

O Ramamir
Woman of Pain make him gentle
as a pool that dries in the sun after storm
persevere kind Rama
for he will be a warm kind fur-beast
& from his bonds suspire
in to your arms lifting him from the blackness

-- Ed Sanders

Dick Tracey 1 & 2

1
Dick Traceys yellow hat & black suit
always running thru doors --
Hes in a jam this time
but at the bottom of the page
sooner or later comes the brave end.
I have the proof to prove Dick died say 25,000 thousand times.
& all ex-killers are living in his mansion house as like a
wax-museum
The clothes are bright & fine,
a white resturante floor,
a pale orange street -- pure flat

Of course Dick moves in the modern world
with the same knife cut pencil face --
what a sharp kiss he must give his wife --
If I had my way I'd give Dickey a real crime to solve
to face the crime of life -- his badge melt like a candle
his gun to shoot water at
leaves on the porch.

2
Looking out the window -- walking I see --
his black pants come up to his tits
& his red shirt ends there -- his legs --
well they arent sexy looking.

-- Peter Orlovsky