

MCGRATH / NINE POEMS

YOU CAN START THE POETRY NOW, OR: NEWS
FROM CRAZY HORSE

--I guess all I'm trying to say is I saw Crazy Horse die for
a split-level swimming pool in a tree-house owned by
a Pawnee-Warner Brothers psychiatrist about three
hundred feet above--

You can start the poetry now.

--above City Hall kind of sacred ground where they shot the Great
Buddha wild drags in the atomic parking lot but no good
gas seems I remember--

You can Start the Poetry now.

--remember John Grass, University of North Dakota '69 did not
complete his thesis sort of half-classed Indian was too busy
fighting Custer to write he wrote last of the ten
million Mohicanos when the physicists began changing red-
skins to greenbacks it wasn't--

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--wasn't Gall who built all those slaveways after lifting the weight
of the guilt hair Custer's wasn't it Gall or Crazy
Horse Sitting Bull or Rain-In-The-Face wigged him it was
later they died on the tailfins it makes you want to shoot horse-
power capitalists who done it--

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--who done it it's between the gilt heir and the surplus value
grand cost of counting coup in the swimming pools stolen from
the Teton Sioux first ones I ever saw with built-in jails it's
capitalism unlimited the american Platonic year what I

can't get straight is the white antelope they're using for
money it's the--

START THE POETRY! START THE POETRY NOW !!

--it's the quarters and halves or maybe the whole antelope Buck that
gets me it's the cutting up of the buffalo Bread it's all them
goddam swimming pools full of shot horses it's Christ Indians
and revolutionaries charging full-tilt at the psychiatrists'
couches and being blasted with the murderous electrical hot
missionary money of hell-by-installments it's all of us pining
and starving surrounded by the absolute heavenly pemmican-
charisma that Geronimo invented it's the--

START THE POETRY !! GODDAMN IT !

START THE POETRY !! START THE POETRY NOW !!!!

PROLETARIAN IN ABSTRACT LIGHT

Now on the great stage a silence falls.
In the long shudder toward collapse and birth,
There enters, singing, the muffled shape of a future.
He has no face; his hands are bloody;
He is for himself; he is not to please you.

You have stolen my labor

You have stolen my name

You have stolen my mystery

You have stolen the moon

The coldness of song goes on in his barbarous tongue.
The hours condense like snow. The marble weight
Of his dream, like a heavy cloud, leans on your glass houses.
Expropriated of time, he begins himself in his name;
He stamps his null on your day; the future collapses toward him:

I do not want your clocks

I do not want your God

I do not want your statues

I do not want your love