Dracula

Lorenzo Thomas

Dracula

Crosses his blond eyes to think of you
Picks up his brown overnight bag and
Runs down the ash covered streets to the station
Scuffles with the ignorant ticket agent
Leaps on the bus as it belches forward
Passengers seeping into the dark
The city is obliged to be dark
And mysteriously desolate under
Ritualized demands of departure
The foolish moon of your care and
Coins filtering through his sheer pockets
A shroud with pockets   cape
His personal state of permanent transit
Covered with decals where he ever mailed
His possessions   This is serious business.
A brand new black greatcoat neatly folded
Over his naked arm the dance of human fluid
“Blood” in more polite terms. The tattoo
Remarkable and genteel,
Pictures of mountains
And soft undistinguished
Rivers in his hand
Across his dry palm
bus ticket duplication designs

The awkward sneer impinging on his nez

This particular place

Dracula depicted in venetian half-light
Dissolving boundaries of his presence:

Dracula your white faces
against the night
Hair falling back
over your faces

formula STORY

Personal history to that man was particular
Actual form and the descriptive logic of it
The word he thought it was
Was death, was the stiffened sense
Of the garments only a sob story
That we could say here was a person
And the person a loss to himself
How strange how strange. The bed-
Room of the most facile delusions
And the clothing edging the plump door
A frighteningly ponderous human body
Suddenly the face of Charles Baudelaire
Crushing on the television screen
Waking the thick solitude of common-
Place individual people. Confused

Lost. A man whose heritage and biography was death
He said so

Paste back
in the mornings
And demanding this song with your content
From me, the personal to be what person
History of a single man your are completely
Yes, but who are you

#
#
#
#

Start the thing over again:
DRACULA is not a myth but
Just another cheap novel
Written in the boring 18th
19th century made into the
Worst film of 1932 1958 and
Unless we get wise to our-
Selves next year over again
Then what is all this

Dracula is real Dracula is real!

ESSAY The demands of the loving human flesh
substance

A man and himself.
European habits

Colorless eyes filling the empty sleeves
Of the earth, another Slavic conception

After we keep on asking, What is that in the gypsy
language
What is that thing we no longer discover
Effective about our own faces in the glass
Underneath the 8b chandelier
The final odors of our dinner in person
Shudder in the monotonous drawing room
Still you have nothing else to amuse you

It compels. It compels
The imprint of his RNA
On physical objects and
Space He insists on it,
Insists he has been dead
Over 300 years and we
Suggest we believe it
After the trance we put
On our hypothetical
Subconscious mind Dracula
Dracula is real! good lord!
How do we understand it
It is life you have founded
Death’s mythology on, when
Your substance demands Get
Out of that umbrella now
Right now.

And now you are brushing yr teeth
With the language, trying to get
The decay out of the classical music
That lurks behind each evident crime

Every clumsy seduction of falseness
And mechanical simpering pride that
Moves like a film across the eyes
Distorting the incredible color of

Summertime on crowded sands
An unashamed obvious bur-
Lesk moving like a sloppy
Sneak thief in the dreams

Floating like sunlight into an awful
America white and unhappy as drawn
By a dull artist who lusts and his
Creations for the darkness of blood
And insane crime. But it’s a crime
What he’s doing and beyond statute
THIS IS A WORK OF ART no matter how
Unnecessary it remain to our flesh

*           *           *

These last lines of it spoken by the midnight doctor
And left hanging in the flat air over the station
To be snatched by the violent train of his thoughts
Suspended sentences drawing sighs from the placid
Snake tooth mouth of our Dracula. Change his form
Assumes an entire jury of peering witnesses walking
Deliberately like Negroes on the street,
And then the strict transformation rabble
Screaming and waving pockets torn off
The most respectable fences in the town
A lynch mob. Simple. This is nothing
With symbols except the holy mystery of
Our people in this country today. God
Have charged them with the presence of the unwanted
The necessary black Negro and this is the way
Our people bear their judgement
There is no release in the songs
Their music is dying. They try to steal
Heat for the beautiful instruments again
The black ones learn to play these
Machines but they leave our people screaming
Silence Nothing happens. More nothing and
The loss of the land hangs in the air
A rotten rapist. Stomach full of bloody
Advertising. Sculpture or is it dance
The hanging orchards of American but our
People are so ashamed. The signs alter
Our cities serving the sacrament Negro
Motion and feeling language logic blood
The jig. Boss. Silent, it is without Dracula’s
Ease he sucked from the ersatz Florentine walls
Something is yet lacking in our people’s religion
Said the doctor at midnight

Speaking their own language at that

*           *           *
Rejection and the knowledge it is a sense of loss
We lack, that only such emotion could complete us
When we are tired of our thoughtful survival and
Cry to be married to a cringing darkness and capture
It in our souls. Petty lunacy of each stilled
Evening in some totally unremarkable place, under-
Stand that as the torture of our rapturous manners

The white glitter of our impressive table
Manners and thoughts that go nowhere after
All we are content to have surrounded us an
Lift up to that light of our language and
Sip thoughtlessly of the ravishing cup marked
With the brand name of the thing we have used
To identify ourselves on this surprised earth

Minion. The register of surprise at some awkwardly
Pretentious demand
breaking up all over again
the expectation of some what
orderly form
The Cross
   crucific
back
in the same Dracula story

To have been saying, Dracula is a real person
A man

and any Art that depends for sub-
   there, the human
   must end in pieces
   appropriate
   like the hill

white stones
and green hill Athens

The pettiness of a real man
Walks in the luncheonette
Grinning over the sandwich meat without blood
an American
Dracula hmmm

*   *   *   *

A bouquet of ashes.