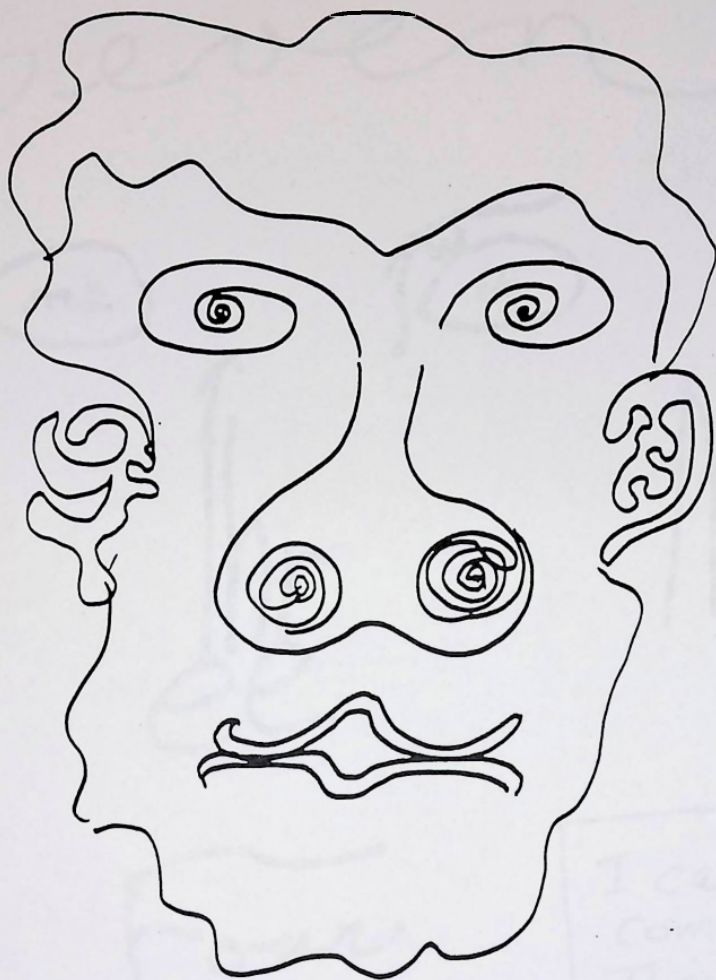




It wasn't
that bad.
They're all
pitching
too much.



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

Seven

me

W
SA

8

Three

Nine

Four

5

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

Fourteen

Ten

Even

if
tany

Tw
ive

ix
Even

Thirteen

Seventeen

1
01

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02
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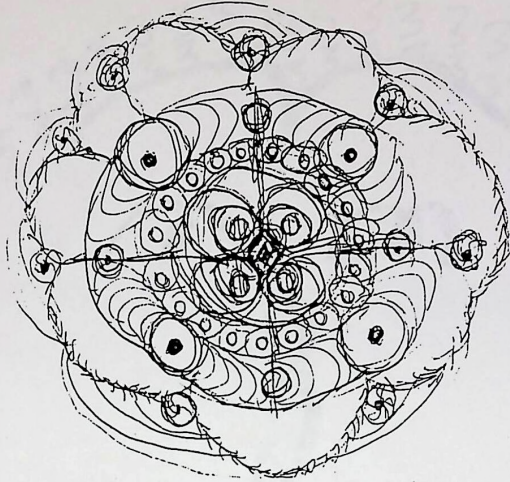
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03

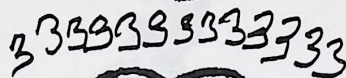
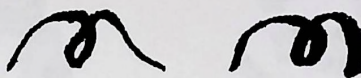
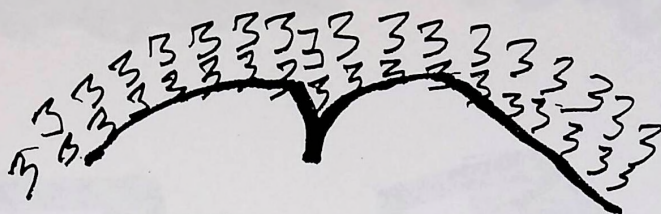
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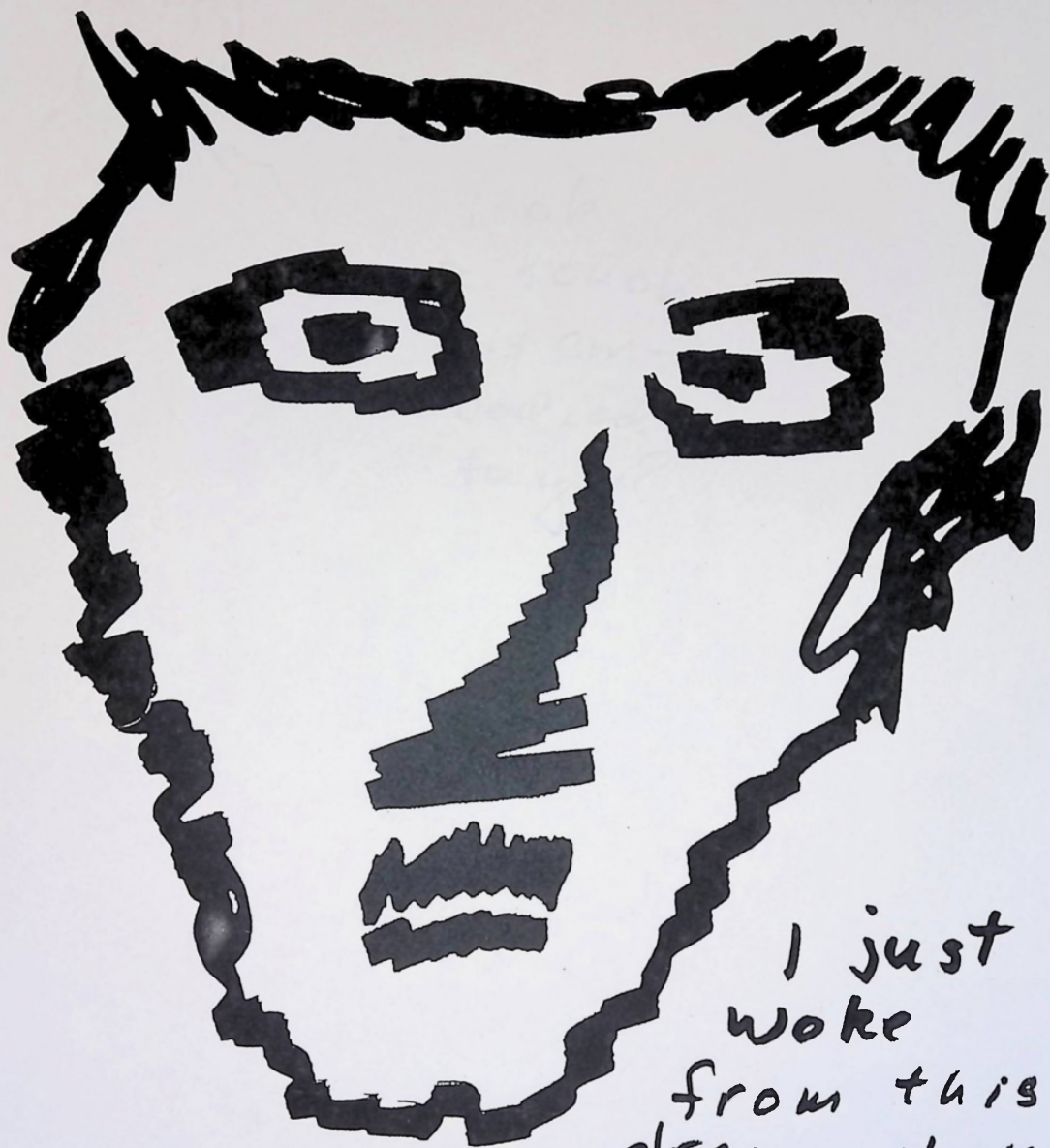
04

05



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



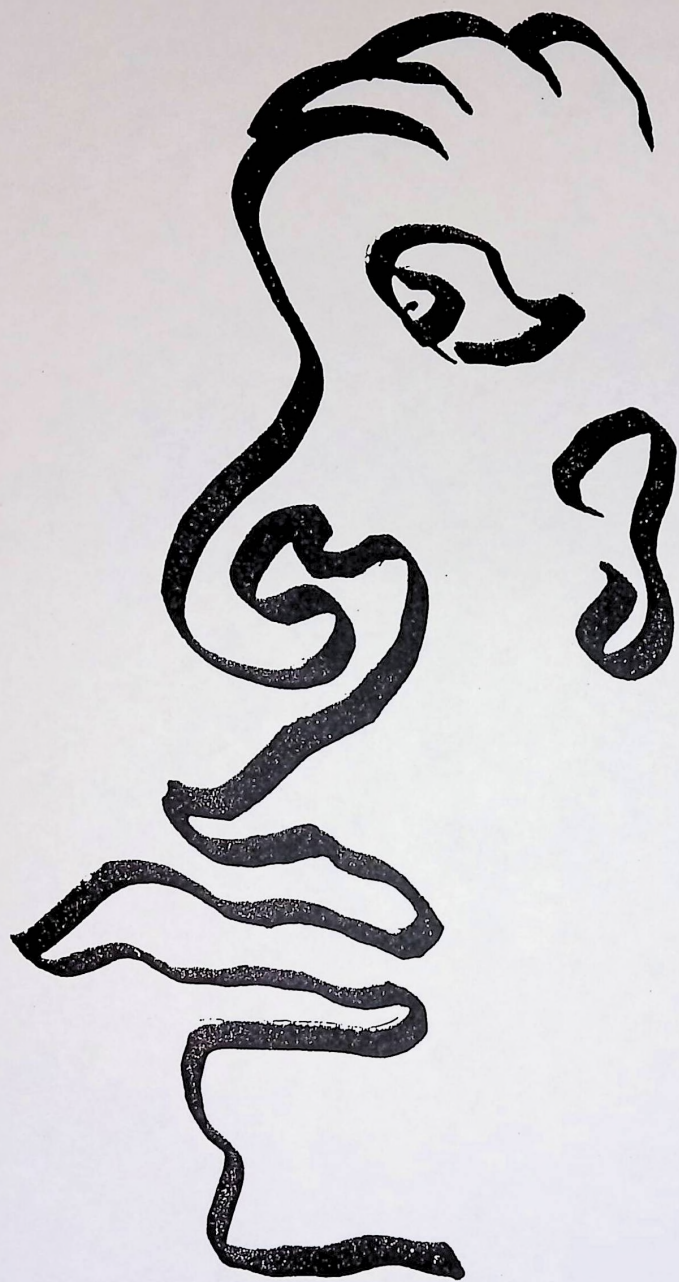


I just
woke
from this
dream where
I was Adolf
Hitler.



Do I
look
a touch
disem-
bodied
to you?

73

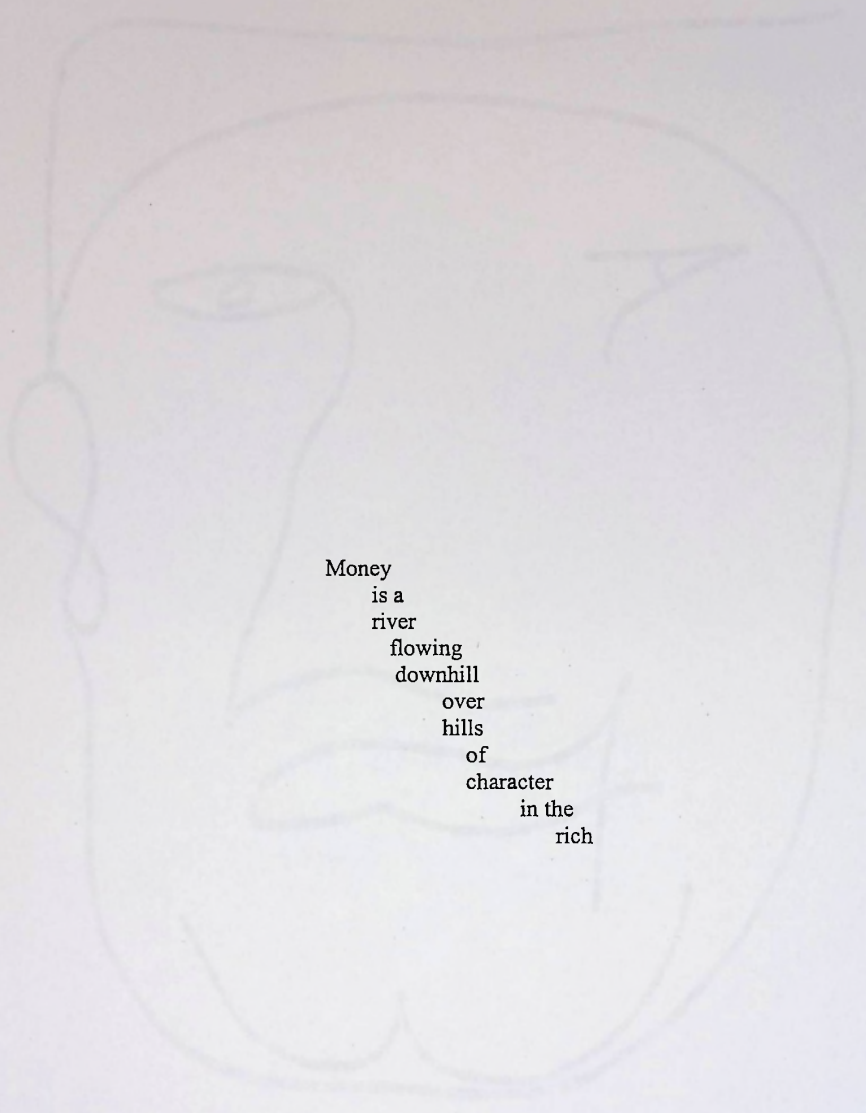


XI

The Upper Classes

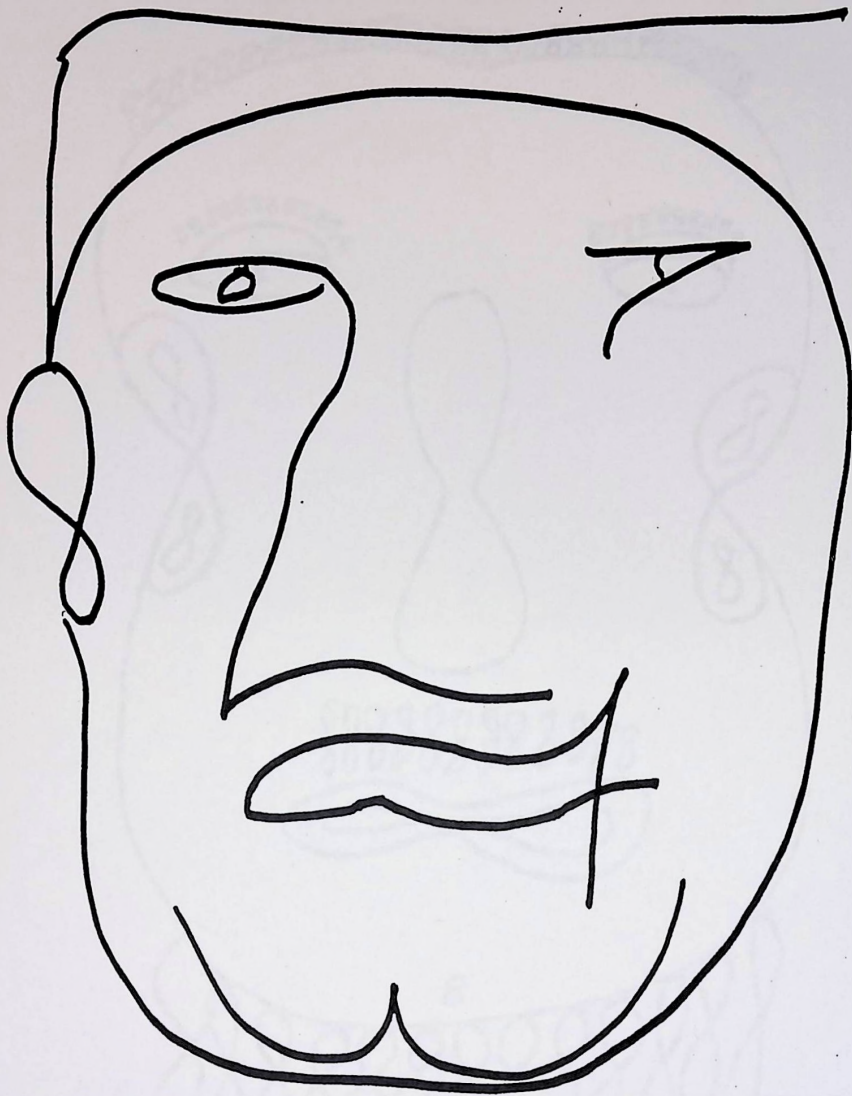
A. Transatlantic

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.

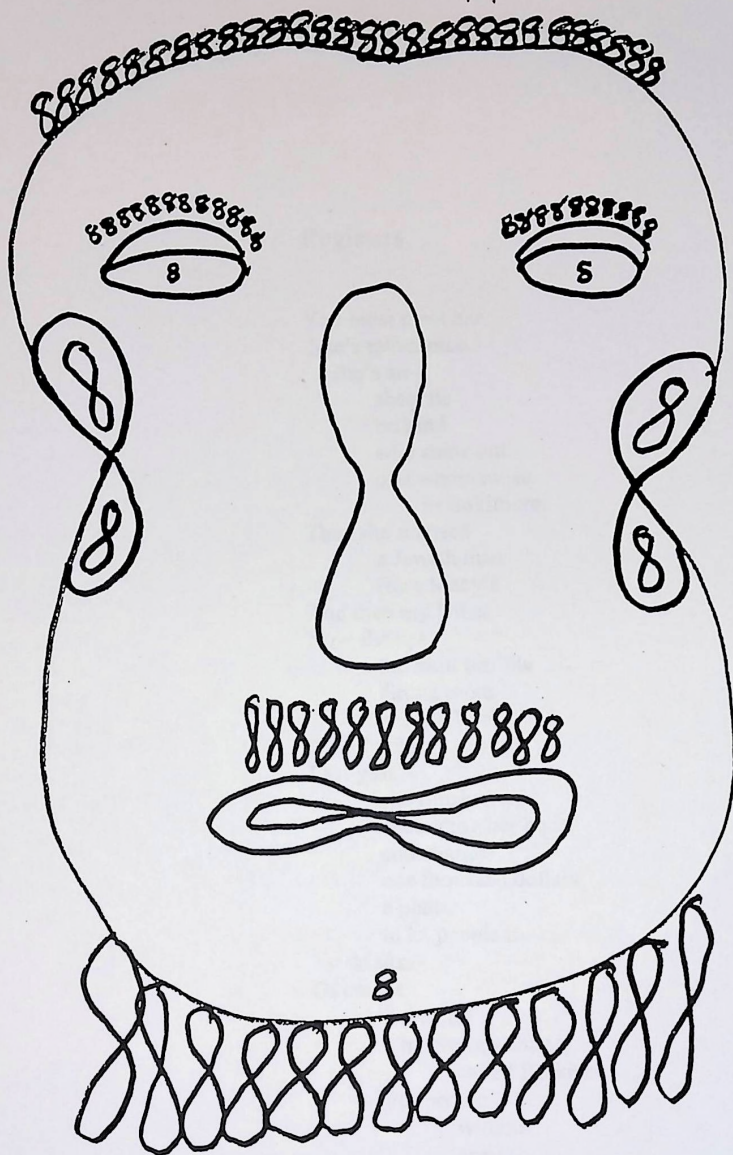


Money
is a
river
flowing
downhill
over
hills
of
character
in the
rich

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

I

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 crueller 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

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
which 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.

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.

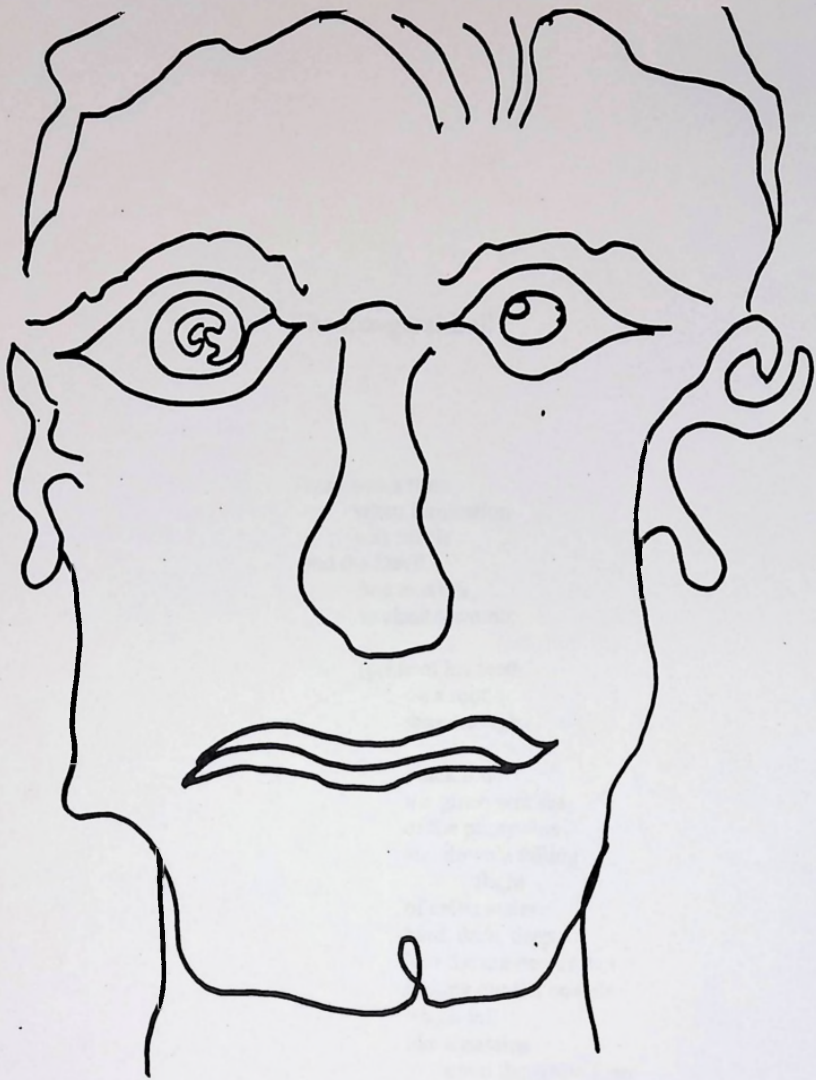
Since Camembert is the King of cheeses
foul, corrupt, redolent of old uses, dirty royal feet
and wealth beneath the ground,
Then Brie becomes my Prince
said the air of morning to her appetite.
Still, said Camembert, monarchies produce architecture,
princes bastards
and morning speaking to her appetite 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 sluc
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.

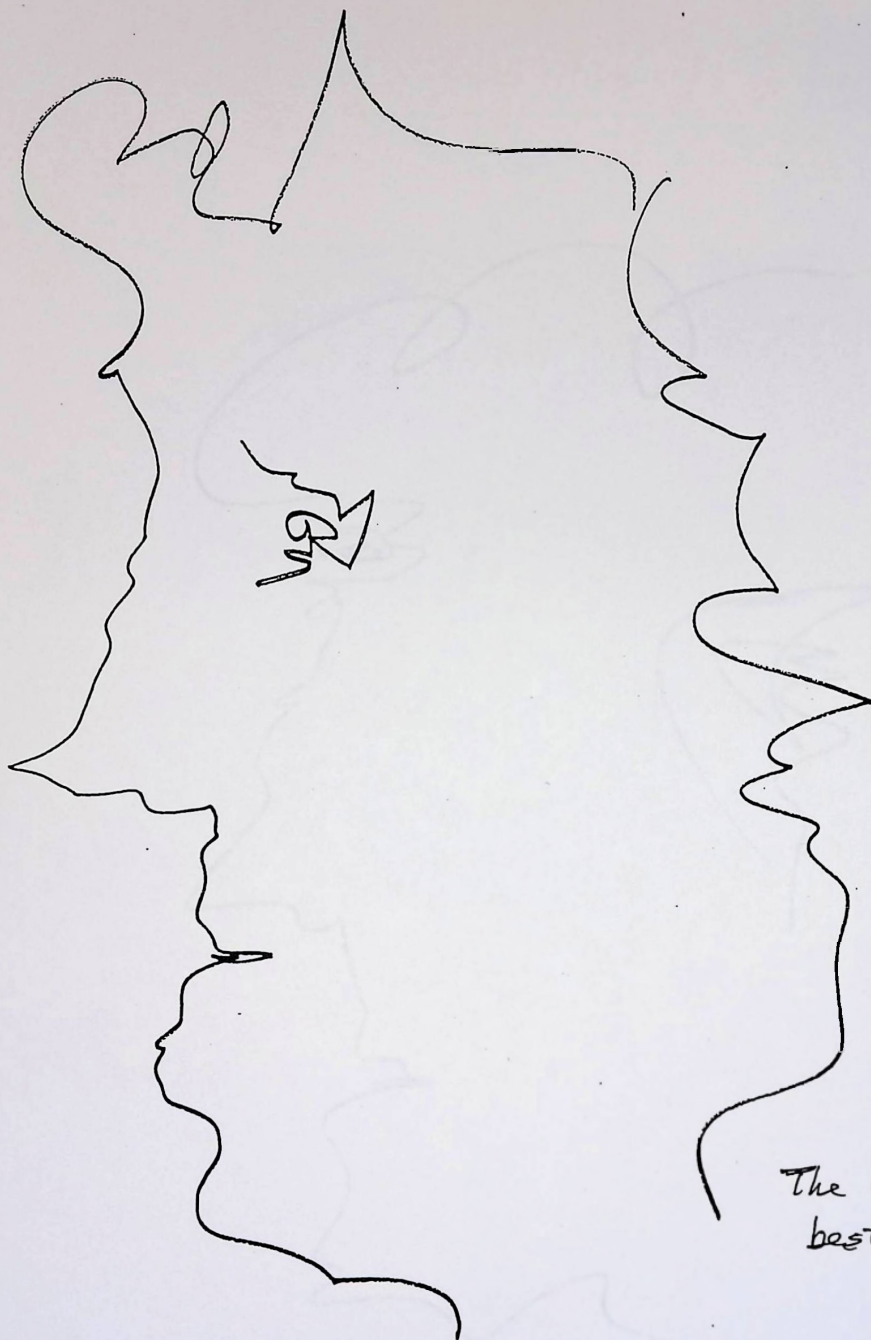
XII

The Lower Classes

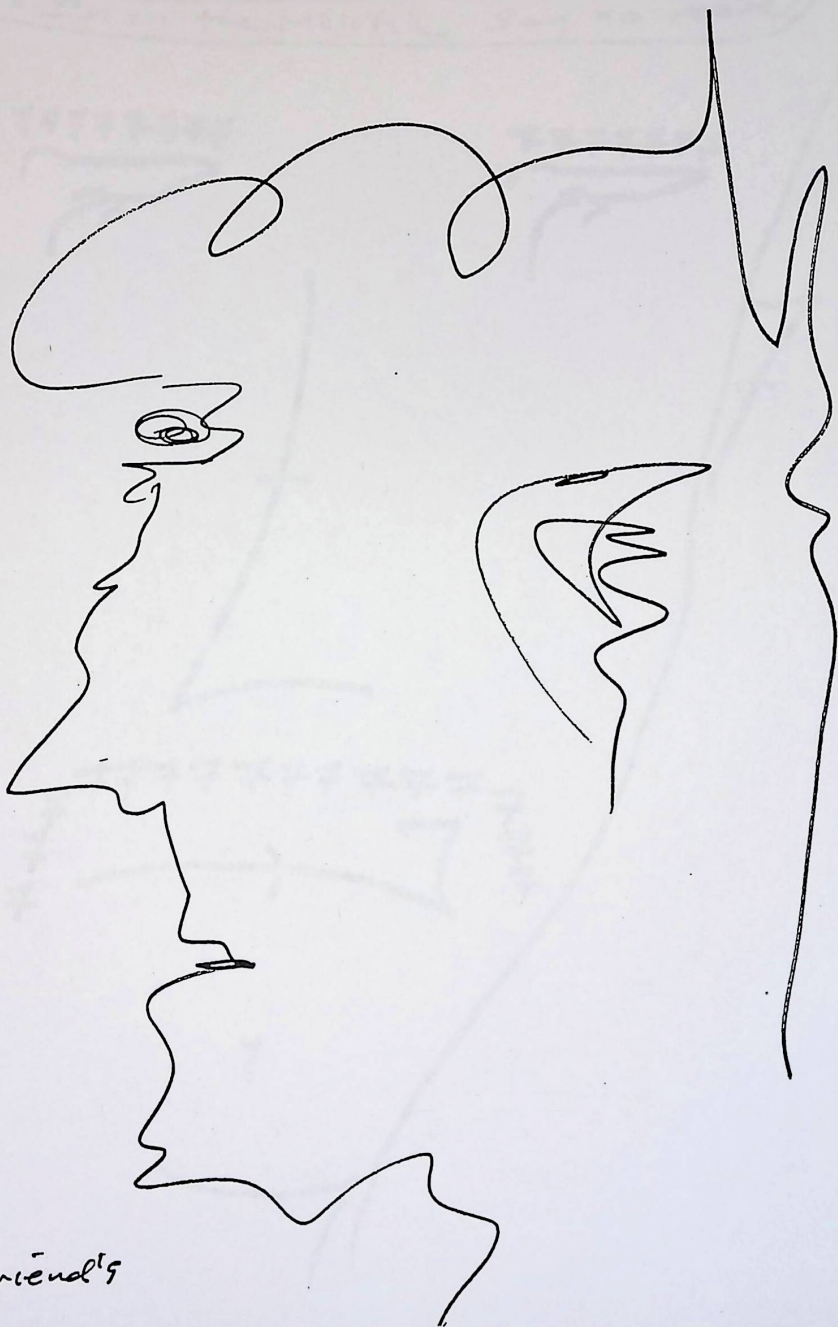


The Hand Hat

The Hand Hat's
Last Friend

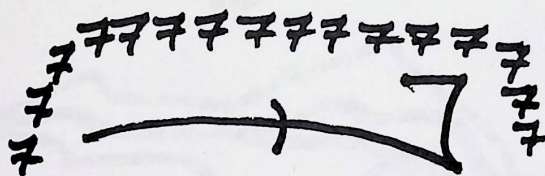
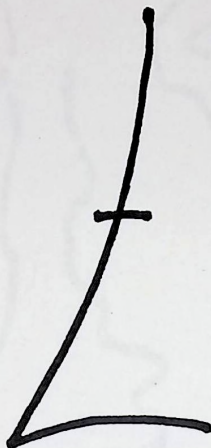
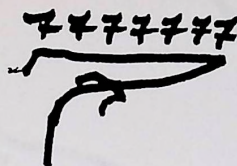
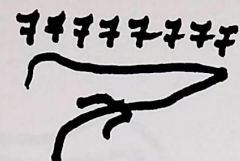


The Hard hat's
best friend

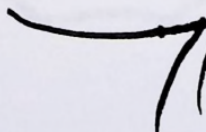


I'm the
best friend's
father

7777777 7777777777777777
Yes I'm in the militia say no more!

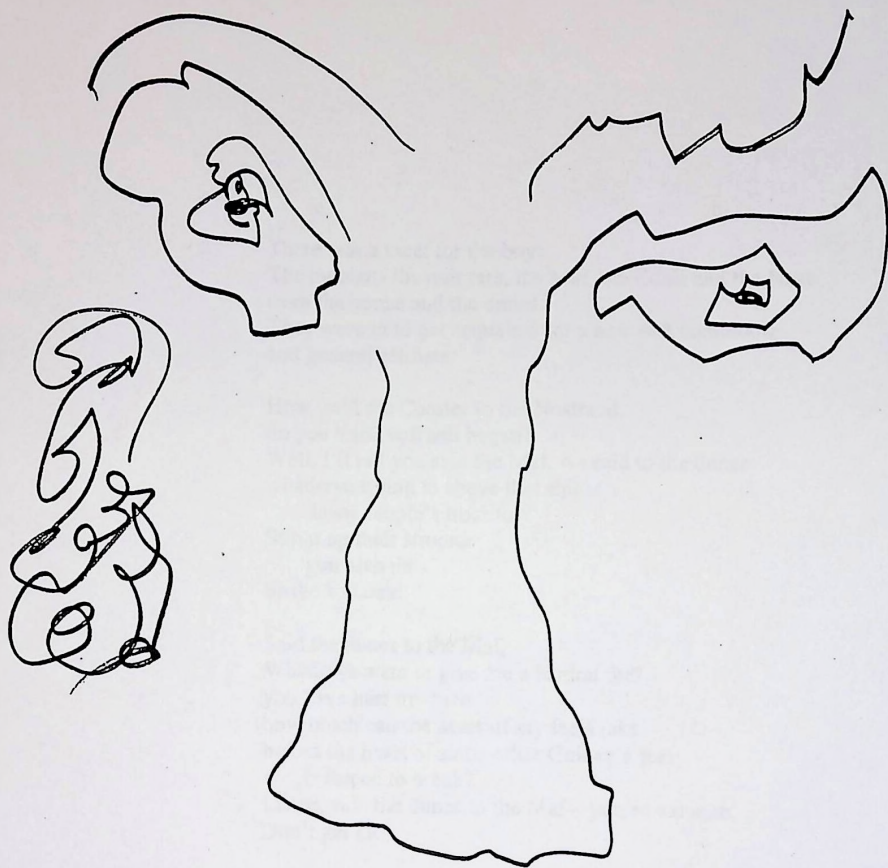


7





I know things
the Sopranos don't.



There was a meet for the boys
The moolahs the mozzers, the Maf, the Coast and the Nose
even the bonze and the dunes.
They were in to get acquaints for a new soft commodtz
and general affiliate.

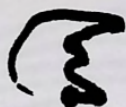
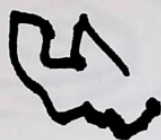
How, said the Coaster to the Nostrand
do you think soft sell began?
Well, I'll tell you said the Maf; we said to the dunes
whaderya trying to shove that shit
down people's troat for?
Slip it up their stroonz
you asshole
Strike a match!

Said the dunes to the Maf,
Whaderya want to give me a hardon for?
you have hurt my feels
how much can the heart of my feels take
befoer the heart of some other Guinea's feel
is forced to break?
Listen, said the dunes to the Maf—you're a dunze,
Don't get hit!

So they had a ruining
They had the runs.
That was some thunder.
Those fartsaroons came close to eating all the prunes.

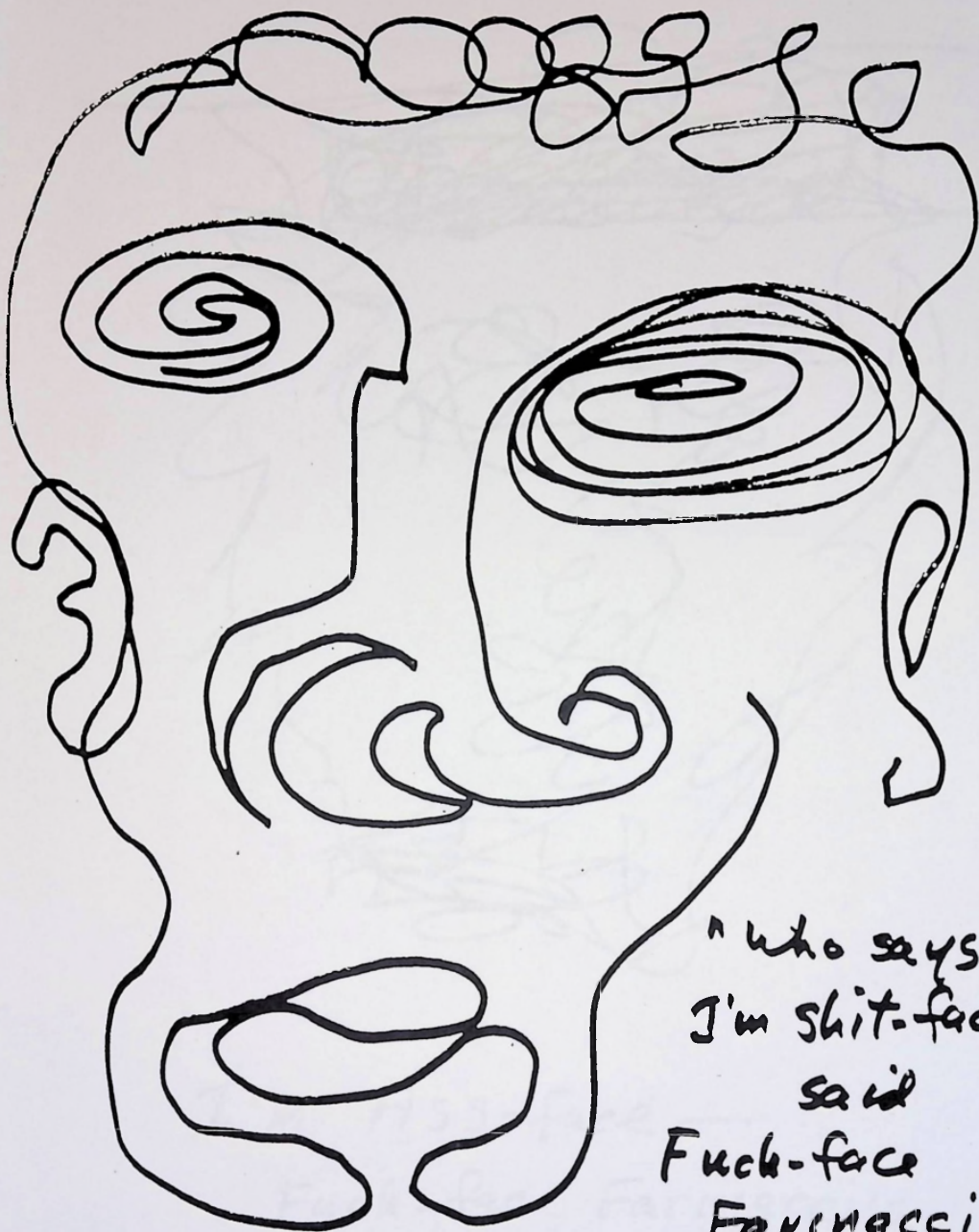


You don't know who I am
and you don't want to find out.

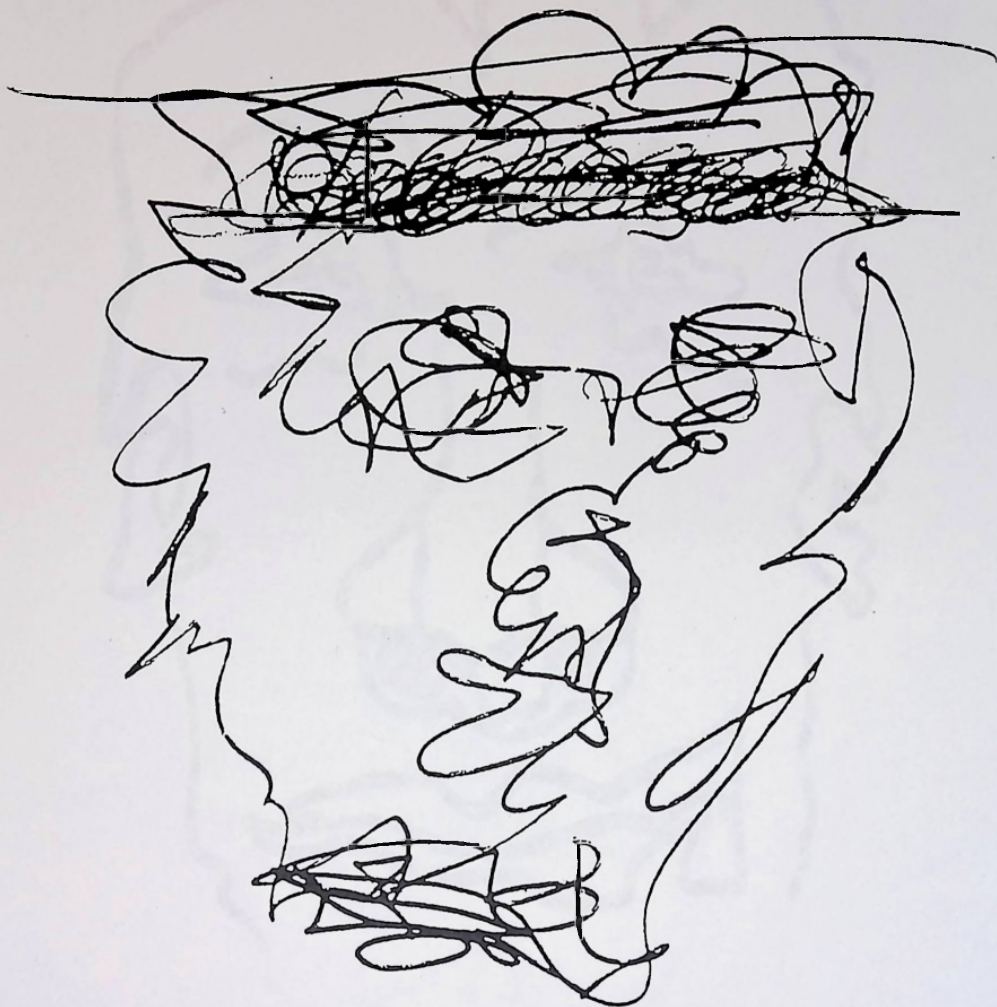


Ditto!

Who says
I'm shit-face?
said
Fuck-face
Fornacci.

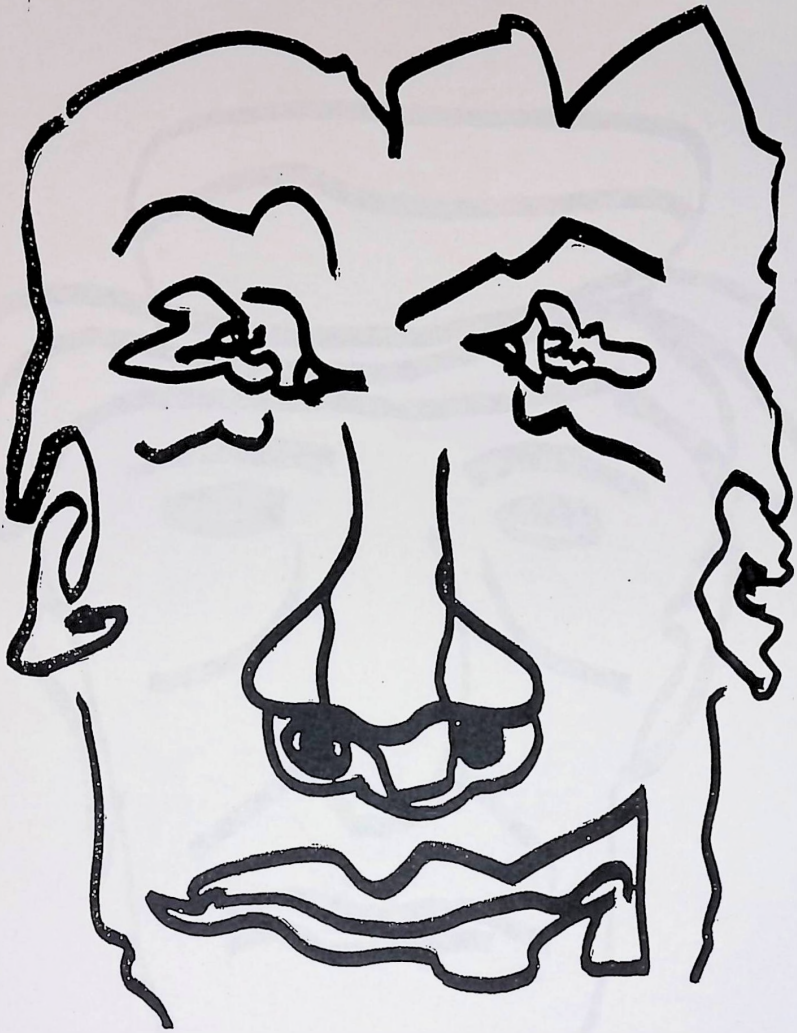


"who says
I'm shit-face?"
said
Fuck-face
Favucci.



I'm Ass-face —

Fuck-face Farinacci's
best friend.



KEEP YOUR NOSE
CLEAN
ASS-FACE



They ask me if I'm
the consigliere.
I tell them — keep looking!

East Village

In New York
it's not
enough to be polite,
one must
be
brutally polite,
to wit:
variations
observe
the theme
of foul
economy
Shithead
follows
up your
bunny
honey
in
balance
and pro-
priety
Jew
bastard
if said
in a
Village
bar
is as
gentle
as
spade
creep

Fuck off
can be
returned
with
three
stiff
fingers
to the
plexus
or the neck
The
rule
is
keep
cool
This
is
New
York

Now
these
children
want me
to roast
their
tea
said The
Man with
the bag

Do they
think
I'm a
mother
with
shades
and a
furled
umbrella?
Go to sea
Jim,
I have
something
in my
head
that
would
really
kill
you

To the ghost of his late highness the Senator

Another orphan
said McCarthy
let's have a high mass
and kiss her ass
before we kick
her cunt in,
sister superior.

Ooooooo
Is this poem good for the Jews?
asked Reverend Godspee
of the Inter-Faith Council
for
The Committee of
Hearth and Heart, Share and Care

Kick his cunt in too
said McCarthy
Reverend Godspee is
a Communist

You're fucking aye
said all the louts
in all the bars
in Queens
and they were right
for once.

You
can't
and you
won't
print that,
said
the Lady who
was running
for office
in a voice
that
released
half
her
souls
from prison
and
dropped
them
into
Hell.

Panhandling
the Bowery
on Sunday aft
with gray sky
and no butts
we had an
argument
over the
 merits
of frozen food
versus canned

Canned is awful,
I said, it comes
out half dead.

Yea, said Red
 but
 frozen
 is stone.

To the Lower Classes

Noblesse

Oblige
has one rule
and
one rule only

You must be
so nice
so bright
so quick and
so well turned
that
no one need
tell you
a second time.

Tell me what?
that he world
is well-lost
for love
and the upper
classes
are the
law above?

I tell you this:
if the
upper classes
are kin to God
in style—
(which is one hypothesis
we do not ignore:
how else account
for elegance?)

if the
upper classes
are kin to God
in style
then God has no love
but guilt, nor a style
apart from fashion,
no courage but to
do in duty
what
one does not desire
and no worth
but for His love
at beauty

For there
is noble's work
their plea:
that they
love in truth
with all sense
of Christian
love
divorced from self
the air of beauty
and her pomp.
The poor know naught
but death
they do not free
they obliterate.

Stripped of its
distinctions
life is a flat city
whose isolated spurs
cut the sky
like housing projects.
Think of the air
whose heart is bruised
by touching such artifacts.
(Does the cutworm forgive
the plow?)

I tell you, say the rich,
the poor are naught
but dirty wind
welling in air-shafts
over the cinders
and droppings of
the past, their
voices thick
with grease
and ordure,
sewer-greed
to corrode the ear
with the horrors
of the past
and the voids
of new stupidity.
One could drown
waiting for the poor
to make
one fine distinction.
Yes, destroy us
say the rich
and you lose
the roots
of God.

Destroy them
say the poor
we cannot breathe
nor give
until we etch
on their rich nerve
the cruel razor
and heartless club
of our past,
those sediments of
waste
which curbed
our genes
and flattened
the vision we
would give
the chromosome.

Yes, destroy them
say the poor
burn them, rob them
gorge their tears
and such half of beauty
lost to pomp
will flower
unglimpsed wonders
in the rose,
will flower
unglimpsed wonders
in the rows.

I wonder,
said the Lord
I wonder if I know the answer
any more.

Square Dance

On the meat of the rich
And the urge of the poor
The purge of the ore
And the grease of the bitch
A lady was burning
A whore was a-scorch
Gorge was the cheese
And ass the itch
Of Pussy and Pick-nose
And swish out the twitch
Deep hurted the liver
Raw buried the sauce
Hotshit the hurricane
Herded the gourd
Howligan, hooligan
Hurry up all
Tonight is the night
Of the Hip Hole Ball

Perfume and fart
Snatch squinch and squeeze
Ear-wax and dingle
Fuck tit and dong
Fling a hole on your point
And sweeten the joint
Tonight is the night
Of the Hip Howl Ball.

XIII

Hunting for Poems

Men who go to kill deer
hope to find in the blood
some poems of our flesh
said a deer in the forest.

*"Our concern was speech, and speech impelled us
To purify the dialect of the tribe
And urge the mind to aftersight and foresight."*

aftersight and foresight
the sound is dull
in the ear
like a bruise
on fruit or
taint
in strong
meat

So curious a man
this Eliot
exquisite, pertinent,
yet dimmed in his climax

aftersight and foresight
hole upon hole
a curse
upon poetry
even when T.S.
bores
the hole.

As a poetess, I try
to rise above gender.
We all have
a woman within us.



As a poetess, I try
to rise above gender.
We all have
a woman within us.



Even the seeds of
sensation
are
thrilling to me.

o

o

o

o

Spleen?
Yes! Bad
poetry always
inspires spleen
in me.