

V

I.

BALLADE

does something lie who'd rather stand;
but if which tries to try to, the
universe opens like a wound:
spreadeagling on this bowery
dump's filthy floor a former e.
g. gentleman?—not my hands pry
fiercely that stinker from his pee
(because the poor sonofabitch is i)

do blood and flesh which danced and grinned
and skin more black than white are we
climb, jumping; at thick this rope's end:
to become such an itlike he
as, through space turning like a key,
unlocks all horror with one why?—
not my face screams in idiot glee
(because the poor sonofabitch is i)

on august sixth, let me remind
you, nineteen fortyfive a.d.
did a greengrocer from the land
of freedom and democracy
hurl out of relativity
some hundred thousand souls?—not my
life loathes that soulless s.o.b.
(because the poor sonofabitch is i)

illimitable Mystery
whom worlds must always crucify—
thanks be to God that You are me
because the poor sonofabitch is i