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**back cover (end of
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Introduction



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The Emperor Has No Clothes

It's true
he laid his crystal-topped scepter
at an angle like a barnladder against
the worn leather throne
and he walked out among the people
naked as the day before he was born

O, yes he streaked
words in unrelenting torrent
Yielding laughter, stripping bullshit and
I testify he was listening the whole time
Showering artifact, profane sacrament
sloughing self with lightening steps
Could you see his solsten was perfectly aligned

When he was channeling Loki
were you tempted to dismiss him
in that instant did you know you had a choice
In his guise of sacred folly
riding churning wild white horses
did you see unmasked truth or
did you stand there baffled and snowblind

In frosted early morning hour
he gave you a blessing and
I hope you heard him through the wine
He was offering his body
breath, being, all that's holy
when his hands were laced against your thigh

Would you leave the sidelines
and learn to flow defenseless
Would you join his ouroboros dance
The gawping pack's still howling
in its role as bloody Chorus
"The Emperor has surely lost his mind"

You last saw him Sunday dawning
on the right side of an unlocked iron gate
I hear he's in the Garden
dodging bullets with a hard-on
for life and love's beautiful mistakes.
And it's true, o yes it's true
the emperor is naked, the emperor is naked
the emperor is naked and he's free.

(Poem by Jinn)



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2.5."

Section 1

the bone man dances circles
round the subterranean gloom
paints pink and blue and
purple until he fills the room
with the smell of roses and a
pandemonium moon

Tapping My Own Phone

I'm going straight bought myself a flat top
haircut so stiff I can carry a tray of martinis

waiting on people someone to open up her
purse and give me a tip cause I don't have

a clue anymore as to what's going on but
I do know that I'm one step ahead tapping

my own phone to hear myself talking with
people who used to be my friends listening

so I can correct myself before they do and
I've got a surveillance camera in my abandoned

car across the street watching myself replaying
the tape so I can see if I'm acting funny before

they catch me doing something I shouldn't
like yesterday I spotted myself walking too

fast and I heard myself talking too loud yes
I've got the deep fear paranoia anxiety despair

and suicide blues but I'm making sure I don't
do nothing else wrong cause I done screwed

up so many times I cornered myself into a
backstreet deadend alley of paranoia and every

time I hear an airplane or helicopter or car
door slam I know The Secret Service the FBI

and the IRS Swat Teams have finally arrived
cause I published a poem by the President of

The United States of America without his
fully conscious permission and I'm sure I

haven't paid enough taxes cause I've got no
income yet somehow I keep on doing things

like eating every once in a while and paying
a light bill or two but how do I do it they're

gonna ask what's the source of your income
and how come you don't come to see us

anymore so yes I've become a little jumpy
but I'm staying one step ahead tapping my

own phone videotaping my every move
watching myself day and night replaying

the tapes cause I got a bad bad bad case
of the deep fear paranoia anxiety despair

and suicide blues

I WILL NOT BOW DOWN

I Will Not Bow Down America
I will not Bow Down
to your Government
to your Religion
I will not Bow Down America
to your Materialism
to your International Corporations
to your Religious Shrines
your Stock Markets
your Shopping Malls
I will not Bow Down America
to your Coal Mines
to your Power Plants
I will not go crawling down the deep shafts at midnight
I will not Bow Down America
to your invasion of privacy
to your moral absolutes
your religious political might
I will not Bow Down America
to your Assassins
the CIA the FBI the Corporate Police State
your Killing Murdering Machines
I will not Bow Down America
to your Bureaucracies
to your schools
to your attempt to make me the model citizen
of Your State of Your Church
I will not Bow Down America
to your History
of Lies
to your Secrets
in the Best interest of
to protect
the People
America
I pledge allegiance
to those who were here before you
to those who will be here after you are gone
America
I pledge allegiance
to the woman I love
I pledge allegiance to my children
to my grandchildren
to all my children to come
I pledge allegiance
to my friends and allies
my guides and angels
both seen and unseen
America
I pledge allegiance

to poetry to music to art
to the literary renaissance
to the global literary community
I pledge allegiance to the Beat
to the Outsider
I pledge allegiance to
meditation to stillness
to magic to beautiful mysticism to ecstasy
to AH and AHA
to the Big Bang Epiphany
to altered states of consciousness
I pledge allegiance
to seeing into
the occult the unknown
to seeing
into everyday into the ordinary
and being amazed
I pledge allegiance to the
Sacred and the Profane
to gnostical turpitude
I pledge allegiance to my physical body
and to the knowledge that I am more than my physical body
I pledge allegiance to seeing
more than the physical world and to those
of higher frequency vibration and consciousness
I pledge allegiance to passing through
the Sacred Fire
to entering the upper chamber of the golden pyramid
to levitating over the open sarcophagus
to out of body experience
I pledge allegiance to the hottest sex
and to gentle affection
I pledge allegiance to fractal geometry
the geometry of clouds and coastlines
to 2×2 equaling 5
I pledge allegiance to Failure
to failing as no other dare fail
I pledge allegiance to taking risks to holy daring
to nam myoho renge kyo
to accepting responsibility for my own actions
I pledge allegiance to not achieving
the American Dream of Success
America
I pledge allegiance to trees to green grass
to brown earth to wildflowers of every color
to wilderness to turquoise Native American skies
to rivers lakes and seas
to healing the earth
I pledge allegiance to the Holy Spirit
to the Word and to Silence
I pledge allegiance to Dreams
I pledge allegiance to Birth to the Journey and to Death
I pledge allegiance

to Candor to Sincerity to Laughter and to Irony
I pledge allegiance to Passion to Compassion
to Empathy and to helping those in need
I pledge allegiance to
Resurrection of the Heart
NO
America
I Will Not Bow Down

The Dance

we wear these garments
dwell in these temples
briefly we are
short lived temporary
sun worshippers we
are delicate pale
pink blossoms on
Van Gogh's almond tree
our fine attire covering
bones dancing bones
the bones of life
loving bones
bones in love
the dance
a waltz fragrant
spring wind carries
us to the end
of the night

Kentucky Blues

I am a poor wayfaring stranger
A wandering thru this vale of woe
But there's no sickness, toil, or danger,
In that bright land to which I go.
I'm going there to see my mother,
I'm going there no more to
roam; I'm going over Jordan I'm only going over home

from Kentucky he came to east Chicago railyard to work
he was gone
and at night after fourteen hour days
Gideon's Bible
and The Cheapest Wine warmed
body and soul sacred ceremony in ramshackle
bedbugnewspaperwalledbeersign neon hotel
within eyeshot of "the yard"
not far to lumber on frigid morn
early evening thru the night all night
the wind whispers cries wails sings
to her and thru the cracks
of her attic walls
she listens she listens listens
and when the wind don't blow
she turns an ear
to the voice coming to her
thru the stillness
thru the stillness of gnarled cedar and pine
blanketing like shrouds the old
grayweathered woodslatted farmhouse nestled deep
in this coalbarren wildernessand she turns an ear
to the voice coming to her
thru the stillness
of cedar and pine
and thru the stillness
she turns and looks at his
gray railman's hat hanging limp from 8penny nail on
wormwood wall his hat and railroad manual were all
he brought home the last time but that
first Christmas visit
from east Chicago and his new jobhe brought her a
blue calico dress
and red sweater with pearl buttons
carried on the train with gifts for all
he and they all proud
of him a man no longer boy
but always hard worker of farm and mine
in this pioneer Kentucky land
but now he returns again
so soon unexpected

returns eternal
presence home
for good his body from east Chicago
railyards he comes
his body crushed between coal cars coal
and like the bituminous gold shipped from Kentucky to
foreign parts he's delivered by train
long wailing whistle signals his arrival
last stop of the L&N
and a year later frail tired torn
she drifts
thru tears
by candlelight she sees
she sees his spirit at top of attic stairs
at foot of her bed calming real
presence he moves
closer reaching to her
his hand touches her forehead her eyes
close finally
to deep dream sleep

I am a poor wayfaring stranger
A wandring thru this vale of woe
But there's no sickness, toil, or danger,
In that bright land to which I go.
I'm going there to see my mother,
I'm going there no more to roam; I'm going over Jordan
I'm only going over home

Mama

Mama killed chickens. She popped their heads off. Put her foot on the little hen's head, grabbed its legs and jerked hard. The head just laid there on the grass while the little chicken body went flopping all over the yard. Us kids ran like crazy dodging chicken blood. I liked it better when Mama took the .22 rifle to the barn and would shoot a little hen off the high rafter up near the top of the barn where the chickens all roosted. Mama was a good shot.

One Christmas Eve there was a terrible storm. Daddy was off at the mines. Mama said "come on" and all us kids piled into the back of the old pickup truck. Mama had the shotgun. We drove slow through the storm with Mama lookin all round then she pulled over and said "come on." We followed. We walked a ways till we came up on a tree, a cedar tree, and Mama said "get behind me." We did and she took aim and shot the tree in the trunk with both barrels. Blew it clean in two. Mama said "y'all get the Christmas tree and come on." Us kids let out a yell!

We were so happy cause Christmas had finally come.

Sex Education

Daddy came home from the mines every day after 4 o'clock and no matter where on the farm we were we'd tuned our ears to hear his truck comin from at least two miles away and the first to hear it always yelled "here comes Daddy!" and no matter what we were doin we'd run to hide and I knew the 1st thing Daddy would yell when he set foot on the ground out of the truck was "Bone come here!" and the questions would start bout what work we'd done today and if one thing hadn't been done or even done but not done right then I'd get my daily dose of beatin and it took me years and years to heal those bleedin wounds but that's not all i remember cause there were a handful of mornins before Daddy went to the mines when he'd come up to our attic room and I still hear the steps creakin with his big footsteps walkin up them and he'd put his hand on our heads on those rare mornins and Daddy said "boys it's time to get up" and in that brief touch and those gentle words I felt and heard his love and it was those memories that more than anything helped the healin once it finally happened but I also remember that spring mornin when Muscle and I were standin behind the barn with Daddy and that was the day we received our sex education when we all three looked across the pond where the bull had mounted the cow and Daddy said "see that?" and Muscle and I looked at each other and together said "yeah!" and Daddy said "alright then" and in one fluid movement Muscle and I looked from the bull and the cow goin at it and then up to Daddy then to each other then back to the bull and the cow goin at it and the sky is turquoise blue and it fills my soul and a crow caws up there somewhere and I hear a whippoorwill down in the meadow and the beagles are barkin and it's such a beautiful spring day and I'm glad to be alive and yes that's my formal sex education and I reckon that's all I needed but it wasn't long after that I started goin to the library and hidin in a corner readin whatever book on sex I could get myhands on cause I just had to know

Music Saved My Life and Bob Dylan Saved My Soul

The Impossible Dream

Just as I am without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me
We were a gospel quartet Brad Steve Stan and me
Singing our hearts out "The Impossible Dream"
Sunday morning service at the Centertown Baptist Church
After the preaching and "Just As I Am"
Page came up and smiling said "boys that was sure good"
And she added laughing real loud "and Ronnie you sure are animated"
And then Sandra Karl chimed in with "yes that was
fine but Ronnie you were flat" and oh my oh my oh my
I went home swearing I'd never sing again
And I didn't until I got in the car
Turned on the radio and heard Bob Dylan
Singing Like A Rolling Stone "how does it feel
to be on your own a complete unknown" and
I caught myself breaking my promise
Singing
So what if I was flat as a pancake
Music had saved my life more than once
And every time I'd listened non-stop to
Bob Dylan well ever since I was 12 years old
Every time I heard him sing I felt deep down inside
He was saving my soul helping me want to keep on
Keeping on no matter what the hell was going on
And I knew then as I knew before and after that
I'd never quit listening to Bob Dylan who I regard
To this day as The Best of them all better than Homer
Better than Shakespeare his words his songs helped
Me know I'd never abandon song I'd never quit
Listening to the Gift of God sweet music and even
If I couldn't in public at least in private I'd keep on
Singing and well us boys Brad Steve Stan and me
Well I believe all our lives and souls were saved
More than once by music by Bob Dylan and
Yes we listened to every kind of music we heard
It all church music and funeral dirges as Mama and
Her sister Jo Carolyn sang far back as I remember
I see people climbing on coffins including Pappy
Trying to keep Mammy from leaving him behind
Her lying there in the pine yes we heard gospel
And blues and we heard country mixed with
Traditional oldtime folk mountain Appalachian
Going back to Ireland and Scotland and Wales
And we listened to Jimmie Rodgers and Hank Williams
And Bill Monroe and Patsy Cline and Loretta Lynn
And Woody Guthrie and Odetta and Jean Ritchie
And Pete Seeger and The Everly Brothers and

Merle Travis and Robert Johnson and Mose Rager
And Granddaddy and The Montgomery Brothers and
Brother Mathew's Gospel Quartet with my 3rd grade
Teacher Mrs. Duncan banging on that piano like I'd never
Heard in no Baptist Church and I got excited Oh Lord
Can music make you feel this good? brought tears to
My boy eyes made goosebumps run all up and down
My back and all over my body made my flat topped hair
Stand up straight and tall without no butch wax on it
And then came Elvis and Johnny and Jerry Lee and
My parents said turn it off but they were glued too
And didn't couldn't move eyes staring in disbelief but
Excited what in the world is this and everybody felt
That way more excited than ashamed wanting to be
Part of that energy that we all know must be a gift
From some greater source and for my generation
For me Bob Dylan yes The Beatles and The Rolling
Stones but Bob Dylan from the first note I heard him
Perform late one night I was 12 upstairs in the attic
Where my brother Brad and I slept holes in the walls
Of our old farmhouse wind whispering through cedar
And pine through those holes I saw plenty of ghosts
There but I also every night listened to 79WLS on AM
Radio outta Chicago and the sound went in and out
Depending on the weather and Daddy some nights he
Home from working double shifts at the coal mines
Yelled up the stairs as the radio had gotten real loud
And Bob was singing "how does it feel" and being a
Poet who loves music as much as poetry well Bob's
Words and I knew them all by heart Bob's words
Saved my soul growing up in the pioneer lands of
Kentucky where Bluegrass was birthed distant cousin
Of The Everly Brothers I grew up with music and I
Mean every kind of music but the poemed music that
Has sustained me all these years that has always and
Continues to save my soul to save me from death in
Life is The Master Bob Dylan's music which always
Directed me towards God as if music came from God
And every time I turned to Bob Dylan's music life
Became bearable again I thought about Resurrection
Again I thought about redemption again
And that thou bid'st me come to thee
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

listen

the roaring city
is the buddah's golden speech
the waves in the distance
are the buddah's pure luminous body
how many thousands of poems
how many songs
will flow through us tonight
and when the songbird sings at dawn
we won't be able
to repeat even one word
listen

dog, sky

a half mile down the road from our housedog and I step from
gravel to brown grass
then into waist high orange sagebrush we
move through tall leafless oak trees we
pause to listen to wind singing in evergreen
dog smells everything we balance unsteady
on the log bridge dog falls into the creek I
keep an eye out for any and all movements
near and far dog shakes himself dry
we come out of the woods and head up the
hill that overlooks our valley three fourths
of the way up right before the hill's tree line
begins I find a dry mossy spot in the sagebrush
dog following the scent of something had
already entered the forest on the hill but seeing
me stop he returns dog sniffs out his own dry
spot and we lie down ready for an afternoon
nap dog sleeps I stare up at the turquoise
sky and watch the solitary white cloud float
over momentarily blocking the sun the cloud
shapeshifts out of nowhere a crow appears
enters the cloud I wonder if it's lost

Jasper Joyce

When they turned off main street onto the winding lane
that led to the tent his Dad turned the Chevy's lights
off and said don't say anything.

He called himself Bone Boy and his brother Muscle Boy.
His brother was a miniature of his Dad who, instead of Edwin,
could have been called Hercules. His Dad was tall and
solid as rock. He believed in physical discipline so when
he told his boys to do something they did it.

The light was bright inside the tent. The door was open wide to let
in air. The night was hot and Bone imagined that it was hotter inside.
Most of the people inside had walked. There were only a few cars
outside the tent. They pulled up close. It was a moonless, starless
night so they weren't seen as they parked.

His Father's Father, Jasper, Pappy, was standing at the microphone
on the podium. His Dad turned the car off.

Jasper was preaching:

but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these
signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall
they cast out devils; They shall speak with
new tongues; They shall take up serpents; and if they
drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; They shall lay hands on
the sick, and they shall recover.

Jasper was a coal miner, a farmer, and a Holy Roller preacher. He
was built like a hinged stone. The inner lights reflecting off the green
canvased tent cast a green glow about him, or was he casting
the glow? If not casting he was certainly digging, digging for something hidden,
pausing, deep in this green cavern, to proclaim:

Was I wrong? does this path Not lead to the light?

But the light blinds my eyes

If I seek it in the mountains.

No, I must go down into the dark.

Eternal peace lies there.

Heavy hammer, break me the way To the heart-chamber
of what lies hidden there.

Jasper's voice was getting louder. He was beginning to shout.

Something Bone didn't understand was happening. He got a bitter
taste in his mouth as he watched his Grandfather lose control. Jasper
was shouting louder and louder and becoming animated like Bone had
never seen him. He imagined the bitter iron taste to be the water Jasper
told Bone he drank that seeped from the walls deep in the mines.

A wailing moaning sound came from a little woman near the back
of the crowded tent. Before her moan ended another began and then
another and another echoing through the tent escaping out to Bone and
Muscle and their Dad, through them, out into the dark night.

In the midst of the wailing a man shouted and then another and
another until all the men were shouting. All the women wailing. And now a
child's voice sang out in the chaos. Now more children. A chorus.

Everyone stands, some on chairs. Now a guitar joins in. Now

two. Now three. Three guitars. People begin to move, to shift and sway. Now

Bone hears a piano. Now a tambourine. The wailing shouting singing playing grows louder and louder stirring the night. The swaying turns to swooping. Dogs bark, then howl. Lights in Centertown flash on. Windows and doors open and heads peek out. Visions of The Second Coming dance in Bone's head. He stares fixedly into the tent nearly hypnotized. An old man's swooping has turned into hopping. Another swooper becomes a hopper, then another. Women and children start hopping too. Bone doesn't understand the shouting. What words are these? Strange, unfamiliar. He doesn't recognize any of them. A young woman falls down and starts rolling in the dirt jabbering strange words. Others fall and roll. Everyone is swooping and hopping and rolling, shouting and wailing and singing unknown sounds and words woven with the reckless music. A dark figure appears from the back of the tent carrying a large black box. The figure approaches Jasper who is hopping and shouting on the podium. Jasper reaches into the black box and pulls out a rattlesnake
oh Pappy
and he kisses the snake on its mouth.
Oh my Pappy Bone screams inside himself. Swaying and swooping and hopping and rolling and shouting and wailing and singing. Louder and louder and wilder and wilder.
The dark figure weaves the black box to men and women who take snakes: rattlers, copperheads, watermoccassins, from the box and perform the Jasper-snake kiss. Bone sees a man who looks like he swallowed his tongue. He is the tongueswallower. He makes no sound. He is rigid, white as a ghost, foaming at the mouth. Bone's Dad starts the car and without turning on the lights drives away.

San Francisco, May 1993

for Lawrence Ferlinghetti

visited Lawrence Ferlinghetti
flew to San Francisco
super shuttled to City Lights
keys at the front desk
with address and map
wandered streets Kerouac Alley Kenneth Rexroth Place
lost for hours
small suitcase weighed down with
heavy words "The Mask is the Path of the Star"
Diane di Prima's chapbook
Published in Heaven Series White Fields Press
limited edition of 50 copies to meet her
and have them signed
where is Diane di Prima
on Laguna Haight-Asbury San Francisco Art Institute
"the only war that matters is the war against the imagination"
and I'm searching for Diane di Prima
where is Lawrence Ferlinghetti
on Francisco Telegraph Hill North Beach City Lights
"Poets come out of your closets
open your windows, open your doors,
You have been holed up too long
In your closed worlds..."
and I'm searching for Lawrence Ferlinghetti
walked Golden Gate Bridge
into the wind
Alcatraz and sailboats one bent
licking the lips of the Bay waters
and the Pacific sprays tears
of Chinese immigrants who for forty days
and forty nights have stood on water
outside America's door knocking
denied entry denied
Fisherman's Wharf seals singing
some burnt out old hippie screeching "I am a Rock
I am an Island" for spare change from laughing
lines of tourists from around the world waiting
for trolley tours lunch at Fish Alley
hike up Telegraph Hill
what a view but
a statue of Columbus? is this
is this a Columbus I don't know about?
the other Columbus? The San Francisco
Telegraph Hill North Beach Columbus?
Father Christopher Columbus of
Our Lady of the Flowers?
no, Lawrence Ferlinghetti says

this is THE Christopher Columbus.

"We tried to spray paint his
hands red but PoliceMen
surrounded him all night
Columbus Day Eve."

Christopher Columbus Chief Joseph
two histories

"Hear me, my chiefs. I am tired: my heart
is sick and sad. From where the sun now
stands, I will fight no more forever."

walking up hills bowing to gravity
leaning backward with my long hair sweeping pigeon shit from the path
as I descend the wind and the descent flatten me
and now my muscles are green and yellow and red pain
Caffe Puccini Caffe Verdi Caffe Trieste
espresso cappuccino

Chinatown fresh fruit and vegetables
the smell of dead animals "whole schools of fish,"
bulging eyes, "gasping on counters" whispering unheard
T'ai chi in the parks on the streets
movement before sunrise speeding speeding into America
Hong Kong mutant flu killer virus
now after noon what do they think of me
walking here what do I look like to them
so different so alike

I want love to have its way
is their society still as closed as Bruce Lee found it
in 1962 North Beach and Oakland and Sacramento
like kudzu Hong Kong money buying out the Italians
buying San Francisco

and searching for Lawrence Ferlinghetti

I crawl through City Lights
so many writers' writings
and Lawrence Ferlinghetti is one
and James Joyce is one
and William Carlos Williams is one
and William Butler Yeats is one
and Walt Whitman is one
and William Blake is one

and Jack Kerouac Allen Ginsberg
Neal Cassidy William S. Burroughs

Diane di Prima Amiri Baraka

John Holmes Herbert Huncke

Gregory Corso Michael McClure

Gary Snyder Robert Creeley

Phillip Lamantia David Amram

Anne Waldman Ed Sanders

Hunter S. Thompson Charles Bukowski

Ken Kesey Bob Dylan

Tom Waits Nick Cave

Shane McGowan Ron Whitehead

Pomes Penyeach

Pomes All Sizes

"street poetry"
casting off "the anxiety of influence"
"the anxiety of authorship"
"Make it New!"
"First thought, best thought"
"have an uninterrupted curiosity"
"writing the mind"
"poet get out of the
inner aesthetic sanctum
where you have too long
been contemplating
your complicated navel"
and as I search for Lawrence Ferlinghetti
feed the cat and look at photo of Allen Ginsberg and
Lorenzo swimming Julie
why do men still drink wine
and women still water
Daniel Ortega's Minotaur keeps watchful eye over
apartment stairs and Liberty's mask
like a gargoyle
guards his bedroom
paintings and posters of readings round the world
cover the walls
Travels in America Deserta on the shelf
Alcatraz in the distance
3rd World Voices monks Ernesto Cardenal Nicanor Parra
Daniel Berrigan Thomas Merton pierce the world's terrors
chanting Shelley's "Declaration of Rights"
"Government has no rights; it
is a delegation from several
individuals for the purpose of
securing their own."
and searching for Lawrence Ferlinghetti
I look in A Coney Island of the Mind
and Pictures of the Gone World
bearing gifts I come
photos of his journey through Kentucky
standing at Merton's grave Literary Gethsemani
memories of drinking Budweisers
at The Do Drop Inn
"Nice People Dancing to Good Country Music"
and I've come bearing gifts
tapes of his reading in Louisville
jazz between poems
silence between poems
blank spaces on the walls between paintings
and My Old Kentucky Home
is still singing your song
and I'm searching for Lawrence Ferlinghetti
"the one who'll shake the ones unshaken
the fearless one
the one without bullshit"
and walking out his front door

from Bolinas from Lorenzo from trees and backroads
he arrives in an old white Toyota truck
ascetic monk of North Beach
satirical wit ironic humor
wisdom
southern hospitality in San Francisco California
handing Lawrence Ferlinghetti his keys end of visit
shaking hands saying thanks homage
super shuttle to airport Kentucky
and searching for Lawrence Ferlinghetti
on the plane I read from the book he signed
"Christ climbed down
from His bare tree
this year
and softly stole away into
some anonymous Mary's womb again
where in the darkest night
of everybody's anonymous soul
He awaits again
an unimaginable
and impossibly
Immaculate Reconciliation
the very craziest
of Second Comings."

Ron Whitehead

on flight from San Francisco to Kentucky 11:33pm 5.24.93

Oh Nameless

Oh Great Mystery
Oh Oracled Parnassus
Oh Good True Beautiful Absolute Ultimate Reality
Oh Godhead Oh God Oh Yahweh
Oh Creative Forces of The Universe
Oh Brahma Oh Para-Atma
Oh Beloved Oh TAO
Oh Nirvana Oh Womb Of Dharmas
Oh Suchness Oh Endless Void Oh Clear Light
Oh One Mind Oh Eternal Way
Oh Nameless Great Mystery
Oh Unknowable Oh Unnameable
Oh Great Unknown Oh Subtle Invisible Elemental Nature
Oh Inseperable Oh Clear Radiance
Oh Immaculate Void Oh Ecstatic Bliss
Oh Infinite Love Oh All Embracing Unity
Oh Sublime Lightning Oh Rolling Thunder
Oh Great White Pure Electrical Light Energy
Oh Sacred Quest Oh Life Journey Birth Death
Oh Great Spirit Oh One Whirling Song Poem Oh OHM
Oh One Soul One Being Oh Beyond All Names
Oh All and Everything Oh One Storm
Oh One Continual Perpetual Inevitable Change
Oh One Limitless Singing Band of Angel Poets
I Surrender My Will to You I Love You With
Unconditional Love I Long to Be Eternally One With You
But I Am Lost I Know Nothing I See Nothing
Blind Mindless Failure My Great Success
Please Please I Pray Please I Pray
In Every Atom of My Being I Pray
Show Me The Way in Every Final Fleeting Moment
Guide and Direct Me Guide Me
And in The Alchemical Shamanic Poetry of Sorcery
In The Great White Lightnined Light
I Will Listen to My Heart to My Soul I Will
Heed Your Guidance I Will Follow Obey Your Will
I Thank You Thank You and I Pray
I Pray With Overflowing Gratitude I Pray
In Your Nameless No Name Thank You I Pray
Thank You For Each Moment Event
Person Being Past Present Future
Thank You For This Opportunity
To Grow My Soul Thank You
Oh Nameless Oh Nameless Oh Nameless
With Overflowing Heart I Thank You Thank You
Oh Nameless I Thank You Thank You Thank You

Section 2

1) "The sleeping brain has eyes that give us light; we can never see our destiny by day."

Aeschylus



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2.5."

Secrets

The sea whispers
secrets.

She turns to
listen.
The darkness reaches
toward her. She
shrieks
across the waves into the night.

Is there no reply? Only
shrieking, darkness,

waves, listening,
whispered secrets.

Thousands of Shrieking Devils

Waves,
spirit-maned, lift themselves, thousands of shrieking
devils,

race toward her: standing, open-mouthed,
screaming,
without sound,
in the sand.

Glow from the red
flower, from behind,

reaches toward her,

forms a blood-halo

round her head: standing, eyes
screaming, without sound,

in the sand.

Ritual

the bone man
behind her
pounding violent

she smells her fingers and as blood
drips from her nipples

she dips her hands into the stone bowl
and fishes

clots of
blood thrusting
to her mouth and slowly

the edge of a smile
appears as blood

drips drips drips

back into the bowl

the animal in her grunts
approval

she gives the stone bowl
of blood to
the bone man

Night

all seems fine until night falls

she looks at the bone man with disgust
the filthy bone man
covered with blood and bone dust

her lip turns in a snarl
her dark eyes
dim glow red

the bone man is carving
a serpentine white bone ring

for her with intricate patterns all round

cross the side of his face she hits
with the back of her
hand with great force
bone ring bone knife
bone man in moonlight become

a small white cloud of bone dust

until the spirit world cracks the night late

when all becomes silent until then
she circles the bone man
snarling

circles the bonfire
growling barking howling

the black talent
dark conceit

she was reminded tonight
vividly reminded that the
meaning of sarcasm
is to tear chunks of flesh
from another i like my friends
whole she muttered chillingly to
her self i need to keep watch she
whispered to the night midnight
squinted hissing eyes she peers
out the window of her towering cage
she sneers taunts mocks bitter
bile she strips her own flesh
a piece of meat she cuts cuts
deep into her body squeezes
her meat drinks unsatiated
devours her own blood birthing
the black talent

the grinding of her bones

the grinding of her ancient bones
broken yet healed crookedly
in time led to the popping
the grinding and the infernal memory
of that january scream still now
she dances naked at daybreak
on the beach her popping grinding
painfilled ancient bones sing a
grinding bone dance song as she
dances her bone dance round
the giant bonfire she
built before daybreak

before sunrise on
the shoreline of
the mystery ocean she dances and

sings blind now she is bound by

nothing by no one she is bound
only by her grinding singing bones

ghost lover
my final farewell

once upon a time
i paced floors
stared through windows
hoping waiting for
my ghost lover to
arrive i counted
days nights
suns moons
stars winds

waters till
my math was complete
i realized she
came to visit
at midnight each solstice
a vapor vanished
for months years
after restless ages
i wandered west
never looking back
refusing to return

gone gone gone
ghost lover gone
my final farewell

Trance Mission

crying for the dead wandering yogi
no longer striving struggling for
the ghost of power dark of the moon
heart of the wood my friends traveling
companions the dogs running on their
hind legs eyes glowing a skull on a pole
green vines leaves growing out of the
skull's mouth rose eyes ears
in the heart of the wood kneeling side a
rippling brook dark of the moon
heart of the wood gently softly
crying leaning over the water
naked she was her pale skin aglow
that was you that was the beginning

Section 3

for Jinn

"I love
thee with a love I seemed to lose With my lost saints, - I
love thee with the breath, Smiles, tears, of all my life!"

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



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How Many More Times

How many more times will you see
the sun set the moon rise

How many more times will you hear
the baby laugh the songbird sing

How many more times will you feel
your lover's touch the rain on your face

How many more times will you taste
the sea's salt your lover's lips

How many more times will you smell
the autumn smoke spring's plowed earth

How many more times

No More Fingers Pointing to The Moon

No more fingers pointing to the sun
only the sun itself

No more fingers pointing to the moon
only the moon itself

No more fingers pointing to the lightning
only the lightning itself

No more fingers pointing to the thunder
only the thunder itself

No more fingers pointing to the mountain
only the mountain itself

No more fingers pointing to the turquoise sky
only the turquoise sky itself

No more fingers pointing to the rain
only the rain itself

No more fingers pointing to the ocean
only the ocean itself

No more fingers pointing to sex
only sex itself

No more fingers pointing to life
only living itself

No more fingers pointing to the moon
only the moon itself

You Grow Wild in My Heart

Peonies grow wild in Siberia, China, Japan, and Tibet.
Peonies grow wild where the terrain is rugged and the climate harsh.
You grow wild in my heart.
Peonies are perennial plants tolerant of cold winters.
Peonies produce huge amazing flowers each spring.
Although you are not tolerant of cold winters or the cold of my
heart in the spring of each month you magically produce
huge amazing brilliant hued flowers.
Practically all garden peonies are hybrids of the hardy wild species.
No garden variety you are the hardy wild species.
The plant, especially the flower, is poisonous but the peony
root has been used medicinally by the Chinese for centuries.
Although your radiant beauty and your fiery wrath often transport
me to the edge of death burning searing
the peony root I discovered in your heart has saved me
ten times ten times the times I nearly died.
Peonies grow wild in Siberia, China, Japan, and Tibet.
Peonies grow wild where the terrain is rugged and the climate harsh.
You grow wild in the Siberia, China, Japan, and Tibet
of my heart where the scarred terrain is rugged and the climate harsh.
You grow wild in my heart.

samurai sword

life is
a sand
poem song
painting
a lightninged
tornadoed sky
a rolling explosion
of thunder
the sharp
edge of a

samurai sword

go down

sometimes necessary
to go down
when climbing
mountain

all night listening

for jinn

all night listening
to the gentle rain

wrapped in chocolate
comforter yellow screen
door drops splatter wash
my soul a possum climbs
three green steps and says
hello an owl sings rain songs
i dream of distant lands desert
sands moss beds lava rock

and you

treasure

with jinn

eggs benedict and strong coffee neath
a bouquet of red and white roses
gentle ocean breeze waltzes diaphanous curtains

across the
cracked gray wood balcony
thousands of blackbeard's doubloons dance
on turquoise as two rare right whales surface
and joyously spray geysers of pink dawn
pods of purple dolphins play midst

the sparkling coins twelve white horses
thunder and crash on shimmering quartz
sand outer banks our duned bodies pulsing
kisses pounding hearts
our love shall last forever

our flowered home

for jinn

delphinium sage yellow lily dutch iris
lamb's ear butterfly bush black eyed susan
fox glove salvia cosmos dame's rocket rosemary
tulip daffodil gladiola oriental poppy
phlox columbine canna lily ox-eye daisy
narcissus purple crocus peony creeping phlox
love in a mist balsam aster zinnia lavender
sweet pea lily of the valley onion coneflower
alum holly hock hosta wildflower
passion flower night-blooming cereus jinn

Section 4

"not-knowing is the fundamental plowed earth
of our being."

the bone man



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2.5."

Moxley and Eirene Moonshine King Burgoo Queen

Mama gave me a tin cup when I was a boy. Til I left home, when I was 17, I wore a thin rope, to hold my pants up. I've always been skinny. I kept my tin cup, and a knife with a bottle opener, on my rope. They both came in handy many times including, and especially, my last visit with Moxley and Eirene.

I was 16, a year away from leaving home, leaving home for good, leaving home forever. I'd come to visit Moxley and Eirene, travelin by boat, alone. I didn't know how many more times I'd have this opportunity. It was a crisp clear day in early September. The sad and glad of early fall filled me up. It felt good but it ached with loneliness too.

Some of you know that several miles southwest of Centertown, 27 miles from Owensboro, Owensboro, the self-proclaimed burgoo capitol of the world, deep, and I mean deep, in the bottoms where the bobcats still live, on an island on a tight curve of Green River, the deepest river in the world, with catfish that have swallowed children whole, the Green River, with nests of water moccassins in every cove, on a tight curve of Green River lived, in a wicked, crooked dirt hut old Moxley and his wife Eirene. The island, called Toad's Island, rose, peaking with a small hill, above the Green. It had flooded only once, back in '37. Unlike most of the Irish and Scots in Ohio County, the fifth largest county, and one of the poorest, in Kentucky, home of Bill Monroe, the father of Bluegrass music, resting across the Green River from Muhlenberg County and Paradise, unlike most of the Irish and Scots Moxley's parents had come from Hungary and Eirene's from Greece back in the 1800's.

When I was a boy I visited Moxley and Eirene with Daddy or Granddaddy Dick. We stopped by after runnin trot lines. Some city people might call them trout lines but we never caught no trout on them: we caught catfish, snappin turtles, snakes and eels all of which occasionally found their way into Eirene's burgoo, the best, and most peculiar, unlike any other, burgoo in the world. Eirene was the burgoo queen. Although few will admit it, folks from miles away, including all the way from Owensboro, eventually found their way to Toad's Island, down on the Green River, and borrowed the recipes, which continue to be used on rare, private, and special occasions, for Eirene's burgoo and Moxley's moonshine whiskey. Moxley was the moonshine king.

Moxley and Eirene had an orchard and a garden but Moxley always said he lived on snake, snappin turtle, possum, and moonshine whiskey. By the time I was 16 I'd seen him eatin and drinkin all of them more than once and with his big red and purple nose I figured he was tellin the truth. He kept his moonshine still right in front of their hut. They had a one-eyed black cat with no tail called Spit and a three-legged dog called Tick. Eirene, I guessed,

was probably a witch but a decent one and by the time I first met her, when I was a boy, she may have forgotten most of what she once knew. But she had remembered how to make burgoo, the most unusual and distinctively flavored burgoo I've ever tasted. Same was true of Moxley's moonshine. I can barely even approximate their magic recipes. I was a poor witness especially once Moxley began offerin pourin his moonshine, God's Tears, into my tin cup. It was the smoothest hard liquor I've ever, in my entire life, tasted. My vision blurred as I watched Moxley on my left and Eirene on my right. Sometimes they became one, not too pretty, person. But, despite their strangeness, I always liked both of them so no matter how ugly they looked as one person it didn't matter, I didn't care, I just sat there watchin and grinnin and smellin while they brewed the burgoo and the moonshine.

Moxley poured in spring water which he collected runnin directly out of the side of their Toad's Island hill. He added pure cane sugar, cracked corn and malt. He always cut the first gallon with water cause it was so strong. It kicked harder than a mule or an udder sore milk cow. Sometimes he added burnt sugar and water to change the colorin. He did that for variety. While Moxley was cookin up his strange brew my attention wandered back and forth so I watched Eirene cook her burgoo too. I watched her make burgoo several times, over the years, and it was always different dependin on what she had available. This particular time, the last time I saw her make it, when I was 16, she killed a chicken, snuck up behind it and cut its headoff before it knew what happened, then she plucked it and tossed it in, then instead of beef or pork, she added chunks of snappin turtle, possum, water moccasin, and eel. Even though fish isn't common to burgoo I'm pretty sure, despite the moonshine I'd drunk, that she threw in several pieces of catfish. I'd brought her two rabbits I killed huntin with Daddy. I helped her skin them then she threw them in, bones and all, didn't even cut off their heads. Of course the pot, which was on an open fire in front of the hut, was filled with water from the river. She also mixed in some dirty dish water. For some reason I never discovered, before addin the water she first placed river rocks in the bottom of the pot. Once the water was ready she tossed in tomatoes, potatoes, onions, garlic, cabbage, peppers, carrots, corn, beans, peas, ketchup, salt, pepper, thyme, vinegar, sauces, homemade red wine, plenty of Moxley's moonshine, pinches of a variety of herbs, then she said words I didn't understand, maybe Greek, the language of her ancestors, and she said them like she was castin a spell. It was spooky the way she chanted those words gettin a glazed faraway look in her dark eyes. Good Lord I knew it was gonna be good. It always was. She cooked it for hours. I'm not sure how many hours cause I passed out.

When I woke up the sun had set. It was a beautiful starry night. The full moon was risin. A pack of wild dogs was barkin way off in the distance, up river. Crickets, katydids, frogs, and lightnin bugs brightened the night providin a brilliant sound and light show. Eirene and Moxley handed me food and drink, burgoo and moonshine, best food in the world, bar none. We stayed up late, into the night, sharin stories, listenin close to each other, to the bobcat's mournful wail, listenin to the spirits walkin the earth late, late at night when the veil tween worlds disappears.

The next mornin, just after daybreak, a buzzin fly woke me up.
All three of us had fallen asleep on the ground, up close
to the fire which had fallen to a dull ember, almost out.
The sun was crackin the sky over the trees east of the Green. I rose,
walked silently to my boat and glided away. It was my final visit,
the last time I saw my dear ancient friends Moxley and Eirene,
moonshine king burgoo queen.

the loneliest picture i've ever seen

fatherhood duties done, standing, one last time,
before departing, into spirit, i see you, in the distance,
standing alone, at the top of the hill overlooking the farm,
woods behind, providing shade and comfort,

but all you see is the farm, pond churning with
blue and gray catfish, meadows grazed by red and white
herefords, cows and bull, chickens and roosters clucking
and crowing round and in the coup, tall tasseled corn,
gleaming green soybeans, Mama and us kids,
Brad Paddy Edie Robin Velvet me, hoeing in the garden,
bird dogs in their pens, the old red barn, silver tin roof,
filled with hay and corn and the 1010 John Deere tractor,
and with broke down lawnmowers, harness, saddles,
tools tools tools, wasps, yellow jackets, mud daubers,
black snakes, kittens, puppies, spiders, cow manure,
coal black black coal in the shed, and in the barnyard

pigs, goats, horses, beehives, Kentucky wildflowers,
and trees, near and far, trees, maple, elm, oak, cedar,
pine, dogwood, redbud, sassafras, giant white barked
sycamore, and, resting in the midst of all this beauty,
our farmhouse,

our farmhouse, over the ever flowing seasons, spring
summer fall winter, our farmhouse grew, one room at a time, for
years an outhouse, then indoor plumbing, a back porch became
a kitchen, an unfinished attic birthed a small unfinished
bedroom, wind whistling singing through holes in the
walls, conjuring the spirits of our dead relatives,
loving kinfolk, whispering appearing to us, Brad and me,
sleeping there, in the attic, each night, our farmhouse,
our home, and home to relatives friends, strangers,

whoever knocked was welcome, you and Mama made it so,

our coal and wood furnaced farmhouse, always welcoming
all, filled to overflowing with amazing brilliant hued stories
of birth, the journey, and death, pain and beauty, tears heartache
laughter and angelic music singing Amazing Grace How Great Thou Art

morning noon night season into season embracing letting go
you hold now, pausing, before letting go, finally moving
on, your work done, mission accomplished, you wait one final
moment, you hold, nestle all of it all of us close to your
heart, filled overflowing with gratitude with thanks with
joyous tears, you hold us deep in your heart your soul as
you, in the distance, stand now, departing, alone,

fatherhood duties done, standing, one last time before departing

into spirit, I see you, there you are, the strongest best
man I've ever known, there, clearly, I see you, in the
distance, my dear Father, my dear dear Father, and it's

the loneliest picture i've ever seen.

without blinking

zen and the art of driving 100 miles per hour
Past Brawny Taylor and Others on
Ohio County's highway 69 one-lane bridge

between Beaver Dam and Centertown

part III: down and out in Kentucky

the bridge

The head must bow and the back will have to bend
Wherever the (workers) may go
A few more days and the trouble all will end
In the field where the sugar canes grow
A few more days for to tote the weary load
No matter twill never be light
A few more days til we totter on the road
Then my old Kentucky home good night

Stephen Foster

at 3am on a hot summer night in western Kentucky

my eyes flash open and I'm on the floor
of the yellow farmhouse
cross the field from mom and dad's
in the middle of nowhere
not able to sleep I dozed off for a second
when someone turns on a light

and it's blinding my eyes
and here I am at the end of time
down and out in Kentucky
here I am wondering whether
life's worth living
all the pain
and someone's turned on a light
and it's blinding my eyes

and I'm a broken man
buried in a tomb of self pity
I'm failing like no others dare fail
but at 3am
on this hot
summer night
on this plywood floor
as my eyes adjust
and I see the room
filled with lightning bugs

come in through broken windows
and they're all round me
filling the room
with golden light

and almost in a dream
I see Stan
and we're in the yellow volkswagen
doing 100 on highway 69 between
Beaver Dam and Centertown
and a car's coming the other way
and Stan and I glance at each other

and in that glance I see his struggle
his fear his anger his defeat
his defiance his will his desire
to succeed
his willingness to suffer
to pay the price
to see his dream become real
and we look back to the road

to Brawny Taylor's car
and we're doing 100
headed towards the one lane bridge
and Brawny Taylor ain't slowing down
and neither are we
eyes steady and clear and
we've seen death
and been told we're crazy

but we're holding at 100 and without
blinking
we meet Brawny Taylor at the center
of the one lane bridge
not a breath of air
between cars and walls
and as we pass without blinking
I see Brawny Taylor's
mouth drop open and fall to his chest

and in that moment of passing of seeing
I know that like Stan I will pull myself up
off this dirty rotten floor
and live again

plowed earth

not-knowing

not-knowing is the fundamental
plowed earth of our being
it is our life source

embrace the wind
embrace my heart

born to die
there is no safety
all is demanded
expose yourself completely
accept the consequences
of your successes
and your failures
as no other dare

enlightened mind
is not special
it is natural
present yourself
as you are
wise fool

don't hesitate
embrace mystery paradox uncertainty
have courage

through fear
and boredom
have faith
be compassion

embrace the wind
embrace your heart

not-knowing is the
fundamental plowed earth of our being
it is our life source

not-knowing

the shape of water

clouds on a sunny day
what is the shape of mind?
is mind contained in brain?
or is mind as vast
as clouds on a sunny day
water in a distant sea
a drop of rain
in the indian ocean
in the straits of magellan
the mediterranean
what is the shape of mind?

clouds on a sunny day
what is the shape of water?
is water contained in pond?
or is water as vast
as clouds on a sunny day
dream of a distant land
a thought of mind
in the sahara sands
in the gobi dunes
death valley
is mind the shape of water?

the shape of water

**purple orchid dawn
endless river sail on**

purple orchid dawn
falls of the ohio
oh great river
skeletal supplies
bottom of our emerald
canoe lavender oleander

peach sunrise sets
kentucky indiana wildflowers
ablaze we've set sail
ohio mississippi
the mississippians
guld of mexico heaven
bound into and beyond
deep blue unknown we go
a band of angels wings
shimmer glow on the
shoreline sing the most
glorious amazing grace
we've ever heard a murder
of crows join the angel
song us too we slow briefly
then emerald canoe blue
green water paddle petals
sail on down down we go
magnolia moss cypress
swamp alligators blue heron
water moccasins cottonmouths
seagulls the time of convergences
closing time has arrived we
are transformed by choice
intentionally become paradoxarians
miraclearians we eat paradoxes
drink miracles we are now the
new tao yee shing i ching we sing
unknown unknowable poems songs
the bees are disappearing we
go no where the bees have gone
sail on purple orchid bee dawn
to heaven we go into the deep
deep indigo blue sail on sail
on sail sail on on sail on

Section 5

"To be a poet, most of all, to see."

Henrik Ibsen



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2.5."

westward into the canyoned night

westward into the canyoned night
candles light the silent sky canyoned
flight through devils' curves serpent
tail mountains white little light a spark
or two ahead in dark points the way
to valley floor somewhere distant beyond
salt saguaro sea grassy plains far behind
so far west pass the rising sun toward
Tibet Katmandu westward Delphi searching
clues of origin of why how and where hope
to still weary bones westward into the
canyoned night candles light the silent
sky why leave the nested hearth rooted
neath oak and barbwire why leave

wandering torn tween the warm bed
of love and the unknown

a ruin i

at howth i stand looking to sea one purple crocus
at my door a ruin i have few walls to secure myself
from storm bold i stand vines to mortar stretch spring
a ruin i wonder enthralled by wind rain sun sea
ships see i come go but a ruin i remain rumination
filling cracks gaping low high windows doors roof
gone only angel song and me a ruin i you we all be

new mexico

castout dirtydark refuge three nights she crosses
the tracks hurrying to the stream to bathe but tonight
she slows naked she stops stands by the tracks
seeing their endlessness sand swirls about her bony
ankles she bends feels the heat and moves on

**comes night and wind
he dreams for the desert**

he dreams for the desert,
the Indian land: to live in a hut,
drift to sleep
warmed by the fading wolf song.

he makes six-foot manly vases
and paints them naked with bird
and animal heads.

times at night she puts down the clay
and plays her violin:
accompanies the wolf.

comes wind, weaves the night, violin, wolf song.
comes wind, weaves the night, violin, wolf song.

Naked Interview: Conversations with William S. Burroughs

by Ron Whitehead on Friday, July 12, 1996 07:03 pm

Interviews, Transgressive

William S. Burroughs is one of the greatest writers of our times. His talent has brought him fame, and along with it, many burdens. Daily, Burroughs is swamped with fan mail, unexpected visitors and interview requests. And if that wasn't enough to keep him occupied, strange rumors have begun circulating about him. Burroughs, who rarely grants interviews, speaks with Ron Whitehead in an attempt to counter the public's false speculation about him.

"His Swiftian vision of a processed, pre-pakeaged life, of a kind of elctro-chemical totalitarianism, often evokes the black laughter of hilarious horror."

---Playboy

"Burroughs is the greatest satirical writer since Jonathan Swift."

---Jack Kerouac

"The only American writer possessed by genius."

---Norman Mailer

"Burroughs shakes the reader as a dog shakes a rat."

---Anthony Burgess

"An integrity beyond corruption...Burroughs convinces us he has seen things beyond description."

---John Updike

"One of the most dazzling magicians of our time."

---John Rechy, "The Ticket is Exploding"

"With suffering comes humility and with it in the end, wisdom."

---J. Swift

At 82, William Seward Burroughs II, El Hombre Invisible, Literary Outlaw, Commandeur de l'Ordre de Arts et des Lettres, is rapidly becoming the most respected, highly regarded writer in America, in the world.

"All at once I snapped my fingers a couple of times and laughed. Hellfire and damnation! I suddenly imagined I had discovered a new word! I sat up in bed, and said: It is not in the language, I have discovered it - Kuboaa. It has letters just like a real word, by sweet Jesus, man, you have discovered a word!...Kuboaa...of tremendous linguistic significance. The word stood out clearly in front of me in the dark."

Burroughs? No. Knut Hamsun. In 1890, with the publication of "Hunger," the first purely psychological novel(yes I'm ready to argue), Hamsun turned the literary world upside-down and spun it around. In 1959, 69 years after Hamsun's breakthrough, with the release of "Naked Lunch," William S. Burroughs, explorer in the most real mythological sense, whose search for The Word has, does and will take him anywhere outside and inside himself, did what only a small handful of "literari" have achieved in the history of writing: He forever redirected the course of literature in a way that permanently altered language, culture and seeing.

So, what the hell is Old Bull Lee up to? Retired and enjoying good health, does he rest on his arse? No. He is busy working his arts off, dreaming, seeing, reading and representing new and old visions on paper, canvas, vinyl,tape, disk, CD-Rom, your brain and mine.

Dream long and dream hard enough
You will come to know
Dreaming can make it so
---William S. Burroughs

But rumors abound: He's kept tied to his bed and forced to use a chamber pot; he still takes heroin; he moved to central America (USA) because land was cheap and he knows it's about to become beachfront property since East and West coasts willbe falling into oceans any day now; he's dead; he shoots obsessed, fatal-attraction European midnight visitors with a shotgun.

Come on people. Wake up. Sober down. William Burroughs is harassed day and night by folks from around the world showing up, without invitation, notice or warning, banging on doors and windows, camping in his yard, trying to get a glimpse of the legend.

The man is 82. Let's show respect for his privacy as we do for his work, as we would expect and demand given the

good fortune of being in his position. He receives requests every day for interviews, visits, readings, recordings and films. He does what he can, and always, always in the friendliest manner. (And no, he hasn't shot or threatened anyone.)

William's latest books include "My Education: A Book of Dreams" and "Ghost of Chance." Recent audiowork includes "Naked Lunch," "X-Files CD," plus, he is now in studio recording "Junky" and enjoying it so much he may go right into "Queer."

Two historic Burroughs events are taking place this summer. The Los Angeles County Museum of Art (you can contact them at 212-857-6522) is premiering the exhibition "Ports of Entry: William S. Burroughs and the Arts" on July 16 through October 6. The event, curated by Robert Sobieszek, is the first-ever retrospective surveying Burroughs' career, with 153 works, beginning with his 1960s and early 1970s photollages, scrapbooks, and his collaborations with Brion Gysin on photomontage "cut-ups." The exhibition will also include Burroughs' later shotgun art and recent abstract painting, and will explore how his work has influenced today's cultural landscape, resulting in the absorption of his ideas and routines into newer art, advertising and current popular culture.

The second event is The New Orleans Voices Without Restraint INSOMNIACATHON at the Contemporary Arts Center and The Howlin' Wolf Club, the largest Beat gathering of the year, where Mayor Mark Morial, James Grauerholz, Doug Brinkley, and others will speak with Burroughs over the phone. (For more information contact Ron Whitehead at 502-568-4956.)

Yes, the ticket is exploding. The walls of the literary world, the world of culture, are crumbling, and through the gaping holes strides the drawling wordslinger with an attitude, William Seward Burroughs II.

William S. Burroughs: Hello?

Ron Whitehead: William?

WSB: Yes.

Whitehead: Ron Whitehead.

WSB: Well, well, Ron Whitehead.

Whitehead: How the hell are you?

WSB: How what?

Whitehead: How are you?

WSB: Well, I'm fine, thank you.

Whitehead: As you recall, I produced your "Published in Heaven: Remembering Jack Kerouac poster and chapbook," plus I sent you my "Calling the Toads" poem & I'm right now producing the William S. Burroughs/Sonic Youth 7" vinyl recording for our audio series.

WSB: Oh, of course, yes, yes.

Whitehead: I just received letters from Rene in Amsterdam. He says that after my reading at the Meer den Woorden Festival in Goes, Holland he started having dreams in which you and I taught him how to save the world. I'm forwarding the letters to you.

WSB: How old is he? I think I remember him. What does he look like?

Whitehead: Early 20s. Blond. Handsome. Friendly. Intelligent. Knows the history of the Beats inside out. He writes from a mental hospital in Amsterdam.

WSB: Hmm. Not sure. Perhaps.

Whitehead: Reason I'm calling is that Doug Brinkley has asked me to produce an event in New Orleans in August. It will be the largest Beat gathering of the year. RANT for the literary renaissance and The Majic Bus will present the event, called Voices Without Restraint: 48-Hour Non-Stop Music & Poetry INSOMNIACATHON. As part of the event, we'll hold a City of New Orleans Presentation Ceremony, dedicating to you the historic marker which will be erected at your Algiers home, which was made famous by Jack Kerouac in "On the Road." And we'd like to have a live phone conversation with you during the presentation.

WSB: Why certainly. Yes, yes. I'm honored.

Whitehead: Good. Just a few questions.

WSB: Fine. Shoot.

Whitehead: Why did you decide to settle in Algiers, which at that time was home to various military bases, rather than in one of the traditional bohemian neighborhoods?

WSB: Yes. Because it was a hell of a lot cheaper. Real estate there was the cheapest. I got that house for \$7,000 something.

Whitehead: Any memories of different New Orleans neighborhoods you visited, music, riding the ferry?

WSB: The Quarter, strange plays...Didn't get around too much.

Whitehead: The New Orleans Police have come under attack recently -- imagine that -- for corruption. A cop hired executioners to kill a woman who signed a brutality complaint against him. Louisiana police cars have "So no one will have to fear" inscribed on their sides. Do you have any observations about the New Orleans police, about the illegal search of your home there, or the firearms they confiscated?

WSB: No. They never laid a finger on me, as far as any brutality goes. They did lead me to believe that one of them was a federal agent when he wasn't. He was a city cop. So there was an illegal search. But I didn't know it at the time. The next day, I was arrested. There was someone with me I hardly knew. He was just introduced to me. He had one joint on him. He'd thrown out larger amounts but still had one, and they found it right away. Then the next day they went in and took my car and I never got it back, though I wasn't convicted of anything. See, they can confiscate your property even though you're not convicted of anything. And that's really scary sinister.

Whitehead: Both our political parties are looking like a bird with two right wings.

WSB: Exactly.

Whitehead: The police are gaining more powers daily as our personal freedoms are disappearing.

WSB: See, that's what I say. The whole drug war is nothing but a pretext to increase police power and personnel, and that, of course, is dead wrong. So many created imagined drug offenses.

Whitehead: New Orleans has North America's largest magic community. In recent years you've spoken bluntly about your interest in magic. In New Orleans did you encounter magic in any form?

WSB: No, I didn't.

Whitehead: There may be irony in having a literary marker commemorate your Algiers home, a place where you lived briefly, perhaps unhappily. Did you produce any writing there?

WSB: Oh yes, quite a bit. And I wouldn't say I was particularly unhappy there.

Whitehead: So it wasn't all that bad?

WSB: No, it wasn't. Not at all.

Whitehead: Jack Kerouac devoted a large section of "On the Road," on the New Orleans visit.

WSB: Oh well, Kerouac was writing fiction. What he did when he wrote about me...he made me out with Russian Countesses and Swiss accounts and other things I didn't have or didn't happen and so on. Yet...some truth, some fiction.

Whitehead: You have dramatically influenced music, literature, film, art, advertising and culture in general. Are you intrigued by that influence? How did you first become conscious of other people's perception of you as icon?

WSB: Well, slowly of course. Over time. Reading the paper, magazines, journals, that sort of thing.

Whitehead: The request for interviews becomes absurd after a while. This is the first and last one I intend to do. I feel uncomfortable in the position of interviewer.

WSB: Yes, it becomes absurd because interviewers generally ask the same questions, say the same things.

Whitehead: Recently you've been barraged with interview requests, especially in relation to the deaths of Timothy Leary and Jan Kerouac.

WSB: Yes, of course I knew Leary, but barely knew, didn't really know Jan. James knew her, was friends with her, but I didn't.

Whitehead: Hunter S. Thompson, who I like so much, is, like me, from Louisville and you're from just up the road in St. Louis. I recently visited Hunter at his home in Colorado. Hunter said he thought he was a pretty good shot until he went shooting with you.

WSB: I'll put it like this: Some days you're good and some you aren't.

Whitehead: You must have been good that day. Hunter was real impressed.

WSB: Well, he gave me a great pistol.

Whitehead: Like Hunter, some people would say that you're a Southern gentleman with a world literary reputation, but both you and Hunter have escaped the Southern-writer label. Any comments?

WSB: I escaped the label because I didn't and don't write about the South.

Whitehead: Do you have a personal favorite of your own readings? I know you've been in the studio recording "Junky."

WSB: No, I don't have any special favorite.

Whitehead: Other than Brion Gysin, is there anyone you miss the most?

WSB: When you get to be my age there are more and more people you have known that you miss. Brion, Antony Balch, Ian Sommerville are ones I think of right away I was quite close to.

Whitehead: Diane di Prima is underrated, underappreciated in the world. Her autobiography will be released by Viking Penguin in April '97. I hope she'll finally receive credit that's long overdue.

WSB: Yes, I hope so too.

Whitehead: You've had much to say about Samuel Beckett. Beckett's mentor, James Joyce, was an anarchist who devoted his life work to undermining and deconstructing the dominant paradigm of patriarchy in government, religion, family and literature. I'm doing research asking The Beats what influence James Joyce had, if any, on their writing. How do you feel about Joyce?

WSB: Well he's great, a very great writer. Any modern writer is bound to be influenced by Joyce. Of course, by Beckett as well.

Whitehead: I had a long conversation with Allen Ginsberg about Bob Dylan. Allen talked about his personal feelings towards Dylan and also about Dylan's work. Allen said he felt like Dylan would be remembered long after The Beats and he added reasons why. This is a strong statement, especially coming from Allen Ginsberg. Do you have any comments on this?

WSB: No, I don't. Not in any cursory way. Of course, I've listened to and know his music and met him a couple of times, but I don't have any strong statements to make.

Whitehead: John Giorno is giving me an out-take from The Best of Bill CD box set he's producing. As part of White Fields Press' Published in Heaven series, I'm producing a 7" vinyl recording with you on one side and Sonic Youth on the other. Lee Ranaldo has stopped by to visit you. How much are you able to keep up with music today?

WSB: Some much more than others. I've worked with and am very good friends with Patti Smith and Jim Carroll.

Whitehead: How do you feel about this historic marker?

WSB: Fine. Fine. It's an honor like the French Commandeur de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres. Commander of Arts and Letters. Commander of Arts and Letters.

CALLING THE TOADS

Hummm Hummm
Hummm Hummm Hummm
Hummm Hummm
Hummm

Calling the toads
Calling the toads
We shall come rejoicing
Calling the toads

one step out the door off the step
goin down swingin
in a peyote amphetamine benzedrine dream

I'm five years old I am the
messenger holdin

William Burroughs' Bill
Burroughs'

Old Bull Lee's hand

holdin Bill's hand on some
lonely

godforsakinuppermiddleclassSt.Louisstreet

and we're hummin we're hummin
we're hummin in tones
we're hummin in tones

callin the toads

oh yeah we're callin the toads

Bill's eyes twinklin glitterin

a devilish grin crackin the corners
of his mouth and I'm lookin him

right smack in the eyes
deep in the eyes I'm readin

his heroined heart yes I'm
readin his old heart

but it ain't the story I expected
as we move this way and that

raisin and lowerin out heads our voices

callin the toads

and here they come
marchin high and low from

under the steps from under
the shrooms of the front yard

from round the corner of the house
fallin from the trees

rainin down here come the toads
all sizes and shapes all swingin

and swayin and dancin that
magic Burroughs Beat

yes here come the toads singin
and swayin and swingin their hips

now standin all round us
hundreds thousands of toads

eyes bulgin tongues stickin out hard

dancin a strange happy vulgar rhythmmed
dance for Burroughs and me

yes Burroughs yes Burroughs
yes Burroughs I see his heart

and I know his secret
a secret no one has discovered

til now but I'll never tell
never reveal as I witness

this sacred scene this holy ceremony

this gathering
this universal song and dance

I witness through the eyes the heart

of William S. Burroughs

King of the Toads

Calling the toads
Calling the toads
We shall come rejoicing
Calling the toads
hummmm

Can Art Matter?

Published In Heaven: Blood Filled Vessels

Artist Manifesto by Ron Whitehead

The older I get the more I realize I don't know anything, no one does. We're all guessing, feeling our way, grappling for answers. But every day I have encounters with the spirit world. We are all in perpetual motion, in transition, even when we are still, silent, listening. Listening is the greatest art of all.

Not-knowing is the fundamental plowed earth of our being, not-knowing. It is our life source. Embrace the wind. Embrace my heart. Born to die, there is no safety, all is demanded. Expose yourself completely. Accept the consequences of your successes, and your failures, as no other dare. Enlightened mind is not special, it is natural. Present yourself as you are, wise fool. Don't hesitate, embrace mystery paradox uncertainty. Have courage. Through fear, and boredom, have faith. Be compassion. Embrace the wind. Embrace your heart. Not-knowing is the fundamental plowed earth of our being. It is our life source. Not-knowing.

Can art matter? Why Published In Heaven?

Today 'Specialization' is sold on every corner, fed in every home, brainwashed into every student, every young person. We are told that the only way to succeed, here at the beginning of the 21st Century is to put all our time, energy, learning, and focus into one area, one field, one specialty (math, science, computer technology, business, government). If we don't we will fail. We are subtly and forcefully, implicitly and explicitly, encouraged to deny the rest of who we are, our total self, selves, our holistic being. The postmodern brave new world resides inside the computer via The Web with only faint peripheral recognition to the person, the individual (and by extension the real global community), the real human being operating the machine. The idea of and belief in specialization as the only path, only possibility, has sped up the fragmentation, the alienation which began to grow rapidly within the individual, radically reshaping culture, over a century ago with the birth of those Machiavellian revolutions in technology, industry, and war. And with the growing fracturing fragmentation and alienation comes the path - anger, fear, anxiety, angst, ennui, nihilism, depression, despair - that, for the person of action, leads to suicide. Unless, through our paradoxical leap of creative faith we engage ourselves in the belief, which can become a life mission that regardless of the consequences, we can, through our engagement, our actions, our loving life work, make the world a better, safer, friendlier place in which to live. Sound

naive? What place does the Antinomian voice, the voice that, though trembling, speaks out against The Powers That Be, what place does this Visionary Outsider Voice have in the real violent world in which we are immersed? Are we too desensitized to the violence, to the fact that in the past Century alone we have murdered over 160 million people in one war after another, to even think it worthwhile to consider the possibility of a less violent world? Are we too small, too insignificant to make any kind of difference? The power-mongers have control. What difference can one little individual life possibly make, possibly matter?

Published In Heaven Titles make a difference. They are blood filled vessels racing to the heart.

Today the X and microserf generations are swollen with young people yearning to express the creative energies buried in their hearts, seeping from every pore of their beings. They ache to change to heal the world. Is it still possible? Is it too late? Is there anyone (a group?) left to show the way to be an example? To be a guide? A mentor? James Joyce, King of Modernism, said the idea of the hero was nothing but a damn lie that the primary motivating forces are passion and compassion. As late as 1984 people were laughing at George Orwell. Today, as we finally move into an Orwellian culture of simulation life on the screen landscape, can we remember passion and compassion or has the postmodern ironic satyric deathinlifegame laugh killed both sperm and egg? Is there anywhere worth going from here? Is it any wonder that today's youth have adopted Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, William S. Burroughs, Herbert Huncke, Gregory Corso, Neal Cassady, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Amiri Baraka, Robert Creeley, David Amram, Diane di Prima, Ed Sanders, Anne Waldman, Bob Dylan, Hunter S. Thompson, The Clash, Sonic Youth and all the other Beat Generation and related poets, writers, artists, musicians as their inspirational, life-affirming antinomian ancestors? These are people who have stood and still stand up against unreasoning power/right/might, looked that power in the eyes and said NO I don't agree with you and this is why. And they have spoken these words, not for money or for fame, but out of life's deepest convictions, out of the belief that we, each one of us, no matter our skin color our economic status our political religious sexual preferences, all of us have the right to live to dream as we choose rather than as some supposed higher moral authority prescribes for us.

I choose to be an antinomian warrior.

Can art matter? Is it merely a gold exchange for the rich? The crucible of Published In Heaven alchemical art blends the terrible beauty of the natural world with questions of global social conscience. Published In Heaven poems stories songs art films photographs defy categorization. They are original.

What is involved in the process of artistic creation? And how is that process related to space and time? What makes it possible for a handful of Nabi, of Druids, to maneuver in a molecular universe, where immersion at will into things and being other than self is readily accomplished, rather than the dreary chore of drudging

through the thick cellular world? The answers are simply complex and like truth, time and water they constantly slip through fingers away, away but the past recalled becomes present again and in a sense when we look anywhere including back into the past we are looking with some form of anticipation which is an attribute of future time so where are we really? How do how will poets, writers, musicians, artists, filmmakers, photographers, inhabitants of the creative realms of the 21st Century respond to these questions? Some respond with ironic, comic faith, some with passion, with compassion, without which the intelligent sensitive creature will inevitably traverse the Valley of The Shadow of Death encountering Angst, Despair, Ennui, and possibly Suicide. The sensitive individual poet writer musician artist filmmaker photographer prophet, the empath whose natural ability is negative capability, ineluctably chooses the life-game quest of self-creation in the possibly infinite probability of possible realities in the self-contained inter-connected Ocean of Consciousness.

So, where are you going? Please answer the question. Can art matter?

There are no answers, only questions.

My argument for The Ocean of Consciousness reaches back to the early experiential understanding of holy while reaching forward beyond the limits of dialectical gnosticism to an alchemy that also transcends divisions inherent in the alienation the fragmentation of Deep Modernism and the superficial chaos of postmodernism. I agree to a point with Turkle's argument that "The goal of healthy personality development is not to become a One, not become a unitary core, it's to have a flexible ability to negotiate the many - cycle through multiple identities." Having multiple identities, being legion, may lead to the apparent conclusion that we are walking on quicksand, that there is no solid ground that all is chaos. Even if you are a cryptanalyst and are able to turn into "plaintext the coded messages of Lacan but also the utterances of French existentialists, deconstructionists, poststructuralists, and all the other sibilant schools that flowed out of postwar France" (McCormick) what leads you to believe that the deadly serious egocentric humor of postmodernism where theory is lauded as more important than text (whatever text might be: book, song, painting, film, life, etc) can possibly be the final word? Deconstructing a text does not designify does not make the text less than what it was before you playfully surgically took it apart and, if you're a good mechanic, put it back together again even if you gave it new features. No matter how much taking apart deconstructing you do there will always remain something, a meaningful essence that cannot be destroyed.

Lightninged Passion compassion filled art matters.

The poet writer musician artist filmmaker photographer prophet deconstructs realism. She employs the innovative technique of intercalation: the juxtaposition of scenes in time. She is Elus Cohen, Elect Priest of

Expressionism, Cubism, Modernism, Dadaism, Surrealism, postmodernism but she is more. She is Master Alchemist, Master Magician. Her long slender hand reaches towards me, grabs my throat, and pulls me into the text, the book, the song, the art, the CD/DVD, the film, the photo. Manger du Livre indeed! I not only consume the book: the book consumes me. Now I, with her, am Elus Cohen juxtaposing scenes in time and space in her, in me, in the Published In Heaven Blood Filled Vessels Racing to The Heart Titles. Being Blood Filled my original perception, awareness, and senses are fractured, fractalled, and exiting the Blood Filled Heart Titles I find I am rearranged. I now have new perspective, awareness, senses. I look at others. Are their expressions different as they look at me? I must look different. I feel different. I am different. Me. And me now. I, I. Ha. Aha! Now as my hand moves this pen across this page I change. I am transformed. I am never the same. My molecules jump, sway, swoon, dance across the page, giggling, laughing, singing, happy to be new! It's spring again! They shout Yes Yes Yes!!!

Mythopoetic Published In Heaven Titles create newly resonant myths.

Knowledge, from the inception of Modernism and through postmodernism to The Ocean of Consciousness, is reorganized, redefined through literature, music, art, film, photography. The genres are changing, the canons are exploding, as is culture. The mythopoetics, the privileged sense of sight, of modern, contemporary, avant-garde poets, writers, musicians, artists, filmmakers, photographers are examples of art forms of a society, a culture, a civilization, a world, in which humanity lives, not securely in cities nor innocently in the country, but on the acalyptic, simultaneous edge of a new realm of being and understanding. The mythopoet, female and male, returns to the role of prophet-seer by creating myths that resonate in the minds of readers, myths that speak with the authority of the ancient myths, myths that are gifts from the creative realms of being, gifts from the shadow.

For as Long as Space Endures Prayer for The Living

*For as long as space endures
And for as long as living beings remain,
Until then may I too abide
To dispel the misery of the world.*
-- eighth-century Buddhist saint Shantideva

For as long as space endures
And for as long as His Holiness The Dalai Lama remains
Until then may he or she too abide
To dispel the misery of the world.

For as long as space endures
And for as long as Kierkegaardian
existential Zen humanists remain
Until then may they too abide
To dispel the misery of the world.

For as long as space endures
And for as long as students and poets and workers
who march for democracy
for peace and for tolerance remain
Until then may they too abide
To dispel the misery of the world.

For as long as space endures
And for as long as Bills of Rights protecting
personal freedom remain
Until then may they too abide
To dispel the misery of the world.

For as long as space endures
And for as long as living beings remain,
Until then may I too abide, despite my failures,
To dispel the misery of the world.

Section 6

"The only war that matters is the war against the imagination."
Diane di Prima



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2.5."

The Storm Generation Manifesto

by Olafur Gunnarsson and Ron Whitehead

we tip our hats to the lost and the beat
we go our own way
we are the storm generation
we are the fucking storm
we are a new generation of artists
we are poets writers painters sculptors composers musicians
singers dancers playwrights filmmakers

we are creative expression
we blow away lies and injustice
we are graphic
we are honest
we tell it like it is
we are fierce
we are brutal
we are compassionate
we are gentle
we are kind
we have soft hearts
we are free
we are spirit
we are sex
we dwell in the realms of the creative imagination
we are the creative imagination
we know that the shortest distance between two points is creative distance
we pay attention to the long forgotten wisdomed voices of the forest
we vanquish the overtly materialistic greedy who intentionally destroy mountains
we honor mountains and oceans and eagles and wolves

we cherish mother earth and all her terrible beauty
we are non-violent spiritual warriors
we are lightning
we are thunder
we are songed poems
we are fearless visionary poets
we have wolf eyes
we are more than the eye of the storm

we are the fucking storm
we refuse
we will not bow down
we will never give up
we are God's open nerve

we are The Storm Generation

i
refuse

part 1:

i refuse

i refuse to wear a seatbelt
i refuse to take a breathalyzer
i refuse to take a mandatory drug test
i refuse to take a mandatory polygraph
i refuse to take a mandatory anything

i refuse

i refuse to cut my hair
i refuse to shave my beard
i refuse to wear underwear
i refuse to go to the derby

i refuse

i refuse background credit checks in order to get a job
i refuse background medical checks in order to get a job
i refuse medical exams in order to get a job

i refuse

i refuse to bow down to any government
i refuse to bow down to any religion
i refuse to bow down to any corporation
i refuse to bow down to any military
i refuse to bow down to any secret court
i refuse to bow down to any dogma

i refuse

i refuse to accept or adhere to meaningless laws
i refuse to fight wars for despots for tyrants for powermongers
i refuse to fight wars

i refuse

i refuse to hurt anyone

i refuse

i refuse to stop drinking red wine
i refuse to stop smoking marijuana
i refuse to stop taking mescaline and peyote

i refuse

i refuse to stop living my non-violent warrior life on my own terms
i refuse to bow down to anyone or anything

i refuse
i refuse
i refuse

i refuse to kiss anybody's ass except Jinn's
i refuse to kiss ass
i refuse to do anything big brother asks me to do
i refuse big brother

i refuse

i refuse to be spanked by anyone but Jinn

i refuse

i refuse to wear pink tights or panties or any other women's clothes
cept maybe a woman's cowboy hat every now and then
but you go ahead and wear whatever you want to wear

i refuse to tell anyone what to do
unless they're hurting someone
then i'll do all i can to stop them
i refuse to be a disciplinarian or an authoritarian

i refuse

i refuse to be a member of the status quo
i refuse to live in the suburbs
i refuse to sleep too much
i refuse to be a zombie
i refuse to submit to anyone or anything

i refuse

i refuse to go to church
i refuse to have anything to do with a church or an undertaker
i refuse to believe anything you ask or tell me to believe
i refuse to tell a lie
i refuse to allow you to bring me down
i refuse marriage
i refuse divorce

i refuse

i refuse
i refuse
i refuse

i refuse to hurt anyone or anything

i refuse to hurt Mother Earth
i refuse to hurt my family friends allies guides angels
i refuse to hurt my enemies

i refuse

i refuse to be angry
i refuse to hate
i refuse to follow any path but the path of love

i refuse

i refuse
i refuse
i refuse

Post Scriptum

"To be an artist
is to fail like no other
dare fail."
Samuel Beckett



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2.5."

NEVER GIVE UP

(in English/Icelandic/Spanish)

by His Holiness The Dalai Lama & Ron Whitehead

Never give up
No matter what is going on
Never give up

Develop the heart
Too much energy in the world
Is spent developing the mind
Instead of the heart
Develop the heart

Be compassionate
Not just with your friends
But with everyone
Be compassionate

Work for peace
In your heart
And in the world
Work for peace

And I say again
Never give up
No matter what is going on around you
Never give up

His Holiness The Dalai Lama & Ron Whitehead
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Ekki gefast upp

by His Holiness The Dalai Lama and Ron Whitehead

Ekki gefast
upp
sama hvað
gerist
Ekki gefast
upp

Ræktaðu
hjarta þitt
Of
mikilli orku í
heiminum er
eytt
í ræktun
hugann
í stað
hjartans
Ræktaðu
hjarta þitt

Sýndu
umhyggju
ekki aðeins
gagnvart
vinum þínum
heldur
gagnvart öllum
Sýndu
umhyggju

Stuðlaðu að
friði
í hjarta
þínu og
um
heimsbyggð alla
Stuðlaðu að
friði

Og ég
endurtek
Ekki gefast
upp
Sama hvað gengur á
Sama hvað gerist
í kringum þig

–Ekki
gefast upp

His Holiness The Dalai Lama and Ron Whitehead

Icelandic
translation by Birgitta Jonsdottir

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NUNCA TE RINDAS

por Su Santidad El Dalai Lama y Ron Whitehead

Nunca te rindas
No importa lo que ocurra
Nunca te rindas

Desarrolla el corazón
Demasiada
energía se gasta en tu país
Desarrollando la mente
En lugar del corazón
Desarrolla el corazón

Sè compasivo
No sólo con tus amigos
Sino con todos
Sè compasivo

Trabaja por
la paz
En tu
corazón
Y en el
mundo
Trabaja por
la paz

Y de nuevo
digo
Nunca te rindas
No importa lo que ocurra a tu alrededor
nunca
te rindas

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translated by Maria Ines Mogaburu and Lorena Lobita

Ron in Atlantis, by Jinn



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COMMENTS & SUBMISSIONS

Submission and comments should be sent to Klaus Gerken, Chief Editor at kgerken@synapse.net

Submission must be in the body of an email unless otherwise agreed on.