

FROM THE WHOLE MEGILLAH

A Crystal for
Bob Kaufman

The Poet Laureate
of San Francisco
Bob Kaufman
died in January 1986
at age 60

Giant grids of television
beam God's exile
The surgeon of the night sky
restores dead things by the power of sound
Chong Lee develops the Jewish
Dada questionmark unconcerned
about the future of revelation
Roaches check in but they don't
check out of the Black Flag Roach Motel
Wearing forks in my eyes
I look for love on a two way street
wondering about the classes
of the silken bay & how low
the fallen have fallen
You try to breathe out what
the nightmare nurses forced
your sensitive heart

You try to remember the gold cross
on the blue field of your third eye
throwing words on the wind of waste
If it is only God who knows
how to be silent
why then the incessant babbling
of His own most alien part?
On the windowpane of night
the cactus etches your portrait

Out of hunger they ate their books
in Leningrad
Jack London's hands wouldn't stop peeling
(Mel Clay)
Then I met Sylvia Sidney on Powell Street
wearing a Chinese lampshade
On her honeymoon flight to Gibraltar
The Princess of Wales vacuumed the carpet
while the eighth IRA prisoner
fasted to death on the 73rd day

I believe in the impossible musics
written on the back of the tortoise
David Moe sez that his nose is a light
switch

Kush on the African thumb piano
signals assent
Victorian nepotism bristles earwigs
of pioneer gorilla cults
Nietzsche cut thru the slavery module,
the German system builders
On the jukebox that same old jazz
speaks of midnight orlon,
styrofoam blues
All we need is one millimeter of space
under the auspices of our own energy

Total pink absolutes
cover the language of intuition
made sacred by ceremony & spirit
Nature realizes our existence
Vibratory sheet music sings
of departed sailors
Don't tell me it's time to leave
I'm still coming as you cry from
outside

O Goofball Sphinx, we sing your Sovereignty.

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