

SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN
WAYS

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

—William Wordsworth

REAL THOUGHT WALLS

The walls of real were thought unreal.
Bodies, spirits, and all inside,
Passed time without inkling to feel.
They came to hear; left truth and died.
The last and first have never cried.
Most learn, today, to wait and steal.
Most learn that life is here inside:
Bodies, spirits, without ideals.

—Leon Berrouard

MY WOMAN SAYS

My woman says that she'd prefer to marry no one
but me, even if Jupiter asked for her love.
Ah yes: but what a woman says to an eager lover,
write it on running water, write it on air.

—Catullus

EVERYTHING CLEAN FUN

i dreamed it rained so strong
i couldn't go out
and my hair grew long
a girl came in to grin
with white smile teeth
and eyes
no trace of flies
she went to the closet
and opened the door
my boots fell out
onto the floor
well her hair was short
and her clothes were thin
she hung them up
and said her i 'm
i picked up my boots
and put them away
i said how long do ya intend to stay
she took my hand
and said let's play
we had our fun and she left next day

—Gus

POEMS FROM SUBWAY

The mountain bear has a hole in his pants —
trouble.

Doctors get free passes to my museum
in return for there lobotomies on me

I am not afraid to work — I would love to fly
a dirigable.

Nor am I afraid to be a colector of lamps—
provided everone help me.

And as for your cantelopes, 2/29—I consider it
dangerous.

My fortune is dedicated to the movies.

I dont go out anywhere without my belt

And when ever thers a man on the corner
telling me theres a boat leaving for heaven now
I'll go & never speak another word.

Piano played with tears. Its so easy to jerk off!
Look mister will you give me a pair of pajamers.
There was this fellow I was telling you about
who built something in his room, then he had
to move,

then he alawys had to move, that was him.

Then this new fellow who went out to the store
& he walked & he walked, and one block went
behind him,

then another, then another ahead & that went
behind him,

& so on till he was far away from home—
all because of the way somebody said
something on T.V.

O science give me twenty feet
twenty grandma meet ball eyes
take me apart in the robot room
do me up right

just give me one thing extraordinary

(I got something going here now

dont rush me, I got this typewriter, right

got this paper here right

all done, right—)

How much beauty has rooled off the breast of a
dying swan?

—Peter Orlovsky

Zeitgeist

TELL ME, SPARROW

Tell me sparrow, you darling of my darling,
whom she plays with and fondles in her bosom,
you who peck when she offers you a finger
(beak outthrust in a counterfeit of biting),
when that radiant star of my aspiring
turns towards you, as a pleasant little playmate,
one small bird, to console her when she suffers,
by your love to relieve her burning passion —
could I possibly play with you as she does,
could I lighten the pain that still torments me?

—Catullus

Children playing a thousand years from now
Will probably cut their feet on the broken glass
Of empty bottles left over from ancient picnics.

—Leon Berrouard