

Alas, companyeros, 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.