

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

look at the moon and laugh your balls off out there in the Blue Hills the milky way sings a song and Old Macbeth rises from his Scottish Castle across the shore walk through town some cat with a hot rod pulls out a confederate flag and vells vote for Wallace he's probably the guy who threw shit in the kid's face at the anti-war demonstration Go out to the Blue Hills 7 Miles out of Manhattan Kansas and look at the sky Man creates war and makes the machines that harvest the wheat take your lover by the hand and do a dance on her thigh bone under a tree or in the grass and the milky way will smile down from the night sky Out there by the old reservoir Love is Boss and Kansas whispers Corn Wheat Motorcycles Gasoline

> Manhattan, Kansas July 16, 1968

AUNT TILLY'S RAG

Aunt Tilly
driving in a fog
laughing with Chinamen
your thighs driving in the dark night
moon rags in your eyes frying fish
flag of American Tilly in the wind
Aunt Tilly chopping nuts for Passover seders
Vegetarian
Organic Chili
Tilly of Los Angeles
Chicago
Boston
Rome
Madagascar
forever Tilly's