

LAMI

Alden Van Buskirk

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A Note on Lami

This young poet who died alas in his earliest 20's I never knew but thought at once when reading his verse ah what a lovely companion he would have been to talk to on top of roofs & bridges, or sitting with a bottle of wine or delicate martini in the middle of a living rm. floor at 3 am.

His writing shows that despite his early youth he felt truth, — perhaps it was a sense of his oncoming death that bore him to deliver

"A cry, this cry, to you.

In the verse all sorts of weird electronic references, images of robot paranoia, city impulses of supersonic nerve thrill are recorded which parallel the sensibility of at least one reader, & probably everybody.

This whole witty-somber-book, *LAMI*, consists of 91 pages & makes a complete statement of Person.

ALLEN GINSBERG
7:30p.m., 25January '64

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A note on the poems

The following poems were written during the last eleven months before the poet's death in December 1961. Title & sequence are not his, but full context of MSS implies such arrangement. Most were first drafts in nearly unintelligible scrawl. With few exceptions, all are fragmentary & the gaps have not been filled.

The first group presented here were written during the months in Oakland. Most of the St. Louis poems were written about six months earlier.

Lami: Negro sometimes Oriental demon of uncertain sex (brutal hood & bearded nun. .. "Is she Lam?"),

Tenement elf but above all guiding genie.

Lami: American lama descended from golden age "lambish folke."

Lami: also l'ami.

DAVID RATTRAY

LAMI IN OAKLAND

Oakland 1961

in another mental universe whose
associations orbit outward to infinite
theory while bodies
decay in Oakland furnished rooms
blow over in the cornfields of Nebraska —
In New York
the last clock runs down
I have finished screwing the last
woman about to hang out her wash,
kissing the last chinese baby on the nose.
My tenderness goes to the movies
in Los Angeles and is stuck to the back of a
velvet seat, the sweet gum
of my tenderness
hardening there with
the candy wrappers of nostalgia,
the popcorn of pity . . .
the last newsreel running backward
restores the last burning house
and the people skitter in again thru windows:
I see ten gangster films in a day, quietly
masturbating over 1920 dresses & eating
the pounds of State popcorn.
Afterwards dance my own shadow on the screen &
run out for a last look.

In every city the same, this is some science
fiction thing — am I
there among the senseless? corpses bloating
in eddies float back to sea now,
me carried along in the tide, no
I can still dream the sun, the
indifferent eye of the sun, earthquakes of crystal,
mountains the knees of
old gods bellowing thunder, this is
not my end, maybe peyote if I could
find it, peyote for the world
to kill the mind but the mind has
outlawed the spirit and covers all
America with cement, a huge highway
going nowhere but to the sea.

Sea moss creeps up the concrete,

the fish love me I am not lost.
The sea advances on the earth, and gently
methodically touches with wet fingers the
last warm ashes.

Nightletter

1.

2 am: back from a walk

summer night a widow in black (no moon) I am walking
beneath the black folds of her underclothes
a (slight) stench of summer slime
rotting in its
fullness like the fullness
before her last menstruation;
decayed membranes slough off
leaving the naked canal.

The immense legs, the bearded arch

(stars are tiny bits of bright white skin visible through the
oppressive black blanket of hair from whence the odor of seasons
descends. The smell is a poisonous perfume as she plies
her dildo-man)

her zones the
matted skunk on street
spread with ants
lingers aimlessly beyond the dentured pickets
into a
smell of invisible garden flowers fatal
tender
sweet
the compost of
her zones.

2.

room littered with themeless images.
Moths—Jap planes—ring the
window screen a
bloody muffled gong

while I sit in the dying hour
hocking a last clot
that even the pen turns
a greasy blue
before it
falls like a dead leaf
to the piles of leaves
on the floor among ashtrays

and socks, leaves with
a black odor (like hers)

3.

And I know the indifferent giantess
who secretes these seasons
is neither woman nor not a woman:
no giantess but a construction of the mind
of absurd smallness.

To make the pages of this poem
in the leavings of her vagina would not
let me forget your mouth

So now I stare into the
mirror screen where
moths dream of moths
a gong of rhythmless suicides —
paper words yet with the memory of your eyes a
mirror before moths circling
orange neon Dairy Bar lights
& spiralling down

I thought there was a lover
sleeping in your eyes

4.

And now the opaque dullness
of her pupils clears like
slime from a summer pond
in the first fall wind
of memory. And I
slip beneath her lids
with the sweetened knife

approach the bed

& stop short, lest
I kill myself

Lami in Oakland

1.

I saw Oakland
years ago in Vermont

Lay on the yellow summer-grass &
exploded the new parking lot the
cement warehouse across the street. Into?
Two years before, the main street —
narrow warped tar & elm trees torn down,
now new blocks —
 buildings —
 industry
 — shit.

Imagined cement cities, the new color of metal &
feel of plastic melting in windows,
dreamt this city Oakland from a school map,
its chemistry of colors,
melted fish shapes &
vacuous faces —
 but not this emptiness in myself

2.

my disease,
turn on every night,
no love,
no blood,
black piss in the
morning bowl.
failure of the inverse dig,
want to be alone, impossible, love everywhere,
know what it was like for Wieners — no,
but now a half-guess,
think back to last year & St. Louis,
afraid to think of her, one scene a last
party, false gaiety, to cover the
emptiness that followed.

Party.

(brief)

afterwards — Nackie strips & grinds in
a soft blue light, the religious tapestry
on the wall,
the phone call

3.

here —
fuck around w/ LSD —
big time kick —
hip biophysicist friend,
wander the docks,
Artis Crawford talks of Bombay
hash in the hospital coming
off DT's — once he sd
in fevered word-stream after midnight -
"It flew right back in my
mouth"
& once he got up to answer the telephone
that was ringing under his bed.

Push a little pot for bread
collect from Lab for blood test — not vertu —
half day spent trying to read, interrupted
by polite edgy voices.
Dream of cunt.

4.

In the park —
tenderly a shadow slashes a
50 Ford. "You can feel for a
car that old —
it's almost got personality."

5.

sirens in the night —
the city is crying for her lost lovers

Broadway, Oakland —
endless Army Stores, Western Swing
Bars, 40¢ movies the backdrop for a parade, no the orbit of
sailors apprentice hipsters & 2 bit hustlers —

one — angel face, soft curls
& shades in a pawnshop doorway
lifts her knee gently into
his belly — laughing noiselessly —
cool bodies circling in neon light —
pure light of the spirit the senses' live-wire ends
known in pot paranoia

thousands of sailors on leave still captive in their bodies,
few chicks so the sadistic swagger of male sexuality shuddering
naked in itchy blue uniforms, sweat breaks out, the eyes narrow,
glint & the burning, the burning everywhere a black fire under
neon light of the fierce lamp, no compassion, sky blocked out
by shouldering buildings & neon suns —

prowl of beasts in the night air,
black sweat from mouth &
asshole

(tortured necks in bus station penny
arcade dirty movies)

black sweat through inspection shoes,
rockets of spit cut by
plastic jackets —

orbit burning over the mountain, the entire scene revolving in
neon spins — a plate of carnival colors over the coast hills
whirls a saturn of rainbow stripes into eternity in the hands of
Wm Blake who guards the world tonight

6.

night wind and
newspapers blow loosely —
Spanish Galleys wreck in
buildings folding tragic sails,
drown sailors, lift again &
shapeless move
terrifying
this one
flowers an instant over
trolley tracks, my
head locks in its cradle,
blown free w/ a
permanent twist.

shriek through alleys until a blue/sun/lamp

The night stirs, wakening in
shapes I
 move among in blue.

a generator hums w/ steel flies — the brain
 charging beyond control, wires
 sing, ears vibrate to the moon &
A dog calls in the throat of his dreams to
me — amorous priest & pursurer.
yellow scab of a lawn:
can I puke words thru
worn grass?

(tried in woods but
the boy-cock sprouted
in hands of ghostly skunk-cabbage —
lovers. I prayed through megaphones
of blossoms & fountains
in my mouth, I swallowed words like
teeth)

Garbage pail raises
his hat in salute, stupidly
displays a cat for a hat-band.

This walk leads nowhere alleys are
directionless and in St. Louis laid out in
squares until the sun washes out
color they warp thru night &
dreams.
I would have been the poet
of garbage, stones in driveways were
planets without names, my eyes were
split in their volcanic pits. Still garbage imaged
life in rotting change:
& now I walk
the night streets
dreaming of black
sun baths. Fuck it.

7.

The miracle traced on a plate in
 dry ink: man half awake
confronting the objects which

are alive
with voices of the dead:
 motto: open here the eternal voice that
 sleeps within that the plate may not be bare.
Our loves infused with other lives, praise and
lamentation one in the litany of this
destruction, lack-love sings in
her multiple tongues.
O love and the instance
of ascension into the realm of pure objects and their
yearning, Godlight in the eyes of the citizen
betrayed by sight & ear, his bestial innocence
sings through cardboard and wool.

8.

A rollicking desire
I could murder in this room,
the room of images in the room —
poem theme that links them

Their disorder is blue.
The ballpoint traces blue letters
in a blue poem on paper
with blue lines.

The bulge of the eyes'
double curves weighted by love
swelling the lids & shape
forces each curve of the skull
& slow exploding growth
of twenty years, the fragments
never free in their disintegration.

And still the faces of my feet
see roads around this room,
the Easy Doors that must slide open:
I enter each —
always the same room, this room
in the windy skull
of wailing silences, American
midnight streets trapped in dead towns
that play dead all these midnight years
except in the dream & poem when
like the reader of murder mysteries
who had read too many
I leap to the last chapter

when the road winds.
Do up the roads
like strips of friction tape
& the roads' black tongues that touch in love

And I cannot people this poem
before the chapter of Road tongues
the apocalypse of love,
when the last pages of synthetic clothes,
summer suits & phony linens are peeled,
the words remaining, spell the poem
which is Desire, the living promise
of Keats' frozen lovers, living

& when I play Whitman it is impossible

A kind of inhuman torture by the
mad doctor boy with his love tools
loose in the "populous pavements"
diligent in his need, scraping faces
to the bone with wet holes,
sucking eyes with the electric fans of mouth
until the altered visage is sculpted
anew into simple & separate stares of need,
my need as it floats damned among
garbage & buildings, the misty liquor store,
famished gas stations,
searching for her face
Until.

Or sometimes on the same street
the stone men soften, each walking
a walking penis & the sight
of the needless suits,
the pulpy head beneath stiff hats,
the tiny lips moving so seriously,
prods a jump past relief to
hysterical laughter
or earnest motions of my arms
to show walking Desire
to each candy-wrapped soldier of
business
& their worms.

9.

Unending Apocalypse
multiplies to square of
total Destruction:

Gaiety.
Unending hipsters, hip tourists,
tourists really hipsters
Vision clearest when purified hipster,
senses (dig) eyes esp, cleared &
motives, desires purified.
Hip quiet — the young exec., the
 Mazatlan tourist, (but his
chest was shaved — often one sign)
Products,
Hip drugstores & dep't. stores.
End of Romanticism —
 see it in their eyes — undersea
or insect (Burroughs)
The lovers — purified into
propane flame of violence
desire like a shot of C spreads
thru organism uninterrupted by
Mind (repression, Romantic devotion
or affection)

This purity is a high Beethoven
violin note
played on the bridge: squeaking
air. It is. Beauty as an idea
is overthrown. Beauty as Beauty
is everywhere so it is the perceiver
who must be purged to
see clearly it? No — the world out of time.
Idea. St. Louis Lami poems an "education" and purgation. Now,
however, I see it is better Johnny bought the pastel Ford rather
than the Renault I (hung-up vestiges) told him to get. A
Lincoln Con't is better. Everybody, beat squares, academic
squares etc will put down this vision so it is confirmed.
But if it's too rigid you'll know — so let the reality, seen or
hallucinated — cool eyes, dictate, show up yr missfires.

A man on a vehicle accelerating towards doom; only he (or
a few) knows it, but is in euphoric junk state, (same as others
but not so blindly stupefied) & can only be silly/ smile & fart.

The flames smile back. & so he sees that it is not the
Apocalypse to come, but that we are in it we are it.

Our junk lives of cell destruction; discard yr universes
as we discard our bodies.

I used to think buses (the new whale & cow-eyed Berkeley
kind) were eternal. They are flames as our eyes. Burn forever.
But in perpetual destruction.

Our age of Metal & Gas. Only seers gas, explode everywhere.
The molecules of vision & shit.

The Ivory Bastard

(from the French of Arthur Rimbaud)

Come, d'ja descend da flues impassible,
d'ja send me more guides of horror:
d'ja piss red crying they didn't have any sybles,
The ants clouded nude colored posters.

Jets insincere to do the equipments,
Porter of flaming bees or of cotton angels.
Cunt-havoc my hollars & finish sayst apoges,
"The flues mount, lesser descender, or
d'ja fool us?"

Dance the clapping mitts of furious mayors.
My motor shivered in the sewer from serving enfants,
The chorus! at the pencils of the mayors
Omp pa! Salu! Tobi boll! plus triumphs.

Kitchen

In the jar of apricot jam a lava sea &
the ant is Jules Verne circling the crater rim in
Iceland, dreams his dream of the center's
sticky orange—

The radio with static in its throat announces
"Arthur Rimbaud's *Ivory Boat* read by
Dr. etc." he sees America in the title &
why not.
I translate a line anew —
(Comme je descendais des fleuves impassibles)
"Come didya descend the impassible flues?"
& Rimbaud flies by my window approving —
the sign — a flock of finches —
— wingtips wink like
coins tossed in the sun
over Oakland —

In thanks I unscrew the lid &
Verne descends the impassible flue
with his 19th century space suit he
looks like an ant hurrying there —

Kitchen — name of my room, I refuse
such a chewy name — why not
dove salon

— or
velvet cave

(I'm alone now the radio is an old French
professor I turn off slowly, his astral voice
drifting out thru space to other planet —
rooms.

Stop writing a minute & examine the
view from the porch no the balcony, bluff or
turret — Ha!

Every day it changes — the Movers
Supplies Warehouse is ogling the mailman, its
big glass eyes pop with love —

my room is more discreet — it feels me up
when I'm asleep & plays dead in the
day (then I tickle its walls with
cooking smells & barefoot dancing)

Someday it will come alive — coy lover —
not just ants & radio voice but the whole
room will sigh, raise a trembling chair
or lampshade to my mouth — sing through
faucets & pipes the song of my exciting
life here—

Fly me off the enraptured cosmonaut to
Iceland or San Leandro a genuine
flying fuck —

Oh room I wait with hard—on in my pocket
breathing your oven warmth & ask

Will I then feed forever from the mouth of
all Desire.

9 – 17 – 61

I am ready to come back to you. I've lived my life a
million times over in a few hours, seen everything, known too
much, & now I'm burnt out, want only love & peaceful madness
of America seen & shared with your eyes.

Last night I saw my whole life illumined over & over.
Each time one image/hallucination set it off. Nuance of a line

on the gold/black statue tells all childhood sorrows, a tracer
on the shell curving through past of dream & real life
too much for anyone, I will burn up, pray for God or codeine
pills (I left them behind in Oakland) to stop them, the endless
picture/ideograms that spell all knowledge, unlock forgotten
nightmares, diabolic comic strip of old illusions running on the
wrong reel too fast.

Don't take it unless you want to know everything simultaneously,
hell & heaven, terror & ecstasy —
to be Faust too & endure the humility of weeping repentance for
what your life or the distorted images that say this is your life
& you believe it helplessly,
perfect knowledge — its terror—wild hallucinations, but
hallucinations that wont stop, but devour time and leave you hung up
for eternity;
to take yr imagination out on the straightaway & see what it'll
do

but some other foot steps on the gas:

IMAGES: I wanted to see them all: dig my own
mind -movie — hungry-eyed poets of the universe live it all
so you can die in an armchair in Oakland,
loose wires burnt out & still sputtering —
clenched jaws, mouth aches today from it. Teeth grated & startled
me from Dali comic movies of Mickey Mouse war, troops, guns,
explosions, loves in toppling picture puns —
unclench, relax the mouth, dig it, get in there, dont back off,
it's what you always wanted, all the perfect gestures, classic dada
poses of the diabolic genius, angel-monster showman, the stage,
its depth curtains drawn back reveal the scene, but its background
unfolds: another universe of actors — they play out in the skull —
theater, more rooms, each more painful than the last, one life
lived over & over each time triggered by an image whose colors /lines
stretch tentacles of remembered sensations into the past, a
million déjà vues, no one can stand this I say, this is the entire
scene, no THIS is,
each image perfect & bottomless, the pain of each registering —
O sleep, blankmind, a drink, imagine blankwall but it breaks open
into new shapes more revealing than the last.

is this what you want?

Sure, I dig pretty pot dreams, geometric puns, abstract poem-
memories gentle & easy they unfold,
body warm, high a new chevrolet purring easily, not

madmind rocket acceleration at speeds of 4 universe-lives per
second, pain of too many mental G's the take off continues,
never leveling out . . .
apocalypse is a barrage of milleniums/ continual explosions of death/
birth death/birth, lives
illuminated in the flame.

When I tell you to try it it is afterwards in a room with solid furniture, remember that.

4 pkgs (160 seeds) Ipomoea tricolor (Clark's early blue morning glory) crushed and in gelatine capsules swallowed; wait 4 or 5 hours then smoke some pot, turn out lights, lie alone in dark room & start imagining anything, start with any image & let it send out another. Don't drink or take any depressants. Luck.

Child sick

Mornings, I'd blue my mouth
with ballpoint, read sweating under
nightcovers, listen to the radio, melt soap
on the tubes & later jerk off so many
times I'd cover the entire sheet with
crisp platelets of glue.

Then my grandmother heats camphor oil
on the radiator & I smell only hot rust paint,
drink her soups of many stomachs &
shit endless thermometers into her hand.

Noon melodrama
& mocking school faces out my window,
the organ swells their cheeks
with unhealthy blood, my own face
supernaturally blue.

Afternoons marked time & all tenses laughed
in cracks of sunlight.

So I died heroic deaths in
dreams outside time, tried all
visionary postures.

Was it then I became the
sky writer, in a plane that has no controls,
now I lie sick again in
that dream's
whirlpool the lost heroes jeer
outside the tunnel of
green water, my
airship sucked up, — asks a
lonely rider.

9/7/61

The Pimple

I thot the inspiration for *The Pimple* had died just now when I again examined the wheat papers beside the cigarette-rolling machine — Wheat papers heard of from an old spade teahead in St. Louis who sd. they were only kind used in Mexico etc. etc. & which Ceels has just brought me as gift. Then saw the writing paper where I'd placed it for doing The Pimple. Last sentence tumbled thru my mind before the wheat paper distraction was to insert in The Pimple something like "I write slowly & in a particularly exact hand because I've just been reading Henry Miller & dug him too much for poise that I need now." But First thot of the pimple recalling a Demerol vision of gangrene green legs filled w/ straw & Capper confessing to me & I to him of how we had aimed core-pellets from teenage pink-white pustules at the mirror & delighted at a direct hit. & how I hadn't told him of my secret dreams of a pimple forest where I am the hygienic woodsman w/ surgical axe, lopping huge mushroom trunks clean thru newly sliced rim, whereupon assistants — grave little men they were in this, sculptured beards & soft boots — sneaked out of the sky to stand hand in hand about the rim. Musician plucked his 2 stringed zither & stamping began: noiseless pounding of their suede boots in porous ground the sponge-white earth trembles violently & the volcano erupts in slow motion, a white earth-grub rising then (pop) flies free — straight up and sticks to the sky, hanging there — just another cloud, then the guest flog or drum pounds and eyes glitter coolly at me approving *You are the new axeman* —

— *ok* — *begin*

and I do, lopping easily, but suffocating with pleasure of the work at first, then as the humming sounds — faster and frantic my silver axe slices clean thru the airflesh — no resistance — the rhythm faster, dancers fly about each rim, the sky festooned w/ hanging grub-clouds, the axe lengthens — weightless — to a mile—long blade & I swipe acres at a blow, all sky white w/ a few blue eyes now, cocks & stalagmites, a of meaty mana upside down. I choke on its flesh, God's white shit is pure & I am a centripetal dervish spinning in place the axe lengthening out as needed to encompass lands out of sight, beyond the dream. An eye riding on the blade-edge.

That dream or the real & terrifying time w/ a girl last month, too immense for time really, a revelation that left me glazed for eternity —

After dinner w/ friends & Val is goodnatured, devoted — woodcuts, water colors, & full of love & remarks like asking George about his epileptic fits, etc., after dinner she says she has this — no I come in on her already jabbing it w / a needle a huge red welt w/ only a

pale pink-white center dim & not high-topped so naturally the axe is no good here —She is scared & so am I tho I scornfully laugh & offer my cool surgical assistance: she accepts & I throw out the needle, wash hands & by then goofing friend held up a candle like real surgeons & apply gently two forefingers to outermost peripheries of the sunken meteor. No result & I know this is a deep one, so w/ a deep breath lay into her, press straight down & harder, eyes closed, sweat breaking on my palms, lean in, standing upside down on my hands all body weight saying I give myself to you completely prehistoric mesozoic granddaddy, wound down in her so far & then the skin breaks, a tiny wound breaks w/ the first flood-grey monolith pickled in slime spouts a full inch into the air, she gives a cry of disgust & sexual tittulation & still it's coming up the wound widens an enormous white turd now, (her things are shivering & I know — I *know* this giant worm is wound deep into her ass — coiled in there for centuries, it all oblivious of America awaiting the super-axe man tested in dream to awaken it, bring it to life maybe as the snake of evil fated to embrace the earth, but the demon in me drives my hands out of sight in the porous wells of her leg on either side & my finger tip, hear the trembling & tell me it is bottomless, she is the Virgin who must give birth to this monstrous God her womb goes thru earth to the real Hell I was laboring in w/ my axe no wonder the mirror on the sky; the dancing men, my blood is lead & pistons bang it to the fingers (I'm still upsidedown standing on my hands in her leg) & the turd is an enormous stalk wide as my arm, the three arms there a tripod holding my eyes in place, & I know now *there is no core!* this is it, the pimple of man's evil dream, nobody, not Capper or me if I cd help it would go farther — her ass once so full has shrunken into white folds beneath skirt which falls down about my arms & is abruptly shot up —torn away by the terrific speed of the thing, it's through the ceiling now I think, will the landlord make us pay, but no sound & I can't look up, axeman's cool voice is in my ear urging just the right pressure on one side then on the other, & I see the little men down there dancing gravely on the rim praising me. Me! I'm not the guy you want! But I am, I am satisfied now & cool — this is the operation I've been trained for. I won't panic. Familiar insane instructions repeat themselves in my ear & the idea of a core vanishes like a slow zeppelin over Biloxi, Mississippi — now there's no kitchen, no San Francisco, no earth, only pale blue around me, we're in space my hands out of sight below me arms down thru clouds into the flesh of her leg covering the earth — the earth what happened to the earth it is melting to pimple-vegetable-curd feeding up through the canyon in that flesh forever out of sight & lost?

It lies on the floor like a busted balloon, an old condom, I pick it up & shake it dry, then blow into it warm air & she opens out again, talking as she blooms, about a pimple on her leg somebody slid squeeze because it makes her faint to do it.

This pimple, this snake out of the Volcano of flesh is the means for evacuation — It's arbitrarily given me as the means for the emptying. Whether congealed or in liquid — carrot or flood — they're packed there — all the images of a lifetime extending outside that life in

time. I've drunk so much coffee I'm sick & couldn't describe them w/ this shaking pen. But like the night I took LSD & pot —all the images of my life I thot, each seemed to contain a vision of my life illuminated w/ the color & shape of that one image & the parade of images seemed endless —But that night w/ its nightmare are one dot on the carrot-worm still wrapping itself around the world, invading the Universe.

The poem a psychic invasion. The world seen for the first time in a Proustian *déjà vue* — seen again for the first time — terrifies Dreams too. But the pimple, the evacuation of all images, doesn't terrify, at least not the artist; and it is only the artist who has squeezed this pimple. It drains the shit and sentimentality and leaves the artist coolly working away, digging for the core that isn't there, until — when it is too late, he cannot stop working — it becomes apparent that the pit is bottomless and has no core.

Sun Poem written falling asleep for Ceels

Plate magnet drops beard of iron
into ship's volcano:
rust red smoke stains the California sky

I sit on the wharf hands in pocket
& lift cars from Broadway with my
Giant Crane, Ladies freeze & beseech
wordless — my straining arms
Lift higher into the blue & they
signal by dropping Kleenex tissues
into the sea, silly ladies, those
Fish will explode & return to sniff . . .
they seldom sneeze

But now the sun much nearer in
summer so it's now or never —
My crane hoists black steel &

heaves up its platter a black dot
disappearing into blue, yanks down the
sun, & drops it into the hold.

Those deck hands
(their plastic helmets saved their
glorious hair)

The sun is in the hold of a Greek freighter
Soon it will leave for Panama
then Atlantic & Mediterranean, never
take air on deck, to take a
sunbath . . . poor sun,
disconsolate with only scrap iron to
melt & cigars of merchant marines
to light, I could never export
you, even in my imagination,
from the impossible blue
of your destructions

Sun who gives us Vitamin C & blisters
Sun the eye of Buddha who
burns me with penitential fervor to
perform pointless labors that
are his own labors,
Burn in my head forcing the
sweat of dreams & illumination thru
the skull,
Open me
& then escape to Sweden for a rest cure to
blacken the nudists in one final tan
Sun, I'd be a chary crater without you
ashes of my mind everywhere — mind
I can never lose not even in the volcanos of
Oakland though I continually try & beg
for your help.
Sun when will you stop burning from
the inside & dry my imagination
like a cuttlefish on the wharf
& give it to me on the magnetic platter to devour
unsalted, its own last meal.
Yesterday I went to the beach
& everyone lay in burning sand
heated by their sun
but my sun is black in the
bone cloud & only 2 rays
break through bluey shuttered eyes
& today the *Alexandros*
loads scrap iron for Greece at the

docks of Oakland & I have dropped
the sun in her hold where it burned
in blackness its new universe of metal
arms & tongues. I talked to it calmly
at first then hoarsely begging for explosion of
steel & bone — full light —
no more darkness where energy eats itself,
don't tire now, send out rays like
erect cocks & charge them in all
directions, the last vision
the last light & my last body consumed

Last will and

If I die in sleep it will be in a convulsion whose "terror"
and "beauty" proved irresistible at last. I rise, the
quivering bud afraid to blossom.
It comes out of dreams where music,
color and objects interchange
but for their continual flame. It is within this flame-
flower I am drawn up sweating half awake and
horizontal. Spine arches in short
spasms. I see nothing above.
Darkness everywhere or are my eyes gone out.
Before now: I gave in to life and awoke
trembling — a coward.
But every time more rigid,
every time more pull, I
hurt with desire to
explode and vow no more retreats.
God wants to fuck me too,
and death will be my final lover.
I give her all.

9/7/61

Dave this is all true

Recall N.Y.C. Xmas last, one night alone

LAMI IN ST. LOUIS

St. Louis Poems

God runs a gas station in
East St. Louis, wears
big blue dungarees.

What angels in the gold rest rooms,
what music of the organ pumps tonight? O

Croak not Black Angel, the
truck pulls out to
flame the streets at zero.

Gene showed essentially a square attitude
toward the new myth of mud skinned angels, and when
confronted with the knife in a most
serious "dance of the syllables,"
subtly cooled from exclamation-
mark to dash

No Splibbins, No Smacks, No Straights.

When yr supply is
depleted, turn
on w/ a stick of garbage
or shoot gold dust from the sun.

Poetry now — 1961

indolence, not art for art sake or (worse) life for art
sake. . . or poetry dwindles to Zero.

Fuck Olson & the crowd. Only Ginsb., McClure, and Wieners
for me.

I cd write in all tones, mad and/or sweet drones.

Steal ideas, i.e. frames where possible.

(A walk & the God seen or not seen, etc.)

Rimbaud yes, but now my own tough american lingo

Walked through folds of
your dress that

I might see the God.

(Dreamt sunset exploded the
city & smeared it with
red gold mash, lanced
through alleys the shafts of
sifting dust, now warehouses

Stalked the nightfold streets of her
gown, still caught in the smear
of setting suns, brick-melt. Thought
"city explodes in mash of
red gold"
but cement gnawed fingers through black

that I might see the God without

Process

We can flower hair but
only spades know this like
one Garvis saved 10 bills grew
long wires (wife ribbed him,
but understands) & gets orange
"process".

Johnny at the Harlem club —
"use lye, potatoes, etc. called
'kunk' to keep it in place" (majestic
orchid swaying by w/ hiply
careful steps —

And then always noticed they were flowers
& had more pride even tho
built waves had
some kind of
nobility even in their turbans (were to
keep in place at work etc.) they're mad

Arabian warriors brown-black
eyes that startle glass.

Once saw hairs blossom on the flower
unpressed soiled
gabardines & the
sweater shirt, kind face but poor
with kid & the heavy
blossom deep brown full—blown rolls elegantly
smooth — one loose strand for casual
. — the pride is deeply shared!
and they are poor, the man & kid
but say to me
"who cd be ashamed of their own hair?"

Carol

Her hair black
flames blown stiff on the
pillow —
sends me out for bread &
polish sausage.

The delicatessen—
rose hams (electric guitars)
sway from the walls —
brown-pink fingers
dance on my head.

Cross tracks & uphill wondering
will she drape that sheet &
wear it again all day.

— Glides thru sunshafts to me now —
Egyptian wrapped, yawning &
scratching her behind —

[something she does or says & how it denies an
illusion in me about? or some kind of
revelation — what is *she* to me?]

Radio blasts the last images of sleep w/
blues,
sweeps her hair
alive again and
burning.

I tried all walks and stances

I tried all walks and stances before throwing my own in the game (this supplied by bald medical students puzzling over charts of my hallucinated death and negro maids pursuing trays in sunless parlours)

Hoods, junkies, priests, pimps and respected legionnaires endured the indolence of my tribute:

Arthritic shopping bags, faultless housewives and drunken babies, all were mastered in a bedroom lined with stolen mirrors.

Langorous one—legged corner leans precipitated collapse on liquid sidewalks (hung-up on dreams of my rayon gabardine armor) this hood with the steel hair tensely folds in black attitudes of abandon (small town summer nights), foundering bums with perfumed hair (worship thru the altar of the nose) supplied from my attic (An Army-Navy store) with 3-armed sweaters and canteens of Japanese wine, or once, enormous belts ornamented with machetes that so emerging, carved through crowds, allowing the wounded to parade thru muscatel golden acid eyes reflecting—

Oceans of melting trash red-gold (two suns continually setting), city hall erupts in roseate flower and molten rubies stream in the gutters, his thumbs plow eyes for double suns in a bedroom lined with army blankets.

Yet could not assemble her Negro water of walking. Cramped hoods glitter, bums eddy in shadows and nuns sail slow in the unctuous breeze but no animal emulated Negro water of walking:

horse tied in formal prance strains,
squirrels twitch and

deer leap once then
out of sight while
She is moved by

belts of stained cement,

glides by her windowed eyes in
music
improvised around the

dim beat of broken shoes and

His blankets dropped from the rural night.

Still the victims rattle through windows soured by rain to a room where the dwarfish boy destroys his saints with a glance thru bluely shuttered eyes.

In St. Louis

It is late afternoonlight
blue and leaking
through amorous folds of curtains drawn across
the sun. Inside a winter sunday is eclipsed
by dance a young Negress bestows on poorly
lighted victims drowsed to a green alertness
by radio-organ-blues. Affectation of languor
from shields of sweat and smoke.

Ascend limbs
 separate and

slap the high wall so —
 only the bass strong enough
 not to unbend.

(could be seen a crack over french doors in the plaster
angling toward ceiling jointure, diagonal its yearning as a
map of veins/fingers/separations spread netting over the
walls are caves and the web of diamonds, fingering
her one twitch reverberated so.)

And the sun filtered and gathered again in
sheaves of steel, shafts split the shadow of her legs
blue waist fixed beyond firing of
each limb, the plastic torso apes violence out
upon the walls to rhythmic suffering her
hands implore, parody until their cry whines
up through smoking mouths and skulls.

2.

Spring porch shadows over
driveway and rusted swing, in the playground,
 children wear curls of chipped paint on the railing
September companions flowering in the sun's color.

Cement playground, surreal landscape of
grey with the flowering iron swing, and
poles petalled w/ backboards, hoops and net, under
central curls the play is of cat . . .
Negro kids in the dusk now shooting
the last hook before supper

My sausage weighs in pocket, follow a girl w/
red stockings, a man reads
newspaper,
I sit on the curb and
eat my
banquet laid out on the streets,
the last shadow moving in

3.

That this star in the mud, broke
corner of amber glass contains the

breadth of morning in its glare,
flames cars from sight and slices an
eye of the boy thrown from
windows soured by rain.

Later, on another corner, the sun smokes through.

Muted terror

I am dreaming.
It is pleasant to dream.
I dream cars churning
corners below this porch.
They are not circus wagons
or signboards boiled
open by the sun. Dreaming
they appear as colored sores
issuing from the stop sign.
They are not water, though sun
dances on their glass backs.
Nor can I ascertain their depths
for their reflection breaks from
the limits of chrome.
To dream the motors? It is not
possible except as the sun and the

weeds pry their hoods off in future junkyards.

A blue one displays its thousand broken suns
swinely, dark head in; the window severs blacknecks,
it soars drunken above
the others, a bleeding fire.
This is a car not a bird.
It terrifies beautifully.

Sunset poem doodled for Martha

Hey, am I an otter sleeping w/ yr
ballpoint? (writ on this chest I am but —

When I smeared brick w/ red-gold mash of
sunsets warehouse corners nightly sawed my
fingers slipping in blood
(just try & push pot to cocaine addicts —
weeping they slice yr multiple throats)

All dreams vanquished by cement & now this
rusted school merry-go-round (that's the "flower"
choked my nose when held upside down by punks punching
tokay fists (in the groin)

And what about "knights" on motorcycles &
billboard giants worshipped when abandoned by those
leather hoods in the joyride of that poem?)

No, certainly the grass sweats diamonds & cars
jeweled by rain sprout wonders more terrible
than the dreams of my greenest angel.

And when the blind man's accordion bristled 5¢ pencils
(ripping poems of an undersea city) the lips of his
unborn eyes opened mouths of innocence & I fell in
between tortured lids to unseen streets of
fingered sounds & so stood shoving molded scars
apart on thresholds of forgotten vistas, then shaved
cities of animals & weeds suckling stone at last,
in a timeless afternoon, while the
dance of canes and apples unwound.

Or so it seemed, until that sun also fell.

Omaha Terminal (Rufus, Cherokee)

I am see old man
 in bag pants kneel
bus terminal one night ago.

Prayer beads he have and
 hold to plastic
holy mother turn of stair.

Move in behind his
 smelling head of
muscatel and hear
no virgin mother name
 but some name Johnnie
or of that kind
 a son he had, he say.

And so to help from laughing crowd
 (and fucking cop is near)
lead up to Mens Room floor —
 no shoe shine man to see.

In third stall wall is
scratch of Holy Family / he
smile and try to
speak a thanks but
 his words break through
 empty place, hear
"Old men have big bags."

Hate poem

Soul spread on the city of
flesh with your spatula, you are
kneading black jam into your hair, lost and
slaughtered witch-wreck,
pudding with the haze your eye
spreads, obscuring daylight and
alleys to the river. The sun, not you, will
consume me and spread my particles in
deep shafts splitting shadows where you walk
black and forsaken angel
your woolen wings are leaden with
sweat, your words reduced to
crackling shrieks and gutterals of des-
ire, *donna nera* of this slime covered

bedroom, your claws plow the wall like
giant shears, mirrors they cannot
touch, or the sun beyond the brick, clean as disgust,
hate that sings thru the teeth of my pen.

Return

Veins blue-fevered and
 you tap and float in sailing
 with flat paper
 bags, always goodies,
for grandmothers, but my hair
is thick and almost blue-black tonight:
the veins in my hand bulge with
the black blood your absence gave.

The black smile

Field —
Fender diving
Seasons at a time
cracked ass pot
So porcelain
Until I see
the riders cheer
The women groan again
that I may hear butterflies scream
Giant jungle man fights condors,
dwarf after butterflies in the field,
where winds voice
litanies of farm angels

I walked another year
To the pasture of dreams
Where dreams burned by sight
of things fought
through wet division
& Black Smiles to
gasp & force again
my herd of shaken hills

1.

Over the Mississippi car lights worm in white waves from toll booth over span to toll booth — then into black Illinois country. I found myself riding with a man recently freed from prison. At first he spoke in a language whose words were objects. In his words the river became visible, eddies pulled me in the currents' desire, and the water I knew as the city's source. Ferries were the stars in this sky of mind. Blast furnaces spewed flame marking the shifting boundaries of the flow. The land was undersea, and we groped on the delta, lavish silts, roadhead of adventure, threading a way between deluges of past & future, the midwest of this year: reading telephone wires to uphold our voices. Staring broken eyes of Illinois warehouses, railroad tracks everywhere departing. The river is the center from which the

cars groan or a rush back home like open mouths pull away the barge tow in the water, the car sunk over its springs swaying and

"Let's sound this joint for some happenings," (all are submarines) pull in at a "Steak & Shake," make it to the "Music Box," wild sounds & there wrong turns once deadened & a railroad crossing

a final road winds past the last warehouse, fields of ash & broken huts, rectangle of pink neon to the left and a sign

HARLEM CLUB

Alight. Best put on your darker glasses (Yours got medicine in them?)

At 5:30 dawn is breaking dimly, the joint growing ugly with paper cups & glued liquids shimmering half congealed on tables, the featureless walls become cracked with paint as does the face paint, mascara wigs & rouged faces of the queens, the lesbians pugnacious & boisterous like drunken midgets reeling & stamping angrily alone thru crowds, beyond the tune of their lost desire, jerking in their

clothes.

But her hair is real, I can see the roots in her skull when I whisper on her cheeks & somehow I see her in natural dress, simple & elegant in the circus of screaming doll-heads.

J. is propositioning her — wants to take her home for both of us with a bottle & so sweetly sad she smiles, say looking straight at him,

"Baby I'm gonna tell you something: I ain't no chick & I don't play that shit for money, but love."

J. says, "I know baby, that's o.k., I love you." But it's late & just before we go she calls me over, says, Come here "pretty boy" & I lean, she touches the soft glove to the nape curls & gently pulls me into her face, murmuring,

"Give me some sugar, baby,"

kisses lightly my cheek, I could just feel the outer edges of the lips grace the skin, without breath or pressure . . .

2 fingers for 2 drinks I'll bang that motherfucker, she could see I was for that, man, I dig broads I mean I dig broads, me, I'm hip to that shit . . .

lost in straight road that winds thru refineries to heights, cars
in hock — craps

2.

Lami who soars on wings of black leather can possess only one soul in a month. Sunset afterglowing on the grey towers on Market Street sends him up from the sewers where he sleeps, by day grill-pots in the street cover his iron gates, slides thru the hot mist into the flow of crowds near Famous & Barr or back of the loading area of the Greyhound Terminal. Today 5 o'clock & his guise, as usual a hood of steel hair in a Duck's Ass pomp, black leather, wide nose levis & scuffed boots. His station at the slot machine near the souvenir counter. He wins the first game, though the board reads tilt three times as he jabs the outside corners with the heel of his hand, clack of the silver rings inaudible against the flashes of light & bells ringing on the board. The girl in a purple jumper (1940 7-Up calendars looks indignantly from her position above the 1000 mark, turns her back to the board. This sign I saw from the waiting benches & prepared for the journey, purchasing supplies — 5 baby ruths, 3 postcards of Natural Bridge & a pair of sun glasses. Lami's ears, upon closer inspection (from the candy machine) proved to be pointed, webbed to his head without lobes. A woman with shopping bag traversing behind him, he steps back with well-timed nonchalance & knocks her against a bench. Bag spills lunchbox, magazines & souvenirs explode arbitrarily, he apologizing, pretending to help gather up flowers from the garden of junk, really kicking things everywhere, box open, sandwiches slide about, cigarettes stuck to the peanut butter & she helping — in a hurry to catch some bus, irritated by

Lami's incoherent explanation, lets handbag down to free both hands, while my fingers slip in red-leather lips, pluck bills from the kernel purse in the bag, float out the door humming sadly to myself.

Out walking thru back alleys to 4th & Olive, whistling in the 7 o'clock dark, wondering where Lami will appear from — "Right behind you," says the quiet voice of a nun with a silver beard, grinning & toothless, & invites me "up to the cloister for a Jap-type pad, we'll do up & ball for my plastic Jesus. " Then the black habit melts into leather & Lami the reform-school hood holds out his tiny hand for his cut, 15 bills.

Weeks later, Lami began pimping 3 nymphs from the river in East St. Louis & changed his guise to that of astral hipster — compact, mobile for a "streamlined mind" he explained when appearing in silver silk 4 button suit with natural slope—shoulder wings, hovering over a street lamp on Locust Street looking for tricks for one of his chicks invisible at the time.

3.

Dull explosion inside the condom. Lami over Cabanne Street alley, hovering at the fire escape grate, dances his grotesque applause; I supply him with his parody blessing the man and woman, riveted together, legs askew and gently rocking slow to silence. The man disengages, reaches for a beer. Lami's lingers grope craftily through the man's own fingers, knock over the half-empty can. Soft laughter, way in and deep bellied. Match flare in the dark corner, Lami slipping away from the light, sliding shades over pointy ears, antennas picking up a San Antonio late jazz show, easing over the alley way to early summer blues. Coltrane.

3 a.m. at his post — hovering over streetlamp on Delmar and Clara, keeping an eye on his girls. (The only affection in herding them like frightened ducklings into the Southern Kitchen for two meals a day, ordering the right food, tucking napkins, as a mischievous mother would trick them.)

Saturday night, darksuited, sunflame tie and hornrimmed shades at a popular coffee house, Lami the dark statue, full grown, only the ears inhuman, sits in a corner waiting for Clea, Freddie, or Ruth (Tues., Thurs., Fri., Sat.) to bring him the night's earnings at midnight. He

sips from a stick of tea & tobacco, doddles poems in hip fairy slang, or dreams to the piano trio — Midwest Imitators of Monk or Horace Silver. Lami occasionally retitles tunes for the group. Round About Midnight his favorite.

4.

Harlem Club — East St. Louis

upper chamber

easily now two Refinery tanks lodge against no the pillars passed the tanks on way in its push or pull, push in. Dizzy Reese not snappy as Hogan, spades here slow toed move as statues slowly come to life their curves (Arp) into motion suggested where is he, . . . where? follow?

Follow — he's talking — what? "stairs to paradise" see thru glass in window rugs with green flowers seem to be roses no cant tell steep stairs old tenements. They save space that way where at the top the rose — red rose clitoris pinned on black . . . Dave's corsage, sweetest and smell by any other where's Dave? "Shoot craps here, daddy, like I passed seven straight once & split, no jam, but shank ready, baby, cut with 70 bills" empty now — crap tables gone. The hall & a door. 600 admission. Doc Perry and the Rhythm Kings Rhythm & Blues probably, Lil, who's Lil, call her Tiny, madam on the side I bet (sd you were a pimp in '46, earlier) leans over in her ear friendly come—on, no fake in with owner type — we got in free — She likes him, yes we're in free, where?

Green, & pink walls but run to keep up down steps underground yes underground.

5.

The homosex priest

In Father Dismas Boys home, hero-priest of Readers Digest popularized fantasies, Rufus (Okie-Cherokee) stands before the oval mirror in white tiled bathroom. Zips up a cream-colored plastic leather jacket his cheek bones higher, redder. Padre emerging from the john, flushing sounds attend solicitous arrangement of his black dress. The dark woman venturing from her cave of subterranean waters, tainted, impure. Reek of shit-perfume blotting the clorox brightened floor. From tunnel of the winged sleeve the claw spreads with flesh too

healthily pink, nails clipped with a woman's scheming care for talons. Pink flesh on ivory now. Rufus immobile frozen more before the proud images stiffens at the Padre's touch & compliment then smiles half-assured. Sun shadows climb the opposite wall, faint clang of radiator pipes in the white room: near dusk. Roof pigeons mocked by the father's honey-laden voice. Pink flesh glowing like neon, phosphorescent ruddiness on the plastic slipping reptile sinuosity over the elastic waistband on the seat of faded levis. Pause & a breath: proposals for the rehabilitation of Rufus, Cherokee & petty thief one month out of Kansas Pen. Father Dismas finding the waterfront job in broken faces of unemployment; strings pulled for the new movie title: Hoodlum Priest. Bit part for Rufus carrying a sack of potatoes through a corner of the screen — " 'the padre' that's what we call him here" — quote from a punk & title of one article — or to his smaller more covert audience, the padre with the greedy hand, worm in the polls paid off by the mayor & fuzz, charity for these boys with jobs, fond of the sideburns & leather-belted muscles (wear tight levis, stuff with paper & the padre digs your joint), snake's mouth of the cocksucker, bites where it hurts, — new Cadillac this week, but Rufus got his jacket (government grant to the home reservation goes thru a century late) and the white "leather" seems tumescent to his touch, the soft touch.

Dig: Padre send out a pink feeler, finger under asshole, hits back end of joint yeh Rufus is hip, doesn't jump, just combs his D.A. murmuring a need for \$10 (score unlikely) and the antenna freezes, jams up & the wet tones: "Jive, baby, you ain't no different. Ten my ass — dig that shit." Rufus, the edge harder — "O.K. Father."

"Padre to you motherfucker"

tentacles — 2, 3 fingers explore the double-stitch and rivets of the crotch. Rufus relaxes, moves with the black gown in a sedate dance toward the stall, a bottle and a six pack and butts (five bucks) his eyes plaster giant advertisements on the inside of the stall — an old indian — no smile — but with a vodka eye-patch — stands beside a bourbon bottle, color and stiffness resembling it. Leave Rufus and his mark. After all, it's a score, he'd say, anyone would. But Padre's bread will be spiritual, invisible, you can bet.

6.

Now the trees resume configurations. Electric wires flare from the cord, or as Fat would say the Hair'd stiffen, wires when they turned on tile juice (so shave 'em for the Chair).

But trees of lock and steel on Wednesday April '61 with Carol my pink heeled dawn, she and me pull in to the old hotel with sign in front "Interracial Apts" and laughed at her black oval face against my pale and bone-white arms.

To Fat, week later, over polish sausage and beer:

"You know about that old woman with black magic or sornethin in East St. Louis?"

Quiet for half a beer in one swallow.

"Matty?" says Carol, and he nods. The cat lets down from his lap and sneaks behind the refrigerator, tail charged in salute of farewell and then heard,

"Let me tell you Van —"

And his words shot out in tiny drops of spit like spray off a pounding waterfall above the dark pool serene with slow and violent eddies. Current pulling pulled and her hair shot straight in the electric chair, one of the first victims — Mattie Blackburn (perfect name) and seeing she wouldn't fry, cut current they, and faint en masse (flies by RAID in cloud of bombers plummet) while she walks out of the joint, the hair was quite outstanding. (Chili car . . . her jail, 10 miles from the Mississippi; she walked to the Illinois side that night and "flew?" no, walked like Jesus with his beard glued on his head. Anyhow arriving in Mo. sets fire to a river warehouse blowing wild words that flashed with flames against the black above a crowd of locals — Fat, a boy, among them.

Hear, you Christian motherfuckers,
Croak not Black Angel.

all he remembers now. Then grabs paintbucket with downward flames of dripping paint on . . . label, points to these then to the flames, heaves paint in an armswing, and stands on the upside-down pail between, "between flames of red danced into the sky, and flames of paint ran into the ground."

Then walks back to Illinois and takes up residence in tar shack at a fingered cove and smoke out the windows is all seen of her for five years until I (Fat) in school pulling off in the boy's room this Elma come in and catch me by the balls. Fat, he say, your ass is had, I gotta jinx on you.

(Visits Mattie — she leads him to *real* faeries in and out of the city)

7.

Revelation of Lami's tastes

Lami threaded the center hole of a Montovani supermarket record with his spark-plug cock, his silver nail needled the grooves. The yellow toes methodically flicked the edge at 33 r.p.m. From his enormous mouth, stretched so corners of his lips split & bled, the violins seethe their monotonous vibrato. The metal plug telescopes out, green sparks play at the tip, recedes, the violins moan, ascend and scream child dreams to cello, groan out and die. Discards.

Fletcher Henderson next; same bit, also other nostalgic whinnies with similar simulated fireworks, these decrease and finally telescope fails.

Lami shits (cookie-cutter-formed green dough) heaves turds at the mirrors. Must of alfalfa scents the pine-panelled recreation room (modelled after Home Magazine blueprints). Twists TV knob with a knowing (& sad?) smile, slips thru first nimbus of blue to

What god is this, what divinity now stealing the show in this "human comedy"? Winged and impotent pimp? Sick with commercially reasonable nostalgia. — "Some frantic shit" (his phrase) the story swells to dissolve with the last sound of his phantasy. But a note lingers, summons up a dream, and the forgotten unlooked-for boy, myself: agony of radio ballads danced on the sour bed (the mother's voice, the house in tears) and he tears off clothes, throttles the tiny radio with his thighs, violins again in the chamber of the anus, ear in belly records and mouth speaks through eyes & nose in certain fluids and emissions within the empty furnace where I watched Lami's occult rite of despair — "the past upon me, my manhood cast down."

And at this moment the silvery bearded laugh from all house registers thunders down the central pipe, booms in the blackened bin, and he is back, mocking at my weakness; parodies my sobs, rolls dancing on the floor, hysterically mimics the rotten nostalgia that grooves in my gut.

Another con-game, deftly played, let it end in his image of riot.

9.

Lami & the whores (Invisible, tipping over tricks 'n beers)

Lami & Floyd —

? start with sketches of Floyd —

(1) in G's room — Floyd rushing up
stairs in his white leather continental coat,
boots escaping in two buck debt

(2) pulling into post poetry reading party with
four taxicab drivers, turning on in bathroom,
Carol tricking jut-beard —

(3) In Bus Terminal (this was first time I saw
him) wants white chicks, play for redhead (I
miss clues) Is she Lami? I wonder —

10.

No carousel abject. All abasement spiritual, all degredation religious. Herman with the birds speaks their feathery twits on cocaine, Lami pimps for God, blues and the dancer would explode her limbs to the abyss and to heaven? no — to encompass the world, her belly spread in a summer slime, that dancer the summer night with her flow of terrifying & metamorphic love. Animals infused with it in every particular movement of love-energy. The moon reflects the sun, sleeping grass dreams its upshot, held & forest shudder in her thighs. Behold the saints in Amsterdam, blue, each hour breaks toward dawn, King Alfred, love & the terror consumes you.

11.

Left trees and highway to jazz open car door blowing over softball diamonds and iron merry-go-rounds into the black stench pool of open mouths of rust-lid lips & frog tones in the summer night St. Louis lights in a pink firecloud.

O my army coat of moss striated by headlights,

spreading in the slime, raise a signal hand once more and this arm stiffens, bark on elbow, closing over forearm, wrist bone of wood and the tendril veins climb in blue ivy, up the bark, legs rooting in the shifting moss and mud that these words muscle in the sap.

Ten years ago — the boy slaving between sumac and maple groaned to three trees in a Vermont wood, syllables of prayer to their writhing to boil sap in stone branch as fired split fork with love to beavers (crows choir at his hymn of wooden muscles). Lip-torn syllables of silent worship to no sun, sky struck slow in twigs of standing trees. Flush once in the maple torn by lightning, novitiate of the tearer and the torn: this epileptic priest whose child's cock stiffens whiter than mushrooms pushing the underside trunk, seeking crevice and wet fissure. Years later — outside Panama City — jungle quonset hut bar stifled with beer smoke and the whores' screech, stumble out into night behind light bulb, leave the cough behind, a jungle writhing again, heard Rhythm & Blues in the fan leaves of rubber, plastic trees & neon phosphorescence of rot wood risen from the swamp grave, sings on the road house of all South America, drugs sold over the bar: imagined greased roots & tendrils of green marijuana crumbled in a brown hand.

Now this meet with Land outside St. Louis (or maybe one of his familiars . . .) a mile off Route 30. Night fields perfumed with opium, marijuana, one brushfire turns on all America, peyote cactus burgeoning out of the fingers, river shifts in the distance, delusions swept to Atlantic, carry a child among white bellied fish, bloated phosphorescence of dreams. This swamp near that river, singing with mosquitoes and ecstatic boredom of infection, turning into itself the poisons of spring, narcotic sap & root erupting flower heads in pain, rape of blossom by stem & pistil.

Sky violated again, black fold in the dress of the whore parading as virgin, desiring this infliction, she suckles root and stem for her pleasures, mother of her loves the incestuous swamp soil of night and summer; this swamp the slime in her cunt overflows on the highways wakes again the terrified prayer in the throat muscled with her lust, desirous roots gently cracking cement in the West, leaves swallow cars dulled by winter suns. Here tire rot in the swamp, rubber melt in the marsh, moon splitting crates of sewage, her parasite lovers run over the wood my trunk erect, throat wound tight, all prayer wails like coyote saxophone, tending toward zero. Jazz from the car radio still calls, looses me from her thighs in the after-wash of love, that call, and I follow, my feet tearing holes in the mud.

Yeah!

12.

Speak low,
the sun sus-

pended would shatter us if we
told the sleeping children (make 'em
wino burns but still children)
of the

dandelions muscling thru our toes.

Breathe soft: this valley of suffering grass so
scorched by iron it bends yellow in August,
shaping high in late April full-peaked
over the city this
May sunset.

Dusk shaft on stucco (the mission and its
derelict saints crouched in light)
shadow of silt on warehouse windows in that
alley where they wander.

So I came, leather skin and
eyes of broken sunsets out of cellars into the
traffic fried at noon
your face among the faceless, only
angel in the city's form — a
woman walking in a rubble field of weeds
and broken houses, eyes of the sea, green
hair and singing to yourself.

Jagged, two
paths of sun and stone cleaved to
cinders, coincidence of light and
dirt joining in the corner of exploded
cement a

city dispelled, the spirits remain. Ghost
ripped thru by boulders of the sun,
shadows where they shift from the light,
spectral dissonance of vibraphone stairways,
stained cement under powdered brick,
weeds everywhere waving tendrils in
helpless gestures. Crackbrain and roof-
skull of families, black
shed of tar over the dancing, let them fester in
the city's "sore" YES the city's source and
drunken sunsets, razed to cinder and sand, the
land vibrant with trickweed and peppered with
dandelions in this one place. City within a city now half
primal again in the fingers of rainroot seeking
fissure. Two paths thru the glass, one
patch of new grass in the middle where someone
bends over steel and orange crates painting
invisible faces — barest flowers of
man — custodian of refuse, garden for
pickers of the garbage fruit and corners of
glass broken against the sun.
No sound in the fragments save the
wind's sound — a
continual sound of F thru the brick piles and
weed. Speak soft if you must speak at all,
only the two of us
whole in this garden of the city's
shattered brain.

13.

(written in flyleaves of an Ovid)

and walked streets of all the cities, search for the god/gods there, anywhere among faces and debris of images, doorways — tapestry of un-sculpture. Their eyes, not coins on the lids, but eyes of the gods charging the skin with blood light of love — St. Louis, Chicago, New York, flat cities on water, river, lake and ocean where my army waits — laughter of waves in the sun, their voices floating in the water winds thru uptown alleys, avenues of hallways, highway cracks streaking on the walls of this furnished room where I recall the searching that unrolls even here, eyes beam breakthru the will to mindless images in sleep, I seek them, the eyes, eyes of lights, bodies transfixed in it, a glow, one light wraps them all . . . and all the other poems I'd scribble madly, in St. Louis, each descent to the street could destroy, shock of morning, "broke corner of amber glass contains all mornings in its glare," the fire tints cars, fenders of flame, sunrise and set in red clouds over the city, the apocalyptic fire here now and always, no prophecy of Hydrogen doom, but the continual destruction and birth — life and death, sun and night with its mirror of white flame-tips, always the renewal and death of wasted life, a convulsion of cells and stars . . .

sick with the ideas of mind, clouds, the eye, voice cramped with lost styles for months I'd imitate famous poets: old men with inevitable words bound together with the glass of old eyes, flashing insect eyes, periscopes methodically surveying the Pacific on a clear day, Japanese planes threaten, war plays above the waves, but the periscope surveys its sectors cool, old men, Homer . . .

Vermont, home, all of it.

But the street.

14.

Fuck with flameswords (words) till wounds
provide an alphabet to inscribe

DIRECTIVE

the cities in your flesh

I rode sweating in buses whose wheels sang the lyrics of an
endless poem I alone could understand, but even
those vocables compressed and charging turned me on
to the driver demanding that he fly over the
diamond cone before I wrenched the wheel/ that he fly this diamond
whale
into the sun

The poet sees the child arriving at every adventure without
memory, reveling in spit & rotten papers among the forests of
a yard, & is envious.
He tries to devour his own past & only regurgitates & gnaws a
bitter end, spitting words but never purging himself.

Not after but within this poem I stalk my lovers —
weapons waved in crippled gestures I would hack you
to see the black & taloned angel.

Improvisations

1.

The old woman whose eyes ceaselessly strike my forehead requires gentle torment on the
bus. Three advertisements allayed by the fourth distract her eccentric passion before I stand
up to offer her my seat on which a miniature army prepares mediaeval weapons. The noon
with its superfluous jewels excites the riders to strange languages and soon their tongues are

flapping hideously and uncontrolled like idiots' lips along the blood—streaked windows which only I could open.

2.

The old queen bagged in the rags of phantastic stores puked upon beauty, a dead cat. The flames breaking from tire marks to the matted pelt discolored her mountainous hair and I lanced the enormous abcess on her neck with the most brazen of children available. The city continued its caress, until a sweet metamorphosis introduced by a tornado brought the cat's trunk and flattened head alive again, lifting it from the curb where the woman had stood, long since dead, into the ravenous air. Sky sung back.

3.

A cablegram arrives with a message from a poet who desires his cock in exchange for his past work. It has been rotting in this silver pipe of his anus for twenty years and by now is thoroughly digested.

The reply was polychromatic (neither architectural nor ligneous). Thus one envisions the filthy sweat and hair which hangs from his open mouth as he reads this helpful advance.

4.

One day was compressed between the *unguinals* 2 & 3 of the boy most beloved of soldiers & queens near death. Rolling the ineffable substance into a ball, like the leaving & offerings of his nose he brought the nail to his eye & with this microscopic lump obscured a ravenous landscape to the left.

5.

The lady of whom I speak occupies the body in various aspects; at present she is at home against the inside of the left leg, but is often to be found in the hollow of the back or in the stream & manure of the anus. In herself, I occupy similar zones, but home is the white of her neck. I nestle in the nape, astride the blue vein.

11/2/60

Lami's prophecy

"so that your 'politics' describes the activity of certain insects doused with heady poisons . . ."

I observe from a proportionate height those heedless of my spray-gun who cannot see the changing colors of their family skin, yet hasten before the dark rain devours them. I have described this rain as proliferation of desire in its polar futurity.

Negroes have simply come with the rhythms of the last decades into the homes of the insects, & their laughter is a rain of dark & golden syllables in the shapes of loaves. Those refusing the proffered bread meet a specified end. Those who accept, first casting their minds into metallic containers, are sucked through the extended lips & mouth of the Negro, flow through causeways elevated on cables of blues & funeral marches to a sty where fried fish & other scraps lie in temporary camp. From this advantage, those who have "given of themselves" are sweetly digested into phosphorescent worms & crawl gaily about the viscous air while beneath them, those who have denied, including respected statesmen, ministers of suburban redemption, & many young women, are methodically raped by steel torsos whose legs breed a thousand cocks of black leather multiplying to an exponent of $n+1/\text{sec}$ as they touch the skin of the refusers. In this way many are horribly discomfited & only at first enjoy their defilement. Soon the steel torsos melt to forms of children, images of half-remembered progeny; a green mascara frothing on their eyes, they cling with superhuman strength to the genitals of the bewildered, plunging tiny fists easily through the belly skin & raking out mountains of entrails which fall smoking to the earth, where they become red jewels & coral shells. Other atrocities are perpetuated in the name of Love & a suffocating music soothes the dying which expresses excellently the imagined cries falling from the ventrical mouths. After an obscurity of some three days, the bodies can again be seen in an entire green mass which rots, sliding across the black-marbled earth until a slow fire rises from its center. The earth is now hidden by green pillars of stench & during this phase the lights of the blessed are preserved in stoppered tubes. When the noxious pillars no longer ascend, lights burst the glass & gather into two forms like a man & woman — & find themselves in a garden whose heavy arbors & thick rotting wood fences are encrusted with the dung of tame animals. On this "New Earth" the naked pair display unimaginable bodies of shaded colors, never leave each other's side except in sleep. They have no memory, & occupy a zone of air whose putrid

perfumes I cannot endure; their activities bespeak a liquid density which surrounds them & which they breathe as easily as you breathe bluest oxygen. This zone is neither within the earth nor outside it, but requires centuries of unbroken sleep to comprehend. From the ashes of the former destruction a serpent arises & wends its way through a total & dramatic sleep to the female.

He opens a single mouth in what has been called a "whisper" — in reality an ever—expanding mist of deep red—filters among the rooty tissues of her brain, causing slight meteorological disturbances & intimations of electric storms in the countryside of white pulp trembling beneath the fingering mists. A certain word, formed in a giant pattern advertised on her skull is easily read but she cannot pronounce it. Often she seizes on this word & struggles to open her mouth in slumber but she cannot form its features in her throat.

Soon the garden enters an arbitrary round of seasons & the two creatures are alarmed; fall kills the fruit that shone swollen in decay upon the hardened earth. An opal fruit is sucked into her eye & the light given off by its decay powers open the lid until this "pupil" mirrors the garden & beyond — a glass countryside never before seen. The woman compresses her enormous eye to its original size, but the garden has shrunk to a flower which lies in the palm of her hand, & she stands on glass steppes in a rising wind. The man appears & they walk sliding & falling on the slippery glass for many miles until the sea appears beneath an obsidian slope. Entering it they bathe facing the sun across the waves, turn back to the shore & discover a pasture flecked with boulders before a wood where deer are heard running through paper leaves. They step from the waters & lie together in the pasture. The deer are silent. Soon the largest boulder breaks open: it is hollow & children with animal skins clamber through the opening. Their song perforates the rock with a thousand pastel windows. The rock, at one point cylindrical, will blossom with spires & antennae in the last phase: windows multiply in dimensionless patterns as hills are bored by aspiring ants.

From the distant wood a dark man glides through the fractured sunlight, raising his arms & singing —

And as for The Discarded Lami

I imitated the old masters slavishly for you — gonorrhea and
visionary drugs for required spiritual disciplines and now
shed saucers of skin w/ every shudder of withdrawal.
Sounded cities for gold w/ the alchemical symbols of change
but weeds drowned the gas tank when the fires of my disciples
were drowned by children's tears (tattered w/ newspapers of
filtered sun they still chant curses in your beard)
Smelled broken glass in highway gardens, coughing back the
bottled blood on handkerchiefs of your flowers that
plowed thru rotten stumps & the groin of incestuous summer.
In schools a gay hallucination rescued my eyes from ideograms
gnawed in the desks — hair tufts twinkled from her ears like
shaving brushes and together we lathered our tablets w/ ink.
The sought occult answers from his counsels cd not decode this
revelation from the stars.

After the desertion (a)

Streets empty in gray absence of light
their prints swept away by alto winds
the gods have deserted the city
their shoes hang in Good Will Stores
or writhe in incinerators
Lami's silver shoes among them — faster than
new sneakers for a
flight of thieves —
flame blue at last.
Lami was Joe Angel, Johnny the Fag,
Rimbaud, the Road Runner, myself.
The idea of the image is murdered,
debris wins at last.
Mind is free of imagination at last &
shits gaily in the streets, floods
paper buildings &
shines fresh in the garbage sun.
Citizens' bodies turn, bloat
in eddies, &
flow back to sea.

After the desertion (b)

Gray absence of light.
newspapers blow loosely in the streets like
Spanish galleys crumpling against lamp post or
curb in tiny convulsions; no tragedy — they
billow off in the next breeze.

The gods have deserted.

Their prints erased by alto winds the
gods have deserted the city.
Their shoes hang in Good Will Stores or
writhe in incinerators — one last dance before

debris wins at last.

Mind has conquered imagination &
shits gaily in the streets,
streams from paper buildings, slime
in the ashen sun.

Bodies putrefy in doorways, only the eyes
flicker short-circuited by the
senses, their eyes convict me,
No they cannot see, they have
abstracted the sun & are lost
in me the dreamer,
only Tam not dead for I dream,
my spirit-candle electrifying the
world forever.

OTHER POEMS

Imminence of Snout-Beetle

"I'm not yet a snout-beetle,
Sir." Sir Laurence of Moriches

Friends, friends,
Blast Cooking has subdued the soup-coat
torn the atmosphere of Panda Fumes!
 (he sd to men in garbage-suits
 laboring thru the ice cream streets
 in morning of the up-sun.)
Blast Cooking has sanctified the velvet hamburg,
Friends, friends, I have seen the Steel Heron
 hovering hyperdermic overhead percents

And only the Snout Beetle survived!
 (Furnished birds drop cold
 units on his nevertheless head)
 while the old bear, snoring in his cave hiccoughs
 wild flowers in his dreams.

Yea I have seen Lord Fred and his
 motley entourage
 breathing into the V-value of playful zeppelins
 that porpoised into Whales, then bounding
 into bomb-baskets as up floated,
 proud in Vehicles of Ascension,
 framed in girlish mattress clouds shot
 to General Day Sky
 there rain crumbling dollars like artful syllables of grace
 wafting to th' assembling crowd.

Fools! Fools! Fools!

— The Snout—Beetle is not Amorous.

Have looned woot-doves

 voweling black flames of peace
 in histrionic choir,

beards bitten off
by lathered suns,
been more amorous?

Have aged school children
heard less from the visible
orations of the Bobbsey Twins?
What zones of conquered sky are these?
The Steel Heron Zeros in

And at this point the platinum-bellied citizens arose as one
and stuffed gem drops down his throat whereupon the fellow
was seized by a tertian ague about the
size and length of this poem and was shortly thereafter borne
off by knaves who would feign deliver him to their master,
a cruel and festive soprano rumored to be an intimate
of the mighty Snout-Beetle himself.

Meanwhile the *canaille* gathered themselves at the
gates of Lord Fred's palace, beseeching the burger-meister
with tales from *The Naked Lunch* and lines from minor poets
including Rilke, Yeats, Pound, Williams, Blake, Neruda, Mayakovsky, Lorca,
Stephan George, Whitman, Rimbaud, Welden Kees, Zukofsky and the like, but
and a terrible silence replied. They persisted with
the diamond-like determination peculiar to their *ethos* and
intoned phrases from *True Adventure*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Seven Stars*,
T. S. Eliot, Arthur Symons, Edgar Guest,
Gene Derwood and Phyllis McGinley.

Whereupon the aluminum doors were torn asunder by a
shimmering radiance
shining polychromic splendor upon the prostrate townspeople that surpasses
my feeble powers of description
And the mighty had stepped forth
(By this time our audience had grown restless and
had engaged in careless banter, lofting
shoes and periwinkles at one another, so
incommodious was the uniform of that day,
and several midgets were severely marred in the
ensuing fray. As for myself, I gathered up
my sack with the little tins remaining therein
and mounting a Tudor Motorcycle, sped off
to encourage the eclipse in hopes that
signs would be favorable for sailing on the
morrow.

from Forest Park fragments

Her hair
 longer now,
 falling away from the skull,
legs radiant with cancer she
 smiled
 giddy as a harlot

 mother of mine
 half-

 eaten in the dream.

The housecoat about to fall,
 she shuffled in it,
 brightest eyes
 free from the mind in sleep
rives sleep to brightest day,
 the naked and their relics
(gifts,
 rewards the spirit
 gives again)

My mother as the
whore —
 lolling obscenely through
the dream,
giggling with her half-
lit companions of the dead,
 cruising through
 the city of graves,
 legs bandaged

in an open housecoat
 the crawling pelt alive
below her belly
 and the belly a
wrinkled buddha's face winking
through the folds of soiled rayon.

She had died of cancer,
 her legs luminous in death, she

shuffled lewdly, the
 stained clothes chafing and
slipping, she murmurs

 "syphilis my sweet

sypphilis the rot of it —

calls you back — to
inhabit my flour white flesh again."

First day poem

Not one fact is left.
Even the disintegration
of the idea of the poem
before the pencil moves.

So after coffee and jazz
returning the thought that
perhaps someone is
driving thruways
cross-country,
to arrive tonight
this maple table,
the litter of images in this room
are the ornaments of this first poem,

Two beer bottles,
some food that never made it
lie on the map of White Mts.
where when this ashtray on its
first flight —
 like the model sea plane hung by
the window
 made it over Mt. Wash,
about ten billion miles above I guess
it let fall those ashes on
what appears to be
by the scripty print opposite the legend,
"State Highways and Main Roads"
The motorists choked in the
hot feathery ashes from my hand
so

Dead leaf

jazz on the floor
of this Vermont house
My hand drooped
over ash tray
(Gift shop bronze)
As the leaf diagonals
from shade-tassels
thru eyelid's sill
No "twisted scrap of tin
mutely hurtling"
"dried spirit"
or suchlike leaves
through poems
or memory
But a real imaginary leaf
of backstreet telephone trees
stuck to sidewalks
in the spiral wind
looming like a dead leaf
falling down the window
of my eye in an
instant of surprise

Vermont: vision

A huge Head is down
jutting stuck
at Valley Head
I on the ridge
of the left valley
for twenty years
Seeing the angel's flight
from no laughter
pelt the stream of saliva
with black stones
that scream as they
roll South & drown
from the
rotting head
lodging in the tripled wounds.

Poem of Grandmother B.

She settled in the 20's just outside of
Mendon (Vt.), the old man
croaked in Chi. the year before, left
bonds for bread, these were conned in the
29 crash by N.Y. brokers,
Grandmother B. the mark.
But a few years balling around
the world —
brown photographs of
B. on camelback in Egypt — pouchy
smile and nightgown dress of tin,
or E.S.P. in bridge games on the boat to
Palestine ("I was
ashamed to know the cards they held,")
divining France out of Egypt,
pissoirs out of scimitars she told me once of
a man tipping his hat,
half visible above the
public shitter, a
professor friend or somesuch dignified so
European a soul to salute her solemnly
And summers home in the mountains,
wheeling off their flanks in a curtained Franklin —
"You have different rhythms in your driving
than mine," she'd say, calling the
local cops by little boy nicknames when they
stopped her, apologetically

Last Christmas home for the ritual bit
she

A&P

Lil with bag of groceries is not
astounded at her breasts flying off
into the sun or
dismayed at hypertrophied kids
wondering at the pulsing moon
& nervous stars, their distended genitals
meandering among the aisles of lordly can stacks.

New Miles poem

Yr "pure" Miles a
meticulous sadist, &
perfect prick/ he
punctures air
indolently,
as a kid
picks at
toys
or scabs —
dreaming

Ist dream of Riverhead

The Waking world is black winded
as the first sea slides again
Hot over hair-stiff plains
Slash to the Eastern Hills,
the rock fields smoking
in blood—dew while Riverhead
feeds ganglia slow from a milky wound.
You come on singing a chorus
of Mountain Blues
The skin smooth where your eyes should be.
We're well above ground,
I can see families wandering
up the sides, careless of disaster.
Their sacks hold canned spaghetti
and cellophane bags of chipped beef,
The children wear sunglasses
and fishing boots. They do not cry.
I suppose a dream-ghost
warns them hysterically
voice clanking wordlessly
Of course their perfect heads have no ears
for the Seven Thunders.

On Long Island beaches:

4 Suns discovered after
hours of baked brains & beach ball
— concentration succeeds in
reducing this number to
one, (rather large) sun —
So stumbling up from this blanket
after sunsleep of head mirrors and electric children,
the eternal youths on yon blanket wearing
frozen haircuts & transistor rock & roll radios forever
lie in attitudes of studied abandon, admiring
their hot red princesses who daintily love
themselves in compact mirrors before proudly
parading the sands to the ocean's hands
their newly acquired slender beauty — a possible
match for the foaming energy
until the waves break and
yank their ankles and (the half-woman's pride gives
way to the child's frightened delight, they not yet ready for
such an insistent lover.)

(FROM A LETTER, NOVEMBER '61)

(from a letter, November '61) This mimeograph is radioed to all cosmonauts.

Burroughs in space. I got his 3 year telescope, found under 3 mile high pile of underpants in Tangiers furnished room nobody'll stay there now he done shit & other footnotes on numberless pages they are included along w/ other ironic ecstasies in the unwritten part of this blue-blurred minieograftedarooni open letter to all former contacts (i.e. loves) sech as you, Dave, & also Johnny, Martha, my mother before she stopped flirting w/ me in my dreams some kinda two-sex con hustler. Like Ceely follows this queen thinks she's a chick (ain't she?) up to room & almost falls for the rag-on-lemme-pull-you-off-baby routine (which he is hip to having read it in Rechy's recent) well I'm like that & we're both nearsighted but I also know she's a Queen & go thru w/ it. Am a mark who puts down the con-man inside and sez dig the come-on & gets taken. Like post-card mountains of Vermont. Green & Beutiifull & sd I — purple jesus how insane — nostalgia still & will say like Postcards: Beauteeeful, jeez they really is.

Well that's me a hill—gazer, & mushy hipster here saying salute gazer-up, young Aldoo is & aint hung-up. Like forever & for never. His eye is telescopic glass from Old Sea Captin Bill whose "under-sea eyes of junk" were also firing prophets & not merely putter-downer Swiftian modest proposalers of Modern U. S. Shames (like my Social protest of Nuclear Giant Loves once).

So I leave Tangiers on 1st class Greyhound, gassing w/ Australian exchange nurse to Arizona on tourist-vacation (that Mexican story, I swear it was a lie, Dave. No it wasnt but why not? No matter). She has a finger stash of Demerol in her cunt (menstruated a week ago now tubes caked w/ dead-fish black blood). She lets me discover stash & we turn on in Mexican church w/ folding chairs & neon Virgin ads in Oaxaca, before a crippled blind rickets lice infested boy w/ bedraggled wings drives up in an enormous chrome shoe w/ real laces, taxis us to airport where melon rinds piloted by miniature plastic replicas of William Blake pilot us to a country which appears to be Yes it's an open garbage can in Algeria, where

rebel-flies swarm over French wino clochards in immaculate Foreign Legion uniforms pretending to hack them to pieces but secretly attaching swollen cocks to electrodes of wine-matted hair sparkling with blue fire speckles all singing the *Marsillaise* & so we are to

conduct the final dress rehearsal of this musical comedy (Blake replicas as audience) — this nurse chick & myself and set to spit-shining our batons (ricket legs of Mexican boys) in hasty sweats lest we miss Curtain time.

Curtain up. Orchestra to blast off, instruments explode, & I announce "*Convulsion is beauty*" & music of crackling oldtime \$ fame violins is for the sensitive rears of newspapermâchémen in this reversible collar land. "Heave to hearties" & a chorus line of wax tit cuties appears w/ weights hanging by silver threads from their nipples all dragging & hefting at erect negro cocks sticking up thru stage floor into their crotches which are perfectly smooth & without clefts (All cunt poets parade out in schizophrenic homosex ravings at this point alternately kissing & stabbing young Aryan ushers). Charlie Chaplin staggers across stoned & carefully razors up a slit for each of the cuties all slaving their thanks after him. Dave's gay hairdresser from Rue de Saint Jacques pirouettes behind, placing powder puff of hair fuzz on each bloodless slice — which evanesces & becomes old hairy spider sprocket first shocked us at early age when surprised ma wiping her ass & later dreamt big sexy bugs of caterpillar fur really our own cocks disguised.

And so at Intermission I dumped chick & caught Greyhound of Heaven for Berkeley, Illinois, Berkeley, New York, etc. only to say Higgleddy Piggledy don't write on stuff, be a real American — Blow on Bromo-Seltzer, beer and wholesale dreams. Steal ideas, be indolent, say B. flat fart & Grampa's prick mold or just murmur pretty syllables to yr loved ones. Lullaby to the Gods in their own secret language. For example Lami (here I dip into pile of rejected mss to supplant frastic wholesale discount-house-purchased imagination now out of green stamps)

Lami, leather nightingale,
tornado of light & silver buckles,
con man of fairies

rolls

priests &
bulging legionnaires, astral
hipster in-
cognito he

never knew their worries
unzipped but
razor in hand slices
bread from worsted flannel with
flickering fingers

flashlight-
ing of spirit singing
his
own
 mad
 song.

Lami — brutal hood & bearded nun — rides
up waves of sewer stench
 croaks at
cripples
 a dance on cobbled
heads in rush-hour afterglow
 calls to
nightbird
 blues.

O Lami hand over my cut
of sunset melting trash red-gold
before you fade in neon
TV blue

Give back the tinfoil of
tea cut with parsnip, the
shick shaver with a junk-jap motor &
the dazzling watches run by the sun.

Fuck "man's fundamental dishonesty"
 (the con man's hymn of praise)

I seek the god in all his forms
& hip disguises. But only the god
digs his own deception you say.

But I love, I
blunder in love the hippest mark is saint or poet
prophesying doom so gaily everybody sez yr a goof so
what it's true — flames

 colored fenders in
NIGHTTOWN USA watch out baby I'm
driving an invisible short so with these
sad gig clothes really aluminum pinstriped threads
you see me naked

Burn Lami, God in me,
Rise burn with the tigers of Eternity,

your hand move in mine toward dark
mounds of hair, your eye blaze through
my socket in cool screaming headaches of
desire & crack the glass coin-eyes,

We /I con all men with love

We/I send out words of black fire into
ears stuffed with asbestos newsprint, I,
message out of time to all hung up
sad ass loverless landmen

A cry, this cry, to you.