

Soul, Art and Heaven reconciled,
While the rejected earth bends down
In ugly pain, her swollen fields
Bearing the living and unborn.

Charles Humboldt

JACK BEECHING

EVERY ASSASSIN COMMANDS HIS COUNTERFEIT

Every assassin commands his counterfeit
Paradise, each cogitating poet
His artifact childhood, and each millionaire
A bank account shaped like a feeding bottle.

Beyond a mountain tunnel they discovered
Beautiful women (slaves) and artificial
Rivers of wine, what more could hashish give?
Why curse those others with imagination?

All crave and finally pay. At last the assassin
Must push the knife, the rich man dream all night
Of desperate hunger and the needle's eye.
The poet be his age, a killer, rich.