boot?" "no-no-my leg's just getting a little hairier-that's all" - - . get

back to this beautiful texas & dont swap that cow-Corpus Christi aflame-common thieves-maggots & millionaires trading sons & dollars & rolling back chumps-the black gypsy lady & Buddy Holly himself into the tanks & voids held up to Scrawny Horizon by Lee Marvin & the forty thieves BRILLIANT & Sancho Panza Remembered like in an Arabic moonbook & Malcolm X Forgotten like a caught fish & wonder-ah wonder just what-just what That means . . . Lovetown so pathetic & the grown men crying-the winds are anchored here & you do not disturb these tears nor rivers-you do not take baths in the abandoned bathtubs but rather mix electric herbs & be watchdog to the Great White Mountain ... Funky Phaedra-in the center of a No Disturb sign & Black Ace singing-she tries to outstare a bowl of money she-as they say-has one foot in the grave-the apprentice clown, Tomboy, at her feet-he's known professionally as Rabbit Rough & plays a homemade steel guitar-when loaded, he really bites into it-Weep the Greed is watching the happening from a caved-in mare & he lights a cigarette with one of his stolen wanted posters . . . "love is magic" says Phaedra-Funky Phaedra-Rabbit dont say nothing Weep the Greed says "go to it gal!" "love is wonderful" says Phaedra "get 'in, strange'r!" says Weep the Greed Phaedra takes off her stetson-five bunnies & a nickel shot full of holes jump out "which way's laos?" says one of the bunnies "some trick!" says Weep the Greed-"love is that gliding feeling" "yipee! & i'll be a coonbong!" says Weep the Greed "love is gentleness-softness-creaminess" say Phaedra-who is now having a pillow fight-her weapon a mattress-she stands on a deserted marshmallow-her foe some Unitarian who's fallen off one of them high sierras lived to tell about it-he holds a fascist pint of yogurt "love is riding a striped mare across the orgy plains on barbarian sunday" screams Rabbit Rough, the apprentice clown this is the first thing he's said all day & now he hesitates Phaedra-while-is getting beaten in the fight-"sure it is" says Weep the Greed "& then your mare ends up like this one-then you put your arm in a sling-your feet in vault & then you get a job working for a camel-right?' Phaedra-totally wiped out from the fight-she come crawling back-seizes Rabbit-pulls his shirt off-twists his arm behind his back & throws him into the windmill Weep the Greed gets busted by the Padres & all the wanted posters fly over the united states-the mare gets confiscate & held without bail . . . Mr. Clap-meantime-makes an other visit to Freud "only rich people can afford you" h says "only rich people can afford all art-isn't that the way it is?" "isn't that the way it always has been?" says Freud "ah yes" says Mr. Clap with a sigh-"by the way-how' the mother?" "oh she's ok-you know her name's- Art-sh makes a lot of money" "oh?" "yes-I've told her all about you-you must come to the house some time" "yes" say Freud with a martha raye type grin "yes-perhaps i will". . . Phaedra pounding her knuckles into a piece of water -scratching her snake bites-a getaway car goes by consisting of: three lying hunters off the Brazos River-two window-peeking mothers each holding some decayed pictures of lili st. cyr-a side order of bacon-some underprivileged bonus babies shot full of dexedrine-a painter with a plate on his face-one barbell-Dracula smoking a cigarette & eating an angel-the ghost of cheetah, madame nhu & bridey murphy all wrapped in toothpastes box of magic wands & one innocent bystander . . . needless to say there is no more room in the car-Phaedra scowls & she bellows "love is going PLUMB INSANE" & wine bottle breaking-texas exploding & dinner by the sea-ship commanders with perfect features-they're seen-they're seen by truck drivers-the truck drivers complain of hijacking & see these ship commanders riding stallions into the howling Gulf of Mexico & here comes Phaedra "love is going plumb insane" . . . she is walking by Mr. Clap-who is smiling he wears his cap inside out-he's eating good fruit-HE'LL be all right-Mr. Clap-he'll be all right

dear buzz: i want the bibles marked up thirty percent to justify the markup, i want free hairbrushes given away with each bible-also, the chocolate jesuses should not be sold in the south... one more thing, concerning the end of the world game-perhaps if you had some germ warfare for it you could sell it for twice as much-things kinda stormy round here-office in turmoil secretary wiped out recently-guess what happened to the pictures of the pres? yeah well some joker drew a earring on him in the original print & somehow it slipped by the production staff needless to say, we couldn't get rid of any of them around here that's for sure

, so we had to ship them all to puerto rico-thing worked out ok tho-distributors down there said they went like hot cakes ... almost as fast as the red white & blue hamburger sets-oh-i meant to tell you, i think if you made the "I voted for the winner" buttons triangle shaped, they might go a little faster ... by the way, i did tell you to send the "I'm a beatles eater" handkerchiefs to the dominican republic & Not to england-fraid you made a little mistake there, buzzy boy! like i said, office in turmoil-got a new kid but he fell in the water cooler right away ... he's suing us for teeth damage-lotza problems see you in the cafeteria bosom buddy, syd dangerous Subterranean Homesick Blues & the Blond Waltz

let me say this about Justine-she was 5 ft.2 & had Hungarian eyes-her belief was that if she could make it with Bo Diddley-she could get herself straight-now Ruthy she was different-she always wanted to see a cock fight & went to Mexico City when she was 17 & a runaway castoff-she met Zonk when she was 18-Zonk came from her home town-at least that's what he said when he met her when they busted up, he said he never heard of the place but that's beside the point-anyway these three-they make up the Realm Crew . . . i met them exactly at their table & they took 2 years of sanction from me but i never talk much about it myself-Justine was always trying to prove she existed as if she really needed proof-Ruthy-she was always trying to prove that Bo Diddley existed & Zonk he was trying to prove that he existed just for Ruthy but later on said that he was just trying to prove he existed to himself-me? i started wondering about whether anybody existed but i never pushed it too much-especially when Zonk was around-Zonk hated himself & when he got too high he thought everybody was a mirror

one day i discovered that my secrets were puny-i tried to build them up but Justine said "this is the Twentieth Century baby-i mean you know-like they dont do that at any more-why dont you go walk on the street-that'll bull up your secrets-it's no use to spend all these hours a da doing it in a room-you're losing living-i mean like if you wanna be some kinda charles atlas, go right ahead ... but you better head off for muscle beach-i mean you just might as well snatch Jayne mansfield-become king of you kind & start some kind of secret gymnasium" . . . after being ridiculed to such a degree-i decided to leave in secrets alone & Justine-Justine was right-my secrets go bigger-in fact they grew so big that they outweighed in body . . . i hitchhiked a lot in those days & you had to be ready-you never knew what kind of people you were gonna meet on the road

i sang in a forest one day & someone said it was three O'clock-that nite when i read the newspaper, i saw that tenement had been set aflame & that three firemen & nine teen people had lost their lives-the fire was at three o'clock too . . . that nite in a dream i was singing again-i was singing the same song in the same forest & at the same time-in the dream there was also a tenement blazing there was no fog & the dream was clear-it was not worth analyzing as nothing is worth analyzing-you learn from conglomeration of the incredible past-whatever experience gotten in any way whatsoever-controlling at once the present tense of the problem-more or less like a roy rogers & trigger relationship of which under present western standards is an impossibility-me singing-i moved from the forest-froze in a moment & picked up & moved above land-the tenement blazing too at the same moment being picked up & moved towards me-i, still singing & this building still burning . . . needless to say-i & the building met & as instantly as it stopped, the motion started again-me, singing & the building burning-there i was-in a hall truth singing in front of a raging fire-i was unable to do anything about this fire-you see-not because i was lazy or loved to watch good fires-but rather because both myself & the fire were in the same Time all right but we were not in the same Space-the only thing we had in common was that we existed in the same moment . . . i could not feel any guilt about just standing there singing for as i said i was picked up & moved there not by my own free will but rather by some unbelievable force-i told Justine about this dream & she said "that's right-lot of people would feel guilty & close their eyes to such a happening-these are people that interrupt & interfere in other people's lives only God can be everywhere

e at the same Time & Space you are human-sad & silly as it might seem" . . . i got very drunk that afternoon & a mysterious confusion entered into my body-"when i hear of the bombinos, i see red & mad hatred" said Zonk-"when i hear of the bombings, i

see the head of a dead nun" said i-Zonk said "what?" . . . i have never taken my singing-let alone my other habits very seriously-ever since then-i have just accepted it exactly as i would any other crime

the soldier with the long beard says go ask questions my son but the shaggy orphan says that it's all a hype-the bearded soldier says what's a hype? & the shaggy orphan says what's a son? the taste of bread is common yet who can & who cares to tell someone else what it tastes like it tastes like bread that's what it tastes like... to find out why Bertha shouldn't push the man off the flying trapeze you dont find out by thinking about it-you find out by being Bertha-that's how you find out

let me say this about Justine-Ruthy & Zonk-none of them understood each other at all-justine-she went off to join a rock n roll band & Ruthy-she decided to fight cocks professionally & when last heard from, Zonk was working in the garment district... they all lived happily ever after

where i live now, the only thing that keeps the area going is tradition-as you can figure out-it doesn't count very much-everything around me rots... i dont know how long it has been this way, but if it keeps up, soon

i will be an old man-& i am only 55-the only job around here is mining-but Jesus, who wants to be a miner ... i refuse to be part of such a shallow death-everybody talks about the middle ages as if it was actually in the middle ages i'll do anything to leave here-my mind is running down the river-i'd sell my soul to the elephant-i'd cheat the sphinx i'd lie to the conqueror.. . tho you might not take this the right way, i would even sign a chain with the devil ... please dont send me anymore grandfather clocks-no more books or care packages ... if you're going to send me something, send me a key-i shall find the door to where it fits, if it takes me the rest of my life your friend, FriendFurious Simon's Nasty Humor

i had a dream that the cook leaned & shook his fist over the balcony & said yes to the people yes the people & he said this to the people"i want four cups of stormtrooper a tablespoon of catholic-five hideous paranoids some water buffalo-a half pound of communist six cups of rebel-two cute atheists a quart bottle of rabbi-one teaspoon of bitter liberal-some antibirth tablets three fourths black nationalist a dab of lemon cock powder some mogen david capitalists & a whole lot of fat people with extra money" then the cook's helper appeared & cleared his throat & then he said to the people yes the people also we'd like a mocking bird & some maids in milking-some raped college students & a drenched hen two turtle loves & a partridge & a gin & a pear tree" i awoke from this dream in the state of fright-then jumped out of bed & ran for the kitchen-crashed thru the door & slammed on the light/fell on my bended knees & thanked God that there was nothing new in the ice box dear Puck, traded in my electric guitar for one you call a gut one ... you can play it all by yourself-dont need a band eliminates all the fighting except of course for the other gut guitar players-am doing well-have no idea of what's happening but all these girls with moustaches, they're going crazy over me-you must try them sometime weather is good-threw away all my lefty frizzell records-also got rid of my parka-you can keep my cow as i now am on the road to freedom see yuh later alligator Franky Duck

I Found the Piano Player Very Cross-eyed But Extremely Solid
he came with his wrists taped & he carried his own coat hanger-i could tell at a glance that he had no need for Sonny Rollins but i asked him anyway "whatever h

appened to gregory corso?" he just stood there-he took out a deck of cards & he replied "wanna play some cards?" to which i answered "no but whatever happened to jane russell?" he flapped the cards & they went sailing all over the room "my father taught me that" he said "it's called 52 pickup but i call it 49 pickup cause i'm shy three cards-haw haw aint that a scream & which one's the piano?" at this gesture, i was relieved to see that he was human-not a saint mind you-& he wasn't very likable-but nevertheless-he was human-"that's my piano over there" i say "the one with the teeth" he immediately rambled over & he stomped hard across the floor "shhhhhh" i said "you'll wake up my No Pets Allowed sign" he shrugged his shoulders & took out a piece of chalk-he began to draw a picture of his kid on my piano "hey now look-that aint what's wrong with my piano-i mean now dont take it personally-it's got nothing to do with you, but my piano is out of tune-now i dont care how you go about it but fix it-fix it right" "my kid's gonna be an astronaut" "i should hope so" says me "& by the way-could you tell me what happened to julius larosa?" a picture of abraham lincoln falls from the ceiling "that guy looks like a girl-i saw him on Shindig-he's a fag" "how wise you are" says i "hurry & fix my piano will ya-i have this geisha girl coming over at midnight & she digs to jump on it" "my kid's gonna be an astronaut" "c'mon- get to work-my piano-my piano-c'mon it's out of tune" at this time, he takes out his tool & starts to tinkle on a few high notes-"yeah it's out of tune" he says "but it's also 5:30" "so what?" i say most melancholy "so it's quitting time-that's so what" "quitting time?" "look buddy i'm a union man" "look yourself-you ever heard of woody guthrie? he was a union man too & he fought to organize unions like yours & he dug people's needs & do you know what he'd say if he knew that a union man-an honest to-God union man-was walking out on a poor hard traveling cat's needs-do you know what he'd say d'yuh know what he'd think?" "all right i'm getting sick of you sprouting out names at me-i never heard a no booty guppie & anyway . . ." "woody guthrie not booty guppie!" "yeah well anyway i dont know what he'd say, but tomorrow-no if you want a new man tomorrow-like you can just call up & the union 'll send you over one gladly-like i don care-it's just another job to me buddy-just another job to me" "WHAT! you dont even take any pride in your work? i cant believe this! do you know what booty guppie would do to you man? i mean do you know what he'd think o you?" "I'm going home-i hate it here-it's just not my style at all & anyway i never heard of any booty puppie" "booty guppie, you miserable bosom-not booty puppie & get out of my house-get out this instant!" "my kid's gonna be a astronaut" "i dont care-you cant bribe me-i'm bigger' than-get out-get out" . . . after he leaves i try playin my piano-no use-it sounds like a bowling alley-i change my No Pets Allowed sign to a Home Sweet Home sign wonder why i haven't any friends . . . it starts to rain the rain sounds like a pencil sharpener-i look out the window & everybody's walking around without a hat-it is 5: 3 i -time to celebrate someone's birthday-the piano tuner has left his coat hanger behind . . . which really brings me down unfortunately my friend, you shall not get the information you seek out of me, my good man, am not a fink! none of my relatives are or have been related to benedict arnold & i myself despise john wilkes booth-i dont smoke marijuana & my family hates italian food-none of my friends like black & white movies & again myself, i have never seen a russian ballet-also, i have started an organization to turn in all people that laugh at newsreels-so: could you please stop those letters to the district attorney saying that i know who murdered my wife-my principles are at stake here-i would NOT sacrifice them for one moment of pleasure-i am an honest man yours in growth , ivan the bloodburst

The Vandals Took the Handles (An Opera)

to South Duches County comes Them & Woolworth's Fool & triumphant alicetoklas, the National Bank in short sleeves & the regulars-the sincereful regulars-House on its

final kick-still breeding & a cellarful of imaginary Russia peasant girls holdin

g triangles-the triangles are real-House on Doomstown, an academy-a priest with his winning from Reno coming in on a parachute . . . "integrate the house! " "only if you wish to live where you're not wanted" "then bomb the house!" "only if you wish to live there by yourself" "what do you suggest then?" "it's a pointless house-leave it alone-it is not happy within itself-it breeds disaster-it forces you to learn things that have nothing to do with the outside world & then it kicks you out there-the house dont need you-why should you be so low as to need it-leave-go far away from the house" "no, my friend, your way of thinking is called giving up" "do as you wish, your way is called losing-it's not even a way of thinking" the priest leaves with his eyes downward-he is examining the rocks but he's forgotten that his parachute has already been used once . . . alice toklas lays on a grassy knoll & blesses a flower "oh the enemy-beware of the enemy-the enemy is santa claus! the flower doesn't need her-the flower needs rain

we sat in a room where Harold, who called himself "Lord of dead animals, was climbing down from a ladder & he said "friend or doe? friend or doe?" he wore a black shawl & someone said that he experimented in the depth of mirrors-Poncho was very startled & screamed "i'll give you a friend or doe, you freak!" & banged him with a judo chop & stuck his head thru the ladder-"shouldn't done that" said a very manly girl who came down the chimney "he's very sullen but he's a good cat -does anybody want a piece of bread?" Poncho said that he wanted a piece of kidney-i said i wanted a piece of separate... the girl began to cry

in the photographs-you see the sand at Nice & Tangier & all the medicine men looking elegant & then out come the radar slaves-each one wanting to be an apostle & they carry the electrograms-we call them Employment & each one says things like "haul away ho" & "heave 'm johnny" & "I dont dig harry james at all!" & Hefty Bore, a leftover horror from the beat generation & a dubious health freak saying to his bewildered birdgirl, WeeWee the Dyke, "oh c'mon-it wouldn't cost you nothing to tell everybody that i'm the hippest person you ever met-c'mon-i do lots of things for you!" & WeeWee saying "but i never see anybody-you never let me see anybody!" & then Olive, who once started a streetfight over Carl Perkins' eyes & now builds laugh machines for rich democrats-he brings in the equipment & you get taken across a narrow bridge where hundreds of tourists follow & sail lead weight records at your feet & they place you in a giant bus horn & voices yelling "i want that one-i want that one!" Madame Remember appears & she takes away your photographs & all that's left in the outside world is your hand-little babies bite it & mothers are screaming SCREAMING "yes-he can have my vote-i'll vote for him any day" . . . now you're a plastic vein-you've vanished inside of a perfect message-historic phone calls come thru to your belly & curious tabernacles move slowly thru your mind-hitchhiking-hitchhiking unashamed thru the goofs of your brain-your ideals are gone & all that remains are the cutup photographs of you standing in the supermarket-the bus still runs but now you take cabs with the jungle boys ... Egotist shows you his diary & he says "I've learned to be silent" & you say "you've learned nothing-you've just said something"

the good folks around here, they got plenty of questions they beat elephants to death with candy sticks-"a white bear is a crazy bear" say the thieves who really are not thieves but rather plain people who dont expect their friends to get sick so they'll need them-there is an illness on the mountain & a polio lily grew out of a green purse last Sunday-a dangerous nickel lays on the town square . . . everybody watches to see who'll pick it up . . . TO SEARCH IS TO NEGLECT & VIOLENT LUCK IS STAMPEDE & there's a bunch of us around here but we only pick up dollars

here lies bob dylan murdered from behind by trembling flesh who after being refused by Lazarus, jumped on him for solitude but was amazed to discover that he was already a streetcar & that was exactly the end of bob dylan he now lies in Mrs . Actually's beauty parlor God rest his soul & his rudeness

two brothers & a naked mama's boy who looks like Jesus Christ can now share the remains of his sickness & his phone numbers there is no strength to give away everybody now can just have it back

here lies bob dylan demolished by Vienna politeness which will now claim to have invented him the cool people can now write Fugues about him & Cupid can now kick over his kerosene lamp boy dylan-killed by a discarded Oedipus who turned around to investigate a ghost & discovered that the ghost too was more than one person

South Dutchess County importing pyramids & scavengers by the truckload & Cousin Butch-he leaves now & then to make three dollars a nite telling about the flying saucers a warmonger-Antonio-working day & nite in a garage-he smuggles pad locks to the olympic swimmers & hires out women for the baseball players-he's very quiet & very fashion conscious-he knows his religious geography he's training his kid to be a gorilla & then he will rent him out for people's closets-he says his right hand holds war but his left hand holds a wet paranoid smile . . . the peacemonger-Roach-when last seen-was chasing a train -he says that his right hand hold peace but his left hand was seen holding a doorknob & a meathook . . . South Dutchess County in bandages & little Lady Suntan trying to analyze the Albino terrorists..... South Dutchess County pure as visions & uneducated-shall exist past the deadly complements to it-past its lack of holidays & past the possible

you cant fool me-i'm too smart-you were on that subway train when that kid got knifed-you just sat there-you were on the street when that black car drove up & tossed some form in the river-you turned around & walked to a phone & pretended you had someone to call.. you were also there when they castrated that poor boy in public-you cant fool me you're not so tough-sure, you took a big stand on juvenile delinquency-you said to run all the hoods out of town-oh you're so brave-sure, you say you're patriotic-you say you're not scared to drop any H bomb & show everybody that you mean what you say but you dont say anything except that you're not scared to drop any H bombs-how can you say that my kids must learn from a good example? they can learn from a bad example just as well-they can learn from you as well as me-you cant have me under your thumb anymore-not because i'm too squirmy, but because your hands are made of water ... when you wish to talk to me, let me know ahead of time-i'll have a bucket waiting ... just because your wife is pregnant, you've no license to meddle in mine or my friends' affairs-ask your wife if she remembers me yours faithfully Simon Dord p.s. you probably remember me as Julius the Honk

A Sheriff in the Machinery

Fringe-the boy lunatic-conceived on an Ash Wednesday when Scrounge meets Suckup girl-now Scrounge he's twisted-he's completely wacked-ever since a midget (who turned out to be a child actor smoking a cigar) stomped on him like a balloon, Scrounge just aint never been the same-it's been said that he paralyzed his home-

town soda jerk & if he didn't like you, he'd turn the jerk loose on you-to my knowledge, this never happened ... Suckup girl-her nosejob keeps dripping & she has to carry a gardener along when she goes to parties-she is talking to Bishop Freeze, who asks her "wha'a thinka that Monet painting? i mean i just got done spending five days reading Kierkegaard-alone in a room baby-just me & Kierkegaard -yeah-& the first thing i see when i come outa there is that painting-well! flip? lemme tell you did i flip? i mean did you dig the wisdom in that goddamn forehead? did you dig the crumbs in the chick's smile?" "yes i found it extremely i found it extremely . . ." "monographic?" says Scrounge trying to help her out & put the make on her "yes & also i found it voluptuously interesting" when Bishop Freeze goes home, Suckup comes over to Scrounge & thanks him "dont mention it" says Scrounge who unbuttons his shirt & shows her his name signed on his stomach "had that done in Kadalawoppa last year-that's in Mexico you know" "oh that's don

key country-i know it very well the beaches are extremely fantastic-i hear the fuzz are down there now tho" "yeah baby the fuzz come in about last Christmas-the scene now is in the jungle" "would you like to go for a ride on my stallion-we'll drop the gardener off" "yeah baby sure-then maybe we'll come back & shoot the bull" "all right-sounds wizzy-i got my gun & we can talk about Kadalawoppa & everything" "Kadalawoppa yeah did you ever know Puny Jim down there?" "no but what about Lupe d'Lupe-did you know him-he's a retired coffee expert-comes from the coast?" "yes-oh my god i did -i found him extremely uh . . . extremely . yes" "he's a natural baby-he's a natural-a meth-head but he's all beautiful-he's the one that showed me that the jungle was there" "yes me too-i found him extremely interesting" . . . nite falls now & Scrounge takes Suckup girl by the leg-she rearranges her mouth & they both go out the back door looking at the moon . . . Fringe is conceived a greasy fat newspaper lays on Roger's counter-Roger, the owner of Cafe de la All Nite-a spanish all nite restaurant-is sad for the first time in 9 months-his mother has disappeared in Paris & he fears now that all those frenchmen might have their fun over what they think is her dead body . . . roger glances thru the facts of the fat greasy newspapers tiger stampede in hollywood-anette & frankie avalon found in pacific ocean-hands tied behind their backs-footage of bugs bunny documentary found in the lungs of tom mix, whom everybody thought was dead but showed up as a boxtop-rebels attack Walgreen's in Fantasia-dictator wires for more candy-U.S. sending in marines & arnold stang-in Phoenix, man eats his wife at 2 in the afternoon-FBI investigating/ bomb explodes in norman mailer's pantry-leaves him color blind-big shakeup in sports department-ed sullivan & Freshkid, a relative of Prince Rainier & visiting this country as a guest of Cong Long, a grandson of Huey Long-seen escaping with catchers' mitts-contact lenses & dope tablets-Bishop Sheen very disturbed-when asked for opinion-just stated "i cant believe it-i cant believe this could happen to ed-it mustve been the company he's been keeping lately"-william buckshot junior writing oriental cookbook-is very upset that he's lived after falling off diving board with no water in the pool-walter crankcase arrested in Utah for lifting candles-when questioned, he calmly explained that he needed them to listen to some early little richard records-Doctor Sponge, inventor of deer poison & snap crackle & pop cereal-willing to take case for slight fee/ little girls spray chancellor erhard with goose fat on his arrival from miami -president lets embarrassing fart at banquet table-blames it on the eggs-stock market takes worst dive in years-in gary, india na, colored man shot twenty times thru the head-coroner says cause of death is unknown . . . no good movies playing in town & only one job in the want ads-NEEDE D: a honest man to be rag picker for friendly family-must be sturdy-preferably a basketball player- must have a love for children-couch & a toilet-wages to be discussed-phone TOongee 1965 . . . Roger puts down his greasy paper & who should come in but Scrounge the Suckup girl-it is early morning & they are not lovers any more-they are customers

False Eyelash in Maria's Transmission

maria-she's mexican-but she's american as Howling Wolf -"my worried mind, it annoys me! i cant take my rest! i'm disgusting!" says her brother, who sneaks across the border & gets drunk on skinny whores & Turkish gas-"maria needs a shot" says King Villager "she needs a shot of a very bored God"-the rest of the villagers sing a song that sounds like "oh the days of forty-nine" in a Welsh accent & Adlai Stevenson starting a riot on the mountaintop . . . maria once nailed coffin for a living-"i will bust a plateglass window over Adlai Stevenson's head!" says her brother very drunk on Turkish gas "i will prove to him that he too is a masochist-i shall make him bend like a woman & wish he was on a freight train to Frisco"-a marine with his finger nibbled-josephine-whose grandfather died at Shiloh stabbed maria once & hid her clothes-she was arrested on an incest charge . . . King Villager, who is slowly dying of cancer, polishes his noisy beard now & mutters "cops progress-american monuments" & "nothing matters" maria has made love with a beggar recently-he was disguised in flamboyant tinfoil-they made it in ' a saddlebag-she can run a mile in 5 days point 9 & the traveling roadshow t

hat comes thru the town once a year respects her for it . . .maria's father lays dead on the hill-rich pimps-human it & civilization walk over his grave to show her that the mean business... she is not going on any goodwill tours this year-there is a false eyelash in her transmission..... there is not many places she can taste

this is my last letter-I've tried to please you, but i see now that you have too much on your mind-what you need is someone to flatter you-i would do that, but what would be the worth? after all, i need nothing from you-you are so much tied up in, though, that you have turned into a piece of hunger-while the mystics of the world jump in the sun, you have turned into a lampshade-if you're going to think, dont think about why people dont love each other-think about why they dont love themselves maybe then, you will begin to love them-if you have something to say, let me know, i'm just around the corner, located by the flight controls-take it easy & dont scratch too much-watch the green peppers & i think you've had enough popcorn-you're turning into an addict as i said, there's simply nothing i can give you excpt a simply-there is nothing i can take from you excpt a guilty conscience-i cant give nor take any habit... see you at the masquerade ball tormented water boy

Al Aaraaf & the Forcing Committee

now the anarchist-we call him Moan-he takes us & Medusa-she carries the wigs-Moan carries the maps-by noon, we're in Abyss Hallway-there are shadows of jugglers on the wall & from out of the Chelsea part of the ceiling drops Monk-Moan's boy-Medusa going into a room with two swords above the door-some removable mirrors inside Medusa disappears . . . Lacky, a strange counterpart of the organization-he comes out of the room carrying a mirror-both swords above the door fall down-one sticks into the floor-the other slices him in half . . . Monk, typical flunky & writer of eccentric gag lines to tell yourself i you're ever hung up in the Andes-he leads us into a room with Chinese sayings that all read "a penny slaved is a penny is a penny is a penny" . - . there is a gigantic looking glass & Monk immediately disintegrates . . . after lunch, you hear a punch of rocks & car accidents over a loudspeaker & Chang Chung-some transient & a professional extra sensual bum without any pride or shame & he's selling rebel war cries & "how to become a birth control pill' pamphlets"invent me a signature" says Mom "i must go sign some papers concerning the zippers of truth" "zipper of truth!" says Chang Chung "there is no truth!" "right" says Moan "but there are zippers" "very sorry-velly solly-it is my mistake-it's just that i'm wearing huge shoes today that's all" "dont let it happen again" says Moan, staring down to his own shoes ... down the hallway now in a wheelchair comes Photochick-she is the flower of Moan & she's eating a cowpie

Grady O'lady comes in-gives everybody the nod & wants to know where she can get a maid-'t dig henry miller?" she asks kind of snaky like-'(you mean that fantastically dead henry miller? the real estate agent henry miller?" "what you mean?" say Grady O'lady "henry's not a real estate agent-he's a cavedweller-he's an artist-he writes about God" "i'm thinking of another henry miller-i'm thinking of the one that wears a tulip in his crotch & writes about cecil b. de mille's girls ... O'lady takes an orange out of her pocket "got this in the Aztec country-watch me now boys" she takes the orange & squeezes it very gently & slowly-then she rips it open madly & snarls & it oozes & dribbles down her mouth-all over her shirt-more-more she's all covered in orange-Moan comes in with his art critic-Sean Checkshit & both of them-they start discussing a shipping deal "Junior Bork has just finished his novel on World War I-speaks very good for our side & we must remember not to use it for toilet paper" "i'm going to use it for toilet paper" says Photochick "explain yourself!" says Moan & Photochick explains that one person's truth is always someone else's lie & Moan he starts whipping her with his map & she starts crying & walks into a room with mirrors & blows up-"now back to this shipping deal" says Moan, who turns around to find Sean Checkshit on the

floor with Grady O'lady & they're both covered in orange "tell me more about this henry miller" says Sean "oo ah isn't it wonderful" says Grady O'lady

in Ponce de Leon land-the union leader-Stormy Leader is on exhibition fighting a lady wrestler ... out of his past appears Insanely Hoppy screaming & dancing Screaming pouting "the world belongs to the woikas-the woikas-none of you want to be woikas-none of you-none of you could make it-none of you" "shut up!" says Moan, who comes in the room unnoticed "shut up-I've got a backache & anyway it's workers not woikas!" "the world is his-it's his that looks like a walrus & moves about like a walrus & has to sleep with a wife that feels like a walrus & he's forced to be a walrus for a buncha nagging kids & he goes to nagging walrus ball games & plays poker with a bunch of walruses & then he's driven into the earth & buried with a walrus in his mouth-i dare not say enough about him-he lives in his armpit & he hates you-he has no need for you-you clutter his life-you are lucky to be hanging around in his world you have no choice except to walk naked-why be so honorable about it-why be so honorable about sleeping with pigs?" CRASH "put that boy in with proverb writers-but give him a bad review & say that he beat his wife & ate pork say that he ate meat on Friday say anything-just get him out of here till he's ready for training" . . . a lost pony express rider peers out from the trap door-he is carrying a picture of a long corridor & he sort of blows out his words when he talks "you are all fools! you cant add! you can count to a million but none of you-none of you-can see the sum total of the ground on which you stand on" Darling the Hypocrite immediately lights a fire to the floor & People Gringo pounds his fist on a book & says that rocking chair & watermelon are the same word only with different letters . . . St. Bread from the riot squad-entering with his chess pieces & a hilarious hard on & he laughs too

mother say go in That direction & please do the greatest deed of all time & say i say mother but it's already been done & she say well what else is there for you to do & i say i dont know mother, but i'm not going in That direction-i'm going in that direction & she say ok but where will you be & i say i dont know mother but i'm not tom joad & she say all right then i am not your mother

prince hamlet of his hexagram-sheik of unsanitary angel she rides on a bareback instrument-exact factor concerning the reality of grandstand-Taj Mahal & Clytia's sundial missing-this exact factor missing . . . nevertheless-the bubbling under does not disturb him-Lilith teaches her new husband, Bubba, how to use deodorant-also she teaches him that "stinky doo doo" means nasty filth & both of these teachings together add up to Bubbling Under Number One . . . Obie Doesn't-whose eyes are waxed & that they say lives in a world of his own-he keeps repeating "these aint normal people are they? are they? oh my God-pass the crackers-these aren't normal people are they? hello hello can you hear me?" "yes yes it's true-they are-they are the normal people" says prince-who gives Obie a little tickle makes him laugh "but remember-it's like the boogie man told the centaur when the centaur invaded the territory of the Giant Mother Geese, 'you dont have to be around those people'-by the way, i've heard you live in a world of your own "yes it's true" says Obie "& i also dont go to birthday parties" "very good" says the prince "keep up the good work" . . . about this bareback instrument-sometimes the prince is sure he's on it but not so sure he's riding on it-at other times, he's sure he's riding on it, but not so sure it's bareback-at odd moments, the prince is sure that he's riding on something bareback but not so sure it's an instrument . . . all his daily adventures, unsuccessful potatoes & other pirates try to pin him down to Certainty & put him in his place once & for all "care to arm wrestle?" say some "you're a phony-you're no prince!" say the smarter ones who go into bathtubs & ask for the usual . . . the prince sees many jacks & jilts come tumbling down "funny how when you look, you cant find any pieces to pick up" he says this usually once a day to his bareback instrument who never talks back-most good souls dont it is not that there is no Receptive for anything written or acted in the first person-it is just that there is no Second person

MAMMOTH NOAH & the orient marauders all on the morality rap & Priest of Harmony in a narrow costume-he's with the angels now & he says "all's useless-useless" & Instinct, poet of the antique zenith-putting on his hoofs & whinnying "all's no t useless-all is very signifying! " & the insane pied piper stealing the Queen's Pawn & the conquering war cry "neither-neither" & jails being cremated & jail i n I fall' g & newly arrived spirits digging-digging their finger nails-their fin gernails into each other . . . Goal-H Cari & the Cruel Mother teasing at your ha rmless fate . . the sight of george raft-richard nixon-liberace-d.h. lawrence & pablo casals-all the same person-& struggle-struggle & your weapons of curls blo wing & Digging-Diggin Everything

aretha-known in gallup as number 69-in wheeling as the cat's in heat-in Pittsbur gh as number 5-in brownsville as the left road, the lonesome sound-in atlanta as dont dance, listen-in bowling green as oh no, no, not again-she's known as hors e chick up in cheyenne-in new york city she's known as just plain aretha... i sh all play her as my trump card

i would like to do something worthwhile like perhaps plan a on the ocean but i a m just a guitar player-with no absurd fears of her reputation, Black Gal co-exis ts with melody & i want to feel my evaporation like Black Gal feels her co-exist ence... i do not want to carry a pitchfork
prince hamlet-he's somewhere on the totem pole-he hums a little shallow tune "oh killing me by the grave"-aretha lady godiva of the migrants-she sings too ... t here are a lot of historians under the totem pole-all pretending to be making a living-there's also a lot of spies & customs agents -the popes dont quit & the a rtists live in the meantime-the meantime dies & in its place comes the sometimes -there is never any real sometime & the customs agents & spies usually turn into star ice skaters on a winter vacation & they brood about the meantime/ they usu ally dont know anybody under the totem pole excpt their elders . . . San Francis co freezing & New York neath spells of Poe & famous barbarians "you can make it if you have nothing" lips prince to a spaghetti dinner-wasting away on a slushy rink-belonging to nobody & the lumberjacks are coming "i'm searching-i'm searchi ng for some kind of meaning!" says Jug the Lady, an escaped werewolf-she wears a chrome head piece & has been studying Yugoslavia for the past ten months-she ha s a built-in jukebox on her motorcycle "your mind is small-it is limited-what ki nd of sense must you need?" says prince "i want to be on the totem pole too" she confides "the lumberjacks are coming" says prince & then he takes out his shirt tail & begins to draw circles on the air "there are magnets on this shirt tail & they all pick up pieces of minute-now you see-i've got something to do why'n y ou go see this fellow-Moan is his name-he'll straighten you-& if he cant-he know s someone that can" one of Jug's friends, a drummer who doesn't drum but rather just drops his sticks on the drums-comes out of the bushes -rather a sadist type & whose entire wardrobe consists of marine's uniform & a washed out nurse's out fit-he yells "i' looking for a partner-gimme some secrets! " & then there' two l ittle boys playing & one says "if i owned the world, each man would have a milli on dollars" & one says "if i owned the world-each man would have the chance to s ave the world once in his lifetime" . . . prince hamlet of his hexagram-he pulls a train & makes love to miss Julie Ann Johnson "i said gimme some secrets-i'm j ust the usual beer" says this drummer & prince carves Memphis-London & Viet Nam into the pole "there are only a few things that exist: Boogie Woogie-highpowered frogs-Nashville Blues -harmonicas walking- 80 moons & sleeping midgets-there ar e only three things that continue: Life-Death & the lumberjacks are coming"