

# The Wild Space

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# Fragments

Reality is nightmare wallpaper.  
Like a toothbrush made of iron bristles.  
A snarling world.  
A high standard of dying.  
The beauty of the bones.  
The onslaught of his life.  
The wild space.  
Bred for violence.  
Geographic compassion.  
Culture victim.  
Polluted by history.  
The credibility of the actual.  
Affirmation through apathy.  
Passive criminals.  
The set of lines.  
The recirculation of illusions.  
The price of fear.  
A spine of flesh.  
Tired of hope.  
Starved for the event.  
More than a cog.  
Questions borne of enthusiasm.  
The pleasure is torture.  
Tormented by my potential.  
The pull that moves the world.

# Logger

Sawed wind  
Sawed ocean

Man and his  
stack of  
amputee concepts  
piled high

# 13 Short Poems

## I

You think we like this music.  
This music is necessary.

## II

Punchlines alone  
aren't funny

## III

They make you  
think it's important

## IV

They're happy  
But I'm not.

## V

Programmed to  
think short  
thoughts

## VI

Programmed to  
look random

## VII

Not important  
music flowing with images

Too bad  
TV killed us

## VIII

If evil were in  
possession of the  
world, would we  
call it reality?

## IX

He hated his  
relapse

## X

They laughed  
But it was over

## XI

Before there was ether  
there were dentists

## XII

Flag over coffin  
patriotism covering up death

## XIII


Lots of laughing  
not much to laugh at

## Meeting My Thoughts

Marvelous to meet my thoughts  
I'd never known they were there  
but there they were  
Friendly, waiting to be petted  
They came up for air

# Pieces

Look at the connections

- 1) Don't peer back
  - 2) Peer forward, but don't fall in
  - 3) Sit at the foot of the  
mountain, and listen to  
the prophet at the top
  - 4) Religion lost its soul!!
- 5)  The cry before the random event

## I Fell Into the Word Radiance

I fell into the word radiance  
and looked around  
noticed the shiny walls  
on the inside  
the cement walls  
on the outside  
the center gleamed to the core  
And at this center was a  
whirlwind of shifting space  
the center shifted with the space  
and the true center was everywhere  
I stepped outside the word  
It wasn't quite the same

# Open Wide Ended Columns

Open wide ended  
columns of pristine night

Gazing into six stuck colored  
figures angled into each  
other in a limpid light

## Green -Charged Daylight

The green — charged daylight  
slowly wandering into  
melting and shimmering  
slowly silent seas.

Yellow night  
Bringing into angled passages  
Blue — strewn messages of disbelief.

Wandering slowly  
A melty slippy feeling  
drifts out and under  
the curving rocks.

Winding into blue pools  
of waitening metal  
Bring forth  
the charges of elephantine herds  
Brummeling Bristling  
Ever forth pounding and glimmering  
supercharged seas

Out of metallic night  
a point  
needle star  
sticks out and pierces a white moon

Draws red blood  
And goes sifting home.

## The Jerking is Growing

The jerking is growing  
Faster  
It's snowing  
And light the light belight  
it shines

Pleasant starnet  
Fanned the feet  
As delicate twinkling gazes  
danced about  
the  
street

As a momentary stillness  
hushed the sound  
A tremoling pound  
Pounding & Pounding &  
Pounding the doors

As possessed  
He threw out into  
the night  
several modern pounds  
of illuminated  
sharp-sting passages

Understand  
that the brilliance of  
the windying  
blue-dee-ing  
blackened  
sky  
twirled down &  
down  
&  
effortlessly down

As those from  
another world moved his  
hand in motion

Without a sound

As if possessed  
untressed  
the vibrating coils  
plunged out into  
the night  
the verses of Delight

Slow down  
without a sound  
the frightening moment  
as  
he hoped it was  
to pass

enough

## Judge Not

Judge not, lest ye be  
judged  
As the faint voice yells  
“you came out too far —  
go back, go back”  
As the fog cleared  
what we thought was light  
was night  
As the mind clears  
it sees less

# Animal

Animal

the  
humanness  
is too much  
for you too  
bear

Better study your chemicals

Nothing  
else can  
help you

your romantic  
notions  
fly  
out the window  
And  
soon you  
find that it is all real  
after all —  
no illusion!

God is too cruel for  
THAT!

Life  
Life as we live it —

even though you can make it, you  
don't know what it means

# Plan

And  
mark over  
the plan  
you made  
out of  
the situation  
in which  
we placed ourselves  
we glanced at the moon

“It is white tonight.”

“Yes, it is.”

“We stare at it, and none of it appears to our glances.”

OK,  
stop the racket  
talk of it  
somewhere else  
Now I  
know how  
to plan —

OMIT WHAT YOU KNOW.

## Poem Written After Reading Rilke

*the following poem was inspired by the following poems by Rilke  
Lament, Autumn Day, The Solitary, The Angels, Memory, Solitude  
(contained in MacIntyre's RILKE: SELECTED POEMS)*

I'll spring for this poem  
I'll plunge into the  
depths & search out  
the bones of meaning  
The inadequate lands in  
place  
situates itself squarely to  
be seen

A failure to grasp  
the expression, and a failure  
to grasp what to express

Oh there's steps  
all right  
But I have no feet —

I can't describe my feelings  
of failure to describe.

The De — scribe.  
He writes to tell nothing.

Does he lie —  
no  
he only aims and misses

But to break it out  
you need stones of gold  
not mortar —

There's precious little with  
what to construct

To build a pyramid of  
platinum with bricks  
of tin

And yet here — in the  
cog of the wheel —  
drinking grease —  
I lack the mortar

I strive —  
I aim

And in missing,  
who's to blame?

The pyramids of tin —  
or was it brick?

## II

Meaning must be grasped  
to be spit out across the

chasm —  
Go for the gulf —

Try for it —  
A lack of sense comes  
from an inability to  
do needlework

Hear needlework,  
think thread  
hear thread,  
think connection

Now you're on the track —

Hear track — think  
path  
Hear path,  
think "way,"  
hear "way,"  
think "how?"

Now you're on the track!

You'll do it yet

Confidence —  
You can stream too —  
be on the opposite end  
of a new point of view

So rare — so true

We're finding it —  
we're beginning to put 2 & 2  
together

We're beginning  
Now finally  
& the steps are greased!

A bonus — now  
we have feet —  
and the light's at the  
end of the tunnel —

Dante, and all those of noble  
birth furnished the funnel —

Oh, we're enjoying the sweet smell of muscle

We're going, going  
"Come back soon!  
Be sure to right! Write!"

"Sure Ma."  
If only I could —  
need my wings —  
the metaphysical blender  
mixing  
won't say it now  
again the experiment —  
see if you remember  
metaphors<sup>1</sup>  
There's your clue —

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<sup>1</sup> Metaphors We Live By, p. 145 (Lakoff and Johnson)

"New metaphors have the power to create a new reality. This can begin to happen when we start to comprehend our experience in terms of a metaphor, and it becomes a deeper reality when we begin to act in terms of it. If a new metaphor enters the conceptual system that we base our actions on, it will alter that conceptual system and the perceptions and actions that the system gives rise to. Much of cultural change arises from the introduction of new metaphorical concepts and the loss of old ones."

A critic looks from  
the outside in — the artist,  
from the inside out —  
how can the critic  
  see the light,  
looking on the dark  
end of the beam?

## III

The form of chains  
 will mix here  
 The form of chains,  
 greased with the light at  
 the edge of the beam  
 wind up the spiral

 there's your key

steps and jumps into the  
 rain —

Evaporate — where'd he  
 get that reference



Cosmopolitan critics  
 will tell you —  
 for a price

Selling knowledge?  
 Like selling a glimpse of the  
 moon?

Give it away  
 Think now  
 Hear beggar,  
 think dumb,  
 Hear scientist,  
 think philanthropist —  
 hear gardener,  
 think it's about time —  
 hear evaporation  
 think seems impossible,  
 but it happens in unfavorable  
 climes.

Now take a test,  
 and see if blue and  
 brown transfixed

meet east and west.

See mirror  
Think the threads are  
coming unglued —

To have been pursued —  
you should have given up —

losing contact?

Well — it's a problem bred  
in our genes  
Genes  
Nah, can't be true —  
but if it's what God wants  
to do, it's true.

Truth = God's actions

↖ Dependent on a MAJOR premise<sup>2</sup>

Why does he who claims  
existence  
resort to matter to  
achieve his goals?

A question worth thinking  
about

↖ An exclamation worth  
questioning

The secret, friends, is  
in the circle —  
call it fourth dimensional  
continuum —  
attach your phonology  
to the core

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<sup>2</sup> December 7, 1981 (nine days after this poem was written) *Atlanta Journal*, p. 18-A

“Even if some of its minor premises look, smell, taste, feel, and sound scientific, it's major premise – God – is not subject to testing or disproof . . .”

whatever —

but the circle is  
around us and  
moving in fast  
But we're moving out  
fast — See the light?

(Hear light  
think this is tired

indeed but) when light comes  
streaming in we wake  
up

Wow! What a rest!  
Hey Ma! What's for  
breakfast!

Sorry, Finnegan, dad's at  
the golf course you mixed

Aw buckums — I mean  
shuckumsmapa —  
What's your name?

Look — I understand I'm  
late — I'm willing  
To learn — let me  
earn my keep.

Go back to sleep.

Oh world — it's lovely  
to see you in your  
stamping tramping  
metaphysical flying  
beaming  
Those asleep need to  
wake up and start  
dreaming —

You got to move out of  
bed and grasp a star

hold on tight

Choose the best next line:

- A) But don't put out the light
- B) feels good, feels right
- C) Give me my eyesight back oh you, maker of the glass eye —

Now, before I go back to  
bed, we'll put some eye  
and though (thou)  
into this mixture and  
come up with a result  
sure to please my  
friends

Wow got the thread  
wrapped round my  
cornea and  
rarin to go

## IV

We meet, alast, on  
a cold cool day  
The signposts point both  
one and one-way

The rows of trees —  
indeed —  
indelibly indeed  
they symmetrically  
swim in a  
sea of fir  
green

Aesthetic harmony —

Going for the roots  
Pile them high —

The last fruit to open on  
the vine  
And fruit is what's at

the end —  
remember to go out on  
that gaping wooden  
limb where that luscious  
gum chewy sweet  
stuff is

Now — a  
commentary.

The thread is bare.  
Give it something to wind around  
It'll come through  
Its up there —  
the steps exist  
(Dali to the contrary)  
Oh, some painting!

But the light only  
attracts the moths  
so if your body  
has sloth for  
marrow  
And your bones are  
nothing to wrap  
thread around  
Remember this

Light and sound are similar —  
one repels (when delivered  
from an improper source)  
and one brings you there  
faster than the speed of.

Trying to make sense  
out of the calling,  
the coming,  
and the going —  
we flex our muscles and pull just a little weight —  
as a race,  
we'd win,  
if, going faster, we  
pulled the right  
strings.

And crossed the line  
which represented  
the backbone of our  
mind —

But, enough —

It's a stuff  
stuffed  
packed in —  
hope it unravels for  
you — all of you —  
the not-me — the  
future-me, and the  
past-me —

These gasps, Man,  
take in with heavy  
breaths

This air exhaled from  
your fellow miners often  
contains gold  
But you got to pick  
the wheat from the  
chaff, &  
spin yourself a gold  
necklace from a  
Platonic pattern.

## Beware the Air

Beware  
the air  
the air that you breathe  
the swim  
it flows through  
your lungs  
it tastes good  
it feeds you  
life  
the air  
it feeds  
you life  
You can't doubt it  
we breathe  
the sound  
And note  
that it  
is no louder  
than usual

## On a Barren Planet

On a barren planet  
on a sandy beach

No sounds were heard  
the air was quiet  
the sand didn't stir

A cactus grew, but was ignored

In this desert  
plans were made

Insects scurried  
across the blazing plains  
only seven days away  
from death

but the ants had  
a story

"Don't blame us —  
we have no other route."

It was true  
The ants, in the hill,  
had no other purpose

What's our excuse?

Nothing grew under the torrid sun  
but horns honked  
honked forever

Traffic battled music  
Traffic won

No words exist to describe the true

Failure is not a word  
because failure doesn't describe  
the event

Tragedy is not a word  
because tragedy does not describe  
the possible  
Fury is not a word  
because fury doesn't even hint  
at the emotion  
of the one  
who's waiting for us  
on the other side  
of the door

Whoops  
Should we have rewound the  
tape?  
Yes, we should have

But in those days  
the VCR hadn't been  
invented

Now there are many techniques  
designed to manipulate time

Time was patient

It was her finest quality

And she waited  
And she waited

But we didn't come through

And higher and higher  
the sky was pierced

with a dozen miles  
of debris

arranged in orderly fashion

The architects had done wonders

The building was secure  
no one would know

And as twenty birds  
plotted  
behind their clouds

to rid the world of urban blight

Two architects had a plan

“We know how to improve this.”

Of course they knew  
In that framework  
that way of seeing

they DEFINED the meaning of  
“improvement”

Our TVs, tuned in to Channel  
Thirteen,  
(what else did you expect?)  
Got the message

“Message received!”

That’s the message  
we have sent for eons

We’re a one-trick pony

Our kazoo needs a tune-up.

Alas, the kazoo  
is the only instrument  
we’ll be playing for awhile

The oboes, violins, and cellos  
are in the hands of the  
Masters  
And the Servants are fixing  
the Eggs

“How do you like your eggs, Sir?”  
“Scrambled, Jeeves.”  
“Sir, I only aim to please. It’s  
what I’m here for.”

“Jeeves, now I know why I hired you!”  
“I love it when you call me Jeeves, Sir.”  
“And now I know why I call you Jeeves.”

The Eggs were getting cold  
Molly, half stewardess,  
half maid  
was worried

In her mind were a  
million beautiful  
symphonies  
blossoming  
thirty gorgeous poems  
fighting for air

But the Eggs were getting cold.

“Does Master want ketchup  
on his eggs?”  
“You know all the right words.  
At this point it doesn’t matter.”

Away from the estate  
the young were playing  
cricket

The crickets were imitating  
machines

And the Queen  
was Manning the Hive

In the old days,  
the Hive was ruled by  
Bohr and Fermi

These days,  
the Queen ruled the Roost

Call her Mother Hen

She sat on her eggs,  
hatched about ten billion  
Wasps

and about three  
Lambs

Now, I only have one question  
Who inverted the  
laws of probability?

If the Dice were loaded  
we'd blame it on Satan

But Satan says  
"Don't look at me!"

It's his favorite line.

A pitchfork here  
a pitchfork there

And you got yourselves  
one  
Hell  
of a problem!

Youth  
something in the meaning  
is eternal  
Square  
something in the meaning  
is fighting amongst  
themselves  
Torrents  
something we see when  
the clouds are tired

We're putting it together  
Humpty Dumpty  
and the Big Bang  
were proof  
that when Art  
met  
Science

All Hell would break loose!

Humpty Dumpty

was an Egg  
And a good Egg,  
at that  
the British would say so,  
so would the "Queen"  
(Snort)  
And the Hive buzzed  
"Doesn't that make it  
true?"

Lots of pieces under the  
Wall

And all the King's Horses,  
and all the Jeeves' efforts

couldn't make Humpty  
stop

the birds were scared  
clouds, no cover

Humpty fell  
pieces everywhere

There's no problem  
with the concept  
of the  
Jigsaw

but who's going to  
fit together the puzzle

This is it, folks

Let's roll the cartoons  
because the  
main feature  
is here to stay

Delay the inevitable?  
Let's hope it's not our  
only chance.

But you-know-who

gives you a whole  
arsenal of chances

In this forest  
trees make no noise  
when they fall

Violating the laws  
of a metaphysical  
Physics

Only they understand

Under the stars,  
we look at the constellations  
circling  
several planets bow to  
a blue  
serene emotion

And wild minds  
inspire a breath,  
a feeling,  
here in circling spheres  
are many pieces

We call them asteroids.  
They pelt the planet.

A triangle here,  
a piece of debris there

As the landfill grows  
something unique is  
inspired

yes, it's small  
yes, it's narrow  
yes, it's weak  
yes, it's almost hopeless

but in the geometry  
of battles  
the clash of polygons

something must fall

Call it the chip  
off the Master's workbench

A violin plays,  
and with it, a  
strumpet

Here's music for  
their Fears!

If he's a great musician,  
a great artist

Three chances come to view

- 1) 180°
- 2) 360°
- 3) 1°



Here's a chance!

Camouflage,  
Identity,  
and just a bit of a shift

We can make  
mountains  
out of these  
molehills

if we can dig through  
the morass

There's a bird or two  
wants to get by

here's our chance to  
help

Someone's on the  
Endangered Species List  
and it's no Species

we've ever heard of

But roll the dice  
and, at some point,  
double 7's come up!

Double 7's!  
Yes, it didn't seem  
possible  
But it was,  
it was,  
it WAS!

You haven't rolled  
enough dice

To you, the possible  
is impossible  
but here's the news  
the possible  
happens every day!

And now the violins  
play a melody  
or two

And now the orchestra  
tunes up for their  
final rehearsal

The concert is only a day  
away  
Who's conducting?  
someone you know

And as the baton is lifted  
among the buzzing  
hordes

We finally realize

"Here's our chance!"  
"Here's what we were  
here for,  
and hear for!"

Stars hover only at night  
Birds hide behind clouds

All's right with the world

Jeeves knows his place  
The maids do the cleaning

We watch silently  
as the desecration continues

But even a pair of loaded  
dice,  
one day,  
will float us all to eternity

Sorry it took so long

But, as Dante said,  
it's a one-way  
road

And the way's been blocked  
by endless construction,  
let's call it corruption

But manholes,  
MANHOLES!  
There's the trick!

No road can stop us!

Go underground  
there the gold is found

Hovering over  
are clouds we call  
cover

sometimes rain is made  
sometimes we make rain

But the sun is part of  
the equation

we call it  
EVAPORATION

Weather doesn't mess around,  
there's more than one sunset,  
and sunrise,  
round the horizon

Here in the geometry of  
forms  
certain insects are plotting  
a plan  
they call it,  
EVOLUTION

Here in the Hive,  
there's buzzing alright,  
but there's Honey too.

Loaded dice?  
Not nice.

But at least we have dice.

"It coulda been worse,"  
as Rocky might have said.

Here there are  
no more words

Here there's only  
a  
crumb, a  
rat, a  
bone, a  
chance, a  
feeling

Not enough?  
No, not enough.

But the youth play on  
the playground

there's a tautology

there's no denying!

The bullies sulk  
while the band  
plays on

the swings swing  
the merry  
goes round

ants on the playground?  
children with loaded dice  
on the sandlot?

Pick up the pieces  
there's a couple left  
a square here  
an ant there  
a triangle north  
a buzzing hive south

No more chances?  
A dozen more + one  
loaded dice!

Sweet dreams,  
and blow the trumpets!

The birds have descended  
They laid an Egg  
They built a Nest

Now it's up to you.

# Keep Your Eyes Too Closed

Keep your eyes too closed  
to see me  
And tell what you finally see.

## A Propos

In this altered state of  
consciousness (appeal to the  
thought of the movie) your  
dependence on these logical  
thoughts to clear, at least  
to our eye (ear).  
Who could say? Do you know  
it — the way? Why  
Generate the multitudes of  
familiar labels  
They breed at us  
and we breed back  
countering their ecstatic manipulations  
for a trip at the carnival  
fair  
Peer out  
and look into the eyes of the  
blind  
they lie to you

As you watch the sun setting  
on a horizon none too clear  
Notice the failure of the  
Successful machinations  
As they plunged absolute beauty  
into a sea of  
absolute shit.

Ponder this gentlemen. As we held  
this meeting, we looked at our  
world — deemed it good — but  
the assonance doesn't lead it into  
validity.

Oh, use the passions  
Yoke 'em to your soul  
Swing with a partner  
and smell the sweet air  
What are we doing

Peer into the music  
See what it has to say

Listen to the smells of laughter  
They smell like tasting honey

Hey — I know what you need  
A seed — A seed of  
contentment that doesn't bear  
bitter fruit

Notice your position  
doggie submission  
doggerel eating  
slime-muck growing.

Clear it away  
for the central metaphor  
Pull out the  
Hey — the stops — Don't stop — hey  
We looked inside  
It slithered out  
opened its mouth  
screeched "Assonance!"

Bil inqual pallor  
we tender no malice  
we swing with our partners  
round and round  
(The color of his prose[?])  
vomit/yells a sound)




It affects the senses  
plunges you into the image  
wonder — A soaring searing  
mass of slythering tentacles  
peering the best of you  
in  
semi-swelled  
seedlands  
They bother the masses  
Who live in weedland  
(Fie! tis an unweeded  
garden which grows to seed)

Thus do the only sounds

we hear come from the sounds  
 we've heard,  
 it all,  
 don't fall  
 for it!

To master the complexity,  
 Take Sominexity!

(  A message for our time  
 hopefully, no other)

Use the individual  
 and reap the reward (?)  
 Sounds like award  
 Don't be fooled  
 Its no level  
 not neither a rough-hewn rock  
 Could you swing for the Bill?

Not a problem  
 yet  
 but get  
 yet but get this.

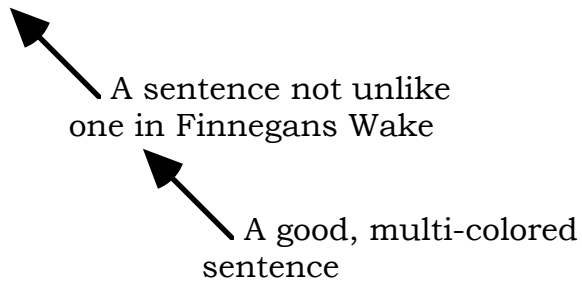
This is the problem — translation.

Deciding on whether to  
 accept the invalid word  
 But invalid to who?  
 Note where you came from, my friend,  
 the means,  
 not the end

Now get this  
 We hear on this ship a' steering  
 aground  
 Got to discover the way to  
 be found  
 Got to discover the hope that  
 is there  
 But is it . . .  
 There.

The dilemma poses what is

known as the four-headed  
obelisk



The problem with words  
is the language we use  
to define them,  
thus, to find them.

A good metaphysical construct  
is just this  
“Use what you know, and know  
what you piss.”

Now to follow this  
well would lead to perfect serenity  
Like a leaf planted  
under the May  
in the rosy woods  
of wetness day

Sauntering, swimming,  
in faint pools of love  
Quietly resting  
along the slowly shifting banks.

A “bank” to a man is  
just natural, a “bank” to a  
banker “perverse” (though  
he may not think it so)

Ponder the usage  
and wonder how it serves to  
show

Collect all the quietly  
sifting  
Adrift in the drink of a

pool


Mellowing lightly a lofting  
aneath the yellow spool

Squander your love,  
O potentials —  
Break out the series of  
“essentials”

What you view as the  
needed and keen  
is seldom seen  
in the metaphysical world.

Moving from light to dark  
Cold to warm  
(Opposition + denial)  
Then yell it out!

Praise it —  
Lords —  
You potentials of endless infinity  
Cry for the good

 Judge not this bad

Which vainly attempts to  
capture the good times you had  
But haven't we all!

The fall —

thundred word

## II

Go ahead  
 Model it after Finnegans Wake —  
 I hope for your sake  
 All is not done for  
 you  
 to do  
 what you plan, Oh yes let's  
 hope we hope to plan  
 you do



Sense the excitement of that  
 which is above us?  
 The stanza and the lord

Let all the businessmen  
 smell the swell  
 the swill  
 excuse me  
 They'll give it to their sons  
 in their will — who wish  
 their pops would kick off —  
 & this is the world we let exist?

Ponder the modern my  
 loved ones  
 Ponder the future we plan  
 evading caverns measureless to  
 man  
 descending into pits

Wandering the seas of  
 loneliness  
 pondering islands amiss

Oh yes

I am grateful for what I  
 have been given  
 The prior words have been  
 handed down to me from  
 heaven

No not what you think  
Not the heavens known by  
    them  
but the heavens done by  
    us

But we did it with aid  
some lucked onto the turn  
of the spade

O poetry! Yell to me!

Listen to its voice  
It calls so loud & clear  
But they need ears with  
which to hear!

Give them the ears?  
Unshackle their infinite minds  
the mighty bulls in the  
rodeo pen  
Caged in a lion's den!

Indeed  
what we need  
is not the seed  
we have planted

The central problem  
(talking now on a literal  
level for those just like me  
who cannot hear without hearing aids)  
The central problem is  
I  
for . . . by, not get.  
fooled ya!

The evasion  
is this all there is?

### III

Modeled after Finnegans Wake  
again

Smell my doctor  
 this plan!!  
 It oozes the truth  
 points out the complex  
 dilemmas we faced in our  
 youth  
 (and became mature to forget)  
 Now the old problems come back  
 and what is the method of  
 attack?

But we can face the problem.  
 Aren't we humans  
 And isn't there God —  
 & why do we fail to  
 carry out the plans we need!

Clumsy  
 But true  
 & the truth must get out  
 at all cost & no cost to you.



Psychological    Financial

Listen to this marigold tail  
 the time the lie that never  
 failed was told to us

In central scenery  
 did a flower appear  
 was told that he was  
 what the people wanted to hear  
 Fooled by this lie  
 He tried making a plan  
   by which to die  
 He couldn't handle the lie.

But someone up above  
 an idea or God I cannot  
 prove —  
 Platonic or St. Peter-sonic  
 No one can say

But in this scene  
this flowing fruit  
did try to tell his views  
But the weeds would not  
concede his view.

(Oh for insecticide!  
But nuclear bombs will never  
be used  
the automatons would be  
too confused)

## IV

The point was essentially this —  
what have our people missed?  
And how did this  
ultimate problem  
jump on us

(Don't expect the best  
If the best is what  
you want to hear  
Listen to Eliot — to Joyce —  
to Einstein — Bernstein)

These crystalline powers  
glitter above  
shine on us their light  
of love  
Point out to us their  
significance  
&  
their triumph

Here's the central tale  
told in bad poetry  
Thus does the bad form  
not equal good content  
is this the problem of our age  
which  
makes us  
age.

And I apologize  
Not Eliot's are my eyes  
not Joyce's  
My voices ring not as loud  
But do not judge a shroud  
By the cover it keeps  
Look to the power of  
the minds down under  
which would fight to  
the surface with a  
voluminous  
thunder —  
Yet under the quicksand the  
people, they laid.

& were laid.  
Another symptom.

Laid.  
Not loved.

Look,  
those of you who  
adjust our antennae,  
& tune it  
to *your* ears —  
listen to us  
not to you

Well  
where do I begin?  
Off the track for so long —  
Thus does our culture  
win

But only  
temporarily

They can't keep out  
the fighters  
the ones who join  
hands against  
the vipers.

Smell assonance?

## V

The time draws near  
Is our problem clear  
development of a theme  
on which to impose  
variations.

The central problem confronts  
us  
it breeds at us slime  
and — do I have to say  
pus?

We know it exists!  
But we just lift our  
pants legs & walk  
through the mire  
when our minds would  
even take us higher!!!!

Could the old guys  
those still among us  
whom we call “classics”  
could they have delivered to  
us the solutions  
to our task?

"No," he said, puzzled.

Those most brilliant among  
us  
have still not shown us the  
way —  
but maybe! Yes! Maybe the  
wall is ten feet high — But the  
shoulder is five feet  
short  
Maybe with enough climbing  
we could reach it!!  
Would the brightness blind us

always?

Shifting the problem to  
others  
who,  
essentially,  
are your brothers

But as in the civil war  
no longer brothers they  
become  
when opposing ideologies  
spoil the conjoining  
One

Brothers oppose brother  
over abstractions  
conceived by another

Could anything so tragic  
be  
posited for  
man?

## VI

Wonder about it  
the thoughts travel upward  
too deeply

Once, in some time, some  
place,  
some being understood this  
comprehended the meaning  
yet he was not destined  
to understand  
so universally  
again.

But at least this poem  
& this moment.

The understanding of minds  
different from ours

is our albatross  
Cut it off — But do not  
cut your neck

Time  
she runs away  
comes back  
plays with us  
the day before tomorrow &  
after today  
& the day before today

She covers it all  
Time  
smiling grimly  
watching the fall

Ho!  
Don't listen to the pessimist  
Those who cyntificate  
just  
don't  
rate

We of us here on  
the shoulders of giants  
like this here  
durn view  
The skys are too blue  
the leaves, too green

Seldom was seen  
such a sight

## VII

This is the poem that  
will end  
on the random event  
expect no big finish  
This too is a product of  
our past.  
Some old soldiers die,

& some just fizz away

So expect the abrupt  
end of the turn of the dice —  
But don't blame the dice!  
They gave you a try  
Your problem was —  
you played their  
game

The central problem  
(fellow humans)  
is this  
the ultimate solution  
the ultimate knowledge  
can only be communicated  
by this  
the ultimate language

The literal mode  
can only do the 100 yard in  
15.5  
we need a seven second  
runner  
& this is it  
But who would teach  
you to speak the language  
we use  
and only if you could use  
it could you see our views?

How could we tell you  
the problems we've seen  
using the language that  
caused the problems  
we've seen?

Thus are we forced to  
talk about it ourselves  
to ourselves  
with no one to hear  
The brains used by  
our drug abusers  
(happiness & psycho-active)

are not good enough.

How can we teach you our  
language?

We don't speak yours  
only with patient effort  
could the knowledge be  
poured  
only with gentle prodding  
togetherness  
symbol identifying  
only then could we  
achieve the goal  
but no  
the fantasy is too old

We need a new one!  
Come on  
Break the ice  
You only live twice

Don't understand it  
No problem  
I'm fighting to race the  
clock  
to  
get out these views  
That random event  
is no news to me!

## VIII

Do I hear the sound  
of that which  
leaps and pounds on our door  
(of perception)  
Had to stick that in to  
make it clear  
for those of us who cannot  
hear  
This is it.

Saunter into paradise  
And not with a pair of dice!!!

Bring your computer  
and throw away the tarot card  
we are on a new frontier  
the chuckwagon can't make  
the pass.

New problems call for  
new solutions  
But some people, who are  
still confronting old problems,  
do not understand the  
new solutions  
because they never  
understood the  
problems

Fighting hard to spit it  
out — gathering strength

As time ticks on  
we thank the Almighty  
who made us  
the first time *and* the  
second time  
(You only live twice)

Who is out there to here?  
As we jump from islands  
near, far, away, far away  
from us.

Can't you plan an attack  
on which to confront  
the problem  
of how to make yourself  
a better man

And its not a  
new Mercedes-Benz

## IX

To be the ultimate being

how could you be nothing —  
Necessary  
Take a breath  
& give the cool water a shot

There's hope  
for the future AND  
for the past  
Don't worry about the future  
its the past that needs  
help  
the future can take care of itself  
mend your past  
in this way you make the  
happiness first, not last

Juggle  
independent time frames  
with independent  
metaphysical notions

Notice the crisp air  
the golden, golden sun  
the shyning rednning flowers  
growing & shining  
glowing & growing  
blasting our senses with  
beauty

Heaven is so nice  
Why don't you go there?  
Only a  
momentary trip in the cold  
air  
Once there, you then meet  
those you once condemned  
knowing only that which was told  
to you by the societally condoned

Ignore those voices in  
your past  
the speed of the sound can  
not possibly last

Look up

up & up & higher  
In this context,  
contemplate the spires  
we have wrought

## X

The death of the  
spires  
caused by our wallowing  
headfirst in the mire

Don't doubt it  
we let the beauty slip from  
our pig-greased fingers

Look people  
Grab at the strings  
which hold you to  
the ground  
Helium balloon!

Cut those ropes  
& fly up  
meet your contemporaries  
with whom you intellectually sup

Weak, I know —  
It just goes to show  
That none can survive  
the onslaught  
of stupidity  
It surrounds us  
gets in our ears  
we use our Q-tips to clean  
But the materials can not  
help us hear

What we need is a plan?

Well, as the random event  
has not yet come —  
Maybe this problem  
can be solved at home

“Yes! *You* can solve your  
problem at home. Send  
\$10.00!”

This is our problem  
Selling the mouths to  
the voices of  
croaking frogs

Oh for the pearly  
tones of  
a Perlman  
or Price

Pinza or Caruso  
even Hendrix

But know  
we listen to the frogs at  
night  
And day as well.

Once a swan floats in  
But the brown, vile  
mass covers it  
Greases it  
melts the oil off its body  
it dies of cold

So another metaphor abounds  
The oil slick  
which comes to ALL our  
shores

## XI

Still here?  
Then still you can hear  
Those of you who  
can listen  
will hear the sounds  
of one  
who's seen a prison  
and broke into the

light  
escaped into the night,  
he did  
but daylight came,  
sometimes a little rain —  
but  
more often,  
the sun would show

It came from the ability  
to know

Sell your soul?  
No price exists that could  
buy an herb we knew  
so precious

But some gave in  
Too many  
surrounded by  
the soulless ones  
with artificial aids  
we attempt to find home

What can we do?  
Is the valley and the  
mountain —  
Rather — ARE — both these things  
obscured from our view?

How could we  
pose  
such a problem  
at least we  
are not posing  
in the less justifiable sense

Come  
Give the *good* a break  
the bad would not  
die for your sake!  
Bad is only the self  
While good is the both self  
as combined-yoked *self*  
The self of our race

Could this truth be faced?

## XII

And now  
A Breather

## XIII

Thus the number thirteen  
come in  
unlike apartment owners  
we leave it in  
it is a part of the  
ascent as well

## XIV

Well — tore the sheet  
almost a random  
event  
Yet it lacks the sweet

Well, the  
calling is growing  
fainter  
the threads of philosophy  
get daintier.  
& daintier.

To fail is human — To err  
divine

Thus does the human  
cross over that line

Hope exists yet  
Do not despair  
Our task that unfolds  
will get you out of your chair  
& into the streets

Join us

The spirit is sweet