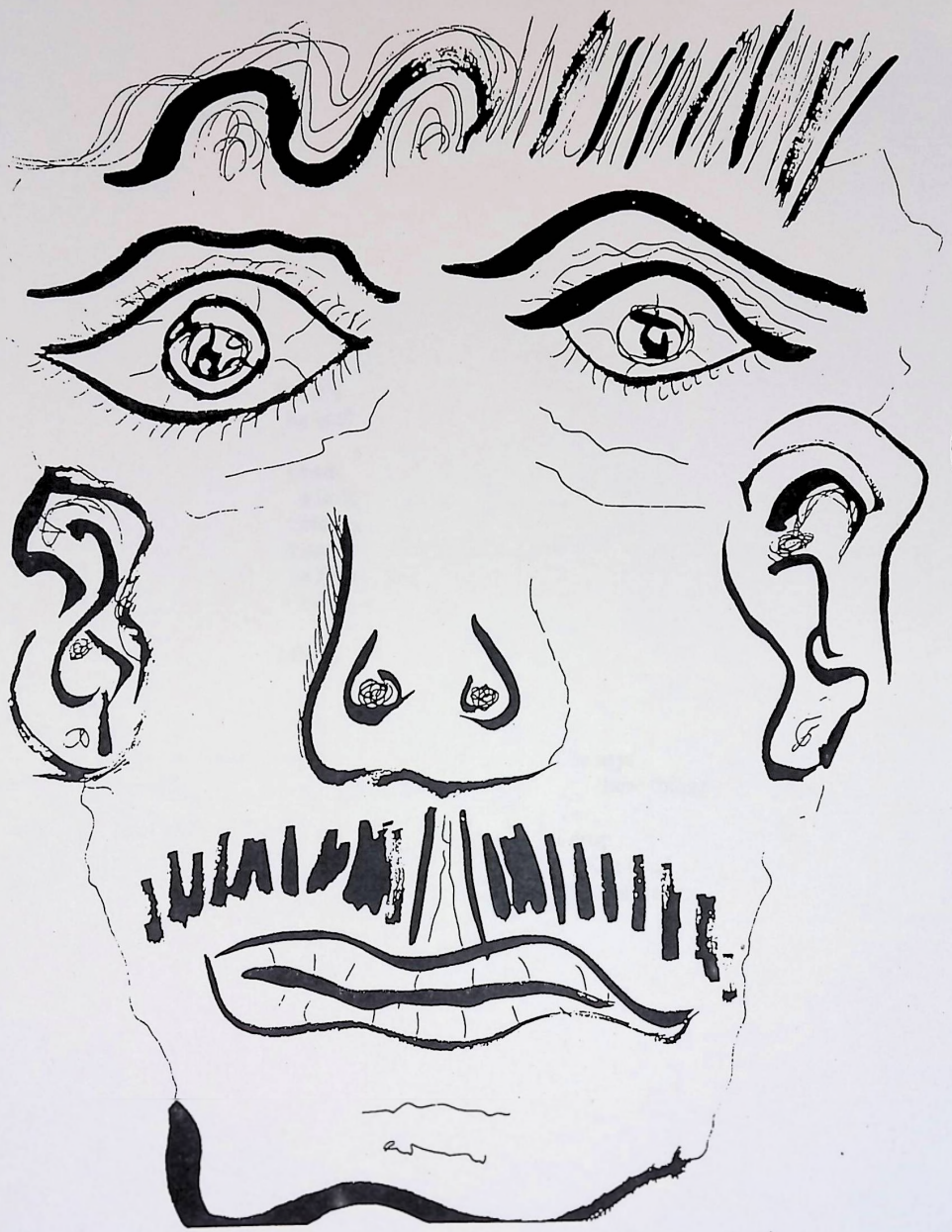




Worry-Wart
That's how I'm
known in
my family.

What's
he got?

(made
a little
money
Lost
a little
love)

Miami.

She says
these things

I drop
like dead
meat-balls.

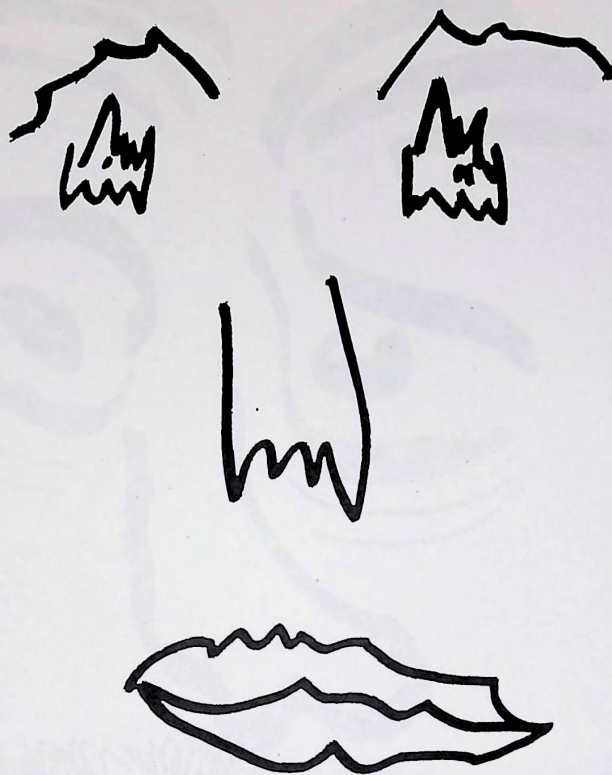
I want to
be a
fine
woman
and a
great
mother
to my
children
and
oh yes
you
she said

He makes love
like a little
pig's tail
thought she
all tight
kinky
curly cue
and full of squeal
why can't he
go
dark and deep?

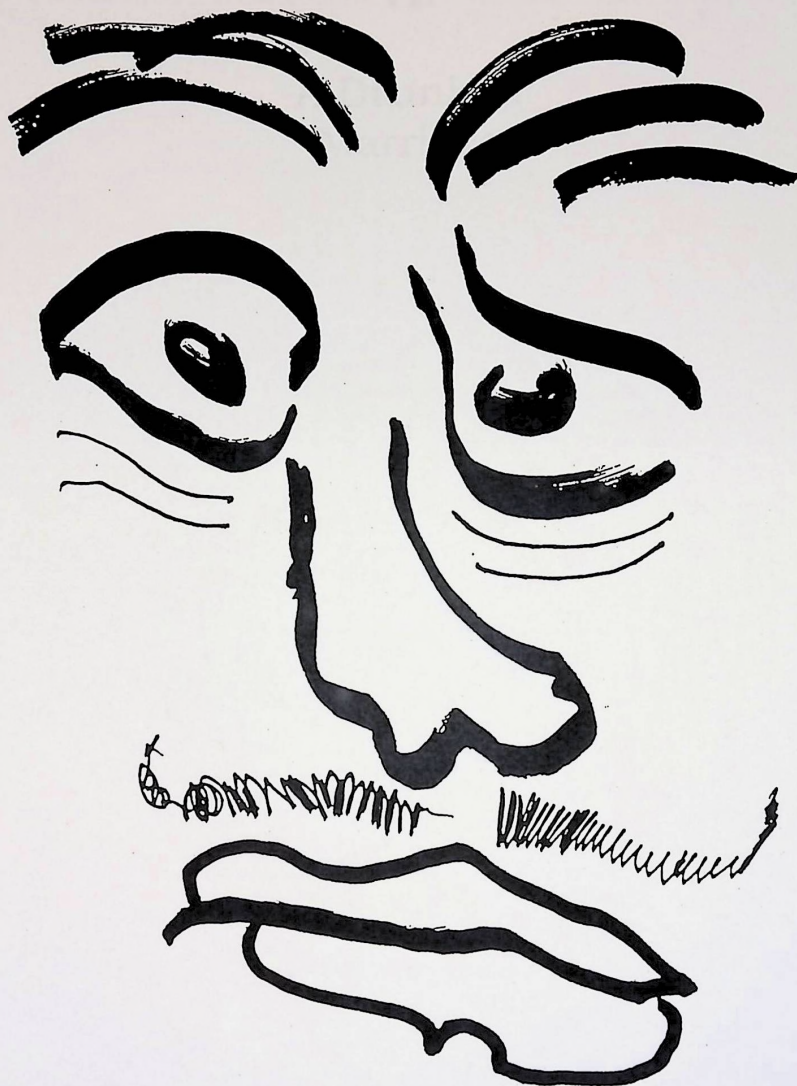
Cheap!
beep beep a beep!
went the tail
of the pig
roar! went the
boar
and with a crash
and a snore
he went dark
and deep
into himself
and sleep.

Hallelujah!

Children
who issue
from
a matrimony
of the usual misery
go forth
into lives
which are best spent
in sin
said the Lord



You are
late
with the alimony



No more
bad news—
I beg of you.

VII

A Drunken Marriage

Look, she said,
he carried
her across
the street and
over the slush
why don't you
carry me?

Because you
got the curse
I got worse
we been married
ten years
and when you're
drunk you say
anything.

Whatever
you say, dear Romeo
said
Juliet
carrying
me
across the street.

The Good Lors

The Good Lors
gave me
my
pretty
face

The Good Lors
is full
of air
like a polar bear
with
lollypop
breeze,
daddy.

why
why daddy
why is the sky blue?

child
one would have
to embrace
your formal
Why
with coronations
of intelligence
purer than
the purest
reason
of my
heart

Gin is not water
but she is white
She makes
you very
drunk
like mommie-daddy-dollie
used to be
when she-he
fall
boom-boom
off the wagon
daddy

Rainy Afternoon
With the Wife

Wanted
without
wings
is stone
dew

Gray
without
grace
is
day
without
prey
you're
a king
with
feet
of clay

No,
lass
I'm
a
mandarin
I said
and reached
for a
beer
first
of the
blow

You can't
have
a beer
Momma
says
no

By God
if I had had a
momma
like
you
I'd
never
a
reached
the age
of six

Wanted
without
wings
is
stone
do

Gray
without
grace,
day.

Gray
without
grace,
day.

Gray
without
grace.

yoghurt
fart
church
for
art

blood
and
wood
is
bread

mother
menstrual
spike
and
mass

Bellevue

foetus
feathers
food

earning
butter
bone
and
break

fairies
father
flutes

homocide is hairy

morons murder mutes

Royal
is
the
rat who runs the race

You let everything stand
until it's knocked over
and then
you go over
and write
your own
ruins

A wandering in prose:

for Hemingway

November, 1960

That first unmanageable cell to
stifle his existence arrived
on a morning when by
an extreme act of the will
he chose not to strike his
mother. Since this was
thirty six hours after he
had stabbed his wife, and
his mother had come at a time
when he wished to see no one
in order to savor the woes
and pawed prides of his soul,
(what a need for leisure
has the criminal heart) his
renunciation of violence
was civilized, too civilized
for his cells which proceeded
to revolt. But then it is
the thesis of this summary
that civilization spawns
its inner disease in every corner of
every church whose smell
is stale with the fatigues
of such devotion as lost its
memory on the long road
from ecstasy to
habit.

VIII

Drinking to Eternity

1.

Men
who work
at Time
have a
life expect-
tancy
which is
not long
said the
young man
from
Newsweek

2.

Those
who
bat out
the poop
for
the other sheet
don't use up
a thing
in
my scheme
of space
said the
young blood
from Yale

3.

But
in the
evenings
they met
and had
beers
together
in Irish bars
which looked
the proper hair
of fashion
askew
the type

And as they drank
into
warm
spring
evenings
the remembered musk
of wood-smoke at dusk
brought
tenderness
to
liberty
and irony
to fate
and they
would
chant
a song

which went:

we
are
saving
our
pennies
to buy
a bond
to aid
the drive
of the United
Corporations of Community
who wish
to construct
a new
and improved
rest home
for the
pushers
on the
team

Boola-
boola,
boola-
boole.

1.

I'm rich
said
Irish
derby
slopping
a drink
to the
floor

So I've always
missed
the pleasures
of the poor.

Taste his spit!
said the sawdust
it's a scandal
and a shame

Naught but outer limbo
said the roach
on his way
on his fraught-filled
way to the door
and toward the
stair
of his own.

2.

When he reached
the cracked enamel
in the kitchen
of his pad
he made a
tour
of quarters
leaving
molecules
like pennies
on the oil cloth
of the
poor-
five molecules
of scotch
to every
plate

But the fumes had drunk
his mind to stuff
and roachie slept
an emperor's sleep
dreaming of previous lives
in derby hats
when he had slopped
the whiskey
to the floor
crying for the pleasures
of the poor.

There's one thing about you,
baby

 said Sir Cirrhosis,
of all the witches I've known
you're the merriest
 and he died
 with style.

He died with style
 said the witch.

Yes,
 said the wind
 which rose from
 the gin
give him honor in Hell.

When I was
your age
twenty
seven
a dame
could
say
I'll put
a curse
on
you.

On
I would say
put a curse
on me
and wonder
why
my voice
would break.

not you
but your cure
do I fear
Oh my love
for your cure
is a
curse
upon me.

Bar Twists

I await her
hot-breathed
cigaretted
garlicky
version
of all the lost days.

Cheer up
whispers she
(silently)
hugging
the other
mugger.

Hurts me
loathe chicks
wife
did me in
I cannot
forswear
to gaze
said the rage.

Other drunks spit.
Creepy girls giggle
Pigs niggle
at the root.
Pigs niggle
at the root.

Epitaph of a Rail

I used to drink
until six
 in the morning
so I could make
 dames
and now I drink
until six
 in the morning
watching other
 guys
 make dames.
 Eheu Fugaces.
Which means:
 Fuck aces!
 before the fleeting
 years go by

I am washed
by the sorrows
of love



I am washed
by the sorrows
of love



I gave my soul
to him.

IX

Intermission

(During the intermission
there will be a variety show)

Mariachis

I know
the
belly
of Mexico
must smell
like the trail
of a
woodburning
bus.

Oh Mexico
if all your
sewers
were scents,
and your
modern
apartments
lost their cracks
would your women
cease to look
so sad
and your men so silly
Oh Mexico
let your deserts
bloom
and your mustaches
turn to gold.

Death In the Mountains

We rented three horses
in San Miguel Allende.
Two were to be tame.
But indeed the groom
brought only two
to the door.
Oh, Senor, said he,
the third horse
has a cold.

On the next day
there were still but two
Rebampago and Gavilan.
We rode those horses-
they were devils.
In three days
they threw me
three times.

It was only on the night
of our departure
that we learned
our horses
were mad.

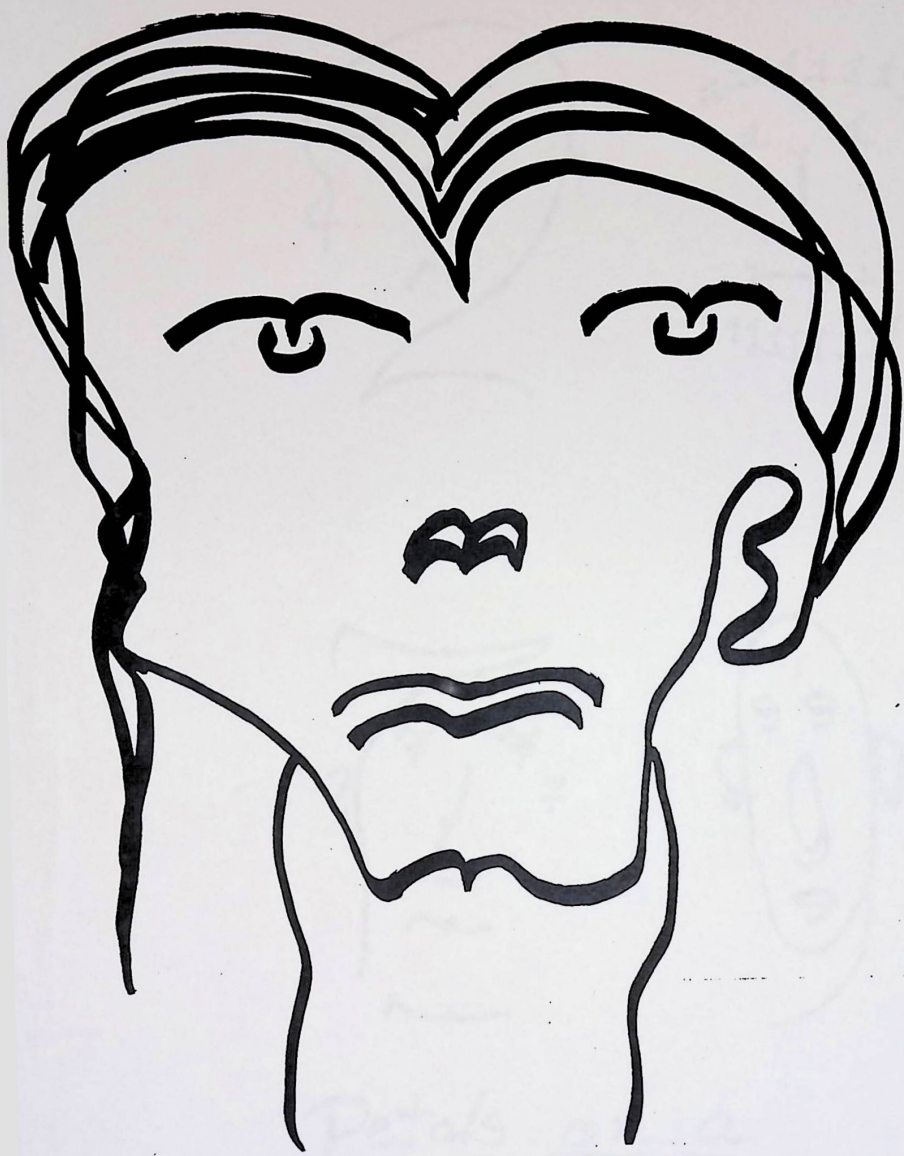
Oh, Senor, said the groom
the third horse has a cold.



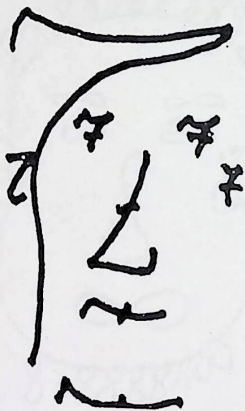
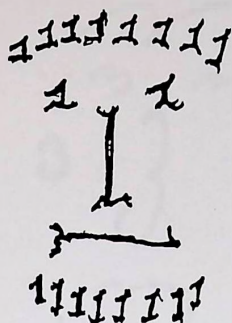
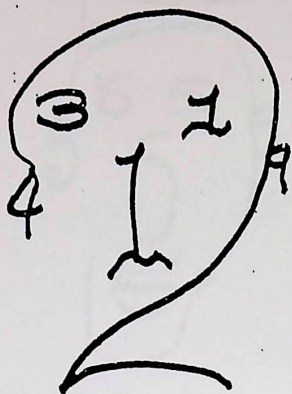
A bird just
pooped on me!



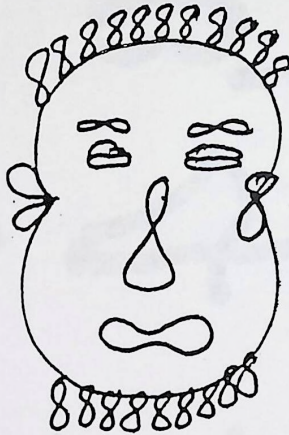
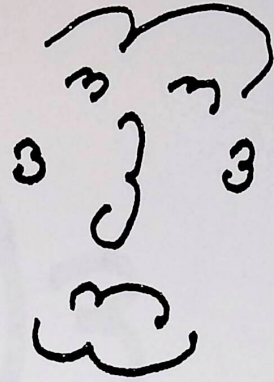
A bird just
pooped on me!



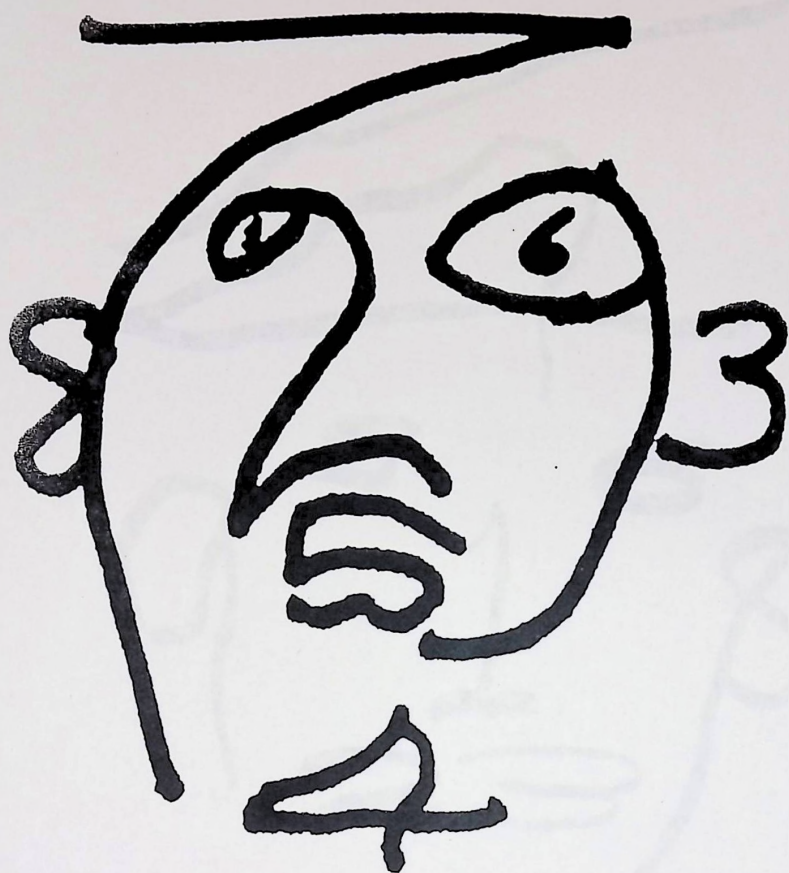
On Me, too!



Petals on a
wet black bough



More petals



My head is in
a whirl.

I just can't do
arithmetic.



I was
supposed
to be a
baker's
dozen.

Ian Fleming Revisited

I had a spider once
and fed it neon tubes
until its web did gleam
like Las Vegas in the dawn
Roulette I used to call her
and the spider
drinking dew from grapefruit rind
to oil the knees
would smile and say:
every Roulette has her croupier.

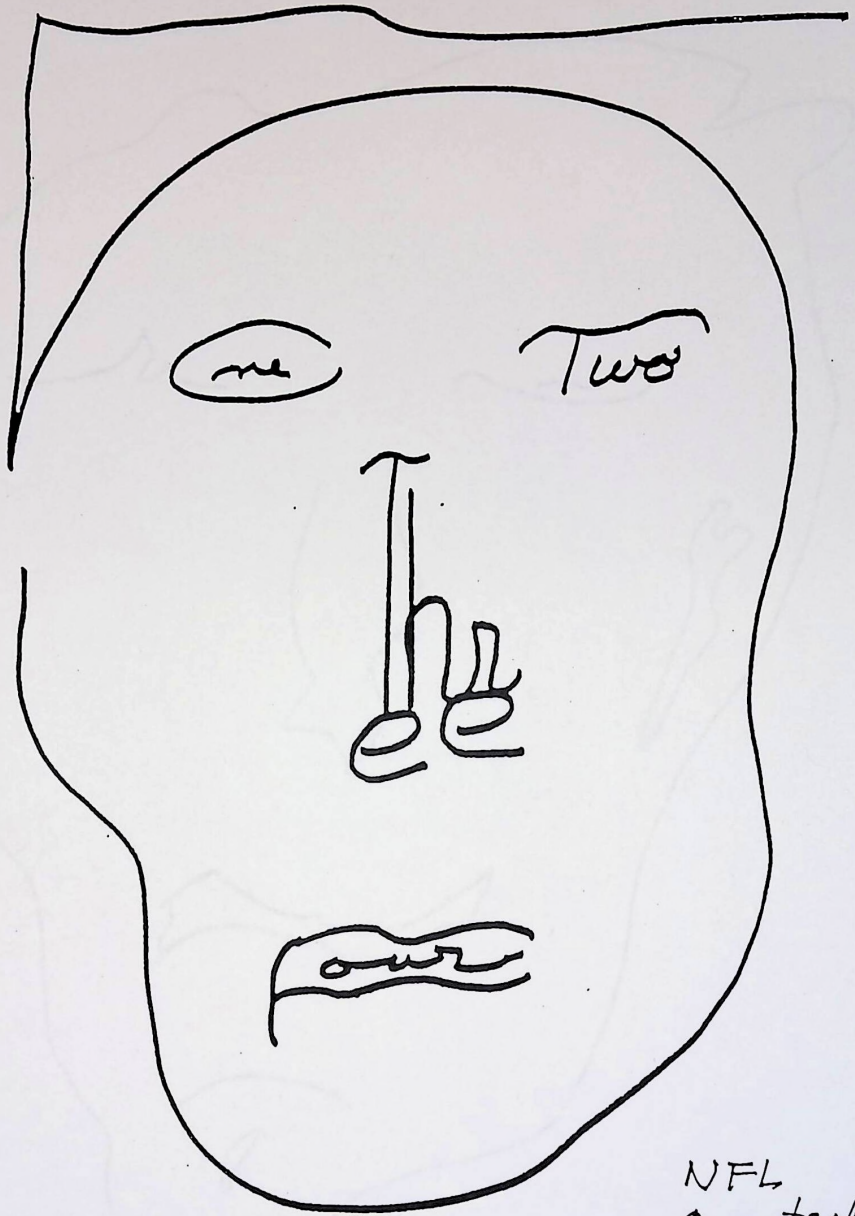
Sports Channel

Does the football team
eat a lot?

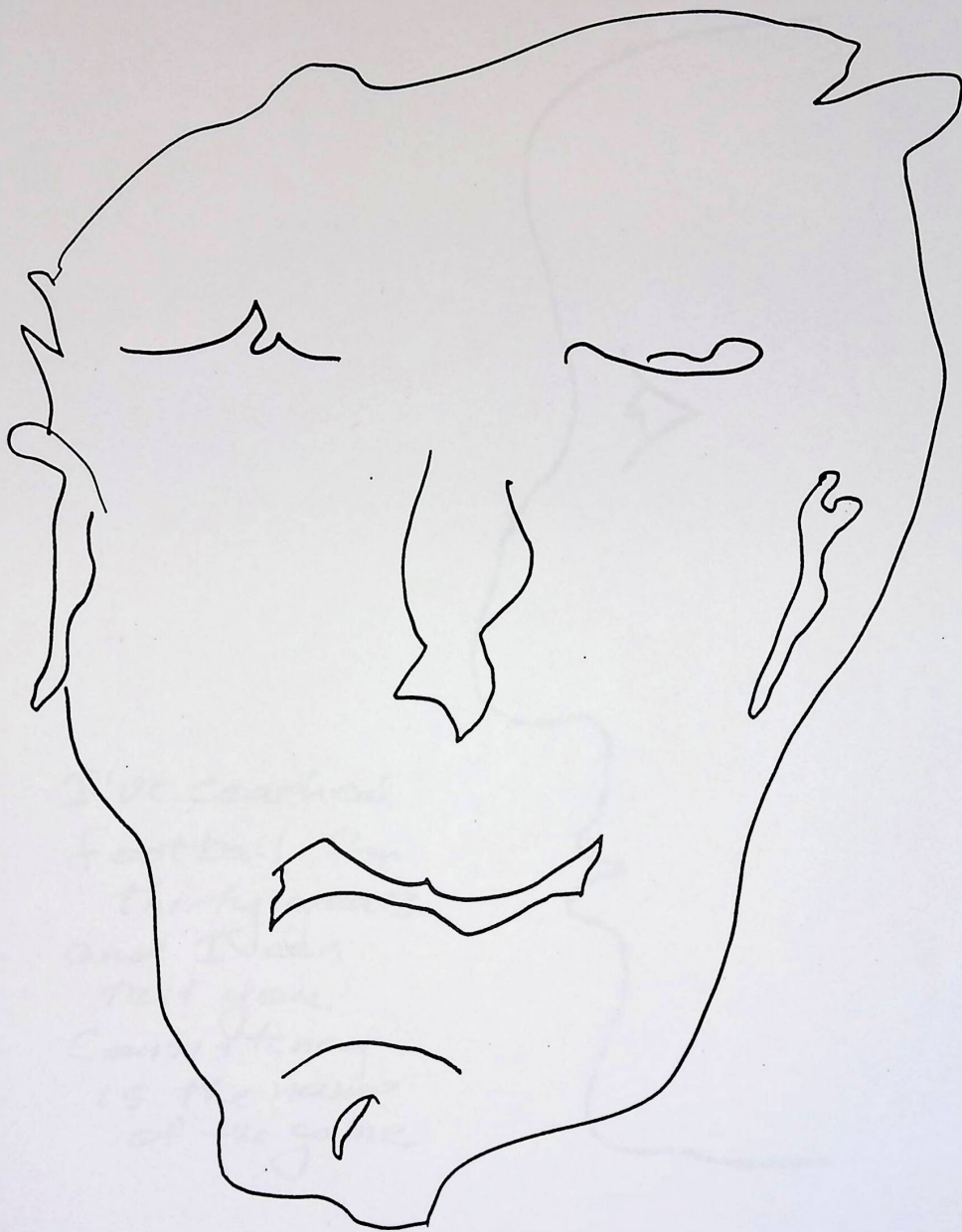
Oh, I think so, Jim
those football
boys are
are pretty big
down there.

I sure remember
when you
two titans
last met
last November.

So do I.
That fateful
gray day
in Green Bay.
The weather was
so bad we almost
stayed in our
hotel and ate each other.
Our boys were
keyed-up, I tell you.

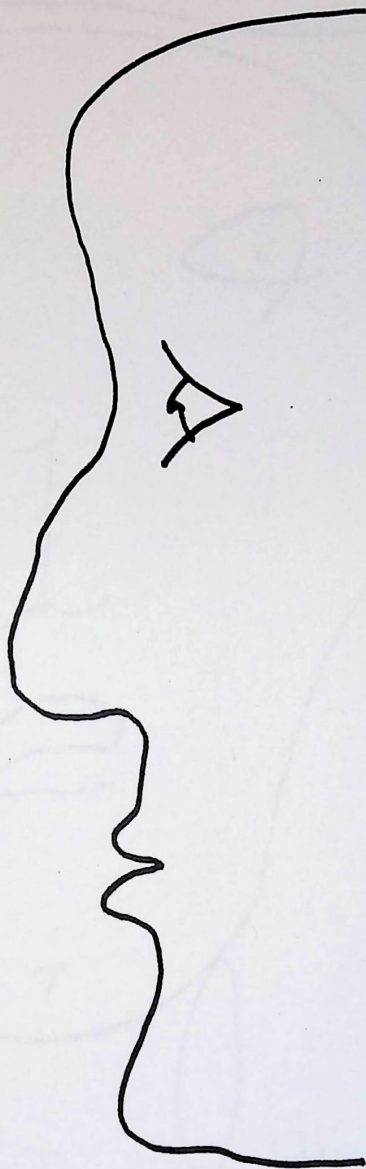


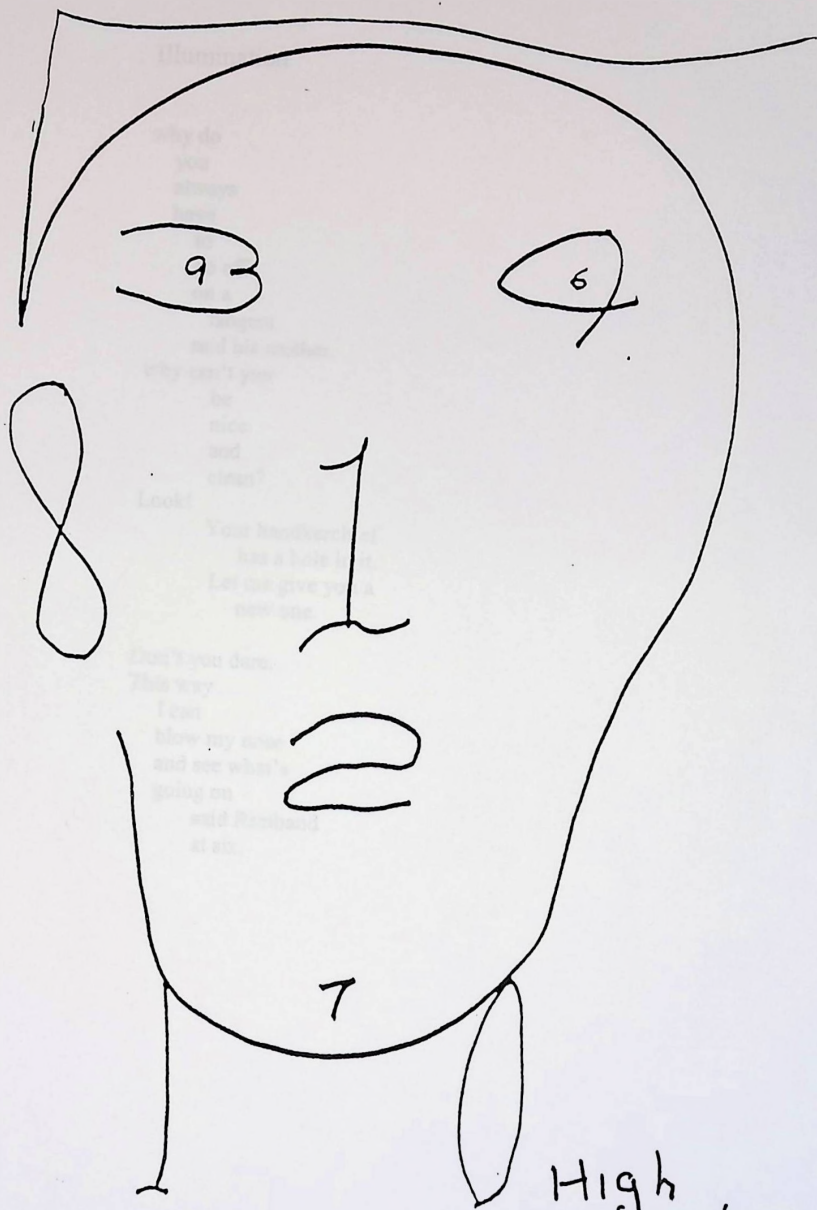
NFL
Quarterback



Yegor, this is my third year in the Pro Bowl

I've coached
football for
thirty years
and I can
tell you,
Consistency
is the name
of the game.





High
School/
Quarter back

Illumination

why do
you
always
have
to
go off
on a
tangent
said his mother.

why can't you
be
nice
and
clean?

Look!
Your handkerchief
has a hole in it.
Let me give you a
new one.

Don't you dare.
This way
I can
blow my nose
and see what's
going on
said Rimbaud
at six.



the worst to be said
about mothers
is that they
are prone

to give

kisses

of con-
grat-
u-
lation

that make you feel
like a battleship
on which someone
is breaking
a bottle

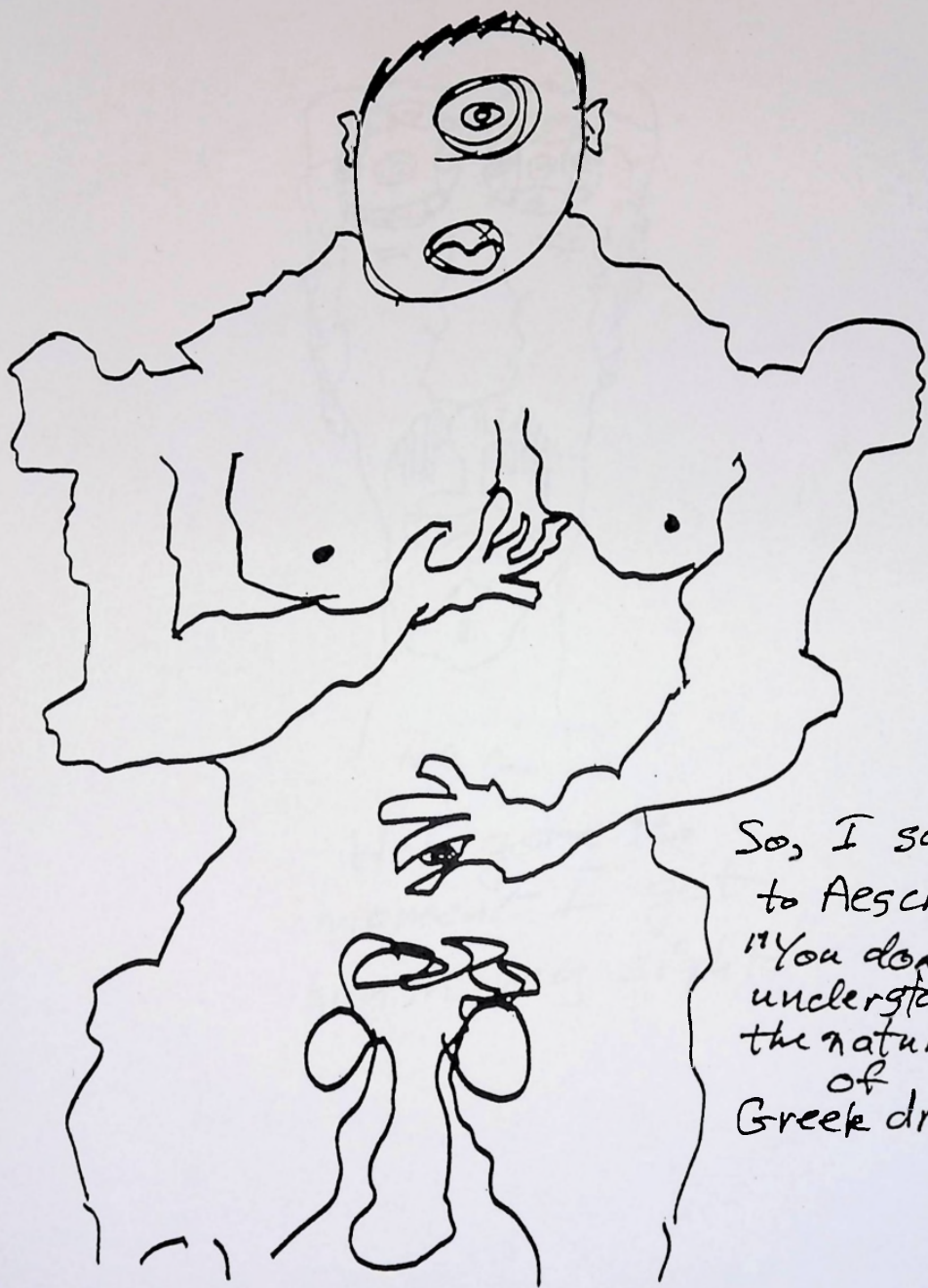


Bar Mitzvah in the Suburbs

X

A. Interplanetary
is
Trans-temporal

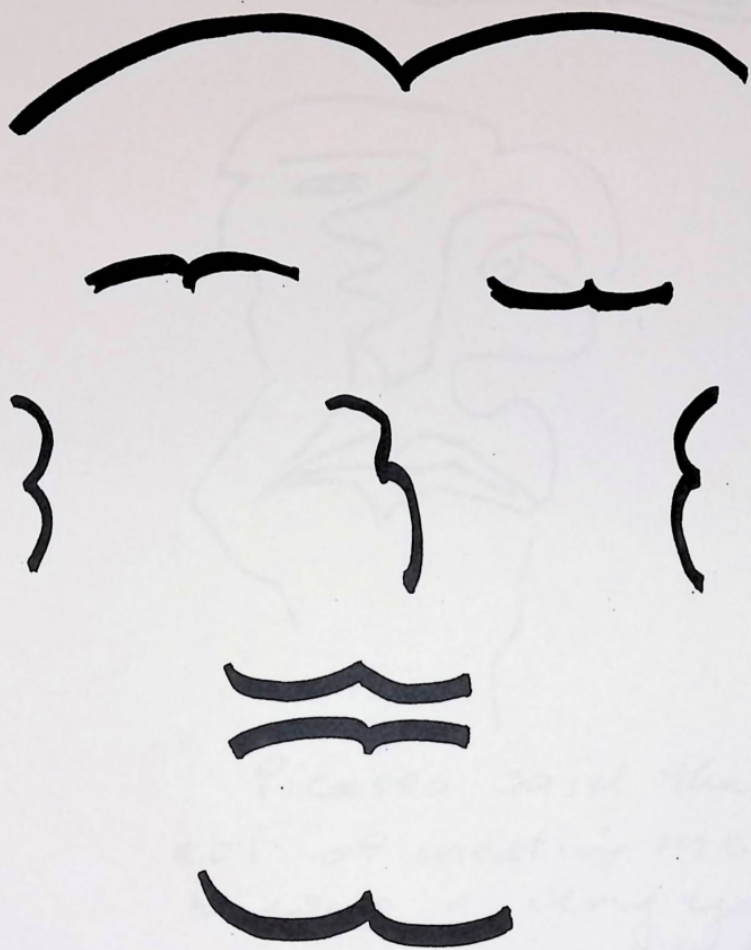
So, I said
to Pesci
"You don't
understand
the nature
of
Greek drama."



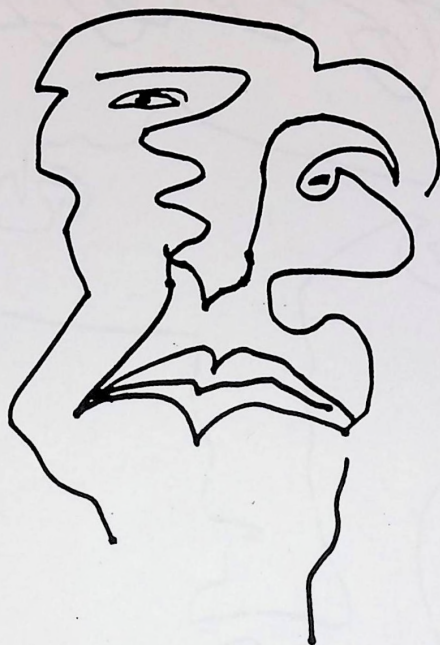
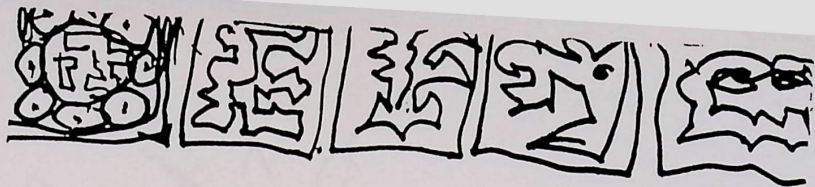
So, I said
to Aeschylus:
"You don't
understand
the nature
of
Greek drama."



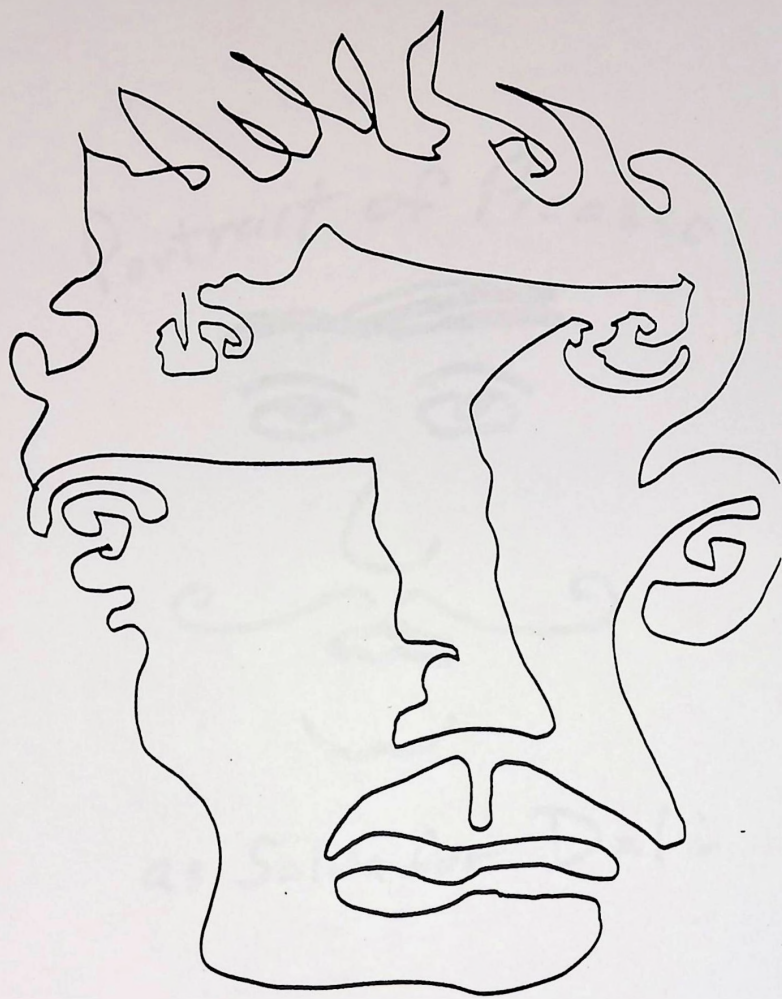
He's gone the
moment I get
him in my sights.



They think I've got
bats in the belfry
because I live with
the birds in the sky.



Picasso said that the act of meeting me when he was a very young man was one of the most exceptional and determining events of his life. I concur.



PICASSO SAID
THE
EXACT SAME
THING
TO ME!

Portrait of Picasso



as Salvador Dalí



Where can I
find a man
who is my equal?



That Salome!

Of course,

Mr. President,

we
are
indeed hot

on
the track
of the
wonder
disease

and
are
now feeding
tetra-phenomenase
its dose.

Expect to save

it
and all
Genome
compounds
if the
internet
does not collapse.

release
the anger
contained
in a fart

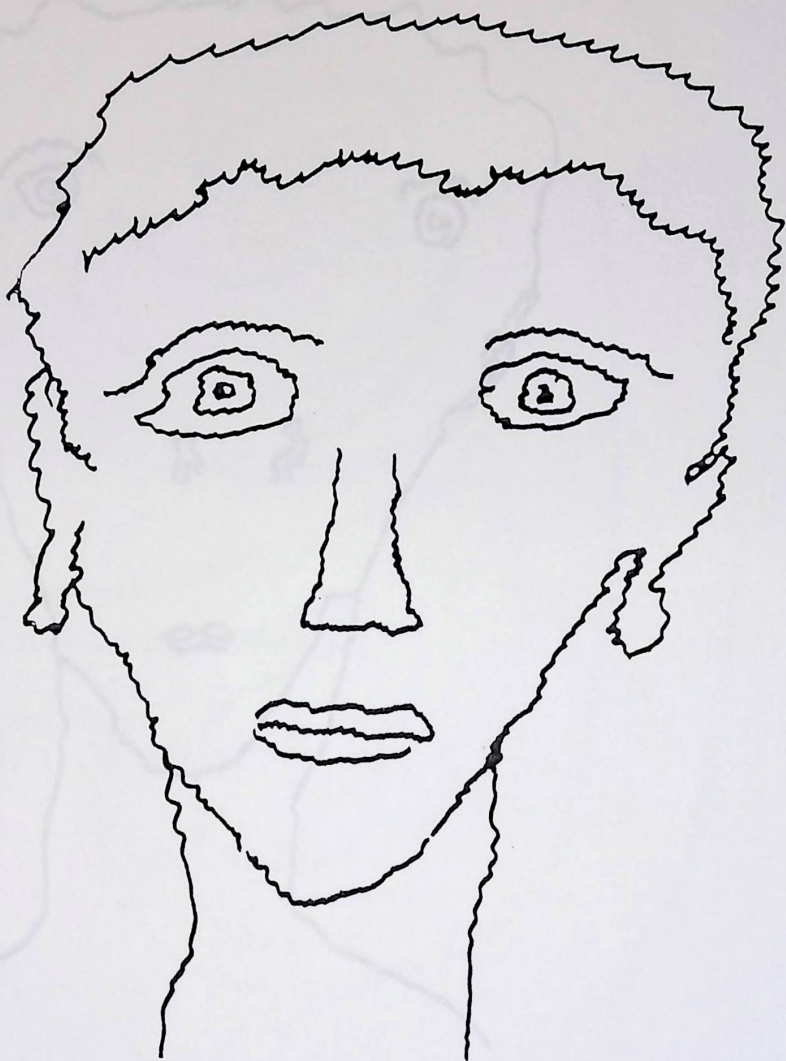
and there'll
be power
enough
to reach
the moan

said the
physicist
as he
assumed
the throne

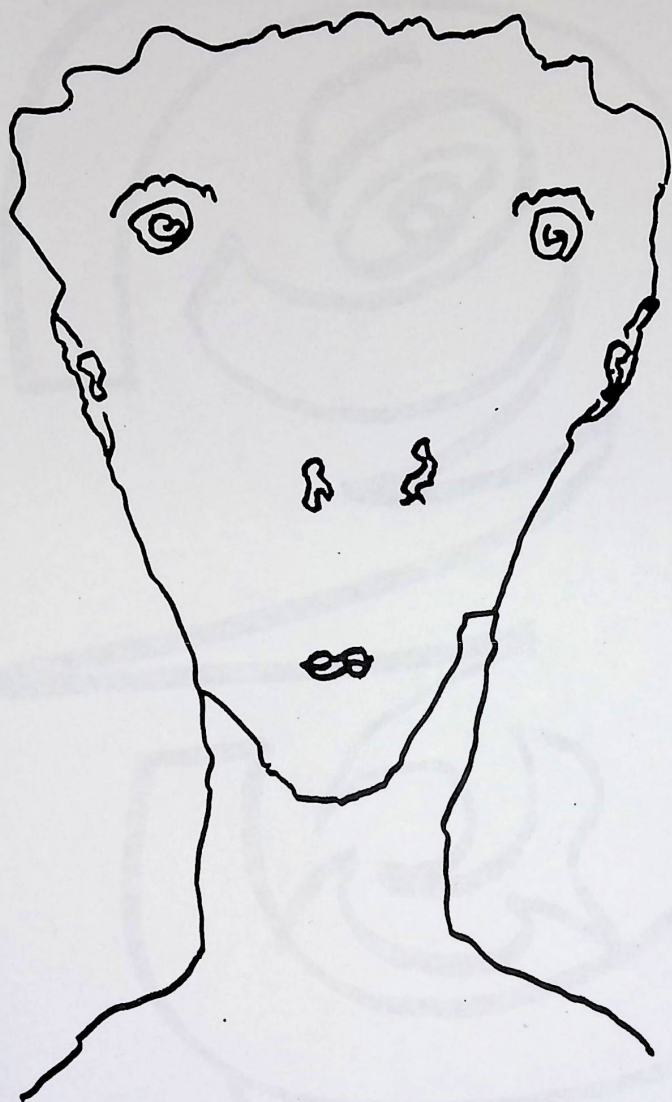
I mean
the moon.

B.

In which we visit
the
Abductionally Challenged



The aliens did abduct
me, but I still feel
more or less intact,



I CAN'T SAY
THE SAME

IT WAS UNSPEAKABLE

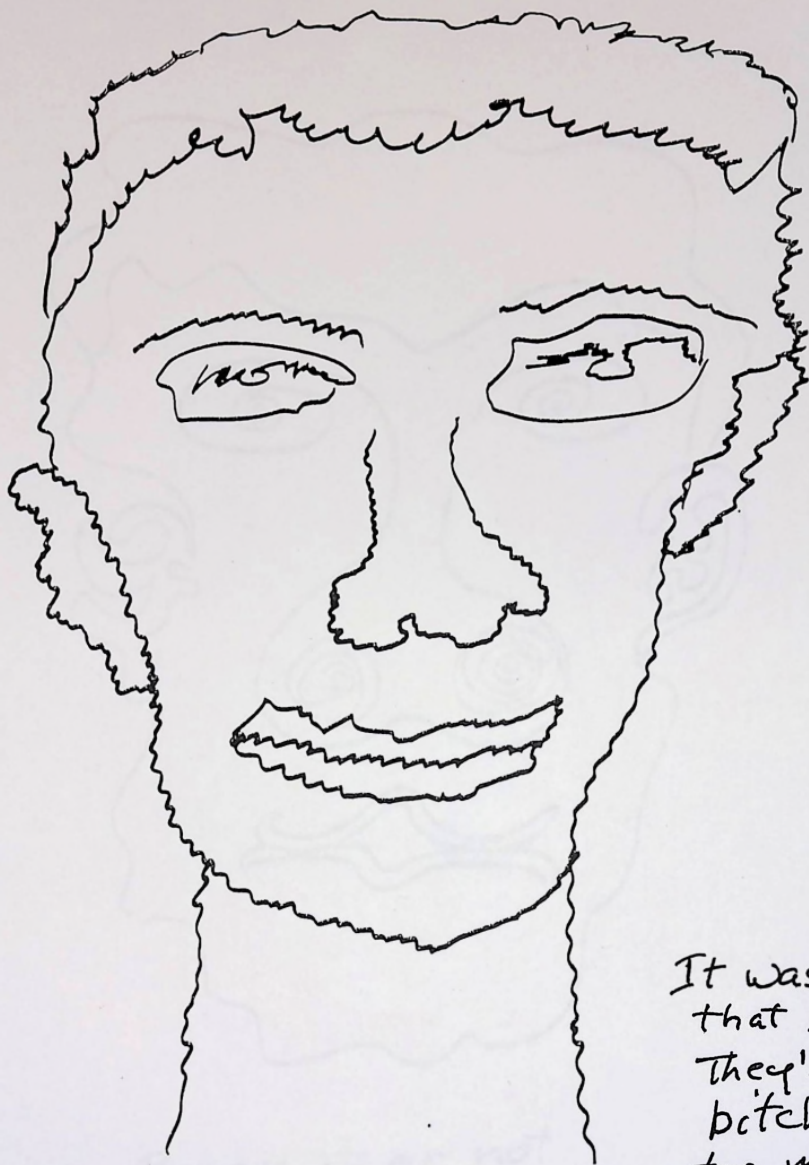


It was unspeakable

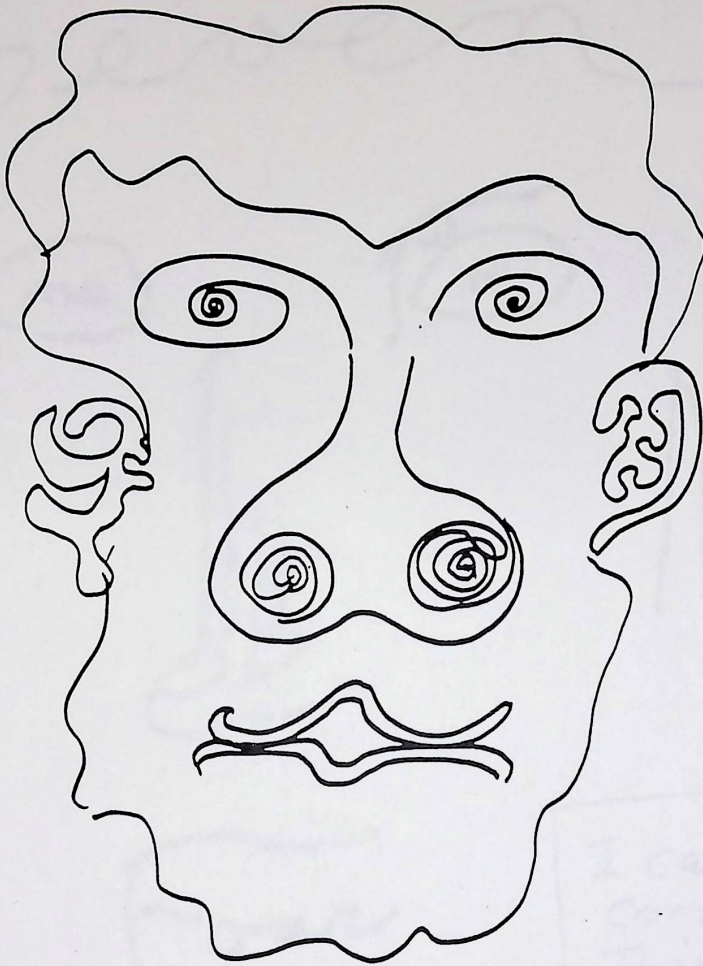


SEINFELD





It wasn't
that bad.
They're all
pitching
too much.



Believe it or not
I had a romantic
interlude with
one of them.

Seven

me

6

8

three

Nine

Four

5

I can't
complain.
Their
interest
in me
was
scientific.

Fourteen

Ten

Teen

if
Twenty

Twelve

ix
Teen

Thirteen

Seventeen

01

101

0

102

0

0

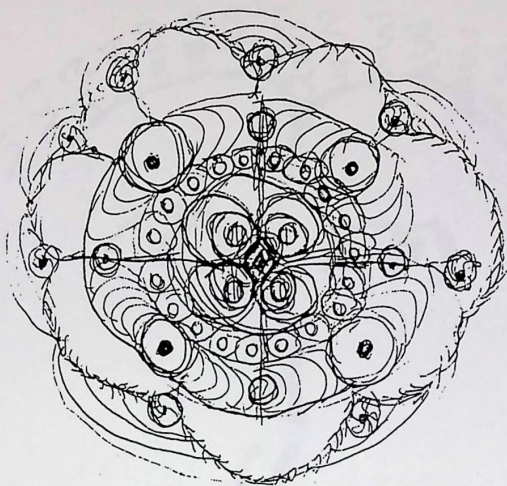
207

203

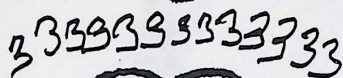
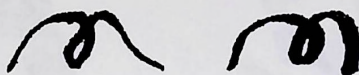
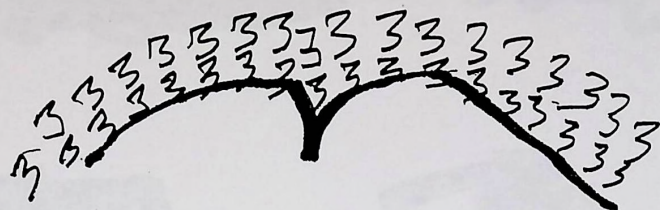
103

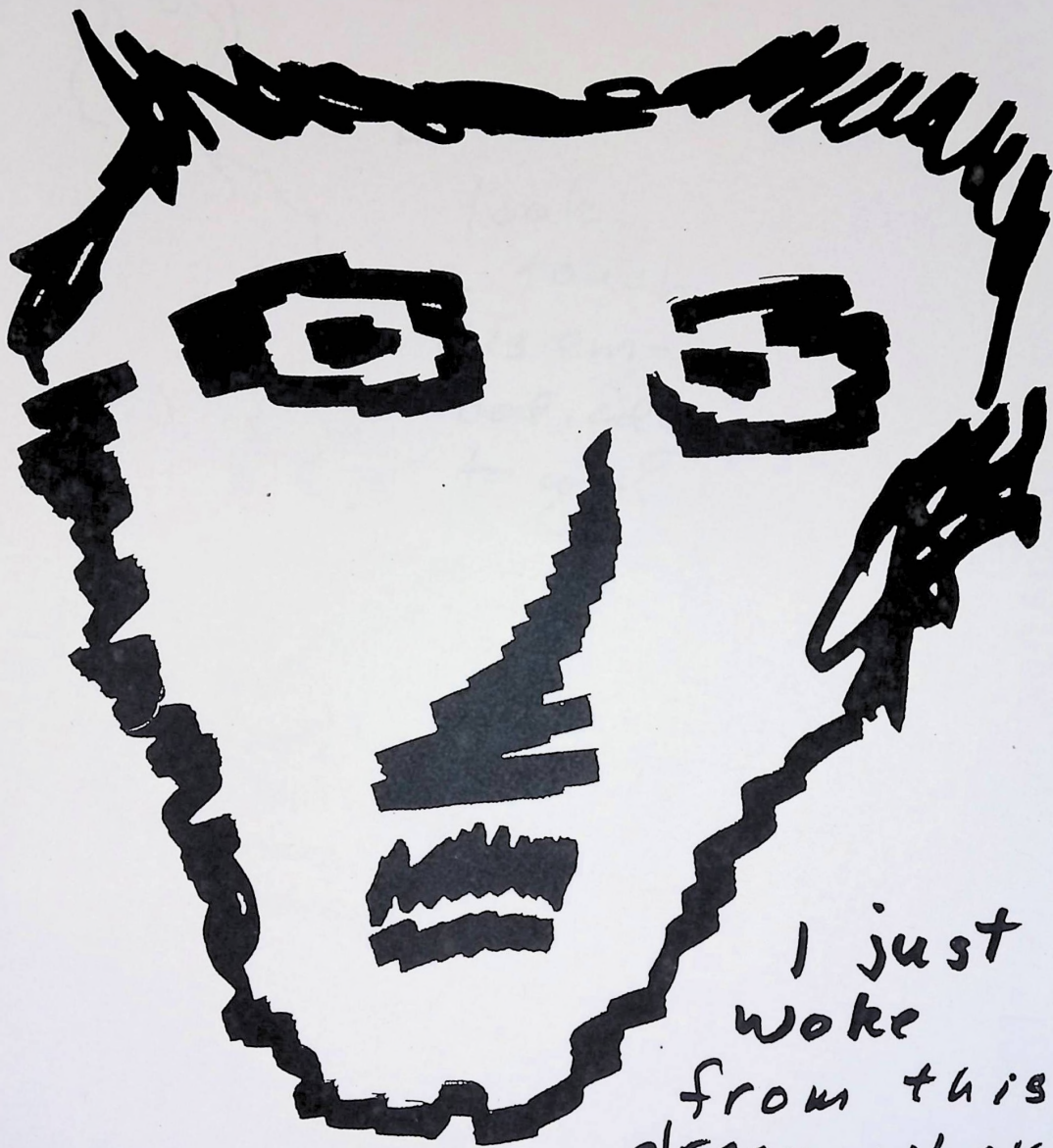
104

105

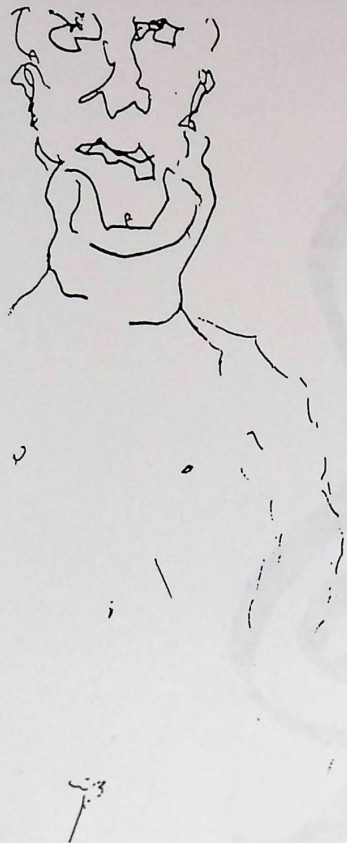


earth people
assume
that I am
trying to
hypnotize them.
I just wish to
understand
what they are up to.

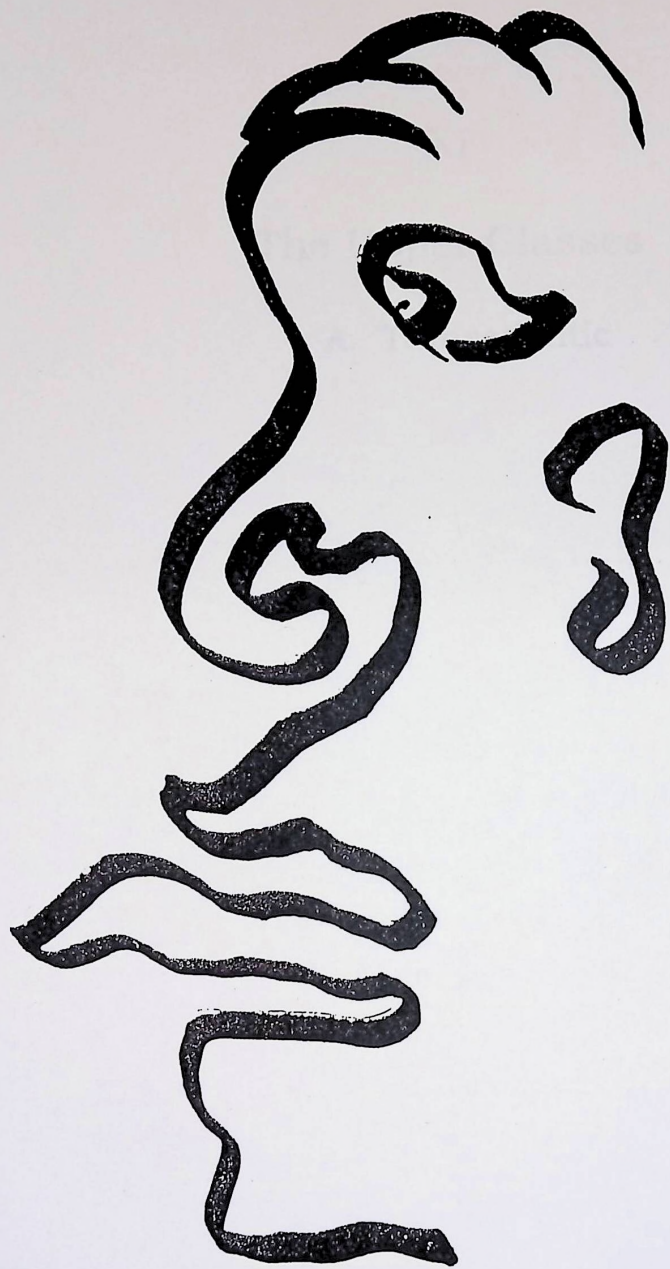




I just
woke
from this
dream where
I was Adolf
Hitler.



Do I
look
a touch
disem-
bodied
to you?

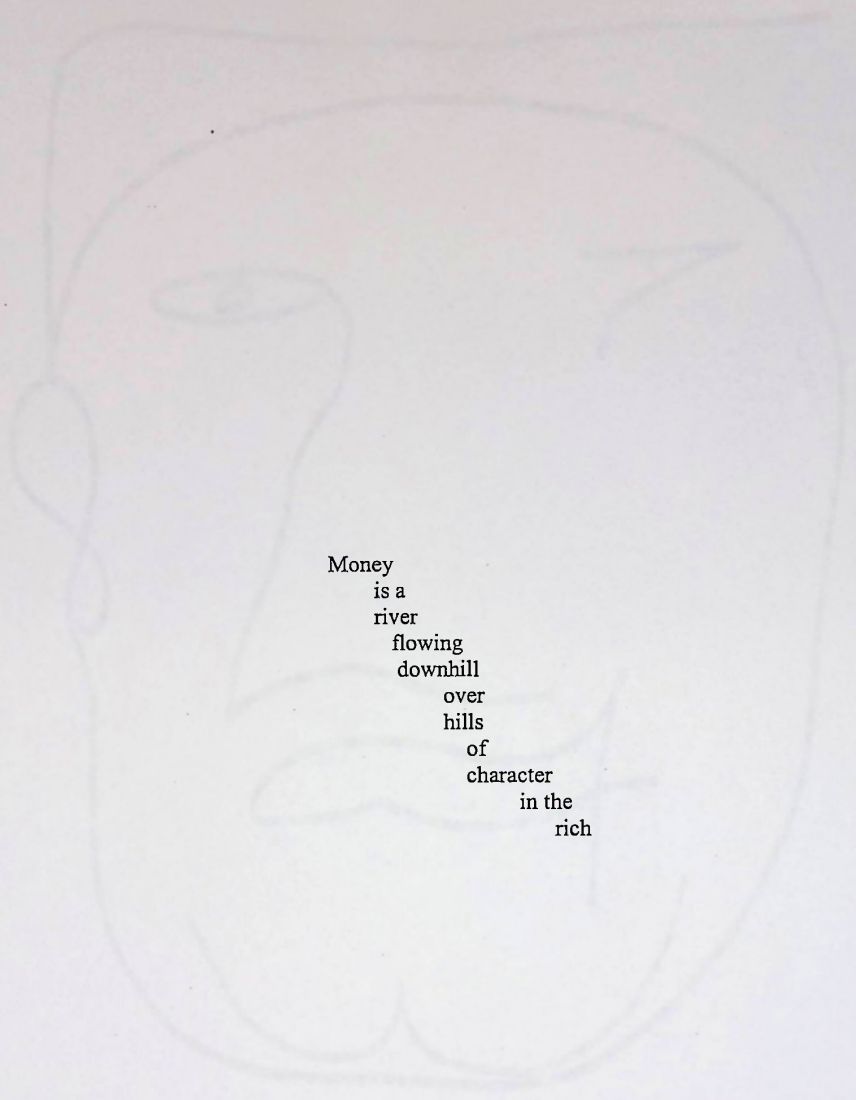


XI

The Upper Classes

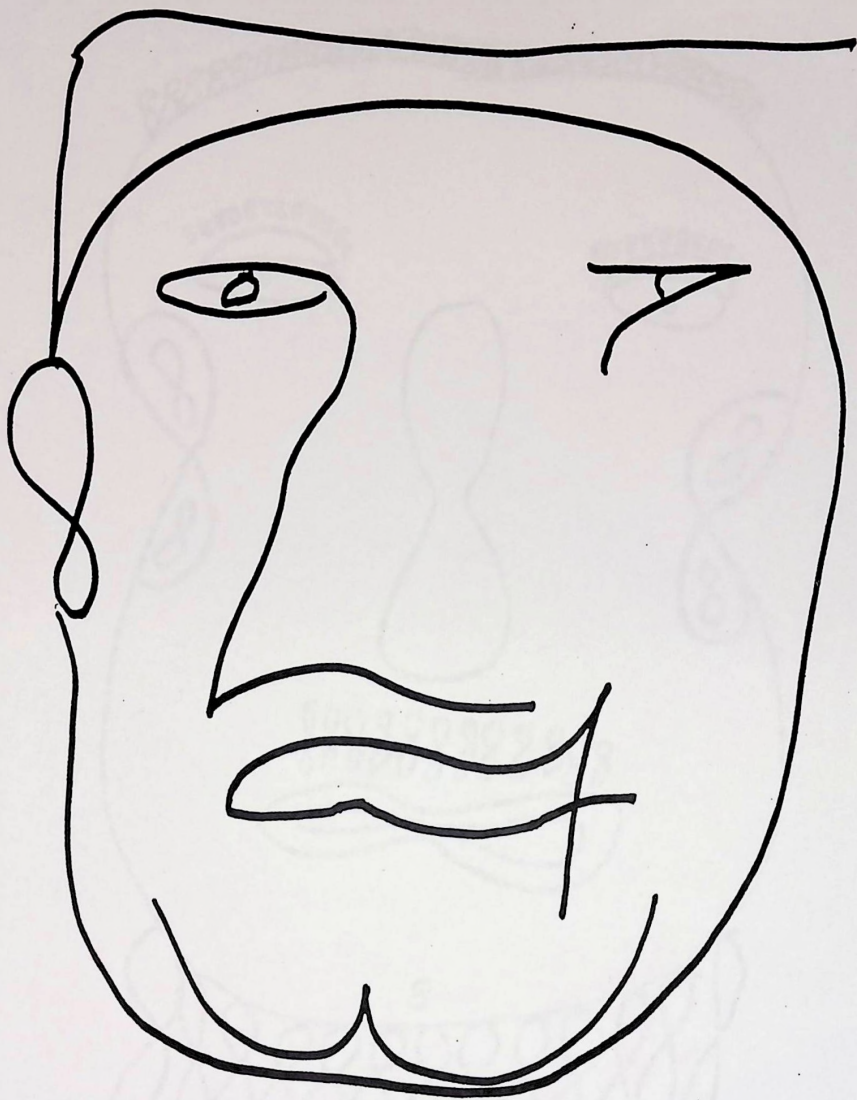
A. Transatlantic

The Prime Minister said:
The higher a man rises
the more he must
dissemble
until he
can no longer
recognize his own lies
of course by then
everything
that seems good
betrays me
and everything
which makes
me warm
tastes foul.

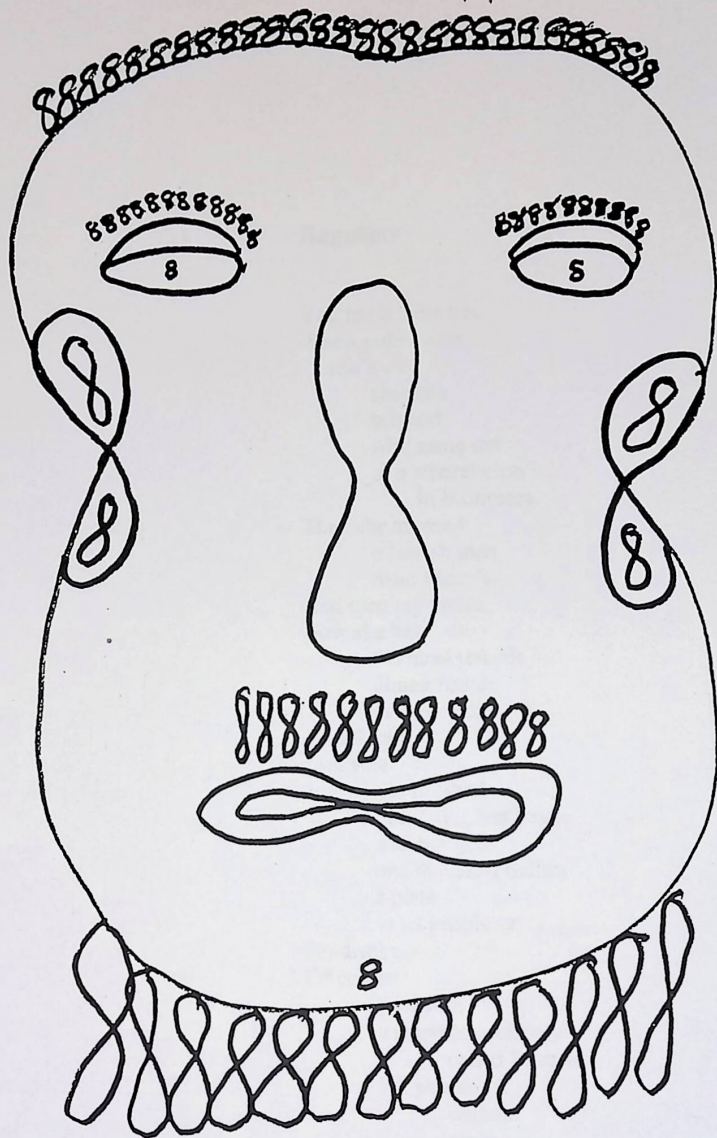


Money
is a
river
flowing
downhill
over
hills
of
character
in the
rich

The secret of money
is that you have to
know how to allow
it to grow



The secret of money
is that you have to
know how to allow
it to grow.



They call me Robber Baron
Go, figure!

Registers

You must meet her.

She's rather nice.

she's an

absolute

brigand

who came out

of a whorehouse

in Baltimore.

Then she married

a Jewish man

from Macy's

And then my father.

Now she has

the most terrible

dining room

in New York.

It's all gold.

Last year

she finished

decorating her house

and charged

one thousand dollars

a plate

to let people in.

No drinks.

Of course

it was for

a marvelous charity

called Baskets

For people

without

arms

or legs.

Isn't that nice?

Boites

I love Bobby, Bobby's divine
The Windsors came to
see him
and the Duke
kept calling for
Bye Bye Blackbird
over and over again.
It was a glorious night.
I borrowed mascara
from the Duchess
before we were done
we were crying
so hard
even the Duke.

How were we to know
that the West
Old World
would shiver from blight
and I would turn
to a Prince
of the Congo
saying: embrace me
darkest delight
for in your firmament
are stars.

Oh blackbird
do not banish us
banish not
the lovers
of Bobby

when he sang
Blackbird
bye-bye
for can it be
we heard
the chord
of the cannibal
sharpening his knife
on a blooded stone
and wept for you
as well as us.

Young winners
make weak old losers
said Bobby
removing his mask
to show
he was now
King
of our
Congo.

Definition of A Lady

She grasps
the root
while kissing
the bud

Definition of A Hero

He
thrives
in
dikes

Ode To A Lady

Cold and swinish are your crafts
Mean and nasty, foul your arts
The spirit of a lover you would never kill
'Tis tastier far to deaden him.

Yes, maggots are your pets
and garlic your bouquet

Cold and swinish are your crafts
a pestilence on me
For I have primed my iron
in your lore and now
your faults revealed
my eyes are blinded still
by the image of a woman
who is a virgin to my touch
and never smiles the lover's dirty grin
of sweets we shared
and share we will again

No, you are a work of art
pristine, inviolate,
shiver of midnight away
from the touch of my tip all
fingers stretched

You call to artists
in other lands
singing sweetly:

Create me
dear singing loir
of some manly harp
create me
for I stifle where I stand
and lady-like
must drown the moment
in the lake of much too many
who leave me lazy
like a snake

Create me,
dear man,
beyond my eye.

And I answer:

snake and foulest bitch
swine of a hundred feet
I am your artist across the seas
and love you, heart,
because you are purer far
than all your arts
and all your swilling crafts,
purer far because your heart
dared to call
when others-
cats, grand dames,
fraises fatales,
and all the avaricious humps
could think of nothing
but flight from me.

Come back,
says piggy
Can it be, poor harp
Can it really be
that you are the voice
across the sea?

Yes, come back, says swine-song in your heart
Come back, come back, come back
For names you've called me
far and wide
Wine of a hundred feet
Sweet lord you're kind
Yes come to me honey-bee
and I will kill you.
Over here my lad,
God, you're bad.

Marriage A La Mode

Cook for him?

Of course not.

We eat out
all the time.

He's gotten fat

He's gotten

very

fat

longing

for good

cooking

said the Bitch

in a voice

of absolute

tenderness for Mr. Bitch

curious fellow

her husband.

Devils

One of us
will
be
better
looking
when it's
all
over.

B.

Witches and Warlocks

The most
eligible
bachelor
in London
is a category
conceived
by presumptive
witches
weary
of doing
without
their widow's weeds-
whispered
the epigram
to the boutonniere.

Go fix the flowers fuck-face
was the King's reply

I'm fast
becoming
a goose
said the bitch
blinking her eye
to the beat
of my
intent
light, deliberate and dry

I hate to have a ball
which goes de trop said I

De trop, or not de trop
dare your
deliberations
go deeper
ducks.
for love
which is light
and dry
makes me think of money
and her dirty bucks.
So waltz me
around again Willie
hard dark and deep
the keys to the dungeon
are buried
in mummie's
murderous
keep.

You bruise
my
catatonia
said
the saint
to the witch
after he had
fallen
so far
as to nod
assent
to a
shitty suggestion

Is that all
asked the witch
accoutome ma foi
to eat the shit
of the
superior.

The saint forgave her
and kissed a sore
content with the
notion
it came from mort.

Deep in my dungeon
I welcome you here
Deep in my dungeon
I worship your fear
Deep in my dungeon
I dwell.
I do not know
if I wish you well.

Deep in my dungeon
I welcome you here
Deep in my dungeon
I worship your fear
Deep in my dungeon,
I dwell
A bloody kiss
from the wishing well.

The Ride of the Sad Saint

1.

The air was full of curses
looking for no fight.
The devils and the witches
were all alone tonight
save for a saint
who was sad.

Mad, mad, you're mad,
cried a lad in the garb
of a girl
Saints are not sad
but sadistic.

Cruelty is the kindest wound
for dung, replied the saint.
Go forth and sin
in such a way
you need not run
at break of day.

Not one said yea.
Still, the saint merely sighed
he knew a saint
must not aspire
to the courage of a god
nor try too long
to bear such pain.

Besides, the saint was vain.
It was the drop life left
in his humility
in the couloirs of his humility
in the catatonia of his senility
in the crease of Carmen's ear
in the crease of Carmen's ear.

I am brave by an act
of will, said the saint
my nature is to fear
O saint even you must fear
the crease of Carmen's ear.

2

For Carmen is a cutthroat
Carmen is a queen
Carmen sings of passion
and blows her breath at me.

Carmen is a royal whore
Carmen is a slut
Carmen has a mustache
and smiles at flowing blood.

I knew Carmen when she was young
Before her mustache bleached
A colored flag around her neck
she kissed the pirate's fleet
and seduced herself to me
and stole from me a steed.

Her head upon the pillow
she caught her flesh to mine
And went off at a gallop
some galley's keep to find
presenting me her ear
returning greed a fiend.

Oh, I was a young man
Cold, evil and strong
And few were the ladies
I couldn't dog, dog-
bitch, you're in my bed
and cue them out half-dead.

Five children started in my land
Six across the sea.
None knew my hand upon
his head. Royal bastards all.
One swore my death was in
her vow. Loyal bastards royal.

But Carmen was a crueler siege
Than all my evil gathered
And tore the heart right out of the the ram
while all that's vain was shattered.
And now I am a saint. (O pity me.)
Now I am a saint. (O pity me)

I stare into the eyes
of devils,
devils dark and foul
and look them down
and steal their ground
while in me tolls a hollow
by the heart
of Carmen's ear
near the heart of Carmen's ear
that scar on horror's breast
which fears no fire
for death to Carmen is Devil's dare
for Hell to Carmen is heaven's mare:

a trot away from this flat world
where saints and witches stale
and war's too whored for open fight
swears the heart of Carmen's ear
swings the hooves of Carmen's steed:
ride, ride, ride with me.

Come ride with me into my land
Down down along my crease
And we will live forever
 in the marrow of the beast
 and we will live forever
 in the sweetmeat of desire
Oh we will live forever
 In the sweetmeat of disease
 oh we will live forever
 by the steeps at Carmen's knees
 we will live forever
in the crease of Carmen's ear
in the crease
in the crease
in the crease of Carmen's ear.

C.

Camembert
and
Caviar

It's a fine wine
hearty as one drinks it,
peppery
yet it seems
to come
florid
and
soft

Yes, I answered,
we have an
old peasant
saying:
It's a fine wine
but the devil
farted
in it
once.

The second bottle
was
Sierra Blanca
a California
Sauterne,
with a moldy
label
and a green
rusted cork,
age and
color
of
cobweb.
So we
chose it
over a fast
dry
cool
professional
blonde
from
Bordeaux.

Yet when
the
nectar
crested
over
the eddies
of fume
that rose
from
the dust
of the cork,
the wine
was sour
and
squalid
like
bad breath
on a good goose
with bad teeth.
Oh well,
we murmured
never fall
for a
pretty face
again.

Wishes to that
we agreed
and we both
and a moment
it doesn't
heavy things
in the night
of the hotel
departing,
it doesn't
get into
the end
of one's
fingers
and leave them weak.

You must never let
anything
get into
the end

Nonetheless, we agreed: Domestic may be the wisest choice
For the ocean voyage spoils the wine.
It is the movement of the waves upon
the memory of a grape
Water lapping water is too sensual to the touch
wine delivers its love to the bottle
before the trip is out.
Ohhhh. Unhappy continent
livid America
the taste of wine, of foreign wine which crossed the sea
is like a taste of love the second time.
Poor wine said Lady Grape shedding a tear.

Vodka is fine
we agreed,
one can keep
one's character,
it doesn't do
funny things
to the style
of the soul
departing,
it doesn't
get into
the end
of one's
fingers
and leave them weak.

You must never let
anything
get into
the end
of your fingers
but

Love
said evil
getting up
to get another drink.

The caviar is marvelous, however.
(I do love the taste of the soul
in each little egg.) Still!
One does have to entertain the thought
that learning so much about the deep
perhaps,

oh dear God no,
perhaps next life
I will be a fish.

fizz
fire
flash
foo
flesh
went the bubbly.

Como no, Senor
said the sommelier
I know some fine
accommodations
in the sea.

If poetry is the food of the soul
then some poems are like pot roast
lots of meat, pannikins of gravy and
a great deal of taste all very
much the same.

Other poems are fishy
tang, pepper, weed, and green as the
sea. I know a few which stick to the
fingers. Poetaster in patis-
serie. But my poems-

I want my poems
to be like bones. Bones make it possible
to stay in good form.

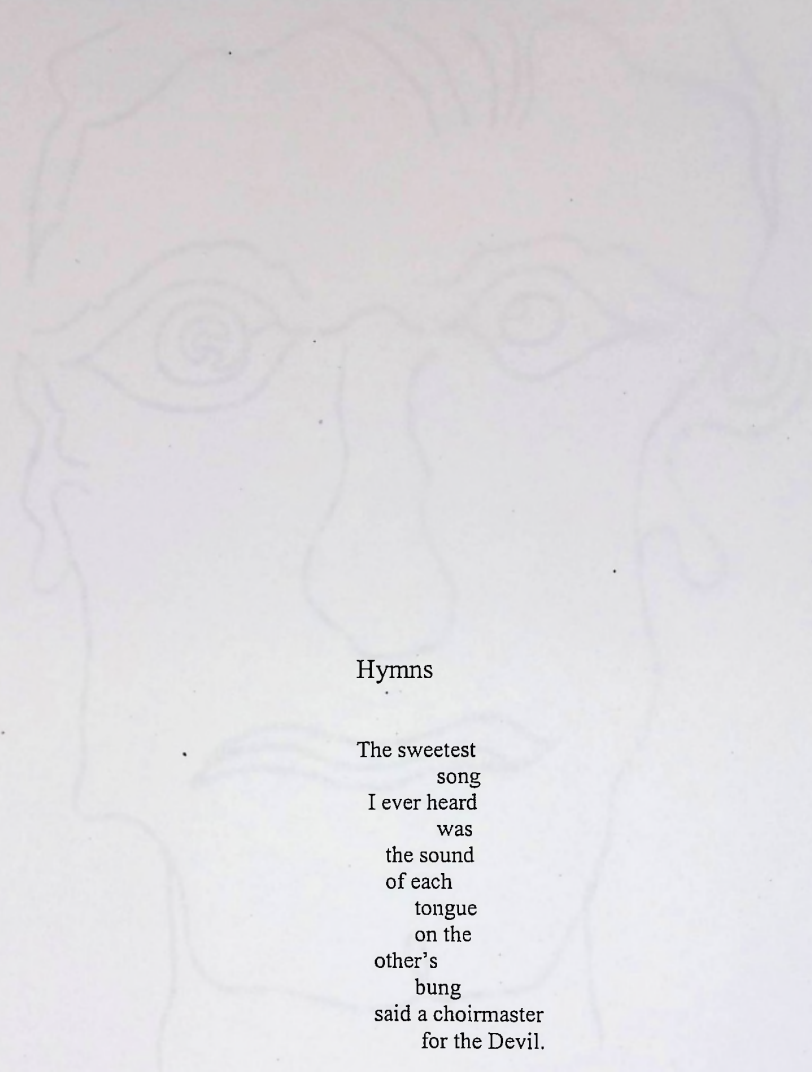
And there are
poems which taste of grass, air, earth,
rock salt and old lady granite in the
minerals (not to mention all
the dairy products, milky poems,
vegetables and gourds.)

But I want
my poems to be like bones and shine
silver in the sun.

For poems which
are like bones crackle in my teeth.
Look for the death within the death.

Since Camembert is the King of cheeses
foul, corrupt, redolent of old uses, dirty royal feet
and wealth beneath the ground,
then Brie becomes my Prince
said the air of morning to her appetite.
Still, said Camembert, monarchies produce architecture,
princes bastards
and morning speaking to her appetite is mud
to those who drink with Faust at night
Yes, adventurers gargle the sour blood of dukes
and eat me says Camembert
Power is nothing without the smell
of a royal crevice at your finger.
Oh, says Brie, nothing is so lovely
as the milk of morning on my mouth.
Do not let the world sodden us with its liver,
its poor colon and a smell of the hoarded past
Good architecture comes from young men
stealing the better half of form
from the royal round rump of some majestic lady
who smuggles jewels to the prince
and embezzles deeds from the king.

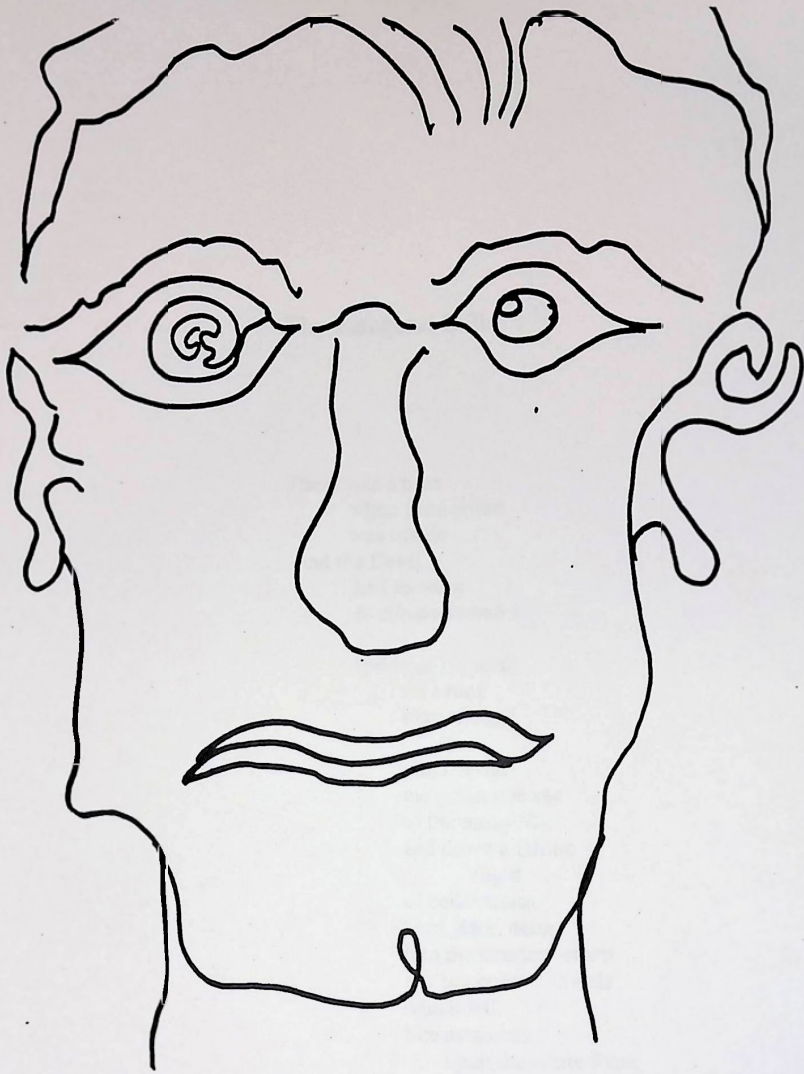
One cannot give a funeral service to the fart
and yet there are broken winds that walk the plank in pride.



Hymns

The sweetest
song
I ever heard
was
the sound
of each
tongue
on the
other's
bung
said a choirmaster
for the Devil.

*It's not easy
to be a priest
these days.*



It's not easy
to be a priest
these days.

The Inaugural Ball

1.

There was a time
when fornication
was titanic
and the Devil
had to work
to cheat a womb.

(pride of his teeth
on a root
long enough
to
pluck it out
the green wet sea
of the pussy slue
and down a falling
flight
of cellar stairs
hard, dark, deep
into the maiden brown
rooting out the bowels
which fell
like assassins
upon the white foam
of God's arrow)

2.

There was a time
when fornication
was satanic
and the Devil
had to work
to cheat a womb.

(licked the liqueur
of milady's loot
off a hot feathered face
and sobbed in despair
as God won the race
to shoot the fury
of his intentions
to the proper place.)

3.

But now the Devil
smokes a cigar
and has his nose
up U.S. phar-
maceutical

The assassins
who fall on God's
white arrow
give off the fumes
of chemical
killer bedded
in vaseline
as heroic
in its odor
as the exhaust
which comes off a
New York City
Transportation
System Bus

4.

I do not want
to believe it.
(Ay, no quiero verla!)
that the scent
of the clerk
at Merck
and
Merck
is the last
of the Devil's odor.

No.

I want
to declaim
that the time
will return
when
Lucifer wrestles
the Lord again
for fucking
all glory
of Heaven's vault
in flame,
and
mandarins
mad
with
fright
at fucking
and God's
black
light.

XII

The Lower Classes