

rather than sit debating what to show th world
should we not paint ourselves in gold?
and roll in th streets, shouting:

TAZE THE POLICE!

o! even dogs would look at us strangely!
befuddled youths might stare and murmur

but please excuse me
ive been reading moldy bibles
and drinking wine with the daughters of jerusalem
one hand outstrecht to greet th moon

to wit: we must procure an army of ghetto blasters
fast cars w/ purple hi beams

we require musical interludes
deluge, rock and roll
firehoses filld with soul

to burn ephemera!
laughing w/ dead ghost of artoe
harry pawter + cthulhu in th fiery river
mold porridgeflesh into stachoos

th secret

bend th trombones
when you are cloaked in golden robes

never stop leaving shoes out fr santa
mutter latin poetry in th bank line

glorious vino! who fuels revolutions
shun th sad winter vodka
an coffind whiskey
to wine! to wine! a thousand times to wine
to revolutions
and drunken convolutions
pleasant dreams of eden

a lack!
flush the last drop of tigers milk!
burn the last shipment from Twicanum!
the tweed jackets from rural England!
we are moving shop right quickanum!

quickly cat, into the sack
the train won't wait and we musnt be late

alack! alack! i forgot my hat!
dammit man! hold my bags!
it was a present from a VIP
a painfully rich client and dandy!

shit! grab the ink ribbon
forget the broom!
there's exotic treasures in the room
rawhide coats and chinese dope!
the very best opium
authentic white dragon snake!

ach! the carriage
i forgot the carriage!
hire a driver
pay him in liquor
we've really got to go!

altho th sun has come to dab away the dew and wet,
and th brite hands of flowers wave from th clover,
something troubles th poet's step.

and as th first rays strengthnen into noon,
and th hound rouses, moving blearily about th porch,
I wait, in th mist of doom.

th poet appears, w/ cup of tea.

should i get th mail? or should i ever?
reaching to pet th dog, he slumps into his seat.

and he is refracted, in my noble gas;;
suddenly rarified;
tho made of fragile glass.

did i meet you in th halls of memory?
dam those toppling archives,
home to baubles and god's chicanery.

yet would i could turn them over in my hands like diadems!
yes, remarking on the verisimilitude of costume jewelry,
those little crowns of little men. (th dog begins to snore...)

a bitter drink to swallow?
you'd make me a dustkicker!
leave me to my dreams!

annoyed, th poet retreats, leaving th pastoral scene.
a siren encroaches upon the tableau.
i blight th flowers before i leave.

in th gated community of th mind
versions of myself enact final fantasies
inside a house I drink myself to sleep

lost in th rundown houses of my memory
th same cars an tired streets
firebombd ruination

hard to climb pruned trees
and night and day meld

was it th agony of twilit hrs?
th din of cicada
or still music of windless branches?

these snores and starts of years
wrinkles like heiroglyphs

th constant of dreams

fantom rings
halfremembered redolence
forget
me
not

this
endless
wrestle