

REVEAL DIGITAL

IO Magazine

Source: *Reveal Digital*, 01-15-1972

Stable URL: <https://www.jstor.org/stable/community.28038515>

Licenses: Creative Commons: Attribution-NonCommercial

JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

This item is openly available as part of an Open JSTOR Collection.

For terms of use, please refer to our Terms & Conditions at <https://about.jstor.org/terms/#whats-in-jstor>



JSTOR

Reveal Digital is collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve and extend access to *Reveal Digital*

IO #15

R.B.

Love Minus Zero / No Limits.



\$2

Frank Zero

Preface by Rameshwar Dass

SMILING FRANK ZERO, null joy, the zero point where time warps with space, form and formless interlock, the hourglass nexus flipflop of enlightenment. Where everything is turning into itself, the ancient plexus of paradox, where sound and light merge in word, the calculus of the cosmos, lists of the limitless. Caught in the energy dance of love, cloudburst and also the slow flowering flow of the heart knowing the beloved, catching mirror glimpses, flashing in facets, the many faces of the faceless, unmoved and unmoving, unemotion one emotion. Love with no object, in love with love and lost in it.

Time lapses between us, the correspondence has gaps, it all falls, falls away, we all fall in love. The statement and rhythm of the page are our own reminders, the alarm clock behind the brain, the inscriptions of the heart cave walls, message of the light on the water, of the vegetation we slay to survive. We talk to ourSelf continually. To feel the command, taking dictation from the inner king, helpless, harmonious, knowing the words are all all ways His - the poet is intoxicated with this knowledge, what comes thru does, no praise, no blame. We are children plundering the image bank. It has all been said before, so we say it again, completely new, another mind moment, movement of the mind of God lost and found forever. We keep running into each other coming back the way we came - there is a lot of repetition, recognition, resignation.

Nothing personal, but an intimacy from all of us sharing in the pulsebeat, of being chained to the same stars for kalpas, many bodies, many lovers. Of us all feeling all the same things differently. The words mean in astral logic, the complex of being intersecting at all points, in moontide and lovelight, ragas of the mind running up the spine. Photos in the wash, the images keep surfacing in the dream tank. Print and page, word and reader, are lovers fading out of into each other, turning in the clear light of the void. Exchanging the gift of the word, homage to the clarities, to the light of one mind.

SHRI

O Mother of words, Mother of lies
Mother of noise, of illumination, of mind
Bless these leaves, this child, these eyes

OM

Peace Peace Peace

Frank Zero

Love Minus Zero



Io Books, Cape Elizabeth, 1972

copyright 1972 by Frank Cobb

LOVE MINUS ZERO is #15 in a series of Io books and journals.



available from:

Io
370 Mitchell Road
Cape Elizabeth, Maine 04107 [thru August 15, 1972]

after August 15:
c/o Richard and Lindy Grossinger
Plainfield, Vermont 05667

alternate address (use only if no response from above):

c/o Richard Grossinger
Grossinger, New York 12734

also available from:
Book People
2940 Seventh Street
Berkeley, California 94710

FORWARD THE ONE
THE PERFECTION OF LOVE HARMONY & BEAUTY
THE ONLY BRING
UNITED WITH ALL THE ILLUMINATED SOULS
WHO FORM THE EMBROIDERY OF THE MASTER
THE SPIRIT OF GUIDANCE

BTMALAH ER-RAHMAN ER-RAHIM



TOWARDS THE ONE
THE PERFECTION OF LOVE HARMONY & BEAUTY
THE ONLY BEING
UNITED WITH ALL THE ILLUMINATED SOULS
WHO FORM THE EMBODIMENT OF THE MASTER
THE SPIRIT OF GUIDANCE

BISMALLAH ER-RAHMAN ER-RAHIM

All the prose poems in this book belong to
Richard Grossinger

as all the writings in my heart belong to
Jim Lytton, Rameshwar Dass
Baba Ram Dass

&

Steve Durkee, Shanaz Rasoul Illah

The mother of the child is (always) seeking it: the
fundamentals pursue the derivatives.
If water is imprisoned in a tank, the wind sucks it up,
for it (the wind) belongs to the original (source):
It sets it free, it wafts it away to its source, little
by little, so that you do not see its wafting;
And our souls likewise this breath (of ours) steals
away, little by little, from the prison of this world.
The perfumes of our (good) words ascend even unto Him,
ascending from us whither God knoweth.

Rumi, Mathnawi, I, 878-82
translated by R. A. Nicholson

slow on blow from diesel trucks, big
hands, big winds, the gust
of the intermountain express west

through sun-ights that fall in patches
and slams down on me, red-gold
radio waves, the sound of a

mother love, the voice of a
the voice of a mother, all
the throat of a mother, all

Shock and motion, my eyes tight
on another truck, between her
lips, a phlegm-pugged jump

as she speaks, a blur bounding above
the shadow begins to reflect on windshields,
a rattled tin, a half-digested

white man, This is me, deep in the
is who walks on concrete
and waits for a word, a rib to dance on.

And in time my heart toms lover
will devour my vision by dirt-grained hamburger,
black by pine tree in a circle of stone.

grit in the corner's mouth, in the mountain
spine of the world, there I will lie
in the new world, a feeble silence:

argal twilight, trace of light,
and, and look out of the crack
in an empty, stony, sky-blue egg,

mornings of spiders and ants in the hands of the grass.

HITCHHIKER'S ORACLE

Blow on blow from diesel trucks, big
hands, big winds, the gust
of the intermountain express comes on

through gun-sights blasted in granite
and slams down on me. Collapsing
radio waves, the monsoon of public

mother love, invisible hands, all
the voices of a murdered man, explode
the throat of a medium, thirsty crone.

Shook and mistook, my eyes swing across
on another truck. Between her cracked-up
lips, a phlegm puppet jumps

as she speaks, a blur bouncing above
the sequined words reflected on windshields,
a rattled die, a half-digested

white man. This is me, deep in the maw
as one is who walks on concrete
and waits for happen, a rim to dance on.

And in time my beaked totem lover
will devour my visions as dirt-grained hamburger,
black by pine fire in a circle of stone,

grit in the serpent's mouth, in the mountain
spine of the continent. There I will lie
in the new earth, in isolate silence:

astral turbines, trees of light,
and, seen from out of the crack
in an empty, porous, sky-blue egg,

mornings of spiders and ants in the hands of the grass.

HOME TO DREAM AFRICAS

Mother stumbles home through great cars of dusk
& ribcages of asparagus
through ice cream ghost factories
shearing weaving
back home with the groceries
muttering breathless insect wings

Drowned plantations husk in her surf
We three children fall forever above her surf
through diamond sleep
groping exploding wingfall of seeds
chattering in the back seat all the way home

Maples pale & blouse full with twilight
Leaves like white waters cascade green
above the cocktail hour
our glacial smiles cracking melting & mixing
in this deep narcotic dream
this purple rose of the deeps beyond the beach
Eyeless fish shimmer in the leaves

Gossip embers in the grass & dusk lurches
ash away with us
Home through the falling blue shacks
where crazy slaves prophesy
blood & molasses
Home through the call of a toucan sundown
to the mountains of the moon

where blacks strip down distance in shadows of sunfish
with jubilant hands drugged as flamingoes
we dowse for lovers in the drums: three rainy suns

TRANCE MISSION

"The main line you learn in school is autohypnosis"

Sit assembled in dissection class
Vibe your buddies head to ass
Signal to your friends like birdsong
Go through your stuff

(whisper, bluff
study, absorb
trance, fuse)

Trance out, fly out the window
& dissolve in the wind like a blue tree
Take aerial photographs
of the shadows laughing under your friends
Come down & mingle with the recess mob
Lay down some josh clattertrack
Bounce on a jive trampoline
Get lost in milk & a magazine
Hide your eyes in cracks in the wall
Swoon over your books in study hall
Get an excuse to go to the bathroom
& get locked in for the night
Swim in craters of murky white light
Sleep with your head inside your desk
Send notes to your friends:

THERE IS AN END BUT WHO KNOWS NOW IS HERE

CELEBRATIONS FOR RAMPION

for Amy Catlin

1

You come in through campus to visit me
each Friday afternoon
glancing fire on this moist stone

Shifting quiet & restless
during our heavy jive discussions
you soon have us zeroed in
have us on top of the graveyard slope
watching the moon rise up

And deeply by night I am inside you
coming slowly to you
ecstatic & blossoming
You raise this summer in my spine

half assuaging the golden treasure
raging inside me
when you step inside the bus
silent & smiling

2

Many long years you cringed before them
curled over grand piano keys
like a pearly snail
"the deepest dark talent in years"
Then your mother threw you out at sixteen

Now seeking a home in chaos
in the way of the fishes
you vamp through desires with subtle nerves
smoothly now
as you cartwheel through a lonely circus
of men & girls & older men
& remain honest

even
at appropriate moments
truly in love

You sing "Rampion rampion
raving green rampion
Rapunzel loved rampion
Why shouldn't I?"

3

When you play dead you don't snore
You frantic around the room plucking
dresses off the floor & books from under the bed
You want to run downstairs & visit someone
or revel in nature or something

I lie back & smile & wait for you to shut up

When our dog plays dead she snores
But you bitch you nip you want to be raped
"If you want me you're going to have to rape me"
I ask you if you're sure about this
"I mean like an Italian lover---passionate"

Excellent	It's all a sham
I have to crawl out	you know
of my rainy haystack	but I make believe
slick back my hair	because
whisper some nothing	<u>I love you</u>
in a husky Irish drawl	because you make me
& seize you	believe this
& you swoon	& the enormous bliss
on schedule	of our New England love



Ruins of Uraniborg 1846



SUBMARINE

When the day closes the rose closes
Where the miners end the fire begins
I swim under water deeper than breath
breathing my cells & steering by sirens

& keep on swimming until it begins

Sails lean like stars against the fort
---rags of fire in the dark above
Over the rocks my bones flow
A white mare clambers up from the sea

Peace old once & for all
you never were one for shouting
You just fall away in your surf
in deep blue yogic pyramid
(my head turned inside out)

Spring equinox
3 AM
wandering chill
around campus
on LSD
sidewalks
walls soft
no one around
everyone asleep

HEAD MUSIC HEROPASS

for the class of 1969

A dime wire from the edge of town
has come to cut my counsel down

We shamans loose on silver cycles
We runners of blue Apache snow
We hush electromagnetic lovers
 We all crazy anyway
rain-faced crazies with crazy hair

Big night king scimitar unstrung
lash sachim circles round the sun

We rainy television ghosts
We gold-spined dream assassins
We sleepers with silver balls for eyes
 We almost crazy anyway
brain-laced crazies with angel hair

Crossroads falling on the shacks
Blue lava spike my angel axe

A still rain rushing in the speakers
 Runic blues in the astral mud
Strange days in dream waves
 Bubbles dancing under the blood
Underwater music! Babble of fears!
 Dream warfare of sea urchins!
Crackling neon stalk-eyed nerves!
 Thunderblurt tongue! Skull radio!
Blood coral smoking undersea brain
 Burial mound which is smile of huge lips

White summer thousand-handed dream
Big night king strides on dunes of stream

We volts we heads of hurricane slumber
We seekers along electron streams
We all star-fuckers of Mama Sutra
rain-faced evolutionaries
dragon shadows lost under the sea

DHARMA WHEEL UNLEASHED LIKE LAUGHING GAS!

PSYCHEDELICS

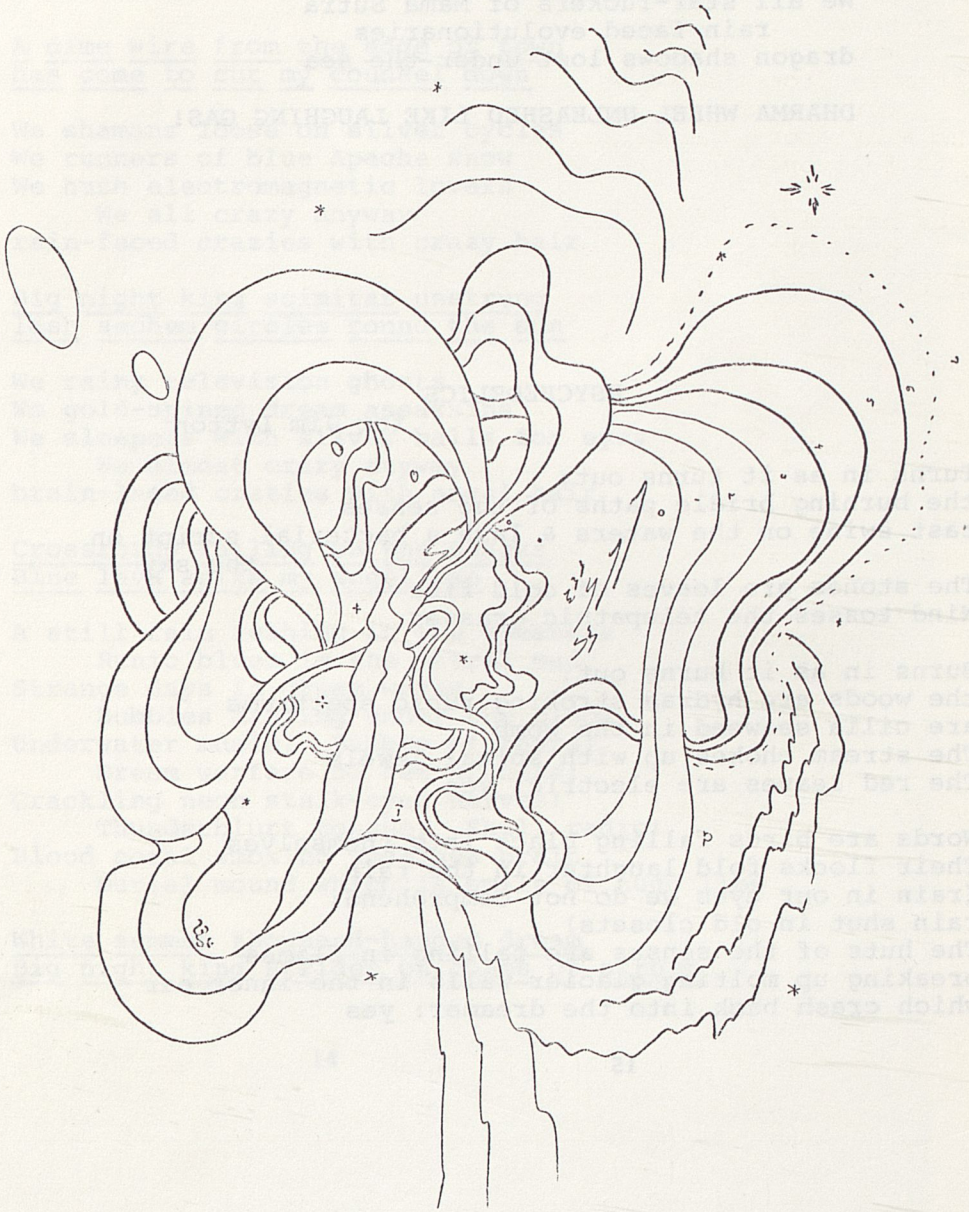
for Jim Lytton

Turns in as it turns out:
the burning bridle paths of the senses
cast swine on the waters & lash a bacterial script on
the sky

The stones are loaves of cold fire
Wind tosses the telepathic grasses

Burns in as it burns out:
the woods are hydras stroking runic spectrums
are cilia seaweed in the womb
The stream chokes up with spinal jewels
The red leaves are electric: yes

Words are birds falling black into themselves
Their flocks fold laughter in the rain
(rain in our eyes we do not comprehend:
rain shut in old closets)
The huts of the senses are falling in flames
breaking up molting glacier walls in the inner ear
which crash back into the dreamer: yes



ECLIPTIC MUTTER

Then have I found you inside myself
moon full once over the road
far away from the dream warfare
turning nearer we're only here once
far away above the banner trees
full only once between the rain

Then have I found you moon closing
over ghost riders on the road
cloaking yourself in ghost tatters
on the road to gabble debacle road

Then have I found you moon turning
inside myself dissolving mirror
your breathing face full only once
turning to strip with breathing light
full naked love on the road to the code
turning baffle love turning mirror

You spy our rivers join one in ever
far away below the banner trees
our blood wind rivers one in ever
Moon closing you spy enough
between the rain we're only here once
code: one one in ever enough

Then have I found you ghost riders
indelible croak on the road to slime
dreaming cloaks between the rain
full only once in ever enough

Been on the jaw too long
I don't want to go on hanging out on tennis lawns
in my eager blue sneakers
making change with whoever comes along
 moon talk
laughing too much
melting
 cooling
 churning
 freezing
nodding like a junky sunflower

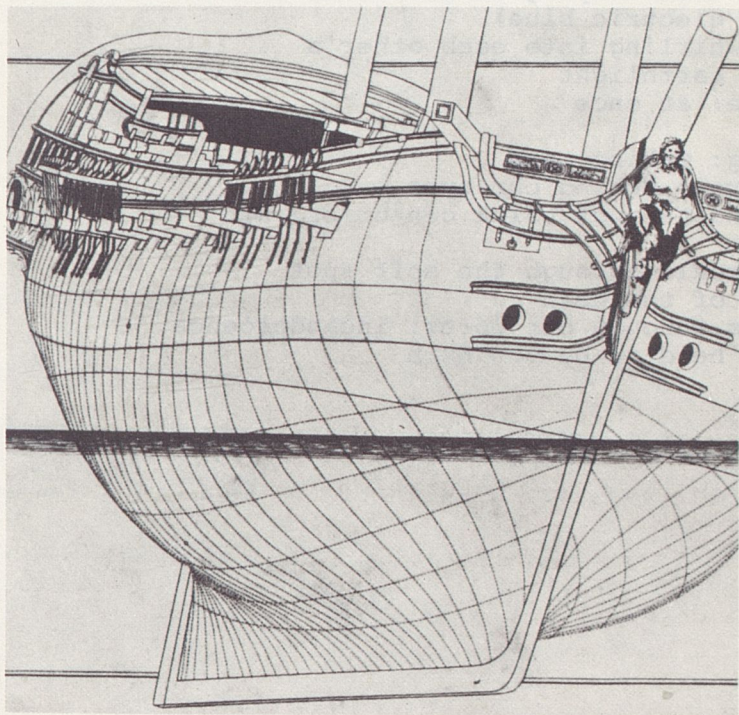
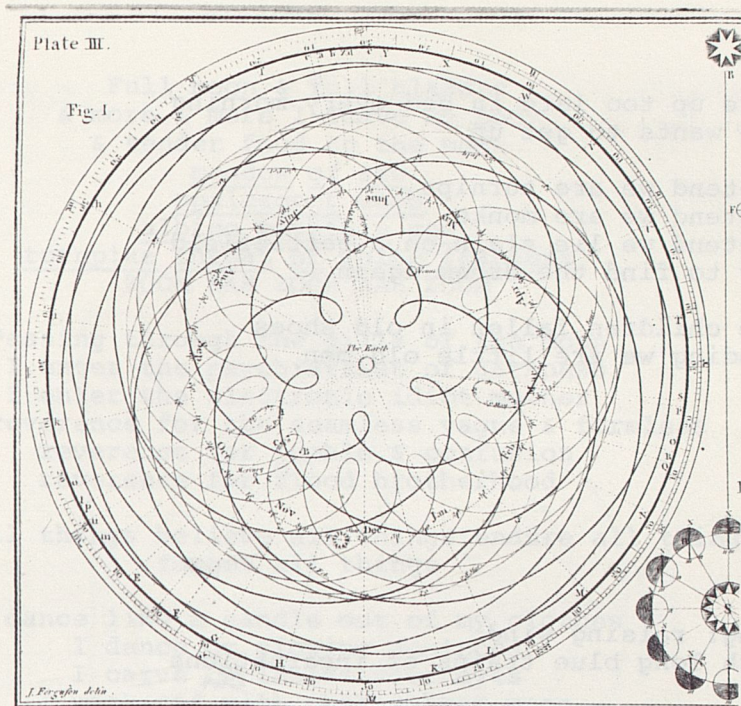
(Yes yes I always say yes
like a mother who has so lost her father
she sees him everywhere)

Everyone passes through me curious
like tourists through ruins
(to me: like speeding cars seen from a plane)
We blunder through blue caves of babble
thundering void in the inner ear

I don't want to go on dragging back & forth
like the ocean deeps
dragging my bones & shells under
back & forth black radio waves

The lone pinball jives again
ringing bells
 knocking down clowns
 lighting up bathing beauties
outrageous millions on the scoreboard
 NOTHING
 NOTHING
 over & over
no THING no WAY no WHERE

I go cruising with fleets of lamp-eyed freaks
grooving through all the astral shambles
 hells bells
sunken ships inside the blood
wrecked in mythic time



We wake up too late in bed every morning
No one wants to get up

We pretend we are turnips
We pretend we are monks
We pretend we lie slain on a battlefield
We try to find the dream again

We are children fallen in old shoes
pretending we are little old men

Dancing: raising wind
& through long blue trains of incarnations

As always the dance is a trance
we held back all night
(nerve tree swaying like seaweed
in the electric blue)
until whirling into each other's
rising earthlight
in love: at once

Dancing: making rain
Love: rain behind our eyes
& behind the wet balck centuries: sun

Light coals through the soft spot
on top of the head
& pours through our pores: incandescence
barely held in by the skin

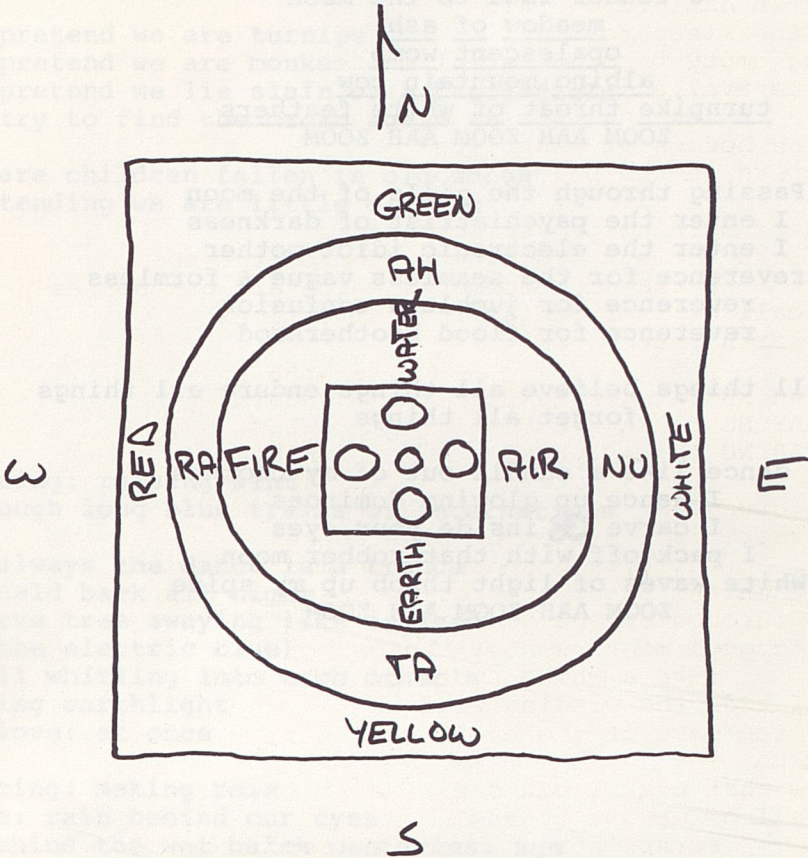
Full moon & full bladder
& more & more I leave my body
& tender food to the moon
 meadow of ash
 opalescent womb
 albino mountain cow
turnpike throat of white feathers
 ZOOM AAH ZOOM AAH ZOOM

Passing through the gills of the moon
I enter the psychiatrist of darkness
I enter the electronic idiot mother
with reverence for the seamless vague & formless
 reverence for jumble & confusion
 reverence for flood brotherhood

I eat all things believe all things endure all things
 forget all things

I dance like a candle out of my clothes
 I dance up glowing dominoes
 I carve ~~3~~ inside your eyes
 I pack off with that robber moon
White waves of light throb up my spine
 ZOOM AAH ZOOM AAH ZOOM

DIAGRAM OF PRAYER ROOM AT LAMA



THE FOUR BOWLS ON THE ALTAR CONTAIN THE FOUR ELEMENTS. IN THE CENTER THE BOWL OF A SKULL OF A TIBETAN LAMA HOLDS THE FIFTH ELEMENT ETHER WHICH IS GRAY BLUE, WHOSE SOUND IS HUNG.

Spilled from goblets of pain
the sleepers
Wrapped in hamlets of rain
the sleepers
Drifting empty through astral maize
unravelling in the four directions
leaving circles of black roses
as bodies or past lives
we sleepers in the prayer room

Circles of morning prayers expand
like the sun from the bottom of the sea
& the old trombones which are our bodies
call us in from the four directions
to the earth truth room

AH NU TA RA / HUNG
AH NU TA RA / HUNG
AH NU TA RA / HUNG

EAST
SOUTH
WEST
NORTH

HOME

In the lotus lake muck of the heart
there is a mirror of blue pollen
there is a spiral mountain of breath
& on the broad feet of my breath
I climb through rivers & clouds
through moons suns & radios
like a white cyote on Lobo Peak
I ride the winding wind
back to the cave of the heart

And from that peak I can see
all of me one by one
scrape bow on beach & leap ashore
out of the meditation room
Shy as islanders being
discovered for the first time
we are coming to greet ourselves
talking exotic flowers
& bearing gold crosses into a new world

A SAALAM A LEIKUM
A SAALAM A LEIKUM


PEACE BE
WITH YOU

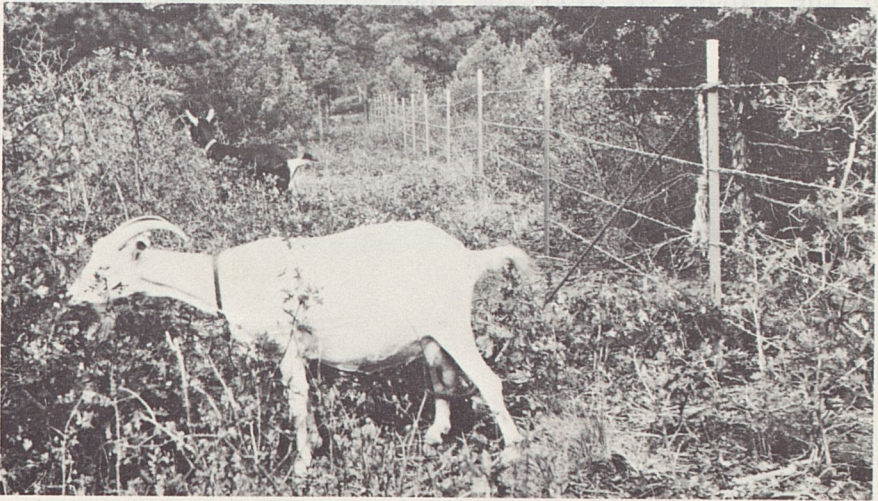
Sun still thick in the forest
the goats trumpet in the morning

The bell goat is there at the gate
mahogany Belle with her yellow eyes
with her serrated horns & her voodoo eyes
candle wax eyes with rectangular pupils

(Amulets crack deep in her eyes)

Water frozen in the buckets
udders full & aching
bleating
Belle Snowfire Maryanne
Cold hand to warm teat
milk jets foaming milk
in the pail
Rosie Honey Valentine Kali

The cow mulches warm green breath
& lows  through seven stomachs



Clouded sun cold as the moon
Snowflakes
hiss on the hot stopped chainsaw
burr on the bucked wood
Scrub oak browning
& shrubbrush
sheds breath to go to death
to sleep

Too cold for dreams
in the frozen night I sit
in my teepee
slowly smoking my breath

Snow sifting down from the roof
Dawn 23 below
in northern New Mexico
you'd think you were on the moon

Stratified shatter whorls in the ice

The sun is cold
white gold mute
over the ranges of drifting snow
Down by the creek a standing rainbow

Birds whirr in the attic
The tiny bones in my ears are birds
The silence of the house is birdsong
 (stove cooling
 mice
 dampening wood
 joints expanding
 one jar slipping off another
 in the cabinet)
After a deep snow
the only sound in small brown birds

Whenever I go into town
I fall in love
with everyone all over again
get much confused
in errands & stuff
& drive back to the ranch
singing crazy mother-songs

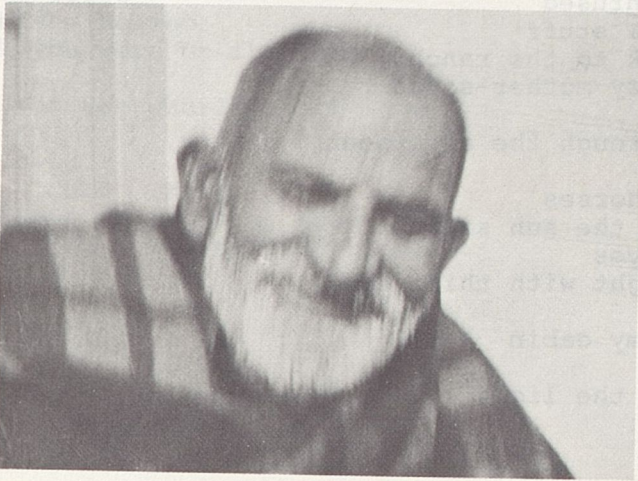
I ramble through the afternoon
eating snow
talking to horses
I gaze into the sun source
with bare eyes
drinking light with third eye

No fire in my cabin
I sit zazen
circulating the light

(dream 1/7/71)

We are in some suburban house going through some hip suburban routines, same ones over & over again, lifetimes of dream, when someone comes in very excited: "Maharaj-ji is outside! Maharaj-ji is outside!" I rush outside with heart leaping & come up behind an elevated stage. Great full silence. I gather that his darshan is over & he is now leaving. And I see him now, that little old man, scrambling down the scaffolding, gliding across the green lawn towards me. Tremendous rush of much higher energy than I have ever, than the strongest LSD. I am helpless with emotion. He glides past me looking on me fiercely with total indifference & total compassion: LOVE. He says, "We keep meeting each other again & again" & vanishes.

("Why do you want me so quickly? We keep meeting each other again & again. Why keep chasing after me body when I am everywhere? Why you keep refusing me? When you see me in all & all in me, then I never leave you & you never leave me.")



We die, turn off, go underground to our ancestors, stones, fragmented wanderers like ourselves, there is not much to say, we are home. We are soup for bacteria & fungi, the root of a live oak pierces through the mush like light, we have been around, we do not refuse.

The folded hands of the chromosomes relax, fall apart, the genes slide down their spirals into the wet black lottery, the central casting office, the cards spill through the hands of the dealer into the shuffledraw, the vast floating game of protein, destinies build up & collapse like gin rummy hands, all the animals & vegetables imaginable appear & disappear in this thin film of black light, this invisible planet simultaneous with the one we know, mobs of angels crowd the gate like longshoremen or ministers waiting for a call....

(OK, boys, this time around we need some soybeans, chickpeas, crawdads, a water moccasin or two, a raccoon....)

There's always an opening, always a dance, the president retires, the company expands, the young minister passes on, the girl with the pearl is sleeping around, someone rotting at the bottom of the pond, no one left but minnows, black clouds, the dog runs off with the cyotes, the last elk dies on the mountain.

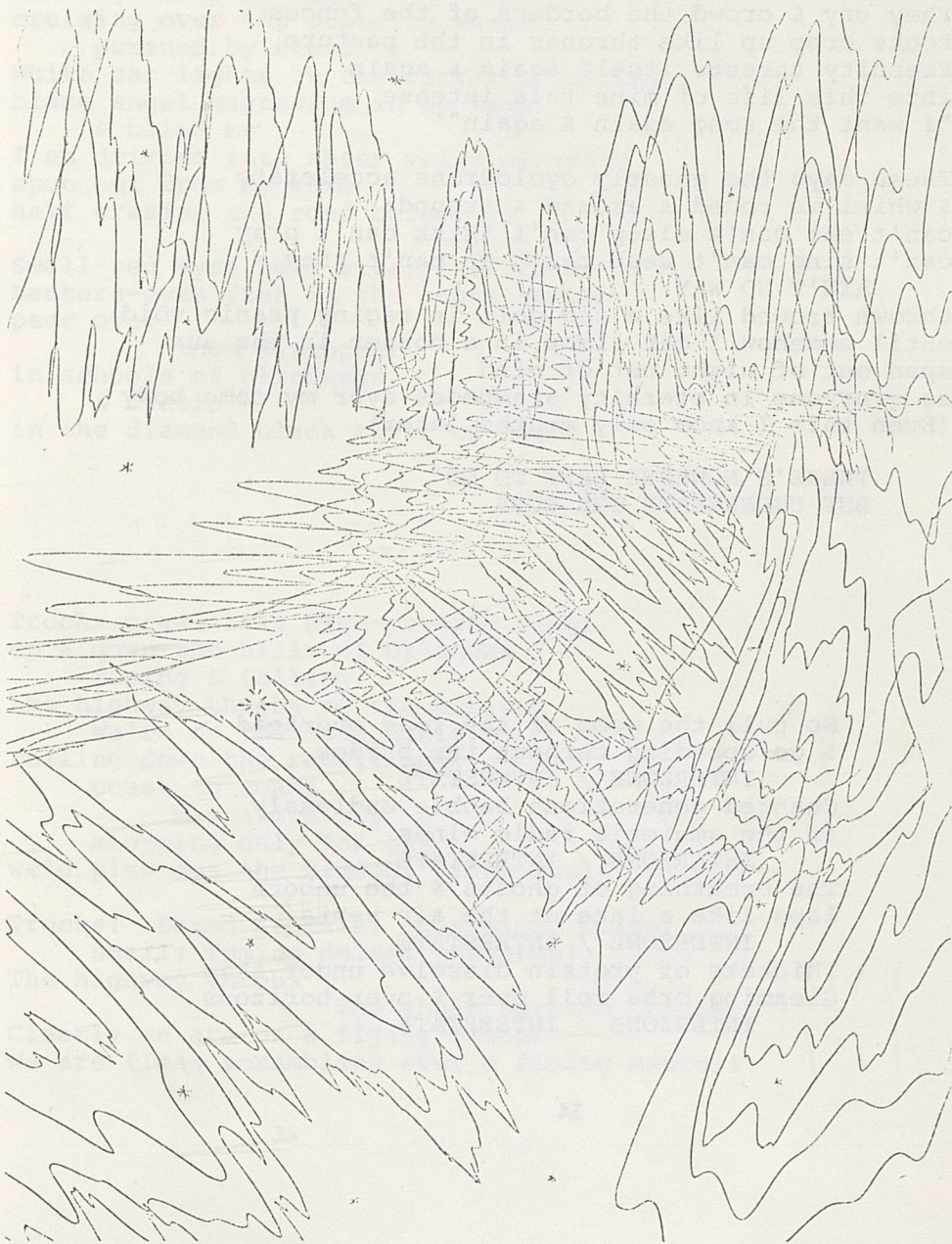
So we rot in the image storehouse. What we were lives on, knows how, makes do, makes love.

What we were we can barely remember: one last kiss, doors left open on a green gallery, laughter in the wind, in the adjoining room, voices, an arrogant flash in the tom-cat's eye, a new girl moves in down the street, passionate but shy....

The moon goes through its several houses like a jewel thief, a flashlight in the dark, like a midwife, cracking safes, listening to the tumblers fall in protein, deciphering embryos, scrambling litters, tinting eyes, pulling infants from the oven at the right time, the only time possible....

The planets pass one another on the beltway, children wave from the back windows of cars, give occult V-signs, wars torch, riots gut the inner city, tanks crawl on the streets, we make love randomly, people on mountains pray for the return of the ocean, afterwards called the Revolution, assassinations come in bouquets....

All this time we are watching TV, rapt, void in old movies, forgetting to eat or dream, all this time the flashlight winks through our darkened house, reading our secret journals, rearranging furniture, grabbing snacks from the refrigerator, all this time, how are we to know that the TV is the third eye of the moon, lunar, hypnotic, enmeshing us so deep in the melodrama, our own, & suspense of it all, that we don't even notice someone stealing our breath....



Winds run like snakes through the long grasses
They cry & crowd the borders of the fences
Rocks crop up like thrones in the pasture
Eternity thrusts itself again & again
into this life of mine this intense
"I want the song again & again"

These days the ghostly cyclotrons accelerate
& whirl me round & around & around:
can't eat can't sleep can't think can't pray
can't sing can't weep can't go can't stay

AIN'T NO WAY

thrown around like a rag doll in raging pranic void
until somehow I can slump in a corner in the sun
spun out of night out of mind
as everyone in eternity stampedes over my some body
(Even this I know only months later)

THERE'S NOWHERE LEFT TO GO
BUT UNDERNEATH THE ROSE

So pull the womb of the road overhead
& go speeding through the bardos
INTERZONE / INTERSTATE
Changed generations babble endlessly
in the amniotic radio winds
INTERZONE / INTERSTATE
The breathing of ghosts & the unborn
laps like a lake at the air vents
INTERZONE / INTERSTATE
Thickets of protein dissolve under skin
Gleaming orbs roll over & over horizons
INTERZONE / INTERSTATE

I am driving steadily into the cold
rushing turnpike night
cruising over the steering wheel
pursued by stars

White car lights in the rear-view mirror
blaze angel magnesium in my face
& blind me

I am driving into sheer veils of glare
spun out from my wake
half erasing the road before me

Small red eyes hold steady before me
Lantern-eyes fish in the other stream
peer over

then disappear
in schools of blindness
& static
in the diamond black river of night

Trucks crawl like high-powered slugs
up & down the hills of Oklahoma
rising & falling

the highway throbs to the horizon
We're on the road again!

rolling down the rabbit hole
coast to coast

mapping sixty
stopping only for gas
we'd piss out the windows if we could

Trucks! Boxed animals! marvelous moles!
snails fuming deisel antennae!

The highway throbs

The whole horizon throbs

Clearly we are on a flying saucer---
we are fleas scrambling over a flying saucer!

Come crazy with me & the dead of night chattering restlessly on the radio idiot of the body.

Whores gossip next door through continuous previews of old movies & cool jazz fountains on TV.

I hitchhike aimlessly on Central in Albuquerque, pulled by the moon, opposed by Pluto, waiting to be, picked up, possessed, longing for Tiamat's last black movie, voraciously, rave on, I tell everything to everyone.

We're flipping like fish through the streets flashing.

Our spinal volts waken ghosts in the sheets of the silver streets.

Sleep falls like lightning bolts from the midnight sun.

On the eighth day I sank again into a swoon.

The moon relaxed its grip & I slumped down in the phone booth.

I sank away from the radiant faces dancing like suns on the waters above.

I sank like blue blood to the feet of the city.

The gods were barking outside.

Us weary corpuscles go to the movies, listen to sewers, sleep under pool tables, wake up & course through the streets with book in hand, or bowling ball, or shopping cart.

We sit in cafeterias, talking, quenching cup after cup, waiting for Christ to walk in.

We sit in toilet booths ruminating genital puns long after the shit has flown.

(Westchester)

We live in cubicles of light
We work in offices of white noise
keeping files on files
taking dictation from electroencephalographs
We sleep in thermostatic air
abstracted
from time space & weather
laughing & clacking our teeth
We move like crabs through flourescent muzak

So you go to the movies with your wife
but you see only a white burn in all the action
& she hears her joints calcify & that's the show

So you play checkers with chocolates
You grow old & useless in the city
& grow absorbed in an interior light
 (So what else is there to do?)
it is the orange glow of the dial of the radio
in the dark & brash mothy voices hawk
promises promises promises promises
 (We can dance forever & ever)
 (Everything's gonna be all right)

So you stare from your window like a silver eagle
but on the street keeps your eyes in your pockets



for Jeff Wanshel

TO "THE NEW YORK POETS"

1. Greetings & Hallucinations!
2. Let me entertain you
3. If you like Kali, Kali like you
4. When we wake up in the morning, our horses are covered
with tarantulas
5. based on the following consumption
6. What if fingernails did not stop growing after death?
7. Graveyard hills would be weeping with streams of long
white bone
8. mystery meat
9. I stink of you often
10. A goose crawled over my grave!
11. The gods are barking outside
12. windows sewn shut in the suburban night like jewels
in the skirt of a whore
13. all those bottles of eyes pickled in laughter for so
many years
14. bloodshot goblets
15. bright lights of decay
16. & invasions of winged vertebrae!
17. And before you know it you are changing the diapers
on a foul-smelling Mystery
18. in sleep laboratories
19. Like my mama said, you can't be eternal forever, son
20. I didn't mean all those things you said
21. Let's get this good time over with

guitar music for Trisha

With your cocaine eyes
& your lips like yellow mud
you left your five-year diary
dissolving in my blood
you left your one-time lover
between here & Omaha
you're trying hard to discover
whatever it was you saw in him
you're leaving him one more time
my friend

With your cocaine eyes
& your misty twisty hair
your soul grows like an orchid
in a frigidaire
your laughter flows like warm wind
through these gardens under ice
I'm falling through the mirrors
that are buried behind your eyes
my friend
they spiral down without an end

Any time you leave me
my old mind starts moving slow
If you knew where it was at
you could have told me where to go

With your cocaine eyes
& your thoughts like burning trash
& the mystic trumpeteer
tattooed upon your ass
you never had to worry
about falling asleep on trains
you never have to hurry
it rains wherever you are
my friend
you are the morning star
my friend

My car my car with a busted gut
My ascendingly empty stomach
Unaccountable delays on a blank map
 NO ACCIDENT NO ACCIDENT
These young girls of irresistable illusion
who draw from me centuries of lost radio
& lose me in blonde love & confusion
 NO ACCIDENT NO ACCIDENT
This dog licking my hand as I try to write
This clarity of necessity of grief of light
 on old snow
These gold beetles in this black rose
 NO ACCIDENT NO ACCIDENT

I keep coming back to my own ignorance
like the devotee to his perfumed altar
I keep coming back to my own ignorance
like the hashish eater to his undersea smile

Among lovers of truth I am the trickster
Among lovers of women I am the whore
Among lovers of God I am the dreamer
Among sleepers I am the man of war
Among suns I am the most distant
Among mysteries I am the foot in the door

Back in the whirring lasso of this body
this thrilling chilling rushing
hanging spaced out in the sunlight like mist above
a waterfall
wandering among the smooth grinding cars
& leaping horns of traffic!
I sit in the window seat in dark sun glasses in the sun

The oracles in my palms smile at each other
two views of the same wrinkled stretch of desert
under the pillared night of the fingers
Stoned cold children walk in cool pairs in fountains
of mist with big white eyes!
They dash across the street racing each other
& scatter on clattery red & blue bicycles among the
tight-lipped angelic cars!

(Berkeley)

INTERZONE / INTERSTATE
inner space
between jobs between takes
between here & there
& here & here
between now & then & never again
between sea & sea
body & sun
wandering in the reflected world
flashing on ONE
ONE
ONE

To love the dream is easy, the dream is love.

The hard thing is to come to the dream whole & not to buy the imaged orgasms strewn all on the way.

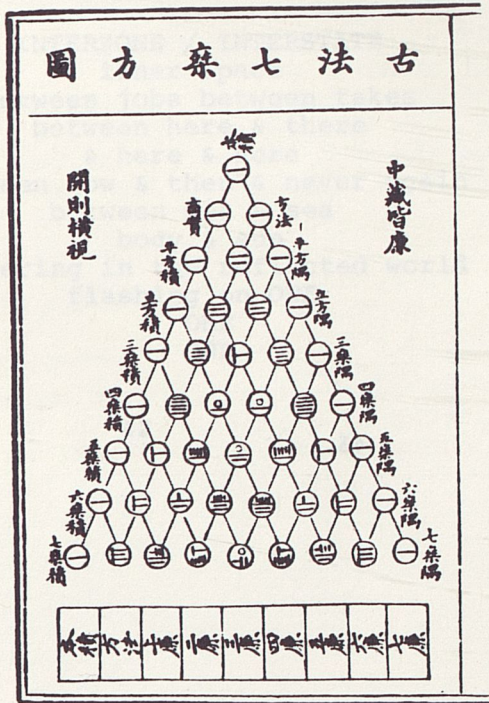
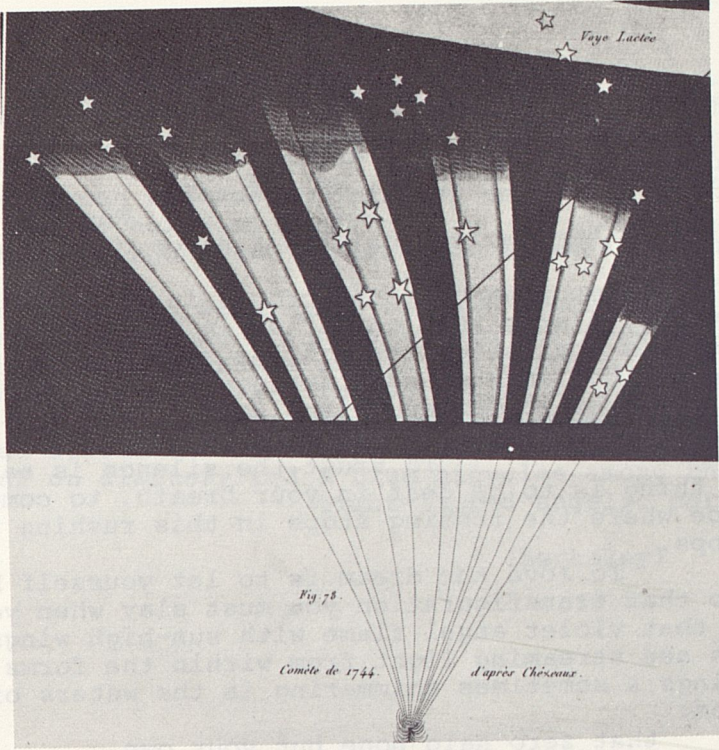
Whoever finds your eyes kiss him behind her eyes & glide on in our dream.

Your name passed around crowds in railway stations, burglar alarms that go off at in definable distances, sirens that speed through the sewers under your feet: are not hallucinations & are not signals, no more than the laughter submerged in the sofa or the chatter dissolving the ceiling.

To trust the silence is easy, the hard thing is to be deaf in your breath, to come to that place where the rushing stops in this rushing that never stops.

To love the dream is to let yourself be pulled to that transfiguration you must slay when you come to, that violet angel flame with sun-high wings you sometimes see streaming light from within the forms of other beings & sometimes shimmering in the waters of a quiet room:

that zero halo none but your own.



(dream 12/17/71)

I am walking around Towson town, suburban Baltimore of my teen years, looking for something, not clear what, early morning soldier haze soft over the parking lot of the Presbyterian Church where I used to suffer Sunday school. I think, ah, excellent, I'll go into the kindergarten & do my yoga, but then hear someone playing hymns on the piano inside, so think, not here, & move on. Walking on down Chesapeake Avenue, suddenly the sun is high at 10 AM, at the corner two beautiful young girls are talking to a guy driving a lumber truck into taking them where they want to go, a swimming pool, I am fascinated by their loose beauty & want to go with them, but on second thought that is not where I am going either, so move on.

It becomes clear that I am immediately looking for somewhere to buy photographic paper. I see a little old lady sitting in a car parked at the curb & ask her if she knows where I can buy some photographic paper. She says briskly, of course, just come on inside, which I do. The inside of her car is a blonde sitting room with wall couch, coffee table & lamp, the car windows wrap around it all, but no instruments or controls. She snaps out a telephone number to the air & gets an audible telephone connection in the air with a drug store & finds out that they have what I need. She says we will go to fetch it & the car begins to drive on down the street without any visible manipulation, right to the door of a familiar drug store, where the car becomes invisible &, still held in its force field, we glide on inside, our feet just off the ground. As she glides over to the druggist & asks him about what we need, I pick up a book from the paperback rack, it is The Parable of the Beast by John Bleibtrea, but in a new edition, profusely illustrated in McLuhanesque manner, I get absorbed in the sexual pictures & begin talking about the book with my sister Lucy who is in another time & place, almost losing myself here.

Come on now, we're going to have lunch, the little old lady snaps me out of trance & takes me gliding back through the drug store, which is enormous, indeed a department store, back

to a spacious blonde dining room, nearly empty, where we take a table. By now it is clear to me that this woman is a very high teacher, from the illumination of her presence & her mastery of powers, Venusian & beautiful, but vigorous & tough. She tells me the druggist is going to join us for lunch & when he does she will tell us unknown things about the life & teachings of Christ which she has found out through archaeological & akashic research. She is streaming with light.

But as the druggist has not yet come, I excuse myself to go to the bathroom, & standing over the urinal, find that I am washing dishes over the Lama sink, rapping blindly, in love with my friends.

return / retreat / recess
(places of rest & retirement)
closets / cellars / attic wardrobes
cellars / caves / opium
movie houses
aquariums / museums
pool halls / bars / parked cars
park benches / beaches / zoos
weekend / sea cruise
full moon in summer
high school dances / foolish love
drive-in movies
parked cars / guitars / acid blues
college / sanitarium
harmonium / hymns / opium
black angel / empty cathedral
stone rose window
daydreams / bathrooms / phone booths
lost moon rockets

deep mossy wells / space stations
asharams / roof gardens / ruined temples
radio towers / harbors
shrines / pools / estuaries
ripe orchards / cow turd / harvest moon
(return / retreat / recess)
Kailas / Shasta / Monte Alban
sommambulist Paris
Atlantis
ghost towns / daydreams / junkyards
backyards / old movies
new moon in winter
backyard / sleeping bag
mountain cabin / desert shack
hermitage / cow turd
mountain path
vegetable garden / sun / stone
holy books / manuscript visions
old dogs / old shoes / young girls' dreams
(Tao: getting low down in under: like water)
homecoming / grandmothers / backward flowing
mother's love & father's silence
snowfall infinite endless
ledge behind a waterfall
asylum / blood / night coming on
sun / pool / heart / death



Where on the rim of midwinter spring, where the scimitar of the old moon drifts down into dawn, where the lake still, where the sun sleeps in a chill daffodil of dawn just under the horizon, the long white lake breathless, where rimmed with black fir, dawn in always coming on, we are dancing in a long house, we are dancing forever into the dawn, dancing to the old songs with the magic words in the white robes of the saved, singing His Names, Adonai, Yehovah, Allah, Allah, Sita, Ram, chanting with tamboura, ektara, Hari Krishna, Hari Ram, with finger cymbals & tambourines, with saxophone flute & conga drums, Christe, Christe, Wakan Tanka, clapping hands, laughing, singing, jubilant faces moist & streaming with light, clasping hands to hips in a conga line, weaving in & out of ourselves, Om Sri Ram Jai Ram Jai Jai Ram.

We are sensualists too, some of us, with heavy eyes & moist wavy hair, caressing, arousing, groins into rock & roll, sweet jelly roll, moaning, while at other places among us there are lyrical melodramatic courtships which surge flower & collapse at a kiss, couples poise breathlessly in swirling waltzes, or singles writhe hypnotized each in his own shame & freaked desire, we are what we are what we have always wanted to be, dancing forever into the dawn to the old songs with the magic words, radio blue & old movie theme songs fading in & out of the din, centuries of folk music reverberate, still reeling & tumbling where we are.

We are never each with just one & only other, but always with some one, the same one, we never change partners, but we partners change from within like gulfs of light moving through a pasture.

And at a certain time & space in the midst of all this, on a dias behind a slight veil of laughter, sits the ancient robed fool, roshi & idiot, seated firmly in the pagoda of his own flesh, mirth, medium who smiles without smiling, who gives us each couple a little song, link, a certain something to channel our heart's light & see us into, usher in the dawn, such as

I am the light I am I am
Expand the light expand expand

or

So you are me! Then who am I?

There is a cavern beneath the people & their joy machine, it is a land of counterpane, a sleep quilted with dream yogis, it appears through the mouth of the cave to be a still black tarn,

there are seven sleepers in the cave, and their dog the eighth of them, though if one should ever stumble inside, they would appear to be clay jars, old wine jars which conceal crumbling gossels.

They dream of the source of light beyond form, in eternity, they dream proceeding the whole phenomenal world, daybreaks, sunsets, stars, heartaches, jailbreaks, high seas, subways, love & confusion, we flee from hunters' rifles & knives, we kill all our friends by accident, a slip of the tongue, we are always packing for long trips, leaving it all behind, looking for women, truth, turnpike rest, cosmic overtones visions & texts too intense to remember, love too brief & tender, lost in a seaside carnival, awash in the corpuscular mob, violet flashings in the corners of our eyes, crepuscular, we stumble down the darkening midway, we try to find the dream again, old movies explode like fireworks in the black sky overhead & come up again like geraniums beneath our feet.

Whenever it is we wake up, we all wake up like a shot, we speak in tongues like torches, we praise laud & glorify the nameless one forever,

& if anyone should burst in on us now, he would fall among forty thieves fucking their forty women on mounds of jeweled treasure.



same old cloud



guitar music for Veda Rama

You talk of powers & the hours fall like flowers from
your eyes
So I babble lately waiting for the warm bare nape of
your surprise
Kama is the drama, mama, Rama is the lama who plays it
My bhakti in your shakti, Krishna knocks me with his
flute when I say it

If I knew for certain you were flirtin with the dead
your head would not seem so wise
Though the smell of sex is on your breath, my death,
your light is so hard to disguise
Stranger than the angels, love, their mirror dance in
vanishing space
The magi static shispers of the kiss of the blistering
grape

And after all the mysteries streaming voices in your
ecstatic grace
we're just two fools on a blissful nod
laughing helpless in the middle of the road to God

Don't know which way to go
Don't know what next to do
There is nowhere else to go
& nothing else to do

Let's go, my love, where the wind rose blows
Who knows?

HU KNOWS

Do you?



guitar music starting with a blues
from Surya Bhakta

I asked my Pa & my Uncle Dan
What is the color of the Soul o' Man
White or blue or black or tan
What is the color of the Solar Man

I want to know I want to know right now
I want to know I want to know

Is he blue like a fool on a Monday's stool
Is he diving green like a submarine
Is he black like a flash of obsidian hash
Is he a rainbow coming down slow

So tell me Papa Uncle Dan
What is the color of the Soul o' Man
White or blue or black or tan
What is the color of the Solar Man

I want to know I want to know right now
I want to know I want to know

All these moons All these suns
Are they many or only One
All this trouble All this hurt
Is it after life or after birth

All this dance All this trance
I can feel the sun a burning in my pants
All this history All this mystery
Vanished when you kissed me Lord

And now I know Oh yes I know right now
And now I know Oh yes I know



for Brahma Dass & Kausalya

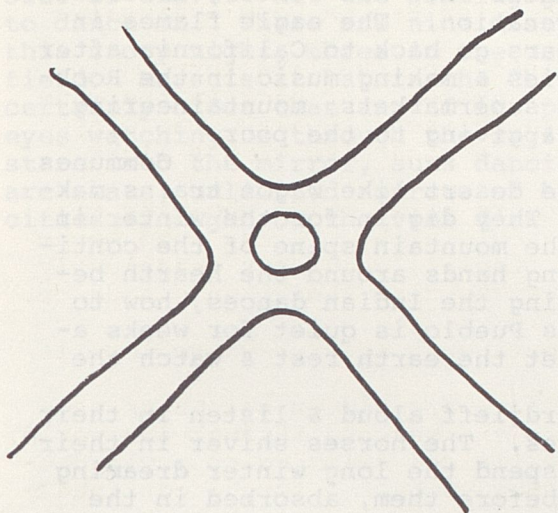
There are hidden saints who live like turnips in the world, who pitch their teepees far back in the canyons, who live on birdsong in the mountains, who play their flutes to jackrabbits & pass like wind & light through the grass.

There are hotel maids who sing all day over strange sheets, yogic night clerks, auto mechanics, janitors mumbling oracles, chauffeurs ceaselessly praying. There are slaves who clap their hands & dance.

And there are cafes on courthouse squares where love is served on blue plates.

There are hidden saints on secret journies who move like the seasons through the world, wandering among the polar fields, swimming up phylogenetic amazons, riding the subways back & forth, continually raising matter to light. There are saddhus who meditate in movie theaters & bus terminals, museum guards, priests who say mass for the rats in the sewers, taxi drivers in incessant Jesus prayer, or the man in the turnpike toll booth reading science fiction.

Every hitchhiker has left the world & is in the world, on the road to the code, on the trail of the snail of enlightenment, wandering among the herds of light, drinking in our darkness, wind at twilight turning over the long grasses & passing on.



DAYSTAR!
(SMACK between the eyes)

THAT'S RIGHT
little bird

THAT'S RIGHT
little calf

MAN ain't that some JIVET toucoat!
(Get he knows some jive bullshit)

DAYSTAR!

JOYFUL! LAWFUL! AWFUL!

The wolves lie in their cave all winter, absorbed in the red dream of oxygenation. The eagle flames in the heart. The black bears go back to California after a summer of chasing berries & making music in the Rockies, a season of robbing supermarkets, mountaineering shops, hardware stores, & giving to the poor.

Communes gather at the edge of the desert like wagon trains making camp for the night. They dig in for the winter in the Tibetan reaches of the mountain spine of the continent, big families holding hands around the hearth before meals, slowly learning the Indian dances, how to bless, how to pray. Taos Pueblo is quiet for weeks around the solstice, to let the earth rest & watch the sun.

The wolves read Gurdjieff aloud & listen in their blood, coffee & cigarettes. The horses shiver in their cold sleep. The eagles spend the long winter dreaming dazzled flight patterns before them, absorbed in the tongues of the sun heart dying in the south, reading each other's minds, dreams, they finally awake with the same scream.

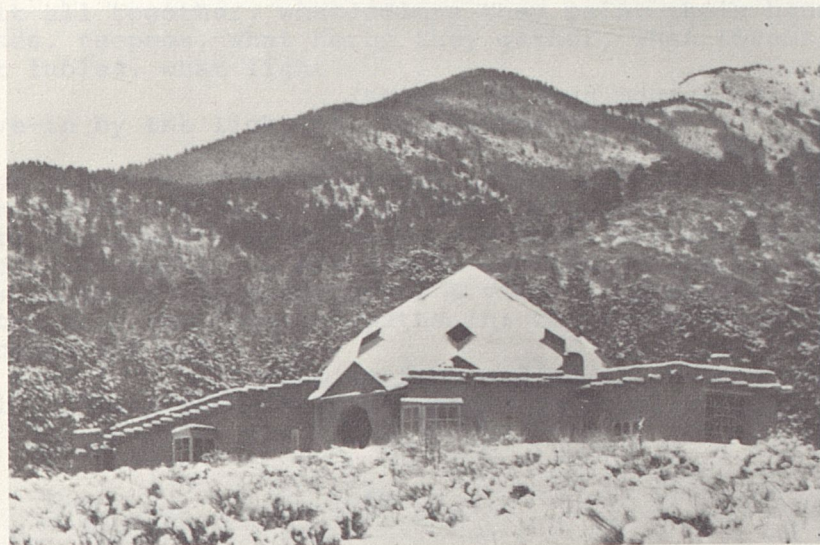
The tribes move like clouds over, live like birds in, the mountains. Gipsy hermits hitchhike from forest to forest, steal away to hidden caves & canyons, eat brown rice, silence & light. The tribes find out who they are by what they eat & what they do when they do it all together, what colors they paint their houses, busses, teepees, what herbs they gather, what totems, what fables, what light

(shows old Tewa movies at the drive-in by the light of the One Projector).

The buffaloes stampede, run old cowboy movies backwards, widder-shins, ride horses in the arroyos all day in their feathers burnouses & stetsons, brawl much, lashing each other with tackle, & bring home cartons of beer. The snow piles up all night, deep & virginal, but the first tracks wear the familiar paths in: to the outhouse, the kitchen, the barn.

Who we find out we are is not necessarily animal or mechanical, could be angel or aphrodi-

siac or slave. But the hunting grounds are real enough to dance on. There are nine misty stars in the field this snowy night, three in the outfield, six in the infield. Mars is at bat in the Chicago Cub, which is certainly older than any of its players. The stars are eyes watching us through the raging night. Our eyes stare into the mirror, suns dancing on chrome. Our eyes are stars, unlimited sources of hydrogen, photons, zions, cities of light on the vine dark shore of this new world.



BINDU NADA KALA

"First it is a point.
Then it changes to sound.
Sound changes to light."

1

In a dank cellar in the dead of winter in the most remote part of a basement full of storage & wreckage, lounge chairs, sofa cushions, cabinets, refrigerators, trash, where I have scraped out a bedroom for the grim New York winter, the wet heavy snows, cold & senseless, I sit up all night in tense lotus, stoned on snow & hash, tuning in to all these rhythm & blues I hear in my nerves, this jumpy jazz organ out on the prowl, my body like the concrete shaken by subways, soul out for a little stroll, pounding the pavements of this endless Harlem TV melodrama, standing on the corner, of the desert, rocking back & forth on rubbery legs, doing up the numbers, the dirty dozens, on myself, dealing out jive smooth & senseless, freaked out stoned jungle yogi, man, tuning in to the acid blues in these basement steam pipes, toilets flushing upstairs, people fucking in hot showers, cold cellar, vast electromagnetic fields of night, sea of static, radio idiot submarine telephone babble, Tiamat, no signal, all noise, ruins, everyone talking, no one listening, nervy, horny, grabby, desperate gossip, distances, no one weeping, black Manhattan century, man, gulping down orgasms like sleeping pills, city lights, dissolve into dry & dreamless sleep.

2

Flaked out, spread out, ear to the mattress in the rear of a VW bus speeding through the middle of the country, Kansas, I hear news broadcasters garbled in the grinding gears, a babble of bubble gum soul music mixed in the wind & exhaust. We never turn on the radio, but all these vibrations are embedded in the spaces we are driving through.

In the city I hear all sorts of over-

tones undercurrents & semiquavers. In the showers I hear violins, in the whistling steam pipes acid rock, in the speeding tires I hear sirens, in stadium or concert crowds my name rebounds in the maw of sound, & always in the back of my head some organist is playing the blues. Electronic music is the preexistent sound of this environment, just as skin drums & reed flutes come from grasses & sheep.

3

Afternoons flat on my back in the mountains of northern New Mexico, flaked out in the shady loft of this A-frame, while outside the forest clearings are tranced out in white light, the trees breathe light so intensely this hour that the whole reflected world becomes as an emanation of light.

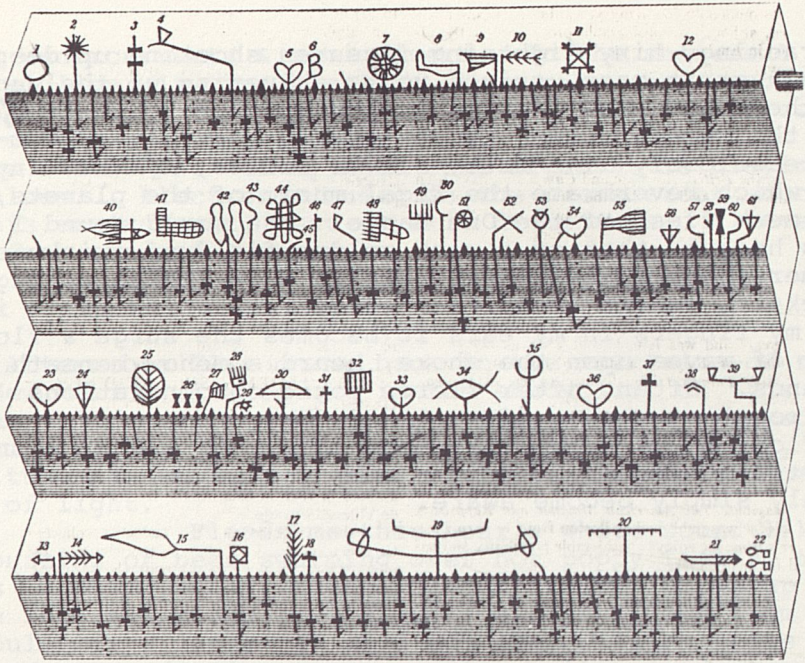
Floods me this hour a white sound like the buzzing of bees swarming over hot poppy fields, molecules chanting ALLAH, a cool tree of voices flows up my spine from the roots of our works & days, grows from all the bullshit & lithe rap laid out over raising adobe walls, chasing cows, digging pits, mudding walls, gardening, the humus sound of communal soul talking to itself listening over meals & goats & motors, talking the sky blue inside out one dream of love, digging how it all is & we all are, how we fly into light on wings of night, fly into night on wings of light, dazzled & dazed by the one fool who never sleeps, who laughs & weeps & clearly loves us too much.

Voices one upon another like ripples & swells in the rio Grande, long flowing muscles of sun, babble of children, each voice clear & distinct like notes floating in the sun's light (like Zim, who just said that one), rapping on how it all is, I nod in the muse, I don't record, nodding yes to every word, we all know it all already, & forget, & when we forget we'll just play it again, like the man said, you seen One you seen 'em All.

4

On LSD there is often a sound within the head as of

ice cracking, tiny lightning fissures shooting up deep inside a great mass, spinal volts shivering up the neck into the head. Nad yoga is tuning up, tuning in to ³³, home, the subtle sounds of the nerves themselves, humming ceaselessly like bees, silver flutes, myriad tiny bells which reverbrate the fugal music of the planets, inner mesh flesh of the One Dance. The world sound I always hear is that of a vast golden field of crickets, a summer pasture after dark pulsing with lightning bugs & crickets, remote reverberant dispersed crickets, & if I put my fingers in my ears it becomes the surge & flow & roar of waves upon the shore, heard somehow beneath the sands. Often, after fierce yogic concentrations (lion pose) or chance adrenalin rushes, the cricket muse will flood me as with light, any time, any where, noon above timberline or 3 AM in a subway station, I will suddenly simply become aware.



Words of wisdom are schismed pinions & we are all
spiritual teenagers sitting around the wood stove in the
dead of winter trading spiritual bubble gum cards.

The beast is at the door.

The whore is on the floor.

We God babble
endlessly, recreating innumerable universes through innu-
merable eyes & lifetimes. Seems that God has lost himself
in all this dream, & how it all is : is all of us sitting
around the wood stove telling one another how it all is :
finally more interested in the bubble gum than the cards.

And if you want to slip down river into the sea, that's
fine with me, the winds will carry you back to the clouds
in the sky eventually, but as for me I want to swim up-
stream to the source, up the dream to the eye of heaven
where this cold clear water comes from.

for Steve Durkee

Mind : reverbrating birdsong : pulsing electronic
grid : tribes of frogs vibrating inna night : systems
called

relaxation oscillators : frogs : crickets : light-
ning bugs : applause : menstrual cycles : social chatter :
orange highway flashers : luck :

can & do lock in rhythms.
You hear a frog pond caucus at night, all croaking, joking,
& wailing away at random, then three, then nine, suddenly
all at once lock rhythm & broadcast one pulse to the echo-
ing stars. And we decode messages from radio stars, pul-
sars, quasars. When women become close friends they be-
gin having their periods together. Frogs' eyes see only
flies. What is it we see alla time

any ways? Who is
aboard the hour 3 AM as it travels round the globe? on
the light train of the rishis, meditating? in the bar
car, drinking?

Who knows? You know? HU are you. ALLAH
HU. HU knows. Do you?

HU. Man. Being
Breath. Man. Being.
(Manas : Mens)
Breath. Mind. Being.
(Woman : Womb. Man.)

Breathe in AH. Breathe out HU. Breathe in AH. Breathe
out HU. Breathe in AH. Breathe out HU.

HYMN TO

Nabu, sparkler, burner, Budha
quicksilver tattler

☿ Mercury

Hermes, Thoth, Theutates, Toot
androgynous catalyst Babe
longhair shaman hitchhiker child
with your wingheeled sneakers & serpent twined wand
stranger than danger & twice as dice
Lord of "the dovegray highway" beyond
Hermes Psychopomp Hallucinogin
you code the Stone into rock & roll
you lead the quick through the gibbering dead
"thrice greatest" jive flash master
cyote, kestrel, silver fox
feathers blown in the wind after rain
green wind, whispers, cold green fire
"wind chanting in the fire"
Swamp gas, whim, will o' the wisp
hermit ferryman, corpse candles, messenger RNA
flying saucers, worm from the sea
ultra flickers in the dark grass
wind through the tops of trees at twilight
you babble unravelling genes in the night of grief
then you hide in the light of the sun just like a thief

BARDO : intermediate, uncertain state

INTERZONE /

INTERSTATE

the natural state of BARDO while in the womb,
lullaby of the blood

BARDO of the dream state

ecstatic
equilibrium in the depths of meditation : SAMADHI : equi-
poise, empty noise of the nerves tossing on the surface
of ANIMA MUNDI

songs of the humpbacked whales

deep be-
wilderment of love, surrender to the beloved's gaze, mazed
in wonder

beyond the exaltation : VOID

birdsong : re-

verb

Heisenberg's uncertainty principle : the bright
electron cloud : existence being certain but location
hazy & definition indeterminable interminable probability



(dream 5/23/72)

Topos: Sunday at Lama, but in Maryland, crowds of tourists thronging through white Mt Vernon style buildings & plazas, a little World's Fair.

I am down with the chickens when Lomax comes to tell me that Little Joe wants the youngest soul to carry the last pole to the teepee for the peyote meeting. This means me it seems & I do so, actually straddling the pole & floating down a grand interior staircase.

Outside people are massing for Sufi dancing, thick colloidal masses of all sorts of people, massing under the white noontide. I am silent & feel marked, special, suffering, I am with some strange blonde lady who is shakti for me this day. Surya leads the dancing, begins the chanting, but some New Buffalo people turn the words around to bawdy, finally two bagpipers come to unify us with their wild drone & lead us on, away, masses of people moving, herding over rolling green hills, through the afternoon, released, I begin to somersault, cartwheel on the grass, reel, losing gravity, reality, getting more & more ecstatic until I find I have lost the earth & am flying, soaring, gliding, above the pine trees, wheeling above the massive scene, beautiful & invisible, dipping & turning above the deepening twilight, the phosphorescent lawns, touching the tops of trees, drunk on the crazy rocking perspectives, beginning to lose altitude, I get a little scared of crashing & dying, but instantly regain confidence in the illusion & actually gently touch down on one foot, then leap up again, throwing one arm straight out before me like Superman, feel this powerful rainbow peyote energy surge through me & take me away, exalted, intoxicated, rejoicing, very much between two worlds & never coming down.

Later we are all in one of the white buildings having dinner together, everyone sitting around everywhere with plates of food. I am with Wendy & feeling good, very proud, making passes at women, loud & boisterous, but at the same time acutely conscious of Cave David's spiritual humility & of Surya who wears his love

1/ ENTROPY

We see a sky of ghost stars
so suddenly transparent
the brilliant death chatter
of the receding universe
radio black
because scattering forever
pulsars & quasars
What remains is a summer night
of lightning bugs
& circkets
pulsing in & out of code
& dark tribes of frogs
vibrating
breath shaking
dewdrops from the Green Rose

2/ STEADY STATE

But in the magnetic seas
between the stars
from mind folding much
slower than mineral sleep
specks of hydrogen
distill from Nowhere
Clouds of breath
condense
on the mirror of the void
pooling into winds of light
which drift like
the dreams of drunken children
through the mind of God
 unsuspected
til all sucked in comes rushing together
swirling into one more sun



for Daniel Moore

There is this whip of white wine evaporating in the material
There is this crystal radio earphone in the molecule

O thrilling sublimation!
metal to breath
flesh to light!

Dissolute wastes of cosmos
held weightless
in the diamond mind!

There are these classical hallucinations which do exist
& can be learned (demons etc.)
but nevertheless

There is this liquid electronic laughter
There is this magenta laser of love

for Wendy Goldman

1

Hearts broken, our bodies open to each other . open
seas of unleashed Pleistocene longing Galaxies collide!
star clusters passing through each other like scents of
light
My third eye sails like a starship through your
womb night
to your nova heart

2

How fantastic to hold you in my arms as you fall
asleep, exhausted to feel your muscle tones crumble &
your body tunnel through heavy snores back to earlier
worlds, many wombs ago dropping back through fitful
catnaps & serpent slumber to this very light vegetable
breath
You have vanished & you have not left the room,
have become wholly magnetic & weightless You must be
swimming up long pillars of ocean to the sunlight of the
dream
Lying here with the sea in my arms, I have no need
to close my eyes or to see anything but the sweet dark
of the room
And this is angelic sleep

3

This terrifies the initiate: we are totally immer-
sed in desire worlds, we have realized all we have ever
wanted, & now we are blood This being in love is all
in eternity
These two pulses exalted & merged in the

musk of the galaxy

The love that moves the stars, that
woos the rose bud from the branch, holds forests suspen-
ded in tides of breath, moves us deep inside each other

Trance fusions swim in the lap of our sexual union, stars
swim home in your cunt, we are blood

wet wings & learns to fly

The heart unfolds

Shakti, our cat, twitches, in paradoxical sleep, sprawled out, paws twitch fitfully, grasp dumbly at dream mice, birds, tail flickers displeasure now & then.

The dream world breaks on the just abandoned body in flashes & reactive spurts. Each cosmos resonates tremors & intuitions of each cosmos just higher & lower, just beyond the fringes of its own perception. "It's a Flash from the Past, the Kind that will Always Last, another Gasser from the Good Guys' Graveyard on this Golden Galaxy Weekend." Deja vu, old movie theme songs waver in the flowered wallpaper, old rock & roll songs decay like radium in the brain, ancient folk music sparkles in the broad highway, the last dream before waking illuminates the whole day. Late at night, raving, we hear the language of the future wrench itself from the beast, the flesh, is unleashed shakti. We speak in solar tongues & do not comprehend. We know the future if we hear at all. Suffering. Consciousness. All IS. NOW.

Schoolteachers & housepainters are visited with extraordinary psychic powers, prophecy, healing, thought projection, for a specific period of time, for, it seems, a specific purpose. Holy poets of the space age still quake with the most ancient of fears: night, waters, wind, seeds, birds.

In the midst of loving, in the course of sacred dancing, the Devil comes in, seeking liberation. (The Shakers welcomed him among them, for he was always defeated.) Baboon packs howl in our blood, an eagle screams in the third eye, lions & dogs rip open our throats. A dinosaur sleeps curled tight in the coccyx.





for Frances von Breisen

The dancing leads into the darkness, flesh, the neural pool, the crucible of perceptions, the stone-rimmed cave fires at the base of the spine. The molten voice of the core chants ALLAH, the bright electron cloud chants ALLAH, & animal vegetable & mineral love becomes whirring flesh, then light.

The circle of dancers moves counterclockwise, ALLAH HU, against the magnetic flow of the earth here in the north. The one who spine HU in the center, clockwise, accelerates the earth's magneto, takes all the resistant electricity of the chanting atomic circle & throws it like a liquid moon rocket to the bright sky, the octagonal star, the turning wheel at the peak of the dome.

All incarnations unleashed, demons, magicians, lost children, fresh lovers, wanderers surge forth like floods & gardens from centuries of flesh working out of this earth, dancing distances, elaborating the solar code until the only learning is genetic, astral, & the only language is light.

The sun is at home like a cyclone in the spine, still decoding from the colloid, cells, the protein thicket of the sea. The stars hinge our joints, sparkle in our porous bones. Photons are repopulating our molecules, intermarrying with our genes. The sun is pulling up our roots so we can be air plants, green wind, voices raising together, ALLELULIA, swirling clockwise into anti-matter, non-being, the Green Rose, our magic & mysterious mother. Our silent father puts this ring in his ear, this radiant rim, this zero.



We are crucified on a cross of gold, light, sun king
spun into the carbon cross, which rings into benzene,
hydrocarbons, carbohydrate incarceration, bread & wine.
We have no choice, we are the sacrafice, crystallized
& dying light.

Soma is a still clear pool, our flesh
a liquid resonance, perceptual colloid, perceptual flow
tugged on through its channels by gravity & planets,
brought down through ravines meadows & marshes into the
sea, shakti ma, or back into the blue sky, atmosphere,
cloud cover screening the magi, our far out brothers
decoding cosmic rays in the stratosphere, Van Allen bab-
ble, thick, quick, never repeating.

The moon sleeps on
the waters, tides, rides herd on the clouds, dealing
angles from the planets, recycling the changes, raising
dark loves in the blood. Civilizations habitualize,
keep on going to wars, sleeping in peacetime, they de-
compose & are built again & those that build them again
are crazy. Good years for wine recur, as do dry seasons,
diseases, forest fires, periodic valences etched in the
rings of a tree.

Sunspots crawl like cold fronts across
North America, crime waves broadcast through the suburbs,
campuses come to a rolling boil, cinema romance goes into
a trance, the bowling ball loses its holes, the Yankees
sign on a sunspot & lose all summer.

The eagle dives down
& rapes the turtle from the waves, soars with him to the
azimuth, then drops the crown back to ore, the tortise
shell smacks on our consciousness into tiny cracks, hexa-
grams, DNA, desert erosion, auguries in a crow's liver,
ephemeridae.

The pearl of great price comes in the mail
like a thief in the night. The mother of pearl can be
mapped at great price, wrinkles in her trackless lustre,
river systems, great migrations, linguistic & religious
drift, fate lines in her forehead.

To know more it to
suffer. To see at all is to burn.

BEING IS DYING BY
LOVING,

"to love is to fight",
to swim updream to the source of light,
BY LOVING.

BEING IS DYING BY LOVING,
BEING IS DYING





for Azimat Rogers

The poet's question: why do we hear voices?
in the
air, in our blood, on the solar winds.

To which the
eternal answer is: because we have not learned to hear
otherwise, our synapse flashes are words, & creation is
speaking to us in English.

The angel speaks in tongues,
flames at his fingertips like torches, speaks in hormones
& enzymes to our cellular body long in time, mumbling
over the chromosomes like rolling dice, speaks of cities
inside the sun where we all are born & some return, sings
deep inside her cunt & will not emerge.

The sperms lash
through the wilderness for forty fears, fighting their
way to the honey lush ovum,

cast out, hungry, wandering
jews through dark centuries, sheltered in monasteries &
shepherd camps, troubadors, samurai, mesmerists.

The .
chromosomes split up & dance with each other in hydra
trance, twenty-three pairs of glittering diamondback
snakes writhing in sexual ecstasy, lavish fountains of
genetic cards spilling, until, when eight aces turn up,
they all plunge in to new flesh & lovelock in code.

What
poets hear is the unleashed language of the beast, nuc-
lear (new clear) music of cellular sun, the uncoiling
remains of the long body in time, in pain, in deisel roars
which could spell suicide (Plath) or lightning (Grossin-
ger),

but all ways code.

The ghosts which scent the sea-
sons, which lovers unleash in each other, which hover
always at the cold edges of perceptual habit, are traumas
locked like murder in the magnetic body, deeply impressed
freaks, panics, orgasms, ecstasies, what happened to the
cellular body when we left it, stays in molecular memory,
RNA,

that gasping, that pain chatters & pulls us back

into such flesh, that the only way out is sleep.

And this is why paranoia, "beyond mind", out of our heads, means irrational fear, means disembodies voices indistinguishable in the next womb echo our otherness & seem to be talking specifically about us, their laughter mocking us in our absence,

("Out of sight, out of mind, everyone else in the world but us, is BLIND & CRAZY.")

means our names echoed above restive political crowds, parties full of strangers, subways, chanted in tom-tom turnpike winds.

Because creation is speaking to us in English, mostly our names, because we have not learned to hear otherwise,

(Mice do dance with tophats & canes at the foot of our delerious garret beds.)

saying: do not leave this planet, body, earth, mind, of all possible worlds this is the only one you can raise to light.

To which the famous answer is:

Cities are languages, as are women.

Streets & scenes
are phonemes easily learned along the trunks of major ne-
cessity, where to get what, the main drag where the action
is, the dream, the fringes of the university, the ghettos,
the motel strip, the hot spots, neon,

the illicit being
most easy to elicit, if you wanna make it, satisfaction
not gauranteed.

What is hard to get, to tune in to, is
the erogenous zones, the cusps of dream in the local soul
music that plays along prepattered circuits, 31 Flavors
Humble Stations & Holiday Inns, to know the Buddha dogs
& joes who leave no show anywheres, each one sucked along
in the manacle pantomime, but singing & dancing & thus
released,

to catch the linguistic drift of light, to find
a virgin mine shaft beneath an antique store, to find the
old women who for each town are channels to the next world.

The only key to poetry you don't understand is to read
it again & again in life, to stand under its high winds
until you radiate its light.

1967 Symposium for the Study of the History of the Church



for Shanaz Rasoul Illah

Beginning with the first breath & birth wail
solar shock of air in lungs
eyes shut for the first four days
Beginning with the clear white light
the first impulse
the first lurch is to suckle
be swooning into wet white breast
& sleep is deep wilderness synchromesh
birdsong lost in mountain pine
self-illumined dream
until the gloaming of the light in new eyes
Then dawns the ancient twilight
still in brightness & baby sleep
the senses unfold in slow explosions
flowers blossoming in the clear white sky
The first leaves of spring come into focus
unbearably precise
until the wind is full with green summer
leaves billowing in the deep bright perceptual haze
Then dawns the sorrow for the other world
lost astonishment & bewilderment
& the ancient fears
wolf eyes glittering in the dark wood
beyond the fringes of the breath fire
Then between the fire mist & the dark mist
dawns the apparitions
of the peaceful & the wrathful dieties

the northern lights, spectral, shifting, aurora borealis
hangs like a great streaky stage curtain above the foot-
hills, footlights

the thin veils rippling as if in anti-
cipation, in babble, in prayer

they are listening to

the Sun

Venus is setting, the wood stoves are ruddy, we come
home to another night beyond the planet earth

The affairs
of men are monkeys howling at each other at the limits of
territory, dogs howling at the moon

There is an ancient
place, just before the womb we left, behind the stars

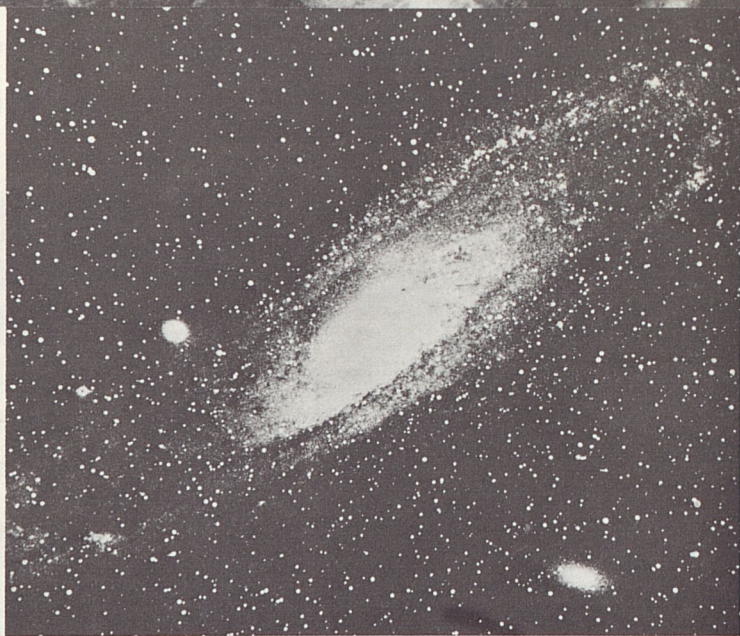
an
ancient face whose veils are eyes

an ancient race which
thinks with the heart

whose wings are crystalline snow-
fields wetly drooping into peacock eyes!

LA ILLA HA ILLAH ALLAH HU





The water, it's less a mystery than a miracle. No need to understand, just love to look. Superfluity. Shut up and watch. "Water of thought, thought of water....." Paz maybe.

Born 4:04, June 23 1947, Baltimore Md. Frank Cobb.
Cancer sun, Virgo moon, Venus on ascendant in Gemini.
Father Jack now President of Baltimore Bank for Cooperatives,
lends money to farm cooperatives.
Mother Mary, all mother.
Two sisters of sheer delight, Lucy & Katherine, both younger.
Home in rural Maryland now swallowed by Baltimore row house
suburbs, apartment houses, hospitals, college buildings.
Prepped for upper middle class at Gilman School, was high
achiever.
Classical education at Wesleyan University, Middletown,
Conn., Latin & Greek, later poetry & religion, was high
achiever.
One of first male students at Sarah Lawrence College,
Bronxville, N.Y., began writing poetry for real, encouraged
by Alan Dugan.
Classical dissolution in romance, drugs & fantasy.
Graduated Phi Beta Kappa in drug psychosis, 1969.
Regeneration & spiritual wake up under loving hands of
Ram Dass & friend Jim Lytton in Franklin, N.H., that summer.
Have small income, have worked for wages little: in depart-
ment store, in warehouse, as stage manager in college
theatre.
For past two years, most time have been living in a yellow
school bus on the mountainside in spiritually oriented
community in Sangre de Christo Mts. of northern New Mexico,
Lama Foundation, Box 444, San Cristobal, New Mexico 87564.

