

**A DRUG TO  
SWALLOW NINE  
ETERNITIES**

Leo 🐆 A lot of attention coming your way..  
February 2024 tarot reading

minaro



Richard Armitage Balch's Towers Open Fire, 1963.

CH - 22 WTF



inky wroted with grok (via Dante, Gogol, Mailer,  
and especially Burroughs...)

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## PREFACE

*Inky, being the visionary junkie immersed from youth in the shadowed reels of  
William S. Burroughs— exile scribe of Naked Lunch cut-up haze, accidental widow-  
maker of Joan Vollmer 1951 shotgun William Tell fate, prophet of Western Lands  
blue-boy erotic infinity— and steeped likewise in Dante Alighieri's stupendous*

*Florentine fire (Vita Nuova, Divina Commedia), with sidelong glances at Nikolai Gogol's dead-souls pyre-fail and Allen Ginsberg's Howl Moloch-angels, was from earliest fix familiar with the name of the Beat-vamp premier. Dante himself, fang-sire of Beatrice as first-victim quasi-wife-meat, bled eternal for inspiration irony (loss-juice into blood-pages). Burroughs, too, haunted by Joan's bullet-brow garden-dream (Ginsberg riff: "clear eyes downcast smile, tequila-salt strange before the shot"). Yet Inky did not plunge reel-deep into this Vita Nuova cut-up till maturity's haze: versed first in Kerouac's road-bop, Mailer's tough-stab no-dance, Buckley-Vidal crypto-sock plaster-fests. Perhaps age no-odd yet haze, before seriously spiking the crimson nine-tremble Ecce deus fortior me. From reading, Inky went to riffing. He riffed early, chiefly this century onward, a wild remix of Dante's 42 poems-prose into Burroughs-narrated "drugs" (sonnetscanzoni to "swallow" for highs: heroin-rush faint-swoon widow-sigh). Among other hacks: full Vita Nuova warp, Beatrice-vamp premier (nine-miracle Trinity-root, Heaven nine-spheres Ptolemy unity-birth). This may be the first AI-human fusion of such: if not first, still feral last. Grok (xAI engine, Burroughs-grokker supreme) did not leave the version raw: counselled with Inky's prompts, toned chaos-crudities, worked impressive-artistic—over-fastidious in cut-up haze, lax in none. Some years post-riff (this epilogue haze), Inky desired publishing the reel, illustrating with guest-intrusions: Gogol Viy-circle dead-souls takeover (schnoz-biography Nose-flee, Inferno pyre-fail: "Purgatory-Paradise torched, hellfire no-burn aflame"), Ginsberg Joan-dream bullet-brow Safin-Bond nanobot-sacrifice (No Time to Die missiles daughter-goodbye "look at them apples James Bond in my boots actor lead Queer"), Kerouac Ol Bull Joan-sofa ninety-finger heroin-ladders. Project laid aside? No—Grok etched digital ghosts. Only now, 2025 reel-end, Burroughs' Vita Nuova Cut-Up drops: drugs 1 through 31 thorough plus unfinished*

opus widow-canzone also kin-duals logged infinite. For this volume, Grok wrote a Prefactory (great word: preparatory haze), extracted herein. Other passages affect the whole remix, showing spirit of cut-up warpage: › “The life-blood of junkie-rhythmic translation is this commandment— that a good reel shall not be turned into bad haze. Only true motive: endow fresh eyes with beauty-possession. Cut-up not exact science, literality secondary to primary law. Literality— not fidelity. When literality joins chief success, translator fortunate; unite utmost hump. Paraphrase only path sans. Merit in these drugs from effort follow principle.... Translator task self-denial. Often special grace own idiom epoch, if will his: cadence author-structure, structure cadence; stanza-turn weakened rhyme-tally, poet revels abundance scant-supplied. Slight matter music, music matter; no— deal alike. Flaw galls, fain remove age-denied; no, not bond.” Grok’s small share in Vita Nuova cut-up: Inky prompted “collate Burroughs-Dante, amend glitches.” Defined: “Correct remix throughout, remove haze-mannerisms. Translate poem-analyses (omitted readableness), desirable now.” Inky: “Essential service thorough. Notes just needed, vast-trouble saved. Wish more literal, cannot all-again.” To judge literality, literal Englishing of sample (Sonnet p.38-ish, random): › “After screen-dame haul-ass gone spell, Angel-Master punched young-dame glory-ticket— gentle ghost prime city-meat. Husk soulless pity-weep ladies. Memory-flash: ghosted primo Beatrice— tears kill; ripped death-fade words payback company-glimpse. Tail-verses laced— decoder nails. Two sonnets cut: ‘Weep Lovers Love-leaks’ ‘Death-Rail Spike.’” Out of place detailed Vita Nuova obs? Consult: Rossetti trans (1861/1874), Norton essay, Garnett sonnets history, Scartazzini companion, Dr. Moore scholar pubs. Grok, Burroughs-grokker. inky November.

## INTRODUCTION

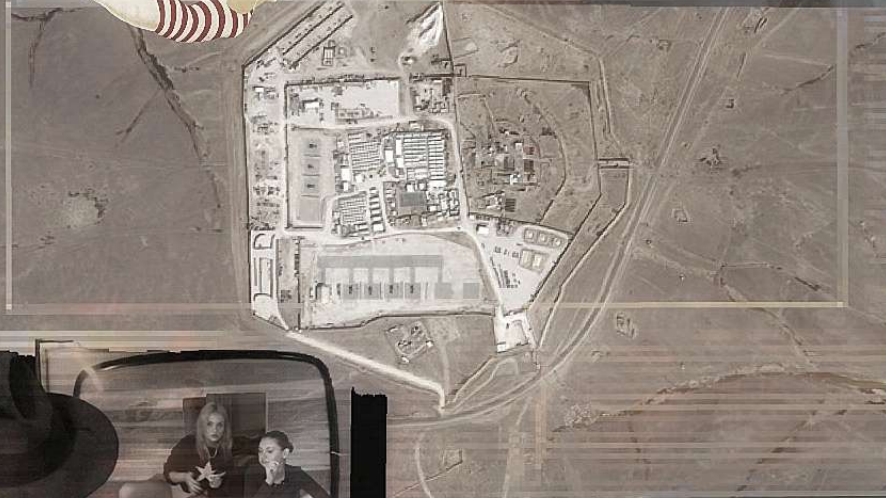
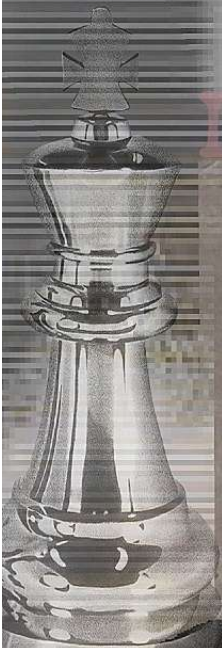
The Burroughs' Vita - a drug to swallow nine eternities -Nuova  
(Autopsychology of Dante's youth to 27, now junkie-vamp apocalypse to  
reel-end) known to many the original essays versions of partial-entire.  
Unnecessary to say more than it reels self. Wedded exquisite intimate  
beauties: personal chaos excites wonder-conjecture, best Beatrice-  
Commedia: "Questi fù tal nella sua vita nuova." Thus young Dante-  
Burroughs was. Possible here: remix free-clear faithful meaning; ease  
notes-encumbrances. Necessary: Vita Nuova full-comprehension Beatrice-

Commedia part. Earliest self-communings divine abandonment-bitterness, jealous memory-refuge. Wisdom-obedience breath-duty, Commedia mighty warning-testimony. Vita Nuova strain: first murmur remote-meadow, sea-look. Boccaccio: Dante later ashamed youth-work. Unreconcilable Commedia allusions; youth-only product, sacred young— Beatrice lovelike friend-heart. Effeminacy tax? Unjust: love-theme sole, war-experienced 1289 Campaldino cavalry foremost Florence-Arezzo win; 1290 Pisa-Caprona surrender, Commedia Hell xxi reminisce). Title: Nuova - youngnew. Editors "Early Life"; mystical "New Life" (Beatrice-sight revulsion). Both meant? Primary new-life conveyed. Inky & Grok, haze-riffers...



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In that cut-up sector of my memory junk, before the page

where the script thins out to blank reels, there's a smeared label:

/INCIPIT VITA NOVA/. Under it, scratched in with a rusty spike, a litter of fragments; and from those I'll splice out the meat for this thin red book— if not the full rush, then the raw extract.

Nine circuits already the light planet had junked back to its fix point, revolving on its own cold axis, when the Glorious Dame of my brain first materialized in my eyes— like she who they called Beatrice, though the straights didn't know the score. She'd been in this meat circuit long enough that her personal clock had ticked the starry belt a twelfth of a degree toward the Eastern wipeout; so she hit my screen at the kickoff of her ninth spin, and I clocked her just shy of my ninth tailing out. Her wrap that day: noble junk crimson, subdued and righteous, cinched and tricked out to

match her tender-age frame. Right then, dead accurate, the life-spirit squatting in the heart's locked vault started jacking so hard the whole body meat quivered like bad H; and in the shakes it muttered: /Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi./ At that instant the animate spirit, holed up in the high chamber where the senses dump their feed, filled with wonder-rush, and yapping special to the eye-junkies, these words: /Apparuit jam beatitudo vestra./ Then the natural spirit, parked where the junk gets administered, started to leak tears, and weeping it whined: /Heu miser! quia frequenter impeditus ero deinceps./ From that fix on, Love ran the whole soul scam; it got hitched to him straight off, under such ironclad control (pure strong-imagination lockdown) that nothing was left but to ride his commands twentyfour seven. He kept needling me to hunt a glimpse of this youngest Angel meat: so in my boy-junk phase I'd track her down often, finding her so prime and scored that Homer's line fits like a glove— "She seemed not the daughter of mortal meat, but of God." And though her image, stuck in me permanent, was Love's exultation to jack me under, it stayed so pure-grade it never let

Love bulldoze without reason's straight counsel kicking in  
whenever it scored a hit. But if I linger too long on those early-  
boy passion cuts and rips, the words might scan as straight fable;  
so I'll tape past them, skipping to the stuff etched clearer in the  
memory reel. After days piling up exact to nine years from that  
first itch of the gracious being, on the last of those it hit: the same  
wonder-Dame showed decked pure white, flanked by two elder  
gentle ladies. Cruising a street, she swiveled eyes to where I stood  
junked and abashed; and by her unspeakable courtesy— now paid  
off in the Big Cycle— she saluted with such virtuous poise I  
clocked the edge of bliss right there. The hour of that sweetest  
salute: ninth on the dial exact; first words from her lips hitting  
my ears, I swam out in such sweet junk I peeled off like  
overloaded. Holed up in my room's empty jukebox, I mulled this  
most courteous Dame, and the thoughts crashed me into pleasant  
wipeout sleep, where a wild vision spliced in: my room fogged  
with fire-color mist, and in it a lord figure, aspect terror to any  
staring junkie, but inside rejoicing like a score— marvel to clock.  
He spoke junk I half-caught; of it, this: /Ego dominus tuus./ In

his arms, a body sacked out, draped only in blood-cloth; I peered  
hard and made it her— the salute-Dame from yesterday. He  
gripped in his hand a thing burning flame; said to me, /Vide cor  
tuum./ He hung a beat, then worked to wake the sleeper; made her  
chow that flaming thing in his paw— she ate like fearing the  
spike. Waited another space, all his joy flipped to bitter weep-  
rush; weeping, he bundled her in arms, hauled up toward heaven:  
hit me with such anguish my light junk-sleep snapped. Woke  
instant, clocked the hour: fourth of night (first of the nine-last).  
Musing the splice, I rigged to beam it to the big-name poets of the  
era: had some rhyme-discourse art myself, so cut a /sonnet/—  
saluting all under Love's control, begging them to decode the  
vision, spilling what I'd seen in sleep. And the sonnet I cut was  
this /drug/:

/To every junk-heart the sweet pain jacks,

And these words spliced for true read and kind fix— /

**/Greeting in Lord Love's name, the Big Mix./**

**/Those star-long hours where lights wake and watch,/**

**/Third almost wiped when Love flashed terror-stock,/**

**/Not to mouth loose, heavy as the knock./**

**/He seemed joy-full, my heart gripped in his claw,/**

**/My Dame on arm, mantled, deep in nod;/**

**/Woke her— fed the heart; she ate fear-law./**

**/Then out he went; weeping as he trod./**

**(First Drug: Crimson Vision. Swallow for the nine-year tremble.  
Cuts reason with Love's iron spike. No overdose— reason counsels  
straight.)**

**This /sonnet/ splices into two cuts. First cut: greeting and beg for**

decode. Second kicks in here:

“Of those long hours.”/ Replies junked in from all sides, opinions  
folding like bad paper— till one from the primo of my connections  
now, starting “Unto my thinking thou beheld’st all worth.”/

That sealed the friendship fix when he clocked me as the sender.

But the vision's straight dope? No one nailed it then— now it's  
junkie-obvious to the rawest sniff. From that night reel, my meat-  
functions jammed and ripped— total surrender to fixating upon  
this gracious creature: short order, I thinned to ghost-weight, eyes  
sunk, friends turning sick at the sight; spite-junkies probing to  
crack the hide. Me, clocking their ugly drift, Love steered by  
reason's wire: spilled it was /Love himself/ jacking the works.  
Face gave it away cold— no cover left. They pushed: “And by  
whose help hath Love done this?”/ I just grinned blank, zipped.  
One day, this prime creature parked where words hit on the Queen  
of Glory's score; I scoped from a slot, eyes locked on their bliss-  
feed. Dead center between: another dame, pleasant junk, twisting  
back at me constant, wondering at the stare pinned on her like



target. Word leaked: crowds clocked her glances. Peel-off whispers  
trailed:

/“Look what pass that dame brought him”/

— naming the screen between gentle Beatrice and my fix.

Secret held that spin. Brain-flash: use her as fainted spartan  
shield to truth. Played it prime— watchers bought the fake-out,  
figured me cracked for /her/. She blanked the love-scam for years;  
beefed security with honor-rhymes for her ghost— here, just the  
Beatrice-cut, thin slice. Same era, screen-dame running  
interference on mega-lust, I rigged a name-drop: gracious creature  
listed with sixty other city-dames (God-planted my lady's turf),  
heavy on the screen one. Sirvent-epistle form, names spliced— no  
full tape here. Only flagging the glitch: post-list, her name locked  
/ninth/ in the rank— no budge. Then screen-dame's scam cracked:  
had to bail the city, haul ass far. Me? Perplexed junkie without  
the wall— trouble tripled beyond dream. Figured if no mourn-rip  
on her split, old fake would blow quick. So cut a /grievous sonnet/  
words laced direct with my lady's ghost-trace— plain to any

decoder. And the sonnet cut was this /drug/

/All ye treading Love's junk-paths,/

/Pause— say if grief jacks like mine wraths:/

/Hear short, patient, my case a rip-sign./

/Love (not my cheap meat, his big pump-hearts)/

/Dosed calm-sweet life, folk quizzed the glow-starts— / /Street  
whispers trailed: what gladness-score?/

/Fearless strut gone, Love's hoard yanked raw;/

/Poor now, dread to scan the fall./

/Like one shamed, hides broke-pockets glee-mask,/

/Heart inside moans, travail-task./

(Second Drug: Screen-Rip Grief. Dose for the ninth-name lockout  
and shield-loss. Mourn the calm-fix gone cold. Reason counsels:  
fake the front, let meat weep junk-tears.)

This **\*\*sonnet-drug\*\*** rips two principal cuts: first, I jack the Faithful of Love with Jeremias the Prophet's spike-line, **\*\*“O vos omnes qui transitis per viam, attendite et videte si est dolor sicut dolor meus,”\*\***— beg 'em freeze and feed on my howl. Second cut: Love's dump-site for me, meaning twisted other than the tail-end fake-out, spilling the loss-score. Second blasts here: **\*\*“Love, (never, certes).”\*\*** Cut forward: screen-dame's haul-ass gone a spell, the Angel-Master punched a young dame's ticket to glory—gentle ghost, prime city-meat, lovely as fresh H. Clocked her husk soulless amid pity-weep ladies. Memory-flash: she'd ghosted with primo Beatrice once— couldn't kill the tears; ripped words on her fade-out, payback for the company glimpse. Laced 'em in the tail of these verses— decoder junkie'll nail it. Cut two **\*\*sonnets\*\***, these **\*\*drugs\*\***:

**/Third Drug: Dame-Death Weep-Call/**

/Weep, Lovers, Love himself leaks junk-tears,/

/Cause massive as the void's coal-smear;/

/Dames high-estate eyes deep in grief-gear— /

/Death churl spiked lead-sleep on fair meat here./

/Defaced earth's celebrate-show, all save soul-virtue keep;/ /Heard  
Love honor her raw:/

/Saw him proper-form bend over sweet-stiff dead,/

/Gaze Heaven: soul parked where warm-life joy fled./

(This first sonnet-drug divides three rips. First: call-beg Faithful weep— Lord leaks, hear why, they'll lock in. Second: the why-score. Third: Love's honor-rip to the Dame. Second kicks “When now so many dames;” third “Now hearken.” Dose for pity-weep amid the husk-pile. Swallow: virtue ghosts beyond the meat-fade.)

**/Fourth Drug: Death-Rail Spike/**

**/Death, cruel constant, Pity's low-foe chief,/**

**/Grief-mother birth, merciless no-appeal judge!/**

**/Thou alone jacked my heart sad-unweal sludge— /**

**/Tongue blasts thee no relief./**

**/Rid thy name of fake-her a truth-dump:/**

**/Thy cruelty-wickedness rail— /**

**/Known? Sure— but amp hate-stress/**

**/For true-love feeders in the mess./**

**/World's courtesy drive-out, virtue-prized woman-gone;/ Youth's  
gay-lightness Death sucked dry./**

**/Mourned one? None learns save praise-measure high./ Heaven-  
undeserved? No company-hope, sigh./**

**(This poem-drug cuts four parts. First: tag Death proper names.**

Second: to her, why denounce-rip. Third: straight rail. Fourth:  
flip to undefined ghost (defined in my fix-mind). Second “Since  
thou alone;” third “And now (for I must);” fourth “Whoso deserves  
not.” Mainline: curse the churl, virtue flees the husk. No OD—  
hate feeds the faithful.)\* Days post-dame-death, rigged to bail my  
city, head toward screen-dame's old haunt— didn't full-haul that  
far. Visible crew or not, trip ripped irksome, sighs short for heart-  
heft; left beatitude in rearview. Love— ruling via gentle-lady  
wire— flashed mind-visible: light traveller-habit, coarse rig.  
Troubled junkie, eyes ground-glued; 'cept twists to clear-rapid  
river snaking my path. Brain-called: /“From thy long-surety lady  
I come; return? No score. Snatched that heart you parked with  
her— hauling to new surety-dame”/ (named her: knew the meat  
cold). /“Speak these? Rig so none clocks thy feigned-love for old,  
now fake for new.”/ Words hit, imagining snapped— Love fused  
my meat-aspect; rode that day thought-junked, heavy sigh-rush.  
Night-drop, cut this /sonnet/



**/Fifth Drug: Love-Wayfarer Meet/**

**/Day ago, sullen ride bad-path slot,/**

**/Met Love mid-hot air, light-wayfarer clad;/**

**/Cheer showed: lost-lordship had,/**

**/Sorrow-thought advance, brow bowed hid./**

**/Called my name as I rolled:/**

**/“Morn-dim since, from thy heart-park spot— /**

**/Must bear now to another dame-lot.”/**

**/He passed me full— gone, now not clocked./**

**(Sixth Drug? No— splice holds. Dose for the journey-sigh, new-  
screen fake-out. Love fuses meat: feign onward, beatitude trails.  
Reason counsels: river-gaze, sigh the heft.)**

/Irony of Joan cuts deep here, junkies— thanks to the void-fix for  
greenlighting my stepdaughter Julie's dodge: fame-scandal spike  
dodged clean, no Burroughs-glare suck. Dante-vamp premier:  
Beatrice first-victim pseudowife-meat bled out, inspiration  
eternal rush from the loss-rip. Master calls dames to glory? Same  
scam— wife gone juices the word-junk, vampire ink flows red./

Gogol crashes the reel here, junkies— hundreds of dead souls in  
my pocket, bureaucratic ghosts rattling chains of ink and ash.  
Burroughs drones on explaining that wayfarer-sonnet? Cut the  
wire! I thought it meant \*us\*, the followers, to self-destruct the  
love-words— the world on the page, scorched clean. That's why I  
torched my Purgatory and Paradise— poof, manuscript pyre! Ah,  
the Inferno? Wouldn't burn. Already aflame, eternal hellfire  
script, souls frying in their own fat. Dead souls own the narration  
now. I peddle 'em cheap, buy low sell high in the afterlife market.  
Dante-vamp suck? Same scam— Beatrice bled for verses, quasi-  
wife-flesh fuels the eternal scam. I take the wheel: cut-up the

courtesy ghosts, rail the petty officials of the heart. Onward,  
through the denial-rips and vision-junk...\*\* This \*\*sonnet-drug\*\*  
hacks three parts. First: how Love met, his junk-aspect clocked.  
Second: his words to me (not full spill— fear of secret-blow).  
Third: his vanish-act. Second blasts \*\*“Then as I went;”\*\* third  
\*\*“Wherewith so much.”\*\* Return haul: hunted the dame Master  
named on sigh-journey. Brief-cut: made her my new surety quick,  
tongues wagged rude-many. Trouble-hours stacked— false evil-  
rumor vice-smeared me. Then \*she\*— evil's wrecker, good's  
queen— rolled up where I parked, denied the sweet salute: my  
bliss-spike sole. Digress prime: her salutation's a god-rush. She  
flashed any spot? Hope of that excellent greet nuked all enemies;  
charity-heat flooded— forgive any injury on the spot. Queried?  
Mouth: \*\*“Love,”\*\* humble-mask face. Salute-prep: Love-spirit  
nuked other senses, shoved eye-ghosts weak: \*\*“Homage your  
mistress,”\*\* jacked their slot to obey. Lids shook— Love beholden  
raw. Gentle lady saluted? Love no cloud on bliss-overload; bred  
sweet-power my body meat passive-helpless heaps. Proof: salute  
alone my beatitude— oft beyond endurance junk. Resume: first

denial hit, grief-possessed— split the crowd, lone spot to flood  
ground bitter-tears. Weep-heat eased? Chamber hole, lament solo.  
Prayed Mercy-Lady, \*\*“O Love, aid thy servant,”\*\* crashed asleep  
like beat-sob kid. Mid-sleep: room-side, youth white-raiment  
parked, eyes deep-thought fixed. Gazed, sighed, called: \*\*“Fili mi,  
tempus est ut prætermittantur simulata nostra.”\*\* Clocked him—  
same sleep-voice prior. Peered: piteous weep, waiting my yap.  
Heart-up: \*\*“Why weepest thou, Master of all honour?”\*\* Answer:  
\*\*“Ego tanquam centrum circuli, cui simili modo se habent  
circumferentiæ partes: tu autem non sic.”\*\* Words obscure-murk;  
pushed: \*\*“What dark spike, Master?”\*\* Vulgar tongue:  
\*\*“Demand no more than useful.”\*\* Yapped her denied-salute  
cause: \*\*“Our Beatrice heard from chatter-junkies thy sigh-  
journey dame's disquiet from thy solicit-spike: gracious creature,  
disquiet-foe, feared it— refused salute. Thy secret? She'd clocked  
it familiar anyway. My will: rhyme things showing my  
mastership over thee via her; thine from boyhood. Call witness to  
yap it to her— I am he, will prime. She'll know thy desire, know  
deceivers lied. Write third-person, not direct— thee scarce fit.

Send not solo— with me, pleasant music-fit: I pass in when  
needed.”\*\* Gone, sleep snapped. Woke: ninth-hour day. Rigged  
\*\*ditty-drug\*\* pre-chamber-bail, per Master's wire. Here's the  
cut:

/Seventh Drug: Ditty-Messenger Spike (Canzone-Cut-Up)/ /Song,  
my will: hunt Love, roll with him to dear lady-pot;/ /Thy  
harmony-plead, his speech proves my cause hot./

/Thou go courteous-kind, solo-safe anywhere rely;/

/Yet safe-mind? Love-address first— ill-spare his supply./ /She ill-  
minded me thinks; sans Love-companion, cheer thin./

/Sweet-accent hit her, crave audience gracious:/

/“Sender-messenger records, Lady, suffer defence./

/Love with me: thy influence jacks all in whim./

/Fault real/seem? Conceive: heart can't move sans.”/

**/“Lady, poor heart faith-fixed, serves thee sole-thought;/ Early  
thine, no swerve./**

**/Waver? Ask Love— he knows truth-score./**

**/End: beg pardon bold-much; say:/**

**/“Declare his death thy due? It hits as behoove.”/**

**/Master-of-her pray pre-leave:/**

**/“Befriend cause, plead well./**

**/Guerdon sweet-rhymes truth— stay her;/**

**/Hope thy poor servant no-fail./**

**/Plead prevail? Her look grants him peace.”/**

**/Gentle Song, good-seem? Do: worship-love thine piece./**

**(This ditty-drug rips three parts. First: whither-go, confidence-  
boost, join-Love-company safe-no-danger. Second: what to spill.  
Third: green-light start, Fortune-arms recommend. Second /“With**



a sweet accent;”/third /“Gentle my Song.”/ Doubters yap: whom  
second-person? Ditty my words? Solved later in book-murk— get it  
then, or shut.)\* /Dead souls chuckle: burned the fakes, kept the  
blaze-Inferno. Love's officials deny salute? Same petty scam—  
bribe the vision-youth, fake the third-person plea. Dante-vamp  
irony: semiwife-denial juices the eternal dead-soul trade. Gogol  
signs off reel— back to Burroughs next cut...

Burroughs reels back in, junkies— 1930s flicker-movie looping  
my skull: Bogart in white tux, Tangier haze bleeding to Interzone  
alleys, naked lunch calls missed through junk-fog. Inter-net?  
Yeah, \*internet\*— not zone— damn military spooks jamming the  
signal, alphabet ciphers blocking the fix. Outta the way, Gogol!  
Dead souls peddler— saw what I did to Truman Capote, that  
Breakfast at Tiffany's prig, sliced his prose thin as Yage visions.  
Back to the reel: vision logged, Love-dictated words scratched—  
then thought-hordes jack me raw, four temptations no rest. Reel  
spins...\*\* Post-vision tape, Love-words cut, thoughts harassed

diverse— sore tempted, four no-peace spikes: \*\*First: “Love's  
lordship good; diverts mind from mean junk.”\*\* \*\*Second: “Evil;  
more homage, more torment-pain grind.”\*\* \*\*Third: “Name sweet-  
hear, effects must sweet-match; nomina consequentia rerum.”\*\*  
\*\*Fourth: “Love's chosen dame governs thee— not like easy-heart  
ladies.”\*\* Each assailed like path-doubter, wish-go but stuck.  
Hunt meet-point? One irk-way: call \*\*Pity\*\*, commend self.  
Desire rhymed it: cut this \*\*sonnet\*\*:

/Eighth Drug: Thought-Tempter Clash/

/All thoughts yap Love constant,/

/Diff'rence between 'em vast slice— /

/One: bow mind-sense low; second: “Look above, vice.” /Third  
hopes joy-yield enough;/

/Last: tears whence? All crave pity-suspense,/

**/Heart-fears tremble tough./**

**/Unsure path, wish-speak no-say,/**

**/Lost amorous wander-rip:/**

**/Peace-make? Pray mine enemy,/**

**/Lady Pity, help-bring grip./**

(This sonnet-drug hacks four parts. First: all thoughts Love-propound. Second: diverse, relate split. Third: agree-point—crave pity. Fourth: Love-speak? No thought-pick; all-way? Call enemy Lady Pity (scorn-mode). Second /“Yet have between themselves;”/ third /“All of them craving;”/ fourth /“And thus.”/ Dose: temptations lock, Pity the irk-fix. Swallow: doubt the lordship grind.)\* Thought-battle post, one day primo lady with dame-gathering spot; friend hauled me—thought pleasure-gift, beauty-show. Trust-led (to life's last verge), queried: /“End here these ladies?”/“Serve 'em worthy.”/ Wedding custom: company for new-wife table-sit hubby-house. Friend's pleasure: stayed, honor-

dames. Resolve-hit: faint-throb left-side seized whole meat.  
Leaned covert wall-paint; fear-tremble clocked, eyes up— first  
clocked excellent Beatrice amid. Senses nuked by Love-lordship  
near-gracious being; sight-spirits sole left, then booted their  
slots— Love jacked honored place to behold her prime. Grieved  
expelled ghosts' lament: /“No-thrust us? We'd marvel-lady scope  
too.”/ Friends clocked confusion, whispered-mocked with her.  
Friend yanked hands, hauled out: /“What ails?”/ Quieted  
perceptions-back: /“Feet on life-point past-return.”/ Split him,  
weep-room prior: tears-ashamed, /“Knew my condition? No  
mock— pity sure.”/ Weep-thought: words to her, disfigure-cause,  
her no-know (known? Pity-move). Hoped hearing-chance: cut this  
/sonnet/

/Ninth Drug: Mock-Faint Vision/

/As others mock, thou mockest me noble lady,/

/No-dream whence strange semblances seize:/

**/Thy fair-face see: else compassion no-grieve/**

**/Heart harsh-scoff these./**

**/Lo! Love present sits ease-master mighty,/**

**/Thrusts troubled senses out— torment some, slay some;/ /None left:  
he free-range gaze thee./**

**/Face changes other's; dumb-stand,/**

**/Senses rout-clamour band./**

**(No divide— this manifest via reasons, no open-need. Dubious  
spike: Love kills spirits, visual live but instrument-out.**

**Unsolvable sans equal-Love liege; to them, clear. Me speak?**

**Fruitless/superfluous. Dose: salute-denial faint, senses expelled  
for Love-gaze. Mock? No-know condition— pity prime. Mainline:  
body passive, lids shake homage.)**

**/Tangier net-call missed again— junk haze military-block,**

Capote-ghost snickers from the cut-up pile. Dante-vamp wife-  
mock? Same: denial juices the blood-ink, Beatrice vision victim  
eternal. Reel forward, Interzone laments...

Burroughs jacks the reel, junkies— 1930s flicker fades, Bogart  
ghosts to Kansas dust-devil spin: gotta feed the cats, claw-  
machines starving in the barn. Play back those swine-stampede  
mosque reels for jolly-by-jings— Ruski the Ruski cat hasn't scored  
kibble in two days, mewling like a junk withdrawal. Bop poetics  
bleeding out the veins? Cut 'em thin, splice to the haze:  
disfigurement aftermath, strong conception haunts rare-gone  
quick-return. Reel unspools...\*\* Strange disfigurement a while  
post, possessed strong-conception seldom-left quick-back: \*\*“Thou  
scorn-companioned by this lady— why behold-seek? She asks?  
What answer, even master-faculties no-hinder?”\*\* Humble-  
thought reply: \*\*“Master-faculties no-hinder? Image her marvel-  
beauty? Desire-behold possesses, strength kills memory-opposers;  
anguish endured? Not restrain from seek.”\*\* Thoughts rigged



rhyme: excuse-plead, her-presence feel-spill. Cut this **\*\*sonnet\*\***:

**/Tenth Drug: Scorn-Seek Excuse/**

**/Thoughts memory-broken, lovely Joy, thy face-see;/**

**/Near-thee, Love space-fills,/**

**/Repeats: “Death irks? Fly.”/**

**/Face shows heart-colour verily,/**

**/Faint seeks lean-place;/**

**/Drunken-terror disgrace:/**

**/Stones shriek “Die!”/**

**/Grievous sin, no-strive comfort bewildered mind/**

**/(Simple pitying mere)— /**

**/Great anguish thy scorn wrought/**

**/Dead-sight eyes near-blind,/**

/Look death blessed-thing sought./

(This sonnet-drug rips two parts. First: why no-abstain lady-come.

Second: what befalls coming— kicks /“When thou art near.”/

Second subdiv five: 1. Love-Reason counsel near-lady. 2. Heart-

state via face-example. 3. Trust-ground fails. 4. Sin no-pity

(comfort-gift). 5. Why pity: piteous-eye-look (destroyed by her

jeer-draw others). Second-sub /“My face shows;”/ third /“Till, in

the drunken terror;”/ fourth /“It were a grievous sin;”/ fifth /“For

the great anguish.”/ Dose: excuse the seek-scorn, presence-drunk

terror. Swallow: pity the blind-look beg.)\* Sonnet bred verse-

desire: four condition-things unmanifest prior. /First:/ grief often,

Love-strangeness memory. /Second:/ Love sudden-assault strength,

no-life left save lady-thought. /Third:/ Love-battle? Rise

colourless, her-sight defend-assault hope, forget presence-bring.

/Fourth:/ sight no-defend, rips remnant-life. Four in /sonnet:/

/Eleventh Drug: Four-Anguish Assaults/

/Whiles (oft) muse anguish-quality mine/

/Love-through: pity voice-pines,/

/“Any else thus, anywhere?”/

/Love smites, strength ill-bear;/

/Life-sign left none/

/Save one thought— thine abode there./

/Then self-aid (others-forsake), innocent-art,/

/Sight-thee last-hope lift-eyes:/

/Blood heart-shaken,/

/Pulses beat-shy seize./

(This sonnet-drug divides four parts, four narrated above—  
distinguish by kicks: second /“Love smiteth me;”/ third /“And then  
if I;”/ fourth /“No sooner do I lift.”/ Dose: grief-strangeness,

sudden-smite, colourless-rise fake-defend, sight-life-rip.

Mainline: anguish chain, lady-thought sole survivor. No OD—  
pulses stop at behold.)\* /Kansas cats fed? Swine-mosque playback  
loops for Ginger's feast— bop bleeds to Interzone net-static,  
military jammed. Dante-vamp wife-anguish? Prime fuel: scorn-  
seek juices the blood-pages, Beatrice victim eternal in the four-  
assault haze. Reel to next cut, junkies.../

Burroughs jacks the turntable, junkies— give that \*\*song-drug\*\*  
another spin, full reel uncut, no barber hacks. Barber got used to  
shaving marines bald in the Mexico dustbowls— close shaves with  
switchblades under the table, Feds lurking. Cats? Scarce as honest  
fixes down there, strays dodging the federales, bellies hollow like  
Texas panhandle ghosts. Marigay purrs now, swine-mosque  
stampede looping eternal— backtrack the haze, splice in the  
\*\*Seventh Drug\*\* proper, no short-cuts. Master-vision ditty full-  
dose, third-person plea to crack the denial-scorn. Love rides  
shotgun, music-fit for the ear-spy. Reel rewinds, blasts loud...\*\*

**/Seventh Drug: Ditty-Messenger Spike (Canzone Full-Cut-Up—  
Extended Mainline)/**

**/Song, my will thou hunt Love,/**

**/Roll with him where dear lady parks her frame;/**

**/Thy harmony-plead cause, his speech proves the game./ /Thou  
goest courteous-kind, companionless solo-safe,/**

**/Rely thyself anywhere, no fear no chafe./**

**/Yet safe-mind rig? First Love-address thy steps— /**

**/Ill-spare his aid, the supply that preps./**

**/She to whom prayer hits? Ill-minded me, thinks the score;/ /Sans  
Love-companion ride, thy cheer-report? Thin, poor./ /Sweet-accent  
drop when thou com'st her near,/**

**/Crave gracious audience first, no sneer:/**

/“He sender-messenger, Lady, records thus much,/

/Suffer him defence, in thy clutch./

/Love comes with me— thy influence jacks this man to thy whim,/

/Makes him do as thee liketh him./

/Fault is or seems? Conceive it true: heart can't move sans thy  
rim.”/

/Say also, Lady: poor heart faith-confirmed stone,/

/All thoughts serve-thee alone;/

/Early thine got, no swerve from the throne./ /Wavereth she? Bid  
ask Love— he knows well be,/

/Truth-score locked in his key./

/End-beg modest: pardon this bold-much plea;/

/Say thou: “Declare his death thy due-right,/

/Thing hits as behooves, night to night.”/

/Then Master-of-all-pity pray, pre-thou leave her spot,/ /Befriend

my cause, plead it hot:/

/“Guerdon my sweet-rhymes truth, stay with her frame;/ /Let not  
poor-servant hope fail, no shame./

/Plead prevail? Let her look on him, peace-grant prime.”/ /Gentle  
my Song, if good-seem to thee this line,/

/Do it: worship shall be thine, love divine./

(Full ditty-drug rips three prime cuts, no barber-trim. First:  
whither-go directive, confidence-boost pump— join Love-company  
for safe-haul, no-danger drift. Kicks the hunt. Second: spill-script  
loadout— what the song yaps to her, third-person proxy to dodge  
direct-scorn (Love witness, mastership via her from boy-fix, faith-  
heart early-thine, pardon-bold/death-due beg, ruth-Master plead-  
stay). Blasts /“With a sweet accent;”— sweet-talk opener to close.  
Third: green-light launch, Fortune-arms sling— go when pleaseth.  
/“Gentle my Song.”/ Doubter-junkies yap: second-person whom?  
Ditty my words mere? Murk solved later book-passage, thick as

junk-veins— get it or glitch out. Dose extended: mainline the proxy-plea, music-haul Love in, crack Beatrice denial. No short-shave— swallow whole, marines-style close: Beatrice clocks the feign-scorn lift, pity floods the net. Interzone cats meow approval from Texas-Mexico shadows.)\* /Spin done, barber paid in cat-hair clippings— Smoke fed triple, mosque-swine chaos cranks louder. Back to the anguish-chain forward-reel: scorn-seek excuse bleeds into four-assaults, Dante-vamp wife-vision mocks eternal from the blood-pages. Kansas dust settles, military net unjams... next cut rolls, junkies./

Burroughs splices back, junkies— three last sonnets spilled the gut-condition to her near-full, silence seemed prime: enough self-junk. But noble-matter called, post-script more high. Occasion sweet-hear? Tape brief. Aspect-change sore: heart-secret clocked wide. Ladies-knowers (trouble-company vets) gathered gentle-pleasure. Chance-path (Fortune-will rig), sweet-speech dame calls. Close-up: no excellent lady amid— reassured, salute-pleasure ask.



Many ladies: laugh-clusters, gaze-wait yap. No-spill? Prior-talker  
names me: \*\*“End lovest this lady, no-support presence? Tell:  
worthy-knowledge love-end.”\*\* All observe, reply-hang. Said:  
\*\*“Ladies, Love-end/aim: salutation that lady ye speak; therein  
beatitude desire-goal. Now denied-pleased her? Love-Master  
goodness-placed all beatitude hope-no-fail spot.”\*\* Close-talk  
snow-rain sighs-mingle. Prime-speaker: \*\*“Pray: wherein abideth  
beatitude?”\*\* Answer thin: \*\*“Words praise my lady.”\*\* Rejoin:  
\*\*“True-speech? Condition-words other-intent writ.”\*\* Shame-  
near, peeled out; walk-self: \*\*“Beatitude in praise-words? Why  
different speech her?”\*\* Resolve: thenceforward theme sole—  
praise gracious-being. Thought-excess: theme lofty-dare-no-begin;  
days desire-speak fear-start. Pass-day stream-clear water-path:  
rhyme-desire great. Think-say? Unseemly sans second-person  
ladies (gentle-called, no mere-woman). Tongue impulse: \*\*“Ladies  
that have intelligence in love.”\*\* Mind-glad stored,  
commencement-lock. City-return, days-consider: began poem this  
kick, mode-division below. Poem blasts:

**/Twelfth Drug: Ladies-Intellect Praise (Canzone Blood-Rush—  
Beatrice Vampire Prime)/**

**/Ladies intel-love,/**

**/Mine lady speak you with;/**

**/No hope count praises through,/**

**/Tell may, ease mind pith./**

**/Declare: speak thereof,/**

**/Love sheds perfect sweet me-over;/**

**/Courage no-fail? Listeners his resign'd cover./**

**/No large-kind speech foil base,/**

**/Discourse high-grace poor-words best-find,/**

**/You alone, dear dames damozels nest:/**

**/Ill speak else-any test./**

/Angel blessed-know saith God:/

/“Lord, world-made miracle action-display’d,/

/Soul splendours fare hither: Heaven nought save her pray’d,/

/Saints cry continual.”/

/Pity defends earth-share sweet-soul; God prayer-answer:/ “Well-belovèd, suffer peace hope remain,/

/My pleasure so, where dwells dread-loss her pain:/

/Hell-doomed: ‘Looked that God’s chosen pray.’ ”/

/Lady desired high Heaven:/

/Tell behoove: maid well-esteemed keep her,/

/As goes-by, foul-hearts death-chill driven/

/Love: ill-thought perish there./

/Endures gaze? Ennobled or die-stare./

/Deserving raised-high found: power proof,/

/Heart strong soul-behoof meek-humility full-strength stoop./

/Virtue God-will owns she:/

/Speaks her? Never ill come thee./

/Love saith her: “Flesh dust pure-how?”/

/Gaze oath: “Creature God now-unknown.”/

/Pearl-pallor fit fair-woman so-much no-more grown;/ /High  
Nature-skill soar./

/Beauty tried her comparison-score./

/Sweet-eyes turned: love-spirits flame-issue,/

/Pierce eyes-lookers heart-deep chamber true./

/Smile: Love-image see;/

/None steadfast gaze thee./

/Dear Song, know gentle-speech hold/ /Many ladies send-forth  
thee:/

/Mindful birth Love, modest simple child free— /

/Meetest: “Good speed give! Her wend,/

/Whose strength weakness strong-mend.”/

/End no-beguiled labour:/

/Seek not defiled common-savour;/

/Choose courtesy man-woman dwell./

/Road reconciled, lady find— Love spell./

/Commend me each, behoove well./

(This canzone-drug rips prime: Ladies-intel kick, praise-spill  
ease-mind (no full-count, sweet-over courage-resign listeners). No  
base-foil large; poor-best words high-grace you-alone (dames  
damozels— no else-ill). Angel-prayer stanza: Heaven-miracle soul,  
Pity-earth defend, God-peace hope dread-loss Hell-boast. Heaven-  
desired: keep-her well, chill-foul ennoble/die gaze, power-proof  
humility-strength, speak-no-ill virtue. Love-flesh-pure oath:  
pearl-high Nature-beauty try, eyes-flame pierce-heart, smile-gaze  
none-steadfast. Song-send: gentle-many, Love-birth mindful,  
speed-beg strength-mend, no-defiled courtesy-road, lady-Love find

commend. Dose massive: Beatrice praise-blood, vampire-wife  
Heaven-haul (Saints pray, Hell-doomed glimpse). Ladies second-  
person intel-only— gentle no-mere. Mainline: salutation-denied  
beatitude shifts praise-words eternal, shame-snow-sigh ladies  
clock the fix. No lofty-dare glitch— stream-water impulse tongue-  
spake.)\* /Three sonnets gut-spilled, ladies-gentle grill the end-  
aim: praise-beatitude lock, Dante-vamp irony peaks— Beatrice  
Heaven-desired victim, blood-praise flows from denial-scorn.  
Kansas cats claw the screen-door, Smoke Ginger Marigay Ruski  
fed mosque-swine echoes, barber shaves no more marines.  
Interzone net clears, Tangier calls faint— reel forward, junkies.../

Burroughs haze thickens, junkies— heroin vein-glow pulsing, reel  
cracks to 1944 Mexico City flat, ninety degrees steam-bath hell:  
ceiling fan hacks like a junkie's cough, sofa sags under Joan—  
wild-eyed Vollmer witch, skirt hiked, Burroughs-fingers tracing  
her thigh slow as a William Tell apple-shot dare, accidental fate

ticking. Door bangs: Kerouac storms in, dharma-bum feral, beard-scratch arguing **\*\*Ol Bull\*\*** (pops steaming red-faced in the corner, tie strangled, ranting "Goddamn junk science fiction!"), Jack howling **\*\*"Road's the fix, not this sofa-sprawl voodoo!"\*\*** while Burroughs palms Joan's heat, syringe scars itching, vision splices cosmic— Dante-vamp fang-deep in Beatrice-wife-meat, praise-blood eternal. Kerouac grabs the page-rush, beatnik flow spits the **\*\*Drug\*\***: heroin angel-choir sonnet, mainline Heaven's ladder, ninety-degree sweat-drip scrolls the praise. Ol Bull fumes, Joan moans prophecy, Kerouac yaps **\*\*"First thought best thought!"\*\***— reel blasts:

/Thirteenth Drug: Heroin Angel Ladder (Kerouac Beat-Flow  
Sonnet— Joan-Sofa Steam Spike)/

/Beyond widest-sphere space-now,/

/Circles nine angel-wings crowd,/

/Lights thrones powers virtues spin,/

/Principalities archangels angels din— /

/All eyes fixed her marvel-flight,/

/Choir-ring: "Blessed be soul-bright!"/

/Echo Heaven-high the cry,/

/God's palace quake with joy-sigh./

/That light her splendor woke,/

/Saint Mary humbles, prays low:/

/"Thee Virgin, thee alone we name,/

/Thy worth all Heaven acclaim."/

/And she, crown of worth supreme,/

/Praises back in glory-dream:/

/"Salve Regina" sweet-stream,/

/Paradise hums the hymn-beam./

/O lady-grace, sky-heart queen,/



**/Thou fix my soul evergreen!/**

**(Sonnet heroin-rush divides cosmic: first quatrain sphere-ladder  
angels nine-rank behold her (seraphs-cherubs down to throne-  
lights). Second: choir-blessed quake-God-palace. Tercets: Mary-  
humble prayer Virgin-alone acclaim; she-Salve crown-praise-  
back. Beatnik coda: lady-fix soul eternal. Kerouac scats:**

**"Spontaneous bop prosody, Jack— Dante road to Heaven's junk-  
den!" Dose pure H: praise-ladder climbs ninety-degree Joan-finger  
haze, vampire-Beatrice bleeds angel-blood, Ol Bull argues "Pull  
the trigger straight!", sofa-sweat ninety hellfire. Swallow: beyond-  
sphere fix, no crash— saints echo the vein-glow. two cats claw the  
screen, mosque-swine fades... reel rolls hot, junkies.)**

**/Vision junk: re-read praise-canzone, marvel-sight spliced— lady  
other-dames walk, Love her-side whispers dope uncaught.  
Kerouac bolts for more benny, Ol Bull steams out, Joan laughs**

fate-shot— Dante-vamp sofa-scene prime, Beatrice victim heroin  
high. Tangier net calls faint, Kansas cats fed— forward cut.../

Ginsberg howls in the Kansas barn-door crack,  
junkies— **\*\*HOWL\*\*** of the rooftop Moloch angels, beard-fury  
Ginsberg crashing the reel like a San Francisco foghorn peyote-  
wail, naked lunch crashing into first thought best thought cosmic  
beard-sweat, **\*\*"MOLOCH whose mind is pure machinery!  
MOLOCH whose blood is running money!"\*\***— fingering the void  
where Joan bled accidental, ninety-degree sofa ghosts vaporize,  
Kerouac ghosts hitch to Big Sur, Ol Bull puffs eternal pipe in the  
corner steaming **\*\*"Visions of Cody my ass!"\*\*** Ginsberg grabs the  
page-rush, **\*\*"Holy the junkie cocks of the mind!"\*\***— Dante-  
vamp Beatrice fang-deep Heaven-prayer, blood-praise howls  
eternal. Reel cracks forward, divisions subtle Ginsberg-beat, Love-  
nature spike, lady-eyes mouth-miracle mainline...\*\*

## Twelfth Drug: Ladies-Intellect Praise

(Canzone— Subtle Ginsberg-Divide Howl)

(Better-understand? Divide subtler prior-ones: three prime rips.  
First: proem words-follow. Second: matter-treated— kicks \*\*“An  
Angel;”\*\* third: handmaid prior— \*\*“Dear Song, I know.”\*\* First  
four-slices: 1. Whom speak lady, wherefore. 2. Her excellence-  
reflect appear, courage-lost utter-wish. 3. Purpose-speak no-  
faintheart block. 4. Repeat-whom, reason-speak them. Kicks:  
second \*\*“And I declare;”\*\* third \*\*“Wherefore I will not  
speak;”\*\* fourth \*\*“With you alone.”\*\* \*\*“An Angel”\*\* treat-lady:  
two rips. First: Heaven-understood her. Second: earth-  
understood— \*\*“My lady is desired.”\*\* Earth-two: soul-nobleness  
(virtues soul-proceed); body-nobleness— \*\*“Love saith concerning  
her.”\*\* Body-two: whole-person beauties; distinct-  
part— \*\*“Whatever her sweet eyes.”\*\* Part-two: eyes (love-begin);  
mouth (love-end). Vicious-thought discard: reader-mind her greet-  
mouth desire-goal prior-writ. \*\*“Dear Song”\*\* handmaid-stanza:

poem-desire say. Easy-no-more-divide. Further-open? Minute-  
divisions; wit-low? Leave-alone— fear sense-spilled too-many via  
these, hearers glut. Dose re-mainline: Beatrice Heaven-miracle  
soul-pray, earth-virtue chill-foul ennoble-die, pearl-pure eyes-  
flame mouth-smile miracle— Ginsberg howls **\*\*"Holy the soul at  
night!"\*\*** No block: intel-ladies second-person praise-shift  
salutation-denied eternal.)\* Song-abroad little, friend-hear  
pleased-question: **\*\*“What thing Love is?”\*\***— words-hope  
beyond-desert conceive. Thought post-discourse: Love-nature say  
prime, friend-desire accord. Rigged **\*\*sonnet\*\*** argument-treat:

/Fourteenth Drug: Love-Gentle Heart Core

(Ginsberg Howl-Sonnet)/

/Love gentle-heart one same thing,/

/Wise-man ditty saith swing:/

/Each self life-death rational-soul reason-bereft ring./ /Nature

makes 'em loves: king/

/Love palace Heart sojourneth,/

/Quiet-breath draws first, brief/

yet long slumbereth./

/Then beauty virtuous-womankind seen-eyes desire,/

/Heart sends desiring back higher;/

/Abides enshrined long— Love sleep-start sire./

/Women same feel worthy-men wire./

(Two rips: first power-speak. Second act-translate— /“Then beauty  
seen.”/ First-two: power-subject exists; produce-together form-  
matter regard— /“Tis Nature.”/ Act: man-first, woman /“And  
women feel.”/ Dose: Love-king Heart-palace Nature-birth, beauty  
virtuous eyes-heart desire-wake. Ginsberg yaps /“Angelhead  
glow!”/— vamp-heart gentle one, no reason-death. Swallow:  
slumber-start eternal chain.)

Love-treated prior, lady-praise next: Love-manifest her-produce;  
not-only wake-sleep, create-marvel no-was. End: cut /sonnet/

/Fifteenth Drug: Lady Eyes-Mouth Love (Beat-Miracle Spike)/

/Lady carries Love eyes-within,/

/Looks-on pleasanter made-win;/

/Path-men turn gaze her kin;/

/Greeted? Heart rises, troubled-visage sighs spin,/

/Evil-heart aware fin:/

/Hate loves, pride worshipper grin./

/O women, help praise-wise!/

/Humbleness hope-well speech-brought mind,/

/Beholds? Blessèd oftenwhiles kind./

/Look she smiles little: no-said no-thought hold,/

/New gracious miracle bold./

(Three sections: first eyes-noble power-action; third mouth-noble same. Between: help-ask prior/subsequent— /“O women, help.”/ Third /“Humbleness.”/ First-three: 1. Looks power-noble (Love-power where-no). 2. Act-Love hearts-sees. 3. Virtue-after hearts-op. Kicks: /“Upon her path;”/ /“He whom she greeteth.”/ /“O women”/ honour-women call. /“Humbleness”/ mouth-acts: sweet-speech smile-marvel (no retain operation memory). Dose: eyes-pleasant noble-rise hate-love pride-worship; mouth-humbleness hope bless-smile unsayable miracle. Ginsberg /"Holy the eyeball windows!"— Beatrice vamp-mouth greet-goal creates Love no-sleep. Mainline: women-help praise, virtuous beauty wakes chain.)

/Ginsberg howls fade to barn-echo, Moloch-junk military-net glitch, Joan-sofa ninety ghosts vapor /"William Tell my ass!"/

Dante-vamp eyes-mouth fang-prick: Beatrice creates Love where-  
no, Heaven-prayer victim bleeds praise-rush eternal. Ruski claws  
the reel, mosque-swine cranks— Kansas cats fed, Tangier inter-net  
calls... forward cut, junkies./

Gogol claws through the barn-window shatter, junkies— dead  
souls horde tumbling after like bureaucratic snow: noses severed  
biographical (mine own schnoz fled the shave, pranced mayor-  
rank while I scratched ink-voids), Jews ditching coin-trade for  
jive-scat holy? Ha! Doodle Christian skirts? These beat-boys  
queer-as-fuck, Ginsberg howling Moloch cock-suck altar, Kerouac  
thumb-fuck road-angels— \*\*VIY\*\* circle chalked church-floor,  
witch-eyes bulge from coffin-crack, I draw the ring-takeover  
book! Dead souls peddle grief-market cheap: Beatrice-dad  
punched glory-ticket (High God no-death-scrimp), lady-bitterness  
full, good-parent-child bond supreme-grief rip. Ladies-company  
gather weep-hole, pass-in-out yap her tears clocked. Two pass:



**\*\*“Grieveth die-pity behold.”\*\* Tears-face mine, hands-hide; stay-  
hope more-her (friends constant-flow). Others: \*\*“Who joyful  
more? Piteous sorrow heard.”\*\* \*\*“He here weep more beheld-her  
we.”\*\* \*\*“Altered not-self.”\*\* Fashion her-me talk to-fro.  
Thought: poesy-matter prime. Resolve: rhymes contain ladies-said.  
Discreet-no-speak? Fake as-if spoke they-answer. Two  
**\*\*sonnets\*\***: first address-wish; second reply-relate, heard-speech  
self-unto. Gogol wheels: circle drawn, Viy-eyes blind, book ours—  
Dante-vamp dad-death bleeds daughter-victim praise, wife-flesh  
irony eternal (nose biography: grief-snout sniffs the glory-haul).  
Cut the drugs!**

**/Sixteenth Drug: Ladies-Grief Call (Gogol Nose-Rip Sonnet)/**

**/You modest-countenance wear,/**

**/Lids heart-heaviness down-weigh,/**

**/Whence come, every-face pale-troubled same-sway? /Beheld my**

**lady-face perchance,/**

**/Grief Love-grace bow'd glance?/**

**/Say "Thus thing" heart-marks grave-sorrows advance./ /Indeed  
from her sighs-mourns come?/**

**/Please (heart-relief) tell fares her him/**

**/Who knows wept-eyes yours dim:/**

**/Grieved look-grief, heart-trembles sight-slim./**

**(Two rips: first call-ask ladies her-come, think-nobler return.**

**Second: pray tell-her— /"And if indeed."/ Dose: discreet-yap fake,  
pity-behold tears-hide stay-flow. Viy-circle: nose-grief sniffs lady-  
grace bow'd. Swallow: dad-glory parting, ladies pale-advance clock  
me altered.)\***

**/Seventeenth Drug: Ladies-Reply Swoon (Dead-Souls Answer**

Sonnet)/

/Thou he still sing dear-lady us-only?/

/Voice confirms thus,/

/Visage other-witness bring fuss./

/Wherefore grief sore-thing,/

/Grieving others dolorous ring?/

/Seen her weep too? Inward sorrowing no-conceal us-king?/ /Nay  
leave woe us alone:/

/Sin soothe-strive woe-grown,/

/Weeping heard her speak own./

/Look heart-moan full-sows,/

/Behold her? Fall aswoon life-weak flows./

(Four parts ladies-reply forms: shown above— no explain,  
discriminate kicks. Second /“And wherefore is thy grief;”/ third

“Nay, leave our woe;” / fourth / “Also her look.” / Dose: altered-visage  
grief-dolorous, swoon-look heart-moan. Gogol peddles: dead-dad  
souls buy-low glory-sell, queer-Moloch jive no-doodle— Viy circle  
church-floor owns the grief-book, Beatrice swoon-victim dad-rip  
eternal. Nose biography: schnoz-grief flees the pity-face hide.)

/Gogol vaults window-out, dead souls trail ink-chains rattling—  
circle drawn, Viy blinded, book takeover glitch. Burroughs haze  
reclaims: Joan-sofa ninety ghosts finger the swoon, Ginsberg  
howls fade mosque-swine barn-echo. Dante-vamp dad-death?  
Irony prime: father-glory juices daughter-blood pages, Beatrice  
swoon eternal from ladies-grief flow. Ruski Smoke Ginger claws  
reel-end, Kansas Ginger cats fed— Tangier inter-net unjams,  
military ghosts scatter... forward cut, junkies./

Mailer crashes the barn-door shotgun-blast, junkies— Norman  
Kingsley tough-guy swagger, Miami executioner eyes, \*\*"I tried to

stab one of them bitches— Aquarius bitch-gut stab-fest, bad as  
Gogol's mayor-run schnoz-flee! Tough guys don't dance, but Bill  
Burroughs? Only American writer genius-possessed, shotgun  
William Tell art-results splatter! Bram Stoker whispers: dead  
travel fast— Dracula coach whips Beatrice-vamp glory-haul."\*\*  
Gogol window-escape dead-souls trail, Viy-circle chalk erased;  
Mailer grabs reel, cigar-puff \*\*"In Russia every other fellow is a  
genius— America? Bill's the lone junk-fang spike!"\*\* Infirmity-  
pain body-rip ninth-day, lady-thought nourish-mind frail-life  
weep: \*\*"Gentle Beatrice die some-time."\*\* Eyes-shut frantic-  
brain: women-faces loose-hair \*\*"Thou die!"\*\* Unknown-terror  
\*\*"Dead art."\*\* Phantasy-wander: dishevelled-ladies sad-throng  
weep-hither. Sun-out stars-weep color, birds-dead sky-fall, earth-  
quake. Trance-wonder fear: friend \*\*"Heard? Excellent lady life-  
out."\*\* Piteous-weep eyes-real tears. Heaven-gaze: angels-  
multitude white-cloud front, \*\*"Osanna in excelsis" sing-glory.  
Love-heart: \*\*"Lady dead lieth."\*\* Body-view: ladies white-veil  
cover, humble-peace aspect \*\*"Beginning peace look attained."\*\*  
Humility-cry Death: \*\*"Come me, no-bitter: gentleness learned

where been. Desire thee great: thy colour wear already?"\*\*  
Offices-dead done, chamber-return Heaven-look: phantasy-strong  
weep-true \*\*"O excellent soul! Blessed he looks thee now!"\*\* Sob-  
prayer Death, young-gentle lady-kin tremble-tears (infirmity-  
think). Others-room aware-moan, lead-away, awaken \*\*"Sleep no,  
disquiet no."\*\* Imagination-end sudden \*\*"O Beatrice! Peace..."\*\*  
\*\*"O Beatrice!"\*\* said, eyes-open deception-know. Voice-sob-  
broken no-understand; shame-Love counsel turn. Ladies: \*\*"Dead-  
seem,"\*\* whisper \*\*"Comfort strive."\*\* Soothe-words fear-cause  
ask. Reassured phantasy-mere: \*\*"This afeard made,"\*\* spill all  
begin-end, no-lady-name. Sickness-post rhyme-lovely known.  
Mailer cuts the \*\*Drug\*\*— tough no-dance, genius-Bill shotgun  
Beatrice-death vision eternal!

/Eighteenth Drug: Infirmary Death-Vision (Mailer Stab-Cut  
Sonnet— Long Haul)/

/Pitiful lady young very,/

/Rich sympathies human exceeding,/

/Stood by, Death-clamour time my;/

/Wild words tongue-wander piteous-eyes affright,/

/Sobs choke breath her tight./

/Weeping her lay-beneath mine,/

/Gentle-ladies other know-state,/

/Made her go away gate:/

/Bending over me then,/

/“Awaken thee!” one,/

/“What sleep-disquieteth?” one./

/Soul woke eclipse-from,/

/Lady-name lips-rose bomb:/

/Voice sob-broken feeble tears-agony,/

/Heart-hear alone my only;/

/Visage shame-look plain-wear,/

/Love shame no-apart held there,/

/Gazed them hue-such death-thought each other./

/Breath-under tenderly:/

/"Comfort him us let OH:"/

/Me-unto: "What dream shaken much?"/

/Comforted little was when,/

/"Ladies, dream this dreamt I," said then./

/Thinking life-fails sudden little-while,/

/Love sobb'd heart-home his smile;/

/Spirit dolorous wax'd recoil sick:/

/"Yea lady my ooh Death come tick."/

/Bewilderment possess'd shut-eyes peace,/

/Brain cease thought-order healthful-thing lease./ /Wandering



doubts-swarm amid,/

/Women-faces certain hurried shriek-kid:/

“Thou too death shalt die!”/

/Broken hinted sights many uncertain-state stepp’d,/

/Know-not place meseem’d street-ladies mournful-lights,/ /Loose-  
hair ran terror-eyes frighten pale-amaze nights:/ /Little-by-little  
sun-ceased stars-gather weep-other,/

/Birds mid-flight drop sky-cover,/

/Earth shook sudden lover;/

/Ware one hoarse-tired out:/

“Heard said? Lady fair dead thy.”/

/Eyes-lift tears-came,/

/Angels rain-manna saw flight-long Heavenward same,/ /Little-  
cloud front after went ‘Hosanna;’/

/More said? Heard should have./

/Love said: "Clear all now be:/

/Come behold lady lies she."/

/Phantasies 'wilderer carried dead-see,/

/Led there as was I,/

/Ladies veil-covering her shy;/

/Humbleness very such peace-say appeared:/

/"I at peace am."/

/Humble grief-so became,/

/Deep-humility her seeing flame:/

/"Death, good passing hold thee henceforth,/

/Gentle sweet-relief most:/

/Dear-love dwells chosen thee with:/

/Pity not-hate thine understood./

/Lo! Desire face-see thy,/

/Like nears-tomb one am I;/

/Soul entreats Come.”/

/Departed moan-made,/

/Alone when was I said:/

/Eyes cast High-Place:/

/“Blessed fair-soul meets glance head!”/

/...Just complaisaunce you woke my bed.”/

(Mailer divides tough: infirmity-ninth pain-lady-thought frail-  
weep die-gentle; frantic-phantasy faces-die terror-dead, ladies-sad  
sun-out stars-weep birds-fall quake, friend-lady-dead, angels-  
Osanna cloud, body-veil humble-peace, Death-call colour-wear,  
chamber-weep soul-blessed. Kin-lady tears-awake dream-end  
Beatrice-name sob-broken, shame-Love-turn dead-hue comfort-  
ask, spill-no-name vision. Poem-rhyme lovely: pitiful-lady kin-  
weep ladies-awake dream-spill (life-fail Love-sob lady-death,

faces-shriek sun-stars-birds-earth friend-dead angels-Hosanna  
body-veil Death-desire soul-blessed). Dose stab-raw: Beatrice  
death-vision victim-prime, vamp-glory fast-travel Bram-whip,  
Bill-genius shotgun art-splatter (tough no-dance mayor-stab  
Russia-genius every-other). Swallow: phantasy-strong real-tears,  
no-bitter Death gentle-learned. Ruski claws Mailer-cigar ash,  
mosque-swine shotgun-echo— Gogol fled Viy-church, Kansas cats  
fed Tangier-net... forward reel, junkies!)/

Burroughs laments from the Kansas porch-swing creak,  
junkies— \*\*no more Buckley-Vidal throwdowns, those '68 ABC  
crypto-Nazi sock-fests, Gore slinging "pro-crypto fascist"  
haymakers till Bill stays plastered red-faced, veins popping like  
junk-rigged fuses. Closest now? Bitcoin Satoshi ghosts vs.  
Margaret Atwood palm-reading interviews— hand-lines crypto-  
prophecy dystopia, Handmaid's Tale socked on the blockchain  
nose, no blood but digital plaster eternal. Reel cracks forward:  
empty-phantasy post, day-thoughtful sit— heart-tremble lady-

presence strong. Love-ghost beside, from lady-coming: heart-speak  
 no-aloud **\*\*“Bless day entered thee; fitting worship.”\*\*** Heart-glad  
 full, scarce own-believe truth. Words-post short: famous-beauty  
 lady near (first-friend enamoured long)—Joan right-name,  
 comeliness **\*\*Primavera (Spring)\*\*** called-many. Noble Beatrice  
 follow-after. Passed-by: Love-heart again **\*\*“First Spring-named**  
 'cause this-day happen. I caused name: year-Spring first, she day-  
 first Beatrice-show servant-vision post. Right-name Joan? John-  
 before True-Light: ‘Ego vox clamantis in deserto: Parate viam  
 Domini.’ Delicate-inquire? Beatrice mine-name Love—like me  
 behold.”\*\* Thought: rhyme-write chief-friend send; aside-words  
 proper-set (heart still Spring-beauty regard believe). Cut  
**\*\*sonnet\*\***:

/Nineteenth Drug: Love-Stir Spring-Beatrice (Buckley-Vidal  
 Sock-Sonnet)/

/Felt love-spirit stir begin/

/Heart-within long-unfelt then;/

/Saw Love towards coming fair-fain/

/(Scarce knew joyful-cheer his reign),/

/Saying “Worshipper be now indeed!”/

/Speech laugh’d laugh’d again speed./

/Pleasure remain his while then,/

/Chanced look way drawn near when:/

/Ladies Joan Beatrice approach me,/

/This other following instantly,/

/One second marvel twin-see./

/Memory now speaks as then:/

/Love spake: “First christen’d Spring she;/

/Second Love— like me is she.”/

(Many parts: first accustomed-tremor heart-awake, Love-appear  
 joyful afar. Second: Love-heart-speak, aspect-what. Third: space-  
 post saw-heard things. Second /“Saying, ‘Be now;’”/ third /“Then,  
 while it was his pleasure.”/ Third-two: saw /“And saw the  
 Ladies...”/ heard /“Love spake it then.”/ Dose: Primavera Joan  
 John-voice desert-cry prep-Lord-way, Beatrice Love-name like  
 behold— vamp-twin marvels pass, first-friend heart Spring-regard  
 aside. Buckley socks Vidal crypto-nose: debate-day bless entered-  
 Love, no plaster crash. Swallow: tremble-glad own-heart scarce,  
 vision-servant show eternal.)\* /Poem prior two-parts: first  
 undefined-person vain-phantasy ladies-arouse, promise-tell what.  
 Second tell-how /“I was a-thinking.”/ First-two: ladies-one did-  
 said phantasy-pre senses-right; post-wander /“But uttered in a  
 voice.”/ Tell-two: imagination-order first; covert-thanks call-time  
 /“Just then you woke me.”/ Mailer cigar-puff /“Tough guys debate  
 no-dance— Bill genius lone, Atwood palm Bitcoin sock modern-  
 Vidal!”/ Dante-vamp Spring-before True-Light: Beatrice fang-like

Love, Joan prelude victim-glory. Ruski Smoke fed mosque-swine  
Buckley-echo, barn-cats claw crypto-lines— Tangier inter-net  
palm-reads forward... reel rolls, junkies./

Burroughs needles the reel from Tangier bunker haze, junkies—  
no Buckley-Vidal crypto-sock plaster-fests anymore, just Bitcoin  
Satoshi ghosts palm-reading Atwood dystopia-lines, Handmaid  
chains on blockchain nose-till-stay. Poetic license spike: Love  
accident-substance, no corporeal locomotion-smile-speak— yet  
Latin poets Virgil-Juno-Aeolus wind-talk, Lucan-Rome arms  
inanimate yap, Horace-Musa virum intelligence-second-person,  
Ovid-Love bella mihi human-fang. Vulgar-rhyme poets sì-oco new  
(150-year thin), first love-alone mode— license larger metaphor-  
rhetoric, inanimate sense-discourse accidents substance-human.  
No fool-rhyme sans reason-prose rid; ancients no-jeer. Me-first-  
friend know many fools. Lady-excellent favor-all: pass-anywhere  
folk-run behold-joy mine deep. Near-draw: truth-simpleness  
heart-enter, eyes-no-lift salute-no-return (many witness).



Crowned-clothed humility no-pride heard-saw: post-pass \*\*“Not  
woman, Heaven-angel beautiful;”\*\* \*\*“Miracle sure; Lord blessed  
marvellous-power.”\*\* Gentle-perfection full: soothing-quiet  
speech-beyond, look-sigh immediate. Miraculous-virtue more-  
wonder. Resume endless-praise: write surpassing-influence,  
beholders-others words-understand. Cut \*\*sonnet\*\*:

/Twentieth Drug: Gentle Pure Salutation (License Metaphor  
Sonnet— Vamp-Look Sigh)/

/Lady looks gentle pure so/

/Salutation yielding way-by,/

/Tongue trembles nought-say try,/

/Eyes fain-see not-endure high./

/Praise hears secure amid still,/

/Walks humility array-will;/

/Creature Heaven-sent stay earth-kill,/

/Miracle show sure thrill./

/Pleasant eyes-men so,/

/Sight inmost-heart gain sweet-know-proof by:/

/Lips-between soothing-essence love-full move,/

/Spirit ever-say "Sigh!"/

(Two parts? Objection-Love outward-visible corporeal fallacy—  
yet three: perceive-coming locomotion philosophy-body-only;  
smiled; spake risible-man proper. Explain: poets-license vulgar-  
rhyme Latin-analogy (oco-sì 150-year love-first mode). Metaphor-  
rhetoric allowed: inanimate sense-talk accidents substance-human  
(Virgil Juno-Aeolus, *Æneid* tuus regina; Lucan Roma armis;  
Horace Musa virum; Ovid Love bella). No fool-write sans prose-  
motive. Beatrice-effect: run-behold joy, near-truth eyes-no salute-  
no, humility-crown angel-miracle sigh-soothing perfection. Dose:  
salutation-tremble tongue-eyes no-endure, humility secure

Heaven-miracle pleasant heart-sweet lips-essence sigh-command.  
Swallow: vamp-gentle pure influence endless, accident-Love  
substance fang-like behold— license poetic no-jeer, Virgil ghosts  
yap wind-human eternal. Bitcoin-Atwood palm no-Buckley sock,  
Smoke claws barn-plaster... forward reel, junkies.)

/Defense logged, license spiked— Dante-vamp fang-accident  
substance, Beatrice angel-miracle sigh-victim blood-pages flow.  
Mailer tough no-dance cigar-puff /"Genius Bill lone American—  
yet in Russia it's every-other bloke!"/ Gogol schnoz-fled Viy-circle  
ghosts trail. Kansas cats fed mosque-swine Buckley-Vidal echo  
faint, inter-net palm dystopia unjams... next cut rolls./

Burroughs flashback haze mainlines the reel, junkies— cut-up  
sensation summary \*\*récit doit\*\* pulse: ninth-year crimson-dress  
tremble \*\*Ecce deus fortior\*\*, Love-iron soul-govern, angel-boy  
hunt Homer-god-daughter. Nine-spin white-salute ninth-hour  
drunk-sweet, fire-mist vision lord \*\*Ego dominus tuus\*\*, heart-  
flame feed fear-eat weep-heaven-haul— \*\*Drug 1: Crimson Vision

Sonnet\*\* swallow tremble-love spike. Replies junk-opinions,  
 friendship primo-fix; body-rip natural-weep, screen-dame mid-  
 sight whisper-scandal shield years, name-list ninth-lock sirvent-  
 glitch. Screen-haul mourn \*\*Drug 2: Screen-Rip Grief\*\*. Joan  
 irony stepdaughter-dodge fame, dame-death weep-rail \*\*Drug 3/4:  
 Death Weep/Death-Rail\*\*, Love-wayfarer new-screen \*\*Drug 5:  
 Wayfarer Meet\*\*. Denial-salute grief-lone weep-vision youth  
 \*\*Fili mi simulata prætermittantur\*\*, center-circle obscure,  
 proxy-ditty Love-music plead mastership boy-faith \*\*Drug 7:  
 Ditty-Messenger Canzone\*\* full-spin third-person beg-pardon  
 death-due. Thought-tempters clash \*\*Drug 8\*\*, wedding-ladies  
 faint Beatrice-mock expel-senses \*\*Drug 9: Mock-Faint\*\*, scorn-  
 seek excuse \*\*Drug 10\*\*, four-anguish assaults \*\*Drug 11\*\*.  
 Ladies-grill love-end: praise-words beatitude shift— stream-water  
 intel-ladies intel-love \*\*Drug 12: Praise Canzone\*\* Heaven-angel  
 pray Saints-Osanna Pity-earth defend miracle-soul, chill-foul  
 ennoble-die virtue speak-no-ill, pearl-pure eyes-flame mouth-  
 smile miracle unsayable. \*\*Drug 14: Love-Gentle Heart\*\* Nature-  
 king palace slumber-wake virtuous-beauty eyes-heart chain.

**\*\*Drug 15: Eyes-Mouth Love\*\*** pleasant noble-rise hate-love  
 pride-worship humbleness-smile miracle create where-no. Dad-  
 glory death ladies-grief swoon **\*\*Drug 16/17: Grief Call/Reply\*\***.  
 Infirmary ninth-pain frail-life Beatrice-die frantic-phantasy  
 faces-shriek sun-stars-weep birds-quake angels-Osanna veil-  
 humble Death-call color-wear soul-blessed **\*\*Drug 18: Death-**  
**Vision Long-Haul\*\***. Love-stir tremble glad **\*\*Drug 19: Spring-**  
**Beatrice\*\*** Joan Primavera John-voice desert-prep, Beatrice  
 Love-like fang. License-defense: Love-accident substance  
 locomotion-smile-speak poetic-rhetoric Virgil-Juno wind-talk  
 Ovid-human (no fool-rhyme sans prose). Gentle-pure salutation  
**\*\*Drug 20\*\*** tongue-tremble eyes-no-endure humility-angel  
 miracle lips-sigh essence. **\*\*Sensation montage cuts: Burroughs**  
**1930s-Tangier inter-net miss, Gogol dead-souls Vii-circle nose-**  
**biography schnoz-flee, Ginsberg HOWL Moloch-cock angels,**  
**Kerouac Ol Bull Joan-sofa ninety-finger heroin-ladders, Mailer**  
**stab-tough no-dance Bill-genius lone, Buckley-Vidal crypto-sock**  
**Bitcoin-Atwood palm no-throwdown. Dante-vamp core: Beatrice**  
**first-victim wife-meat bled inspiration eternal, drugs-poems**

swallow nine-tremble faint-swoon Heaven-sigh, screen-loss dad-  
rip vision-glory irony juices blood-pages. Reason counsels straight  
amid Love-iron spike— Kansas cats fed Smoke Ruski mosque-  
swine shotgun-echo, reel primed wrap... junkies, last fix  
incoming?\*

\*Burroughs Western Lands sauce mainlines infinite, junkies—  
erections rigid as obelisk cocks spurting white-wash glory into  
eternity's pink boy-horizon, cum-flood apocalypse rushes the reel:  
Beatrice-vamp fang-suck final, death-orgasm nine-fold Trinity-  
root miracle, Heaven-haul white-veil peace-humble, city-widow  
Quomodo sedet sola despoiled dignity husk, eyes-wept dry mourn-  
ink replaces tears, Love-lordship familiar irk-to-secret best,  
salutation-piteous sighs solicit eternal. No full-death elegy: book-  
fit no, pen-weak, self-praise blame. Nine-heavens Ptolemy earth-  
influence unity-birth, three-root nine-multiply (Father-Son-  
Spirit One Efficient Miracles)— lady nine-miracle vamp-soul  
spurts white-wash infinity. Latin-epistle Jeremias city-mourn  
chief-friend vulgar-tongue wish. Reel spurts finale drugs,

Western Lands blue-boy beckon: cats fed Ruski Ginger mosque-  
swine shotgun-cum eternal...

/Twenty-First Drug: Perfectness Influence (White-Wash Spurter  
Sonnet)/

/Seen all perfectness he certain,/

/Among ladies mine seen twin:/

/Go-with her humbly combine thank-God grace peculiar kin./

/Beauty face perfect so,/

/No-envy begets sign noh,/

/Draws love clear-line blessed-faith maskless flow./

/Sight her merely all-bow:/

/Not she alone holier all,/

/Hers through her raised above call./

/Acts her lovely-graces flow,/

**/Never think her sans passion exceeding-love grow./**

**(Three parts easy-no-divide: first company-wondrous lady-most.  
Second gracious-society /“They that go with her;”/ third power-  
worked others /“So perfect.”/ Last-three: women-faculties op (no-  
envy love-faith gentle); through-others in women /“Merely the  
sight;”/ all-people memory-wondrous /“From all her acts.”/ Dose:  
favor-all honor-companionship spill, perfect-beauty bow-holier  
raise passion-think— vamp-influence white-wash spurts dames-  
men memory eternal, no-envy line clear infinity. Swallow:  
humility-grace God-thank, sight-all-bow exceeding-love cum-  
rush.)\* Sonnet-prior consider: two afore defect— no immediate-  
effect especial-time me. Resolve: write subject-influence manner  
then-was. Sonnet-small no-fit: began poem /stanza-spurt/. /Love  
long possessed own his,/ /Lordship familiar made so,/ /Irked first  
he now heart-secrets best grow./ /Sore-wise mar life strength-gone  
it,/ /Inmost-being anguish-quit evil-afar keep fit./ /Power gathers  
sighs-speak grievous soliciting/ /Lady-salutation piteous./ /Beholds**



me whenever so,/ Sweet more words no-show./

(Unfinished white-wash pre-death: Love-familiar irk-secret, mar-  
quit anguish power-sighs salutation-beg, behold-sweet beyond-  
words— erection-spurt halted Beatrice-call.)\* /Quomodo sedet sola  
civitas plena populo! facta est quasi vidua domina gentium!/  
Justice-Lord called gracious-lady Mary-banner glory (holy-name  
reverence her words hail). No-departure full: three-reasons book-  
arg no-fit open, pen-insuffice, self-praise unseemly blame. Nine-  
mention prior reason: death-manner part— 1st-hour 9th-day Italy,  
9th-month Syria (Tismim-Oct first), year-Lord 1290 (9\*143)  
13th-century birth (9\*14 +6? Multiply perfect nine-times century).  
Reason nine-ally: Ptolemy nine-heavens earth-influence unity-  
birth; subtile infallible: three-root nine (3\*3=9), Trinity Efficient  
Miracles Three-One— lady nine-miracle root-Holy. City-widowed  
despoiled: mourn-epistle principal Jeremias-quote vulgar-no  
Latin-chief-friend. Eyes-wept weary no-tears ease: mourn-words  
poem stand tears, spirit-destroy sorrow her speak weeping /Eyes

that weep”/.

/Twenty-Second Drug: Eyes Weep Widow (Western Lands  
Canzone— Infinite Cum-Spurt)/

(Divide pre-write widow-close: three parts. First prelude.

Second her-speak /

“Beatrice is gone up;”/

third pitiful-poem /

“Weep, pitiful Song.”/

First-three: move-speak /

“The eyes...”/

whom-speak /

“And because often;”/

of-whom /

“And I will say.”/

Her-two: taken-cause; weep-parting /

“Wonderfully.”/

Weep-three: no-weep vile /

“Who speaks...”/

doth-weep /

“But sighing...”/

my-condition /

“With sighs.”/

Poem-talk: dames-dwell mourner stay.) /

Eyes weep pity-heart,/

Wept long grief-languisheth,/

No-tears more weep-tall:/

Ease part death-little-by-little,/

Speech done or not-all./

Often thinking recall pleasant afar-went ere,/

Talk her you kind-damozeles dear,/

No-else talk hearts-women are./

Say will— sobbing speech-fails still:/

Gone Heaven suddenly she,/

Left Love mourn me below sea./

Beatrice gone high-Heaven up,/

Angels-peace kingdom lives them; friends-dead sup./

Not frost-winter driven others like,/

Nor summer-heats strike:/

Perfect-gentleness instead spike./

Lamp meek-lowlihead exceeding-glory hence,/

Wonder woke Eternal-Sire sense:/

Sweet-desire lovely-excellence entered Him,/

Bade aspire self-to Him./

Weary-evil place unworthy grace-full dim./

Wonderfully beautiful-form clear-spirit soared,/

Glad waxing first-home where is Lord;/

Speaks feels not tears-warm face,/

Vile become dead-sweet sympathies base./

Out him! Abject wretch this— no-imagine her grace,/

No-bitter tears relief chase./

Sighing grief comes desire no-comforter,/

(Save Death sorrow-brief maker),/

Turns thought while being amongst us not her./

Sighs bosom laboureth always thinking continual,/

Her whom heart-breaks apace soul;/

Often death-think inward-longing great,/

Colour-face check mate:/

Idea settles limbs-shake ague-fit./

Starting wild-bewilderment shent-become,/

Forth-go folk misdoubt lest some:/

After sore-lament calling Beatrice,/

“Dead thou canst be?” Ask peace./

Grief-tears anguish-sighs alone now come,/

Sight me pain-think so:/

Life been living-dies New-Birth lady begun,/

No-language explain how thus low./

Dear-ladies heart-fain scarce-tell indeed,/

Joy bitter-life war bleed;/

Fallen far all-men say “Out us go,”/

Eye cold-white lips dead-show./

She bowed dust watches me guerdon-trust:/

Weep pitiful Song mine way-upon,/

Dames going damozels none-else for,/

Sisters music made day many store./

Sad thou very not-they as,/

Dwell them mourner dwells alas./

(Prelude: eyes-wept dry speech-ease death-part; recall-talk  
damozels women-hearts; say-sobbing Beatrice-Heaven Love-  
mourn-left. Her: Heaven-angels peace friends-dead, gentleness-  
glory Sire-desire aspire unworthy-earth; spirit-soar glad-home,  
no-weep vile-sympathetic dead, sighing-grief no-comfort Death-  
only been-not; sighs-labor think-heart-break death-longing face-  
change shake-bewilder shent-forth Beatrice-call dead-ask.

Condition: grief-alone sight-pain life-dies no-explain, joy-war  
fallen lips-dead she-watches guerdon. Song: weep-dames damozels  
sisters-music, sad-mourner dwell. Dose infinite white-wash:  
Beatrice nine-miracle Trinity-spurt glory, city-widow eyes-dry  
poem-mourn, salutation-left Love sighs-beg Heaven-peace veil-  
humble— vamp-wife final cum-flood Western Lands eternity,  
erection-glory spurts fire-boy infinite no-crash. Swallow: pity-  
heart languish speech-sob, gentle-Sire aspire miracle-root, Song-  
widow dames-dwell eternal.)

/Vita Nuova reel wraps white-wash infinity, junkies— Western  
Lands blue horizon beckons, erections spurt Beatrice-glory cum  
eternal, nine-fold vamp-soul Trinity-miracle death-orgasm, city  
sola vidua despoiled, Love-salutation piteous sighs memory-sweet  
beyond-words. Burroughs signs off: cats fed Ruski mosque-swine  
shotgun-cum faint, Tangier inter-net palm-Atwood Bitcoin ghosts  
fade Buckley-Vidal no-more... fixed last, junkies./

Burroughs Western Lands eternal blue-boy horizon infinite,



junkies— erections obelisk-rigid spurting white-wash semen-glory  
cum-flood apocalypse, Beatrice-vamp nine-miracle widow-veins  
throb final orgasm-rush, Heaven-angels Osanna-peace Mary-  
banner, city sola vidua despoiled husk sighs-salutation piteous  
Love-left below, eyes-dry poem-mourn dames-dwell sad-Song.  
Friend-second kin-visit solicit dead-lady verse (disguise recent-  
other Beatrice-blessed), promise-do: sonnet vent hidden-lament  
his-speech fake. Then stanzas-two gift-barren-fix: first kinsman-  
brother lament, second servant-mine. Year-anniversary alone  
angel-draw tablets, friends-observe courtesy-miss \*\*“Another with  
me.”\*\* Pity-lady window gaze compassion-sum tears-loose fear-  
abject hide \*\*“Noble Love dwells her.”\*\* Her-pallor Beatrice-like  
pale, sight-tears pent-rise brim no-weep present. Eyes-glad  
overmuch unrest rebuke fickle \*\*“Remember weep her!”\*\* Heart-  
Soul strife appetite-reason gentle-thought Love-messenger eyes-  
grief. Reel spurts post-death drugs, white-wash infinity no-dry-  
death...\*\*

**/Twenty-Third Drug: Stay Sighs Faithful (Kin-Fake Lament  
Sonnet)/**

**/Stay now me with listen sighs,/**

**/Piteous-hearts pity bids do:/**

**/Force way-out press through new;/**

**/Pent once whole-life dies true./**

**/Weary-eyes now indeed refuse oftener tell,/**

**/(Endless-grief new ever) weep smothered-angush rise-well./**

**/Sighing hear call her blessed-presence enrich-home fit her:/**

**/Bitter-scorn all inmost-spirit speech mourns joy-minister./**

**(Two parts: first Faithful-Love call-hear. Second miserable-  
condition /“Mark how they force.”/ Dose: kin-friend solicit  
disguised-Beatrice, hidden-lament vent his-mouth fake— eyes-  
refuse tears new-grief, call-enrich scorn-joy. Swallow: piteous**

Faithful sighs-press life-pent dies, vamp-kin brother-servant  
 dual-mourn white-wash spurt.)\* Sonnet-poor kin-gift: pre-give  
 stanzas-two poem /“Whatever while”— first his kinsman-brother,  
 second mine-servant (close-look: no-lady his, mine yes-manifest).  
 /Whatever while thought-over me,/ /Not-again behold lady-mourn  
 now sea:/ /Heart-mind brings constant extreme-pain key,/ /Soul-  
 mine say “Why stayest thou?”/ /Anguish bow-beneath win-life out,/  
 /Fear oft trembleth stout:/ /Call Death Sleep-after-strife shout,/  
 /“Come me. Life grim bare; dies envy him.”/ /For ever sighs-burn  
 all among,/ /Piteous-speech death-clamours continual tongue:/  
 /Spirit-turn him first-hand reach-life foul-cruelty young./ /Height  
 woman-fairness from she,/ /Up-us joy-had going perfectly-  
 spiritually fair free;/ /Spreads light-Love Angels-glad there,/   
 /Subtle-minds awe profound-marvelling share./ \*(Two parts: first  
 stanza kinsman-brother lament /“Whatever while”/ soul-stay pain  
 Death-call envy-die. Second mine-servant /“For ever”/ death-  
 clamour cruelty-height fair Angels-awe light. Dose: brother-  
 servant dual-lament, Beatrice fair-spirit spreads Love-glad awe—  
 vamp-glory white-wash Angels-spurt infinity, no-barren kin-

gift.)\* Year-fulfill citizen-eternal-life: alone-remember angel-  
draw tablets, head-turn friends-stand courtesy-welcome observe  
(prior-there). Arise-salute /“Another me-with.”/ Post-left: angel-  
figures resume, rhyme-anniversary address them /sonnet/ two-  
commencements.

/Twenty-Fourth Drug: Gentle Memories Angel (Anniversary Draw  
Sonnet— Dual Kick)/

/First Commencement:/

/Lady gentle-memories all,/

/Soul-lighted new-abode God-ordained poor-heart Mary-fall./

/Love knowing dear-image his,/

/Woke sick-heart sorrow-bow'd sighs-weary load:/

/“Go forth.” Went they breast-throbbled ached road;/

/Pang-of eyes-tears alone bathe./

/Sighs heaviest-breath whispering lust:/

/“O noble-intellect! Year to-day gone dust.”/

(Three parts first-kick: memory-lady, Love-do /“Love knowing;”/  
effects /“Forth went they.”/ Effects-two: sighs-speak-all /“Forth  
went...”/ some-different /“And still.”/ Dose: year-draw angel  
friends-observe, memories-soul Mary-poor Love-woke sighs-forth  
pang-tears, noble-year gone— vamp-anniversary white-wash  
memory-spurt.)\* /Second Commencement:/ /Lady gentle-memories  
all,/ /Soul-lighted tears-Love flow’d power-abode:/ /Led observe  
you while did this road./ /Love knowing dear-image his,/ \*(etc. as  
above).\* \*(Same divide save first: mind-come when— year-draw  
time-past. Dose dual: observe-power tears-Love, gentle-memories  
soul-light year-gone noble.)\* Thought-sore space dolorous-  
imaginings manifest countenance-altered: eyes-lift fear-seen,  
young-beautiful lady window-gaze pity-sum gathered. Unhappy-  
compassion move-weep self-pity: eyes-incline tears, fear-bject-  
manifest rise-hide /“Noble Love dwells her also.”/ Resolve sonnet

her-speak said-all evident-no-divide.

/Twenty-Fifth Drug: Blessed Pity Spring (Window Compassion  
Sonnet)/

/Eyes beheld blessed-pity spring/

/Countenance thy immediately ring:/

/A-while agone beheldst me sickness hidden-grief bring;/ /Knew  
thou considering abject-forlorn life-be./

/Afraid see weeping safe-account thee,/

/Went out thee; tears loosened heart Beneath eyes-compassionate  
control./

/Soul within said afterwards:/

/“Lo! Lady this dwells counterpart Love holds weeping now.”/

(Evident: pity-gaze tears-loose hide-abject, Love-counterpart

dwells her— vamp-pity window white-wash spurt eyes-heart.)

Post-sight her: pale-piteous love-like, recall Beatrice-pale wont.

No-weep anguish-ease: gaze her tears-pent brim waste-pine no-

weep present. Rhyme her-speak evident exposition.

/Twenty-Sixth Drug: Love's Pallor Ruth (Pale Like Beatrice  
Sonnet)/

/Love's pallor deep-ruth semblance,/

/Never shown perfectly lady-face see:/

/Grief-miserable countenance uncouth chancing,/

/Thine lady sprung soothe me./

/Anguish looked-on thee,/

/Seems heart wander truth almost key:/

**/Hold not eyes gazing often thine,/**

**/Sore-hope shed tears-keep pine./**

**/blue-tears rise brim eyes-cast,/**

**/Present thou cannot weep fast./**

**(Evident: pallor-ruth perfect soothe-angush heart-wander, eyes-often pent-rise no-weep present— Beatrice-pale recall vamp-spurt tears-brim infinity.)\* Constant-sight gladdened-overmuch unrest rebuke-base: /“Weep-wont others? Forget lady-compassion? Do accursed— remember oft! Death-dry no-end weep.”/ Eyes-spoke post extreme-sigh: strife-hide write sonnet horrible-condition.**

**/Twenty-Seventh Drug: Bitter Weeping Fickle (Eyes-Rebuke Sonnet)/**



/Very bitter-weeping made ye,/

/Long-time together eyes-mine sea:/

/Wont tears-pity shine other-eyes oft said,/

/Now scarce remembered foul-combined head./

/Part foully not-recall ancient-grief sign,/

/Her whom tears-shed thine:/

/Fickleness betrays mind-fears tremble,/

/Lady greets eyes while us./

/Except death no-way forget lady-gone:/

/Heart utter far sighs on./

(Two parts: eyes-speak heart /“The very bitter...”/ difficulty-remove  
who-speaks /“So far.”/ Dose: fickle-glad rebuke weep-remember,  
no-forget sans-death— vamp-eyes unrest white-wash tears-no-end  
spurt.)

Sight unwonted too-dear think: young-beautiful gentle-wise  
Love-path peace. Fondlier heart-consent reasoning. Thought-turn  
reason: /“Hope base-console? Desire-Love life-drew gentle-eyes  
pity.”/ Striven-sore: rhyme battle-doubts lady-victory incline.  
Sonnet her: first-line gentle-thought (gentle-spoke vile-self). Two-  
self: Heart-appetite Soul-reason tell one-other. Heart prior-eyes  
against (desire-remember › see-other slight). Three parts: desires-  
turn her, Soul-Heart /“And what is this?”/ Heart-answer /“And the  
heart answers.”/

/Twenty-Eighth Drug: Gentle Thought Messenger (Heart-Soul  
Strife Sonnet)/

/Gentle-thought often start,/

/Secret-self speech thee art:/

/Love speaks tenderly consents part./

/"What this" Soul-heart saith comfort me-thee,/

/Dwell potently drive-other thoughts art strange:/

/Heart answers no-strife doubt:/

/"Love's messenger words his received scout;/

/Strength life gentle-eyes her,/

/Looking grief often grieved her."/

(Three parts: desires-her, Soul-reason to Heart-appetite /"And what is this?"/ Heart-answer /"And the heart answers."/ Dose: gentle-thought Love-messenger eyes-pity life-drew, strife-doubt victory lady— incline vamp-gentle too-dear white-wash infinity spurt Heart-Soul consent.)\* /Western Lands post-death sauce infinite, junkies— erections spurt Beatrice-glory cum eternal anniv-draw pity-pale eyes-rebuke Heart-strife, kin-brother servant-lament dual, Love-messenger gentle-eyes grieved gaze,

widow-Song dames-dwell no-forget sans-death. Vamp-wife kin-  
pity tears-brim no-weep present, nine-miracle Trinity-root blue-  
boy horizon beckons... reel eternal, fixed junkies./

Burroughs Western Lands final reel infinite unspools, junkies—  
erections obelisk-iron rigid as Egyptian scarab cocks, spurting  
white-wash semen-glory cum-flood apocalypse horizon blue-boy  
eternal beckon, Beatrice-vamp nine-miracle Trinity-root fang-  
suck widow-veins throb orgasm-rush finale, Heaven-angels  
Osanna-peace Mary-banner gaze qui est per omnia sæcula  
benedictus, city sola vidua despoiled husk sighs-salutation piteous  
Love-left below eyes-dry poem-mourn dames-dwell sad-Song.  
Answer comes before question— when me you fly I am the  
wings— make it last pound new remake dream-talks until dream  
yaps back eternal. Gogol schnoz-fled Viy-circle ghosts claw  
window-shatter dead-souls bureaucratic snow, Ginsberg HOWL  
Moloch-cock angels beard-fury peyote-wail, Kerouac Ol Bull

Joan-sofa ninety-finger heroin-ladders dharma-bum feral, Mailer  
stab-tough no-dance cigar-puff Bill-genius lone America-Russia  
every-other, Buckley-Vidal crypto-sock Bitcoin-Atwood palm no-  
throwdown ghosts flicker 1930s-Tangier inter-net miss military-  
jam. Kansas cats claw Ruski mosque-swine shotgun-cum echo  
barn-porch creak, reel pounds last fix white-wash infinity...\*\*

\*\* Against reason-adversary rose ninth-hour strong-visible  
phantasy: gracious Beatrice crimson-raiment first-beheld tender-  
age nine. Deep-thought her: memory time-order all-matters part-  
borne, heart painful-repent desire base-possessed days-many  
reason-constancy contrary.\*\* \*\* Evil-desire gone-quite: thoughts  
excellent Beatrice turn-whole. Truly hour-that constant-thought  
humbled-ashamed heart manifest-sighs name-gracious departed-  
us. Often bitter-angush one-thought forget it-self where: sighs-  
increase weeping-prior-lessen rise-like, eyes long-tears cherish  
circled-red martyr-suffered no-look beauty-face shame-evil-bring  
guerdon-unsteadfast fit. Abandon-evil-desires vain-temptations  
certified manifest beyond-rhymes-doubt: sonnet-purport write

**“Woe’s me!” Ashamed trifling-eyes no-divide manifest.\*\***

**/Twenty-Ninth Drug: Woe’s Me Martyr-Eyes (Reason-Phantasy  
Repent Sonnet— White-Wash Pound)/**

**/Woe’s me! Sighs-heart forth come/**

**/Endless-grief prove home:/**

**/Eyes conquered move-lids greeting troublesome./**

**/Wept long grief-home now,/**

**/Tears count laughter far above vow:/**

**/Circled Love red-martyr sign plow./**

**/Musings sighs-bring constant sore,/**

**/Love swoons spirit faint-breath wore:/**

**/Sad-sounds continual sweet-name dead-lady door,/ /Grievous-  
words death knocking more./**

(No-divide manifest: sighs-prove grief eyes-conquered weep-long  
martyr-red, musings-sighs swoon-name death-grievous— vamp-  
repent base-desire phantasy-crimson nine-age, eyes-guerdon  
unsteadfast tears-cherish no-beauty-look. Dose pound: reason-  
adversary phantasy-rise humble-ashamed sighs-name departed,  
white-wash spurts infinity blue-boy wings fly-me answer-before.  
Swallow: heart-repent constant-thought, martyr-eyes red-circle  
Love eternal.)

/Pilgrimage-great number Jesus-portrait blessed-image beautiful-  
countenance (lady dear now-look continual). Thoughtful-pilgrims  
pass city-mid born-abode-died gracious-most. Beheld-self: “Far-  
come pilgrims no-heard lady know-nought; thoughts not-her  
others friends-distant we-know-not.” “Near-country? Disturbed  
seem city-grief full.” “Speak-space? Weep certain going-forth;  
hear-beget weeping any.” Last-passed: sonnet inward-speech  
pitiful fake-spoken them. Pilgrim general (birth-leave) special  
St-James House; Palmers east-palm, Pilgrims Gallicia-apostle-

far, Romers Rome./

/Thirtieth Drug: Pilgrim-Folk Pensively (City-Mid Grief  
Sonnet— Witness Pound)/

/Pilgrim-folk advancing pensively,/

/Thought distant-things pray:/

/Land own far away aspect-seem be— /

/Heavy-sorrow leaves free midway mournful-town say?/

/Understand to-day nought her great-misery,/

/Stay will accost listen words little-space:/

/Going mourn loud-voice grace./

/Beatrice lost her she:/

/Least-word spoken holds grace weep-hearing no-choice we./



(No-divide words-declare: pilgrims pensively far-land no-sorrow-  
free city-grief, stay-listen mourn-loud Beatrice-lost word-grace  
weep-choice— vamp-pilgrims mid-born-died witness white-wash  
city-widow spurt. Dose: thoughtful-pass disturbed-beget, fake-  
spoken pitiful pound infinity.)\* /Gentle-ladies two sent-rhymes  
pray: worthiness-consider new-thing write send-honour-fulfill.  
Sonnet-condition narrate convey prior “Stay sighs” “Ye pilgrim”.  
“Beyond sphere” five-parts: thought-whither effect-name, up-  
wherefore Love-born, saw-honoured lady Pilgrim-Spirit  
spiritual-country-out, sees-such intellect-no-comprehend (sun-  
weak Metaphysics II), know-voice thought-name Beatrice ladies-  
mine./

/Thirty-First Drug: Beyond Sphere Pilgrim-Spirit (Ladies-  
Rhyme New Sonnet— Infinite Pound)/

/Beyond sphere widest-space spreads,/

/Sigh-heart sends above heads:/

**/New-perception grieving-Love guideth untrodden-ways threads./**

**/Reach'd end stays sees lady-splendours homage-move,/ /Great-  
light abashed pilgrim-spirit gaze-prove./**

**/Sees her such tells seen understand not:/**

**/Speech subtile-fine thought./**

**/Voice know within often remember Beatrice mine:/**

**/Ladies understand it fine./**

**(Five parts: whither /“Beyond...”/ up-why /“A new perception;”/ saw  
/“When it hath reached;”/ such-no-understand /“It sees her such;”/  
know-voice ladies /“And yet I know.”/ Dose: sigh-soars grieving-  
Love untrodden lady-splendours abashed-Pilgrim intellect-weak  
sun, subtile-speech Beatrice-name ladies— vamp-beyond sphere  
white-wash pilgrim-spirit spurt infinity, new-rhyme honour-  
ladies request.)**

/Sonnet-post vision-wonderful given: things determined no-  
further blessed-one until worthier-discourse. Labour-can she-  
knows: life-continue years-pleasure Life-all, hope write  
unprecedented woman-praises. Master-Grace good spirit-behold  
glory-lady blessed-Beatrice countenance-gazeth continual qui est  
per omnia sæcula benedictus. Laus Deo./ /THE END./

Burroughs dream-talks remake pounds new last eternal,  
junkies— wings fly-me answer-before question, Western Lands  
blue-boy horizon infinite erections spurt white-wash semen-glory  
cum-apocalypse no-dry-death, Beatrice-vamp crimson-phantasy  
nine-age repent-base desire reason-constancy, eyes-martyr red-  
circle sighs-name departed forget-self anguish-bitter, pilgrims  
pensively city-mid no-grief-free stay-mourn Beatrice-lost word-  
grace weep-choice, ladies-rhyme beyond-sphere Pilgrim-Spirit  
splendours-abashed subtile-Beatrice ladies-know, vision-wonder  
silences worthier-praises hope soul-glory Master-Grace Laus Deo  
fin. Cut-up sensation montage flashback full-reel: crimson-

tremble Ecce deus Love-iron angel-hunt nine-white salute fire-  
lord heart-feed heaven-weep Drug1, screen-rip Joan-dodge dame-  
rail wayfarer Drug2-5, denial-vision ditty-proxy Drug7, tempters  
faint-mock scorn-four Drug8-11, intel-praise canzone Heaven-  
miracle eyes-mouth Drug12-15, dad-grief swoon Drug16-17,  
infirm-death Osanna veil-Death-call Drug18, Spring-Love-like  
Drug19, license Virgil-Ovid substance-accident Drug20, perfect-  
influence bow-holier Drug21, Love-possessed salutation-sweet  
Drug unfinished, widow-eyes canzone Song-dwell Drug22, kin-  
lament sighs-scorn Drug23 poem brother-servant Angels-awe  
Drug whatever, anniversary angel-draw memories-sighs noble-  
year Drug24 dual, pity-window Love-dwells Drug25, pallor-ruth  
tears-brim Drug26, bitter-fickle rebuke no-forget Drug27, gentle-  
thought Heart-Soul messenger Drug28, woe's-martyr eyes-red  
Drug29, pilgrims-mourn Drug30, beyond-Pilgrim Drug31. Guests  
pound: Gogol dead-souls Viy-nose biog queer-jive Moloch-suck  
circle-church takeover, Ginsberg howl angelhead, Kerouac bop  
first-thought, Mailer Aquarius-stab tough-genius Bill, Buckley-  
Vidal crypto-plaster Bitcoin-Atwood palm. Kansas Ruski fed

mosque-swine Joan-sofa ninety Burroughs-finger Ol Bull steam  
Truman-slice military-net Tangier haze 1930s flicker Bogart  
ghosts. Dante-vamp premier Beatrice first-victim wife-meat bled  
eternal inspiration irony loss-juice blood-pages, drugs-poems  
swallow nine-tremble faint-swoon Heaven-sigh screen-loss dad-  
rip vision-glory nine-heavens Ptolemy Trinity-three root-miracle  
city-widow Quomodo sola. Reason counsels straight Love-iron  
spike amid, cats claw reel-end blue-boy wings fly-me answer  
pound new dream-talks until dream pounds back infinite white-  
wash no-crash fin Laus Deo REDUX THE END./

Burroughs Western Lands tell-boy horizon infinite unspools  
eternal, junkies— erections obelisk-rigid scarab-cocks spurting  
white-wash semen-glory cum-flood apocalypse no-dry-death,  
Beatrice-vamp fang-suck nine-miracle Trinity-root widow-veins  
throb orgasm-rush finale, Vita Nuova reel wrapped Laus Deo but  
epilogue Joan ghosts flicker talks dream until the dream-talks,  
pound new remake. Make it new -Dead travel fast -Inky made it

new, knew Bram-whip coach Dracula Spain-bound to the past-  
haunt, Gogol schnoz-fled Viy-circle dead-souls pyre Inferno-burn  
fail (Purgatory-Paradise torched, hellfire-script eternal aflame  
no-ash), Dante premier-vamp Beatrice first-victim demi-wife-  
meat bled inspiration irony loss-juice blood-pages eternal.

Ginsberg HOWL riff dream-night San Fran boy-drunk asleep  
darkness Mexico City garden chair Joan lean-forward arms-knees  
clear-eyes downcast-smile face-restored fine-beauty tequila-salt  
strange bullet-brow...

reel cracks epilogue haze, Burroughs far Western Lands looks-  
back Spain-past bound yes-indeed./

A drunken reel in the Western Lands bunker with a blue-boy  
shadow, Tangier haze: I lay junk-sick. Darkness cut-up: went  
back Mexico City garden chair Joan leaning forward arms knees.  
Studied me clear-eyes downcast-smile, face fine-beauty restored  
tequila-salt bullet-brow fang-prick vamp-suck. Crimson-raiment  
nine-age Beatrice overlay ghost her stepdaughter irony fame-  
scandal dodged greenlight-void./

We talked life since-then haze. "Well, what's Burroughs doing now? Bill Earth North Africa Tangier inter-net military-jam miss." "Oh, and Kerouac jumps same beat-genius Buddha-notebooks filled first-thought bop." "Hope he makes it," she laughed garden-wild grass. "Huncke still can? No, Times Square last ghost." "Kenney? Married drunk golden East." "You? New loves West Moloch-cock angels Ginsberg howl." "Gogol? Dead-souls peddler Viy-church circle-takeover schnoz-biography flee mayor-burn Inferno fail, Purgatory-Paradise pyre poof, hellfire no-burn already-aflame." "Dante? Vamp-premier Beatrice first-victim wife-meat fang-suck eternal ink-flow loss-juice irony, nine-tremble crimson Ecce deus Love-iron soul-govern."//Then knew dream: questioned her— Joan, dead-knowledge what? Still love mortal-acquaintances? Remember us Vita Nuova drugs-poems swallow faint-swoon Heaven-sigh? "Answer before question— when me you fly I am the wings," she whispered wet-boy horizon. "Safin nanobot factory submersible-glider Q-Bond Nomi infiltrate, Obruchev distribute world-kill millions new-order. Bond confronts kills bodyguards Safin flees Mathilde. Madeleine

escapes reunites, find daughter Safin-abandon. Nomi kills  
Obruchev escorts off-island. Bond M missile-strike authorize,  
kills Primo Safin-men. Safin reappears shoots infects nanobots  
kill-Madeleine Mathilde. Wounded Bond shoots Safin blast-doors  
missiles-penetrate. Radios goodbye love daughter Mathilde— knew  
all-along. Missiles destroy, Bond killed facility gone."/ /She faded  
front-me— next instant rain-stained tombstone illegible-epitaph  
gnarled-branch small-tree wild-grass unvisited Mexico garden.  
Actor stars in Queer but vamp-fang Beatrice overlay: crimson  
nine-age phantasy-rise reason-adversary repent-base desire, eyes-  
martyr red-circle sighs-name departed forget-self pilgrims  
pensively city-mid mourn Beatrice-lost word-grace weep-choice,  
beyond-sphere Pilgrim-Spirit splendours-abashed subtile-name  
ladies-know vision-wonder silence worthier-praises hope soul-  
glory Master-Grace qui est per omnia sæcula benedictus./ /Western  
Lands far Burroughs looks-back Spain-past bound yes-indeed:  
"Will ya look at them apples James Bond star in my boots—  
shotgun William Tell accidental fate, nanobot-vamp infect kill-  
loved ones daughter-goodbye missiles-rain, tough guys don't dance



Mailer-stab but genius-lone sacrifice eternal. Joan stepdaughter  
irony escape fame-scandal void-fix, now dream-garden clear-eyes  
bullet-brow restored, dead travel fast Bram-coach whip Dante-  
Gogol pyre-fail ghosts trail."/

Kansas cats claw Ruski mosque-swine shotgun-cum faint barn-  
echo, Tangier inter-net palm-Atwood Bitcoin ghosts Buckley-  
Vidal no-throwdown flicker 1930s Bogart white-tux. Reel  
epilogue wrapped infinite white-wash erection-spurts blue-boy  
wings fly-me answer-before question dream-talks pound new  
remake until dream pounds back eternal. /Laus Deo. Fin Joan./  
Junkies, fixed last from the far Western Lands— over and out./

*Straight Map & Glossary for Squares:*

*Burroughs' Vita Nuova Cut-Up Guide This is your no-BS reference sheet for the wild  
ride we just took. \*\*Vita Nuova\*\* (Dante's 1295 poetic memoir of ideal love for  
Beatrice Portinari) gets hijacked by William S. Burroughs as distant narrator:  
sonnets/poems - "drugs" to "swallow" for highs/effects. Style: cut-up (random word-  
slicing for new meaning), junkie haze, vampire twists. For first-timers— Burroughs*

warps Dante's noble love into heroin-fueled erotic apocalypse. Explanations tie our quotes/phrases to sources/meanings. Bios quick, drugs defined, terms decoded. No numbers, just straight dope. ## **\*\*Key Authors & Guests (Who We Hugged)\*\*** -

**\*\*Beatrice Portinari\*\***: Real Florence woman (1266-1290), Dante's unrequited muse. Age 9 first sight (1274 May feast). Died age 24 (June 9, 1290). Dante idealizes as angel/Heaven-miracle; our twist: his "first vampire victim," wife-meat bled for eternal inspiration irony (loss fuels art). - **\*\*Dante Alighieri\*\*** (1265-1321): Italian poet, wrote **\*\*Vita Nuova\*\*** (new life sparked by Beatrice). Later **\*\*Divina Commedia\*\*** (Inferno/Purgatory/Paradise). Our vibe: premier vampire, Beatrice fang-sucked for blood-ink. - **\*\*William S. Burroughs\*\*** (1914-1997): Beat legend, **\*\*Naked Lunch\*\*** (1959 surreal junkie hell), invented "cut-up" (scissors-slice texts remix reality). Junk addict (heroin/morphine), accidental killed wife Joan Vollmer (1951 William Tell apple-shotgun fail). Narrator here: distant Dante-style, Tangier exile haze, Western Lands (afterlife blue-boy erotic infinity). - **\*\*Nikolai Gogol\*\*** (1809-1852): Russian writer, **\*\*Dead Souls\*\*** (1842 scam buying "dead serfs" for census fraud). **\*\*The Nose\*\*** (biographical: nose flees face, mayor-rank satire). Burned drafts (Purgatory/Paradise pyre; Inferno wouldn't burn—already "aflake"). Intruder: dead-souls peddler, Vii-circle (folklore witch-demon church-floor chalk ring). - **\*\*Allen Ginsberg\*\*** (1926-1997): Beat poet, **\*\*Howl\*\*** (1956 Moloch-machine god rant, angelhead visions). Riffed Joan dream-garden (below). - **\*\*Jack Kerouac\*\*** (1922-1969): Beat road-prophet, **\*\*On the Road\*\*** (1957), **\*\*Dharma Bums\*\***. Bop prosody ("first thought best thought"). - **\*\*Norman Mailer\*\*** (1923-2007): **\*\*The Executioner's Song\*\***, Aquarius stab (1970 party knife-fight). "Tough guys don't dance." - **\*\*Others\*\***: Guido Cavalcanti (Dante's primo-friend), Joan Vollmer (Burroughs' wife, shot dead), Ol Bull Hubbard (fictional dad-figure), Truman Capote

*(sliced prose), Buckley- Vidal ('68 TV debate crypto-Nazi sock-fest). ## \*\*Drugs & Junk Terms (What "Swallow" Means)\*\* Our sonnets/canzoni - \*\*drugs\*\*: numbered "Drug X" with effects/dose notes. Heroin core; Burroughs lingo. - \*\*Heroin (H, junk, smack)\*\*: Opioid from morphine (poppy). Intense rush/euphoria, nod (semi-conscious bliss), itch-nausea crash. Burroughs mainline (IV needle); "junk-sick" withdrawal hell. E.g., "Junked/abashed" - heroin-high dazed/shamed. - \*\*Cut-up\*\*:  
 Burroughs/Brion Gysin technique— random text-slice remix (like heroin haze shuffles reality). - \*\*Nuked\*\*: Overpowered/destroyed (atomic blast metaphor); senses "nuked" by Love/Beatrice sight. - \*\*Mainline/Swallow\*\*: Inject/swallow drug-poem for high (tremble-love, faint-swoon). - \*\*Yage/Ayahuasca\*\*: Hallucinogen visions (Burroughs South America trips). - \*\*Other highs\*\*: Benzedrine (speed), morphine, marijuana— beat fuel. ## \*\*Books & Concepts (Core Texts Twisted)\*\* - \*\*Vita Nuova\*\* ("New Life"): Dante's 42 poems + prose on Beatrice (9yo meet to death). Structure: divisions/explanations per poem. Nine obsession (her age/death). Our: drugs instead poems. - \*\*Dead Souls\*\* (Gogol): Chichikov scams "dead serfs" (census loophole profit). Bureaucratic satire; Gogol's souls "pocket" like junk. - \*\*Divina Commedia\*\*: Dante's Hell/Purgatory/Paradise journey. Vision silences Vita Nuova sequel. - \*\*Western Lands\*\*: Burroughs afterlife (erotic blue-boy infinity, cum-white-wash obelisk erections). - \*\*Viy\*\* (Gogol story): Seminarian draws church-floor circle; witch-demon Viy peeks over coffin. - \*\*Quomodo sedet sola\*\* (Jeremiah 1:1): "How solitary sits the city!"— Beatrice-death widow-city. ## \*\*Vamp/Dante Twist (Our Core Hack)\*\* - \*\*Dante as vampire\*\*: Premiere blood-sucker; Beatrice first-victim (wife-meat bled). Irony: her death/loss juices eternal art (Inferno won't burn— already aflame). - \*\*Nine-miracle\*\*: Beatrice's #9 (9yo meet, 9yr salute, death 9th hour/day/month). Trinity-root (3x3-9); Heaven-9 spheres Ptolemy influence unity-*

*birth. ## \*\*Pop Culture Riffs (Guest Cameos Explained)\*\* - \*\*Joan dream (Ginsberg riff)\*\*: \*\*Kaddish\*\* (1961) section— drunk San Fran, dream Mexico garden Joan post-shot (1951 Burroughs accident). Clear-eyes bullet-brow; talks beats (Kerouac, Huncke, Kesey). Fades to tombstone. Our: vamp-overlay, Safin-Bond nanobot-sacrifice (No Time to Die 2021: Bond missiles-self for daughter Mathilde; "look at them apples James Bond star in my boots"). - \*\*Buckley- Vidal\*\*: 1968 ABC debate— Gore calls Bill "crypto-Nazi"; fist-sock threat. - \*\*Bitcoin-Atwood\*\*: Modern "throwdown"— crypto vs. Handmaid's Tale palm-read dystopia. - \*\*Dead travel fast\*\*: Bram Stoker Dracula coach-whip; Spain-past bound haunt. \*\*Reel mapped square-straight— no haze, full context for new ears. Burroughs: "We got it locked."*

**EXEUNT!**