

A wall of money corrodes my land
 A wall without hope
 Like one pigeon
 Alone in the grass.
 No sky
 or tree
 A yellow kite
 Flying in the sky
 Can change this fact
 Where are the poets in my land
 Each one is murdered
 One by one
 by the tongues of silence
 the true ones are murdered
 Not one lifts a voice against it
 Slow death eats at the silence
 A wall of death in my land.

LOVE POEM IN ARCADIA WITH A HUNDRED HORSES RUNNING
 DOWN THE STRETCH

She stood there waiting
 The hordes were coming in to play the horses
 Suede jacket, yellow blouse, brown slacks, her tight ass
 Her tongue smiling
 Erika and Jack
 watching the horses' asses moving down the stretch
 The horses' thighs and legs walking around the ring
 and stalls

The faces
 hungry, angry, frenzied, crazy mob
 Wanting to enter her right there at the track
 walking back and forth like crazy people
 dreamers all

The names of horses: Blue Balls, Summer Sun, Mr. Bright
 And underneath all the madness
 each one wanting to love
 Money has no meaning
 This quest for gamblers' dollars
 The thousands of lost frightened souls betting on
 horses' asses

we collect \$13.60 on First Mate
 Erika and Jack
 Rum & Coke
 Lost frightened
 two souls in the world
 Love
 Money
 Madness
 America
 Senseless

To meet a woman at the racetrack
The search for money
Love lets laugh
and after the races
in the sunrise
We held hands
Spoke words
Thought fire
Someone trying to sell his watch
Anger is the world too
Anger for being born aware
The eyes of frightened multitudes
The moon is full
Sail with me sensitive soul
Small thin hands
her red hair
Red bush cunt in the evening
Shy battler of forests
wanting to be tamed
by a red haired princess
I smell her cunt
it tastes good
This strange beautiful creature beside me
Entering her sweetness
O birdcall
Steak & onions
White flesh
heat of loins
Sweat
Hair
O loneliness
O love
I cry for thee
A hundred horses' asses going down the stretch
A hundred jockeys riding in the sun
A hundred losing tickets on the ground
A hundred old ladies on buses with longshots
A hundred days in jail
O hell
O fire
O multitudes
O love
O sweetness
O thin legs stretching in the night
wipe the sadness from my eyes
I enter you
I plunge
I awake the darkness of this world
Magician
Madman
Dreamer
Poet

My Princess
Cunt of longing
I come
O rainbows
O waterfalls
I give and wipe a little madness from your land
My land still rocks like the chopping seas
My land Gorillas on parade
I came from dark
From poets' streets
My dagger of unreality
I am frightened
I think I've had it
I am getting old
I am a coward
A runner
A poet
A priest without cloth
Nothing matters
but flame and heat
and passion of the moment
A hundred wild birds call in the sky
A hundred wild voices in the night
A hundred jockeys on the moon
A hundred wild asses riding down the stretch
your bare back curves and arches to the night light
Freckles shining in smooth skin
Together we are one
our limbs entwined
Rocking the seas
The funny moon and stars
We kiss and murder loneliness
Entering the unknown
O love!
This my poem to you

January 3, 1969

MANHATTAN KANSAS

The wind swirls and rises / blows across the plains
The sun beats down on the hot earth
Corn
Wheat
Motorcycles
Gasoline
Go to the blue hills
See the dead cottonwoods
rise out of the water
take off your clothes
and take a dip in the old reservoir