

Ode to NYC (1968)

New York City
Big dirty city
replete with
faggots, cripples
lonely drunken subway dwellers

Neon city of wonders
For a nickel.....
get a hot pretzel
from a lusty Italian vendor
with a Bronx accent

Central Park..... at midnight
fills up with angels
brighter than any lights
peaceful.....as the top of a mountain
on guard.....for one wayward girl
over-dazzled by citysights
forgetting about the muggers
(whoshouldhavebeenthere)

Follow the subway labrinythe
past steaming frankfurter stands
& grinning caps
a dapper man in a bowler.....no!
yes, an actual bowler hat
offers intricate confusing directions

down more stairs
the trains below the trains
a place rank with people smells
of oldmen's spittle - cigarette butts - gum
wrappers

trains roar past
like giant black lions
mouths a g a p e
from gloom into gloom

c l o g g e d
legs - arms - faces
a legless being wheels by

singing for pennies
on Christmas day
people forget to be indifferent

digging for spare change

a waiter in a tiny
underground Village cafe
whips his towel
around his waist,
jumps on a table
& begins to sing
a christmas carol
(as if at Carnegie Hall)
bows, flourishes, & all

Step around a garbage can
up three steps
to a brownstone
ring the buzzer
my mother (my mother) mymother
rachel's mother

swinging sixties
long straight hair
little knit hats
trailing scarves

my mother.....concentration camp
blue numbers on pale arm
ironically.....
serving mashed potatoes
(((oh, do have some dear)))
no, no, no.....NO
get me out, out..... out of here

back to the brownstone
the 'apartment'
pipesbanging potsmoking
lovemaking landladysyelling
"the apartment"

DEATH to the Jews

No, no

I HATE mashed potatoes
coverthatthingUPnoneversaythat
pale bloodless arm
tiny blue numbers

playing over & over in my brain
like a silent movie
mouths moving..... up & down
up & down

are they eating?
are they talking?

(please) lets go
why does she smile
how CAN she ever smile again
pale forearm
blue tatoo

from Ballets.....Symphonies.....Museums
to ragged men
sleeping in the greyhoundbusstation
people clutching bags
(((or each other)))
thousands a day
a rushing river of humanity
streams of in fin i ty

rachel! tell him i had to go
& give your mother my love

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S/S

Danny & Jesse

Babies - bouncing, rolling, clapping
through their days
anxious.....only for hugs & FOOD

asleep.....in an instant
awake.....in JOY

after sweet, dreamless sleep
in love with the wind
& estatic (!!).....at the kiss of rain

too young.....
:::::to be guilty
::::::::::or vain
:::::::::::or pompous

anger.....gone in an instant
like a brief cloud
scudding across the sun

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Orange Blossom Express (3-03)

The perfume laden air
wafts across
a veritable garden of Eden

Trees sprout flowers
Vines drip languidly
bursting forth

Heavy laden
with sweetness
& brilliant hues

The land is baptized
in new life

&

puts a beaming face
forth to Father God

The sun warms
caressing . . . soft

Springtime in the South

##

1/1

Bible Praise

Like honey dri p p ing
from the comb

the sweetness of the Son
a thousand times
ten thousand
explosions of
*** JOY ***

the anointing looms
fearsome.....
paid for (in blood)

God (on earth)
alive in puny flesh
a life++ a death++ a rebirth++

House of Mercy
merciful ** everlasting ** savior

not whipped
(for nothing)
not skewered
(for nothing)

or
pounded on the dirty pole
(for naught)

not scarred.....
spat upon.....
sworn at.....
kicked.....

so we could sing beautiful hymns

roll our eyes (sigh)

in a chicanery of holiness

{{mocking Him who was so mocked}}

“Oh, Stranger in Paradise”
Make your home again
upon this earth

Dwelling in unutterable praises
welcome
Holy Spirit

2/2

The Flip Side

*Embalmed - Entombed
in a womb
of frigid*

*this furthestest North city
gets shrouded
in odd, white
car-induced fog*

**** ice fog ***
eerie endless*

*plug the car in (!)
turn the heat uP (!)
cover yr face (!)*

*20 below - shirtsleeves
30 below - ice everywhere*

*40 below - getting cold
50 below - help!*

& below & below & below

*each Fall, egos die
along with leaves
as residents
mole into their
house - nests
awaiting Spring*

*Breathing the brittle air
knowing it can kill
letting out clouds of steam
two-legged engines*

*the land seems to die
encased in ice*

2/10

*ice rivers
ice roads
ice houses*

*and yet.....the people
kick back
& wack out*

in the trifling absurdity of extremes

*"Come hell or High Water,
Ross Kimball & Fairbanks
are here to stay !"
proclaims a faded billboard*

*a zany frontier spirit
still thrives
as the people, too
are driven to extremes*

*“ . . . walk across
Siberia !”*

*“ . . . live in a
treehouse
that sways like a
ship at sea”*

*“ . . . oh, of course,
I'll winter over in a tent”*

extreme youth ?

or

extreme stupidity ?

or

*just reactions to
the careening, out-of-control
weather*

either -

*the end of the earth
.....or its beginning*

the top of the world to ye!
(drunken Irishman w/frozen feet
& bushel basket head)

"Gor ! But it were cold"
beautiful black curls
bright red drinker's nose

the frozen lady
Fairbanks
in its own orbit
spinning crazily in its reality

either
days of endless sunshine
or
days blasted by
the Northern Lights

*a lady through it all
unpredictable.....
.....but beautiful
in her many moods*

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