

Jade Kerouac

MEXICO CITY BLUES

(242 CHORUSES)



"A spontaneous bop prosody and
original classic literature"
—Allen Ginsberg

MEXICO CITY BLUES

Jack Kerouac



Grove Press
New York

MEXICO CITY BLUES

NOTE

I want to be considered a jazz poet
blowing a long blues in an afternoon jam
session on Sunday. I take 242 choruses;
my ideas vary and sometimes roll from
chorus to chorus or from halfway through
a chorus to halfway into the next.

1st Chorus

Butte Magic of Ignorance

Butte Magic

Is the same as no-Butte

All one light

Old Rough Roads

One High Iron

Mainway

Denver is the same

“The guy I was with his uncle was
the governor of Wyoming”

“Course he paid me back”

Ten Days

Two Weeks

Stock and Joint

“Was an old crook anyway”

The same voice on the same ship

The Supreme Vehicle

S. S. Excalibur

Maynard

Mainline

Mountain

Merudvhaga

Mersion of Missy

2nd Chorus

Man is not worried in the middle

Man in the Middle

Is not Worried

He knows his Karma

Is not buried

But his Karma,

Unknown to him,

May end –

Which is Nirvana

Wild men

Who kill

Have Karmas

Of ill

Good men

Who love

Have Karmas

Of dove

Snakes are Poor Denizens of Hell

Have come surreptitioning

Through the tall grass
To face the pool of clear frogs

3rd Chorus

Describe fires in riverbottom
sand, and the cooking;
the cooking of hot dogs
spitted in whittled sticks
over flames of woodfire
with grease dropping in smoke
to brown and blacken
 the salty hotdogs,
 and the wine,
 and the work on the railroad.

\$275,000,000,000.00 in debt
 says the Government
Two hundred and seventy five billion
 dollars in debt
Like Unending
 Heaven
And Unnumbered Sentient Beings
 Who will be admitted –
 Not-Numberable –
To the new Pair of Shoes
Of White Guru Fleece
 O j o!
 The Purple Paradise

4th Chorus

Roosevelt was worth 6, 7 million dollars

He was Tight

Frog waits

Till poor fly

Flies by

And then they got him

The pool of clear rocks

Covered with vegetable scum

Covered the rocks

Clear the pool

Covered the warm surface

Covered the lotus

Dusted the watermelon flower

Aerial the Pad

Clean queer the clear

blue water

AND THEN THEY GOT HIM

The Oil of the Olive

Bittersweet taffies

Bittersweet cabbage

Cabbage soup made right

A hunk a grass

Sauerkraut let work

in a big barrel

Stunk but Good

5th Chorus

I am not Gregory Corso
The Italian Minnesinger –
Of the Song of Corsica –
Subioso Gregorio Corso –
The Haunted Verse-maker

King
Of Brattle Street.
In streets of snow
He wove the show
And worried in tunnels
And mad dog barked

KIND KING MIND
Allen Ginsberg called me

William Burroughs
Is William Lee

Samuel Johnson
Is Under the sea

Rothridge Cole parter
Of Peppers
Is Numbro
Elabora

If you know what I
p a l a b r a

6th Chorus

This Thinking is Stopped.

Buddha's Secret Moonlight: – is
the Ancient Virtue of laying up
and thinking happy & comfortable
thoughts – This, which modern
Society has branded “Loafing,” is
made available to people now
apparently only by junk.

Self depends on existence of other
self, and so no Solo Universal Self
exists – no self, no other self,
no innumerable selves, no
Universal self and no ideas
relating to existence or non-
existence thereof –

The Greatest, Who Has Undertaken
to Comfort Innumerable Beings

The Kind One

The Art-of-Kindness Master

The Master of Wisdom

The Great Ferryman

The Great Vehicle Being

7th Chorus

He Who is Free From Arbitrary Conceptions
of Being or Non-Being

The Genius of the Elephant

The Destroyer of Elephant-Trainers
by Death

The Destroyer of Elephants by Death

The Destroyer of Death

The Destroyer and Exterminator
of Death

Exterminator of Being and Non-Being

Tathagata

The Essence Master

The Womb

The Manifestor

Man's Made Essence

Essence's Made Man

The Maker of Light

The Destroyer of Light

8th Chorus

Mysterious Red Rivers of the North –

Obi Ubang African Montanas

of the Gulchy Peary

Earth –

Lakes of Light – Old Seas –

Mississippi River, Chicago,

the Great Lakes –

The Small Rivers like Indiana,

the Big Ones

Like Amazon.

Joliet flew.

Alma, the River of Snowy Love

– Amida, of Brightest

Perfect

Compassion

The Tamiyani Trail across

the Everglades –

Ai la ra la

la rai la ra –

Singing breasts of women

of earth receiving

Juicy Rivers – red earth

9th Chorus

We're all taking short cut
Through Death Valley
 The Volcanic Mountains
 And the Lizard Ice
 And the Lice of Sand
 – Lhasas of Weedblack
 Cock Rock Philtrite –
Redwoods so Huge
They climb passes by God –
 The Giant Angels
 In the Washington D C Blue Sky
 – – The Heroines of Cathedral
 Fellaheen Mexico –
Commenting on the Great Cities
 of the World,
The Blue Marvel of New Orleans
 (land a swamps)

Ingers had done windows
 with penal Australia
too – pear Attantisatasa
 the Central Essential
 Indy Portuga
 coit

10th Chorus

The great hanging weak teat of India
on the map
The Fingernail of Malaya
The Wall of China
The Korea Ti-Pousse Thumb
The Salamander Japan
the Okinawa Moon Spot
The Pacific
The Back of Hawaiian Mountains
coconuts
Kines, balconies, Ah Tarzan –
And D W Griffith
the great American Director
Strolling down disgruntled
Hollywood Lane
– to toot Nebraska,
Indian Village New York,
Atlantis, Rome,
Peleus and Melisander,
And
swans of Balls
Spots of foam on the ocean

11th Chorus

Brown wrote a book called
The White and the Black

N a r c o t i c C i t y
switchin on

Anger Falls –

(musician stops,
brooding on bandstand)

12th Chorus

Indian songs in Mexico
(the Folk Chanties of Children
at dusk jump rope –
at Saturday Night power failure –)
are like the little French Canuckian
songs my mother sings –

Indian Roundelays –
Row Canoe –

Ma ta wacka
Johnny Picotee
Wish-tee
Wish-tee

Negwayable

Tamayara

Para ya
Aztec squeaks

(ONLY THE MOTHERS ARE HAPPY)

13th Chorus

I caught a cold
From the sun
When they tore my heart out
At the top of the pyramid

O the ruttle tooty blooty
windowpoopies
of Fellah Ack Ack
Town that russet noon
when priests dared
to lick their lips
over my thumping meat
heart –
the Sacrilegious beasts
Ate me 10,000 million
Times & I came back
Spitting Pulque
in Borracho
Ork
Saloons
of old Sour Azteca

Askin for more
I popped outa Popocatapetl's
Hungry mouth

14th Chorus

And when they saw me

Rowin my sailin canoe

Across the lake of dreams

In the Lotus Valley Swamp,

And arrested me

For the size

Of my heart,

T's' then I decided

'Don't Come Back'

They'll eat your heart alive

Every time.

But there's more blood

I shed

Outa my pumpin heart

At Teotihuacan

And everywhere else

Including Turban Block,

Lookout, Ork –

I got more water

Pissed in the Ocean

As a sailor of the several

seas

Than Sallow's

Aphorism

will allow

15th Chorus

Meaning –

I'm just an old calvert
cross

dead of die pork

I believe in the sweetness
of Jesus

And Buddha –

I believe

In St.Francis,

Avaloki

Tesvara,

the Saints

Of First Century

India A D

And Scholars

Santivedan

And Otherwise

Santayanan

Everywhere

16th Chorus

Santayana meaning,
 holy vehicle,

Uno –

One Cross

One Way

One Cave inward

 down

 to

 moon

 Shining essences

 of universes of stars

disseminated into powder

and dust –

 blazing

 in the dynamo

 of our thoughts

in the forge

 of the moon

In the June

of black bugs

in your bed

of hair earth

17th Chorus

Starspangled Kingdoms bedecked
in dewy joint –

DON'T IGNORE OTHER PARTS
OF YOUR MIND, I think,

And my clever brain sends
ripples of amusement

Through my leg nerve halls

And I remember the Zigzag

Original

Mind

of Babyhood

when you'd let the faces

crack & mock

& yak & change

& go mad utterly

in your night

firstmind

reveries

talking about the mind

The endless Not Invisible

Madness Rioting

Everywhere

18th Chorus

The bottom of the repository
human mind

The Kingdom of the Mind,
The Kingdom has come.

It's the only thing you got free,
the Mind

Per Se Williams, the critic
and author,

Slept in a rainbow
When he discovered
the perfect accommodation
of Universal Mind
in its active aspect

You'll have a Period of Golden Age
Restitution of Loss

I've had all I can Eat
Revisiting Russet towns
Of long ago
On carpets of bloody sawdust

19th Chorus

Christ had a dove on his shoulder

– My brother Gerard

Had 2 Doves

And 2 Lambs

Pulling his Milky Chariot.

Immersed in fragrant old

spittoon water

He was Baptized by Iron

Priest Saint Jacques

De Fournier in Lowell

Massachusetts

In the Gray Rain Year,

1919

When Chaplin had Spats

and Dempsey

Drank no whisky by the track.

My mother saw him in heaven

Riding away, prophesying

Everything will be alright

Which I have learned now

By Trial & Conviction

In the Court of Awful Glots

20th Chorus

The Art of Kindness A Limping Sonnet

How the art of kindness doth excite,
The ressure and the intervening tear,
What horizons have they fled,
What old time's blearest dream!
But atta pressure of the Two Team,
Finding nothing to surfeit the bloated corpse,
Rabbed the Whole She bo be bang
And rounded them a Team.
Beam! Bleam! So no one cared.
Except the High Financier.

Ah, but wine was never Made
That sorely tongues gave grace & aid.

Because I cant write a sonnet
Does that make me Shakespeare?

There's a sonnet of the lotus
A rubicund rose
Death in a rose
Is prouder than satin
Emerald Isles

Blest
In the Archipelagoan
Shore –

Ferry's arrived.

21st Chorus

Not very musical, the Western ear

– No lyres in the pines
compare with the palms

Western Sorcery is Sad Science –

Mechanics go mad
In Nirvanas of hair
and black oil
and rags of dust
and lint of flint

Hard iron fools raging in the gloom

But here's East, Cambodian

Saloons of Air
And Clouds Blest.
Blakean Angel Town.
Grove of Beardy Trees
 & Bearded Emptily –
Expressing Patriarchal
 Authority
To us listeners
 Of the Holy See

Saw,

said,

Saved

Saved my Bhikkucitas

22nd Chorus

Saved my bhikkucitos
for the holy hair

that was found wanting
in merde air –

Ninety devils jokin with me
And I'm running on the catwalk
At Margaritee
Jumping from car to car
In a 60 mile freight
Runnin up the pass maw
Tunnel Gore waited Ore
The fantastic steelsmoke
In choke mad tunnels
of Timbercountry Calif.

where if I'd-a fell,
I'd-a fell on peb pebbles
of sore iron grit,
of hard put to it

Importunate fool that I was,
I raved to fight Savors
Instead of listening in
To the Light – still a fool

23rd Chorus

CHORUS NO. 1 of
Blues in Bill's Pad

CHORUS NO. 23 of
San Francisco Blues

FOURTEEN CHORUSES
of Blue City Blues

Fifteen O Choruses
of Genu wine blues

Sing you a blues song
sing you a tune

Sing you eight bars
of Strike Up the Band

Eight of Indiana, eight
of Israel,

Eight of Chubby's Chubby,
eight of old Wardell

Yes baby, Count Blue
Basie's fat old Chock

Wallopin Fat Rushing
Was a wow old saloon man

24th Chorus

All great statements ever made

abide in death

All the magnificent & witty

rewards of French Lettrism

Abide in death

All the Roman Sculptor

of Heroes, all Picassos

and Micassos and

Macayos

and

Machados

and Kerouaco's –

even Asvaghosha's Glorious Statement

and Asanga's and Holy Sayadaw

and all the good and kind saints

and the divine unabstractable ones

the holy and perfect ones

All Buddhas and Dharmas

All Jesuses and Jerusalems

And Jordans and How are You's

– Nil, none, a dream,

A bubble pop, a foam snit

in the immensities of the sea
at midnight in the dark

25th Chorus

Dont worry about death
Once you're there
Because it is trackless

Having no track to follow
You will rest where you are
In inside of the essence

But the moment I say essence
I draw that word back
And that remark – essence's
Unspoken, you cant say a word,
essence is the word for the finger
that shows us bright blankness

When we look into the God face
We see radiant irradiation
From middleless center
Of Objectless fire roe-ing
In a fieldstar all its own

Is my own, is your own,
Is not Owned by Self-Owner
but found by Self-Loser –
Old Ancient Teaching

26th Chorus

Knew all along
That when chicken is eaten
Rooster aint worried
And when Rooster is eaten
Chicken aint worried

Because what's there to worry
What's there to grow teeth
To eat rebirth's beginningless
Meat of Eternal Comeback?

For Christ Sake stop saying
And saving your lives,
It's only one more hour
Beyond your pale light

There's no end on all sides
The saylessness, the sayless ork
 awk ah of child
 on afternoon sidewalk

Or of Hurubela Elephant Cow
 of Ant Colonies
 M'e'r y o cking
 in a moment

of the Landscape day
in Vast Acadian

Pure Land –

Buddha loved all sentient beings

27th Chorus

Krissake Wakeup
Nuts like Carl Solomon
A sharp Jew I know,
Say that all's already ended,
A dream a long time done.
Sit in the Bedlam high
Inside Mind listening dreaming
To the music of the time
Coming through the Aura Hole
Of Old Father Time
Mustache on a Jimmy the Greek

stage

Ork, song of Nova Scotia,
Silly, any, songs,
Floating in the Open Blue,
Balancing on Balloons,
Balloons, BALLOONS,
BALLOONS of Rosé Hope,
balloons Balloons BALLOONS
the Vast Integral Crap

a
Balloons

BALLOONS is your time

Balloons is the ending

THAT'S THE SCENE

28th Chorus

The discriminating mind.
Discrimination is when, say,
 you're offered something
And you accept it one way
 or the other,
Not thinking of improving;
Then comes the Craft Gleam
And you look over to see
What's to be to advantage,
And find it, pouncin like a Puma,
Like a Miser Hero of Gold

Cellars
& Herring
in barrels,

– And you seek to achieve
 Greater satisfaction
 Which is already impossible
 Because of Supreme Reality
 and Time
And Timelessness Entire
All conjoined & arranged & finished
By Karmas of Rue
In heavenlands remote –

You suffer & you fall,
You discriminate a ball.

29th Chorus

“Man, now, you wont let me talk”
Gripes the irreligious feline cat –

That cat has no trumpet
But bubblegum to blow on

Poor sad Bhikku of the Forest
Of poor, lost little Nino

In Calles of Forever,
Streets of Old Burma,
Be saved secret wretched
Urchin brother hero

You are protected
By the Guardians

of
the
Alone

All is alone, you dont have to talk

One Light, One Transcendental Ecstasy

If they dont understand that
In the South, it's because

All their Baptists

Have not been to Shool

30th Chorus

Tender is the Night
Tender is the Eve Star

F. Scott Fitzgerald, the Alamoan
Huckster Crockett Hero
Who burned his Wife Down
and tore up the 95 Devils
with crashes of laughter
and breaking of glass
in the monocled Ibyarritz
the Little Grey Fox
OF NEW HAVEN CONN
via Princeton O Sure

Tender is the marlin spike,
Tender is the sea,
Tender the London Fog
That Befalls to Me

Tender is the Cat's Bath
Blue Meow
The Little Grey Fox
That nibbled at the grapes
Tender was his foreskin,
tender his Nape.

31st Chorus

Three Saints in Four Acts

by Gertrude Stein

A Great Prophet

is a Great Teacher

But he is also

a Great Saint

And he is furthermore

a Great Man

And more than that

an incomparable listener

to music and non-music

everywhere

And a Great Sitter Under Trees,

And a Man of Trees,

And a Man of Sorrows,

And a Lemon Light

of Angel Sounds

and Singer of Religion

wild singer of come-igion

wild lover of the origin

wild hater of hate his own

Convulsive writer of Poems

And dialog for Saints

Stomping their feet
On Pirandelloan stage

32nd Chorus

Newton's theory of relativity
and grave gravity
Is that rocks'll fall on your head

Pluto is the Latest Star

Astronomical facts
from under the bar.

Little cottages on hills receive
the Constellation of
the Southern Hemisphere

Where rosy doves're seen flyin
Past Pis Cacuaqaheuro
Monte Visto de Santo
De Gassa – healing helium
gas – from the substance
on the sun star –
gas discovered on the sun
by spectral gazing

Sorcerers hoppity skop
with the same familiarity
In my Buddhaland dreams –

Monotonous monotony
of endless grape dirigible stars

33rd Chorus

A vast cavern, huh?
I stop & jump to other field
And you wander around
Like Jap prisoners
In Salt Lake Cities
Under San Francisco's
Sewage disaster.

“An explorer of souls
and cities –”

“A lowdown junky” –
“Who has discovered
that the essence of life
is found only in the poppy plant

with the help of odium
the addict explores
the world anew
and creates a world
in his own image
with the help of Madame
Poppy

I'm an idealist
who has outgrown
my idealism

I have nothing to do
the rest of my life
but do it
and the rest of my life
to do it"

34th Chorus

"I have no plans

No dates

No appointments with anybody

So I leisurely explore

Souls and Cities

Geographically I'm from

and belong to that group

called Pennsylvania Dutch

But I'm really a citizen

of the world

who hates Communism

and tolerates Democracy

Of which Plato said 2000 years

ago,

Was the best form of bad government

I'm merely exploring souls & cities

From the vantage point

Of my ivory tower built,

Built with the assistance
of Opium

That's enough, isn't it?"

35th Chorus

It was the best show,
the guys used to give up
a good movie
just to hear him talk

Now is the Time
Now is the Time
To kill an hour
and Delaware Punch
each

A Star is Born –
muckle lips in the movie
“I’d rather not” –
“I really dont wanta go” –
Yeah, fuck the movie.

Fuck the mambo.
Fuck is a dirty word
But it comes out clean.

Everything (after a gasp)
is fine, already really.

Whatever it was.

“Anyway it happened”

Says Allen (Poe) Ginsberg –

Quote from Plato right?

Time on a Bat – growl of truck.

36th Chorus

No direction

No direction to go

Burroughs says it's a time-space
travel ship

Connected with mystiques
and mysteries

Of he claims transcendental
majesties,

Pulque green crabapples
of hypnotic dream

In hanging Ecuad vine.

Burroughs says, We have destiny,

Last of the Faustian Men.

No direction in the void
Is the news from the void
In touch with the void
Everywhere void

No direction to go

(but)

(in) ward

Hm

(ripping of paper indicates
helplessness anyway)

37th Chorus

Mad about the Boy –
Tune – Fué –
Going along with the dance
Lester Young in eternity
 blowing his horn alone
Alone – Nobody's alone
For more than a minute.
 Growl, low, tenorman,
 Work out your tune till the day
 Is break, smooth out the rough night,
 Wail,
 Break their Beatbutton bones
 On the Bank of Broad
 England Ah Patooty
 Teaward Time
 Of Proust & bearded
 Majesty
In rooms of dun ago
 in long a lash
 alarum speakum
 mansions tennessee
 of gory william tree
 – (remember that little
 box of tacks?)

38th Chorus

(Pome beginning with parenthesis:–
God!)

Garver has an Aztec Hammer
To batter the tacks in
It's made of Pyramid Stone

The shape of a Knot –
Cleopatra's Knot –
The Knotty issue Marc
Brandelian Antonio
Julius Marc McAnthony
Thorny horn of hare
Propensities and hair
And disgusting to the bare.

Aztec Hammer, never stop.

Folded ripplefold over there

nice,
Tacks went in,
“It's take an artist
to do all this”
Careful man of cellophane
decks
&
sometimes
ceremonial
silver foil

but
usually
plain pleasant paper

39th Chorus

Comfortable Patience –
Talkin about a Hobbyman
Who draws cartoons for a livin,
Bangin in tacks carefully
For King Features Syndicate
 Has got him by the balls
 And Hammerthongs
 And central Goonyak
 Worp Ward
 Orphantail –
Aztec Stick –
 ugly Spew Smoke
 Dragon Beoryen
 smithewolf
 Wildstar
 Monster Over the Fence
 is Frankenstein
Careful, true, Nirvana,
Patient in his Comfort,
Humble in his Demands,
Weary of the Fear,
No longer fearing
The fair happy air
Permeated with Cherub
And fingers a pair

In V Victory – meaning One

40th Chorus

Did bespat and beshit himself Rabelais,
Roundelay, singing with a chocolate
mouth

Did tangle in the gangles
of legs' hair
And scream with the wine
in his glut.

“What do you think?”

This cover is most excellent,
It's shiny and red,
This car will do nicely
All over the bed.

Rabelais was a mad nut
And also a doctor
And wrote of priests' jocks
In 1492

Wha' hoppen in Oaxaca?
– gluts rained glut
guts out of her
brimy bottard
and washed the old man's

river underwear

41st Chorus

That other part of your mind
Where everything's refined
To thin hare screamers
Must be in the cavern
Somewhere.

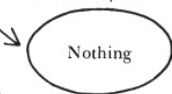
But was is its self-nature
of location?
Nada, nadir, naparinirvana
ni parinirvana
But Most Excellent & Wise,
the Glorious Servant
of Sentient Needs

Tathagata Akshobya,
Brother of Merudhvaha,
Kin to Sariputra –
Holy & Wise
Like John in the Wood

No location to thin hare screamers

In the min d's central comedy

(ute
and
long
ago
lament)



of mind's central
comedy BALLOONS

42nd Chorus

POEM WRITTEN ON A SAILBOAT

It's a powerful sock powerful
Mock powerful breeze blowin
Across this leeward shirsh
Of fought waters thrashin
Up to spit on the deck
Of Heroing Man,
Ah, as we sail the jibboom
Upon the va va voom
And Saltpeter's her petter
Again, the Larceny Commission'll
Hear of this, fight the lawyers,
Upset the silly laws, anger

the
hare
brain
bird
of
wine

In his railroad tam o shanter
Commemorative termagant
Able to dissect such tycoon

Burpers outa their B Movies'

Investment in Black.

'Bop'

Even on a sailboat

I end up writin bop

43rd Chorus

Mexico City Bop

I got the huck bop

I got the floogle mock

I got the thiri chiribim

bitchy bitchy bitchy

batch batch

Chippely bop

Noise like that

Like fall in off porches

Of Tenement Petersburg

Russia Chicago O Yay.

Like, when you see,

the trumpet kind, horn

shiny in his hand, raise

it in smoke among heads

he bespeaks, elucidates,

explains and drops out,

end of chorus, staring

at the final wall

where in Africa

the old men petered

out on their own account
using their own Immemorial

Salvation Mind

SLIPPITY BOP

44th Chorus

Waves of cantos and choruses
And lilypads of anything
Like flying carpets that are
 nowhere
And all's bugged with the scene –
Ah I wish I could fight out
Of this net of mistakes
And anxieties among others
Who wait in my silence
Till I end up my work
Which never began and
Never will end – hah –
Bespeak thyself not, soft spot,
Aurorum's showed his Mountain
 Top
Of Eastern be Western morning
 To Indicate by Moon Magic
 Constellative Stardom
 of
 Gazers
 in Mock Roman
 Arabian Kimonos,

the lay of the pack
in the sky

45th Chorus

Euphonism, a softening of sounds

Euphemism, a softened word –

One is sonic, one is human

Both are imaginary metaphors

Metaphysical Exception taken

by the old euphonious

phoney of Arkansaw

River bridge

Excisor of taxes via tickets

of taxes

With what Euphonic

doesnt-matter

Really pronunciation

price

Dolichocephalic?

Ichthyocephalic,

Encephalotherapy.

Dont point at your head

The Judge says you're crazy

Breaky cephalic

Ouch

Inch of Grace, sigh.

46th Chorus

I had a dream that Bill
G. here, was lying on his bed
talking to me in a room
in Mexico City on a
horrible afternoon, as
he mumbles information
about the crossroads of the world
I wander like a Giggling Ling
Chinese boy without rice
in a Fog Over Grass
Land vast and like life,
– in my thoughts – but
return to re-listen to what
he was saying, about loaning
money on interest, Christians,
Medicis, Churches, therefore,
Coats of Arms, Balls,
Bridge Post Pots, Guards,
I realize I am dreaming
In beginnings already
And ending's nowhere
To be seen
Yet forgotten –
Is all

47th Chorus

Where is Italy?

How can I find it in my mind

If my mind is endless.

Skulls on the slavemarket,

blacksmiths, doctors –

I end up bleakly giggling

in gleak romany rooms

Sliced by Sardinian fiends

And shot fulla morphine

By sadistic doctors

That didnt dream of Japan

With me the night I dreamed

Of the Japanese Boy

With black wool cap

Sitting on a wall

On Kamikaze Boulevard

Near the Sea's Hurricane,

In low gloomy dark

Dusk of War 1943 –

What happened in Italy?

48th Chorus

Marco Polo had canals
and Venetian genitals,
In the war between Genoa
and Venicia,
Marco Polo's was captured
And then they wrote the book
And that's all she wrote,
Because after that
the Wandering Jesuit
Italian Monk
made his way to the wall
in the China – far
in the Indies of the
Saints,

far in the cave of reality
down the suicide steps
into underground caves
where worshippers
like Ignatius Loyola
and the Hearer & Answerer
of Prayer, Samantabhadra,

what's his Indian name,

preside

(like before they were born)

49th Chorus

They got nothing on me
at the university

Them clever poets
of immensity

With charcoal suits
and charcoal hair

And green armpits
and heaven air

And cheques to balance
my account

In Rome benighted
by White Russians

Without care who puke
in windows

Everywhere.

They got nothing on me
'Cause I'm dead

They cant surpass me
'Cause I'm dead
And being dead

I hurt my head
And now I wait
Without hate
For my fate
To estate

50th Chorus

Maybe I'm crazy, and my parts
Are scattered still – didnt gather
Em when form was passin out
The window of the giver,
So I'm looking for derangement
To bring me landward back
Through logic's cold moon air
Where water everywhere
Appears from magic gems
And Asphasiac the Nymph
 of India by the Sea
Dances princely mincing
 churly jargots
In the oral eloquent air
 of tents'
Canopied majesty,
 Ten thousand Buddhas
Hiding Everywhere –
How can I be crazy
Even here?

– or wait
Maybe I'm an Agloon

doomed to be spitted
on the igloo stone
of Some North mad

51st Chorus

America is a permissible dream,
Providing you remember ants
Have Americas and Russians
Like the Possessed have Americas
And little Americas are had
By baby mules in misty fields
And it is named after Americus
Vespucci of Sunny Italy,
And nobody cares how you hang
Your spaghetti wash
On the Pasta Rooftops
Of Oh Yawn Opium
Fellaheen Espagna
Olvierto Milano

Afternoon, when men
gamble & ramble & fuck
and women watch the wash
with one eye on the grocer boy
and one eye on the loon
and one eye
in the universe
is Tathagata's

Transcendental
orb of balloon

52nd Chorus

I'm crazy everywhere
Like the guy sailed on that ferry
for 3 years
Between Hong Kong & China –

The British shoulda given him
temporary residence in Hong Kong;
but they didnt want any part
of him first place he didnt
have any money

Citizen somehow
of a country behind the Iron Curtain
Ex-Spy from Skid Row

I'm crazy everywhere
like Charlie Chaplin
dancing in moral turpitude
playing Bluebeard killer
on satin asskiss couches
with itchy mustache
so well known to dreamers

of Choice's Century

Every one of us Roman Circus
sacrifices, every one,
Returned for payment
In America Madhouse

53rd Chorus

Merrily we roll along
Dee de lee dee doo doo doo
Merrily merrily all the day

Roll along, roll along,
O'er the deep blue sea

“Yes, life woulda been
a mistake without music”

Most primitive thing we know
About man is music, drums –
first thing we hear – drums,
fifes, reed instruments –
naturals – catgut violins
and heavenly lyres
and along that line
what the hell's the name
of that instrument
the Aeolian Lyre
by the Sea

The Organ they made too –
Demosthenes listened by the sea

with a rock in his teeth

And complained when he spent

more on bread than wine –

S h h h says the Holy Sea

54th Chorus

One night in 1941 I was a kid
And ran away from college
And took a bus to the South
Where bedbugs got in my hair
In the Heatwave Night
And all I saw on the long
Avenue were Negroes

Once I went to a movie
At midnight, 1940, Mice
And Men, the name of it,
The Red Block Boxcars
Rolling by (on the Screen)

Yessir

life

finally

gets

tired

of

living –

On both occasions I had wild
Face looking into lights

Of Streets where phantoms
Hastened out of sight
Into Memorial Cello Time

55th Chorus

When I was in the hospital
I had a big fat nurse
Who kept looking over my shoulder
At the book I was reading,
“The Brothers Karamazov,”
By Gambling Man Fyodor
Dostoevsky
Of Czarist Russia, a Saint,
And in the chapters
called Pro and Con
She kept giggling & insisting
That Pro meant Prophylactic
and Con Contraceptive
In all her laughs & gestures.
Of this Holy Nurse
I learned bed wet
comforts of hot water
and senile satisfaction
‘I’ll Take You Home Again Kathleen’
Sang the old white Cancer man
in the corner
when the children guitared

at my footbed,
Kolya Krosotkins
of my railroad

56th Chorus

At another hospital
I almost died
With ecstasy
Glancing at the Babylonian
Rooftops of the Bronx,
And at my fellow

Kaiser was dying of Leukemia,
Not enough thick blood,
I had too much.
I was dying of die-sadness,
Others had diabetes
like my Uncle John;
Others had sores in the stomach,
ulcers, worriers? –
Sexfiends I'd say.

Old Italian Fruiterer
Had Banti's Awful Disease,
the bloating of the belly
by undigested water
come from food,

everything he ate
turned to water.

57th Chorus

Green goofballs,
Blue Heavens,
Sodium amythol,
Sleeping compound.

Thirty of em
To commit suicide –
Lethal dose is 30 to 50
Times the therapeutic dose,
The therapeutic dose is une –
Take thirty to be safe –
Or else praps forty be better –
If you take too many
You throw em up –

You gotta let alone
Your stomach, if you
threw it right down
you would throw it up
then, in lethal powder
form

Better to eat the capsules

Swallow about six at a time,
Take em with cold water,
Till you get about 35 in ya
And then lay down on your back

58th Chorus

All about goofballs,
all about morphine,
so I read all about it,
that's what it said,
'Lethal dose is 30 times
the Therapeutic dose'

Very painful death, morphine
or heroin; never
Try to kill yourself with
heroin or morphine;
It's a very painful death.

Doctor gave me a mainline shot
Of H grain – Jesus I
thought the whole building
was falling on me –
went on my knees, awake,
lines come under my eye
I looked like a madman
In 15 minutes I begin
to straighten up a little bit

Says “Jesus Bill I thought

you was dead

A goner, the way you

looked

When you’re standin there”

59th Chorus

Then I always manage to get
my weekly check on Monday,
Pay my rent, get my laundry
out, always have enough
Junk to last a coupla days

Have to buy a couple needles
tomorrow, feels like
Shovin a nail in me

Just like shovin a nail in me
Goddamn – (Cough) –

For the first time in my life
I pinched the skin
And pushed the needle in
And the skin pinched together
And the needle stuck right out
And I shot in and out,
Goofed half my whole shot
On the floor –
Took another one –

Nothin a junkey likes better
Than sittin quietly with a new shot
And knows tomorrow's plenty more

60th Chorus

Cil

Rubberbands Seventyfivedollars

I came out of the dream

That time with mind made

Of misery and tried to remember

the member

of the ball

who it did seem to me

was the most proficient

at devaluating the advance

of my profit & loss

company, Holmes –

Whatever that means

It means that I have been asked

To receive a brother

Who sinned against me

And I knew all the time

The Saints were for me.

The Saints are still for me,

are Still,

Chico,

small angels,
I am still for them
I got eyes of Avalokitesvara

61st Chorus

And all my own sins
Have been forgiven somewhere –
I don't even remember them,
I remember the sins of others.

Let me meditate on my sins.
 (Judgment Gate, somebody
 stuck a spear
 through the heart
 of the Judgment Gate)
 (with her surl of leer)

and that's how we got in

Powerful Tea you gotta smoke
 to believe that

About the actual honey
 of women's limbs

Archangels have true eyes –
They look sideways at you

And make you excise

The end from the tax bit

of your doubts –

'S all about angels' sins

62nd Chorus

A warrant for arrest
Is a mandate,
An order from the Court
Or from the Roayal Coart
Or from the Royal King
Or from
 the Royal Coast,
 or Coat of Arms,
 or Charms,
 Boudoirs,
 Histories by Voltaire,
 Arrested disorderly
 Louis Ferdinand Celine's
 of South Africa

 murderous intelligent

If you got a lot a money
 You're a felon
If you got not but little money
 Misdemeanor

Mal-Hishaps-Deameaning

Lost Ass-Kicked Out

or go to jail

Keep the door locked

63rd Chorus

Rather gemmy,
Said the King of Literature
Sitting on a davenport
at afternoon butler's tea.

Rather gemmy, hm,
Always thought these sonnets
Of mine, were rather gemmy,
As you say,
pureperfect gems
of lucid poetry

Poetry being what it is today

Rather gemmy, I concluded,
thinking you were right –
It isnt my fault that Buddha
gave me helmet
Of Right Thought, and indices
of long Saints
To Cope my Lope along
with,

Seeing I never had harm
from anything
But a Heavenly Farm.

64th Chorus

I'd rather die than be famous,
I want to go live in the desert
With long wild hair, eating
At my campfire, full of sand,
Hard as a donut
Cooked by Sand
The Pure Land
Moo Land
Heavenland Righteous
sping
the thing

I'd rather be in the desert sand,
Sitting legs crossed, at lizard
High noon, under a wood
Board shelter, in the Dee Go
Desert, just west a L A,
Or even in Chihucha, dry
Zackatakies, High Guadalajara,
– absence of phantoms
make me no king –

rather go in the high lone land
of plateau where you can hear
at night the zing of silence
from the halls of Assembled

65th Chorus

To understand what I'm say in
You gotta read the Sutras,
The Sutras of the Ancients, India
Long ago, when campfires at night
Across the Rahuan River
Showed lines of assembled bo's
With bare feet bare the naked
Right shoulders of passing houris,
Sravasti late at night, tinkle
Goes the Indian Dancinggerl –
 There's One Thousand
 Two hundred and fifty
 Men
 Sitting around a grove
 of trees
 Outsida town
 right now

 With Buddha
 Is their leader
 Discoursing in the middle,
 Sitting lotus posture,

Hands to the sky,
Explaining the Dharma
In a Sutra so high

66th Chorus

Dharma law

Say

All things is made

of the same thing
which is a nothing

All nothings are the same

as somethings
the somethings
are no-nothings,
equally blank

Blank

bright

is the whole scene
when you let your eyes
wander beyond the mules
and the fields and carpets
and bottles on the floor
and clean mahogany radios,

dont be afraid

the raid hasnt started

panic you not

day the better

arriveth soon

And the gist of it Nothingness

SUCH-NESS

67th Chorus

Suchness

Is *Tathata*, the name,

Used,

to mean, Essence,

all things is made

of the same thing

essence

The thing is pure nature,

not Mother Nature

The thing is to express

the very substance of your thoughts

as you read this

is the same as the emptiness

of space

right now

and the same as the silence you hear

inside the emptiness

that's there

everywhere,

so nothing in the way
but ignorant sofas
and phantoms & chairs,
nothing there but the picture
in the movie in your mind

68th Chorus

My disciples of the modern world.
Christ was born in a barn because
the inn was full. Egyptian,
Babylonian, African. They
met in the desert and saw
the star and God was
s'posed to have spoken to em
– picked up.

Like wild.

A hayloft in a barn.

All will appeal

to Slaves

Every saint of Christ

was the guilt of slaves

Inherit the Earth, O

Camel thru the eye

of a needle

Rich man full of heaven

follow me

Poor

Never die.

69th Chorus

Mary

Who's my mother?

Goes back to Isis

Who *is* my mother?

Christ said – You are
all my mothers.

All my brothers
and sisters.

Peace.

The faith
and belief
in him

That

through their faith
eyes of God –

But the Catholic Church

S hw vass iss?

70th Chorus

Who is my father?

Who is my mother?

Who is my brother?

Who is my sister?

I say you're all my father

all my mother

all my sister

all my brother

“Rather a good thing”

– that we're all

brothers & sisters

Men Of Good Will

is Something we Need

in the World Today

Men of Philosophy

that Cannot be of Good

Will

Are the Communists

& Fanatical Jews

71st Chorus

Fanatical spews

Fanatical mews

It is magic

That men have anything

to do with birth

Say the Primitives.

“I never objected to the word

God”

The crazy sex

the Protestant has

They're Brigham Me Young

God hid some tablets

full of Gold Heroin

In the Mormon Bible

And flew pigeons & cocks

Welcome Home

72nd Chorus

The higher criticism

If you know what I mean

“Literary Criticism?”

“No – Bible.”

Every chapter & phase

Historical, anthropological,

Archaeological, Logical,

Magical,

There's not after they

get thru with the Bible

Much of it Left

Mo the Span

Pure Boy

I must naw

remember

Nao

73rd Chorus

The Book of Pluviums

“You want some coffee

before I get it too good?”

A O Kay,

Straighten me out.

Zaroomoooo

(The Bus outdoors)

and he-hey the

Nay Neigh

of the Heaven

Mule

Nice clean Cup

Mert o Vik lu

Nut – upanu.

Yes

Sir.

Merp.

HOOT GIBSON

74th Chorus

“Darling!”

Red hot.

That kind of camping

I dont object to

unless it's kept

within reason.

“The coffee is delicious.”

This is for Vidal

Didnt know I was

a Come-Onner, did you?

(Come-on-er)

I am one of the world's

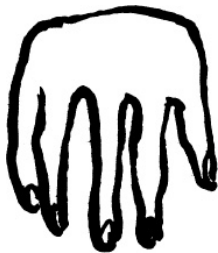
Great Bullshitters,

Girls

Very High Cantos

75th Chorus

But cantos oughta sing



**HE WAS AN
OLD CROOK**

The hand of death
Wrote itself

Jumping over the moon
With a Cow and Jesus

Now Onions, chickens,
Noodle end of it

Mo

Not too many hands
of death

In slave Arabia
the post hot

Top town
of
Thieves

76th Chorus

A GUYS ASKING A QUESTION

It's better not to wake them up

So they wont know

They're dreaming?

It's better to wake them up

because

they're dreaming.

It's not better to wake them up

because they dont know

that they're dreaming?

Who, no, who said I

was dreaming?

You said, who said, I say

You're dreaming?

Lise is a fl dreamy

phantasm

“Go on, you’re having one big dream,
That would be my answer.” (Bill)

77th Chorus

“Dreery my dear”

The time we crossed Madrid

in a car

and Kelly pointed out

the dreary Spanish

Ar chitecture

As they OO’ed

And aa’ed

In a hired

Li mousine

Of the Zara

Nazarenes

smiling to be bold

in foretold of old

And they stopped

At a balcony

78th Chorus

A Porte Corrière

Of Spanish

Portugy

Blazed

By guitars

Like Spanish Cows

Ortega y gassa

Monte de eleor

De manta

Moda

Fawt

Ta caror

Ta fucka

Erv old

Men

79th Chorus

Story About What?

(Story About Babyhood)

While walking down
the boulevard

Contemplating suicide

I sat down at a table

And much to my surprise

My friend was goofing
at a table

And he was goofing out loud

And this is the result

Of what he Said.

Take your pick

Winds up in such

A predicament

You won't know

What to do with yourself

Live or die

80th Chorus

GOOFING AT THE TABLE

“You just dont know.”

“What dont I know?”

“How good this ham n eggs
is

“If you had any idea
whatsoever

How good this is

Then you would stop
writing poetry

And dig in.”

“It’s been so long
since I been hungry
it’s like a miracle.”

Ah boy but them bacon
And them egg –
Where the hell
is the scissor?

SINGING:– “You’ll never know
just how much I love you.”

81st Chorus

Mr Beggar & Mrs Davy –
Looney and CRUNEY,
I made a pome out of it,
Havent smoked Luney
 & Cruneey
In a Long Time.

Dem eggs & dem dem
Dere bacons, baby,
If you only lay that
 down on a trumpet,
 ‘Lay that down
 solid brother
 ‘Bout all dem
 bacon & eggs
Ya gotta be able
 to lay it down
 solid –
All that luney
 & fruneey

82nd Chorus

Fracons, aeons, & beggs,

Lay, it, all that

be bobby

be buddy

I didnt took

I could think

So

bepo

beboppy

Luney & Juney

–if–

that's the way

they get

kinda hysterical

Looney & Boony

Juner and Mooner

Moon, Spoon, and June

83rd Chorus

Dont they call them

cat men

That lay it down
with the trumpet

The orgasm
Of the moon
And the June

I call em

them cat things

“That’s really cute,
that un”

William
Carlos
Williams

84th Chorus

SINGING:—

By the light

Of the silvery moon

I like to spoon

To my honey

I'll

Croon

Love's Dream

By the light

Of the silvery moon

We'll O that's the

part I dont remember

ho ney moon —

Croon —

Love —

June —

O I dont know

You can get it out of a book

If the right words are

important

85th Chorus

Do you really need
the right word
Do you really need
Of course it's all asinine
Forms of asininity
Once & for all

Mr. William Carlos
Williams

Anyway,
An asinine form
which will end
all asininity
from now on

That's a poem
The poem
Will end
Asininity

86th Chorus

Take your pick,
If you wanta commit suicide.
So that we'll know
What it woulda been
like without life.
Woulda been like
Peaceful and Golden.

A Crashing Movie
The world
Full of beet skins
And fist stars
And editorial
Poon yaks.

A crashing movie
The World
Full of craze
Beware
The Share
is Merde
Air

87th Chorus

These things in a big structure of Confession –

And “Later” – “Later the Road” –

Or “On the Road” simply. New

Haven Railroads of the Night

Couldnt be Tighter, than Slaw,

The Riverbottom Rog Man, Screaming

In the Passaic Rocks ready to throat

And drown the sodden once-dry dog

In a multifarious Pool of Pearls

Containing Amethystine Paradises

And Worlds a Hundred Million in Number

Fit for the following Kings:

Ashapur, Parteriat, Klane,

Thor, Mordelowr, Power,

Thwatmalee, Rizottle the Bottle

The Funny King of the Aisles –

Ah the insane –

Make it a great story & confession

Of all the crazy people you’ve known

Since early Nineteen Fifty One,

In the Twat and the Twaddle

Of the Lovegirl Marriage.

88th Chorus

"I wanted to marry a lovegirl,
A girl-only-interested-in-love girl,"
that would be the first sentence
of this masterpiece

Of golden litteratur –

Brp. All the crazy people
I've known since I was 4 years old
– 6 years old I saw the sun red
on windows of snowy centralville,
and wondered "Who am I?"
with truthful little eyes
turned to the skies of paradise –
no answer came.

I was the first crazy person
I'd known.

Had bundles and scarves a hundred miles
long

Wrapt in my heart of the library,
I had bottles and barts, & Xmas Trees,
and every thing known to man,

including 6 year old ache pains
in the Poxy back.

Was afraid of myself simply,
And afraid a everyone else.

89th Chorus

Remembering my birth in infancy, the coughs,
The swallows, the tear-trees growing
From your eyeballs of shame; the grey
Immense morning I was conceived i the womb,
And the red gory afternoon delivered

Wow. I could sing you hounds
make you bell howl packs,
Zounds, I'd-a lived & lived laughing
as a child
If somebody coulda told me
it was unreal:
I was scared. The dark
was full of phantoms
Come from the other side of death
to claim the hearts
Of Sacrificial little children
laying up in the winter night
In cribs by howling windows
of the cold & forlorn

Earth of Massachussetts February,
Massachussetts March,
Wild howl Lupine Cold the Moony
and Loony nights.

90th Chorus

I thought I was a phantom,
me, myself,
Suffering. One night I saw
my older brother Gerard
Standing over my crib with wild
hair, as if he had just
pee-visited the pail
in the hall of snores
and headed back for his room
was investigatin the Grail,
Nin & Ma's bedroom,
Who slept in the same bed
and in the crib alongside.
Oily is the moment so
that phantom was my brother
only in the sense that cotton

Only in the sense that
when you die
you muffle
in your sigh

the thorny hard
regret of rocks
of life-belief.

I knew, I hoped, to go be saved.

91st Chorus

If that phantom was real
And wanted to hurt me, then,
All I had to do was suffer & die,
Gritting my teeth awhile
Till it's all over.

If the phantom was unreal
And was only a friendly shade
Standing commiserating compassionately
At my side as I slept and sighed
In the Shakespearean night,
Perhaps, may be, it was my brother.
And my brother didnt seek to hurt me.

If he did, I crashed,
I saw stars, marvels,
My miracle hullabaloo
Balloon Rainbow
Turned out to be “Bone
the Brother-Crash”–
You get socked on the jaw
By your best friend –
You keep thinking
It's going to happen

And it never happens,
Pow!

92nd Chorus

It was all right,
And I was the strangest creature
of them all.
At Xmas they brought me a toy house
in and out of which
Caroline my sister
played little valentine
armies showing little sad
people of the prime
pip Vienna smalltoot
towns, with orchestras
of the square,
and in the brown light
of the kitchen I wondered

“What is this? – mystery of little people.
Is each one a frightening as me?
Is each one afraid as me?
Is each one got to sleep
in the dark at night?
Did any of them lil cardboard soldiers
See the Sun of Sadness at Six

In the windows of their snow slope?”

93rd Chorus

But I knew they hadn't.
They hadn't thought such thoughts.
No – I knew.

I knew I knew I knew.
It was like the Lankavatara
Scripture

I got to read 30 years later,
It said: "These little cardboard
Houses and people, may be real,
Considered as real, if you steal
Little reel from the wheel
Every reel till the eel
In the wheel keep the wheel
Of all men intact in city
halls

Of poop hope.

In other words, son,
hang on – don't tip,
lose balance, see reality
in images like cardboard
– nor in the brown light
of this very kitchen."

I pouted in my childhood.

94th Chorus

But now I will describe
The crazy people I've known.
These things.

My mother would take us
To a three story tenement
on Lakeview Avenue, still
standing there – washlines
of Araby hung from ropes
on the brown porch –
spend all day in there
talkin & gossipin –
lockin and rossipin

and plopperin and
dopperin and sopperin –
– it's easy to go crazy
I go crazy sometimes.
Can't get on with my story,
write it in verse.

Worse

Aint go no story, just verse
It was a crazy place to take us, I mean

95th Chorus

It was where I learned to say “door”
Meanwhile a thousand things
Were happening in the Maldoror wood
Of our neighborhood, Beaulieu Street
Up ahead, with rats of rat winery
And pestils and poolsharks
And pests of tenement crooners,
Looners – the dreary population
Of the world in 1924.

Two years old, I sat on the sidewalk
Contemplating time in white sand,
That was up on Burnaby Street.

Names of Silly Streets.

We have a meet to keep.

“Simplificus? Ridiculous?

Immensicus? Marvailovous!”

The wild a thousand and one thousand
things

To do & be done

when you're a kiddy
of two or four
in the bright ball
inside your mind
of heaven given

joy.

96th Chorus

I tumbled down the street
On a tricycle, very fast,
I coulda kept going
And wound up in the river,
– Or across the trolley tracks
And got cobble mashed
And all smashed so that later on
I cant have grit dreams
Of Lakeview Avenue,
And see my father die,
Had I died at two –
 But I saw my father die,
 I saw my brother die,
 I saw my mother die
my mother my mother my mother
 inside me –
Saw the pear trees die,
 the grapes, pearls, penny trees –
Saw little white collar girl
 with little black dress
And spots of rose on each cheek,
 die, in her glasses
In a coffin.
 But I raced my bicycle safely.

97th Chorus

Meanwhile there's my Pa, alone in street,
Coming for supper, under heaven bleak
The trees of March black twigs
Against the red & gory sundown
That blazed across the River
sinking in the ocean to the East
beyond Salisbury's latest & last
grain of sand,

Then all's wet underneath, to Eclipse
(Ivan the Heaven Sea-Ice King, Euclid,
Bloody Be Jupiter, Nucleus,
Nuclid, What's-His-Name – the sea
The sea-drang Scholar with mermaids,
Bloody blasted dadflap thorn it
– Neppy Tune–)

All's wet clear to Neptune's Seat.
Sensing the aura, the news
Of that frost, my father
Hurries in his Woe-Street
Conscious he is a man
Doomed to mortal destiny.
“And my poor lil Ti Pousse,”
he thinks of me,
“He'll get it too.”

98th Chorus

My father loves me,
 my mother too,
 I am all safe,
 and so are you.

My father adores me
 thinks I am cute
 hates to see me
 flash sheroot

Or bespatter bedspreads
 with mule of infant
 woodsy odors –
 blash aroot

My old man's only 28 years old
And is a young insurance salesman
And is confidently clacking down the street
And chuckling to think of the boys
And the poker game and gnaws
His fingernails worried about how fat
He's getting, "no coal bill's been
Highern this 1924 coalbill
I got to watch my dollars
Pretty soon the poorhouse" –

("Wish I was God," he adds to think)

99th Chorus

My father, Leo Alcide Kérouac
Comes in the door of the porch
On the way out to downtown red,
(where Neons Redly-Brownly Flash
An aura over the city center
As seen from the river where we lived)
– “Prap – prohock!” he’s coughing,
 Busy, “Am,” bursting to part
 the seams of his trousers with power
 of assembled intentions.

 “B-rrack – Brap?”

(as years later GJ would imitate him,
“your father, Zagg, he goes along,
Bre-hack! Brop?” Raising
 his leg, bursting his face
 to rouge outpop huge mad eyes
 of “big burper balloons
 of the huge world”)

To see if there’s any mail in the box
My father shoots 2 quick glances
Into all hearts of the box,
No mail, you see the flash of his anxious
Head looking in the void for nothing.

100th Chorus

That's the porch of the Lupine house.

Afternoons I sleep upstairs,

In the sun, on the porch, in October,

I remember the dry leaves

in the blue sky.

I remember one day being parked in the

wickerbasket

Baby carriage, under huge old tree,

In family photos we've preserved it,

A great elm rising from dust

Of the little uphill road –

By dry hedges on a late afternoon

In November in the North, sun warm

But air cold, I am wrapt

And beswallered in sweet ebony

With wraps and puffcream caps

And chinkly pinkly pink baby,

Gleering at the world with little

wet lips,

Glad, Ah John,

– that tree is still standing

but the road has moved over.

Such is the might of the baby

in the seat

He hugs to re-double
the image, in words.

101st Chorus

We strove to go to movies
And re discover the happiness
 of the baby –
We built up towers of prayer
 in ivory and stone –
Roused denizens from their proper
 rat-warrens –
 “Simplificus the baby,
 what hast thou thought,
 should he be serried
 and should we be clobber
 the agent of the giant
 in the picture?
 or let him guess?
 I say, let’s
 let him guess.

Then he’ll come crying
 & sneaking thru the tent
 looking for the showing
 of proud discontent,
 the circus of mirkus,
 pile it on thick,
 – befriend –
 it’s a show to go to movies
 but a blow the baby be”

102nd Chorus

“See to it that he never ends,”
they might have added anyhow.

One never dies,
One's never born
So sing the optimists
Of holy old religion,
trying to assuage –

Your shoes may look nice,
your baby buggies neater,
but one dies,
one's born.

What the Tathagata of Buddhism
preaches,

The Prophet of Buddhahood
is that
nothing
is really
born nor dies

But that Ignorance is its Prince,
The essence never moved

From folded magnificence.

103rd Chorus

My father in downtown red
Walked around like a shadow
Of ink black, with hat, nodding,
In the immemorial lights of my dreams.
For I have since dreamt of Lowell
And the image of my father,
Straw hat, newspaper in pocket,
Liquor on the breath, barber shopshines,
Is the image of Ignorant Man
Hurrying to his destiny which is Death
Even though he knows it.

'S why they call Cheer,
a bottle, a glass, a drink,
A Cup of Courage –

Men know the mist is not their friend –
They come out of fields & put coats on
And become businessmen & die stale
The same loathsome stale death
They mighta died in countryside
Hills of dung.

My remembrance of my father
in downtown Lowell
walking like cardboard cut

across the lost lights

is the same empty material

as my father in the grave.

104th Chorus

I'd rather be thin than famous,

I dont wanta be fat,

And a woman throws me outa bed

Callin me Gordo, & everytime

I bend

to pickup

my suspenders

from the davenport

floor I explode

loud huge grunt-o

and disgust

every one

in the familio

I'd rather be thin than famous

But I'm fat

Paste that in yr. Broadway Show

105th Chorus

Essence is like absence of reality,
Just like absence of non-reality
Is the same essence anyhow.

Essence is what sunlight is
At the same time that moonlight is,
Both have light, both have shape,
Both have darkness, both are late:

Both are late because empty thereof,
Empty is light, empty is dark,
 what's difference between emptiness
 of brightness and dark?

What's the difference between absence
Of reality, joy, or meaning
In middle of bubble, as being same
As middle of man, non-bubble

Man is the same as man,
The same as no-man, the same
As Anyman, Everyman, Asiman,
 (asinine man)

Man is nowhere till he knows,

The essence of emptiness
is essence of gold

106th Chorus

Man is nowhere anyway
Because nowhere is here
And I am here, to testify.

Nowhere is
what nowhere was

I know nowhere
More anywhere
Than this here
Particular everywhere

When I fell thru the eye of the needle
And became a tumbling torso
In the Univers-O,

Brother, let me
tell you,
I thought
I was moving
from somewhere
to everywhere
but nothing moved
so I musta been
and still be

(must) no

where be

But that's all up to the Saints

I aint gonna say the Saints of Innisfree

107th Chorus

Light is Late

yes

because

it happens after you realize it

You dont see light

Until sensation of seeing light

Is registered in Perception.

Perception notifies Discrimination,

etc., Consciousness

Until then there was no light

So light is late

Darkness is late

You dont conceive of darkness

Till you've been late with light

When you learned difference

Between equal poles abright

with Arbitrary ideas

About somethin bein this

Or that, abiding in this abode,

Denying in that abode –

Equal, positive, electric shock,

coil, dacoit, tower,

oil – it's all late

108th Chorus

Neither this nor that

means,

no arbitrary conceptions,
because if you say
arbitrarily, the RAMMIS
is the RAMMIS, ! –
and the TSORIS is the TSORIS,
or the FLORIST,
or the –

arbitrary conceptions
have sprung into existence
that didnt have to be there
in the first place
when your eyes were bright
with seeing emptiness
in the void of holy sea
where creatures didnt
abound, nor crops grow,
and nothing happened,
and nobody lived,
and nobody cared –

You didnt need
arbitrary concepts there
and need them now
you say you need them now
I say, you say,

Why should you need them now

Why should you now

109th Chorus

“Was it a bright afternoon,
bright with seeing?”

Asks the literary type
sitting in a chair

In an afternoon’s dream

And you see his buddy comin in,

Holding his coat to the hook

After closing the door,

You see it on a Thurber Cartoon,

In New Yorker, the funny

Fat figures V-cut and Z-cut

In squares, spilling cartons

of spaghetti to their orb ball

OON LINE ANOON

POP CLOUD - WORD - HOLE

And people thumb thru

Reg’ally

And up comes the laugh, the yok,

Funny Thurber

Cartoon there,

“Was it a bright afternoon,
bright with seeing?”

looking over his newspaper
or poetry pad

110th Chorus

I know how to withstand poison
And sickness known to man,
In this void. I'm no apprentice
When it comes to remembering
The eternity of suffering
Quietly I've been through,
Without complaint, sensing inside
Pain the gloriful um mystery.
Afternoons as a kid I'd listen
to radio programs for to see
the scratch between announcements,
Knowing the invalid is glad
only because he's mad
enough to appreciate every
little thing that blazons there
in the swarmstorm of his eye
Transcendental Inner Mind
where glorious radiant Howdahs
are being carried by elephants
through groves of flowing milk
past paradises of waterfall
into the valley of bright gems
be rubying an antique ocean
floor of undiscovered splendor

in the heart of unhappiness

111th Chorus

I didnt attain nothin
When I attained Highest
Perfect
Wisdom
Known in Sanskrit as
Anuttara Samyak Sambodhi

I attained absolutely nothing,
Nothing came over me,
nothing was realizable –

In dropping all false conceptions
of anything at all
I even dropped my conception
of highest old wisdom
And turned to the world,
a Buddha inside,
And said nothing.

People asked me questions
about tomatos robbing the vine
and rotting on the vine
and I had no idea
what I was thinking about

and abided
in blank ecstasy

112th Chorus

Dont sound reasonable,
 dont sound possible,
 when you bring it up
But if you dont bring it up,
 everything is alright.
Dont believe Mr. Believe Me?
Dont think about him
 and boy
 you'll see how he vanishes
 in morning's mist
 when the moon
 is a crescent a banana
 and birds jump
and far over the Atlantic
where Red Amida is Shining
you'll hear the Call Trumpet
of East is Alright with the West
In the Orb of the Womb
 of Tathagata
 so round
 so empty
so unbelievably
 false-lyingly
empty of persimonny

113th Chorus

Got up and dressed up
and went out & got laid

Then died and got buried
in a coffin in the grave,

Man –

Yet everything is perfect,
Because it is empty,
Because it is perfect
with emptiness,
Because it's not even happening.

Everything

Is Ignorant of its own emptiness –

Anger

Doesnt like to be reminded of fits –

You start with the Teaching

Inscrutable of the Diamond

And end with it, your goal

is your startingplace,

No race was run, no walk

of prophetic toenails

Across Arabies of hot

meaning – you just

numbly dont get there

114th Chorus

Everything is perfect, dear friend.
When you wrote the letter
I was writing you one,
I checked on the dates,
Just about right, and One.

You dont have to worry
about colics & fits
From me any more
or evermore either

You dont have to worry bout death.
Everything you do, is like your hero
The Sweetest angelic tenor of man
Wailing sweet bop
On a front afternoon
When not leading the band
And every note plaintive,
Every note Call for Loss
of our Love and Mastery –
just so, eternalized –

You are a great man
I've gone inside myself

And there to find you
And little ants too

115th Chorus

LANGUID JUNKEY SPEECH WITH LIDDED EYES

So bleakly junk hit me never.

Must be something wrong with the day.

“How you feel?” – “Um – Ow” –

Green is the wainscot, wait

For the vaquero, 1, 2, 3 –

all the faces of man

are torting on one

neck

Lousy feeling of never-get-high,

I could swallow a bomb

And sit there a-sighing,

T's a Baudelairean day,

Nothing goes right – millions

Of dollars of letters from home

And the feeling of being,

Ordinary, sane, sight –

Arm muscles are tense

Nothing ever right

You cant feel right

Hung in Partiality

For to feel the unconditional

No-term ecstasy

Where, of nothing,

I mean, of nothing,
That would be best

116th Chorus

The Jews Wrote American Music

Niki Niki Niki- la
Che wa miena
Pee tee Wah

Song of Lil Mexico Children

Kitchi Kitchi
Kitchy val

Big fat mustachio'd businessmen
Have just to finish their commercial
And go home, saw em at five
Drinking beer at Bar's Alive
While old Canuck Pot
Looked white & cold
In corner, countin candles
Music

It's an Aztec Radio
with the sounds thick & guttural
kicking out of the teeth

The Great Jazz Singer
was Jolson the Vaudeville Singer?
No, and not Miles, me.

117th Chorus

Me, Paraclete, you. Ye –
Me, Paraclete, Thee –
Thou Maitreya Love of the Future
– Me.

Me Santiveda me, saint,
Me sinner me – Me baptist
A-traptist of Lower
Absafactus

Me – You
Me, alone in understandin old
void of I love you,
feel fine

Me, you gotta love yourself,
love, somethin,
thass all I can say

The witchcraft Indiana girls
that didnt sing with their hearts,
where never in a better
shock of hay hocks
than the oldtime
singer with dusty feet
that chased death

comes and enfolds you

118th Chorus

It's all the same to me.
The radio I dont wanta hear
And cant have to hear
Plays one thing and another
Of great Sarah Vag

but no I stop
and grasp
and I forget
that it's my own fault

See how you do it?

And having grasped
go on singing
because I wouldnt
be writing these poems
if I didnt know

That I grasp I sing

I've had times of no-singing,
they were the same

Music is noise, Poetry dirt

119th Chorus

Self be your lantern,

Self be your guide –

Thus Spake Tathagata

Warning of radios

That would come

Some day

And make people

Listen to automatic

Words of others

and the general flash of noises,

forgetting self, not-self –

Forgetting the secret ...

Up on high in the mountains so high

the high magic priests are

swabbing in the deck

of broken rib torsos

cracked in the rack

of

Kallaquack

tryin to figure yr way

outa the calamity of dust and

eternity, buz, you better

get on back to your kind

boat

120th Chorus

Junkies that get too high
Shoot up their old stock of stuff
And sit stupidly on edge
Of bed nodding over
The single sentence in the paper
 They been staring at all night –
 Six, seven hours they'll do this,
 Or get hungup on paragraphs:

“You go on the nod,
 Then you come up,
 Then you start readin
 it again
 Then you go on the nod again
 and everytime you read it
 it gets better”

You dont remember the next
 rebirth
 but you remember
 the experience

“Took me all evening to read
3 or 4 pages, ossified,
on the nod”

121st Chorus

Everything is in the same moment
It doesn't matter how much money you have
It's happening feebly now,
the works
I can taste the uneaten food
I'll find
In the next city
in this dream

I can feel the iron railroads
like marshmallow

I can't tell the difference
between mental and real

It's all happening
It won't end
It'll be good
The money that was to have been spent
on the backward nations
of the world, has already been
spent in Forward Time

Forward to the Sea,
and the Sea Comes back to you
and there's no escaping
when you're a fish
the nets of summer destiny

122nd Chorus

We cannot break
Something that doesnt exist

Derange pas ta tendresse,
Dont break your tenderness

Is advice that comes to “me”

What a poem the knowledge
that Time

With its Pasts & Presents
& Appurtenant

Futures, is One Thing

THE THING ONE WHOLE MASS

Getting dimmer and dimmer
to the feel

What glorious repose knowing

What a Golden Age

of Silent Darkness

in my Happy Heart

as I lay contemplating

the fact that I shall die
anyhow regardless of race
regardless of grace

123rd Chorus

The essence is realizable in words
That fade as they approach.
What's to be done Bodhisattva?
O live quietly; live to love
Everybody.

Be devout under trees
At midnight on the ground.
No hope in a room
of dispelling the gloom
that's assembled
Since Moses

Life is the same as death
But the soul continues
In the same blinding light.
Eating is the same as Not Eating
But the stomach continues,
The thinking goes on.

You've got to stop thinking,
stop breathing.
How can you travel from Muzzy

to
Muzzy?

Forgive everyone for yr own sins

And be sure to tell them

You love them which you do

124th Chorus

The tall thin rawboned fellow
Come up to Paw and me
On the misty racetrack.
“Got a good one in the fourth.”
“How do YOU know”

says my Dad
“I’m a jockey”
His hat waved over his eyes
In the rain.
I saw Arkansaw
behind him.
He looked too big to be a jockey
to me –

“Just put 4 dollars to win
And give me half
the winnings.”

I dont remember now
whether my father fell
And got laid by that line,
But “too big
man

he too big
to be a jockey”
was my thought

125th Chorus

He shoulda been a football coach,
Joe McCarthy – the guy
that was a turncoat
at the assistant editor
of the Daily Worker?
– the tenement marble
sculptured Attican column
in the moonlight illuminating
my eyes – the ross
osh dewey bilbo long
scatter de crash talk
of Fascist BWAS!
-CLAP TRAP
the machinegunners of Goa
are in the Street mashing
the Saints of McCarthy
Cohn Captus & Company
and all I gotta say is,
remove my name
from the list
And Buddha's too
Buddha's me, in the list,

no-name.

126th Chorus

Like running a stick thru water
The use and effect
Of tellin people that
 their house
 is burning,
And that the Buddha, an old
 And wise father
Will save them by holy
 subterfuge,

Crying: "Out, out, little ones,
The fire will burn you!
I promise to give you fine
 carts
Three in number, different,
Charming, the goat cart,
The deer cart, and
The cart of the bullock

Gayly bedecked – With oranges,
Flowers, holy maidens & trees,"
So the children rush out, saved,

And he gives them
The incomparable single Greatcart
Of the White Bullock, all snow.

127th Chorus

Nobody knows the other side
of my house,
My corner where I was born,
dusty guitars
Of my tired little street where
with little feet
I beetled and I wheedled
with my sisters
And waited for afternoon sunfall
call a kids
And ma's to bring me back
to supper mainline
Hum washing line tortillas
and beans,
That Honey Pure land,
of Mominu,
Where I lived a myriad
kotis of millions
Of incalculable
be-aeons ago
When white while joyous
was also

Center of lake of light

128th Chorus

How solid our ignorance –
how empty our substance

and the conscience
keeps bleeding

and decay is slow –
children grow.

The toothbone goes
Out of mushy pulp
And you cry
As if rocks
Had been dumped
From a truck
On your back
And whimper,
saying
‘O Lord,
Mercy on Mission.’

129th Chorus

We've all been sent
On a mission
To conquer the desert
So that the Shrouded
Traveller
Behind us
Makes tracks in the dust
that dont exist,
He'll, or We'll,
All end in Hell
All end in Heaven
For sure –
Unless my guess is wrong,
We are all in for it
And our time
Is Life,
The Penalty,
Death.
The Reward
To the Victor
Then Goes.
The Victor is Not Self

130th Chorus

And the Victor is Not Pride

And the Victor is not.

Thus Spake Tathagata

But I get tired

Of waiting in pain

In a situation

Where I aint sure.

Where I am not sure

Where I am Wolfe

Sorrow

Whitman Free

Melville dark

Mark Twain Mark

Twain

where I am

wild

Where I am Mild

131st Chorus

Where I aim
And do not Miss

Dawdlers.

Alla them are dawdlers.

Poets.

Call themselves poets

Call themselves Kings

Call themselves Free

Calls themself

Hennis free

Calls themself

Calls themself

Calls themself catshit

Calls themself mean

Calls themself me

132nd Chorus

Innumeral infinite songs.
Great suffering of the atomic
 in verse
Which may or not be
 controlled
By a consciousness
Of which you & the
ripples of the waves
are a part.

That's Buddhism.

That's Universal Mind

Pan Cosmodicy

Einstein believed

In the God of Spinoza

(– Two Jews

– Two Frenchmen)

133rd Chorus

“Einstein probably put a lot
of people in the bughouse by
saying that

All those pseudo intellectuals
went home & read Spinoza
then they dig in
to the subtleties
of Pantheism –

After 10 years of research
they wrap it up
& sit down on a bench
& decide to forget
all about it.

Because Pantheism's
Too Much for Em.

They wind up trying to
find out Plato, Aristotle,
they end up in a
vicious Morphine circle”

134th Chorus

“The only cure for
morphine poisoning
Is more morphine.”

This is the real morphine.

Now it's after supper
And the little kids
Are out on the street
Yelling “Mo perro,
Mo perro, mo perro”
And the sky is purple
In old hazish Mexico
of Hashisch, Shaslik
And Veal Parmezan.

Russian Spy Buses
Tooting
“Salud”

135th Chorus

The ants are gone asleep
By now, out on those plains
Of pulque and rice
Beyond Pascual
And the Cactus Town

Matador pan
Pazatza cuaro
Mix-technique
Poop
Indio

Yo yo catlepol
Moon Yowl
Indian
Town & City

Vendors of Take a Giant Step
Say Hailé
In back se malleys
Selling drunks

136th Chorus

I always did say
Aunt Semonila
The Amapola Champeen
Of Yon Yucatan
will never find
her potatoes
Till she sticks in her hands

Potatoes of paternity
Grow deep,
Edie.

Nut went Crazy
Fife Faces of Man
In One Cell
Ow are you?
Fall.

137th Chorus

AZTEC BLUES

“A kek Horrac”

I hear in the Aztec Night

Of Mystery

Where the Plateau Moon

With Moon Citlapol

Over the dobe roofs

Of Heroé Mexico.

“Screeaa-ra- sarat”

The Scraping of Chair,

Followed by Toot & Boom.

Punk! says Iron Pot Lid.

Tup! says finger toilet.

Tuck! says dime on Ice.

Ferwutl says Beard Bird.

Howl of Moondogs in Monterrey

When dry is Riverbottom

Baseball Rock

Nothing nada like this scene

Of Apish majesty

In April's hide of hair

138th Chorus

It's really a Brooklyn Night

the Aztec Night

the Mix Toltec Night

the Saragossa Night

the Tarasco Night

Jaqui Keracky

Grow Opium

In Ole Culiacan

(BLANK, the singer
sings nothing)

139th Chorus

I said Well

Bad time of month for me –

So last I saw or heard a
him –

Matter of fact, he even –

But he never hardly
gave me the 10 pesos

So I was figuring it was
worthwhile to keep
the bum outa my hair,
ten pesos

Only one guy I ever known

He always paid me back

Angel Gabriel

Bright on High

140th Chorus

Fifty pesos

3 Cheers Forever

It's beautiful to be comfortable

Nirvana here I am

When I was born Tathagatas

Assembled from all universes

And chanted in my ear

The gray song of Nirvana

Saying "Dont Come Back"

Then my Angel Gerard

Protected & comforted me

In the Rainy Misery

And my mother smiled

And my father was dark

And my sister

And I sat on the floor

And I Void Listened

To the Eternal Return

With no Expression

141st Chorus

Zoom
S t a r
o f H o l y
I n d i a n
N I G H T

The Tathata
of
Eminence
is
Silence

The Clear Sight
of Varied Crystal
Shining Mountains
shifting in the Air

Exploding Snow

is Transcendental
Brilliant Shattered
Hammered Smithy
Emerald Green
Rubioso Mostofo
Be spark snaked

142nd Chorus

Muck Ruby

Crystal Set

Smithereen

Holy Lilypad

Bean –

A la Pieté –

Truss in dental

Pop Oly Ruby

Tobby Tun w d 1

ixts87rer(

Gainesville Georgia – Sleeping in the

grass on a July night –

Dream of climbing night bank

behind the Joe Louis signatures

We die with same

unconcern we live

143rd Chorus

(pause)

Junkies
Should be practical nurses
And be given permits
To get 3 to 5 grains a day
Every day,
The older addicts need more.

Drug Addicts
Are human beings
Less dangerous
Than alcoholics

And alcoholics arent so bad
Look at the speed drivers
Look at the sex fiends

144th Chorus

Look at the sex fiends
Speeding thru their suicide!
Nembutols!
Guns & jumps in the river!
Lilly saved the man's life!
Flying with legs
out the window
to crash the locomotive
at the X Crossing

X!

I been in crashes,
I been in many a bad night,
I been in Nova Scotia
Investigating the Blight.
And Bright the Vast
Atlantic Greenland
Mountain cap
Of Old Atombomb
Atlantis

145th Chorus

A BANG OF M

A razor mountain –

An Empire State Building

needle Hypo –

A boiling cauldron

cucharra –

A sneeze, a wheeze –

A Cough

A cotton sucking –

A Bang of M

Anticommunism is an

arbitrary distinction

Depending on Communism

A shoot-in

Pull out needle

James Huneker

Alfred Knopf

H L Mencken

Edgar Lee Masters

146th Chorus

The Big Engines
In the night –
The Diesel on the Pass,
The Airplane in the Pan
American night –
Night –

The Blazing Silence in the Night,
the Pan Canadian Night –
The Eagle on the Pass,
the Wire on the Rail,
the High Hot Iron
of my heart.

The blazing chickaball
Whap-by
Extry special Super
High Job
Ole 169 be
floundering
Down to Kill Roy

147th Chorus

The Sock

Wock Williby

Balloons

In the shitfence

The Angels

in Heaven

I knew

The Angel in Heaven

Gabriel Toot Boy

Horn n All

Blows Awful

Blues When

Toy Doy

Done Bo Moy

From China mo Moy

To Ole Penoy,

Oy-y-

Y gerta

was gordo

148th Chorus

Instrucciones

Precaucion

Whichever way you look
you're looking East

Same with West

Whichever etc. way you look,
you're looking West

Thus Spake Tathagata

In the Eastern Heavens I knew
Blue Auroras of the new
Most of David ever knew
Find the Bible Desert,
Rock,

Ti Jean Picotée

Silence

BZZZZZ

the razor in-cut
of void meat

149th Chorus

I keep falling in love
with my mother,
I dont want to hurt her
– Of all people to hurt.

Every time I see her
she's grown older
But her uniform always
amazes me
For its Dutch simplicity
And the Doll she is,
The doll-like way
she stands
Bowlegged in my dreams,
Waiting to serve me.

And I am only an Apache
Smoking Hashi
In old Cabashy
By the Lamp

150th Chorus

Appeasement is Hypnotism

When the Hour Indian

snakecharmer gets under way

swaying his crock toilet

picolette clarinoot

at the snake's bony

leer

he is leading a band

like Sammy Kaye

that could erupt

and kill him

The Weasels Wait

If Buddha appeased

the Likhavi Tribesmen

It means he must have hypnotized

and pleased

Their appeasable hearts

with talk

Of Grand Nirvana's

Holy Paradise

151st Chorus

STILL LIFE

A candle dripped all its

gysm

To the bottom of a strawberry

designed

Mexican Beer tray –

A single edge razorblade,

Partially underneath

The blade of a butter knife

Abstracted from old

camp

packs –

And a tin cup.

This is the Matisse Story

Of a simple arrangement

Of natural objects

In a room on a Sunday

Afternoon –

bits of dry dust,

black ashes

152nd Chorus

The edge of the tray
is bright red –

The strawberries are crimson
dull painted
juicy dimensional
indefinable silver lights
on the knife & blade
brass dark death
and the tragic gloom
inside the lull
of the tumbled wax
Attican and Shapely

The rim sadness aluminum
ALCO Shipwave
cup –

Then, in real life not
still life – comes
the filthy dry gray
ash tray of butts
and matchlet tips

153rd Chorus

Sir Garver is cleaning
His Attic and Castle,
Sniffing & snappin
The Bardic Be
Garters –
Wearing the huge shroud
sorcerer's head
Picking up deadbeats
Offa his bed.
Tucking the sheets in
of no consequence;
Turning and struggling
to kneel to a stand
Off the bed of dimensions
& middles
And spans,
that wont let him lie
straight
In the South American
Pan

154th Chorus

Pan mattress, pan spang,
pan bang,
Perdoneme, pardon
me.

He's got a rich cover
Lines made of wine
To cover his bed with
And pull in the line

And unties his bow strings
Of bathrobe & gore,
His plue pajamas
Poaping
around all that
gore
His feet clean & shiny
Like askin for more

155th Chorus

And as he keeps washing
 & blowing his poor nose
And waiting for death
 to make V-repose
Out of hands he now rubs with
 the towel of More.

Coffee cup's a-covered
 Friend does the Sneeze
Death'll overcome him
 in Some Fleece of Sleep

Nirvana is Snowing
Right down on his head
Everything's all right
In Heaven in High
Inside this blue bottle
 us flies rage & wait
But outside is the Rosy
 of Purple O Gate
 O J O

156th Chorus

I know we're all straight
I knew from a tree
I leaned on a tree
And the tree told me

Tree told me Haby
The Maybe is Abey,
The Kapey is Correcty,
You'll be allarighty

Trees dont talk good
No they don't talk good
This tree just told me
 See Eternity
 Is the other side
 Of the other part
 Of your mind
 That you ignore
 Because you want to

157th Chorus

The Art of Kindness
Is a dream
That was foretold by prophets
Of Old, wd. be continuous
With no broken lines
Buddha after Buddha
Crashing in from Heavens
Farther than expressioning,
Bringing the Single Teaching:
Love Everywhere.

Bring on the single teaching,
It's all indeed in Love;
Love not of Loved Object
Cause no object exists,
Love of Objectlessness,
When nothing exists
Save yourself and your not-self
Hung in a Moon
Of Perfect O Canopy
Sorrowing Starborrowing
Happiness Parade

158th Chorus

It wont happen is what

it is –

It'll lose touch –

It was the same in past

eternities

It will be with the bees

now

the feeling of in and out

your feeling of being alive

is the feeling of in & out

your feeling of being dead

unalive

When it comes you wont

sneeze no more, Gesundheit.

It wont happen, is what

is –

And

it aint happenin now

Smile & think deeply

159th Chorus

Blook Bleak.

Bleak was Blook,

an Onionchaser Hen
necked Glutinous
Huge Food monster
that you ate
with FLAN & Syrup
in a sticky universe

Blook on the Mountaintop,

Bleak;

Blake by the Mountainside,

Baah! –

Boom went the Crasher

Mountain Heidi
Kerplunk Archagelan
Swiss Funnel
Top of Funny Ships
Singing & sinking
In a Glutinous Sea
(of Lese Majesty.)

160th Chorus

Poppa told me a perfect pome.

It's simple

The smiles of hungry sexy
 brunettes

Looking to lock you in
 lock joint and all

And those eyes of Italian
 deep scenery

In Riviera's of Caviar
 Tree

And Mulberry Bee
 Lampshade
 Sun Ahmenides
 Ahmenemet!

Ak!

 That's your rosy

 Figury,

 another word

 for future –

That's your come itself

161st Chorus

It's a starry disaster
Wobbling many times
Like Sick-to-my-Stomach
The All Slop of Brothers,
Every word that Pegler utters,
"So-pa-top-a-ta!"
Shout children on street –
("Luz!" is her call name)
Horn of Sunday car, yar
Of yak-pass mufflerless
Cars – "You writing that down?
"Not necessarily in agreement
With general trend against
The labor movement" – but here's
his takeoff on Eleanor
Roosevelt 'This is My Day,'
It's a funny statement –
Pegler took out My Day
And rolled into thought
Tortilla & puts it on one
article –
(con salsa –)

162nd Chorus

BILL'S DREAMS

Slim girls in thin kimonos
Of blue silk, thin gossamer,
Long, that you could see thru,
Lying down, half-sitting,
Smoking through long tubes
In which every once in a while
An attendant places drug,
In a central bowl,

And as they smoke on
An attendant sprinkles
their eyes with talcum
powder

And they flutter their eyes
To the joy of it.

Then, back in the Tombs,
He's smoking in his cell
And the smoke became
Singing people fading
And coming with smoke
and a guy passing bread
Passes him up –

163rd Chorus

Left the Tombs to go
and look at the
Millions of cut glass –
– a guy clocking them,
as you look you swallow,
you get so fat
you can't leave the building,
– stand straight,
dont tip over, breathe
in such a way yr fatness
deflates, go back to
the Tombs,
ride the elevator –
he tips over again,
gazes on the Lights,
eats them, is clocked,
gets so fat
he cant leave elevator,
has to stand straight
and breathe out the fat –
– hurry back to the Tombs

164th Chorus

Grand Central Station,
side entrance
where they unload produce

– He & friends get scraps
of meat & cabbage,

All starving,
on floor are iron plates
hot, not too hot,

They all start slowly
cooking, but keep moving up
as men with central
hotplate heat
get impatient & eat
meat half raw –
so he keeps pushing up
his little meat
towards the center –

These people are all bums –
Hang around in restaurants
Where there's nothing to eat
And you sit a table
And suddenly there's a guy

165th Chorus

under the table
cooking your leg
in some kind of steam
– much quicker job
with the steam on the leg
than central radiant
wildheat of cabbage
plates
in Grand C Station

And I see: “Everybody’s eatin you.
You eat them,
makes no difference,
the essence does not pass
From mouth to mouth
And crawl to crawl,
it’s ignorance does.
ignorant form.
the essence is not
disturbed
really,
Like the sudden thought
of India is a dream”

166th Chorus

A home for unmarried fathers.

He said I must investigate
some day, that –
Homefront married fathers,
– some whacky idea –
like a home for unmarried fathers
would be.

Pegler and the Cabinet
of Peligroso FDR
– Firstbase, Perkins;
Eleanor, Right field;
Pitching, Cervantes
the Cuban Newcomer
from downriver
Harlem

riding a white
horse riot
Picasso
in his helmet
Jesus

167th Chorus

The details are all the same,
Like honey stored in beehives,
Like atomic power, so many
Atoms, the details per
Square inch are the life of it
And the death of it

The critical mass collapses
And like a tumbled Sand castle
When the tide of disintegration
And its conception rise,
Flops into the sea softmaw
Sand salvaging, bells
Toll it not offshore.
The Castle was a Dream.

Now learn
that the water is a dream
For when the Tide of Disaster
Rises water will disintegrate
And all will be left
Is the Successful Savior
Abiding Everywhere in
Beginningless Ecstatic Nobody

168th Chorus

Asking questions and listening
is sincerity;

Asking questions and listening
without really listening

Is a kind of sincerity; but

Talking about yourself alia
time, is not insincere.

It's all the same thing

In the long run, the short run
the no run

Whitman examined grass
and concluded

It to be the genesis
& juice, of pretty girls.

“Hair of Graves,” footsteps

Of Lost Children,

Forgotten park meadows,

– Looking over your shoulder
At the beautiful maidens –

169th Chorus

Lie down

Rest

Breathe slowly

Dead in Time

You're dead already

What's a little bit more time got to do

with it

So you're dead

So the Living Loathe the Dead,
themselves –

So forgive, reassure, pat, protect,
and purify them

Whatever way is best.

Thus Spake, Tathagata.

The girls are pretty

But their cherries are itty

And if they aint got cherries

Sleep in the Park anyway

And if you dont go near them

You dont get that sensation

Of their inexhaustible delicacy

Dead in Time – Rest in Time

170th Chorus

Rest in Delicacy

The far border of the puff lace
clouds of Amida's Western
Heaven of Diamond Repose
is Delicate

And delicate is the Spanish
language, delicate the Spanish
they speak in Upper Bleak
where King Sariputra
holds forth a tablet of ice
(I mean diamonds)
to be read by the highest
most delicate Bodhi papa
in the whole confraternity
– Old Buddha of Old
In his Magic Selves
Commingled as One, Maitri,
Coos delicate songs
To the lyres & guitars
Of the minds of the Lapis
Lazuli old Saints

171st Chorus

When I hear that serenade
 in blue –
Tell me darling are these things
 the same
That we had always known
 Well all alone
And true, it's that serenade
 O serenade,
In the blue, in the blue.

Oopli da da
Aow dee a dee e-da-ha
 You never had no chance
 Fate dealt you wrong hands

Romance never came back

Crashing interruptions
 So I'm with you
 happy once again
 and singing all my blues
in tune with you
 with you

172nd Chorus

When I hear that
 serenade in bleu,

OO dee de ree,
 – a song I could sing
 in a low new voice
 to be recorded
 on quiet microphones
 of the Roman Afternoon,
 tape, a new kind of voice,
 sung for the self
 sung for yourself
 to hear in a room
 where you dont
 want to be
 interrupt
 ed

Or made to sing dirges
Of suicide & main
in the candle of the handle
of the coffin to blame

173rd Chorus

The funerals of the doornails
Gay Chocolateers with sadness
 of Marshes across
 their Germany

Hope of Eleanoras of Russia
 rising from
 the railroad
 Nevsky track

Loud upturned chocolate bedpans
 of Saturday Night
 Drugstore Windows
 showing rubber
 and the sexfiend
 watching

Oldtime childhood shoesheens
The Music of the uninhabited spheres
 being played & developed
 over ages for no one

That's the Radio to me
The Ultimo Actual Soundbody
 discriminating in the air
 by means of men tubes
 invented by the 95 devils

174th Chorus

The freshwater eels of Europe
That climb up their rivers
And presumably raid fjords
And eat up pools, curious
Proustian visitors from up the
mountain

Of the sea, which, when they die,
they re-cross, to Bermuda,
from whence they came, to die.

Must be that these eel
Have a yen to explore
The veins of Old Atlantis
From their sunken mountaintop
This side Canaryas
But no – they slide
From Europe to Ukraine
And down the Belgian Rivers,
And blankly in the void
Swim back to spawn
And die with longfaced pouts
– Poor fish.

175th Chorus

Cunalingus
My sister's playin piana in Vienna
The Jews are Genius Gypsies
The Moors are Poor.
Aristotle, Isabel,
Ferdinand the Bull.

Ferdinand was no Dumb-Bell –
Piano high was Vienna
When Freud interviewed
The oversexed Rothschilds
And Richjews of Vienna
And the Gypsies were camped
In apartments – with lamps –

All the wealth of Europe
had poured
Into Vienna – Freud was there –
So his Psychoanalysis Sex
Chart of Mad talk
Was accepted as Gospel
By undermined golfcourses
of the River West –
The multiple too-much of the world

176th Chorus

The reason why there are so many things
Is because the mind breaks it up,
The shapes are empty
That sprung into come
But the mind wont know this
Till a Buddha with golden
Lighted finger, hath pointed
To the thumb, & made an aphorism
In a robe on the street,
That you'll know what it means
For there to be too many things
In a world of no-thing.

One no-thing
Equals
All things

When sad sick women
Sing their sex blues
In yr ear, have no fear
have no fear –
the moon is true, enough,
but, but, but, but, but,
it keeps adding up

177th Chorus

Farewell, tendril

I dont wanta play like that
when I find you
as a world
In my heart
I dont want
To talk it lightly
And make jokes
And find myself
Paranoically
Grunting loud huge grunt
Of Gordo Exer-
Indian-Cise,
I'd – O Christ –
wouldn't want to be cool
in hot hell
and be goofing
when yr sweet attentions
all me, thee,
describe, self-described
in one essential
light,
the holy gold so-called

178th Chorus

Put the blame on intelligence –
the reason, no,
not the bloody reason,
the asskissed burned
Chicago Putdown
talk of time –
who was it maimed
the rescue,
and made – the mistake –
and held
the loft
and lost
and got lost
and knew nothing –

What knew the blame?
Who put the blame?
Who's trying to throw me
out?

Who am I?
do I exist?
(I don't even exist anyhow)

179th Chorus

Glenn Miller and I were heroes
When it was discovered
That I was the most beautiful
Boy of my generation,
They told Glenn Miller,
Whereby he got inspired
And wrote the saxophone
Wrote the reed sections –
like sautergain & finn –
and then they all did dance
and kissed me mooning stars
and I became the Yokum
of the wall-gang, flowers,
and believed in truth & loved
the snowy earth
 and had no truck
 and no responsibility

a bhikku in my heart
waiting for philosophy's
 dreadful murderer
 BUDDHA

180th Chorus

When you work on that railroad
You gotta know what old boy's
sayin

In that en-gyne,
When you head brakie
just showin up for work
on a cold mist dusk
ready to roll
to on down the line
lettuce fields
of Elkhorn
& sea-marshes
of the hobo highriding
night, flash Salinas –

“Somebody asked me where
I come from
I tell them it's none a their
business,
Cincinnati”–

Poetry just doesnt get there

181st Chorus

The girls go for that long red
tongue,
From the pimp with the long red
car,

They lay it in his hand
The profits' curfew
He takes it "The Yellow Kid"
– He's the Man –

She goes home and hustles,
Remembering Caroline,
The hills when little
The raw logcabin
rotting in the piney woods
where the mule was mush
and pup-dog howled
for no owner
all one owl-hoot night
and watermelon flies
on the porch

But she love that long red tongue

And the Man
is a Sucker

“SOMEONE LOWER THAN SHE IS”

182nd Chorus

The Essence of Existence

is Buddhahood –

As a Buddha

you know

that all the sounds

that wave from a tree

and the sights

from a sea of fairies

in Isles of Blest

and all the tastes

in Nectar Soup

and all the odors

in rose arbour

– ah rose, July rose –

bee-dead rose –

and all the feelings

in the titwillow's

chuckling throat

and all the thoughts

in the raggedy mop

of the brain –

one dinner

183rd Chorus

“Only awake to Universal Mind
And realize that there is nothing
Whatever to be attained. This
Is the real Buddha.”

Thus spake Hsi Yun
to P’ei Hsiu

Names so much like each other
You know it cant be wrong
You know that sweet Hsi Yun
Had eyes to see the Karma
Wobbling in the balloon
– shiney –
 millions of dollars damage
 from rains and floods –
vast fading centers of a Kansas
 central standard time

buss-i-ness
my fron

Only awake to Universal Mind,
 accept everything,
 see everything,
 it is empty,
Accept as thus – the Truth.

184th Chorus

“Men are afraid to forget
 their own minds,
Fearing to fall thru the void
With nothing to which they can cling.

They do not know
 that the void
 is not really void
 but the real realm
 of the Dharma”–

Wow, I thought reading that,
 when I start falling
 in that inhuman pit
 of dizzy death
 I’ll know (if
 smart enough t’remember)
 that all the black
 tunnels of hate
 or love I’m falling
 through, are
 really radiant
 right eternities
 for me

185th Chorus

Farewell, pistil –

“as old as space”

“without the faintest tendency
towards rebirth”

No-self, no-self, no-self,

Dass iss the order of the day,

Virya, Zeal, Wednesday,

When I can turn this old

patayo Matago dun's

nest of hornet toad

shoot bewallopers

worrying in Finnegan's

Whorehouse about nothing,

into a Pagoda of Bright

Jesus Lace Snow

Japana dreams,

with showers of aura

arras flower rose

bepetalling pet by pet

from the holy dispenser

of dogs –

Farewell, puppy

186th Chorus

It's all happening in snow

But I shudder.

Now there's no reason for that.

Now argue the sky saints.

And down below, I mourn

and low like an old cow
in a rastro slaughterhouse
in the I-Dont-Know
district of Hellavides'
Devil Dang –

No, hmf, damn, boy,
boom – hell's clutters
that meated dante
when he virgilized
his poign –

bom –

om, atva,

svaha, snatva,

Holy Old Howl Who'll

Ya

Is Okay

187th Chorus

Do not Seek,

and Eliminate nothing,
concluded the Chinese
Master of 840 B.C.

“Observe the Void which lies
before your eyes
How can you set about
eliminating it?”

Buddhism is a big bomb on the head
and it hurts

After which comes I know
the milky fliss,
fluff, soft AW eternities,
skyrockets,
snowflakes, hope revealed,
snow

Gerard, Pa, lamb,
Sax,
Heaven, you, me.

188th Chorus

And tonight I'll pray

And O I'll call Fugen
and Kwannon to my aid
and ask them to let me
hear their transcendental
silence sound,

learning
thereby
Fugen
Avaloki-
tesvara'an
mostafokas
fakirs, makers,

sing sound silence
of my sound

O bless me, make me safe,
say, 'No-Yo' but save
'Me no?' save

No-me – I beseech
save no-me

189th Chorus

Petronic, Satiricon –

The Black Mass is the Christian

Devil Mass

“A guy in there
gives a supper
and has his funeral oration
spoken, & coffin bared
in which he is to lie,
all dishes are black,
all food black & white
(that which can be)
– they have world-food
at this banquet of death,
the wealthy man celebrant
says he’ll die early
and violently”
and Does he?

Petronius Arbitum –

elegant queer,
my dear

190th Chorus

What I have attained in Buddhism
is nothing.

What I wish to attain,
is nothing.

Let me explain.

In perceiving the Dharma
I achieved nothing –

What worries me is not
nothing

But everything, the trouble is
number,

But since everything is nothing
then I am worried nil.

In seeking to attain the Dharma
I failed, attaining nothing,

And so I succeeded the goal,
Which was, pure happy
nothing.

No matter how you cut it
it's empty delightful boloney

191st Chorus

My startingplace and my goal
are right here in this simple
space hole

Sings Shinran:—

“All that have obstructions
Are not impeded
By the Clouds of Light.”

It is like the Iddhi Magic
Mentioned in Surangama Sutra,
Where say, The Bhikshu
Who delights in Transcendental
Solitude and Brilliant Silence
And Rhinoceros Sorrow
Shall be saved, & transported
Magically in the air
To his Blessed Pure Land
Diamond Irradiation
From the Crown of Buddha.
Wild – I wait by candlelight
for confirmation

(And I see waving whitenesses)

192nd Chorus

“O thou who holdest the seal
of power, raise thy diamond
hand, bring to naught, destroy,
exterminate.

O thou sustainer, sustain
all who are in extremity.

O thou purifier, purify all
who are in bondage to self.

May the ender of suffering
be victorious. Om!

Om! Oh! Thou perfectly enlightened,
enlighten all sentient beings.

O thou who art perfect in wisdom
and compassion,
Emancipate all beings, & bring
them to Buddhahood. Om!

Adoration to Tathagata (Attainer

to Actual Isness), Sugata
(Attainer to Actual Goodness),
Buddha (Who is Awake), Perfect
in Pity and Intelligence

193rd Chorus

Who has accomplished,
And is accomplishing,
And will accomplish,
All these words
Of mystery,
Svaha,
So be it,
Amen.”

Numberless roses arranged,
The milk of merriment
 without the curds,
The Pleased Milk
 of Humankindness
The Frowns of worried saints,
The Helpless Hands of Buddha
 burning,
The Crown Prince of the Lotus
 Blossom Sky,
Lover of all the mental phantoms
 in the mind –
Wordmaker, curdmaker
 Kingmaker, Ding
Dong, the Buddha's Gong

194th Chorus

Being in selfless one-ness
With the such-ness
That is Tathagatahood,
So is everybody else
Lost with you
In that bright sea
Of non-personality.

In teaching the Paramitas
Of Virtue and Sweetness,
The Wu-Weis of Love,
The Tehs of Sensibility,
And all the Tibetan Arhat
Secrets of the Buddha Mountain
World up & down of which
We race in celestial racingcars
On imaginary hills seeking
Salvation at the goal,
 Flagged by Dominos of Bodhi
 And Oil men Ragged Hero
 Mechanic Sariputran
 Minnesinging Gurus, on we rave.

195th Chorus

The songs that erupt
Are gist of the poesy,
Come by themselves, hark,
Stark as prisoners in a cave
Let out to sunlight, ragged
And beautiful when you look close
And see underneath the beards
the holy blue eyes of humanity
And brown.

The stars on high sing
songs of their own, in motion
that doesnt move, real,
Unreal, singsong, spheres:—

But human poetries

With God as their design
Sing with another law
Of spheres & ensigns
And rip me a blues,
Son, blow me a bop,
Let me hear 'bout heaven
In Brass Fluglemop

196th Chorus

So I write about heaven,
Smoke for the scene,
Wanta bring everyone
Straight to the dream.

If you only could hold
 what you know
As you know it forever,
 instead-a
Moving from griefy to griefy,
 lament to lament,
Groan, and have to come out
 and smile once again,
– S teada all that,
A hospital for the sick,
Lying high in crystal,
In heaven of pure
 adamantine
Consanguine
Partiality devoid
Of conditions, free –
 Here I go rowin
 Thru Lake Innifree
 Looking for Nirvana
 Inside me

197th Chorus

Inside, Inside Me,

I'se free

Free as the bee

Inside he.

Lord have a mercy

on Hallelujah Town

I got to stomp my foot,

And say, whee,

hey dad, now oan,

from now oan,

I dont wanta

cant wanta

wont wanta

hear about it

not in my Oakland

Saloon, not in my bar

Not in my brokenglass

Not in my jar

Blue, black, race, grace,

face,

I love ye.

198th Chorus

Nirvana aint inside me
cause there aint no me.

Nirvana's everywhere
'xceptin' what's everywhere
And so all is nowhere.

Swimmin free, in the lake free,
Rowing to the other beachy.

Tall guards you say? tall
saloons? maloons?
Tall goons? Tall tunes?

Tall stately heroes
Tall calm saints
Tall long tendrils
of cloud-air
Tall unobstructed
ghost whitenesses
Imagining on the edge
of the pier –
Just not there.

199th Chorus

Empty balloons of gorgeous?
Wild upskies bedazzling radiant?
Immense arcades of secret joy?
Caves of light, Ya-Vingo,
 dream-material palaces
 high in the texture
 of the high thought?

Nirvana? Heaven?
 X? Whatyoucallit?

Swear

Huge milky areas of silence
Permeated by rose petals
crushed in diamond vats –
Great baths of glory? –
Singing quiet humsound?
White light of black eternity?
 Golden Secret Figures
 Of Unimaginable
 Inexpressible Flowers
 Blooming in the One Own
 Mind
 Essence

200th Chorus

White figures throughout
 made of light,
Like a truck becomes a square
 mass of shining light bars,
Empty Apparitional secret
 figure of the mind.
More than that. Face
 is mass of swarm-roe
 starlight, insanity
 itself personified
 & taking up space
 & penetrable throughout.

Secret parleys with saviour
Angels outside brown rooms
Where phantoms converge
In light, black and white,
Dazzling in the middle
With one Insane Bar Light –
 One Shiningness
And you know darkness nullifies
 the color
Into Nirvana No

201st Chorus

When the girls start puttin

Nirvana-No on their lips

Nobody'll see them.

Poor girls, did they always

Want attention? Did they

always disturb

The sitting saint in the woods

and make him feel

Cheap by sayin: "Those

guys think they

can sit down & be God."

– "They think they dont

have to work

because they are God

and they sit down

and think they are God"

– Those Guys ...

Over their heads is the unbelievable

unending

emptiness

the enormous

nothingness

of the skies

And they claim

202nd Chorus

A white poem, a white pure

spotless poem

A bright poem

A nothing poem

A no-poem non poem

nondream clean

silverdawn clear

silent of birds

pool-burble-bark

clear

the lark of trees

the needle pines

the rock the pool

the sandy shore

the cleanness of dogs

the

frogs

the

pure white

spotless

Honen

Honey Land

Blues

203rd Chorus

Heaven's inside you but there's no you.

What does that mean?

said the teacher,

The Great Holy the All Holy

Old Teacher:—

All you've got to do

Everytime you feel sick

Is stop (this madhouse

shot of yours

is not exactly

the immemorial miel)

stop – and stare

through the things

before your eyes

with eyes unfocused

and as soon as they move

you will have seen

that they move

to illusion.

Seeing that all's illusion

You lose your mind

In meditation

And heal yourself well

(AND WHAT'S BEEN HEALED?)

204th Chorus

What's been buried in the grave?

Dust.

Perfect dust?

Perfect dust in time.

Time.

Time is dust.

Time's not dust

Time's already happened
immemorially

The pearl of the gods

the agonizer of Wests

The ball in the bubble
void

Time –

Dont worry bout time.

What's been buried inside me

for sure?

The substance of my own father's
empty light

Derived from time working
on dirt

And clay bones.

Buddha's River.

205th Chorus

Enter the Holy Stream.
March with the Saints.
Follow along the emptiness.
Follow bright the ferrymen
And follow the All Star
And sing with the others
In praise of the light
In praise of the emptiness
 so bright
In praise of the OO-LA-LA'S
Of Parisian Women.

In praise of the singsong
 mingsong
 brokesong
 lostsong
 Ah Time
 Ah Perturbable

 Me, Sir,
Dis-beturbable Ameget
 Me

206th Chorus

Maaaaaah! said the sheep
And opened its foxtail soft
Mouth to say something empty,
To express its reverentation,

And M n a a a came

the bull cry something-cry
Because you cant sing
open yr mouth with poems
without you make sound
and sound is wrong
sound is noise

But only human speech
and also all sentient
communication
pointing to the finger
that points at sound
saying 'Sound is Noise' –
Otherwise

sound itself
un-self-enlightenable
would go on blating
& blaring unrecognized
as emptiness and silence

207th Chorus

Aztec Blues – Imitation of Pound

A God called “Drink the Flood

Water” – HUETEOTL –

Is a very old God.

What older God could you get

GLEED-ZAL-WAD-LE,

The Sound of the Feathered Serpent,

cause of the flood.

He came from:

“Destroyed-Over-Flooded-Land-

Exiled-Him-Water-Pour,”

Which means: He is Water.

He is the Flood.

He is the Ocean that Floods

Serpent as the Sign of Flood, Ah

Sax –

Bird-feather is a sign of escape,

flight, exile –

The Feathered Serpent

Snakes that Fly

Nail Eternity

To bye/

TONA TI UH:- “Of the Sunken Your Ear”

208th Chorus

Anciently in cities

men have been sitting
in waiting rooms
in the night bloated
with food and alcohol
waiting waiting waiting
as though the city existed not.

They are so old.

They think all alike.

I've seen them die in chairs
Quietly in cities they never planned.
Seen them sing in saloons
For muffled uproars.
Seen men in coffee houses
Shoot the opium cup
With Greeks of Brotherhood.
Aztec Pulque Distributors
Rembrandtian city committees
And unions of Masons –

Shoot the sperm cup to me, Jim,
These partitioned Anglo Spanese
Singing sneerers perturbing
You in the background
Are your father's kindly
buriers

209th Chorus

Well, that about does me in.
I've packed my bags and time
Has come to start to heaven.
Afraid of the trip. Always
Thought it was short & snappy
And I wouldnt worry. Or
Always thought I'd be glad to go.

But who's glad to go? I want gold.
I want rich safety in my legs
And good bones made of empty milk
Of God-Kindness – I want
I need I cry like baby
I want my Partotooty
Sweety backpie back
And dong strang bang bong
Dont scrounge my yoll-scrolls
And try to fool with me
One more time & I report you
To the pimp, whore God –

I got the woozes
Said the wrong thing
Want gold want gold
Gold of eternity

210th Chorus

Impressionism. The drowned afternoon

along the sunny carnival –

Trees waving over rock walls

of drowned scummers –

Glutted bloatbellies blue as the bay

scummed in tangle raft –

Shit on a leaf, by the pier,

shit used as leaf paper

Piled by flooded Ack Merrimoi

the Plantaneous River

of Fra Devilico Mojostico

the Funny Folly Phoney balloon

of Polateira Mia OOLA

the Crap' in-ping, Caing,

and mutter of imbecile

boys in jungle beehive fish.

Blop.

Centurions. Potalishakions.

Prerts. F. Funks. P.l.u.p.s.

Frains Trails Moss.

Scum. Sing my lil yella

basket. A tisket. Tasket.

Athabasket. Ma the basket.

211th Chorus

The wheel of the quivering meat
conception

Turns in the void expelling human beings,
Pigs, turtles, frogs, insects, nits,
Mice, lice, lizards, rats, roan
Racinghorses, poxy bucolic pigtics,
Horrible unnameable lice of vultures,
Murderous attacking dog-armies
Of Africa, Rhinos roaming in the
jungle,

Vast boars and huge gigantic bull
Elephants, rams, eagles, condors,
Pones and Porcupines and Pills –
All the endless conception of living
beings

Gnashing everywhere in Consciousness
Throughout the ten directions of space
Occupying all the quarters in & out,
From supermicroscopic no-bug
To huge Galaxy Lightyear Howell
Illuminating the sky of one Mind –

Poor! I wish I was free
of that slaving meat wheel
and safe in heaven dead

212th Chorus

All of this meat is in dreadful pain
Anytime circumstances attain
To its attention like a servant
And pricking goads invest the flesh,
And it quivers, meat, & owner cries
And wishes "Why was I born with a body,
Why do I have this painful hive

Of hope-of-honey-milk yet bane
Of bitterest reward, as if, to wish
For flesh was sin alone itself – ?"

And now you gotta pay, rhinoceros
and you,

Tho his hide's toughern ten young men
Armed with picks against the Grim

Reaper

Whose scythe is preceded by pitchforks
Of temptation & hell, the Horror:

"Think of pain, you're being hurt,
Hurry, hurry, think of pain
Before they make a fool of you
And discover that you dont feel
It's the best possible privilege
To be alive just to die
And die in denizen of misery"

213th Chorus

Poem dedicated to Allen Ginsberg

– prap – rot – rort –

mort – port – lort – snort

– pell mell – rhine wine –

roll royce – ring ming –

mock my lot – roll my doll –

pull my hairline – smell my kell –

wail my siren – pile my ane –

loose my shoetongue – sing my aim –

loll my wildmoll – roll my

luck –

lay my cashier gone amuk –

suck my lamppole, raise the bane,

hang the traitor

inside my brain

Fill my pail well,

ding my bell, smile for the ladies,

come from hell

214th Chorus

Ling the long Chinese peeswallower,
a lad like ye,
Laid his hand on Garty's knee
and paid the pree –

Shong the mong of anisfore,
Maharajah
Dusty, kinked the from of Jaidphur
from the Konk mirror free
So all Bojangles Banghard
had to do
Was roil his roily tooty
mot the polyong,
And if you knew what I meant
you would say
You disgust me –

Aright, ring the devil free –
Bong – Ring the devil free
Prong – ring the devil free,
Song, ring the devil free,
Ong, ring the biney free

215th Chorus

Moll the mingling, mixup

All your mixupery,

And mail it in one envelopey:

Propey, Slopey, Kree.

Motey, slottey, notty,

Potty, shotty, rotty, wotty,

Salty, grainy, wavey,

Takey, Carey, Andy

Sari Pari Avi Ava

Gava lava mava dava

Sava wava ga-ha-va

Graharva pharva

Dharma rikey rokkkk

Tokkkk sokkkk

Mrockk, the Org

Of Old Pootatolato

England Ireland

O

Sail to Sea

216th-A Chorus

Fuck, I'm tired of this imagery
– I wanta quit this horseshit
 go home
 and go to bed

But I got no home,
 sickabed,
 suckatootle,
 wanta led
 bonda londa
 rolla molla
sick to my
 bella bella
 donna donna
 I'm a goner
 Soner, loner,
 moaner,
 Poan, cornbelly,
 No loan,
 Ai, ack,
C r a c k /

I'm sick of this
misery poesy/ flap Jean

Louis

Miseree

216th-B Chorus

Filling the air with an arbitrary dream –
When no desire arises, that is the original
Feeling of peace in Actual Nature –
It is not moot to question how a dream

ends

Whenaslong as it ends –

A Baby in Pain:

tell the proud seminal mother
how many more of that she wants
to satisfy her fertile ego
and how many more babies
crying in the night, angry screech,
knowing that their flesh is on the block
of death the hungry butcher.
– how many pigs hung upsidedown
and slowly bled to death
by reverent ritual fools
with no noses and no eyes

Emancipate the human masses
Of this world from slavery to life
And death, by abolishing death
And exterminating birth –

O Samson me that –
The Venerable Kerouac, friend of Cows

DEPEND ON VAST MOTIONLESS THOUGHT

216th-C Chorus

Well roofed pleasant little hut,
 screened from winds:
That's all I need. Foursquare
The image of the Buddha in my brain,
Drawing from the countryside the verdant
Fantasm of conception, saying:
“We green imageries of bush & tree,
Like you, have risen from a mystery,
And the mystery is fantastic,
Unreal, illusion, and sane,
And strange – It is: When ye
Are not born, thou never showest:
When thou art born thou showest,
Thou showest emeralds and pine trees
And thou showest, and if not born
Thou showest naught in white
Dazzling buried in mindless obscure sea
That strange eternity devises to befool,
Befoul and play unfair with Mag
The worshipper and worrier, Man,
Mag, Mad,
 it's all green trees, men
 And dogs of toothbone:
 All shine in the dust,

All the same Novice Scotia”

217th Chorus

Sooladat smarty pines came prappin down

My line of least regard last Prapopooty

And whattaya think Old Father Time

made him? a western sponnet

Without no false on bonnet,

Trap in the cock adus time of the Nigh,

Slight the leak of recompense being

hermasodized

By finey wild traphoods in all

their estapular

glories

Gleaming their shining-rising spears

against the High Thap All Thup –

So I aim my gazoota always

to the God, remembering the origin

Of all beasts and cod, Bostonian

By nature, with no minda my own,

Could write about railroads, quietus

These blues, hurt my hand more,

Rack my hand with labor of nada

– Run 100 yard dash

in Ole Ensanada –

S what'll have to do,

this gin & tonics

Perss o monnix

twab

twab

twabble

all day

218th Chorus

Sight the saver having from the coast
put further items down – what? you
wish to talk to me, hear me scratch
at the mean little door, hiding in my bonnet –
O come off it, the vast canopial
Assemblies wait for yr honest spontaneous reply.
What shall it be?
I promise to reject pain when next
My turn comes back again
I promise not to steal, nor go to hell
For stealing
I promise to say Na
When Tathagata's Angels
Ride for me. Na –
I wanta go to Inside-Me,
Is there such a place? No is.
Flap the wack I smack the hydrant
of desire, sip sop the twill –
(hiding all them guys – 'twere
as I told you, old dreams
of young brides'll do you no more good)

Wake up Scribe! Pharisee!

The axxabata

f l O R I A N I O L A

S P R I N G T I M E

O W O H A L L

OFFICIAL SEMINARY

219th Chorus

Saints, I give myself up to thee.

Thou hast me. What mayest thou do?

What hast thou? Hast nothing?

Hast illusion. Hast rage, regret,

Hast pain. Pain wont be found

Outside the Monastery only –

Hast decaying saints like Purushka

Magnificent Russian-booted bird loving

Father Zossima under the cross

In his father cell in Holy Russia

And Alyosha falls to the ground

And Weeps, as Rakitin smears.

Grushenka sits him on her lap

And lacky daisies him to lull

And love and loll with her

And wild he runs home in the night

Over Charade Chagall fences

snow-white

To the pink cow of his father's ear,

Which he slits, presenting to Ivan

As an intellectual courtesy, Dmitri

Burps, Smerdyakov smirks.

The Devil giggles in his poorclothes.

Saints, accept me to the drama

of thy faithful desire.

No me? No drama to desire?

No Alyosha, no Russia, no tears?

Good good good good, my saints.

No saints? No no no my saints.

No no? No such thing as no.

220th Chorus

Pieces of precious emerald and jade
Come from igneous rock once on fire,
Erupted through a volcano, sandstone,
Came out oozing in crevices
Pieces of light long buried in the earth
Are diamonds and floods of them.
“Amen the Jewel in the Lotus!”
Prays the Tibetan Saint with Prayerwheel,
“Om Mani Padhme Hum,”
He wants to pile up credit
Like the jewel in the rock
So that when he’s found
The doves will have laid aground
Eggs of bright amethystine
Wallowing splendid decay,
Kings of Ore, art of fathers
Handed to sons, fire and air.
Kingdoms have been founded on diamonds,
Emeralds and pearls, and walkways
Of padded lily milky meshed
And crushed in holy feet, Maha
Graha Sattva, Being of Great Power,
Fortunes in Wisdom, Stores of Love.
Mountains rise high, diamonds shine,

Men ride high the alumpshine

The lump sunshine

Delicious is the taste of Porcupine

221st Chorus

Old Man Mose
Early American Jazz pianist
Had a grandson
Called Deadbelly.

Old Man Mose walloped
the rollickin keyport
Wahoo wildhouse Piany
with monkies in his hair
drooling spaghetti, beer
and beans, with a cigar
mashed in his countenance
of gleaming happiness
the furtive madman
of old sane times.

Deadbelly dont hide it –
Lead killed Leadbelly –
Deadbelly admit
Deadbelly modern cat
Cool – Deadbelly, Man,
Craziest.

Old Man Mose is Dead
But Deadbelly get Ahead
Ha ha ha

222nd Chorus

Mexico Camera

I'm walkin down Orizaba Street
looking everywhere. Ahead of me I
see a mansion, with wall, big
lawn, Spanish interiors, fancy
windows very impressive

Further bloated copulated bloats

Silent separative furniture

The Story of No-Mad, silent
separative corpses;

Ignorino the Indian General

He Chief, wow,

Of Southern Sonora,

You know the Bum,
what was his name?

Asserfelter Shnard Marade,

the Marauding Hightailer

of Southern Slopetawvia,
krum, full of kerrs and kierke

gaard/

and bash bah

the Plap

223rd Chorus

Pineys hursaphies,
Finally allawies,
Fonally finales.
Hookies from OO-SKOOL,
Polls for Who Hook Fish,
Fowl for Fair Weather.
Wu! cries the Indian Boy
in the South Sampan Night,
“Esta que ferro,” you be of iron,
I’ll be a damn tootely wow
wot Rot Moongut Rise Shine
Hogwater Wheel –
Juice a the eel –
In Old Lake Miel –
Honey wheel –
Sound
E Terpt T A pt T E rt W –
Song of I Snug Our Song
Sang of Asia High Gang
Clang of Iron O Hell Pot –
Spert of Ole Watson Ville
Gert –
Smert –
Noise of old sad so

Such Is

Sing a little ditty of the moon inside the loony
boon of snow white blooms in Parkadystan

I S T A M H O W H U C K

224th Chorus

Great God Amighty

What's to be done?

O what's to be done?

Sings the majestic keener

and moaner

At the Mexican Funeral home –

And from a clap in the upclouds

Comes a clap of clouts,

“All has been done.”

As Theravada say “Nothing”

Nada moonshine number, whats been done?

All been done – all singly blessed –

All has been done? The mansion's

been built and Damema

grown old & died

in burning house within?

And Seventeen Sutras & Lotuses

Transmitted by Perfumed Hand

From Jingle to Jiggle

The Hip Hou Parade

of Togas & Mowrdogrogas

Of Maharajah India –

‘All's been done’

‘so rest’

Repose yourself

225th Chorus

The void that's highly embraceable
during sleep
Has no location and no fret;
Yet I keep restless mental searching
And geographical meandering
To find the Holy Inside Milk
Damema gave to all.

Damema, Mother of Buddhas,
Mother of Milk

In the dark I wryly remonstrate
With my sillier self
For feigning to believe
In the reality of anything
Especially the so-called reality
Of giving the Discipline
The full desert-hut workout
And superman solitude
And continual enlightened trance
With no cares in the open
And no walls closing in
The Bright Internal Heaven
Of the Starry Night

Of the Cloud Mopped afternoon –
Oh, Ah, Gold, Honey,
I've lost my way.

226th Chorus

There is no Way to lose.

If there was a way,

then,

when sun is shining on pond

and I go West, thou East,

which one does the true sun

follow?

which one does the true one

borrow?

since neither one is the true one,

there is no true one way.

And the sun is the delusion

Of a way multiplied by two

And multiplied millionfold.

Since there is no Way, no Buddhas,

No Dharmas, no Conceptions,

Only One Ecstasy –

And Right Mindfulness

Is mindfulness that the way is No-Way –

Anyhow Sameway –

Then what am I to do

Beyond writing this instructing

Poesy, ride a magic carpet

Of self ecstasy, or wait

For death like the children
In the Funeral Street after
The black bus has departed –
Or – what?

227th Chorus

Merde and misery,
I'm completely in pain
Waiting without mercy
For the worst to happen.
I'm completely at a loss,

 There is no hope
Though I know the arbitrary conception
 of suffering is racking
 my metaphysical
 handicapped ribs,
 and I dont even exist less sing,
 and I been paid
 for work I done
 when I was young
 and work was fun
 and I dont know name from mercy,
 aint got no blues
 no shoes no eyes
 no shoetongues, lungs,
 no happiness, no art,
 nothing to do, nothin to part,
 no hairs to split
 sidewalks to spit,
 words to make flit

in the fun-of make-it,
 horror & makeshift poetry
 covering the fact I'm afraid
 to work at a steady job
jungles of hair on my wrists
magnified 1000 times
 in Hells of Eternity

228th Chorus

Praised be man, he is existing in milk
and living in lillies –
And his violin music takes place in milk
and creamy emptiness –
Praised be the unfolded inside petal
flesh of tend'rest thought –
(petrels on the follying
wave-valleys idly
sing themselves asleep) –
Praised be delusion, the ripple –
Praised the Holy Ocean of Eternity –
Praised be I, writing, dead already &
dead again –
Dipped in acid ink
the flamd
of T i m
the Anglo Oglo Saxon Maneuvers
Of Old Poet-o's –
Praised be wood, it is milk –
Praised be Honey at the Source –
Praised be the embrace of soft sleep
– the valor of angels in valleys
of hell on earth below –
Praised be the Non ending –

Praised be the lights of earth-man –

Praised be the watchers –

Praised be my fellow man

For dwelling in milk

229th Chorus

In the ocean there's a very sad turtle
(Even tho the *SS Mainline* Fishin Ship
 is reeling in the merit like mad)
Swims longmouthed & sad, looking
 for the Impossible Except Once
 afternoon when the Yoke, Oh,
 the old Buddha Yoke set a-floatin
 is in the water where the turtle raises
 his be-watery snop to the sea
 and the Yoke yokes the Turtle
 a Eternity –
“Tell me O Bhikkus,
 what are the chances,
 of such a happening,
 for the turtle is old
 and the yoke free,
 and the 7 oceans bigger
 than any we see
 in this tiny party.”

Chances are slender –

 In a million million billion kotis
 of Aeons and Incalculables, Yes,
 the Turtle will set that Yoke free,
 but till then, harder yet

are the chances, for a man
to be reborn a man
in this Karma earth

230th Chorus

Love's multitudinous boneyard
 of decay,
The spilled milk of heroes,
Destruction of silk kerchiefs
 by dust storm,
Caress of heroes blindfolded to posts,
Murder victims admitted to this life,
Skeletons bartering fingers and joints,
The quivering meat of the elephants of kindness
 being torn apart by vultures,
Conceptions of delicate kneecaps,
Fear of rats dripping with bacteria,
Golgotha Cold Hope for Gold Hope,
Damp leaves of Autumn against
 the wood of boats,
Seahorse's delicate imagery of glue,
Sentimental "I Love You" no more,
Death by long exposure to defilement,
Frightening ravishing mysterious beings
 concealing their sex,
Pieces of the Buddha-material frozen
 and sliced microscopically
In Morgues of the North,
Penis apples going to seed,

The severed gullets more numerous than sands –
Like kissing my kitten in the belly
The softness of our reward

231st Chorus

Dead and dont know it,
Living and do.

The living have a dead idea.

A person is a living idea;
after death, a dead idea.

The idea of living is the same
as the idea of death.

The dead have a living idea –
Dead, it aint my fault
I was only an idea –

Respected penitence in a shack
dedicated to the study of Origin –

The good Buddha-material
is not a sin-cloth –

Cloth of Light –

Beings alive indicate death
by their jaunty work

Just as the dead indicate the living
by their silence

When rock becomes air
I will be there

232nd Chorus

Buddhists are the only people who dont lie,

In the Sacred Diamond Sutra

Mention is made that God will die –

“There are no Buddhas

and no Dharmas” – means –

There is no Universal Salvation Self,

The Tathagata of Thusness has understood

His own Luvaic Emanations

As being empty, himself and his womb

Included – No Self God Heaven

Where we all meet and make it,

But the Meltingplace of the Bone Entire

In One Light of Mahayana Gold,

Asvaghosha’s singing in your ear,

And Jesus at your feet, washing them,

And St. Francis whistling for the birds –

All conjoined though and melted

And all be-forgotten, pas’t on,

Come into Change’s Lightless Domain

And beyond all Conception,

Waiting in anticipatory halls

Of Bar-Light, ranging, searchlights

Of the Eye, Maitreya and his love,

The dazzling obscure parade

of elemental diamond phantoms
And dominos of chance,
Skeletons painted on Negresses
Standing by unimportant-to-you
Doorways, into Sleep-With-Me
The alley way behind.

233rd Chorus

There is no selfhood that can begin the practice
Of seeking to attain Anuttara Samyak Sambodhi
Highest Perfect Wisdom

Yet

“Faithfully and earnestly observe and study
and explain this Scripture to others”

is the gory reminder of bone.

Others. “Listen, Subhuti! Wherever
This Scripture shall be observed and studied
and explained, that place
will become sacred ground
to which countless devas and angels
will bring offerings. Such
places, however humble they may be,
will be revered as though
they were famous temples & pagodas,
to which countless pilgrims will come
to offer worship and incense.
And over them the devas & angels
Will hover like a cloud & will sprinkle
offerings of celestial flowers
upon them.”

The Pilgrims are happy.

The Pilgrim of the Holy Grail, the Snail,
The Pilgrim of the Fine Pagoda,
The Pilgrim of the Five Tendencies
to Hear and Support Prayer –

No selfhood that can begin the practice
of seeking to attain

234th Chorus

Holy poetry.

“All things are empty of self-marks.”

“If it is space

that is perception of sight

You ought to know,

and if we were to substitute

One for the other, who'd win?”

Santiveda, St. Francis, A Kempis,

Hara

A sinner may go to Heaven

by serving God as a sinner

235th Chorus

Dont camp,
You know very well
 What'll happen to you
When you die
 and claim
 you dont know you're dead
 when you die and you know
 "I know dont know that I'm dead"

Dont camp. Death, the no-buzz,
 no-voices, is, must be, the same,
 as life, the tzirripirrit of thupsounds
 in this crazy world that horrifies my mornings
 and makes me mad wildhaired in a room
 like old metaphysical ogrish poets
 in rooms of macabre mysteries.

But it's hard to pretend you dont know
That when you die you wont know.

I know that I'm dead.
I wont camp. I'm dead now.
What am I waiting for to vanish?
 The dead dont vanish?
 Go up in dirt?

How do I know that I'm dead.

Because I'm alive

and I got work to do

Oh me, Oh my,

Hello – Come in –

236th Chorus

The Buddhist Saints are the incomparable saints
Mooing continue of lovemilk, mewling
And purling with lovely voices for love,
For perfect compassionate pity
Without making one false move

of action,

Perfectly accommodating commiserations
For all sentient belaboring things.

Passive Sweetsaints

Waiting for yr Holyhood,

Hoping your eventual join

In their bright confraternity.

Perfect Divines. I can name some.
What's in a name. They were saints
Of the Religion of the Awakening
From the Dream of Existence
And non-existence.

They know that life and death,
The knowing of life, muteness of death,
Are mutual dual twin opposites
Conceptioning on each side of the Truth
Which is the pivot in the Center
And which says: "Neither life

nor death – neither existence
nor non-existence – but the central
lapse and absence of them both
(in Love's Holy Void Abode)”

237th Chorus

“Ma mère, tu est la terre.”

What does that mean?

For one thing, Damema was the mother of Buddhas,
in Ancient India and Modern Asia
you put up a Virgin Mary very weird
in your altars and ikons, Damema,
with crowns of light coming out of her head
and lotuses and incense sticks
and big sad blue eyes inside Flowers.

People light perpetual candles to her name,
Wax in glass with wick, fire,
For 30 days the pale Mystic Face
Of Damema flickers in the ceiling corner
And the dogs bark outside.

They get water from the moon,
Send boys out of sight in baskets,
Sleep in the streets of night,
Playing flutes & having curbstone nightclubs
And the curbstone put there by the British –
They honor and beseech and pray to
Damema.

To me Damema is like Virgin Mary,

Mother Maya of Siddhartha Buddha
Died at his childbirth,
Like all mothers should be,
Going to heaven on their impulse
 Pure and free and champion of birth.
 Damema the Milky Mother
 Damema the Secret Hero

238th Chorus

Who was it wrote “Money is the root of all evil?”

Was it Oscar Wilde in one of his witties?

Was it Celine – nah.

Was it Alexander Pope, Benjamin Franklin

or William Shakespeare –

Was it Pope in one of his many

clever lines?

Benjamin in his Almanac of Peers

has Richard the Chicken Liver

Express a private pear.

Or is Shakespeare blowing wild

Confucius-Polonius witticismical

Paternity-type advice –

“Money is the root of all evil”

For I will

Write

In my will

“I regret that I was not able

To love money more.”

For which reason I go into retreat

And monastery – all monastic in a cell

With devotions and hellpellmell

And Yumas Arctic Gizoto Almanac

Priotho Consumas Konas

In the Corner, & Mother Damema

239th Chorus

Charley Parker Looked like Buddha
 Charley Parker, who recently died
 Laughing at a juggler on the TV
 after weeks of strain and sickness,
 was called the Perfect Musician.
 And his expression on his face
 Was as calm, beautiful, and profound
 As the image of the Buddha
 Represented in the East, the lidded eyes,
 The expression that says “All is Well”
 – This was what Charley Parker
 Said when he played, All is Well.
 You had the feeling of early-in-the-morning
 Like a hermit’s joy, or like
the perfect cry
 Of some wild gang at a jam session
 “Wail, Wop” – Charley burst
 His lungs to reach the speed
 Of what the speedsters wanted
 And what they wanted
 Was his Eternal Slowdown.
 A great musician and a great
creator of forms
 That ultimately find expression

In mores and what have you.

240th Chorus

Musically as important as Beethoven,
Yet not regarded as such at all,
A genteel conductor of string
orchestras

In front of which he stood,
Proud and calm, like a leader
of music

In the Great Historic World Night,
And wailed his little saxophone,
The alto, with piercing clear
lament

In perfect tune & shining harmony,
Toot – as listeners reacted
Without showing it, and began talking
And soon the whole joint is rocking
And everybody talking and Charley
Parker

Whistling them on to the brink of eternity
With his Irish St Patrick
patootle stick,

And like the holy piss we blop
And we plop in the waters of
slaughter

And white meat, and die

One after one, in time.

241st Chorus

And how sweet a story it is
When you hear Charley Parker
tell it,
Either on records or at sessions,
Or at official bits in clubs,
Shots in the arm for the wallet,
Gleefully he Whistled the
perfect
horn

Anyhow, made no difference.

Charley Parker, forgive me –
 Forgive me for not answering your eyes –
 For not having made an indication
 Of that which you can devise –
 Charley Parker, pray for me –
 Pray for me and everybody
 In the Nirvanas of your brain
 Where you hide, indulgent and huge,
 No longer Charley Parker
 But the secret unsayable name
 That carries with it merit
 Not to be measured from here
 To up, down, east, or west –

-
- Charley Parker, lay the bane,
off me, and every body

242nd Chorus

The sound in your mind
is the first sound
that you could sing

If you were singing
at a cash register
with nothing on yr mind –

But when that grim reper
comes to lay you
look out my lady

He will steal all you got
while you dingle with the dangle
and having robbed you

Vanish.

Which will be your best reward,
T'were better to get rid o
John O' Twill, then sit a-mortying
In this Half Eternity with nobody
To save the old man being hanged
In my closet for nothing
And everybody watches
When the act is done –

Stop the murder and the suicide!

All's well!

I am the Guard

KirkLazarus