

AFTER THE BEAT GENERATION

I

What! Five years after the Annunciation at Venice
And no revolution in sight?

And how long since the lads
From West Stud Horse Texas and Poontang-on-the-Hudson
Slogged through the city of Lost Angels in the beardless years
Led by a cloud no bigger than an orgone box, whence issued--
Promising, promising, promising (and no revolution and no
Revolution in sight) issued the cash-tongued summons
Toward the guru of Big Sur and San Fran's stammering Apocalypse?

I do not know how long this thing can go on!
--Waiting for Lefty, waiting for Godot, waiting for the heavenly fix.
In my way of counting, time comes in through my skin--
Blind Cosmos Alley, charismatic light
Of electric mustaches in the Deep Night of the Gashouse gunfire
From enormous imaginary loud cap pistols of infinitely small
caliber
Anarcholunacy---how long, in that light, to read what signposts?
When all that glows with a gem-like flame is the end of Lipton's
cigar?

II

There ought to be other ways to skin this cat;
Journeys through the deep snow of a black book, bonfire
and wormlight
To burn through the salty moss to the mark on the blazed tree.
How long now since love out of a cloud of flesh
In Elysian Park stammered your secret name? Since Curtis
Zahn dipped his beard in the radioactive sea?
Since Rolfe went underground for the last time in that boneyard
On Santa Monica?
Bench marks.
Sea anchors of drowned guitars.

Alas, companeros, have we not seen the imaginary travellers--
Whole boatloads of sensitive boy scouts aground in the dead river
Of the Lost Angels, and the coffee shops' simple

malfeasance of Light?

Hence it is required of us to go forward over the rubber bones
Of these synthetic rebels, over the tame poets

Who came to the Time's big table and the harp-shaped

evergreen swimming pools

To drink the waters of darkness.

In the Carbon 14 dating

We find the Naked Man: the starving: the Moon

in the Penitentiary.

POSTCARD FOR NAOMI AND CHARLIE

Why is it you go away
To warm a little spot of some stony, unknown city?
And why must I journey and journey
To live with strangers?

There are many of us, loving each other,
In the wintry towns of the enemy.
Why should we not gather together
In a commune of warmth and light?

Yourself there; Charlie in New York,
Don, Mac, my brothers--
At least ten, at least
Hundreds, millions. . .

Each separate:
A skin tent for the winter,
Chipping a little flint
Each day.