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Plume Ode

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MICHAEL MCCLURE

PLUME ODE

THE PLUMES! THE PLUMES! THE PLUMES OF LOVE ARE DELICATE

They shine
with green eye, and blueshine, and yellow. Like plumes
of a peacock! The vanes are graceful
and ever vibrating in air at touch of an act.

They spray from the dark Cunt & Cock

REAL & PHYSICAL

&

BLACK!

The black plumes of Love and Hunger, delicately
vibrating to the image made by the Body—
to the picture of Desire in the Genes!

**TO THE HUGE PICTURE OF CUNT AND FOOD, to the un-
realized Vision!**

(((((Did Blake see Jesus within this sequence?))))))

THE BLACK PLUMES LIKE THE PEACOCKS'

LET THERE BE PHYSICAL SUDDENNESS!

PLUME!

Piss on the metaphor!

MICHAEL MCCLURE

ON BEGINNING ROMEO AND JULIET

"Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs . . ." then let him
think on love! ADDING LOVE TO LOVE himself becoming
smoke burning the blossom incense of his meat.

Crave love, and add love to love, walk in deep
night, make sighs, let tears fall in full
knowledge of what few men
know, or feel at his age.

AND LET HIM DIE THEN!

With momentary love never torn
by bestial teeth of others
from his womblike soul.

And let him die like Mercutio's

Grecian merriment not far (in days)
from his ears! What ever could
he hope for better? To die
with memories of robust men
and blood. (And Juliet's soft white
childlike heavenly beauty

still tastewise on his lips and fin-
gertips!)

TO BE A PROUD MURDERER AND LOVER

A CHILD COUPLED TO A CHILD

THE SIGH AND MEAT OF SIGH !

Oh, add them for they are clear smokey perfume