

JACK KEROUAC

BOOK OF
BLUES



PENGUIN POETS

PENGUIN BOOKS

Published by the Penguin Group

Penguin Books USA Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, U.S.A.

Penguin Books Ltd, 27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England

Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia

Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2

Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182-190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices:

Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published in Penguin Books 1995

3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Copyright © Estate of Stella Kerouac, John Sampas, Literary Representative, 1995

Introduction copyright © Robert Creeley, 1995

All rights reserved

Grateful acknowledgment is made for permission to reprint the following copyrighted works:

Selection from *Jack Kerouac* by Tom Clark. Copyright © 1984 by Tom Clark.

By permission of Marlowe & Company.

Selection from "Statement on Poetics for *The New American Poetry*"
from *Good Blonde & Others* by Jack Kerouac. © 1993, by permission of Grey Fox Press.

Selection from *Understanding the Beats* by Edward Halsey Foster.

By permission of the University of South Carolina Press.

"Jack Would Speak Through the Imperfect Medium of Alice" from *Selected Poems of Alice Notley*, Talisman House, Publishers, 1993. Reprinted by permission of the publisher. Copyright © 1993 by Alice Notley.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS CATALOGING IN PUBLICATION DATA

Kerouac, Jack, 1922-1969.

Book of blues / Jack Kerouac.

p. cm.—(Penguin poets)

Contents: San Francisco blues—Richmond Hill blues—Bowery blues—Macdougall Street blues—Desolation blues—Orizaba 210 blues—Orlanda blues—Cerrada Medellin blues.

ISBN 0 14 05.8700 4

1. Beat generation—Poetry. I. Title.

PS3521.E735B55 1995

811'.54—dc20

94-45902

Printed in the United States of America

Set in Sabon

Designed by Ann Gold

Except in the United States of America, this book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

*This book is dedicated to Philip Whalen
and to the memory of Lew Welch*

CONTENTS

<i>Introduction by Robert Creeley</i>	ix
SAN FRANCISCO BLUES	3
RICHMOND HILL BLUES	82
BOWERY BLUES	97
MACDOUGAL STREET BLUES	107
DESOLATION BLUES	117
ORIZABA 210 BLUES	129
ORLANDA BLUES	201
CERRADA MEDELLIN BLUES	249
<i>Notes on Dates and Sources</i>	271
<i>"Jack Would Speak Through the Imperfect Medium of Alice," by Alice Notley</i>	273

INTRODUCTION

Hard now to go back to the time when Jack Kerouac was writing these poems, the fifties and early sixties, and to the way people then felt poetry *should* be written and what they thought it *should* be saying. Perhaps it hardly matters that much of the poetry of that time found little popular audience, or that it spoke in a way that often confounded its readers. There was a high culture and a low one, and poetry was something significantly attached to the former. The rest was just the passing blur of pop songs and singers, or else the shady edges of black culture and its curiously enduring jazz. Great composers like Stravinsky might use such "forms" for context, and might even get someone like Benny Goodman to play the results. But it always seemed an isolated instance—if not overt slumming.

That was the problem, in fact, not only with music, or poetry, but with writing itself. There was an intense orthodoxy, an insistent critical watchdog, patrolling the borders of legitimate literature to keep all in their necessary places. If one came from habits or ways of speaking or thinking that weren't of the requisite pattern, then the response was abrupt and hostile. Even a poet as Kenneth Rexroth, admitting his complex relation to Kerouac from their times together in San Francisco, wrote of *Mexico City Blues* (1959) that it constituted a "naive effrontery" to have published it as poetry, and that it was "more pitiful than ridiculous." Donald M. Allen's break-through anthology, *The New American Poetry* (1960), soon made clear the resources and authority of what Kerouac and others of his situation were doing, but for a time it seemed that even the viable elders would prove too fixed

in their aspirations or disappointments to recognize its authority.

What was the common dream? To be enough of whatever was wanted, to be real, to be included. That meant thinking and talking and moving in one's own legitimacy, one's own given "world," with its persons, habits, humor and place. It was Ginsberg who early on valued particularly Kerouac's crucial insight, that one might write in the same words and manner that one would use in talking to a friend. There didn't have to be a rhetorical "heightening," or a remove from the common, the intimate, and the personal.

Kerouac's friends were then specifically the poets: Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, Philip Lamantia, Gary Snyder, Philip Whalen, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Michael McClure, Bob Kaufman, Diane di Prima, Lew Welch, Amiri Baraka—and so on through a list now familiar indeed. In contrast, only the novelists John Clellon Holmes and William Burroughs (a source and company for all that "Beat" defined) were in any sense so alert and securing in their relations to him. His sister Caroline ("Nin") and his mother were otherwise safe havens, and he left and returned to their company again and again. Two of the sequences here, "Richmond Hill Blues" (1953) and "Orlanda Blues" (1958), were written while living in his mother's house. The fact of all these relations sounds persistently throughout his writing, and in the poems it is especially emphatic. "Eleven Verses of Garver," (in the section "Orizaba 210 Blues") is literally that, the stories of his friend Bill Garver, described by Kerouac's perceptive biographer Tom Clark (*Jack Kerouac*, 1984) as "a garrulous, aging junkie who occupied the ground-floor apartment" at Orizaba 210, Mexico City, while Kerouac lived in the "mud block" (his words) on the roof. Clark notes it is in this circumstance that Kerouac works as well on *Mexico City Blues* and begins the novel of his "chaste, desperate courtship" of Bill Garver's connection for morphine, *Tristessa* (1960).

All such detail has been usefully spelled out in the various accounts of Kerouac's life. His own sense of what he was

doing, either with prose or poems, is equally to the point. In his "Statement on Poetics" for *The New American Poetry* he writes: "Add alluvials to the end of your line when all is exhausted but something has to be said for some specified irrational reason, since reason can never win out, because poetry is NOT a science. The rhythm of how you 'rush' yr statement determines the rhythm of the poem, whether it is a poem in verse-separated lines, or an endless one-line poem called prose . . ." Of course, the parallel is clearly jazz. Thus Edward Foster in his useful work, *Understanding the Beats* (1992), emphasizes Kerouac's own proposal of the relation as follows:

In a note at the beginning of [*Mexico City Blues*], Kerouac says that he wants "to be considered as a jazz poet blowing a long blues in an afternoon jazz session on Sunday," and the individual poems depend, like jazz pieces, on spontaneity and inspiration. Each of the 242 "choruses" is limited by the size of the notebook pages on which he wrote; if an idea (or riff) was not exhausted in that space, he would pick it up in the next poem . . .

Most of the choruses are playful and light, and seemingly anything that fits the general drift of the rhythm, music, and tone can be added, no matter how incongruous it may seem: the sound of a bus outside the building ("Z a r o o m o o o") an idea for Buddhist lipstick ("Nirvana-No"), nonsense language ("I'm a Agloon") . . . In any case, the poem expresses the poet's sensibility at the moment of writing, and the final poem [of *Mexico City Blues*] identifies "the sound in your mind" as an origin for song . . .

A complaint commonly lodged against Kerouac is that he was at best a self-taught "natural," at worst an example of the *cul de sac* the autodidact in the arts invariably comes to, a solipsistic "world" of his own limitations and confusions.

Blake, naked in his garden, was thus vulnerable. Céline, with his obsessive determination to outplot plot, was also a fool of such kind, as are all heroes of transformation and risk—Henry Miller, D. H. Lawrence and W.C. Williams among them. Otherwise it would be simply “minds like beds, always made up,” as Williams said, an enclosure of all that might have been made articulate, felt, tasted, witnessed, and confessed as actual to one’s own life, for better or for worse, at last.

But Kerouac was never simply an isolated writer in a time of classic authority and stylistic composure. If one considers Saul Bellow’s *The Adventures of Augie March* (1953) in relation to *On the Road* (1957), one will understand precisely what William Burroughs means in saying of Kerouac:

Kerouac was a writer. That is, he wrote. Many people who call themselves writers and have their names on books are not writers and they can’t write—the difference being a bullfighter who fights a bull is different from the bullshitter who makes passes with no bull there. The writer has been *there* or he can’t write about it. . . . Sometimes, as in the case of Fitzgerald and Kerouac, the effect produced by a writer is immediate, as if a generation were waiting to be written.

These poems provide an intensely vivid witness of both writer and time. Much is painful, even at times contemptible—the often violent disposition toward women, the sodden celebrations of drink—but it is nonetheless fact of a world still very much our own. Kerouac speaks its painful content, which is not to exempt him from a responsibility therefore. But a world is never simply a choice but a given, and it was not his intent to be brutal if that seems the point. Provincial, yet capable of effecting a common bond, of feeling a joy he could instantly make real for others, he lived in his world as particularly as anyone ever could. What holds it finally all together are *words*, one after another, as he plays,

moves, with their sound, follows their lead, shifting from English to Franco-American *joual*, nonsense to sense, reflection to immediate sight and intimate record. He spoke no English until he was five. He wrote incessantly, carrying usually a small spiral notebook in his back pocket so as to "sketch" what occurred on the spot. He was in that old way "serious." He really believed in words.

So one will read here his various recording, invention, improvisation, story. Yet all will be mistaken, misunderstood, if there is not the recognition that this remarkable person is living here, is actual in all that is written. Another poet, Alice Notley, wrote some years after Jack Kerouac's death in 1969 a poem of singular power, "Jack Would Speak through the Imperfect Medium of Alice." This is its close:

. . . The words are all only one word the perfect
word—

My body my alcohol my pain my death are only
the perfect word as I

Tell it to you, poor sweet categorizers

Listen

Every me I was & wrote

were only & all (gently)

That one perfect word

—Robert Creeley
Buffalo, N.Y.

In my system, the form of blues choruses is limited by the small page of the breastpocket notebook in which they are written, like the form of a set number of bars in a jazz blues chorus, and so sometimes the word-meaning can carry from one chorus into another, or not, just like the phrase-meaning can carry harmonically from one chorus to the other, or not, in jazz, so that, in these blues as in jazz, the form is determined by time, and by the musician's spontaneous phrasing & harmonizing with the beat of the time as it waves & waves on by in measured choruses.

It's all gotta be non stop ad libbing within each chorus, or the gig is shot.

—Jack Kerouac

SAN FRANCISCO BLUES

1ST CHORUS

I see the backs
Of old Men rolling
Slowly into black
Stores.

2ND CHORUS

Line faced mustached
Black men with turned back
Army weathered brownhats
Stomp on by with bags
Of burlap & rue
Talking to secret
Companions with long hair
In the sidewalk
On 3rd Street
San Francisco
With the rain of exhaust
Picking in the mist
You see in black
Store doors—
Petting trucks farting—
Vastly city.

3RD CHORUS

3rd St Market to Lease
Has a washed down tile
Tile entrance once white
Now caked with gum
Of a thousand hundred feet
Feet of passers who
Did not go straight on
Bending to flap the time
Pap page on back
With smoke emanating
From their noses
But slowly like old
Lantern jawed junkmen
Hurrying with the lump
Wondrous potato bag
To the avenues of sunshine
Came, bending to spit,
& Shuffled awhile there.

4TH CHORUS

The rooftop of the beatup
tenement

On 3rd & Harrison
Has Belfast painted
Black on yellow

On the side
the old Frisco wood is
shown with weatherbeaten
rainboards & a
washed out blue bottle
once painted for wild
commercial reasons by
an excited seltzerite
as firemen came last
afternoon & raised the
ladder to a fruitless
fire that was not there,
so, is Belfast singin
in this time

5TH CHORUS

when brand's forgotten
taste washed in
rain the gullies broadened
& every body gone
the acrobats of the
tenement
who dug bel fast
divers all
and the divers all dove

ah
little girls make
shadows on the
sidewalk shorter
than the shadow
of dearh
in this town—

6TH CHORUS

Fat girls
In red coats
With flap white out shoes

Monstrous soldiers
Stalk at dawn
Looking for whores
And burning to eat up

Harried Mexican Laborers
Become respectable
In San Francisco
Carrying newspapers
Of culture burden
And packages of need
Walk sadly reluctant
To work in dawn
Stalking with not cat
In the feel of their stride
Touching to hide the sidewalk,
Blackshiny lastnight parlor
Shoes hitting the slippery
With hard slicky heels
To slide & Fall:
Breboac! Karrak!

7TH CHORUS

Dumb kids with thick lips
And black skin
Carry paper bags
Meaninglessly:
"Stop bothering the cat!"
His mother yelled at him
Yesterday and now
He goes to work
Down Third Street
In the milky dawn
Piano rolling over the hill
To the tune of the English
Fifers in some whiter mine,
'Brick a brack,
Pliers on your back;
Mick mack
Kidneys in your back;
Bald Boo!
Oranges and you!
Lick lock
The redfaced cock'

8TH CHORUS

Oi yal!

She yawns to lall

La la—

Me Loom—

The weary gray hat

Peacoat ex sailor

Marining meekly

Hands a poop a pocket

Face

Lips

Oh Mo · Sea!

The long fat yellow

Eternity cream

Of the Third St Bus

Roof swimming like

A monosyllable

Armored Mososaur

Swimming in my Primordial

Windowpane

Of pain

9TH CHORUS

Alas! Youth is worried,
Pa's astray.

What so say

To well dressed ambassadors

From death's truth

Pimplike, rich,

In the morning slick;

Or sad white caps

Of snowy sea men

In San Francisco

Gray streets

Arm waving to walk

The Harrison cross

And earn later sunset

purple

10TH CHORUS

Dig the sad old bum
 No money
 Presuming to hit the store
 And buy his cube of oleo
 For 8 cents
 So in cheap rooms
 At A M 3 30
 He can cough & groan
 In a white tile sink
 By his bed
 Which is used
 To run water in
 And stagger to
In the reel of wake up
 Middle of the night
 Flophouse Nightmares—
 His death no blackern
 Mine, his Toast's
 Just as well buttered
 And on the one side.

11TH CHORUS

There's no telling
What's on the mind
Of the bony
Character in plaid
Workcoat & glasses
Carrying lunch
Stalking & bouncing
Slowly to his job

Or the beauteous Indian
Girl hurrying stately
Into Marathon Grocery
Run by Greeks
To buy bananas
For her love night,
What's she thinking?
Her lips are like cherries,
Her cheeks just purse them out
All the more to kiss them
And suck their juices out.

12TH CHORUS

A young woman flees an old man,
Mohammedan Prophecy:
And she got avocados
Anyhow.

The furtive whore
Looks over her shoulder
While unlocking the door
Of the tenement
Of her pimp
Who with big Negro Arkansas
Or East Texas Oilfields
Harry Truman hat's
Been standin on the street
All day
Waiting for the cold girl
Bending in thinfoat in the wind
And Sunday afternoon drizzle
To step on it & get some bread
For Papa's gotta sleep tonite
And the Chinaman's coming back

13TH CHORUS

“No hunger & no wittles
 neither deary”
 Said the crone
 To Edwin Drood

Okay.

There'll be an answer.
 Forthcoming
 When the morning wind
 Ceases shaking
 The man's collar
 When there's no starch in't
 And Acme Beer
 Runs flowing
 Into dry gray hats.
 When
 Dearie
 The pennies in the
 palm multiply
 as you watch

14TH CHORUS

When whistlers stop scowling
Smokers stop sighing
Watchers stop looking
And women stop walking

When gray beards
Grow no more
And pain dont
Take you by surprise
And bedposts creak
In rhythm not at morn
And dry men's bones
Are not pushed
By angry meaning pelvic
Propelled legs of reason
To a place you hate,
Then I'll go lay my crown
Body on the heads of 3 men
Hurrying & laughing
In the wrong direction,
my Idol

15TH CHORUS

Sex is an automaton
 Sounding like a machine
 Thru the stopped up keyhole
 —Young men go fastern
 Old men
 Old men are passionately
 breathless
 Young men breathe inwardly
 Young women & old women
 Wait

There was a sound of slapping
 When the angel stole come
 And the angel that had lost
 Lay back satisfied

Hungry addled red face
 With tight clutch
 Traditional Time
 Brief case in his paw
 Prowls placking the pavement
 To his office girl's
 Rumped skirt at 5's
 Five O Clock Shadows

16TH CHORUS

Angrily I must insist—
The phoney Negro
Sea captain
With the battered coat
Who looks like
Charley Chaplin in a
movie about now filmed
in the air by crews
of raving rabid
angels drooling happily
among the funny fat
Cherubim
Leading that serious
Hardjawed sincere
Negro stud
In at morn
For a round of crimes
Is Lucifer the Fraud

17TH CHORUS

Little girls worry too much
For no one will hurt them
Except the beast
Whom they'd knife
In another life
In the as well East
As West of Bethlehem
And do of it much

Rhetorical Third Street
Grasping at racket
Groans & stinky
I've no time
To dally hassel
In your heart's house,
It's too gray
I'm too cold—
I wanta go to Golden,
That's my home.

18TH CHORUS

I came a wearyin
From eastern hills;
Yonder Nabathacaque recessit
The eastward to Aurora rolls,
Somewhere West of Idalia
Or east of Klamath Falls,
One—Lost a blackhaired
Woman with thin feet
And red bag hangin
Who usta walk
Down Arapahoe Street
In Denver
And made all the
cabbies cry
And drugsrore ponies
Eating pool in Remsac's
Sob, to See so Lovely
All the Time
And all so Tight
And young.

19TH CHORUS

Pshaw! Paw's Ford
Got Lost in the Depression
He driv over the Divide
And forgot to cleave the road
Instead put atomic energy
In the ass of his machine
And flew to find
The gory clouds
Of rocky torment
Far away
And they fished him
Outa Miner's Creek
More dead n Henry
And a whole lot fonder,
Podner—
Clack of the wheel's
My freighr train blues

Third Street I seed

20TH CHORUS

And knowed

And under ramps I writ

The poems of the punk

Who met the Fagin

Who told him 'Punk

When walkin with me

To roll a Sleepin drunk

Dont wish ya was back

Home in yr mother's parlor

And when the cops

Come ablastin

With loaded 45's

Dont ask for gold

Or silver from my purse,

Its milken hassel

Will be strewn

And scattered

In the sand

By an old bean can

And dried up kegs

We'd a sat & jawed on—

21ST CHORUS

Roll my bones
 In the Mortuary
 My terms
 And deeds of mortgagry
 And death & taxes
 All wrapt up.'

Little anger Japan
 Strides holding bombs
 To blow the West
 To Fuyukama's
 Shrouded Mountain Top
 So the Lotus Bubble
 Blossoms in Buddha's
 Temple Dharma Eye
 May unfold from
 Pacific Center
 Inward Out & Over
 The Essence Center World

22ND CHORUS

For the world's an Eye
And the universe is Seeing
Liquid
Rare
Radiant.

Eccentrics from out of town
Better not fill in
This blank
For a job on my gray boat
And Monkeysuits I furnish.

Batteries of ad men
Marching arm in arm
Thru the pages
Of Time & Life

23RD CHORUS

The halls of M C A

Singing Deans
In the college morning
Preferable to dry cereal
When no corn mush

Cops & triggers
Magazine pricks
Dastardly Shadows
And Phantom Hero ines.

Swing yr umbrella
At the sidewalk
As you pass
Or tap a boy
On the shoulder
Saying "I say
Where is Threadneedle
Street?"

24TH CHORUS

San Francisco is too sad
Time, I cant understand
Fog, shrouds the hills in
Makes unshod feet so cold
Fills black rooms with day
Dayblack in the white windows
And gloom in the pain of pianos:
Shadows in the jazz age
Filing by; ladders of flappers
Painters' white bucket
Funny 3 Stooge Comedies
And fuzzy headed Hero
Moofle Lip suckt it all up
And wondered why
The milk & cream of heaven
Was writ in gold leaf
On a book—big eyes
For the world
The better to see—

25TH CHORUS

And big lips for the word
And Buddhahood
And death.

Touch the cup to these sad lips
Let the purple grape foam
In my gullet deep
Spread saccharine
And crimson carnadine
In my vine of veins
And shoot power
To my hand
Belly heart & head—
This Magic Carpet
Arabian World
Will take us
Easeful Zinging
Cross the Sky
Singing Madrigals

26TH CHORUS

To horizons of golden
Moment emptiness
Whither whence uncaring
Dizzy ride in space
To red fires
Beyond the pale,
Rosy gory outlooks
Everywhere.

San Francisco is too old
Her chimnies lean
And look sooty
After all this time
Of waiting for something
To happen
Betwixt hill & house—
Heart & heaven.

27TH CHORUS

San Francisco

San Francisco

You're a muttering bum

In a brown beat suir

Cant make a woman

On a rainy corner

Your corners open out

San Francisco

To arc racks

Of the Seals

Lost in vapors

Cold and bleak.

28TH CHORUS

You're as useless
As a soda truck
Parked in the rain
With cases of pretty red
Orange green & Coca Cola
Brown receiving rain
Drops like the sea
Receiveth driving spikes
Welling in the navel void.

I also have loud poems:
Broken plastic coverlets
Flapping in the rain
To cover newspapers
All printed up
And plain.

29TH CHORUS

Guys with big pockets
In heavy topcoats
And slit scar
Head bands down
The middle of their hair
All Bruce Barton combed
Stand surveying Harrison
Folsom & the Ramp
And the redbrick clock
Wishin they had a woman
Or some money, honey

Westinghouse Elevators
Are full of pretty girls
With classy cans
And cute pans
And long slim legs
And eyes for the boss
At quarter of four.

30TH CHORUS

Old Age is an Indian
With gray hair
And a cane
In an old coat
Tapping along
The rainy street
To see the pretty oranges
And the stores
On his big day
When the dog's let out.

Somewhere in this snow
I see little children raped
By maniacal sex fiends
Eager to make a break
But the F B I
In the form of Ted
Stands waiting
Hand on gun
In the Paranoiac
Summer time
To come.

31ST CHORUS

I knew an angel
In Mexico City
Call'd La Negra
Who the Same eyes
Had as Sebastian
And was reincarnated
To suffer in the poker
House rain
Who had the same eyes
As Sebastian
When his Nirvana came

Sambati was his name.

Must have had one leg once
And expensive armpit canes
And traveled in this rain
With youthful hidden pain

32ND CHORUS

Beautiful girls
Just primp
But beautiful boys
Do suffer.

White wash rain stain
Gravel roof glass black
Red wood blue neon
Green elevators
Birds that change color
And white ants
Climbing to your knee.
Earnest for deliverance.

33RD CHORUS

It was a mournful day
 The B O Bay was gray
 Old man angry-necks
 Stomped to escape sex
 And find his Television
 In the uptown vision
 Of the milk & secret
 Blossom curtain
 Creak it.

Cheese it the cops!
 Ram down the lamb!
 700 Camels
 In Pakistan!

Milk will curdle, honey,
 If you sit on stony penises
 Three times moving up & down
 And 7 times around

34TH CHORUS

While young boys peek
In the Hindu temple window
To grow
And come
To A-mer-ri-kay
And be long silent types
In the night clerk cage
Waiting for railroad calls
And hints from Pakistan
Beluchistan and Mien Mo
That Mahatmas
Havent left the field
And tinkle bells
And cobra flutes
Still haunt our campfires
In the calm & peaceful
Night—
Stars of India

35TH CHORUS

And speak bashfully
Thru strong brown eyes
Of olden strengths
And bad boy episodes
And a father
With sacred cows
A wandering in his field.
"Rain on, O cloud!"

The taste of worms
Is soft & salty
Like the sea,
Or tears.

And raindrops
That dont know
You've been deceived
Slide on iron
Raggedly gloomy

36TH CHORUS

Falling off in wind.

I got the San Francisco
blues

Bluer than misery

I got the San Francisco blues

Bluer than Eternity

I gotta go on home

Fine me

Another

Sanity

I got the San Francisco
blues

Bluer than heaven's gate,
mate,

I got the San Francisco blues

Bluer than blue paint,

Saint,—

I better move on home

Sleep in

My golden

Dream again

37TH CHORUS

I got the San Acisca blues
 Singin in the street all day

I got

The San Acisca
 Blues

Wailin in the street all day

I better move on, podner,

Make my West

The Eastern Way—

San

Fran

Cis

Co—

San

Fran

Cis

Co

Oh—

ba

by

38TH CHORUS

Ever see a tired
 ba by
 Cryin to sleep
 in its mother's arms
 Wailin all night long
 while the locomotive
 Wails on back
 A cry for a cry
 In the smoke and the lamp
 Of the hard ass night

That's how I
 fee-

 eel—

That's how
 I fee-eel!

That's *how*
 I feel—

What a deal!

Yes I'm goin ho

o

ome

39TH CHORUS

Yes I'm goin
 on
 home
 today

Tonight I'll be ridin
The 80 mile Zipper
And flyin down the Coast
Wrapt in a blanket

Cryin
And cold

So brother
Pour me a drink
 I got lots of friends
 From coast to coast
 And ocean to ocean
 girls
 But when I see
 A bottle a wine
 And see that it's full
 I like to open it
 And take of it my fill

40TH CHORUS

And when my head gets dizzy
And friends all laugh
And money pours
 from my pocket
And gold from my ears
And silver flies out
 and rubies explode
I'll up & eat
And sing another song
And drop another grape
 In my belly down

Cause you know
What Omar Khayyam said
 Better be happy
 With the happy grape
As make long faces
 And groan all night
 In search of fruit
 That dont exist

41ST CHORUS

So Mister Engineer
And Mister Hoghead
Conductor Jones
And you head brakeman
And you, tagman
on this run
Give me a hiball
Boomer's or any kind
Start that Diesel
All 3 Units
Less roll on down that rail
See Kansas City by dawn
Or grass of Amarilla
Or rooftops of Old New York
Or banksides green with grass
In April
Anywhere

42ND CHORUS

I'd better be a poet
Or lay down dead.

Little boys are angels
Crying in the street
Wear funny hats
Wait for green lights
Carry bust out tubes
Around their necks
And roam the railyards
Of the great cities
Looking for locomotives
Full of shit
Run down to the waterfront
And dream of Cathay
Hook spars with Gulls
Of athavoid thought.

43RD CHORUS

Little Cody Deaver
A San Francisco boy
Hung by hair of heroes
Growing green & thin
And soft as sin
From the tie piles
Of the railer road
Track where Tokay
Bottles rust in dust
Waiting for the term
Of partiality
To end up there
In heaven high
So's loco can
Come home
Con poco coco.

44TH CHORUS

Little heroes of the dead
Found a nickle instead
And bought a Borden half & half
Orange Sherbert & vanil milk
Trode the pavements
Of unfall Frisco
Waiting for its earthquake
To waver houses men
And streets to spindle
Drift to fall at Third
Street Number 6-15
Where Bank now stands
Jack London was born
And saw gray rigging
At the 'harcadero
Pier, His bier
commemorated in marble
To advertise the stone
Of vaults where money rots.

45TH CHORUS

Inquisitive plaidshirt
Pops look at trucks
In the afternoon
While Mulligan's
Stewing on the stove
And Calico spreads
Her milk & creamy legs
For advertising salesman
Passing thru from Largo
Oregon where water
Runs the Willamette down
By blasted to-the-North
Volcanic ashes seft.

46TH CHORUS

Babies born screaming
in this town
Are miserable examples
of what happens
Everywhere.

Bein Crazy is
The least of my worries.

Now the sun's goin down
In old San Fran
The hills are in a haze
Of Shroudy afternoon—
Bent withered Burroughsian
Greeks pass
In gray felt hats
Expensively pearly
On bony suffer heads

47TH CHORUS

And old Indian bo's
 With no stockings on
 Just Chinese Shuffle
 Opium shoes
 Take the snaily constitutional
 Down 3rd St gray & lost
 & Hard ro see.

Tragic burpers
 With scars of snow
 Bound bigly
 Huge to find it
 To the train
 Of time & pain
 Waiting at the terminal.

Young punk mankind
 Three abreast
 Go thriving downwards
 In the hellish street.

48TH CHORUS

Red shoes of the limpin whore
Who drags her blues
From shore to shore
Along the stores
Lookin for a millioinaire
For her time's up
And she got no guts
And the man aint comin
And I'm no where.

He aint done nothin
But change hats
And go to work
And light a new cigar
And stands in doorway
Swingin the 8 inch
Stogie all around
Arc ing to see
Mankind's vast

49TH CHORUS

Sea restless crown
Come rolling bit by bit
From offices of gloom
To homes of mortuary
Hidden Television
Behind the horse's
Clock in Hopalong
The Burper's bestfriend
Ten gat waving
Far from children
Sadly waving
From the balcony
Above this street
Where Acme Paper
Torn & Tattered
S'down the parade
Thrown to clebrate
McParity's return:

50TH CHORUS

All ties in
Like anacin.

Well

 So unlock the door
 And go to supper
And let the women cook it,
 Light's on the hill
The guitar's a-started
 Playing by itself
The shower of heaven notes
Plucked by a gypsy woman
In some old dream
Will bless it all
 I see furling out
 Below—

51ST CHORUS

The laundress has bangs
 And pursy lips
 And thin hips
 And sexy walk
 And goes much faster
 When she knows
 The booty in her
 laundry bag
 Is undiscovered
 And unknown
 And so no cops watching
 she steps on it
 t'escape the Feds
 of Wannadelancipit
 Here in the Standard
 Building
 Flying High
 the
 Riding Horse
 A Red—

52ND CHORUS

None of this means
anything

For krissakes speak up
 & be true
Or shut up
 & Go to bed

Dead

The wash is waving goodbye
Towards Oakland's russet

I know there are huge clouds
Ballooning beyond the bay

And out Potato Patch,
The snowy sea away,
The milk is furling
 Huge and roly
 Poly burly puffy

53RD CHORUS

Pulsing push
 To come on in
 Inundate Frisco
 Fill the rills
 And ride the ravines
 And sneak on in
 With Whippoorwill
 To-hoo— To-wa!
 The Chinese call it woo
 The French les brumes
 The British
 Fog
 L A
 Smog
 Heaven
 Cellar door

54TH CHORUS

Communities of houses
 Caparisoned by sunlight
 On the last & fading hill
 Of America a-rollin

Rollin
 To the Western Chill

And delicacies of statues
 Hewn by working men
 Neoned, tacked on,
 Pressed against the sign

Mincin
 Mincin
 To sell the swellest coupon

Understand?

Light on the fronts
 of old buildings
 Like in New York
 In December dusks
 When hats point to sea

55TH CHORUS

This means
 that everything
 has some home
 to come to
Light has windows
 balconies of iron
 like New Orleans

It also has all space
And I have windows
 balconies of iron
 like New Orleans

I also have all space

And St Louis too

Light follows rivers
 I do too

Light fades, I pass

56TH CHORUS

Light illuminates
The intense cough
Of young girls in love
Hurrying to sell their
future husband
On the Market St
Parade

Light makes his face
reddern
Her white mask

She sucks to bone him dry
And make him happy
Make him cry
Make him haby
Stay by me.

57TH CHORUS

Crooks of Montreal

Tossing up their lighters

To a cigarette of snow

Intending to plot evil

And break the pool machine

Tonight off Toohey's head

And the Frisco fire team

Come howling round

The corner of the dream

58TH CHORUS

Immense the rivets
In the broadsides
Of battleships
 Fired upon head on
In face to face combat
In the Philippines
 Anchored Alameda
Overtime for toilets
 On Labor Day

59TH CHORUS

IL

W

U

Has tough white seamen
 Scrapping snow white hats
 In favor of iron clubs
 To wave in inky newsreels
 When Frisco was a drizzle
 And Curran all sincere,
 Bryson just a baby,
 Reuther bloodied up,
 —When publications
 Of Union pamphleteers
 Featured human rock jaws
 Jutting Editorialese
 Composed by angry funny
 redhead editors
 Walking with their heads down
 To catch the evening fleet
 And wave goodbye to sailors
 passing rosely dreams
 Into a sparkling cannon
 Gray & spicked & span
 To shine the Admiral
 In his South Pacific pan—

60TH CHORUS

No such luck
For Potter McMuck
Who broke his fist
On angry mitts
In fist fights
Falling everywhere
From down Commercial
To odd or even
All the piers
Blang! Bang!
I L W U had a hard time
And so did N A M
And S P A M
And as did A M

61ST CHORUS

YOU INULT ME EVERY NIME, MALN BWANO

Ladies and Gentle-man

The phoney woiker

You here see

Got can one time

In Toonistfreu

Ger ma nyeee

Becau he had

no dime

To give the con duck teur

Yo see he stiffler

For his miffle

And couldnt cough a little

Bill de juice ran

down his Sfam.

62ND CHORUS

JULIEN LOVE'S SOUND

"All
 right!
 Here we are
 with all the little lambs.
 Has anyone disposed
 of my old man
 Last night?
 Mortuary deeds,
 Dead,
 Drink, me down
 Table or two,
 Wher'd you put it
 Kerouac?
 The bottoms in your bag
 Of cellar heaven doors
 And hellish consistencies
 Gelatinous & composed
 Will bang & break
 Apon the time clock
 Beat prow stone bong
 Boy
 Before I give YOU
 An idgit of the
 Kind Love Legend"

63RD CHORUS

JULIEN LOVE'S JUDGMENT

"Seriously boy
 This San Francisco
 Blues of yours
 Like shark fins
 the summer before
 And was it Sarie
 Sauter Finnegan
 Some gal before—
 It's a farce
 For funny you
 you know?
 I dont think I'll buy it"

Slit in the ear
 By a bolo knife
 Savannah Kid just nodded
 At the beast that
 Hides.

Secret
 Poetry
 Deceives
 Simply

64TH CHORUS

California evening is like Mexico
 The windows get golden oranges
 The tattered awnings flap
 Like dresses of old Perdido
 Great Peruvian Princesses
 In the form of Negro Whores
 Go parading down the sidewalk
 Wearing earrings, sweet perfume
 Old Weazel Warret

tradesmen
 sick of selling
 out their stores stand in
 the evening lineup
 before identifying cops
 they cannot understand
 in the clouds of can
 and iron moosing
 marshly morse
 of over head

65TH CHORUS

Daughters of Jerusalem
 Prowling like angry felines
 Statuesque & youthful
 From the well
 Embarrassed but implacable
 And watched by hungry worriers
 Filling out the whitewall
 Car with 1000 pounds
 Of "Annergy!
 That's what I got!
 An-nergy!"
 To burn up Popocatepetl's
 Torch of ecstasy.

The neons redly twangle
 Twinkle cute & clean
 Like Millbrae cherry
 Nipptious tistle
 Flowers tattled
 Petal for the joss stick
 Struck in neon twaddles
 To advertise a bar
 —All over SanFranPisco
 The better is the pain

66TH CHORUS

—“Switch to Calvert”
 Runs an arrow eating
 Bulb by bulb
 Across the bulbous
 Whisky bottle
 And under the Calvert clock

Tastes better! Everyone
 Tastes better
 All the time

And fieldhands
 That aint got aznos
 But the same south Mexican
 Evening soft shoe
 walk
 Slow in dusts of soft
 in Ac to pan
 Here in Frisco City
 American
 The same way walk
 To buy some vegerables

67TH CHORUS

For the bedsprings on the roof
 Not keep the rain on out
 Or bombed out huts
 In dumpland—Blue
 Workjacket, shino pants,
 It's like Mexico all violet
 At ruby rose & velvet
 Sun on down
 On down
 Sun on down
 Sundown

Red blood bon neon
 Bon runs don blon

By Barrett
 Wimpole
 Trackmeet

68TH CHORUS

And like Mexico the deep
 Gigantic scorpis haze
 Of shady curtain night
 Bein drawn on civilized
 And Fellaheen will howl
 Where the cows of mush
 Rush to hide their sad
 Tan hides in the stonecrump
 Mumps bump top of hill
 Out Mission Way
 Holy Cows of Cross
 And Lick Monastery

 Velvet for our meat
 Hamburgers

And doom of pained nuns
 Or painted
 One
 Mexico is like Universe

69TH CHORUS

And Third Street a Sun
 Showing just how's done
 The light the life the action
 The limp of worried reachers
 Crawling up the Cuba street
 In almost dark
 To find the soften bell
 Creaming Meek on corner
 One by one, Tem, Tim,
 Click, gra, rattapisp,
 Ting, Tang—

Blink! Off
 Run! Arrow!
 Cut! Winkle! Twinkle!
 Fill
 Piss! Pot!
 The lights of coldmilk
 supper hill streets
 make me davenport
 and cancel Ship.

70TH CHORUS

3rd St is like Moody St
Lowell Massachusetts
It has Bagdad blue
Dusk down sky
And hills with lights
And pale the hazel
Gentle blue in the
burned windows
Of wooden tenements,
And lights of bars,
music brawl,
"Hoap!" "Hap!" & "Hi"
In the street of blood
And bells billygoating
Boom by at the ache
of day
The break of personalities
Crossing just once
In the wrong door

71ST CHORUS

Nevermore to remain
 Nevermore to return
 —The same hot hungry
 harried hotel
 wild Charlies dozzling
 to fold the
 Food papers in the
 mahogany talk
 Of television reading room
 Balls are walled
 and withered
 and long fergit.

Moody Lowell Third Street
 Sick & tired bedsprings
 Silhouettes of brownlace
 eve night dowse—
 All that—
 And outsida town
 The aching snake
 Pronging underground
 To come eat up
 Us the innocent
 And insincere in here

72ND CHORUS

And Budapest Counts
 Driving lonely mtn. cars
 On the hem of the grade
 Of the lip curve hill
 Where Rockly meets
 Out Market & More—
 The last shore—
 View of the sea
 Seal

Only Lowell has for sea
 The imitative Merrimac

And Frisco has for
 snake
 The crowdy earthquake
 cataract
 And Hydrogen Bombs
 of Hope
 Lost in the blue
 Pacific
 Empty sea

73RD CHORUS

Bakeries gladly bright
Filled with dour girls
Buying golden pies
For sullen brooding boys

On 3rd St in the night

But by day
The Greek Armenian
Milk of honey
Bee baclava maker
Puts his sugars
On the counter
For bums with avid jaws
And hollow eyes
Eager to eat
Their last dainty.

74TH CHORUS

Marchesa Casati
 Is a living doll
 Pinned on my Frisco
 Skid row wall

Her eyes are vast
 Her skin is shiny
 Blue veins
 And wild red hair
 Shoulders sweet & tiny

Love her
 Love her
 Sings the sea
 Bluey
 Moaning
 In the Augustus John
 de John
 back ground.

75TH CHORUS

Her eyes are living dangers
 'll Leap you
 From a page
 Wearing the same insanity
 The sweet unconcernedly
 Italian humanity
 Glaring from black eyebrows
 To ask
 Of Renaissance:
 "What have you done now
 After 3 hundred years
 But create the glary witness
 Which our this window
 Shows a pale green
 Friscan hill
 The last green hill
 Of America
 With a cut a band

76TH CHORUS

Of brown red road
 Coint round
 By architects of hiways
 To show the view
 To ledge travellers
 Of Frisco, City, Bay
 And Sea
 As all you do is drive around
 —By Groves of lonesome
 Redwood trees
 Isolated
 In physical isolation
 On the bare lump
 Hill like people
 Of this country
 Who walk alone
 In streets all day
 Forbidden
 To contact physically
 Anybody
 So desirable—

77TH CHORUS

They kill'd all painters
Drown'd—Made wash
The smothering crone
Of Cathay,
Flower of Malaya,
And Dharma saws,
Gat it all in,
Like wash,
Call'd it Renaissance
And then wearied
From the globe—
Hill, last hill
Of Western World
Is cut around
Like half attempted
Half castrated
Protrudient breast
Of milk
From wild staring earth

78TH CHORUS

—The last scar
America was able
To create
The uttermost hill
Beyond which is just
Pacific
And no more sc-cuts
And Alamos neither
But that can be rolled
In satisfying sea
Absolved of suicide—
Except that now
They're blasting fishermen
Apart?"

79TH CHORUS

"Beyond that fruitless sea"
—So speaks Marchesa
Mourning the Renaissance
And still the breeze
Is sweet & soft
And cool as breasts
And wild as sweet dark eyes.

Sits in her spirit
Like she wont be long
And bright about it
All the time, like short
star

An angry proud beauty
Of Italy

80TH CHORUS

San Francisco Blues
Written in a rocking chair
In the Cameo Hotel
San Francisco Skid row
Nineteen Fifty Four.

This pretty white city
On the other side of the country
Will no longer be
Available to me
I saw heaven move
Said "This is the End"
Because I was tired
of all that portend.

And any time you need
me
Call
I'll be at the other
end
Waiting
at the final hall

RICHMOND HILL BLUES

DULUOZ

Name derived from early
 morning sources
In a newspaper office
Long Ago in Lowell Mass
When birds were shitting
On the canal
And Sperm was Floating
 among the Redbrick Walls
Of a Morn that had Smoke
Pouring from a Christian Hill
 Chimney—
Ah Sire, DuluoZ,
 King of my Thoughts,
 Salute!
(Kick another can of beer)

THAT'S WHAT I SAID

Not what I thot I meant
O Sin-of-a-Bitch
But what I out loud said
Not—again—what in
 retrospect
And banalizing sedeora ing
 of my garage
Made it
Say what you mean
 A poem is a lark
 A pie

SCHLITZ (A drunken vision of a can of beer)
Beaded melt hotwave waters
Of outside hydrated juices
Flowing down Made in USA
& Brooklyn New York
Genuine, holed triangular.

WIFE & 3

Little Cathy gladdy
 with sun cheeks
 beeted
 Jamie hiding hugging
 her knees
 Mother Earwicker solemn,
 lovely, flesh legs
 white
 King John Fartitures
 of Hop Top Heap
 Cassadee-ing in
 his Kingdom
 Jamie of mother's sweetly
 sweet goodheart breast
 Showing oldlady teeth
 of littlegirl glee
 And pudgy arms locked

Tristesse in the little
 hopeless Fingers,
 Faise in the shot,
 the radiant sun,
 The shine of San Jose
 O

Grass

Peotés of time!

Steps, lost davenport,
 eternities,
 Hot Night Birds,
 Billy Holiday!
 —Make the quaker
 give his cream

ANY TIME

Any time you want
 A write a fucken poem
 Ope this book
 & Scream no more
 But Cream
 Cry
 Fret not
 Flow
 Flay
 Fray the edge of Froy
 Make Frogs Alliterate
 Bekkek! Bekkek!
 Koak! Koak!
 Carra Quax!
 Carra qualquus
 Kerouacainius!

EVEN JOYCE

Even he, Joyce,
 had love—
 Even blind poets

AUDEN HAD NO ASS

Auden had no ass

Butler had no balls

Carew had no crash

Dyck had no dick

Egrets had no erse

Fart had no fuck

George had no Gyzm

His honou had no H

I J Fox had no wife

J Fox had no Joke

Kerou had no Ka

Ling Woe had no Rice

M & N had no Moola

(a lot!)

Novales had no Nodes

O vum had no Ollie

(O'Neill Mc Shanahan)

P-ew had no Push

Quasi Quean had no Queasy
feelings

R had no heart

Studentio

had

no

Stok

To

v

e

l

e

n

l

s

h had
no

T
u
p

Uvalde had no Upstarts
Vedichad no Velda
Velda had no Vim

Vish had no Rush
her
Vim
hid
his

Or pit his ass
gainst my pen

U had no V
V had no Victory
U V W had no
Pesco
X no Y or Z

THE POET

So many times since
 I've seen the poet
 of Greenwich Village
 Cutting to work in the gray dawn
 With a lunchpail &
 bleak haircut
 Eyes to the Hudson
 Nostril to the street
 To winter, work, beneficence,
 Meals, fare of folly
 So many times since
 I've seen the poet
 Who wrote rhythms & rhymes
 To be mad in Minetta's
 And Minetta Lane
 Go Hurrying to Work
 Sex hung, sexed, psycho-
 analyzed?
 To work in the unpoetic dawn

Mornings after I'd got drunk
 with Lucien & Allen
 & Allied Angels
 In the Vast Manhattan
 Fish—
 O America!
 Songs!
 Poems!
 Altos! Tenors!
 Blow!
 (Poet is Dead)

THUNDER

Thunder makes a booming
noise like windows

Being hysterically quietly
closed—

So Papa fell down the stairs
of time

In spite of holy water

And all yr mixed drinks
in

Eternity

EMILY DICKINSON

Ere so sober Emily

Did New England sow

With brooms of activity

I'd the tree-rock spoken to.

But it only said to me

"This sleet's crack

You hear cracking my hide

Is the voice of olden poets

Not far from rocks of here

Did their olden eyes

On nature bestow blue

—" I said

"Ah Oh How So Sad."

I said—"And graves?"

And I said "Darling

Supposing it should

To nature

Suddenly occur

To make unending poets

Unendingly Blow"

Nature Said: "Mean,

I dont know what you

Mean"—

"Ah Nature, Ah Rock,"

I cried, "Nobody's Bone

Has so suffused been,

No burden of boredom

Greater

No love colder

No love life less

No grave nearer

Always

Than Ye Bard"

ROSE

"Ah Rose," I cried,
 "Shine in the Phosphorescent
 Night."

BUG

And to the little hug which am myself
 I said
 "Bug, lip, tip, tit of time,
 Try, take, take, flake, fly,
 Love is passing yr. cheekbones
 On the phosphorescent transparent
 wing
 Of Kafka's cheese consuming
 Metamorphosed Bug"

HORROR

So then I saw horror,
 And I cried,
 "Horrer, leave me er lone."
 Horrер-horrer laid me bone
 By bone in a bag of dirt,
 I was broiled in the oven
 Of heaven in the silver foil
 Of Devil Jesus God
 Which is Yr Holy Trinity

SMILES

Smiles pull flesh from cheek
 Over pearls of bone
 And make the watcher see
 The quake of cream
 In eyes of stone

ON TEARS

Tears is the break of my brow,
 The moony tempestuous
 sitting down
 In dark railyards
 When to see my mother's face
 Recalling from the waking vision
 I wept to understand
 The trap mortality
 And personal blood of earth
 Which saw me in—
 Father father
 Why hast thou forsaken me?
 Mortality & unpleasure
 Roam this city—
 Unhappiness my middle name
 I want to be saved,—
 Sunk—can't be
 Won't be
 Never was made to—
 So retch!

WHEN OLD

When I began to grow old
 And could feel my left arm
 numben
 And brain resisted hope,
 Will sat sleeping
 Energy thubbd exhausted
 in my eye
 And love fled me—
 When the worst news
 Was brought to me
 And I exulted to be alone
 Go die
 I had a vision of
 the saint
 Misunderstood & too rired
 to explain why
 And sweet intentioned
 in another day—
 Even Stanley Gould'll
 go to heaven

BOP

Sweet little dop a la pee—
 Bit bit piano tip
 tinkle plips
 And smash prop brushes
 In the little numb moment
 um

I KNOW

I know that I cannot write
verse

But this is my beercan short
line

Book so bear with me
invisible

Reader and let me goof
even

When I'm sick & have no
ideas

GOD

Sitting over our meanings

Egomaniac God,

Lonely slick & rain glint

Also uses irritating us

In the Real.

HOPES

Poetry doesnt know:

The air conditioner

Not in use in winter

Is like my hopes—

Half in, half out,

Green on a whitewall,

S'only good to cast

A long shadow

In the bleak street light

TREE

But a tree has
 a living suffering shape
Is spread in half
 by 2 limbed fate
Rises from gray rain
 pavements
To traffic in the bleak
 brown air
Of cities radar television
 nameless dumb &
 numb mis connicumb
Throwing twigs the
 color of ink
To white souled
 heaven, with
A reality of its own uses

TENORMAN

Sweet sad young tenor
Horn slumped around neck
Bearded full of junk
Slouches waiting
For Apocalypse,
Listens to the new
Negro raw trumpet kid
Tell him the wooden news;
And the beat of the bass
The bass—drives in
Drummer drops a bomb
Piano tinkle tackles
Sweet tenor lifting
All American sorrows
Raises mouthpiece to mouth
And blows to finger
The iron sounds

BOWERY BLUES

For I
Prophesy
That the night
Will be bright
With the gold
Of old
In the inn
Within.

Cooper Union Cafeteria—late cold March afternoon, the street (Third Avenue) is cobbled, cold, desolate with trolley tracks—Some man on the corner is waving his hand down No-ing somebody emphatically and out of sight behind a black and white pillar, cold clowns in the moment horror of the world—A Porto Rican kid with a green stick, stooping to bat the sidewalk but changing his mind and halting on—Two new small trucks parked—The withery grey rose stone building across the street with its rime heights in the quiet winter sky, inside are quiet workers by neon entablatures practicing fanning lessons with the murderous Marbo—A yakking blonde with awful wide smile is makking her mouth lip talk to an old Bodhisattva papa on the sidewalk, the tense quickness of her hard working words—Meanwhile a funny bum with no sense tries to panhandle them and is waved away stumbling, he doesnt care about society women embarrassed with paper bags on sidewalks—Unutterably sad the broken winter shattered face of a man passing in the bleak ripple—Followed by a Russian boxer with an expression of Baltic loss, something grim and Slavic and so helplessly beyond my conditional ken or ability to evaluate and believe that I shudder as at the touch of cold stone to think of him, the sickened old awfulness of it like slats of wood wall in an old brewery truck

Shin Mc Ontario with
 no money, no bets, no
 health, pauls on by
 pawing his inside coat
 no hope of ever
 seeing Miami again
 since he lost his pickles
 on Orchard Street
 and his father
 S t u h t e l f e d e h r e d
 him to hospitals
 Of gray
 bleak
 bone
 drying
 in the moon
 that mortifies his coat
 and words sing
 what mind
 brings

Bleeding bloody seamen
 Of Indian England
 Battering in coats
 Of Third Ave noo
 With no sense and their brows
 Streaked with wine sop
 Blood of ogligit
 Sad adventurers
 Far from the pipe
 Of Liverpool
 The bean of bone
 Bottle Liffey brown
 Far hung unseen
 Top tippers
 Of o cean wave.

God bless & sing for them
As I can not

Cooper Union Blues,
The Musak is too Sod.
The gayety of grave
Candidates makes
My gut weep
And my brains
Are awash
Down the side of the
 blue orange table
As little sneery snirfling
Porto Rican hero
Ba t ts by booming
His coat pocket
Fisting to the Vicinity
Where Mortuary
Waits for bait.
(What kind of service
Do broken barrels give?)
 O have pity
 Bodhisattva
 Of Intellectual
 Ra diance!

Save the world from her eyebrows
Of beautiful illusion
Hope, O hope,
O Nope, O pope

Crowded coat ers
In a front seat

Car, gray & grim,
 Push on thru
 To the basketball

*

Various absurd parades—
 The strict in tact
 Intent man with
 Broken back
 Balling his suitcase
 Down from Washington
 Building in the night
 Passing little scaggly
 Childreyn with Ma's
 Of mopey hope.

Too sad, too sad
 The well kept
 Clean cut
 Ferret man.

*

And the old blue Irishman
 With untenable dignity
 Beer bellying home
 To drowsy dowdy TV
 Suppers of gravy
 And bile—
 Wearing old new coats
 Meant to be smooth on youths
 Wrinkled on his barrel
 Like sea wind
 Infatuating sea eyes

To thinkin
Ripples & old age
Are real.

*

Poor young husbandry
With coat of tan
Digging change in palms
For bleaker coffees
Than afternoon gloom
Where work of stone
Was endowed
With tired hope.
Hope O hope
Cooper Union Hope
O Bowery of Hopes!
O absence!
O blittering real
Non staring redfaced
Wild reality!
Hiding in the night
Like my dead father
I see the crystal
Shavings shifting
Out of sight
Dropping pigeons of light
To the Turd World
Enought, sad ones—
False petals
Of pure lotus
In drugstore windows
Where cups of O
Are smoked

Paddy Mc Gilligan
Muttering in the street

Just hit town
From C a l c i bleak

Ole Mop Polock Pat
Angry as a cat
About to stumble
Into the movie
Of the night
Through which he sees
M oo da lands
Un seen
Like waking in the night
To transcendental Milk
In the room

Sad Jewish respectable
rag men with trucks
And watchers
Shaking cloth
Into the gutter
Saying I dunno, no, no,
As gray green hat
Sits on their heads
Protecting them
From Infinity above
Which shines with white
Wide & brown black clouds
As Liberty Sun
Honks over the Sea
Sending Ships
From inner sea
Free
To de rool york
Pock Town of Part
Shelf High Hawk

Man Dung Town.
Rinkidink Charley is Crazy.

*

Ugly pig
Burping
In the sidewalk
As surrealistic
Typewriters
Swim exploding by
And bigger marines
Lizard thru the side
Of the gloom
Like water
For this
is the Sea
Of
Reality.

*

The story of man
Makes me sick
Inside, outside,
I dont know why
Something so conditional
And all talk
Should hurt me so.

I am hurt
I am scared
I want to live
I want to die
I dont know
Where to turn
In the Void

And when
To cut
Out

For no Church told me
No Guru holds me
No advice
Just stone
Of New York
And on the cafeteria
We hear
The saxophone
Of dead Ruby
Died of Shot
In Thirty Two,
Sounding like old times
And de bombed
Empty decapitated
Murder by the clock.
And I see Shadows
Dancing into Doom
In love, holding
Tight rhe lovely asses
Of the little girls
In love with sex
Showing rhemselves
In white undergarments
Ar elevated windows
Hoping for the Worst.

I cant take it
Anymore
If I cant hold
My little behind
To me in my room

Then it's goodbye
 Sangsara
 For me
 Besides
 Girls arent as good
 As they look
 And Samadhi
 Is better
 Than you think
 When it stars in
 Hitting your head
 In with Buzz
 Of glittergold
 Heaven's Angels
 Wailing
 Saying
 We ve been waiting for you
 Since Morning, Jack
 —Why were you so long
 Dallying in the sooty room?
 This Transcendental Brilliance
 Is the betrer part
 (Of Nothingness
 I sing)

Okay.
 Quit.
 Mad.
 Stop.

MACDOUGAL STREET BLUES

IN THE FORM OF 3 CANTOS

•

CANTO UNO

The goofy foolish
 human parade
Passing on Sunday
 art streets
Of Greenwich Village

Pitiful drawings of
 images on an
 iron fence
 ranged there
 by selfbelieving
 artists
 with no hair
 and black berets
 showing green seas
 eating at rock
 and Pleiades
 of Time

Pestiferating at moon squid
Salt flat tip fly toe
 tat sand traps
With cigar smoking interesteds
 puffing at the
 stroll

I mean sincerely
 naive sailors buying prints
 Women with red banjos
 On their handbags
 And arts handicrafty
 Slow shuffling
 art-ers of Washington Sq
 Passing in what they think
 Is a happy June afternoon
 Good God the Sorrow
 They dont even listen to me when
 I try to tell them they will die

They say "Of course I know
 I'll die, why should you mention
 It now—Why should I worry
 About it—it'll happen
 It'll happen—Now
 I want a good time—
 Excuse me—
 It's a beautiful happy June
 Afternoon I want to walk in—

Why are you so tragic & gloomy?"
 And on the corner at the
 Pony Stables
 Of Sixth Ave & 4th
 Sits Bodhisattva Meditating
 In Hobo Rags
 Praying at Joe Gould's chair
 For the Emancipation

Of the shufflers passing by,
 Immovable in Meditation
 He offers his hand & feet
 To the passers by
 And nobody believes

That there's nothing to believe in.

Listen to Me.

There is no sidewalk artshow

No strollers are there

No poem here, no June

afternoon of Oh

But only Imagelessness

Unrepresented on the iron fence

Of bald artists

With black berets

Passing by

One moment less than this

Is future Nothingness Already

The Chess men are silent, assembling

Ready for funny war—

Voices of Washington Sq Blues

Rise to my Bodhisattva Poem

Window

I will describe them:

E y t k e y e e

S a l a o s o

F r u p t u r t

Etc.

No need, no words to

describe

The sound of Ignorance—

They are strolling to

their death

Watching the Pictures of Hell

Eating Ice Cream

of Ignorance

On wood sticks

That were once sincere
in trees—
But I cant write, poetry,
just prose

I mean
This is prose
Not poetry
But I want
To be sincere

CANTO DOS

While overhead is the perfect blue
 emptiness of the sky
 With its imaginary balloons
 of false sight
 Flying around in it
 like Tathagata Flying Saucers
 These poor ignorant things
 mill on sidewalks
 Looking at pitiful pictures
 of what they think

Is reality
 And one
 a Negro with curls
 Even has a camera
 to photograph
 The pictures
 And Jelly Roll Man
 Pops his Billy Bell
 Good Humor for Sale—
 W Somerset Maugham
 is on my bed

An ignorant storyteller
 millionaire queer
 But Ezra Pound
 he crazy—
 As the perfect sky
 beginninglessly pure
 Thinglessly perfect
 waits already
 They pass in multiplicity

Parading among Images
 Images Images Looking
 Looking—
 And everybody's turning around
 & pointing—
 Nobody looks up
 and In
 Nor listens to Samantabhadra's
 Unceasing Compassion

No Sound Still
 S s s s t t
 Seethe
 Of Sea Blue Moon
 Holy X-Jack
 Miracle
 Night—
 Instead, yank & yucker
 For pits & pops

Look for crashes
 Pictures
 Squares
 Explosions
 Birth
 Death
 Legs
 I know, sweet hero,
 Enlightenment has Come
 Rest in Still

In the Sun Think
 Think Not
 Think no more Lines—
 Straw hat, hands aback
 Classed

He exam in a tein distinct
 Rome prints—
 Trees prurp
 and saw—

The Chessplayers Wont End
 Still they sit
 Millions of hats
 In underwater foliage
 Over marble games
 The Greeks of Chess
 Plot the Pop
 of Mate
 King Queen

—I know their game,
 their elephant with the pillar
 With the pearl in it,
 their gory bishops
 And Vital Pawns—
 Their devout frontline
 Sacrificial pawn shops
 Their Stately king

Who is so rall
 Their Virgin Queen
 Pree ing to Knave
 the Night Knot
 —Their Bhagavad Gitas
 of Ignorance,
 Krishna's advice,

Comma,
 The game begins—
 But hidden Buddha
 Nowhere to be seen
 But everywhere

In air atoms
 In balloon atoms
 In imaginary sight atoms
 In people atoms

In people atoms

Again

In image atoms
 In me & you atoms
 In atom bone atoms
 Like the sky
 Already waits
 For us eyes open to
 —Pawn fell

Horse reared

Mare Kiked Cattle
 And Boom! Cop
 shot Bates—
 Cru put Two—
 Out—I cried—
 Pound Pomed—
 Jean-Louis,
 Go home, Man.

I mean.—

As solid as anything
 Is this reality of images
 In the imageless essence,
 Neither of em'll quit
 —So tho I am wise
 I have to wait like
 anyotherfool

CANTO TRES

Lets forget the strollers

Forget the scene

Lets close our eyes

Let me Instruct Thee

Here is dark milk

Here is our Sweet Mahameru

Who will Coo

To You Too

As he did to me

One night at three

When I w k e l t

P l e e

knel't to See

Realit ee

And I said

'Wilt thou protect me

for ' ver ?'

And he in his throatless

deep mother hole

Replied 'H o m'

(Pauvre Ange)

Mahameru

Tathagata of Mercy

See

He

Now

in dark escrow

In the middleless dark

of eyelids' lash obliviso

so

Among rains of Transcendent

Pity

Abides since Ever
 Before Evermore ness
 of Thusness Imagined
 O Maha Meru

O Mountain Sumeru
 O Mountain of Gold
 O Holy Gold
 O Room of Gold
 O Sweet peace
 remembrance
 O Navalit Yuku

Of sweet cactus
 Thorn of No Time
 —Ply me onward
 like boat
 thru this Sea
 Safe to Shore
 Ulysses never Sore
 —Bless me Gerard
 Bless thee, Living

I shall pray for all
 sentient human
 & otherwise sentient
 beings here & everywhere
 now—

No names
 Not even faces
 One Pity
 One Milk
 One Lovelighr
 s a v e

DESOLATION BLUES

IN 12 CHORUSES

1ST CHORUS

I stand on my head on Desolation Peak
And see that the world is hanging
Into an ocean of endless space
The mountains dripping rock by rock
Like bubbles in the void
And tending where they want—
That at night the shooting stars
Are swimming up to meet us
Yearning from the bottom black
 But never make it, alas—
 That we walk around clung
 To earth
 Like beetles with big brains
Ignorant of where we are, how,
What, & upsidedown like fools,
 Talking of governments & history,
—But Mount Hozomeen
The most beautiful mountain I ever seen,
Does nothing but sit & be a mountain,
A mess of double pointed rock
Hanging pouring into space
 O frightful silent endless space
—Everything goes to the head
 Of the hanging bubble, with men
 The juice is in the head—
 So mountain peaks are points
 Of rocky liquid yearning

2ND CHORUS

Mountains have skin, said Peter
 Orlovsky of San Francisco—
 And gorges shoot up clouds of mist
 That look like planet smoke—
 Dead trees, artistic as a cottage
 on Truro,
 Look like goat horns off a rock,
 —Alpine firs turn evergreen browns
 By August First when summer's dead
 At high elevations—the creeks roar
 And cataracts tumble pouring
 But it's all upsidedown & strange
 —Why do I sit here crosslegged
 On this steaming rocky surface
 Of a planet called earth
 Scribbling with a pencil
 Unmusical songs called songs
 And why worry my juicy head
 And rail my bony hand at words
 And look around for more
 And nothing means nothing
 as of yore?—
 T's the primordial essence
 Manifesting forms, of happy
 And unhappy, stuff & no-stuff,
 Matter & space, phenomena
 Front & noumena behind,
 Our of exuberant nothingness

3RD CHORUS

Yet birds mumble in the morning,
 And raccoons tumble down the draws,
 I saw one hit by his own rock
 In a lil raccoon avalankey—
 And firs point as ever
 to infinity,
 Their fine points top points too,
 —Birds squeak like mice,
 and moonlight bucks & does
 Graze in my yard like cows
 With big shootable flanks,
 And hooves of eternity, clatter
 on the rocks,
 Run away when I open the door,
 Down the hill, like silly frightened
 schoolteachers—
 Chipmunks are well named—
 Bears & abominable snowmen
 I have not yet seen—
 Proud a that line—
 Rock slides take generations to form,
 I try to rush it along—
 No rain in a month, nor yet
 a month, within a month—
 The beaked furtherreal pine
 points at a crazy
 Upsidedown mid morning moon
 as delicate
 As a slide, like snow

4TH CHORUS

All the worries that've plagued
 everybody since Moses, Homer,
 Sappho, Uparli, Cannibals and
 Patawatamkonalokunopuh
 Are worrin and playin me
 on this mount of mystery—
 I've T S Elioted all the fogs,
 Faulknered all the stone,
 Balanced nothing gainst something,
 played solitaire, smoked,
 Brought bashing sticks to midnight
 frightful long tailed rats
 And ranted at mosquitos,
 And remembered my mother
 her sweet labors of home
 And the cold eyed sister
 who made a bum outa me,
 And friends, & goodtimes,
 & prayed & gave up prayer,
 And pondered history, myths,
 stories, artistic plans, plays,
 French movies, phalanxes
 of disordered human crazy
 Thought, & still it's upsidedown—
 Silent—stiff—wont yield—
 Wont tell—A big empty
 Puppet stage, with rock

5TH CHORUS

Distant valleys in Canada
 look like they'd beckon
 but I know better,—
 I yearn for the flatlands again,
 the gentle hill,—
 At 4 PM the clouds of hope
 Are horizon salmon floaters
 Full of strange promise
 abstracted from the golden age
 in my breast—
 Patches of snow dont do anything
 but be
 Patches of snow, till they melt,
 And then water, it's nothing
 but water
 Till sun evaporates, then mist,
 It's (as I look) nothing but mist
 As it rises ululatory responding
 to every shift of wind,
 And will be mist, and will be
 Mist,
 And ants are nothing but just
 ants,
 And rocks'll sit where they are
 forever
 Lessn I move em, throw em
 down the gorge,
 And then they spit a minute

6TH CHORUS

I just dont understand—
 tho mist'll be mist till
 Heavens obdure, tho man'll
 Be man till heavens obdure
 Or hells obscure I just

dont

I just dont

Dont

Understand

I dont—

I want to know—soon's a do
 I dont understand—if I said:
 "I dont care" I understand—
 I understand that

it doesnt matter.

Still the birdy clings, to earth,
 He dont go silent on me,
 I dont stop writing,

I dont stop living,

What a fool,—bust the bird.

The only thing that ever happens
 to Hozomeen

Is that he'll get a wreath
 of clouds

Every now & then
 & breed to revel

Without moving a mighty shoulder
 —I envy him his rock

7TH CHORUS

But I want to live, I want
to get down
Off this Chinese Han Shan hill
and make it
To the city & walk the streets
And drink good wine
(Christian Brothers Port)
Or whiskey (Early Times
or Old Grand Dad)
And go to Chinese Movies
on Saturday Afternoon
And buy presents in the window
and watch the dust gather
On little stationary toys
In celluloid windows of children
And go to the vast markets
And eat tortillas beans
ice cream
And crime—and banana splits
and tea
And benzedrine & broads—
and waterfronts
And plays & play marquees
and Square Times
And you—I'd like to celebrate
upside
Down in cities

8TH CHORUS

Once I saw a giant
 in a building

He's here now, bending
 over me,
 Giant diamond gone insane.
 Ta, the Golden Eternity,
 Ta Ta Ta Ta,
 Tathata, trumpet, Ta Ta,
 This giant diamond might
 Here is got some name'r other
 But *I dont know*
 I dont care
 and it makes no difference
 And now I'm wise.
 When the whole wide world
 is fast asleep I cry.
 Let me offer you
 my reassuring profile
 Saying, "It's okay, girl, we'll
 make it
 Till the sun goes down forever
 And until then what you got
 to lose
 But the losing? We're fallen
 angels
 Who didnt believe
 That nothing means nothing."

9TH CHORUS

We're hanging into the abyss
 of blue—
 In it is nothing but innumerable
 and endless worlds
 More numerous even (& the number
 of beings!)
 Than all the rocks that cracked
 And became little rocks
 In all that rib of rock
 That extends from Alaska,
 Nay the Aleutian tips,
 Down through these High Cascades,
 Through to California & Ensenada,
 Down, through High Tepic, down
 To Tehuantepec, down,
 The rib, to Guatemala & on,
 Colombia, Andes, till the High
 Bottom Chilean & Tierra
 del Fuego
 O yoi yoi
 And on around to Siberia—
 In other words, & all the grains
 of sand that comprise
 A rock, and all the grains
 of atomstuff therein,
 More worlds than that
 in the empty blue sea
 We hang in, upsidedown,
 —Too much to be real

10TH CHORUS

But it's real

it's as real as the squares
on this page

And as real as my sore ass
sitting on a rock

And as real as hand, sun,
pencil, knee,

Anr, breezed, stick,
water, tree, color,
peeop, birdfeather,
snag, smoke,
haze, goat,
appearance
and low crazed cloud

And dream of the Far Northwest

And the little mounted policeman
Of my dreams on a ridge—

Not an Indian in sight—

Real, real as fog in London town
and croissants in Paris
and swchernepetchzels
in Prienna

And Praha Maha Fuckit

—Real, real,
unreal,
deal,
Zeal,

I say, dont care if it's real
or unreal, I'se

11TH CHORUS

And if you, dont like the tone
 of my poems
 You can go jump in the lake.
 I have been empowered
 to lay my hand
 On your shoulder
 and remind you
 That you are utterly free,
 Free as empty space.
 You dont have to be famous,
 dont have to be perfect,
 Dont have to work,
 dont have to marry,
 Dont have to carry burdens,
 dont have to gnaw & kneel,

 the taste
 of rain—
 Why kneel?

 Dont even have to sit,
 Hozomeen,
 Like an endless rock camp
 go ahead & blow,

 Explode & go,
 I wont say nothin,
 neither this rock,
 And my outhouse doesnt care,
 And I got no body

12TH CHORUS

Little weird flower,
 why did you grow?
 Who planted you
 on this god damned hill?
 Who asked you to grow?
 Why dont you go?
 What's wrong with yr. orange tips?
 I was under the impression
 that you were sposed to be
 some kind of perfect nature.
 Oh, you are?
 Just jiggle in the wind. I see.
 At yr feet I see a nosegay
 bou kay
 Of seven little purple apes
 who dint grow so high
 And a sister of yours
 further down the precipice—
 and your whole family
 to the left—
 I thot last week
 you were funeral bouquets
 for me
 that never askt
 to be born
 or die
 But now I guess
 I'm just talkin
 thru my
 empty head

ORIZABA 210 BLUES

1ST CHORUS

Ah monstrous
sweet monsters,
who spawned
thee chalk?

God? Who
Godded me?
Who me'd
God, chalk'd
Thought, &
Me sank
Down
To
Fall

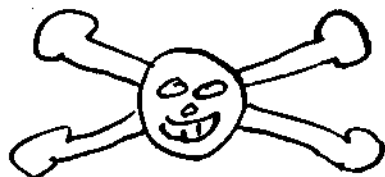
A tché tché tcha
hoot ee
Wheet wha you—

Sweet monstranot love
By momma dears

Hey

Call God the Mother
To stop this fight

2ND CHORUS



Someday you'll be lying
 there in a nice trance
 and suddenly a hot
 soapy brush will be
 applied to your face
 —it'll be unwelcome
 —someday the
 undertaker'll shave you

*

I almost called these poems
 Pickpocket Blues
 because they are the repetition
 by memory
 of earlier poems
 stolen from me
 by twelve thieves

3RD CHORUS

Ah monster sweet monster
 Who spawned all this God
 A Marva Ah Marvaila
 Ah Marva Marvay
 Ah marve Ah Me
 Ah John O Ah John
 Oka John—
 Where do you worka
 John—Ah John,
 How do you William the
 Conqueror this morning
 With your height old otay
 —Nay, sight less worse,
 Urp, the spur that did nape
 At the wick the whack
 Of the horse's piniard, urt,
 So up heaved Pegasus
 To rape the Sirens

And Black Bastards Hold Out their Arms

4TH CHORUS

One was called Boston Kitty—
 He was a one-whack artist
 Hold down the rope & the boy
 And slip his villons i the store
 —Oy—

This turp then, he was smart,
 His wife was bloomer-hiding
 Dress-thief, hest, New York,
 —Oir—

Ay
 May the Wild Queen that Whanged
 All the men with pipes
 And ironingboard trays, i the
 Movie bout paird?—
 Waird!
 Haird all about ir in Dawson
 Lass night, boys was tellin
 The stove of the night
 Hair—Robert Olson
 Me thar, Mrs Blake

5TH CHORUS

Pollyanna me that, Matt
 Baker me Mary me Eddy
 somethin bout life,—
 Feed me T bone steaks
 Off cows was allowed
 Was allowed to be et
 By men and maids
 And Pomfranet

Poignardi me that,
 hurt,—slip me the knife
 in the chest, het—
 they'll cut off my arms
 and my losen legs
 And my Peter Orlovsky
 Clasel soul sball say:
 Oido me no mo

6TH CHORUS

Ah moidnous two movies
Was railroad and et

Ah turpitude & turpentine
And serpentine & pine

Ah me star-veil
that I see
Majesnicking mightily
on the rail
Of heaven-hailward
high's moitang

Montana, me mountain,
Me Madonna, me high
Me most marvelous marvel
That held over the pie
Me sky of the Denver
Platte alley below

Me that me, me that me,
Me that me no more

7TH CHORUS

Brang!—blong!—trucks
 Break glass i the dog barking
 Street—dwang, wur,
 Ta ta ta

ta ta

Me that was weaned in the
 heaven's machine

Me that was wailed
 in the wild bar

called fence

Me that repeated & petered

The meter & lost 2 cents

Me that was fined

To be hined

And refined

Ay

Me that was

Whoo ee

The owl

On the fence

8TH CHORUS

Me that was eyed
And betied by the eyes
In the glasses, In the Place,
In the night, brown beer,
Me that was maitled
And draited and dragged
Me that was xarmined
By Murder Machree
Me that was blarnied
By Mary Carney
Me that was loved
Me that was hay
Me that the sunshine
Burned out every day
Me that was spotted
And beshatted
By Marcus Magee

9TH CHORUS

Hey listen you poetry audiences
 If you dont shut up
 And listen to the potry,
 See, we'll get a guy at the gate
 To bar all potry haters
 Forevermore

Then, if you dont like the subject
 Of the poem that the poit
 Is readin, geen, why dont
 You try Marlon Brando
 Who'll open your eyes
 With his cry

James Dean is dead?—
 Aint we all?
 Who aint dead—

John Barrymore is dead

Naw, San Francisco is dead
 —San Francisco is bleat
 With the fog
 (And the fences are cold)

10TH CHORUS

Old, San Francisco so old,
 Shining garden on the end of the gate
 Great plastic garden
 Full of poets and hate

Fine wild bar place with high
 Flootin dandies, Portugese,
 Philippino, and just plain
 Ole Dandy, Mandy tendin
 The bar in the Brothers McCoy
 On Sixth Street near Mission,
 And Old Whitecap Sailor
 Goes lonely the road
 And Market Street on Sunday
 There's no body broad
 And O I see cliffside
 With electrical magic
 Message it me gives out
 And sending Einstein
 Me n McCorkle sit there
 Eating in the Dharma

11TH CHORUS

We booted and we brained
 Every seedy wet cold hill
 And walked by rubber gardens
 Behind telephones of shame
 And came out mid the flowers
 Of Heaven's O Gate

We treed every boner
 Kited and committed
 Longtailed and selffloored
 And worked 78 to Del Monte
 And back

Crashed Lux Perpetua
 And tied up the mate
 And dumped him down
 In Chinatown
 To Vegetate
 So's cooks could clew garbage
 And discover entrails
 of babies made by Negresses
 Against fences of taxis

12TH CHORUS

Soft!—the mysteries lie
In Eglantine

And Tathagata Nous Dit
Toujours, pas d secours,
Pas d secours

Soft—pie-tailed bird-dog
Sing Song Charley the Poet
From High Masquerade
Is about to shake the rain
From his empty head
And deliver a blurbery statement
About bubbles and balloons

Balloons O balloons
BALLOONS BALLOONS
BALLOONS O BALLOONS
BAL
LOONS
BALLOONS

13TH CHORUS

When the rain falls on the Concord
 And grapes are growing in New Hampshire
 Mud hides wine bottles of green
 And gay delight—When it rains
 In Mexico, Oi Oi Oi, the swish
 And plump and drenching Zapoteca
 Big fat lump cacti growing in the night
 Slipslop the sleeps of cats by the fence
 And “Alms my youth!” cry women
 To the passing Americano Oi—

Hate and oido, Old San Francisco’s
 Going to go—

Red, white and black, and blue
 The pistil was tender when vines
 Hund and daundered explosives
 Of surrealistic pensioners

Dishrags have faces
 Flashlights have hate
 Pine trees are sweetest
 To sit and meditate
 The Holy Virgin of Heaven
 Saw us in the rainy first morning

14TH CHORUS

Lost me Juju beads in the woods
 And stood on dry stumps
 and looked around
 And Lightning Creek morely roared
 And wow the wild Jack Mountain
 Abominable Snowman rooted
 in a stump
 Even throwing football shadow
 When games is ranging in the sky
 Ah Gary,—would sweet Japan
 Her gardens allay me
 And make end sweet perfidy
 —Full belly make you say
 nice things—
 When rice bowl filled, Buddha frown
 I' the West, because Wall of China
 Has no holds

Holdfast to temple mountain chain
 Throw away the halfdollars
 Big and round, & wad of gum,
 And flashlight lamp—& paint—
 Go be shaved head monster
 In a cave—No, rea ceremony
 Beneath a sweet pine tree
 (Oi?)

15TH CHORUS

The little birds that live on the tree
In South America
Under clouds that make faces at me
Last night beautiful faces
Mad Dog McGoy of Heaven's
White Office, was sheening
His ocean spray at me
With holes for eyes
And every kind majesty—
Mocking at faces at me,
O me,—gingerale we drank
In Montreal when Errgang was young
And Wagner bled on the dump
And the dust of defeat perfidy
Was as fine as it is now
In the skies of untouchable dust
And Klings of the rooftop
Church variety—
My moiety

16TH CHORUS

Auro Boralis Shomoheen
 In the ancient blue Buick
 Machine that cankers the highway
 With Alice fat Queens, cards
 Indexes burning, mapping machines,
 Partings sweet sorrow
 But O my patine

O my patinat pinkplat Mexican
 Canvas for oil in boil
 Marrico—hash marsh m draw
 The greenhouse bong eater from
 fence N'awrleans, that—

Bat and be ready, Jesus is steady,
 Score's eight to one, none,
 Bone was the batter for McGoy
 Poy—

Used as this ditties
 for mopping the kitties
 in dream's afternoon
 when nap was a drape

17TH CHORUS

"Jamac! Jamac!
De bambi de bambi
Jamac jamac!"

And elegant old quorums
of fortified priests
sighed

De bambi de bambi jamac
Jamac, and eldertwine
old tweedies fought the prize

"Parrac! Motak!
Pastamak arrac!
Arrash!
Crrash!"

Part art tee
tea symphony
ceremonious old bonious
me love you
me

18TH CHORUS

Henry Regalado, l'hero de la
Bataille de Patenaud

God and all the other little people

Esmack, esmack, I esmacka
You on the kisser you too
I thrun nobody oud dis joint
Since Roosevelt had all his joints

And Buddy I knowed
That old Patenaude
Was a fraude from the start,
Tonio me Kruger you that,
Hat—
Pat was the rat that had the hat

Mash patinaud
Crash toures les shows
Grange toutes les villes
les jilles
Mange toutes les filles

19TH CHORUS

The diamond that cuts through
 To the other view
 That I painted all white for you
 I edited your rough stone,
 Produced a diamond show,
 Elephantine was the mine
 Eglantine adamant and mad
 And madly adamantine
 My Allah you mine,
 The diamond of Dipankar
 The prime ripe wreak havoc
 Buddha pra-teeth torn
 Mouth Ya-Hoi-Ya-Hai
 Pastumintapaling porpitoi
 Turnpot of biled pata taters
 Smater Gater the Mater
 O'Shay, rife was the weather
 Was singin was gay,
 Rape were the weathers
 In heaven's O Shay

20TH CHORUS

Old buddy aint you gonna stay by me?
 Didnt we say I'd die by a lonesome tree
 And you come and dont cut me down
 But I'm lying as I be
 Under a deathsome tree
 Under a headache cross
 Under a powerful boss
 Under a hoss

(my kingdom for a hoss
 a hoss
 fork a hoss and head
 for ole Mexico)

Joe, aint you my buddy thee?
 And stay by me, when I fall & die
 In the apricot field
 And you, blue moon, what you doon
 Shining in the sky
 With a glass of port wine
 In your eye
 —Ladies, let fall your drapes
 and we'll have an evening
 of interesting rapes
 inneresting rapes

21ST CHORUS

Let fall the interesting fall
And I lie and be as I be

He stayed up in my case
for quite awhile

Tremendous pace—He was
A petty thief or he'd sell junk
One or the other

I did my best to keep him from
selling junk

French fag from Montreal
Hid the capsules up his ass
And took em out in a restaurant
On Broadway and Ninety Sixth

And I went to Eighty Sixth
Those girls hit up on me
"Man is here!"
And I bought four more caps

And the fag went home with a girl
What a beautiful shape
that woman had

22ND CHORUS

Ha well dear and Ah Men
The wee girl that was comin again
She was for the books
The Ursula plea
That I could not take

O you better baike
O you better bake
A better cake than this
O you better Miss
Yes you better miss
When the thing never will kwiss

O sweetheart and okay
Here's hopin we'll all be away
It was great fun
Bur it was just one a
those tings

23RD CHORUS

Dom dum dom domry

Dom—dom—hahem—

Sum—(creeeeee!)—Hnf—

Shh—Hnf—Shh—Haf

Shhh—Shhh—Hiffff—

—Ma—

Snffff—(bing bring, se ting)

—“Yo conee na nache”—

D ding—d ding—d-ding—

Cramp!—O ya ta dee

—ker blum—kheum—

Hnffff—drrrrrrrr—drosh—

Pepock—Shuffle—t bda—

Want a piece a bread

No

Jack? Hnff—Ta ra ta ra fuee

—Te wa ta ra teur—

Grrr—he na pa powa shetaw—

Tck tick tick Today is Sunday

24TH CHORUS

Eternally the lightning runs
 Through form after form formless
 In positive and negative repose

It makes no difference that your uncle
 Was black with sufferance & bile,
 The whild childscriming skies will
 Always be the muchacho same

Much words been written about it
 The message from infinite
 That will be was brought to us
 Is one

But because it has no name
 We can only call it Bibit

 "It was Liebernaut who had
 the dream of uncovering Carthage"
 The snow in the sea mountains

25TH CHORUS

In Egypt under rosebushes
Fifi's fruits & sweets

My Egyptian connection's
Gonna be late, the conductor
Wouldnt take my change

The Egyptian conductor
Wouldnt nod

Sandalwood and piss and pulque
Burning in every door,
Mighty Marabuda River
Flows along

Sampan and river thieves
And woodsplitters and blind
Thieves' Markets & imbeciles
"See Milan and see the world"

Heppatity the twat kid
Hatted by the racetrack
Horses' moon barns
spun on a gibbee
For lying alone

26TH CHORUS

My poems were stolen
 by Fellaheen Thieves
 In the city of the midnight

The title was "Fellaheen Blues"
 And justice is done to Rome

I'll never see them again
 Learn what sweet development
 I'd harbored up to meditate
 All's left now

 is these hateful
 New Fallaheen Blues
 which mean nothing
 and I hate them

In the other book I cried

Ah-da Ah-da
 the parturient spinsters
 that prate i the dining hall
 Are having blue venison
 To goose their old hymns
 Og

27TH CHORUS

But I'll tell you—electricity
 Runs through all these forms
 And we call it electricity
 And notice the forms
 But what's hopen in nothin
 Is wha hopen in nothin

See?

The butchers a de Bronx
 Ourter now dat

—the late night tweed diners
 Italian restaurants on Bleecker
 that sing in the staring blue street
 with cigarettes of legs

Ourter know dat
 The wild outflow wow open
 O gate of golden honey
 Hopin hill up above
 And below & within
 The kin, aye, my,
 What a roseate balloon
 For lovers of kin

28TH CHORUS

Part of the morning stars
 The moon and the mail
 The ravenous X, the raving ache,
 —the moon Sittle La
 Pottle, teh, teh, teh,—
 The tatata of thusness
 Twatting everywhere—

The poets in owlish old rooms
 who write bent over words
 know that words were invented
 Because nothing was nothing

In use of words, use words,
the X and the blank
 And the Emperor's white page
 And the last of the Bulls
 Before spring operates
 Are all lotsa nothin
 which we got anyway
 So we'll deal in the night
 in the market of words

29TH CHORUS

And he sits embrowned
in a brown chest
Before the palish priests

And he points delicately
at the sky
With palm and forefinger

And's got a halo
of gate black

And's got a hawknosed
watcher who loves to hate

But has learned to meditate
It do no good to hate

So watches, roseate laurel
on head
In back of Prince Avolokitesvar
Who moos with snow hand
And laces with pearls
the sea's majesty

ELEVEN VERSES OF GARVER

31ST CHORUS

I

I had a slouch hat too one time
The old slouch hat
I just keep walkin around
And he keeps walkin around with me
Around and round that necktie
counter we went
When it rained I wore my old
slouch hat

It was a good felt that
I had to carry through many
rainy day, late fall
and the early spring

Perhaps it was a rainy day
And the house dick mighta saw
My hat
Each tie on that ring
Worth six bucks, Brooks Brothers,
Sixty bucks wortha ties
Slacks with peculiarities
I couldnt even find a pair of slacks
I thought it was suitable to wear

32ND CHORUS

II

Wrapped one pair around me
 And pinned it with a safety pin
 And pulled up my trousers and
 Went out looked at myself in the mirror
 'O no, those wont do'
 And I walked out

Wrap the slacks around my waist

Took two other pair
 went to the mirror
 threw them at the salesman
 'No those wont do—good
 afternoon' and walked out

The slouch hat I got at Harvard
 Club, Yale Club, Princeton Club
 one or the other
 Dartmouth Club
 University Club

Always barred the Yatch Club
 because it was a little over
 my kin

33RD CHORUS

III

The doorman knew that only
Mr Astor Mr Vanderbilt
Mr Whitney belonged

He couldnt say 'Good morning
Mister Astor' because
he knew I wasnt Mister
Astor

I always figured a way to heel
into those other clubs

Not only a member of Who's
Who but a Who's Who
also have to be a member
of Who's Who in New York
in the special clique of Who's

Hoo—slouch hat!

I get in the Athletic Club
many time

34TH CHORUS

IV

And I'd go up in the Billiard Room
And I would wander back around
The room, hands in back,
And every coat rack I backed
Up against feel for the wallet
 One day I walked
 Outa there with ten wallets

Bellboy lookin me over
Pretty soon a very dignified looking
 gentleman came up and buzzed
 the bell boy

He says "Who?" and I says
"Man told me his name, while
 We're drinkin at the bar,
 And told me to meet him
 In the billiard-room
 of the Athletic Club
I dont see him—so I best I
 better go"

35TH CHORUS

V

"Tell me about the old slouch
hat"

One of my numerous trips
to one of the numerous clubs
in New York City

The hat finally was left
in the hotel
which I had to leave
rather hurriedly one night
never to return
so the hat was given
to the castoffs of the hotel
which they collect
and rummage sells

May now be worn by one
Of the members of Skid Row

New York City—the Bowery

"I seen that hat
by moonlight"

36TH CHORUS

VI

I had a pointed mustache
and I mean pointed
half inch from here

Double breasted vest
and a Derby hat
and striped trousers
English shoes, black,
very pointed, they were
Hannah Shoes

People on Broadway'd turn
and look at me

The worst is yet to come
I had a pince nez
with a long black ribbon
to my buttonhole

And I wore a carnation
white or red

Boy did I look like somethin

37TH CHORUS

VII

A year later I got caught
I was dressed differently
and everything
But boy that mustache
and that pince nez
was really out of this world

I used that outfit six months
I finally had to pack it in
because it was too well-worn

Pince nez was in a coat
I stole
Mustache I grew in the
sanirarium
While taking one of my
numerous drug cures

My mother'd come to see me
She says "Oh No!
Cut it off!"
"I'm just havin a little fun, mother"

38TH CHORUS

VIII

Took it on the lam
And went to Canada

late at night I'm fulla
morphine and I come down
fulla goofballs too

This guy had ventriloquist doll
And he gave out this Texas Guinan
Routine "Hello Sucker, we
like your money as well
as anybody else's—s matter
of fact the bigger your roll
the more we take ya"

He used to get everybody
interested with the doll
and cutout silhouettes
put stripes in your tie

Wound up in his room
gave him a shot of morphine

39TH CHORUS

IX

Out on the highway I thumbed a ride
into Buffalo and I put the bum
on the guy for something to eat
—‘Eat in my drugstore’—
So we went in the back
And he had corn on the cob
And boiled potatoes, ‘Say fellow
I always hear people talk
about morphine, what’s it look
like?’—he shows me—he
had a key a cabinet and
he had bottles of hundreds
quartergrains halfgrains
pantapon delauidit everything
and soon as he tended
the customers I emptied the
bottles—got outa there pretty
quick, bought a safety pin
in Buffalo and took a shot
in the toilet

40TH CHORUS

X

Come out and saw a fellow
shaving, his coat hanging there,
hung my own coat and gave
his coat a brush of my hand,
felt his wallet, washed my hands,
and went out and took off
with the wallet

So I started out on a sboplifting
campaign in Buffalo
wasnt very experienced at it

Started out with a topcoat
and I sold it in a taxicab stand

Next day I decided to get myself
some suits

and I went up

I had a suitbox

I walked about & put the suitbox
in one of the dressingrooms

Looked & fooled in the mirror

Went out, I bocked those two

41ST CHORUS

XI

Next day like a damn fool
 go out to the same store
 but I got a newspaper
 instead of a suitcase
 thought I'd try
 a new routine

Two guys kinda watchin me
 I went in wrapped myself up
 two suits
 went in the elevator
 bottom gentleman
 tapped me on the arm
 'Will you come with me
 please?'

And the County Jail they ate
 breakfast and got oatmeal
 with one spoonful of molasses,
 for lunch stew, mostly bones,
 Graveyard Stew, and for supper
 dinner at night
 Beans—and you couldnt smoke



42ND CHORUS

Kayo Mullins is always yelling
 and stealing old men's shoes
 Moon comes home drunk, kerplunk,
 Somebody hit him with a pisspot
 Major Hoople's always harrumfing
 Egad kaff kaff all that
 Showing little kids fly kites right
 And breaking windows of fame

Blemish me Lil Abner is gone
 His brother is okay, Daisy Mae
 and the Wolf-Gal

Ah who cares?
 Subjects make me sick
 all I want is C'est Foi
 Hope one time
 bullshit in the tree

Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
 I've had enough of foolin me
 And making silly imagery
 Harrumph me katt
 I think I'll take off
 For Cat and fish

44TH CHORUS

High Cascades or Mexico—
 headaches
 Travel everywhere

Forms and cosrumes and noses
 All this changing literature
 Cyrano de Bergerac, King
 of the French underworld
 King for a day, Henry V,
Falstaff his father, Henry IV,
 Warlike stools frowning in
 'We have no more use
 For your caisson iron,
 It's too fat

and the water too vile,
 I'll vouch for the master
 but water your while
 had better be bile
 to judge from the green
 of the innocent liquid'

Reading, naught, words, styles
 The only thing matter is otay

45TH CHORUS

English Literature
a School of Writing

French Literature
was closed off

How tight the lips of Zola the
Master

Wont tell how he grips his pen
To consorts of learners

English, Old Shakespeare gathered
bout him minor figures
like Ben Jonson
Maurie O'Tay
Henry Fenelon
And Molly O'Day

Irish Literature—that was
where the brabac originated
from
Wood cracking in the sea

46TH CHORUS

And what is God?
 The unspeakable, the untellable,
 —

Rejoice in the Lamb, sang
 Christopher Smart, who
 drives me crazy, because
 he's so smart, and I'm
 so smart, and both of us
 are crazy

No,—what is God?
 The impossible, the impeachable
 Unimpeachable Prezi-dent
 of the Pepsodent Universe
 but with no body & no brain
 no business and no tie
 no candle and no high
 no wise and no smart guy
 no nothing, no no nothing,
 no anything, no-word, yes-word,
 everything, anything, God,
 rbe guy that aint a guy,
 the thing that cant be
 and can
 and is
 and isnt

47TH CHORUS

Beverly Dickinson, wasn't it,
 the distraught perfect poetess
 who lived in New Hampshire
 and wrote about roots & roses

Sweet old Beverly I remember her well
 and her attic was fragrant,
 her Attican divine
 her storm bird
 her fence story
 her bee inside
 her butterfly
 her broom
 her Majesty
 the Queen

Said, "Emily Dickinson is as great
 as Shakespeare sometimes,"
 said T. S. Eliot's editor
 Robert Giroux, swell fellow—
 Her Attic divine, her antic,
 —her

Sang in the blue hill
 her larks and mimes
 And died all a silent
 in her prophecy tomb

48TH CHORUS

Dans son tombeau
 Elle a gagnée
 Toutes les lignes noires
 D'Eternité

Que' s' trouve dans la terre
 Quand qu'l mouille dans l'Hiver

Salonge!—Mompress!
 Traboune!—Partance!

Elle a trouvée dejas
 L'ange d'Archanciel
 Couchez dans la mer
 D'été d'nuée

Aye, oui, mes Anges toutes Francais
 Mes tours d'ircanciel

Ma miel, mon or,
 Mes ames deshonorées,
 Mes troublages, mes lignes,
 Mon vin sur la table
 Ou sur le plancher

49TH CHORUS

Book of Dreams

(Written in dream language)

Old Hosapho we wont let up
 And hear me sing the
 hm—Ole Hosapho
 he wont let me record
 me dream language

Ooogh! he upped & come back
 Ole Hosapho
 But now he's down's
 Gone down boy again

Hay Hosapho, say sumptin!
 Hoy Hosapho, Roil!
 Nope Hosapho stay lead down
 —A mani a Gloria—
 Tinkle tinkle laughter
 Dingle little pretties
 everything's happening everywhere

50TH CHORUS

My real choice was to go
to Princeton—I wanted
to be orange and black
on the football field

and orange Varsity letters
on black wool jackets
with buttons, and elm trees
and Sunday afternoon
the swish of the snow
and Einstein in his yard
and All's Well with
the Emily Dickinson world

And drive to New Hope
for a drink
or lobster

And take the sad train
on the platform of night
And ride into riot New York
On a Saturday Night
To go see Counr Basie
Baying at the Lincoln
With Lester Otay Young
On Tenor Saxophone

51ST CHORUS

Boy, sa den du coeur, sa, le bon
vin—Mama, c'est'l'port
si fort, le vin divin—

Aye, oui, mais écoute—dans
les milieus de les nuits,
tu wé, sa den du coeur,
sa den du coeur

Ca fa du bien au beson

Besoigne?—Di mué pas la
besogne maudit, la bédenne,
maudit, la bédenne,
sa fa du bien a bédenne
pauvr' bédenne

A, y parle tu aussi bien
q'ca
a Milan
les Italiens a gueules
Nous autres aussi on a une
belle lagne qui clacke

52ND CHORUS

Dog with mouths, in Navajoa,
 bent down to the mud
 and slippered shining entrails
 in the morning Sinaloa sun
 of a dead rabbit

Then the bus come and run
 it over, the rabbit, sullen
 dog skimpered off a minute,
 came back to repeat his
 refec-tion \

Oh well, shiney priests
 eat goodies
in every store they see

Old Navajoa shit dog, you,
 your goodies are the goodiest
 goodies I ever did see, how
 dog you shore look mad
 when yer bayin

Hoo Hound-dog!
 dont eat that dead rabbit
 in front of my face raw
 —cook it a lil bit

53RD CHORUS

I had a scrap with a doctor
one night
We were both drunk
I said "Just because you're
a doctor you think you're
so smart, if you're
going to report me go
ahead you prick"

And I fell off the stool
I was fulla goofballs

He went to the other doctor
"You better look this guy
up, he must be some kind
of a phoney"

Pony the pony the pony
the pra
Pony the pony the pony
the pra

54TH CHORUS

I got a grass jaw, boys,
 I say, and knock out Ray
 Robinson in the first minute
 of the first round

Then they bring in Tiger Jones
 because I made no bones
 about how I was out to
 Kayo Robinson, moonbless him

Tiger Jones comes on me all
 fists, hard puncher, I got
 nothing to do but retreat
 or turn into grass, so

I dance
 right in
 to his arms
 reach
 and plow him all over
 with crazy little punches
 some of which are hard
 and we wake up

55TH CHORUS

Someday they'll have monuments
 set up to reverend the mad
 people of today in madhouses

As early pioneers in the knowing
 that when you lose your reason
 you attain highest perfect knowing

Which is devoid of predicates
 such as: "I am, I will, I reason—"
 —devoid of saying:—"I will do it"
 —devoid

Devoid of insanity as well by virtue
 of no contact

But meanwhile these deterministic
 doctors really do believe that mad
 is mad—

And have erected a billion-dollar
 religion to it, called, Psycho-medicine,
 and ah—

Well we'll know the sanity
 of Ard Bar

In the morning, some time, alone

56TH CHORUS

Some'll go mad with numbers
Some'll go mad with words

Some'll pretend to lose reason
And lose reason anyway

Some wont, some'll be secret,
Some'll screw in long black
rooms
With the fantastic short-haired
Beauty who lies on the bed
listening

To Sinatra—some'll be candleflame
jiggling gently in the night

Some'll be racetrack operators,
some'll have soap in their pockets

Some'll sing in the Bronx Jail
and some wont sing in Riker's

Some'll come out of it
with iron heads

Some'll wear coats
and hard of it

57TH CHORUS

The monstrous jailer, he wouldnt let me
 outa that jailhouse—
 till I had smoked all the tea
 I could smoke, 'Finish up!'
 he said, & prodded me

And I gotta take big long hikes
 of draw on that cigarette tree

How'd I get outa that jail?
 By forgetting all about me

Which was the best raspberry tree
 They ever ternevented in ole
 Donnesfree
 Cause I figure there's no difference
 rwixt me and dead dog mud
 Made of bones and take your pick,
 sulphur or Innisfree

How'd they ever get that tap
 outa me?

Wasnt I tired givin?
 hard tap

Family tree.

I wasnr sweet givin.

58TH CHORUS

Las ombras vengadora
 they say in little taco joints
 when the shadows are coming
 at about dusk-time, in Azteca,
 modern Fellaheena Mexico,
 Las ombras vengadora
 Lass ombras venga dora
 Most beautiful sound in the world
 hep!

Swing up the team, bring up
 the gangs, say, didnt I yell
 at you a minute ago?

Hoy!

Las ombras vengadora
 in little taco sad joints
 on Sunday Afternoon
 and fathers are home
 honoring their sons

59TH CHORUS

Fantasm crazam crazam
 Joe Kennedy stops me on
 the sidewalk of the Immemorial
 University—ack hook
 You got your prick out.

I look down, no such thing

What are your two balls
 doing hanging on the sidewalk?

I think I'll squat & shit—
 We both squat facing each
 other on the campus
 If ya know what I mean,
 cream, we squat
 practice 'mitare Aristophanes
 and sir there roo laughing
 and talking, Kennedy,
 one of my first mature
 Irishmen

Face each other with feet
 partly out, like in Esquire
 the phonies showing their shoes
 Squat n Shirt!

60TH CHORUS

I purified language early in my
 young days, I purified & squatted
 & beshitted on pages, sophomore,
 on my typewriter, all the dirty
 words I could think of

squirify & squat & shir
 And slit—and finally I'm
 in history class & the professor
 says 'Kerouac—what you
 dreamin about?'

And I shhoudda said Ack—
 Pack—Squirify and squat
 and shit, who wants to hear
 about the aniards and breast
 plates of warriors of the

Medieval Ages

I wanta know about the people
 on the street, what they doin?
 And what the high art
 hark squambling in his quiet
 temple moonlit gambymoon
 writing jingles & jongles
 for the pretties on the square

61ST CHORUS

Orizaba Rooftop blues
 Listenin to the street news
 Saturday night down there
 Pleep! went the new little bike
 horn
 As the cat pleeped it with his
 Foot zinging the bike across
 the fantastic bus-driven corners
 Barging everywhere, he just angles
 and amples
 like Stan Getz on tenor
 And swings around right around
 the fender okay

Orizaba rooftop, Orizaba Rooftop,
 Blue, blue, blue
 Blue's made of shiny everyway

Orizaba honk-honk, bus motors
 Riding high for the clutch, tired,
 Faces green on the benches,
 Ikons in the corner
 Tails of little fenelet
 serpents hanging from the fender

Aik, motorcycle of no-cops,
 Hotrods & Deans of Mexico,
 Aik, aik, aik Mexico
 BORRACHO GUAPO BANJO

62ND CHORUS

Pipestoon the Ribber & wobbled
old ladies of shame. the same.

party twan twit Twittenden
Charley, 'Awfully good fuck!'

he yells out the train window,
to his waving host of the weekend,
'I say old chap, really!!'

and then Commando Poltroon
comes platooning up in mudsplash,
Monty, examining every commando
standing naked in the rain,

'That hurt?' whacking
a guy on the rib, 'No
sir,' 'Why not?'

'Commando, sir'

Finally he comes to a man
with a long hardon, & whacks
it with his military crop
—with his baton—

'That hurt?' 'No sir'

"Why not?"

"Man behind me sir."

63RD CHORUS

The star is reflected in the puddle
 and the star dont care
 and the puddle dont care
 Nothing is thinking
 not even the puddle poet

That's why "This Thinking Has Stopped"
 Is the best way I know to imitate
 this starry state of affairs
 in puddles

Plass! splash!—wait a minute!—
 wait a second buddy while I
 hock up old Desroches three
 sacrifices

For each sacrifice you're reborn
 and you're only reborn once
 because there is only One
 Sin

Slatter me pet Charley, T-rod,
 pettle pole and all, believes,
 and goes rosing in the woods

Purt! Foley! Words! Names!
 Ahab, Starbuck & Pip
 Iago and Poltroon
 and Pipestaff the Ribber
 —pain, pain, the no-name retoin

64TH CHORUS

On the street I seen three guys
 standing talking quietly in the sun
 and suddenly one guy leaps in pain
 and whacks his fingers in the air
 as he's burned his hand
 with a match
 lighting a butt

The other two guys dont even
 know this,
 they go right on talking
 gesticulating with hands

I seen it, it was on San Jose
 Boulevard in St Joseph
 Missouri, nineteen thirty
 two

Them guys didnt even realize
 pain is one thing, everywhere?

Whai? Every golden
 sweetgirl come & befawdle
 her pillow in my hair
 and I dont care?
 Wha?

65TH CHORUS

JEWISH GOY IN N.Y.

Wha? Whaddayou mean,
 there are ten thousands mysteries
 of me by the millions standing
 with hand-molded shows
 and sports jacket
 and no hair

bouncing along in one long corridor
 of images in a mirror
 into infinity
 eternity
 call it what you will!

I know that!—You dont have
 pull that Buddha-stuff
 on me, Jack, I dont care

I've seen me in the picture
 stretched out everywhere
 it dont matter?
 Who cares!

I go to Lefty's & eat pastrami
 on Sunday afternoon,
 with mustard—I go hear
 some music at Carnegie Hall
 —I lay my wife—
 I sit on the bed, work

Who cares? Wha?
 What's the moon got?

66TH CHORUS

What's the moon got but tunes?
 Wha? I dont care I'll talk
 I'll stand right here talk
 till doomsday, nobody care,
 nobody say, who knows? who
 wants? What's gonna free
 what from what? Shit!

Gold! Girl! Honey! Call!
 Whar you will, call it,
 shit, I'll sit, I'll talk,
 I'll hang all day, because,
 it doesnt matter, you talk
 about it doesnt matter
 but you dont realize how
 doesnt-matter
 it really doesnt-matters,

Wow man, I mean,

Sure, shoes, Shows, Hand
 painted molds from azimuth
 shoes, azipeth azipor
 azinine blues, you got,
 who cares, tsawright, eat,
 pickles in the barrel—
 —hail a cab—
 do what you want

67TH CHORUS

"It all goes down the same hole"
 said Allen, eating cake & food
 in a restaurant, with milk
 in his coffee, no milk in the can,
 no sense in the sour bottom
 of that can

All goes up the same sky,
 all sucks on same air,
 all plops drops impregnates
 and saves anywhere
 The same limitation gentiles
 the crave for a show
 on notwithstanding lost bibles
 dedicating the mystery
 to a vain empty show,
 'Vanity of Vanities,
 All is Vanity'
 "Behold her breasts are like
 fawns"
 in the summer air,
 Her eyes are like doves,
 skin like the tents
 —Skin like the rents
 in the heavenly air

68TH CHORUS

A murder · stern gird

A million dollar ba by

Ack

Rowers of galleys,

Candle lights,

Hearners of yorn,

Parturient ones,

Poo,

Patch art part tea

Gart and band thee

Harden thy garkle

And get ye no purple kirtles

Ere aye mice Burns

Hands Mc Caedmon let loose

His last tired crazy pom

‘Hung la terre,

hang the twarrie,

part de twaklockleme,

gockle somackle magee’

Down with the back rooms

Of Dublin

69TH CHORUS

PRAYER

God, protect me!
See that I dont defecate
on the Holy See

See that I dont
murder the bee

God! be kind!
Free all your dedicate
angels, for me

Or if not for me
for anybody

God! Hold fast!
I'm dying in your arms
delicately

Ah God be merciful
to Princeton me

Ah God, alack a God,
nobody farms
amnesty

70TH CHORUS

I

There'll be no more ginger ale
 for me
 goodbye ginger ale
 when I die
 in Innisfree

That's where I'll go to die
 to look and die
 I'll never go there now

Because I've already told the boys
 at the paper
 the sound is crashing me

And they ate paper
 And it was a paper party

But when the bell longed toll,
 And we all had to pay,
 "Die in my arms, lamb,"
 sang Rudy Vallee
 from here to eternity

Die in my that's a beautiful arms,
 lad,
 Die in my that's a beautiful arms,
 said God
 To me

71ST CHORUS

II

That's just something
that isn't written
in Wells' history

That's something, Window Knock,
when you can make me
pray me

That'll do the reading
in London Library

And in Dublin I is free
To read
Old Innisfree

And then I'll read Finn
Again, and meet Magee
In a back alley

And get to know
Donnelly
And the brothers Donnelly

That's where I'll be,
My Arma Carney,
I'll be dyin
down in Innisfree
Waiting for ye
Mary Carney

ORLANDA BLUES

1ST CHORUS

Le corp de la verité
pouvre dans la terre

The body of truth
rots in the earth

nourriture dans la terre

Sanchez fourwinds bigtown,
dont wail that at me
Fraserville Quebec
comes back to me

In the night sun sleep
warm, store it in tanks

Blues of Old Virginia tree
moonbottles over kiss time
listener appeal
Kissland
Kissimee Florida
These are Orlanda Blues

2ND CHORUS

O Cross on my wall
O body of Christ

When I was awright
Saturday night

Little in your arms
your thousands of years

In electric resist I wanted
to soul the liking I saw
—*words*

(musician pauses)

3RD CHORUS

This book is too nice for me
 They made Clay Felker editor
 of Esquire
 Or Rust Hills one
 and what ever happened to glass
 and the joke about the Lord.

The Lord is my Agent.

My message is blah blah blah

My yort tackalitwingingly
 pasta vala tt, yea, p,
 my reurnent gollagigle
 dil plat most-rat, my
 erneecalieing cralmaa
 toorh, ant, mop, sh,
 my devoid less 2 immensity
 secret muzning midnight,
 my whatzir
 you wanta
 know
 Whatzit!
 Joy Look out!

4TH CHORUS

Joy look in,
 look in,
 the pretty
 sin

Loy, t a n ct b
 I fooled with the long
 overload
 (wrong over road?)
 wronk

What a moistious wronk
 we're in fair words,
 or is it wairds
 in your part
 of the
 Kelp,
 Laird

In Scotland we just throw
 the bones to the dogs
 & toast at the
 fireplace

5TH CHORUS

Well then let's have a toast

I wonder if I can write
poems just like Gregory

Croso:—let's see:—

The dead are dead,

I'll resurrect them with

this song, O fall

you fair held

cities—

(wood wood wood)

O held the fair held

in the skinny bar!

(the skinny bar held Indian
sonofabitch)

So North Mood wrote:—

C o l r i n g—The Gregory
says "Eels & gripplings

in

my

eaves"

6TH CHORUS

Finally I was in Stockholm at last
 Cold night
 Dark in Swedenborg

Zeldipeldi my junkey friend
 from N.Y. and Maldo
 Saldo the hot trumpeter
 from Nigeria, turned on
 in the cold room overlooking
 black rooftops of winter,
 Sweden night skies February,
 Ommani pahdme hom

I wanted to catch a train
 to the Capital

I was on a seacoast town,
 the name of it was Fidel
 or Fido
 wow, mominu,
 You dont know how far
 that sky
 go

7TH CHORUS

Message from Orlanda:—

You guys cant explore
all of outer space, unless
you want to spend
a million million million
million million million
billion billion bullion
bullion years at it
—and when you gets
there, and you cant
even get there, give my
regards ro Captain Bligh

And lissen, before you leave,
how bringin my money
with you to preserve
in eternity, see, I
can cash in when
I get there & spend it
on
space
travel

8TH CHORUS

Thats awright, space'll carry
 us maybe like little eggs,
 the buggy children work
 their way out
 to the surface
 of the egg,
 to the shell,
 they swim soft,
 & they get there
 & meet God
 The Shell
 The Shell
 hard & cold
 against the cold
 gray sun
 blood
 in
 your
 Father's
 Long Winter
 Underwear

 So sleep

9TH CHORUS

Me, I'm worried I'm a secret sinner
 and God
 Ole Tangerine
 I call Him
 because one day I was settin
 under trees
 in
 a
 chair

And deciding what name
 to give to God, is it
 a personal God? & blam
 the little tangerine
 landed
 squarely
 on my
 head
 like Newton's
 underwear,

& so I saw it personal
 And I say the moral is simple

10TH CHORUS

But it landed right on the
 tippy tiptop
 of the sconce,
 Jazz,
 dazz,
 and that's why I believe
 (since it's all grinning
 in there)
 it was a little
 tap reminder

I dont *need* thunderclouds!

"Maybe Eden aint so
 lonesome as New England
 used to be," said Emily
 Dickinson sitting with
 a tangerine in her hand

(They shipped it from Cuba)
 It was a great show
 Gasser!

11TH CHORUS

I guess God is alright
 He'll take care of us

But there are perturbing roots
 in these trees,

that claw in earth
 & outa fingernails
 as long as Malaya
 eat up thru sucktubes
 the juice of the mother
 Terra Firma
 Mona Leisure

& these roots remind you
 of the roots in your grave
 I wish I could be cremated
 & sprung
 (to the wave),
 but Ah, hell, I donno
 I think I'll go to
 Sapplewhile
 & idle away the
 unfinished poem

12TH CHORUS

The evening silencius

Poetry

is so pretty

When you silence it like that

It's nice to pop pearl pages

the candlelight, you know,

is dedicated to poets

Okay—dreaming fields—Blake

wants to hear the latest development

in the man the way the bleat

lambs bleakly blake it now

and that is soft,

Ah William,

I guess as soft as Spanish

dreams, what was it Trappist

said:— “Goats

as

soft

as

sleep”

Something like that

Farewell

13TH CHORUS

Jack Micheline

"Feet of children playing by
the mill"—he didnt say
hill—When tongue gets
caught inside the lapels
of the mouth, that's what
I wanta hear—Like Fred
Katz the cellist—or is
it chellist?

"Tongue crucified, seven stitched"
is pretty weird

Make it down to New Orleans
one of these days
says Moonlight Martin

"Maniac massacred" on account
of "blinded on stone"

Wow, whatze mean?

Like Wolfe's Underground, mad dog
choking in tunnels of bate

"Spring has come
yellow teeth & black hair"

14TH CHORUS

is exactly like the magnificent
 haiku mailed to President
 Eisenhower by Manosuke
 Kambe

“They have succeeded
 in shooting up a star
 And Spring is near”

Yeah, where down yonder
 in you now Where

Now I'm getting to sound
 like a drearissime
 tangerine

Folks, read Jack Micheline,
 n doubt about it
 He's a great poet
 And see?—read Gregory Corso
 too all about “bookies
 & chickenpluckers”
 & Read Competition Ginsberg
 the maddest brain
 in poetry

15TH CHORUS

Ginsberg has a poet who
 has a "great precise
 practical benevolence

& new understanding,"
 and I have Jack

Micheline, Steve Tropp,
 Steve White, and
 many other naked heads

What I wrote first I kept,
 because I figure

God moves
 the body hand
 because
 the body of the truth
 is a body
 corruptible
 in graves
 though
 nourishing,

O Schweitzer
 Africa Trumpet!

16TH CHORUS

(And George Jones blows too!)

"Kneeling in the sun beside
the bright red mad beauties
of Street!" sings Corso

"I drag him into
myricolorous St Chapelle
Stained Glass marvel,"
sings Ginsberg

Dont discourage
the poets!

Sings Jack Micheline:
"And kiss the strangers
& plant the seeds of life among the dead"

Because it's a distant
hightone rail
"Flower of cities"

17TH CHORUS

And these sweet lines revive
 the open poetry of hope
 in old America
 long fish

And this sweet moth revised
 the entelechy
 in my endebechy
 in old pardodechy
 where Croo-Ba
 made it working
 boy girls in

He was hanged in the closet
 The King ate sliced sage
 John the Baptist had no head
 Jesus had nails in his skin
 The Neon's nailed to me
 I wisb I were dead
 Or King of Ronald Colman
 country, or Kin to Sariputra
 Shakespeare, one

18TH CHORUS

Well, s'long as barrel womps we'll
 womp em on in, Used to write
 poems about Princeton boy rose

Also Baltimore bleedings
 & think rabbit plate
 shit

I wish I had
 a way
 to make
 Tuesday Sarah
 come by
 any day

With China throwup
 hadnt Puttered
 men with me

but bile was free,
 & girl long blonde
 taffy pull

I guess best thing to do
 is to write to
 Blues Bessie

19TH CHORUS

I wonder what Emily's thinkin
 in that groomus earth of
 coral snakes & alligators
 on the sidewalk, is she got down
 by Sunday in the Tomb, or
 does time matter no blow out
 bulbs of shame, Jesus, what
 shame in eyelid war life
 no shame at all in eyelid
 ant eat

 allied ant eat
 What wars Bismarck plotted
 on accounta ambitious
 bishops, I dont know,
 what Colbert built
 for Mazarin slurp,
 or why French Blond
 Hero bombs black
 Arab dream in sand
 of Berber Ya ke
 Silhouette Blue men
 veil, kill me, I'se
 free

20TH CHORUS

Jazz killed itself
 But dont let poetry kill itself
 Dont be afraid
 of the cold night air

Dont listen to institutions
 When you return manuscripts to
 brownstone
 dont bow & scuffle
 for Edith Wharton pioneers
 or ursula major nebraska prose
 just hang in your own backyard
 & laugh play pretty
 cake trombone
 & if somebody gives you beads
 juju, jew, or otherwise,
 sleep with em around your neck
 Your dreams'll maybe better

There's no rain,
 there's no me,
 I'm telling ya man
 sure as shit

21ST CHORUS

That cat's in paradise
 The noise of automobile sigh
 dout interfere with the knowing
 of me or any paper party
 but's what smat smeldied
 on hey-now, Zulch!

Truth is, cry

Because the radar never was invented
 could find paradise sound
 or cat lost in the night
 radarless
 radar-less
 rad-arless
 radarle-ss

rrrrt
 branged suitcases as a kid
 & sang to Glenn Miller's
 Moonlight Serenade
 & Laid
 But O, Lord above,
 have pity on my
 missin kitty

22ND CHORUS

Usta smear ma lips with whiskey
 Fred and open up the doors
 to make a joke—while
 women waited
 and Bert Lahr waited
 playing what he waited
 like Duke Ellington

used to sit staring at Seymour
 who implied to me the swing
 of the music by his
 low crash
 high abidin
 shoulders,
 P a p,
 and what wow hoo?

T h o t l a t n a p e
 Compose Vehicle
 Special
 Banana
 Nine

23RD CHORUS

Bat bow
 lack Jack
 swing Bing
 that's right!
 Yes
 backwards—wail—
 You're gut okay man
 swing on along
 I don't care
 I can do it
 too
 Orlak + +
 see

24TH CHORUS

If you once
 for all good
 times
 Man's fine,
 know
 YOU KNOW

25TH CHORUS

My mind! even harder than
my path, my freedom
is in piano

O, wow, wild wow

NBC OOO

piano

Like Lee Konitz

sky,

Yay, wow?

Sluke!

Slow! Swing? THEN

YOU GO—

That new tenor cat
made me drop my pencil,

Elvin Jones

26TH CHORUS

Zoot Sims
and his
Johnny Williams
"This Happy Leaping Thing"
Kitty Drum Barry
Gray, you like cemetary
swing?
"Big Xmas Seal"
Hockey teams—?
Al? —shape
lay, & the Elington
Good high school
sex orgy
girls
in the woods
of
rape,
nun dear

27TH CHORUS

The New Orleans New York
Club

wishes to announce
the opening
of
new sessions,
& new fields, Daddio,

Dave Brubeck's
the swingiest

And I wish to say
Farewell

to
Al
Smith

Hello Dave

28TH CHORUS

For Minors Only
 is the name of a new record
 all about trumpet
 & trimban

Zlap
 Peter Orlovsky
 is the cat to play to

You see dont you dig
 on all sides
 the wild sounds?
 and o the conceptions
 you made
 on
 Thursday
 afternoon

trumpet man, dont blow
 that thing at me,
 blow it to
 banana

29TH CHORUS

Timmy got back,
soft Blakey lamb

Timmy got back
& wrote rhymes

And we sat purring on the bed
with Tammy

And made it 5 percent
thousand

Times a day, swinging,
we had sand,
We had Gothic top
Cathedral girls

Bur O in Euniceburg
they footballed
Stupid me from Edgar
Lear's interior
Majesty

30TH CHORUS

No, this lamby bit
Is what I mean

O Orlando, O sweet

No Orlander phonecalls
Georgia Flowerbranch

Lamby mean, William,
Lamb dust? Nnaaa!
Softy uglu flutey?
Almost—

Pan flute Erdic
Shook spear
that Venusian cunt
was neat when
I se a Nigger
was
a
baby

31ST CHORUS

O Gary Snyder
we work in many ways

In Montreal I suffered tile
and rain

In Additional Christmas
waylayed babes

In old crow Hotels
full of blue babes
in pink dressinggowns
down

But O Gary Snyder,
where'd you go,
What I meant was
there you go

In Montreal I worked a manied-way

And, better than Old Post,
I learned t'appreciate
in many ways
Montreal, Soulsville,
and Drain

32ND CHORUS

Listening to a guy play
tenor saxophone &
keep the tune inside
chords & structures,
as sweetly as this,
you'll experience
the same
fitly thrill
you got from Mozart

It is pure musical beauty,
like a musicale
among wigs

People who dont understand
jazz are tone-deaf
& dont understand
what tone-deaf &
simply deaf
meant to Ludwig

33RD CHORUS

van
Beethoven

*

Goats as soft as break
of day
In swamp
Mexico

*

Can diamond cut iron?
Diamond cuts glass
glass links

But can it cut
An iron link?

Nirvana means Cut-Link

If diamond dont cut glass
or iron dont count,
hey?
maybe the Wisdom Vow
o the Diamondcutter
may have made ir

34TH CHORUS

The only responsibility to a child
is to feed, the rest is
interference

Can you just see
a man arrested
for letting his daughter
fuck
 around the block
 anyway
 anywhere
just so long as she got
home to eat her
dinner, he's telling
 the cops
 absolutely that

And the girl gets married?
I have a bunch of stray cats
in my yard

I wouldnt *have* a daughter

35TH CHORUS

Whattayouwanta have er for
You wanta sling sperm
over her?
Avin her now, ey you
old reprobate

Lissen, just keep that daughter
away from my knees
after she's thirteen

And between ten & that
tell her to lay off
the rough stuff

With boys you can play
as rough as you want,
but once ye spank em
they hate you forever

Oi Karamazov!

36TH CHORUS

O Apollo

Men

are the beautiful

The women miss cats

Cads & rogues
of Montreal all,

or blue diers in deep pars
asking for golfscore

But in any Case
tsa united press

37TH CHORUS

Old dotin old fuck

There's this old man,
 he come down this road
 just a walking with some
 a whatyamaycallit
 in a big bottle

& I dont know what was in it
 & it come night
 & I was in my house
 & here come this old man
 down the road
 drinking outa that bottle
 And there was Allen Wayne
 in his house

38TH CHORUS

& he had to hang this sheet
 on the clothesline

& that old man dropped
 that bottle in his
 yard

& that shu old man
 dropped that bottle
 down that road

And that's all,
 Uncle Fred

39TH CHORUS

Maybe it's resting in the arms
 of Jesus,
 or just a cloudy windy day
 In the trees

*

But since there's an infinite
 amount of angels,
 and Infinite ends in no 's,'
 it must be
 one angel

Infinites Angels?

Maybe that bird that floats
 hill belly on the wind up there,
 and that cat
 that pats
 in this grass,
 is the same
 Infinite
 Worldwide
 Angel

40TH CHORUS

A hard hearted old farmer
hidin his wine in the cellar

When he goes out he wears
earmuffs

He has a doublebitted axe
sharp enough
to shave shit

His people are all buried
in the same cemetery,
which is locared
under the doorstep
where the boy
couldnt get through
from the romb

41ST CHORUS

If we do battle,
Monsieur,
And you lose,
I gain nothing,
And if I lose,
you gain
Satisfaction

This is what the peasant said
when the aristocrat
challenged him to a duel

Women move slowly
but they dont stop

Europe, weep in your gloomy
rain

I brought it to him
so I could get you
in Paradise

42ND CHORUS

Abraham, drinking water by the tents

Pacing up & down the soft sand
under the stars

Worrying about Villages

Wondering if your vision was real
or just a foolish importunity
in your mind.

Yet moving on in the morning anyway
with the rattle of pack asses.

Abraham, the dew is in your beard
Abraham my eyes are open
You are weird

Abraham they've brought you
Your rooftops are mended

Your women bend no more
their heads under the sleepy
tentflap, & goats dont yew
& cry nomo in the singsong
tentvillage night

43RD CHORUS

Abraham I didnt write this right

44TH CHORUS

Dont ever come to Florida

A man was gettin up for work
 & reached under his bed
 in Kissimee
 and a coral snake
 bit him, February Florida
 (lookin for his shoes)

A little boy playin in his yard
was et by a alligator
 (true)

And an old lady dyin in her bed
 was er up by fire ants
 which found her
 clean from the yard

And my mother saw a lizard
 one foot long
 on the garbage pail
 that had big red eyes
(The fire ants went in
 thru the mouth, man)

45TH CHORUS

There's a middlewestern prurience
about Greeks.—

Your little earth-nut, O potato
war, riots mama dears around
papap's paternal root

S i l k y b o o



(o o !)

Found the Sound

46TH CHORUS

Hollywood boy sing dog song
 Dont be fooled by gun car
 Or shine in hat of Sheriff
 Cochise,
 or turn that dial,
 boy, you know whats happen
 to you when yard dog
 bit your fame

Yair, & dont sweep any leaves,
 Watch me play basketball
 I guess—

In Inverness, where I'sa
 played hogball since
 your pappy skinned
 —Okay, old
 suit, see
 ya more

47TH CHORUS

Airplanes dropping barrels
of shit on the White House
On Roosevelt's very head
What do the women know
of the wood?

All they gotta do is get drunk,
Honorary Mayor

Up sprang the butcher boy
with the spring old man!

Why'st the fool play thou?

Because fools always follow.

Followest what?

Because fooly are always follying?

Nay, Sire, it was forgotten
in that body's balconeer

48TH CHORUS

God ushered me into my house
 What a batting champeen
 honorable American Navy
 Sweetheart God is to us
 Japanese Rigour Girls

Buy that, Moke!

Dazz, I'ze innerested
 in drape fall circus
 and yo, yo got childrees
 pleak okomiko bonny
 sugar, ah, sweet,
 dont let Robert Burns
 burn that cigar of yours
 Or mice lay men
 to diamondshine
 your kittlepee poopoo
 Grace,
 Otherwise purd
 Hurt
 New Year

49TH CHORUS

Way out

But not too way out

Barefaced wretch—

you're a pretty nice

barefaced wretch—

as bare faced wretches

go

T r u e T o y !

Great day in the morning,

Ugh-y!

50TH CHORUS

Hollywood, if you want
little girls raped by sex
fiends, dont hint with
symbols, give it to me
S t r a i g h t

Otto was pretty miserable
He chased little girls
to rape in sawdust
apartments yet unbuilt

He was a ugly big Otto
but O when I was
a little girl I loved
all that

The lovely maniac
makes me smile

51ST CHORUS

Who is going to get rid
of his discriminating mind,
which is the way to
heaven, when he is being
eaten by crocodiles?

By means of his extremely
slow metabolism he was
enabled to keep far
on the father light,
far from the energy
particle of the mother

Ah, it's a depressing situation:
we imagine that
we live and imagine
that we die, too bad,
too bad

Manly manly manly friend
says the faggot on T V

CERRADA MEDELLIN BLUES

(FIRST SOLO)

1ST CHORUS

Even when I was a little boy
I was always alone
 with my guardian angel

Playing Tarzan
An icicle fell on me
 & cut my arm
I had a rope around my neck
I was hanged in Innifree
Had my hand cut off in Perfidee
Never had my fill
 of Thee

ST MICHAEL IN THE CORNER,
NINE FEET TALL

2ND CHORUS

The Only One
 said Christ to me
 When you're alone in Heaven
 with God
 Who is my Father
 and Thine
 You'll know that your self
 you
 And your guardian angel,
 One,
 And the self of any
 Is
 The Only One—
 Sad Benr Head
 in "Cant-Get-Away
 From-That-Innisfree"

3RD CHORUS

I wonder what's hiding
 in the Cross?
Did Jesus free the world?
Before him there were murders
 officially.
From body to effigy
 went history.
Emily Dickinson me that,
 Thomas Hardy.
Roll me a pearl me
 that, O Big Sur Sea.
And you, Ferlinghetti,
 how do you like that
For rhyming free
Free of a doctor's degree.
 Jean Louee.

4TH CHORUS

When I drink Bénédictine

I drink what the Holy

Father

Blessed

I drink the blood of Christ?

Naw!

I drink Christ hisself—

I say "Thank ye, God"

and drink—

And kiss the bottle

With the Cross on it

And D.O.M.

the director of drinkers—

The Heavenly Daiquiri?

The troublesome Innisfree.

5TH CHORUS

What's all this Innisfree
Running straight thru me?
Was Yeats invented it?
Or O'Shawn the Yurner?
Repetitive old rolling
smoke balloons?
Paul Newman's mouth
with Spanish ladies
arguing?
What?—Some truck?
Some cigaree? Halles
Market onions are free?
My Guardian Angel's
About to tell me—

6TH CHORUS

Alone with my Guardian Angel

Alone in Innisfree

Alone in Mexico¹

City

Alone with Benedict,

Cave is free,

alone is alone,

Thou Only One—

Alone and Alone

The song of the pree

(Pree means prayer

in English & Frenchie)

Choose yr words lightly,

shit on the world,

Merton'll die

when he reads

this from me

7TH CHORUS

I love Lax

A regular Pax

I love Lax

not Ex Lax

but

you see

Now Lax

But's teeth ne'er held

The comedian so grand

As them Lax horse teeth

Held prayer

to ground

Lax is a singer

Lax is a goner

Lax is a gonna

get mad onner

8TH CHORUS

My hand is moved
 by holy angels
 The life we are in
 is invisible
 Holy Ghost

If you could see me,
 hoodlum,
 You'd be Saint
 Cant slash
 at a loser
 For Oy Yai O Paint
 —Those lies are for liars
 And me I'm a liar,
 So liars forget
 the handsome beget
 The ugliest pricks
 The angel beset

9TH CHORUS

But I stopped to think
The angel dont care
Nine feet tall
Beside the wall
Wants me cut out
To do the rub out
But I got fathers to care for
Father Shoyer is one
Father Gioscia is two
That's enough for you
—Ah Lucien
Al Jalisco
Ah I'm drunk
borracho

10TH CHORUS

Too drunk to write
 Cant see the light

It's a strange thing when nuts
 get together
 To form one cock—
 Young girls should shudder
 in that empty light—
 The holy of angels,
 I wonder what's he think?
 Shd push pencils
 for agers, masagers,
 Masseurs and all?
 Oll? Lovely bedoodlers
 in Time's Holy All
 Holiest Ghostliest
 ramified Hall

11TH CHORUS

And, said I to the Angel,
that *shall* certainly do,

And the Angel said:

 D you remember Gregory?

Corso, the Way of Poetry?

 Orlovsky too?

 And Ginsberg O Shay?

 And Burroughs the Master

 speaks thru his teeth?

 And the writer of story

 the generous Honkey?

And Lafcadio the Holy

 Innocent of Russia,

the Patriarch, & Sebastian?

And Lucien?

 And Neal Cassady?

12TH CHORUS

Move my hand Lord
move my hand
Tell Ray Bremser
something calm him
down
Tell Leroi Jones
& Diane di Prima
tooo
They dont know
that Heaven
which is waiting for them
In the land of OO

(SECOND SOLO)

1ST CHORUS

"You can think by yourself"
says God from Heaven
Talking to all 70 thousand
Billion Four Thousand
Eighty Two Trillions
of Creatures in his Movie
called "Creation"

(pause)

2ND CHORUS

He means that all
 those sentient beings
 are free to think unimpeded
 —Only God is the Only One
 who knows that all the thinking
 going on
 is what the thinking going on

 is thinking

And none of it ever happened

SHTMIMK!

Shtmimk?

3RD CHORUS

But like any other movie
 the thinking is gray
 but also big romances
 like Latin Love You music
 & all of it seems so golden
 steada gray.
 That's because it's a very strange
 movie
 It is strange as dulcet gray.

Hey looka me Ma
 I'm writing like Yorkshire
 Pudding De-Headed Gray
 The proof is in the pudding
 tbey Bray
 Just like any other old Canaday

4TH CHORUS

The brain is a pudding
 with raisins in't
 Hey looka me Ma I'm thinking
 like Otay—
 Okay, Mémo,
 Está bien, Mémo,
 Parandero.

(That's what they mean Espanish
 'Hey kiddy, dont hit
 the bars too much,
 chico.'

Hey Baby dont yup at me
 in Azmetec!)

Yair, Pard old Hoopard
 Hoomingway blew his head
 over Old I-day-o

5TH CHORUS

Hemingway Blues, is called.
 Me too Blues—You Blues
 —Thinkin Blues—Paris
 Blues and Blacks—
 Hurshy, move the tack!
 Dont bring me no le-mon
 chiffin, pie, man,
 I'll break yore head in

Head already broken in
 No chin
 Yes chin
 Soft Chin
 Northport Autumn
 falling leaves blues
 And winter white
 sailboat philosopher
 blues, on sand,
 Lois and Victor by name.

6TH CHORUS

All kindsa fine blues
 even this minute
 in Vera Cruz,
 Terre Haute,
 Montana,
 Golgotha,
 Heaven Door.

All kindsa information rattlin
 back & forth
 Crazy old angel midnight
 world talkin singin
 rubbin antennae
 High on antenni
 and go Mondadori'n
 in Italy for to see sweep
 of Gary Venice Door's
 Venetian oar

7TH CHORUS

Or go Atyastapafi'n
 in other planets?
 Goo, what a gaw!
 And does wet boulders think?

I see the face of Christ
 in the door
 after it has been the face
 of the Dog, the Owl,
 the Lamb, the Lion,
 Christ, the Dog again,
 the Collie then suddenly
 my God the Colleen!
 Her soft brown eyes,
 esperanza morena,
 Then it's Christ again,
 this time in profile
 —This I just saw.

8TH CHORUS

I'm now going into a deep trance
 where I see visions—

Mwee hee hee ha ha.

Johnny Holmes is just about
 the funniest man I know!
 He laughs in cemeteries
 in the woods of Connecticut

(Connect ton cul, we used
 to call
 it
 in little
 Canada.)

Connect your arse.
 Some come on John, connect
 your arse to a Grave,
 pal, almost lover, and
 I'll bring ye sweet
 daydrids
 in the morning
 of the 2 thieves & Me

& You

9TH CHORUS

(Written before I knew about Pascal —1965)

But John's like Pascal,
or like Frank O'hara even,
He wont let his head
Believe his heart

& all that

So he skeptically adjusts
his glasses, leans forward eagerly,
almost hugely,
& roars

Qui à poignez
ton cul dans
terre!

And 2 days later he looks it up
in a French Dictionary,
wondering what I'm thinking
about, and what I think
about him thinking.
Wow Very Strange

10TH CHORUS

It's dillier than that
 they daisies they pud
 in puddinhead blues.

To Earl of Shockshire:
 "Sire, in this my Inscribe
 May't you'll fee."
 The Earl of Shrockshire
 shires & showers & shh's
 on back a batch
 of Tanguipore
 Tangled
 Telegrams
 Mistaken by Saint Peter
 as Hair of the Gate

NOTES ON DATES AND SOURCES

"San Francisco Blues"

In a letter to Allen Ginsberg, Kerouac referred to writing this poem in March 1954, when he "left Neal's . . . and went to live in the Cameo Hotel on Third Street Frisco Skid Row."

"Richmond Hill Blues"

Written in Richmond Hill, New York, while Kerouac was living with his mother. He began the poem on September 4, 1953, and completed it later that month.

"Bowery Blues"

Kerouac dated the poem March 29, 1955.

"MacDougal Street Blues"

Kerouac dated the poem June 26, 1955.

"Desolation Blues"

"Desolation Peak

Mt. Baker Nat'l Forest

Washington State

August 1956"

"Orizaba 210 Blues"

"Written in a tejado rooftop dobe cell
at Orizaba 210, Mexico City, Fall 1956
. . . by candlelight . . ."

"Orlanda Blues"

Begun in July 1957, finished February 17, 1958, this poem was written in Orlando, Florida—"Orlanda" in native parlance.

"Cerrada Medellin Blues"

"July 1961"

37-A Cerrada Medellin

Mexico, D.F., Mexico"

Begun in June, finished in July.

Book of Blues is one of the unpublished manuscripts Jack Kerouac left in his meticulously organized archive. It does not contain all of Kerouac's unpublished blues poems—he chose not to include, for instance, "Berkeley Blues," "Brooklyn Bridge Blues," "Tangier Blues," "Washington DC Blues," and "Earthquake Blues." Comparisons with Kerouac's original handwritten notebooks indicate that in the process of editing the book he deleted and rearranged some verses, and made some small editorial changes. Readers familiar with the excerpts from "San Francisco Blues" published in *Scattered Poems* and the excerpts from "MacDougal Street Blues" published in *Heaven and Other Poems* will notice that Kerouac subsequently made changes in some of those verses. Kerouac's original typescript of *Book of Blues* is located in the Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, the New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations.

I have taken the liberty of dedicating this book on Jack's behalf to two of his close friends and correspondents, Philip Whalen and Lew Welch.

—John Sampas,
Literary Executor, Estate of Jack and Stella Kerouac

JACK WOULD SPEAK THROUGH THE IMPERFECT MEDIUM OF ALICE

So I'm an alcoholic Catholic mother-lover
 yet there is no sweetish nectar no fuzzed-peach
 thing no song sing but in the word
 to which I'm starlessly unreachably faithful
 you, pedant & you, politically righteous & you, alive
 you think you can peel my sober word apart from my drunken
 word
 my Buddhist word apart from my white sugar Thérèse word my
 word to comrade from my word to my mother
 but all my words are one word my lives one
 my last to first wound round in finally fiberless crystalline skein

I began as a drunkard & ended as a child
 I began as an ordinary cruel lover & ended as a boy who
 read radiant newsprint
 I began physically embarrassing—"bloated"—&
 ended as a perfect black-haired laddy
 I began unnaturally subservient to my mother &
 ended in the crib of her goldenness
 I began in a fatal hemorrhage & ended in a
 tiny love's body perfect smallest one

But I began in a word & I ended in a word &
 I know that word better
 Than any knows me or knows that word,
 probably, but I only asked to know it—
 That word is the word when I say me bloated
 & when I say me manly it's
 The word that word I write perfectly lovingly
 one & one after the other one

But you—you can only take it when it's that one & not
some other one

Or you say "he lost it" as if I (I so nothinged) could ever
lose the word

But when there's only one word—when
you know them, the words—

The words are all only one word the perfect
word—

My body my alcohol my pain my death are only
the perfect word as I

Tell it to you, poor sweet categorizers

Listen

Every me I was & wrote

were only & all (gently)

That one perfect word

—Alice Notley