

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