

Cast up our ballot. For my dead man alive, or that living in
love with the dead.

GONE AWAY BLUES

Sirs, when you are in your last extremity,
When your admirals are drowning in the grass-green sea,
When your generals are preparing the total catastrophe--
I just want you to know how you can not count on me.

I have ridden to hounds through my ancestral hall,
I have picked the eternal crocus on the ultimate hill,
I have fallen through the window of the highest room,
But don't ask me to help you 'cause I never will.

Sirs, when you move that map-pin how many souls must dance?
I don't think all those soldiers have died by happenstance.
The inscrutable look on your scrutable face I can read at a glance--
And I'm cutting out of here at the first chance.

I have been wounded climbing the second stair,
I have crossed the ocean in the hull of a live wire,
I have eaten the asphodel of the dark side of the moon,
But you can call me all day and I just won't hear.

O patriotic mister with your big ear to the ground,
Sweet old curly scientist wiring the birds for sound,
O lady with the Steuben glass heart and your heels so rich
and round--
I'll send you a picture postcard from somewhere I can't be found.

I have discovered the grammar of the Public Good,
I have invented a language that can be understood,
I have found the map of where the body is hid,
And I won't be caught dead in your neighborhood.

O hygienic inventor of the bomb that's so clean,
O lily white Senator from East Turnip Green,
O celestial mechanic of the money machine--
I'm going someplace where nobody makes your scene.

Good-by, good-by, good-by,
Adios, Au 'voir, so long,
Sayonara, Dosvedanya, cha'o,
By-by, by-by, by-by.

Thomas McGrath



BERT MEYERS / LULLABY

LULLABY

Go to sleep my daughter
go to sleep my son
once this world was water
without anyone

Bert Meyers