

THE POCKET POETS SERIES

REALITY SANDWICHES



ALLEN GINSBERG

NUMBER EIGHTEEN

REALITY SANDWICHES

1953 - 60

ALLEN GINSBERG

*'Scribbled secret notebooks, and wild
typewritten pages, for yr own joy'*



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Dedicated to
the Pure Imaginary
POET
Gregory Corso

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MY ALBA

Now that I've wasted
five years in Manhattan
life decaying
talent a blank

talking disconnected
patient and mental
sliderule and number
machine on a desk

autographed triplicate
synopsis and taxes
obedient prompt
poorly paid

stayed on the market
youth of my twenties
fainted in offices
wept on typewriters

deceived multitudes
in vast conspiracies
deodorant battleships
serious business industry

every six weeks whoever
drank my blood bank
innocent evil now
part of my system

five years unhappy labor
22 to 27 working
not a dime in the bank
to show for it anyway

dawn breaks it's only the sun
the East smokes O my bedroom
I am damned to Hell what
alarmclock is ringing

NY 1953

SAKYAMUNI COMING OUT FROM THE MOUNTAIN

Liang Kai, Southern Sung

He drags his bare feet
 out of a cave
 under a tree,
 eyebrows
 grown long with weeping
 and hooknosed woe,
 in ragged soft robes
 wearing a fine beard,
 unhappy hands
 clasped to his naked breast —
 humility is beatness
 humility is beatness —
 faltering
 into the bushes by a stream,
 all things inanimate
 but his intelligence —
 stands upright there
 tho trembling :
 Arhat
 who sought Heaven
 under a mountain of stone,
 sat thinking
 till he realized
 the land of blessedness exists
 in the imagination —
 the flash come :
 empty mirror —

how painful to be born again
 wearing a fine beard,
 reentering the world
a bitter wreck of a sage :
 earth before him his only path.
 We can see his soul,
he knows nothing
 like a god :
 shaken
meek wretch —
 humility is beatness
 before the absolute World.

NY Public Library 1953

THE GREEN AUTOMOBILE

If I had a Green Automobile
I'd go find my old companion
in his house on the Western ocean.
Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha !

I'd honk my horn at his manly gate,
inside his wife and three
children sprawl naked
on the living room floor.

He'd come running out
to my car full of heroic beer
and jump screaming at the wheel
for he is the greater driver.

We'd pilgrimage to the highest mount
of our earlier Rocky Mountain visions
laughing in each others arms,
delight surpassing the highest Rockies.

and after old agony, drunk with new years,
bounding toward the snowy horizon
blasting the dashboard with original bop
hot rod on the mountain

we'd batter up the cloudy highway
where angels of anxiety
careen through the trees
and scream out of the engine.

We'd burn all night on the jackpine peak
seen from Denver in the summer dark,
forestlike unnatural radiance
illuminating the mountaintop :

childhood youthtime age & eternity
would open like sweet trees
in the nights of another spring
and dumbfound us with love,

for we can see together
the beauty of souls
hidden like diamonds
in the clock of the world,

like Chinese magicians can
confound the immortals
with our intellectuality
hidden in the mist,

in the Green Automobile
which I have invented
imagined and visioned
on the roads of the world

more real than the engine
on a track in the desert
purer than Greyhound and
swifter than physical jetplane.

Denver ! Denver ! we'll return
 roaring across the City & County Building lawn
 which catches the pure emerald flame
 streaming in the wake of our auto.

This time we'll buy up the city !
 I cashed a great check in my skull bank
 to found a miraculous college of the body
 up on the bus terminal roof.

But first we'll drive the stations of downtown,
 poolhall flophouse jazzjoint jail
 whorehouse down Folsom
 to the darkest alleys of Larimer

paying respects to Denver's father
 lost on the railroad tracks,
 stupor of wine and silence
 hallowing the slum of his decades,

salute him and his saintly suitcase
 of dark muscatel, drink
 and smash the sweet bottles
 on Diesels in allegiance.

Then we go driving drunk on boulevards
 where armies march and still parade
 staggering under the invisible
 banner of Reality —

hurtling through the street
 in the auto of our fate
 we share an archangelic cigarette
 and tell each others' fortunes :

fames of supernatural illumination,
 bleak rainy gaps of time,
 great art learned in desolation
 and we beat apart after six decades. . . .

and on an asphalt crossroad,
 deal with each other in princely
 gentleness once more, recalling
 famous dead talks of other cities.

The windshield's full of tears,
 rain wets our naked breasts,
 we kneel together in the shade
 amid the traffic of night in paradise

and now renew the solitary vow
 we made each other take
 in Texas, once :
 I can't inscribe here. . . .

.

.

How many Saturday nights will be
 made drunken by this legend?
 How will young Denver come to mourn
 her forgotten sexual angel?

How many boys will strike the black piano
in imitation of the excess of a native saint?
Or girls fall wanton under his spectre in the high
schools of melancholy night?

While all the time in Eternity
in the wan light of this poem's radio
we'll sit behind forgotten shades
hearkening the lost jazz of all Saturdays.

Neal, we'll be real heroes now
in a war between our cocks and time :
let's be the angels of the world's desire
and take the world to bed with us before
we die.

Sleeping alone, or with companion,
girl or fairy sheep or dream,
I'll fail of lacklove, you, satiety :
all men fall, our fathers fell before,

but resurrecting that lost flesh
 is but a moment's work of mind :
 an ageless monument to love
 in the imagination :

memorial built out of our own bodies
consumed by the invisible poem —
We'll shudder in Denver and endure
though blood and wrinkles blind our eyes.

So this Green Automobile :
 I give you in flight
 a present, a present
 from my imagination.

We will go riding
 over the Rockies,
 we'll go on riding
 all night long until dawn,

then back to your railroad, the SP
 your house and your children
 and broken leg destiny
 you'll ride down the plains

in the morning : and back
 to my visions, my office
 and eastern apartment
 I'll return to New York.

NY 1953

HAVANA 1953

I

The night cafe — 4AM

Cuba Libre 20c :

white tiled squares,

triangular neon lights,

long wooden bar on one side,

a great delicatessen booth

on the other facing the street.

In the center

among the great city midnight drinkers,

by Aedama Palace

on Gomez corner,

white men and women

with standing drums,

mariachis, voices, guitars —

drumming on tables,

knives on bottles,

banging on the floor

and on each other,

with wooden clacks,

whistling, howling,

fat women in strapless silk.

Cop talking to the fat nosed girl

in a flashy black dress.

In walks a weird Cezanne

vision of the nowhere hip Cuban :

tall, thin, check grey suit,

grey felt shoes,

blaring gambler's hat,

Cab Calloway pimp's mustachio
 — it comes down to a point in the center —
 rushing up generations late talking Cuban,
 pointing a gold ringed finger
 up toward the yellowed ceiling,
 other cigarette hand pointing
 stiff-armed down at his side,
 effeminate : — he sees the cop —
 they rush together — they're embracing
 like long lost brothers —
 fatnose forgotten.

Delicate chords
 from the negro guitarino
 — singers at El Rancho Grande,
 drunken burlesque
 screams of agony,
 VIVA JALISCO!
 I eat a catfish sandwich
 with onions and red sauce
 20c.

II

A truly romantic spot,
 more guitars, Columbus Square
 across from Columbus Cathedral
 — I'm in the Paris Restaurant
 adjacent, best in town,
 Cuba Libres 30c —
 weatherbeaten tropical antiquity,
 as if rock decayed,
 unlike the pure

Chinese drummers of black stone
 whose polished harmony can still be heard
 (Procession of Musicians) at the Freer,
 this with its blunt cornucopias and horns
 of conquest made of stone —
 a great dumb rotting church.

Night, lights from windows,
 high stone balconies
 on the antique square,
 green rooms
 paled by florescent houselighting,
 a modern convenience.

I feel rotten.
 I would sit down with my servants and be dumb.
 I spent too much money.

White electricity
 in the gaslamp fixtures of the alley.
 Bullet holes and nails in the stone wall.

The worried headwaiter
 standing amid the potted palms in cans
 in the fifteen foot wooden door looking at me.

Mariachi harmonica artists inside
 getting around to Banjo on My Knee yet.
 They dress in wornout sharpie clothes.

Ancient streetlights down the narrow Calle I face,
 the arch, the square,
 palms, drunkenness, solitude;
 voices across the street,

baby wail, girl's squeak,
 waiters nudging each other,
 grumble and cackle of young boys' laughter
 in streetcorner waits,
 perro barking off-stage,
 baby strangling again,
 banjo and harmonica,
 auto rattle and a cool breeze —

Sudden paranoid notion the waiters are watching me :
 Well they might,
 four gathered in the doorway
 and I alone at a table
 on the patio in the dark
 observing the square, drunk.
 25c for them
 and I asked for "Jalisco" —
 at the end of the song
 oxcart rolls by
 obtruding its wheels
 o'er the music o' the night.

SIESTA IN XBALBA
and
 RETURN TO THE STATES

dedicated to Karena Shields

I.

Late sun opening the book,
 blank page like light,
 invisible words unscrawled,
 impossible syntax
 of apocalypse —
 Uxmal : Noble Ruins
 No construction —

let the mind fall down.

— One could pass valuable months
 and years perhaps a lifetime
 doing nothing but lying in a hammock
 reading prose with the white doves
 copulating underneath
 and monkeys barking in the interior
 of the mountain
 and I have succumbed to this
 temptation —

‘ They go mad in the Selva — ’
 the madman read
 and laughed in his hammock

 eyes watching me :
 unease not of the jungle

the poor dear,
 can tire one —
 all that mud
 and all those bugs . . .
 ugh. . . .

Dreaming back I saw
 an eternal kodachrome
 souvenir of a gathering
 of souls at a party,
 crowded in an oval flash :
 cigarettes, suggestions,
 laughter in drunkenness,
 broken sweet conversation,
 acquaintance in the halls,
 faces posed together,
 stylized gestures,
 odd familiar visages
 and singular recognitions
 that registered indifferent
 greeting across time :
 Anson reading Horace
 with a rolling head,
 white-handed Hohnsbean
 camping gravely
 with an absent glance,
 bald Kingsland drinking
 out of a huge glass,
 Dusty in a party dress,
 Durgin in white shoes
 gesturing from a chair,
 Keck in a corner waiting

for subterranean music,
 Helen Parker lifting
 her hands in surprise :
 all posturing in one frame,
 superficially gay
 or tragic as may be,
 illumed with the fatal
 character and intelligent
 actions of their lives.

And I in a concrete room
 above the abandoned
 labyrinth of Palenque
 measuring my fate,
 wandering solitary in the wild
 — blinking singleminded
 at a bleak idea —
 until exhausted with
 its action and contemplation
 my soul might shatter
 at one primal moment's
 sensation of the vast
 movement of divinity.

As I leaned against a tree
 inside the forest
 expiring of self-begotten love,
 I looked up at the stars absently,
 as if looking for
 something else in the blue night
 through the boughs,
 and for a moment saw myself
 leaning against a tree . . .

... back there the noise of a great party
 in the apartments of New York,
 half-created paintings on the walls, fame,
 cocksucking and tears,
 money and arguments of great affairs,
 the culture of my generation . . .

 my own crude night imaginings,
 my own crude soul notes taken down
 in moments of isolation, dreams,
 piercings, sequences of nocturnal thought
 and primitive illuminations

— uncanny feeling the white cat
 sleeping on the table
 will open its eyes in a moment
 and be looking at me —.

One might sit in this Chiapas
 recording the apparitions in the field
 visible from a hammock
 looking out across the shadow of the pasture
 in all the semblance of Eternity

 . . . a dwarfed thatch roof
 down in the grass in a hollow slope
 under the tall crowd of vegetation
 waiting at the wild edge :
 the long shade of the mountain beyond
 in the near distance,
 its individual hairline of trees
 traced fine and dark along the ridge

against the transparent sky light,
 rifts and holes in the blue air
 and amber brightenings of clouds
 disappearing down the other side
 into the South . . .

palms with lethargic feelers
 rattling in presage of rain,
 shifting their fronds
 in the direction of the balmy wind,
 monstrous animals
 sprayed up out of the ground
 settling and unsettling
 as in water . . .
 and later in the night
 a moment of premonition
 when the plenilunar cloudfilled sky
 is still and small.

So spent a night
 with drug and hammock
 at Chichen Itza on the Castle :—

I can see the moon
 moving over the edge of the night forest
 and follow its destination
 through the clear dimensions of the sky
 from end to end of the dark
 circular horizon.

High dim stone portals,
 entablatures of illegible scripture,

on a time-rude pyramid rebuilt
 in the bleak flat night of Yucatan
 where I come with my own mad mind to study
 alien hieroglyphs of Eternity.

A creak in the rooms scared me.

Some sort of bird, vampire or swallow,
 flees with little paper wingflap
 around the summit in its own air unconcerned
 with the great stone tree I perch on.

Continual metallic
 whirr of chicharras,
 then lesser chirps
 of cricket : 5 blasts
 of the leg whistle.
 The creak of an opening
 door in the forest,
 some sort of weird birdsong
 or reptile croak.

My hat woven of hennequin
 on the stone floor
 as a leaf on the waters,
 as perishable;
 my candle wavers continuously
 and will go out.

Pale Uxmal,
 unhistoric, like a dream,
 Tulum shimmering on the coast in ruins;

Chichen Itza naked
 constructed on a plain;
 Palenque, broken chapels in the green
 basement of a mount;
 lone Kabah by the highway;
 Piedras Negras buried again
 by dark archaeologists;
 Yaxchilan
 resurrected in the wild,
 and all the limbo of Xbalba still unknown —

 floors under roofcomb of branch,
 foundation to ornament
 tumbled to the flowers,
 pyramids and stairways
 raced with vine,
 limestone corbels
 down in the river of trees,
 pillars and corridors
 sunken under the flood of years :

Time's slow wall overtopping
 all that firmament of mind,
 as if a shining waterfall of leaves and rain
 were built down solid from the endless sky
 through which no thought can pass.

A great red fat rooster
 mounted on a tree stump
 in the green afternoon,
 the ego of the very fields,
 screams in the holy sunlight !

— I can't think with that
 supersonic cock intensity
 crucifying my skull
 in its imaginery sleep.

— was looking back
 with eyes shut to
 where they crawled
 like ants on brown old temples
 building their minute ruins
 and disappearing into the wild
 leaving many mysteries
 of deathly volition
 to be divined.

I alone know the great crystal door
 to the House of Night,
 a legend of centuries
 — I and a few indians.

And had I mules and money I could find
 the Cave of Amber
 and the Cave of Gold
 rumored of the cliffs of Tumbala.

I found the face of one
 of the Nine Guardians of the Night
 hidden in a mahogany hut
 in the Area of Lost Souls
 — first relic of kind for that place.

And I found as well a green leaf
 shaped like a human heart;
 but to whom shall I send this
 anachronistic valentine?

Yet these ruins so much
 woke me to nostalgia
 for the classic stations
 of the earth,
 the ancient continent
 I have not seen
 and the few years
 of memory left
 before the ultimate night
 of war.

As if these ruins were not enough,
 as if man could go
 no further before heaven
 till he exhausted
 the physical round
 of his own mortality
 in the obscure cities
 hidden in the ageing world

. . . the few actual
 ecstatic conscious souls
 certain to be found,
 familiar . . .

returning after years
 to my own scene
 transfigured :
 to hurry change
 to hurry the years
 bring me to my fate.

So I dream nightly of an embarkation,
 captains, captains,
 iron passageways, cabin lights,
 Brooklyn across the waters,
 the great dull boat, visitors, farewells,
 the blurred vast sea —
 one trip a lifetime's loss or gain :

as Europe is my own imagination
 — many shall see her,
 many shall not —
 though it's only the old familiar world
 and not some abstract mystical dream.

And in a moment of previsioning sleep
 I see that continent in rain,
 black streets, old night, a
 fading monument . . .

And a long journey unaccomplished
 yet, on antique seas
 rolling in gray barren dunes under
 the world's waste of light
 toward ports of childish geography

the rusty ship will
harbor in . . .

What nights might I not see
penniless among the Arab
mysteries of dirty towns around
the casbahs of the docks?
Clay paths, mud walls,
the smell of green cigarettes,
creosote and rank salt water —
dark structures overhead,
shapes of machinery and façade
of hull : and a bar lamp
burning in the wooden shack
across from the dim
mountain of sulphur on the pier.

Toward what city
will I travel? What wild houses
do I go to occupy?
What vagrant rooms and streets
and lights in the long night
urge my expectation? What genius
of sensation in ancient
halls? what jazz beyond jazz
in future blue saloons?
what love in the cafes of God?

I thought, five years ago
sitting in my apartment,
my eyes were opened for an hour
seeing in dreadful ecstasy

the motionless buildings
 of New York rotting
 under the tides of Heaven.

There is a god
 dying in America
 already created
 in the imagination of men
 made palpable
 for adoration :
 there is an inner
 anterior image
 of divinity
 beckoning me out
 to pilgrimage.

O future, unimaginable God.

*Finca Tacalapan de San
 Leandro, Palenque,
 Chiapas, Mexico 1954—
 San Francisco 1955*

II.

Jump in time
 to the immediate future,
 another poem :

 return to the old land
 penniless and with
 a disconnected manuscript,

the recollection of a few
 sensations, beginning :

logboat down Rio Michol
 under plantain
 and drifting trees
 to the railroad,

 darkness on the sea
 looking toward the stations
 of the classic world —

another image descending
 in white mist
 down the lunar highway
 at dawn, above
 Lake Catemaco on the bus
 — it woke me up —
 the far away likeness
 of a heavenly file
 of female saints
 stepping upward
 on miniature arches
 of a gold stairway
 into the starry sky,
 the thousands of little
 saintesses in blue hoods
 looking out at me
 and beckoning :
 SALVATION!

It's true,
simple as in the image.

Then the mummies
in their Pantheon
at Guanajuato —
a city of Cortesian
mines in the first
crevasse of the Sierras,
where I rested —

for I longed to see their
faces before I left :
these weren't mythical rock
images, tho stone
— limestone effigies out
of the grave, remains
of the fatal character —

newly resurrected,
grasping their bodies
with stiff arms, in soiled
funeral clothes;
twisted, knock-kneed,
like burning
screaming lawyers —
what hallucinations
of the nerves? —
indecipherable-sexed;
one death-man had
raised up his arms
to cover his eyes,

significant timeless
 reflex in sepulchre :

apparitions of immortality
 consumed inward,
 waiting openmouthed
 in the fireless darkness.
 Nearby, stacked symmetrically,
 a skullbone wall ending
 the whitewashed corridor
 under the graveyard
 — foetid smell reminiscent
 of sperm and drunkenness —
 the skulls empty and fragile,
 numerous as shells,
 — so much life passed through
 this town . . .

The problem is isolation
 — there in the grave
 or here in oblivion of light.

Of eternity we have
 a numbered score of years
 and fewer tender moments
 — one moment of tenderness
 and a year of intelligence
 and nerves : one moment of pure
 bodily tenderness —
 I could dismiss Allen with grim
 pleasure.

Reminder : I knelt in my room
 on the patio at San Miguel
 at the keyhole : 2 A.M.

 The old woman lit a candle.
 Two young men and their girls
 waited before the portal,
 news from the street. She
 changed the linen, smiling.

What joy ! The nakedness !
 They dance ! They talk
 and simper before the door,
 they lean on a leg,
 hand on a hip, and posture,
 nudity in their hearts,
 they clap a hand to head
 and whirl and enter,
 pushing each other,
 happily, happily,
 to a moment of love. . .

What solitude I've
 finally inherited.

 Afterward fifteen hours
 on rubbled single lane,
 broken bus rocking along
 the maws and continental crags
 of mountain afternoon,
 the distant valleys fading,
 regnant peaks beyond

to days on the Pacific
 where I bathed —

then riding, fitful,
 gazing, sleeping
 through the desert
 beside a wetback
 sad-faced old-man-
 youth, exhausted
 to Mexicali

 to stand
 near one night's dark shack
 on the garbage cliffs
 of bordertown overhanging
 the tin house poor
 man's village below,
 a last night's
 timewracked brooding
 and farewell,
 the end of a trip.

— Returning
 armed with New Testament,
 critic of horse and mule,
 tanned and bearded
 satisfying Whitman, concerned
 with a few Traditions,
 metrical, mystical, manly
 . . . and certain characteristic flaws

— enough !

The nation over the border
 grinds its arms and dreams
 of war : I see
 the fiery blue clash
 of metal wheels
 clanking in the industries
 of night, and
 detonation of infernal bombs

 . . . and the silent downtown
 of the States
 in watery dusk submersion.

Guanajuato — Los Angeles, 1954

[NOTE : *Uxmal* and other proper names mentioned in the first part of the poem are those of ruined cities. *Xbalba*, translatable as morning Star in Region Obscure, or Hope, and pronounced *Chivalvá*, is the area in Chiapas between the Tobasco border and the Usumascintla River at the edge of the Peten Rain Forest; the boundary of lower Mexico and Guatemala today is thereabouts. The locale was considered a Purgatory or Limbo, the legend is vague, in the (Old) Mayan Empire. To the large tree at the crest of what is now called Mount Don Juan, at the foot of which this poem was written, ancient craftsmen came to complete work left unfinished at their death.]

ON BURROUGHS' WORK

The method must be purest meat
and no symbolic dressing,
actual visions & actual prisons
as seen then and now.

Prisons and visions presented
with rare descriptions
corresponding exactly to those
of Alcatraz and Rose.

A naked lunch is natural to us,
we eat reality sandwiches.
But allegories are so much lettuce.
Don't hide the madness.

San Jose 1954

LOVE POEM ON THEME BY WHITMAN

I'll go into the bedroom silently and lie down between the
bridegroom and the bride,
those bodies fallen from heaven stretched out waiting naked and
restless,
arms resting over their eyes in the darkness,
bury my face in their shoulders and breasts, breathing their skin,
and stroke and kiss neck and mouth and make back be open
and known,
legs raised up crook'd to receive, cock in the darkness driven
tormented and attacking
roused up from hole to itching head,
bodies locked shuddering naked, hot lips and buttocks screwed
into each other
and eyes, eyes glinting and charming, widening into looks and
abandon,
and moans of movement, voices, hands in air, hands between
thighs,
hands in moisture on softened lips, throbbing contraction of
bellies
till the white come flow in the swirling sheets,
and the bride cry for forgiveness, and the groom be covered with
tears of passion and compassion,
and I rise up from the bed replenished with last intimate gestures
and kisses of farewell —
all before the mind wakes, behind shades and closed doors in a
darkened house
where the inhabitants roam unsatisfied in the night,
nude ghosts seeking each other out in the silence.

— or a barefaced pilgrimage
 acrost imaginary plains
 I never made afoot
 into Kansas hallucination
 and supernatural deliverance.

Later : Hawthorne mystic
 waiting on the bench
 composing his sermon also
 with white bony fingers
 bitten, with hometown gold
 ring, in a blue serge suit
 and barely visible blond
 mustache on mental face,
 blank-eyed : pitiful thin body
 — what body may he love? —
 My god ! the soft beauty in
 comparison — that football boy
 in sunny yellow lovesuit
 puzzling out his Xmas trip
 death insurance by machine.
 A virginal feeling again,
 I'd be willing to die aloft now.

Can't see outside in the dark,
 real dreary strangers about,
 and I'm unhappy flying away.
 All this facility of travel
 too superficial for the heart
 I have for solitude.

Nakedness

must come again — not sex,
but some naked isolation.

And down there's Hollywood,
the starry world below
— expressing nakedness —
that craving, that glory
that applause — leisure, mind,
appetite for dreams, bodies,
travels : appetite for the real,
created by the mind
and kissed in coitus —
that craving, that melting!
Not even the human
imagination satisfies
the endless emptiness of the soul.

The West Coast behind me
for five days while I return
to ancient New York —
ah drunkenness!
I'll see your eyes again.
Hopeless comedown!
Travelling thru the dark void
over Kansas yet moving nowhere
in the dark void of the soul.

Angel woke me to see
— past my own reflection,
bald businessman with hornrims
sleepy in round window view —
spectral skeleton of electricity

illuminated nervous system
floating on the void out
of central brainplant powerhouse
running into heaven's starlight
overhead. 'Twas over Hutchinson.
Engine passed over lights,
view gone.

Georgeous George on my plane.

And Chicago, the first time,
smoking winter city
— shivering in my tweed jacket
walking by the airport
around the block on Cicero
under the fogged flat
supersky of heaven —
another project for the heart,
six months for here someday
to make Chicago natural,
pick up a few strange images.

Far off red signs
on the orphan highway
glimmer at the trucks of home.
Who rides that lone road now?
What heart? Who smokes and loves
in Kansas auto now?
Who's talking magic
under the night? Who walks
downtown and drinks black beer
in his eternity? Whose eyes

collect the streets and mountain tops
for storage in his memory?
What sage in the darkness?

Someone who should collect
my insurance !

Better I make
a thornful pilgrimage on theory
feet to suffer the total
isolation of the bum,
than this hipster
business family journey
— crossing U.S. at night —
in a sudden glimpse
me being no one in the air
nothing but clouds in the moonlight
with humans fucking
underneath. . . .

SF-NY December 1954

MALEST CORNIFICI TUO CATULLO

I'm happy, Kerouac, your madman Allen's
finally made it : discovered a new young cat,
and my imagination of an eternal boy
walks on the streets of San Francisco,
handsome, and meets me in cafeterias
and loves me. Ah don't think I'm sickening.
You're angry at me. For all of my lovers?
It's hard to eat shit, without having visions;
when they have eyes for me it's like Heaven.

SF 1955

DREAM RECORD : JUNE 8, 1955

A drunken night in my house with a
boy, San Francisco : I lay asleep :
darkness :

I went back to Mexico City
and saw Joan Burroughs leaning
forward in a garden-chair, arms
on her knees. She studied me with
clear eyes and downcast smile, her
face restored to a fine beauty
tequila and salt had made strange
before the bullet in her brow.

We talked of the life since then.
Well, what's Burroughs doing now?
Bill on earth, he's in North Africa.
Oh, and Kerouac? Jack still jumps
with the same beat genius as before,
notebooks filled with Buddha.
I hope he makes it, she laughed.
Is Huncke still in the can? No,
last time I saw him on Times Square.
And how is Kenney? Married, drunk
and golden in the East. You? New
loves in the West —

Then I knew
she was a dream : and questioned her
— Joan, what kind of knowledge have
the dead? can you still love
your mortal acquaintances?
What do you remember of us?

She
faded in front of me — The next instant
I saw her rain-stained tombstone
rear an illegible epitaph
under the gnarled branch of a small
tree in the wild grass
of an unvisited garden in Mexico.

*

*

*

Blessed be the Muses
for their descent,
dancing round my desk,
crowning my balding head
with Laurel.

*

*

*

FRAGMENT 1956

Now to the come of the poem, let me be worthy
 & sing holily the natural pathos of the human soul,
 naked original skin beneath our dreams
 & robes of thought, the perfect self identity
 radiant with lusts and intellectual faces
 Who carries the lines, the painful browed
 contortions of the upper eyes, the whole body
 breathing and sentient among flowers and buildings
 open-eyed, self knowing, trembling with love —
 Soul that I have, that Jack has, Huncke has
 Bill has, Joan had, and has in me memory yet,
 bum has in rags, madman underneath black clothes.
 Soul identical each to each, as standing on
 the streetcorner ten years ago I looked at Jack
 and told him we were the same person — look
 in my eyes and speak to yourself, that makes me
 everybody's lover, Hal mine against his will,
 I had his soul in my own body already, while
 he frowned — by the streetlamp 8th Avenue & 27th
 Street 1947 — I had just come back from Africa
 with a gleam of the illumination actually
 to come to me in time as come to all — Jack
 the worst murderer, Allen the most cowardly
 with a streak of yellow love running through
 my poems, a fag in the city, Joe Army screaming
 in anguish in Dannemora 1945 jailhouse,
 breaking his own white knuckle against the bars
 his dumb sad cellmate beaten by the guards
 an iron floor below, Gregory weeping in Tombs,
 Joan lidded under eyes of benzedrine

harkening to the paranoia in the wall,
Huncke from Chicago dreaming in Arcades
of hellish Pokerino blue skinned Times Square light,
Bill King yelling pale faced in the subway window
final minute gape-death struggling to return,
Morphy himself, arch suicide, expiring in blood
on the Passaic, tragic & bewildered in
last tears, attaining death that moment
human, intellectual, bearded, who else
was he then but himself?

A STRANGE NEW COTTAGE IN BERKELEY

All afternoon cutting bramble blackberries off a tottering
brown fence

under a low branch with its rotten old apricots miscellaneous
under the leaves,

fixing the drip in the intricate gut machinery of a new toilet;
found a good coffeepot in the vines by the porch, rolled a
big tire out of the scarlet bushes, hid my marijuana;

wet the flowers, playing the sunlit water each to each,
returning for godly extra drops for the stringbeans and daisies;
three times walked round the grass and sighed absently :
my reward, when the garden fed me its plums from the
form of a small tree in the corner,

an angel thoughtful of my stomach, and my dry and love-
lorn tongue.

1956

SATHER GATE ILLUMINATION

Why do I deny manna to another?

Because I deny it to myself.

Why have I denied myself?

What other has rejected me?

Now I believe you are lovely, my soul, soul of Allen, Allen —
and you so beloved, so sweetened, so recalled to your true loveli-
ness,

your original nude breathing Allen

will you ever deny another again?

Dear Walter, thanks for the message

I forbid you not to touch me, man to man, True American.

The bombers jet through the sky in unison of twelve,
the pilots are sweating and nervous at the controls in the hot
cabins.

Over what souls will they loose their loveless bombs?

The Campanile pokes its white granite (?) innocent head into
the clouds for me to look at.

A cripple lady explains French grammar with a loud sweet voice :

Regarder is to look —

the whole French language looks on the trees on the campus.

The girls' haunted voices make quiet dates for 2 O'clock
— yet one of them waves farewell and smiles at last — her red
skirt swinging shows how she loves herself.

Another encased in flashy scotch clothes clomps up the

concrete in a hurry — into the door — poor dear! — who will receive you in love's offices?

How many beautiful boys have I seen on this spot?

The trees seem on the verge of moving — ah! they do move in the breeze.

Roar again of airplanes in the sky — everyone looks up.

And do you know that all these rubbings of the eyes & painful gestures to the brow

of suited scholars entering Dwinelle (Hall) are Holy Signs? — anxiety and fear?

How many years have I got to float on this sweetened scene of trees & humans clomping above ground —

O I must be mad to sit here lonely in the void & glee & build up thoughts of love!

But what do I have to doubt but my own shiney eyes, what to lose but life which is a vision today this afternoon.

My stomach is light, I relax, new sentences spring forth out of the scene to describe spontaneous forms of Time — trees, sleeping dogs, airplanes wandering thru the air, negroes with their lunch books of anxiety, apples and sandwiches, lunchtime, icecream, Timeless —

And even the ugliest will seek beauty — 'What are you doing Friday night?'

asks the sailor in white school training cap & gilt buttons & blue coat,

and the little ape in a green jacket and baggy pants and overloaded schoolbook satchel says 'Quartets.'

Every Friday nite, beautiful quartets to celebrate and please my
 soul with all its hair — Music!
 and then strides off, snapping pieces chocolate off a bar wrapped
 in Hershey brown paper and tinfoil,
 eating chocolate rose.

& how can those other boys be them happy selves in their brown
 army study uniforms?

Now cripple girl swings down walk with loping fuck gestures of
 her hips askew —
 let her roll her eyes in abandon & camp angelic through the
 campus bouncing her body about in joy —
 someone will dig that pelvic energy for sure.

Those white stripes down your chocolate cupcake, Lady (held
 in front of your nose finishing sentence preparatory
 to chomp),
 they were painted there to delight you by some spanish industrial
 artistic hand in bakery factory faraway,
 expert hand in simple-minded messages of white stripes on
 millions of message cupcakes.

I have a message for you all — I will denote one particularity
 of each!

And there goes Professor Hart striding enlightened by
 the years through the doorway and arcade he built (in his mind)
 and knows — he too saw the ruins of Yucatan once —

followed by a lonely janitor in dovegrey italian fruitpeddlar
 Chico Marx hat pushing his rollypoly belly thru the
 trees.

N sees all girls
 as visions of
 their inner cunts,
 yes, it's true!
 and all men walking
 along thinking
 of their spirit cocks.

So look at that poor dread boy
 with two-day black hair
 all over his dirty face,
 how he must hate his cock

— Chinamen stop shuddering

and now to bring this to an end with a rise and an
 ellipse —

The boys are now all talking to the girls 'If I was a
 girl I'd love all boys' & girls giggling the opposite, all pretty
 everywhichway
 and even I have my secret beds and lovers under another moon-
 light, be you sure

& any minute I expect to see a baby carriage pushed on to the
 scene

and everyone turn in attention like the airplanes and laughter,
 like a Greek Campus

and the big brown shaggy silent dog lazing openeyed in the shade
 lift up his head & sniff & lower his head on his golden paws
 & let his belly rumble away unconcerned.

. . . the lion's ruddy eyes
 Shall flow with tears of gold.

Now the silence is broken, students pour onto the square, the
 doors are crowded, the dog gets up and walks away,
 the cripple swings out of Dwinelle, a nun even, I wonder about
 her, an old lady distinguished by a cane,
 we all look up, silence moves, huge changes upon the ground,
 and in the air thoughts fly all over filling space.

My grief at Peter's not loving me was grief at not loving myself.
 Huge Karmas of broken minds in beautiful bodies unable to
 receive love because not knowing the self as lovely —
 Fathers and Teachers!

Seeing in people the visible evidence of inner self
 thought by their treatment of me : who loves himself loves me
 who love myself.

1956

SCRIBBLE

Rexroth's face reflecting human
tired bliss
White haired, wing browed
gas mustache,
flowers jet out of
his sad head,
listening to Edith Piaf street song
as she walks the universe
with all life gone
and cities disappeared
only the God of Love
left smiling.

AFTERNOON SEATTLE

Busride along waterfront down Yessler under street bridge
to the old red Wobbly Hall —

One Big Union, posters of the Great Mandala of Labor,
bleareyed dusty cardplayers dreaming behind the counter . . .
'but these young fellers can't see ahead and we nothing to
offer' —

After Snyder his little red beard and bristling Buddha mind
I weeping crossed Skid Road to 10c. beer.

Labyrinth wood stairways and Greek movies under Farmers
Market second hand city, Indian smoked salmon old overcoats
and dry red shoes,

Green Parrot Theater, *Maytime*, and down to the harborside
the ships, walked on Alaska silent together — ferryboat coming
faraway in mist from Bremerton Island dreamlike small on the
waters of Holland to me

— and entered my head the seagull, a shriek, sentinels
standing over rusty harbor iron dockwork, rocks dripping under
rotten wharves slime on the walls —

the seagull's small cry — inhuman not of the city, lone
sentinels of God, animal birds among us indifferent, their bleak
lone cries representing our souls.

A rowboat docked and chained floating in the tide by a
wharf. Basho's frog. Someone left it there, it drifts.

Sailor's curio shop hung with shells and skulls a whalebone
mask, Indian seas. The cities rot from oldest parts. Little red
mummy from Idaho Frank H. Little your big hat high cheek-
bones crosseyes and song.

The cities rot from the center, the suburbs fall apart a slow
apocalypse of rot the spectral trolleys fade

the cities rot the fire escapes hang and rust the brick turns

black dust falls uncollected garbage heaps the wall

the birds invade with their cries the skid row alley creeps
downtown the ancient jailhouse groans bums snore under the
pavement a dark Turkish bath the cornice gapes at midnight

Seattle! — department stores full of fur coats and camping
equipment, mad noontime businessmen in gabardine coats talk-
ing on streetcorners to keep up the structure, I float past, birds
cry,

Salvation Army offers soup on rotting block, six thousand
beggars groan at a meal of hopeful beans.

1956

PSALM III

To God : to illuminate all men. Beginning with Skid Road.

Let Occidental and Washington be transformed into a higher place, the plaza of eternity.

Illuminate the welders in shipyards with the brilliance of their torches.

Let the crane operator lift up his arm for joy.

Let elevators creak and speak, ascending and descending in awe.

Let the mercy of the flower's direction beckon in the eye.

Let the straight flower bespeak its purpose in straightness — to seek the light.

Let the crooked flower bespeak its purpose in crookedness — to seek the light.

Let the crookedness and straightness bespeak the light.

Let Puget Sound be a blast of light.

I feed on your Name like a cockroach on a crumb — this cockroach is holy.

Seattle 1956

TEARS

I'm crying all the time now.

I cried all over the street when I left the Seattle Wobbly Hall.

I cried listening to Bach.

I cried looking at the happy flowers in my backyard, I cried at
the sadness of the middle-aged trees.

Happiness exists I feel it.

I cried for my soul, I cried for the world's soul.

The world has a beautiful soul.

God appearing to be seen and cried over. Overflowing heart of
Paterson.

Arctic, 1956

READY TO ROLL

To Mexico! To Mexico! Down the dovegrey highway, past
Atomic City police, past the firey border to dream
cantinas!

Standing on the sunny metropolitan plateau, stranger prince
on the street, dollars in my pocket, alone, free —
genitals and thighs and buttocks under skin and
leather.

Music! Taxis! Marijuana in the slums! Ancient sexy parks!
Continental boulevards in America! Modern downtown
for a dollar! Dungarees in Les Ambassadeurs! And
here's a hard brown cock for a quarter!

Drunkenness! and the long night walks down brown streets,
eyes, windows, buses, interior charnels behind the
Cathedral, lost squares and hungry tacos, a calf's head
cooked and picked apart for meat,

and the blackened inner roofs and tents of the Thieves'
Market, street crisscrossed on street, a naked hipster
labyrinth, stealing, pausing, loitering, noticing drums,
purchasing nothing

but a broken aluminum coffee pot with a doll's arm sticking
up out of the mouth.

Haha! what do I want? Change of solitude, spectre of
drunkenness in paranoiac taxicabs, fear and gaiety of
unknown lovers

coming around the empty streetcorner dark-eyed and watching
me make it there alone under the new hip moon.

S.F. 1956

WROTE THIS LAST NIGHT

Listen to the tale of the sensitive car
who was coughed up out of earth in Pittsburgh.

She screamed like a Swedish Prime Minister
on her first flight down the red neon highway,

she couldn't stand the sirens and blind lights
of the male cars Fords Oldsmobiles Studebakers

— her assembly line foreman had prophesied wild wreck
on Sunset Boulevard headlights & eyeballs broken fenders &
bones.

She rode all over Mexico avoiding Los Angeles
praying to be an old junkie in a bordertown graveyard

with rattley doors and yellow broken windowpanes
bent license plate weak brakes & unsaleable motor
worn out by the slow buttocks of teen-age nightmare
panting under the impoverished jissom of the August moon,

Anything but that final joyride with the mad producer
and his bombshell intellectual star on the last night up from
Mexicali.

SQUEAL

He rises he stretches he liquefies he is hammered again
 He's divided in shares he litters the floor of the Bourse
 He's cut by adamantine snips and sent by railway car
 Accumulated on the margin by bony Goldfinger has various
 Visions of being an automobile consolidates
 The fortune of spectral lawyers heirs weep over him
 He melts he undergoes remarkable metamorphoses peculiar
 Hallucinations he coughs up debentures beaten
 By immense hammers in a vast loft pours in fire spurts
 Upward in molten forges he levels he dreams and he cools
 And the present adjusted steel squints.

A hunchback tuberculosis salesman drives him cackling to St
 Louis

In the rain Hack no will of his own Creep next resale Crank
 San Pedro tomorrow St Joe Squeak will it never end Hohokus —

Crashes into a dirty locomotive the bastard never
 Mind stock averages decline slightly here's the mechanic
 Blam the junkyard Help the smelter later a merger pressure
 accumulates

He's had it now Eek he's an airplane Whine he wants to go home
 Suddenly he dives on the market like a bomb.

1958

AMERICAN CHANGE

The first I looked on, after a long time far from home in
mid Atlantic on a summer day

Dolphins breaking the glassy water under the blue sky,
a gleam of silver in my cabin, fished up out of my jangling
new pocket of coins and green dollars

— held in my palm, the head of the feathered indian, old
Buck-Rogers eagle eyed face, a gash of hunger in the cheek

gritted jaw of the vanished man begone like a Hebrew
with hairlock combed down the side — O Rabbi Indian

what visionary gleam 100 years ago on Buffalo prairie
under the molten cloud shot sky, 'the same clear light 10000
miles in all directions'

but now with all the violin music of Vienna, gone into
the great slot machine of Kansas City, Reno —

The coin seemed so small after vast European coppers
thick francs leaden pesetas, lira endless and heavy,

a miniature primeval memorialized in 5c. nickle candy-
store nostalgia of the redskin, dead on silver coin,

with shaggy buffalo on reverse, hump-backed little tail
incurved, head butting against the rondure of Eternity,

cock forelock below, bearded shoulder muscle folded
below muscle, head of prophet, bowed,

vanishing beast of Time, hoar body rubbed clean of
wrinkles and shining like polished stone, bright metal in my
forefinger, ridiculous buffalo — Go to New York.

Dime next I found, Minerva, sexless cold & chill, ascend-
ing goddess of money — and was it the wife of Wallace Stevens,
truly?

and now from the locks flowing the miniature wings of
speedy thought,

executive dyke, Minerva, goddess of Madison Avenue,
forgotten useless dime that can't buy hot dog, dead dime —

Then we've George Washington, less primitive, the snub-
nosed quarter, smug eyes and mouth, some idiot's design of the
sexless Father,

naked down to his neck, a ribbon in his wig, high fore-
head, Roman line down the nose, fat cheeked, still showing his
falsetooth ideas — O Eisenhower & Washington — O Fathers —
No movie star dark beauty — O thou Bignoses —

Quarter, remembered quarter, 40c. in all — What'll you
buy me when I land — one icecream soda? —

poor pile of coins, original reminders of the sadness,
forgotten money of America —

nostalgia of the first touch of those coins, American
change,

the memory in my aging hand, the same old silver reflec-
tive there,

the thin dime hidden between my thumb and forefinger

All the struggles for those coins, the sadness of their re-
appearance

my reappearance on those fabled shores

and the failure of that Dream, that Vision of Money
reduced to this haunting recollection

of the gas lot in Paterson where I found half a dollar
gleaming in the grass —

I have a \$5 bill in my pocket — it's Lincoln's sour black
head moled wrinkled, forelocked too, big eared, flags of announce-
ment flying over the bill, stamps in green and spiderweb black,

long numbers in racetrack green, immense promise, a girl, a hotel, a busride to Albany, a night of brilliant drunk in some faraway corner of Manhattan

a stick of several teas, or paper or cap of Heroin, or a \$5 strange present to the blind.

Money money, reminder, I might as well write poems to you — dear American money — O statue of Liberty I ride enfolded in money in my mind to you — and last

Ahhh! Washington again, on the Dollar, same poetic black print, dark words, The United States of America, innumerable numbers

R956422481 One Dollar This Certificate is Legal Tender (tender!) for all debts public and private

My God My God why have you foresaken me

Ivy Baker Priest Series 1935 F

and over, the Eagle, wild wings outspread, halo of the Stars encircled by puffs of smoke & flame —

a circle the Masonic Pyramid, the sacred Swedenborgian Dollar America, bricked up to the top, & floating surreal above the triangle of holy outstaring Eye sectioned out of the aire, shining

light emitted from the eyebrowless triangle — and a desert of cactus, scattered all around, clouds afar,

this being the Great Seal of our Passion, Annuity Coepetes, Novis Ordo Seclorum,

the whole surrounded by green spiderwebs designed by T-Men to prevent foul counterfeit —

ONE

S.S. United States, 1958

‘BACK ON TIMES SQUARE, DREAMING OF TIMES SQUARE’

Let some sad trumpeter stand
 on the empty streets at dawn
 and blow a silver chorus to the
 buildings of Times Square,
 memorial of ten years, at 5 AM, with
 the thin white moon just
 visible
 above the green & grooking McGraw
 Hill offices

a cop walks by, but he's invisible
 with his music

The Globe Hotel, Garver lay in
 grey beds there and hunched his
 back and cleaned his needles —
 where I lay many nights on the nod
 from his leftover bloody cottons
 and dreamed of Blake's voice talking —
 I was lonely,
 Garver's dead in Mexico two years,
 hotel's vanished into a parking lot
 And I'm back here — sitting on the streets
 again —

The movies took our language, the
 great red signs
 A DOUBLE BILL OF GASSERS
 Teen Age Nightmare
 Hooligans of the Moon

But we were never nightmare
hooligans but seekers of
the blond nose for Truth

Some old men are still alive, but
the old Junkies are gone —

We are a legend, invisible but
legendary, as prophesied

NY 1958

MY SAD SELF

To Frank O'Hara

Sometimes when my eyes are red
 I go up on top of the RCA Building
 and gaze at my world, Manhattan —
 my buildings, streets I've done feats in,
 lofts, beds, coldwater flats
 — on Fifth Ave below which I also bear in mind,
 its ant cars, little yellow taxis, men
 walking the size of specks of wool —
 Panorama of the bridges, sunrise over Brooklyn machine,
 sun go down over New Jersey where I was born
 & Paterson where I played with ants —
 my later loves on 15th Street,
 my greater loves of Lower East Side,
 my once fabulous amours in the Bronx
 faraway —
 paths crossing in these hidden streets,
 my history summed up, my absences
 and ecstasies in Harlem —
 — sun shining down on all I own
 in one eyeblink to the horizon
 in my last eternity —
 matter is water.

Sad,
 I take the elevator and go
 down, pondering,
 and walk on the pavements staring into all man's
 plateglass, faces,
 questioning after who loves,

and stop, bemused
 in front of an automobile shopwindow
 standing lost in calm thought,
 traffic moving up & down 5th Avenue blocks
 behind me
 waiting for a moment when. . .

Time to go home & cook supper & listen to
 the romantic war news on the radio

 . . . all movement stops
 & I walk in the timeless sadness of existence,
 tenderness flowing thru the buildings,
 my fingertips touching reality's face,
 my own face streaked with tears in the mirror
 of some window — at dusk —
 where I have no desire —
 for bonbons — or to own the dresses or Japanese
 lampshades of intellection —

Confused by the spectacle around me,
 Man struggling up the street
 with packages, newspapers,
 ties, beautiful suits
 toward his desire
 Man, woman, streaming over the pavements
 red lights clocking hurried watches &
 movements at the curb —

And all these streets leading
 so crosswise, honking, lengthily,
 by avenues

stalked by high buildings or crusted into slums
thru such halting traffic
screaming cars and engines
so painfully to this
countryside, this graveyard
this stillness
on deathbed or mountain
once seen
never regained or desired
in the mind to come
where all Manhattan that I've seen must disappear.

NY 1958

FFFFF	U		U	NN		N	
F	U		U	N	N	N	
FFFFF	U		U	N	N	N	
F		U	U	N		N	NY
F		U	U	N		NN	
F		UU		N		N	

The music of the spheres — that ends in Silence

The Void is a grand piano

a million melodies

one after another

silence in between

rather an interruption

of the silence

Tho the music's beautiful

Bong Bong Bon——

gnob

gnob

gno ——

Bong Bong Bong

o n

n o

g b

b g

o n

n o

obgnobgnobgnob

THE circle of forms

Shrinks

and disappears
back into the piano.

BATTLESHIP NEWSREEL

I was high on tea in my foc'sle near the forepeak hatch listening
to the stars
envisioning the kamakazis flapping and turning in the soiled
clouds
ackack burst into fire a vast hole ripped out of the bow like a
burning lily
we dumped our oilcans of nitroglycerine among the waving
octapi
dull thud and boom of thunder undersea the cough of the
tuburcular machinegunner
flames in the hold among the cans of ether the roar of battleships
far away
rolling in the sea like whales surrounded by dying ants the
screams the captain mad
Suddenly a golden light came over the ocean and grew large the
radiance entered the sky
a deathly chill and heaviness entered my body I could scarce lift
my eye
and the ship grew sheathed in light like an overexposed photo-
graph fading in the brain.

1959

I BEG YOU COME BACK & BE CHEERFUL

Tonite I got hi in the window of my apartment
chair at 3 : AM

gazing at Blue incandescent torches

bright-lit street below

clotted shadows looming on a new laid pave

— as last week Medieval rabbiz

plodded thru the brown raw

dirt turned over — sticks

& cans

and tired ladies sitting on spanish

garbage pails — in the deadly heat

— one month ago

the fire hydrants were awash —

the sun at 3 P.M. today in a haze —

now all dark outside, a cat crosses

the street silently — I meow

and she looks up, and passes a

pile of rubble on the way

to a golden shining garbage pail

(phosphor in the night

& alley stink)

(or door-can mash)

— Thinking America is a chaos

Police clog the streets with their anxiety,

Prowl car creak & halt :

Today a woman, 20, slapped her brother

playing with his infant bricks —

toying with a huge rock —

‘ Don’t do that now ! the cops ! the cops ! ’

And there was no cop there —
 I looked around my shoulder —
 a pile of crap in the opposite direction.

 Tear gas ! Dynamite ! Mustaches !
 I'll grow a beard and carry lovely
 bombs,
 I will destroy the world, slip in between
 the cracks of death
 And change the Universe — Ha !
 I have the secret, I carry
 Subversive salami in
 my ragged briefcase
 'Garlic, Poverty, a will to Heaven,'
 a strange dream in my meat :

Radiant clouds, I have heard God's voice in
 my sleep, or Blake's awake, or my own or
 the dream of a delicatessen of snorting cows
 and bellowing pigs —
 The chop of a knife
 a finger severed in my brain —
 a few deaths I know —

 O brothers of the Laurel
 Is the world real?
 Is the Laurel
 a joke or a crown of thorns? —

Fast, pass
 up the ass
 Down I go
 Cometh Woe

— the street outside,
 me spying on New York.
 The dark truck passes snarling &
 vibrating deep —

What
 if
 the
 worlds
 were
 a
 series
 of steps
 What
 if
 the
 steps
 joined
 back
 at
 the

Margin

Leaving us flying like birds into Time
 — eyes and car headlights —
 The shrinkage of emptiness
 in the Nebulae

These Galaxies cross like pinwheels & they pass
 like gas —
 What forests are born.

September 15, 1959

(Both surrounded by screaming

communists with flowers
 in their ass)
 — you much sooner than I —
 or a long night alone in a room
 in the old hotel of the world
 watching a black door
 . . . surrounded by scraps of paper

DIE GREATLY IN THY SOLITUDE

Old Man,
 I prophesy Reward

Vaster than the sands of Pachacamac
 Brighter than a mask of hammered gold
 Sweeter than the joy of armies naked
 fucking on the battlefield
 Swifter than a time passed between
 old Nasca night and new Lima
 in the dusk
 Stranger than our meeting by the Presidential
 Palace in an old cafe
 ghosts of an old illusion, ghosts
 of indifferent love —

THE DAZZLING INTELLIGENCE

 Migrates from Death
 To make a sign of Life again to you
 Fierce and beautiful as a car crash
 in the Plaza de Armas

I swear that I have seen that Light
 I will not fail to kiss your hideous cheek
 when your coffin's closed

And the human mourners go back
 to their old tired
 Dream.

And you wake in the Eye of the
 Dictator of the Universe.

Another stupid miracle ! I'm
 mistaken again !
 Your indifference ! my enthusiasm !
 I insist ! You cough !
 Lost in the wave of Gold that
 flows thru the Cosmos.

Agh I'm tire of insisting ! Goodby,
 I'm going to Pucallpa
 to have Visions.

 Your clean sonnets?
 I want to read your dirtiest
 secret scribblings,
 your Hope,
 in His most Obscene Magnificence. My God !

May 19, 1960

Note : *Chancay, Pachacamic, Nasca — Pre-incaic
 cultures of coastal desert Peru. Myriad relics
 found by graverobbers opening the sand of
 these necropolises.*

AETHER

11 : 15 PM May 27

4 Sniffs & I'm High,
 Underwear in bed,
 white cotton in left hand,
 archetype degenerate,
 bloody taste in my mouth
 of Dentist Chair
 music, Loud Farts of Eternity —
 an owl with eyeglasses scribbling in the
 cold darkness —
 All the time the sound in my eardrums
 of trolleycars below
 taxi fender cough — creak of streets —
 Laughter & pistol shots echoing
 at all walls —
 tic leaks of neon — the voice of Myriad
 rushers of the Brainpan
 all the chirps the crickets have created
 ringing against my eares in the
 instant before unconsciousness
 before, —
 the teardrop in the eye to come, —
 the Fear of the Unknown —

One does not yet know whether Christ was
 God or the Devil —
 Buddha is more reassuring.

Yet the experiments must continue !

Every possible combination of Being — all
 the old ones ! all the old Hindu
 Sabahadabadie-pluralic universes
 ringing in Grandiloquent
 Bearded Juxtaposition,
 with all their minarets and moonlit
 towers enlaced with iron
 or porcelain embroidery,
 all have existed —
 and the Sages with
 white hair who sat crosslegged on
 a female couch —
 hearkening to whatever music came
 from out the Wood or Street,
 whatever bird that whistled in the
 Marketplace,
 whatever note the clock struck to say
 Time —
 whatever drug, or aire, they breathed
 to make them think so deep
 or simply hear what passed,
 like a car passing in the 1960 street
 beside the Governmental Palace
 in Peru, this Lima
 year I write.

 Kerouac ! I salute yr
 wordy beard. Sad Prophet !
 Salutations and low bows from
 baggy pants and turbaned mind and hornèd foot
 arched eyebrows & Jewish Smile —
 One single specimen of Eternity — each
 of us poets.

Breake the Rhythm ! (too much pentameter)

... My god what solitude are you in Kerouac
now?

— heard the whoosh of carwheels in the 1950 rain —

And every bell went off on time,
And everything that was created
Rang especially in view of the Creation
For

This is the end of the creation
This is the redemption Spoken of
This is the view of the Created
by all the Drs, nurses, etc of
creation ;

i.e., —



I just nodded because of the secondary
negation

!!

The unspeakable passed over my head for
the second time.

and still can't say it !

i.e. we are the sweepings of the moon
we're what's *left over* from perfection —

The universe is an OLD mistake
I've understood a million times before
and always come back to the same
scissor brainwave—

The
Sooner or later all Consciousness will
be eliminated

because Consciousness is
 a by-product of —
 (Cotton & N₂O)

Drawing saliva back from the tongue —

Christ! you struggle to understand

One consciousness

& be confronted with Myriads —

after a billion years

with the same ringing in the ears

and pterodactyl-smile of Oops

Creation,

known it all before.

A Buddha as of old, with sirens of

whatever machinery making cranging noises in
 the street

and pavement light reflected in the facade

RR Station window in a

dinky port in Backwash

of the murky old forgotten

fabulous whatever

Civilization of

Eternity, —

with the RR Sta Clock ring midnight,

as of now,

& waiting for the 6th

you write your

Word,

and end on the last chime — and remember

This *one* twelve was struck

before,

and *never again*; both.

.....I stood on the balcony
 waiting for an explosion
 of Total Consciousness of the All —
 being Ginsberg sniffing ether in Lima.
 The same struggle of Mind, to reach the
 Thing
 that ends its process with an X
 comprehending its befores and afters,
 unexplainable to each, except in a prophetic
 secret recollective hidden
 half-hand unrecorded.
 way.

As the old sages of Asia, or the white beards of Persia
 scribbled on the margins of their scrolls
 in delicate ink
 remembering with tears the ancient clockbells of their
 cities
 and the cities that had been —
 Nasca, Paracas, Chancay & Secrecy of the Priests
 buried, Cat Gods
 of all colors, a funeral shroud
 for a museum —
 None remember but all return to the same thought
 before they die — what sad old
 knowledge, we repeat again.
 Only to be lost
 in the sands of Paracas, or wrapped in a mystic shroud
 of Poesy
 and found by some kid in a thousand years
 inspire what dreadful thoughts of his own?

It's a horrible, lonely experience. And
 Gregory's letter, and Peter's . . .

May 28 7 : 30 PM

...In the foul dregs of Circumstance
 ' Male and Female He created them '
 with mustaches.

There ARE certain REPEATED
 (pistol shot) reliable points
 of reference which the insane
 (pistol shot repeated outside
 the window) — madman suddenly
 writes — THE PISTOL SHOT
 outside — the REPEATED situations
 the experience of return to the
 same place in Universal Creation
 Time — and every time we return
 we recognise again that we
 HAVE been here & that is the
 Key to Creation — the same pistol shot
 — DOWN, bending over his book of Un
 intelligible marvels with his mustache.

(my) Madness is intelligible reactions to
 Unintelligible phenomena.

Boy — what a marvellous bottle,
 a clear glass sphere of transparent
 liquid ether —

(Chloroethyl Merz)

9 PM

I know I am a poet — in this universe — but what
 good does that do — when in another, without these mechanical
 aids, I might be doomed to be a poor Disneyan Shoe Store
 Clerk — This consciousness an *accident* of one of the Ether-

possible worlds, not the Final World

Wherein we all look Crosseyed
 & triumph in our Virginity
 without wearing Rabbit's-foot
 ears or eyes looking sideways
 strangely but in Gold

Humbled & more knowledgeable, acknowledge
 the Vast mystery of our creation —
 without giving any sign that
 we have heard from the

GREAT CREATOR

WHOSE NAME I NOW

PRONOUNCE :

**GREAT CREATOR OF THE UNIVERS, IF
 THY WISDOM ACCORD IT
 AND IF THIS NOT BE TOO
 MUCH TO ASK
 MAY I PUBLISH YOUR NAME?
 I ASK IN THE LIMA
 NIGHT**

FEARFULLY WAITING

ANSWER,

hearing the buses out on
 the street hissing,
 Knowing the Terror
 of the World Afar —

I have been playing with Jokes
 and His is too mighty to hold
 in the hand like a Pen
 and His is the Pistol Shot Answer
 that brings blood to the brain
 And—

What *can* be possible
 in a minor universe
 in which you can see
 God by sniffing the
 gas in a cotton?
 The answer to be taken in
 reverse & Doubled Math
 ematically *both* ways.

Am I a sinner?
 There are hard & easy universes. This
 is neither.

(If I close my eyes will I regain consciousness?)

That's the Final Question — with
 all the old churchbells ringing and
 bus pickup snuffles & crack of iron

whips inside cylinders & squeal of brakes
 and old crescendos of responsive
 demiurgic ecstasy whispering in streets of ear
 — and when was it Not
 ever answered in the Affir-
 mative? Saith the Lord?

A MAGIC UNIVERSE

Flies & crickets & the sound of buses & my
 stupid beard.
 But what's Magic?
 Is there Sorrow in Magic?
 Is Magic one of my boyscout creations?
 Am I responsible? I with my flop?
 Could Threat happen to Magic?
 Yes! this the one universe in which
 there *is* threat to magic, by
 writing while high.

A Universe in which I am condemned to write statements.

‘ Ignorant Judgements Create Mistaken Worlds — ’
 and this one is joined in
 Indic union to
 Affirm with laughing
 eyes —

The world is as we see it,
 Male & Female, passing thru the years,
 as has before & will, perhaps
 with all its countless pearls & Bloody noses
 and I poor stupid All in G
 am stuck with that old Choice —

Ya, Crap, what Hymn to seek, & in
 what tongue, if this's the most
 I can requite from Consciousness? —
 That I can skim? & put in words?
 Could skim it faster with more juice —
 could skim a crop with Death, perchance
 — yet never know in this old world.
 Will know in Death?
 And before?
 Will in
 Another know.
 And in another know.
 And
 in another know.
 And
 Stop conceiving worlds!
 says Philip Whalen
 (My Savior!) (oh what snobbery!)
 (as if he cd save Anyone) —
 At *least*, he won't understand.
 I lift my finger in the air to create
 a universe he won't understand, full
 of sadness.

 — finally staring straight ahead in surprise
 & recollection into the mirror of
 the Hotel Commercio room.
 Time repeats itself. Including
 this consciousness, which has seen
 itself before — thus the locust-whistle
 of antiquity's nightwatch in my eardrum . . .

I propounded a final question, and
 heard a series of final answers.
 What is God? for instance, asks the answer?
 And whatever else can the replier reply but reply?
 Whatever the nature of mind, that
 the nature of *both* question and answer.

& yet one wants to live
 in a *single* universe

Does one?

Must it be one?
 Why, as with the Jews
 must the God be One?
 O what does
 the concept ONE mean?
 IT'S MAD!

GOD IS ONE!

IS X

IS MEANINGLESS —

ADONOI —

IS A JOKE —

THE HEBREWS ARE
 WRONG — (CRIST & BUDDA
 ATTEST, also wrongly !)

What is One but Formation
of mind?

arbitrary madness ! 6000 years

Spreading out in all directions simultaneously —

I forgive both good & ill

& I seek nothing, like a painted savage with
spear crossed by orange black & white bands !

‘ I found the Jivaros & was
entrapped in their universe ’

I’m scribbling nothings.

Page upon page of profoundest nothing,
as scribed the Ancient Hebe, when

he wrote Adonoi Echad or One —

all to amuse, make money, or deceive —

Let Wickedness be Me

and this the worst of all
the universes !

Not the worst ! Not Flame !

I can’t stand that — (Yes that’s
for Somebody Else !

Yet I accept

O Catfaced God, whatever comes ! It’s me !

I am the Flame, etc.

O Gawd !

Pistol shot ! Crack !

Circusmaster’s whip —

IMPERFECT !

and a soul is damned to

HELL !

And the churchbell rings !

and there is melancholy, once again, throughout the realm.

SOUNDY TIME, I HEAR AGAIN!

I'll go to walk the street,

Who'll find

me in the night, in Lima, in my
33'd year,

On Street (Cont.)

The souls of Peter &
I answer each other.
But — and what's a soul?
To be a poet's a
serious occupation,
condemned to that
in universe —
to walk the city
ascribing in
a book — just accosted
by a drunk —
in Plaza de Armas
sidestreet under
a foggy sky, and
sometimes with no
moon.

The heavy balcony
hangs over the white
marble of the Bishop's
Palace next the Cathedral —
The fountain plays
in light as e'er —
The busses & the

motorcyclists pass
thru midnight, the
carlights shine
the beggar turns
a corner with his
cigarette stub &
cane, the Noisers
leave the tavern
and delay, conversing
in high voice,
Awake,

Hasta Manana
they all say —
and somewhere
at the other end of
the line, a telephone
is ringing, once again
with unknown news —

The night
looms over Lima,
sky black fog —
and I sit helpless
smoking with a
pencil hand —

The long crack

in the pavement
 or yesterday's
 volcano in Chile,
 or the day before
 the Earthquake
 that begat the
 World.

The Plaza pavement
 shines in the electric
 light. I wait.
 The lonely beard
 workman staggers
 home to bed from
 Death.

Yes but I'm
 a little tired of
 being alone . . .

Keats' Nightingale — the
 instant of realization
 a single consciousness
 that hears the chimes
 of Time, repeated
 endlessly —

All night, w/ Ether, wave

after wave of magic
 understanding. A dis-
 turbance of the field
 of consciousness.
 Magic night, magic stars,
 magic men, magic music,
 magic tomorrow, magic death,
 magic Magic.

What crude Magic
 we live in (seeing trolley
 like a rude monster
 in downtown street
 w/ electric diamond
 wire antennae to sky
 pass night café under
 white arc-light by
 Gran Hotel Bolivar.)

The mad potter of
 Mochica made a
 pot w/ 6 Eyes & 2
 Mouths & half a Nose
 & 5 Cheeks & no Chin
 for us to figure out,
 serious side-track,
 blind alley Kosmos.

(Back in Room)

How strange to remember anything, even a button
 much less a universe.

'What creature gives birth to itself?'

The universe is mad, slightly mad.
— and the two sides wriggle away
in opposite directions to die
lopped off
the blind metallic length curled up
feebly & wiggling its feet
in the grass
the millepede's black head moving inches away
on the staircase at Macchu Picchu
the Creature feels itself
destroyed,
head & tail of the universe
cut in two.

Men with slick mustaches of mystery have
 pimp horrible climaxes & Karmas —
 — the mad magician that created Chaos
 in the peaceful void & suave.
 with my fucking suave manners & knowitall
 eyes, and mind full of fantasy —
 the Me ! that horror that keeps me conscious
 in this Hell of Birth & Death.

34 coming up — I suddenly felt old — sitting with Walter & Raquel in Chinese Restaurant — they kissed — I alone — age of Burroughs when we first met.

*Hotel Comercio
Lima, Peru
May 28, 1960*

