

## Doors

### "Notebook Poems"

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#### TALES OF THE AMERICAN NIGHT

Discovery  
Angels & Sailors (rich girls)  
Backyard fences, tents  
dreams watching each other  
narrowly  
Soft luxuriant cars  
Girls in garages  
stripped, out to get  
liquor & clothes  
Half-gallons of wine  
& six-packs of beer  
Tender corral. Jumped.  
Humped. Born to suffer.  
Made to undress in  
the wilderness

#### CAN WE RESOLVE THE PAST

- Hey man you want girls  
Pills grass come-on  
I show you good time  
This place has everything  
Come-on, I show you

#### Burlesque Beat

Can we resolve the past -- lurking jaws  
joints of Time -- the base -- to come  
of age in a dry place -- holes & caves

The music was new black polished  
chrome & came over the summer  
like liquid night -- the DJ.'s  
Took pills to stay awake & play  
for 7 days

The General's son had a sister.  
They went down to see him.  
They went to the studio & someone

knew him. Someone knew  
the T.V. Showman.

He came to our home room party &  
played records & when he left,  
in the hot noon sun, & walked  
to his car, we saw the Chooks  
had written F-U-C-K on his  
windshield. He wiped it off  
w/ a white rag &, smiling coolly,  
drove away.

"He's rich. Got a big car."

My friend drove an hour each day  
from the Mts. The bus gives  
you a hard-on w/books in your  
lap. We shot the bird at the  
black M.P.

My gang will get you. Scenes  
of rape in the arroyo. Seductions  
in cars, abandoned buildings.  
Fights at the food stand.  
The dust. The Shoes  
Opened shirts & raised collars.  
Bright sculptured hair.  
Spades dance best, from the hip.

Someone shot the bird on the  
afternoon dance show. They gave  
out free records to the best  
couple.

#### ALWAYS A PLAYGROUND INSTRUCTOR

Always a playground instructor,  
never a killer. Always a bridesmaid  
on the verge of fame, or over,  
he maneuvered 2 girls into his  
hotel room. One, a friend,  
and a newer stranger, vaguely  
Mexican or Puerto Rican.

Poor boy's thighs & buttocks, scarred  
by a father's belt. She's trying  
to rise. Story of her boyfriend  
& teen-age stone death games.  
Handsome cat, dead in a car.

Come here

I love you.  
Peace on earth  
Will you die for me  
eat me  
this way  
the end

- I'm surprised you could get it up.  
He whips her lightly, sardonically  
w/ belt.  
- Haven't I been thru enough? she asks.

The dark girl begins to bleed.  
It's Catholic heaven. I have an  
ancient Indian crucifix around  
my neck. My chest is hard  
& brown. Lying on stained &  
wretched sheets w/ a bleeding Virgin.  
We could plan a murder, or  
Start a religion.

#### I WANT TO TELL YOU

I want to tell you  
about  
Texas Radio & the Big Beat

it comes out of the Virgin Swamps  
cool & slow  
w/ plenty of precision  
& a back beat narrow  
& hard to master  
some call it heavenly  
in its brilliance  
other mean & rueful  
of the Western dream

I love the friends I have  
gathered together  
On this thin raft  
we have constructed pyramids  
in honor of our escaping  
This is the land where  
The pharaoh died --  
Children  
The river contains specimens  
The voices of singing women  
call us on the far shore

& they are saying  
"Forget the Night

live w/ us in Forests  
of azure"  
(meager food for souls forgot)

I tell you this;  
no eternal reward will  
forgive us now for  
wasting the dawn

One morning you awoke  
& the strange sun  
& opening your door...

NOW LISTEN TO THIS

"Now listen to this:  
I'll tell you about  
Texas Radio & the Big Beat  
Soft driven slow & mad  
like some new language

Reaching your head  
w/ the cold & sudden fury  
of a divine messenger  
Let me tell you about  
heartache & the loss  
of God  
Wandering, wandering  
in hopeless night

The negroes in the forest  
brightly feathered  
let me show you the maiden  
w/ wrought-iron soul  
Out here on the perimeter  
there are no stars  
Out here we is stoned  
immaculate"

TIME WORKS LIKE ACID

Time works like acid  
Stained eyes  
You see time fly

The face changes as the heart beats  
& breathes

We are not constant  
We are an arrow in flight  
The sum of the angles of change

Her face changed in the car  
eyes & skin & hair remain  
the same. But a hundred similar  
girls succeed each other

#### THE SIDEWALKERS MOVED...

The sidewalkers moved faster  
We joined the current. Suddenly  
the cops, plastic shields & visors,  
wielding long thin truncheons  
like wands, in formation,  
clearing the street the other way.  
To get near or stay away.  
Cafes were taking in tables  
putting chairs on upside  
down, pulling teh steel playpen  
safety bars. Whistles as  
the vans arrive. Moustached  
soldiers. We leave the scene.  
Eyes of youth, wary, gleaming.  
The church. A pastoral scene  
of guitars, drums, flutes,  
harps, & lovers. Past  
Shakespeare & Co., the restaurants  
w/ elegant patrons, cross  
street, the small Jazz  
district (Story Ville) a  
miniature New Orleans.  
Negroes in African shirts.  
A street brass band.  
"Fare well to my web footed friends"  
Crowd smiles, jogs, & sings.  
Move past. San Michel Blvd.  
The Statue. The Seine. Bonfires  
of cardboard buzz evilly,  
down the blvd. Fire-tenders.  
Smell of smoke. Approach closer  
nearer. Suddenly screams  
long warhoops & the crowd runs  
back. And as we flee,  
they attack from behind,  
Pressed against cafe tables.  
Subway & news Kiosk -- A  
girl beaten, her cries. Can't  
hear blows. Rain. (Man w/ bottle)  
Join me at the demonstration

We join groups under trees  
& rain. Tall public buildings.

Join us at the demonstration

Dreams are at once fruit & outcry  
against an atrophy of the senses.

Dreaming is no solution

WE AWOKE, TALKING...

We awoke, talking. Telling dreams.  
an explosion during the night

A new siren. Not cop, Fire,  
New York ambulance or european  
movie riot news but the strange  
siren predicting war. She ran  
to the window. The yellow thing  
had risen.

FEAR IS A PORCH...

Fear is a porch where winds  
slide thru in the North  
A face at the Window that  
becomes a leaf  
An eagle sensing its disaster  
But soaring gracefully above  
A rabbit shining in the night

STILL WET FROM...

Still wet from a strange dream  
dawn burst  
scarring the chamber's  
roof where all things lie

I sat w/ her & sipped cold sherry

Airport.  
(Caesura = ante-room to hell)

START AGAIN

Start again: Should the events of those  
days... Dream of incest & expulsion  
from the tribe. Big Sister. It's called  
the clap. Get on over here, mother-of-pearl.  
I was a virgin. It lasted 10 seconds.  
Well don't then. "I can't relax." Roll the  
leather pants up tightly for the morrow

hour.

They deserted me, deserted the cause, message  
or word for another god. "We're kicking  
you out of our universe!" He ask'd for you.  
I'll bet he did.

#### MYSTERY OF THE DREAM

Mystery of the dream  
a woman or girl is trying  
to appear

The Killer -- Mexican, naked  
except for shoes.

People, a family not connected  
move at hypnotic cross lines  
out of still frame

2 men, detectives, following  
searching, sifting thru  
back & side lit rooms, holding  
muted counsel. Hats, suits.  
Brothers.

People in a wood, a park.  
The Killer lurks in his  
own world.

dreams of children & families  
return to the sub-world  
to assimilate & guide events

New Orleans, sleep, (death's  
friend, death's sister)  
cattle, horses  
faces get rubbery, clown-painted,  
stupid sly & wise & knowing

The mystery of flight  
To be inside the brain of a bird  
goal -- the end of a goddess  
to slide gracefully &  
knowledgeably into graveland  
The Big dream  
vs  
Violent assassination of  
Spirit & neck & skull  
wounded he arrived

#### THE DARK AMERICAN SUNSET

The dark American Sunset  
The night like a vast  
conspiracy to dream, hold  
court in the swaying sand

Tijuana -- the anus of Night  
a cartoon of civilization  
Whores are bores in the  
American Night

What will we see in the  
bowels of the night, in  
The frosted cave where dreams  
are made, right before your  
eyes. Prophecy w/out money.

This song must have the sad  
common strangeness of currency  
coin of the realm. Bitter  
embers. Scent of pine smoke  
Fire-Night, special breeding  
exercises. An excuse for  
crime. High School of the  
Night. Silence of a school  
at night.

L'AMERICA

Acid dreams & Spanish Queens  
L'america (another?, lone?, voice)  
Asthma child, the fumidor  
Lamerica  
Duchess, rabbit, the woods by the road  
Lamerica  
Pearl Harbor -- Shot off the road  
Lamerica  
Conceived in a beach Town  
Lamerica  
Relevance of beach or Lakes  
Lamerica  
Sinks, snakes, caves w/ water  
Florida  
Homo/-sex/-uality  
Lamerica  
Religion & the Family  
Lamerica  
Plane crash in the Eastern Woods  
Virginia  
Bailing-out over rice-fields  
Lamerica



Guerrilla band inside the town  
Lamerica  
Bitter tree of consciousness  
Lamerica  
A fast car in the night -- the road  
Lamerica  
Progress of The Good Disease  
Lamerica

#### AMERICA AS BULLRING ARENA

Those indians, dreams, &  
the cosmic spinal bebop in blue.  
The cosmic horrors. The cosmic  
heebeejeebies. A combo of brain  
tissue, blood, shit, sweat  
sperm & steel, mixed w/ grease  
& liquid fire, ovaric calendars  
Magnified on inner  
Television lust-face, mirrors  
into Nothing, great silence  
opens layers of prehistoric  
chinese monsters. The mouths,  
the mouths, the cellular MAW.  
A young Witch from  
N.Y. is laying novice hexes  
on my brain-pan, projecting  
images of embryo development  
on my psychology.

Her terrified wildness  
disturbs my generals.  
Baby, now I dig your  
nightmare visions, & your  
sadness & your bitchery

But, yet, thank you for  
These spells. It gets my  
pen moving.

The screaming maggot  
group-grope called life.

It's time for the desert wild.

Lust capital.

Time for an island, get  
drunk, write & sail.

"I saw the Hell of women

back there."

Women are obsolete

"Little Wine -- dig that girl"

We placate women w/  
food & song  
w/ sex, marriage, babies

You dig kids, Jim

Yeah, some of them are nice

I like your wife

Democracy of souls

#### THE GUIDED TOUR

The guided tour  
"I am a guide to the labyrinth"

city is inside of body made manifest  
meat organs & electrical  
power plants

The place where, walking down  
death-row ("You look like you're"),  
maps -- AMERICUS -- a river-vein  
we ride along.

give form to the passing world

Freeways are a drama, a new  
art form. Signs. Houses.  
Faces. Loud gabble of Blacks  
at a bus-stop.

#### CAR CEMETERY

car cemetery  
The abandoned cars  
The color of car paint, new at night  
under neon  
The dead reside in cars  
-- the old man, filthy,  
keeper of the graveyard  
Children, curious, throw stones

PLEASE LIKE ME

please like me  
says the shrew  
what can I do?  
I love her.

#### WOMAN'S VOICE

Woman's Voice:  
The palace of sperm seems warm tonight

Man:  
Umm. gloom gloom doom ruin.

Woman:  
Marble porches. The grand ball room.  
Silver smiles. Trumpets. Dancing

Man  
I want only you

Woman  
This time come in me like an astronaut  
Send snakes in my orbit

Man  
We can accomplish miracles  
when we're together.

Woman  
Alone

Man  
w/ the night to guide us

#### DON'T START THAT...

Don't start that panic  
Love Street parade

No one's afraid of the law

Someone escaped  
To the shore

Your image of me / my image of you  
in  
one-night scenes  
out on the coast

Won't work anymore

Soft parade  
Love Street brigade

#### I BRING THESE...

I bring these few rags  
back home this evening  
& lay them at your feet  
Miserable witness  
to a day of tragic  
sadness & disbelief  
Hope you'll find me wanting  
Take me to bed  
Get me drunk (lay me out)

#### THE WEDDING-DRESS

The bride-to-be lies in her bed  
listening to  
Festivities below  
He steals her -- in a dream

#### STAR FISH GLUTTONY

Star fish gluttony  
What are the word-forms  
for co(s)mic encounter  
wedding flesh & mind  
in one body

#### TENDER ISLAND NIGHT

Tender island Night  
And a promise of fever  
& scars that burst  
at blossom depths  
& more green silver

Us wrestling in the warm temple of summer  
beside the temple  
cool inside  
-- He took my hand.  
He spoke to me --

Black horse hooves galloping sun  
mad chariot race burning  
mad fiery chariot race  
mad girl & mad boy  
My feathered son flew  
too near to the sun.

## A MOVING

a moving  
or movement  
away from  
a station

(weigh station)

Sound of lone car & low radio

A waving [good-bye to relations]  
a way from |  
a waving |  
a motion

amazement  
a moment  
amazing  
a waving

(call radio breaks in)

Uh, we have a message  
brak brak

## HE FOLLOWS A WOMAN...

He follows a woman into the firmament  
The solids, sonnets  
elaborate requisitions for the god-soul

ah my bright jewelled town  
a Widow's band  
roping sailors & hill-folk together  
congeal on this flat spire  
to partake of mineral jets  
"he's sick" he should be sleeping  
peaceful by air, a movie of dead nights  
in a wound, suffer to give out  
your red-blue lighter's flame  
w/ calm precision  
your certainty lives in a match  
or a mind  
The huts are free evening cliff-dwellers  
The trees, losing their variance, die sadly  
w/ grandeur  
O soft redness & palest blue  
like a babe's window  
This is the hour you rule

& invite Ventures, quests,  
trips to the electric valley down

## PROMISES

"Mana Man"

He gets them into the dark hour  
By playing singing stories hypnosis  
wilderness the island  
Led out of bondage(back there)  
Viciously peeling fruit

Disguised as "Players"  
command Performance

See-thru village  
old hot forest of cars

cruel ambience  
Leopard snake dance

swift lions of doubt  
crouch in the window  
& wait  
for her to come

## DO YOU HAVE

do you have  
straight jackets  
for the guests  
yes we do

## HORSE LATITUDES

When the still sea conspires an armor  
And her sullen and aborted  
Currents breed tiny monsters,  
True sailing is dead.

Awkward instant  
And the first animal is jettisoned,  
Legs furiously pumping  
Their stiff green gallop,  
And heads bob up  
Poise  
Delicate  
Pause  
Consent  
In mute nostril agony

Carefully refined  
And sealed over

#### THE ORIGINAL TEMPTATION...

The original temptation was to destroy.  
The Cliffs. The Road. The Walls.  
Original heroism -- to bluff the elements  
of fire. To call creatures into the storm.  
The original heroism was to fall. To ball.  
The All. Natural man.

To participate in the creation.  
To screw things up. To bring Things  
into being.

The Crossroads where the car hides.  
Lies. Resides. A meeting-place  
of Worlds. Where dreams are made.  
Where anything is possible. Demons  
lie.

The car is steel & chrome. The wood-pile.  
Top of the pile. The heap. The graveyard.  
Where metal is reduced to its common  
mute element. To be reborn. A tale  
of rebirth in the wilderness. To become  
chaos & come back.

2 spade chicks, or a king & queen,  
comment from the balcony.

The types of society pass on the boards.  
Microcosm in a thimble

#### TIMES CHANGE, DAMAGED

times change, damaged  
cat's blood rectify in haste  
cactus furrows, wild  
thrift catalog of grace

The chase bore inward  
raise'd wet & westward shadows  
To the strange trust  
on the south bow

Augment pure shouter's drawl  
& light the candle  
Night is comin' on  
& we're outnumbered

By the waves, each soldier  
bristling w/ his trowel  
To search & claim us  
Teach our burial

The mind works wonders  
for a spell, the lantern breathes  
enlightens, then farewell

Each shipmate oars to under-  
stand & eyes unoptic strains  
to hear:

We came from over here,  
to over there

Then old we wonder  
mindless to degree  
Most seldom furls  
in slumber, burns  
begins a century

#### PLANES ARE GROANING MOTHERS

Planes are groaning mothers  
In our feeble insect wars.

Nylon condoms stream behind her Trojan  
Warriors on their dreadful writhing flight.

Bailed out, sucked  
from her metal belly,  
one thin wire is left to prophecy return,  
jump freely.

Swallowing air in the brief canal.  
The ground leaps up like dogs  
to snap, the field, & rolling pain.

Swamps, rice fields, danger.  
Gunned down, over ten of them  
struggling w/ the wet placenta

While some land back in oceans.  
Skin-divers float, free-float,  
in the uterus.

The sea is a Vagina which  
may be penetrated at any point.



AH, THE RULE...

Ah, the rule was war, as friendship  
faltered. Families quarrelled, as usual,  
in their chambers. The race suffered.  
We traveled. We left home & beauty.  
Ah, into these ship, again, we hastened.  
The creation of power is slow-wasted.  
Borrowed fillings. Brace for the brine.  
Heaven kept, hour dated. Winds fermented  
madness & kept parlour rife & rancid.

Crews took leave of sour concubines  
& habits. The sea is no place for a lady.  
Lads larked & frolicked, pulvering waves  
they would seek into the deep. Ark! Ark!  
Cathay or Venice. Worlds beyond, &  
Worlds after.

This story has no moral.  
Trust not sleep or sorrow.  
The fife-man croons the lull to wake  
& Brings strong soldiers to a windy beach

ENSENADA

India ink, ink of India  
There are no more rich colors  
Black neon, blocks away,  
Escapes back smooth  
in the desert sea.

There's an appearance of sweat  
on Italian silk skin.  
Slap the rude face, & twist  
into the doorway.

Then reappear, w/ drums & glass  
in jewels of laughter as one  
called "The Gladiator,"  
Hair claimed by flame of fire

(Insulting to be back.  
The dreaded, dismal day.)

Jail is a pussy coil,  
dry as meat, dog-faced,  
clever.

(Handsome dog & the shot gun eye.)

We leap the wall, dog & I,  
To hang choking on fence collar chain.  
Mate follows leap to suffer  
String-throat, hollow, madness cry.

(In this "hollow" we were born.)

Mexican Khaki, the green womb.  
Distrust all lovely words like green & womb.

(Obey the father.  
Run.)

Escape back into the landscape,  
dry as meat, dusty, narrow.

Dog licks shit  
Mexican girl whore sucks my prick.

(Open windows on the town.  
Open pores on foreign air.)

The car rasps quiet.  
Motor destroys itself on rotten fuel.  
The pump is ill.  
The hose has a steel nozzle.

FLESH OF HER...

Flesh of her rolls flesh away  
in waves, The waters part  
dry scalps beneath the hair  
nude-white & very rare

And when she exits bed, the barge  
To bathe in ocean's tile & under  
surgeon's glare, blinking  
I bask on the red floor of a Red Sea

Crime begins in the bed, the home,  
It's a low tide that talks  
to rocks, & leaves  
rust in its wake, & dry things crackling.

I FUCKED THE DREGS...

I fucked the dregs of the ruins  
of an empire  
I fucked the dust and the  
horrible queen  
I fucked the chick at the

gates of the Maya  
I fucked all your women  
& treated the same  
w/ respect for your warriors  
returned from the  
Kingdom  
fucked w/ the Negroes  
in cabs of the drivers  
Fucked little infants of North  
Indo-China  
Branded w/ Napalm & screaming  
in pain

#### PENCILLED HEAVEN

pencilled heaven  
my regards  
no when to stop

#### THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR

There's someone at the door.  
A rapist rushes in.  
No pain. No death.

It's us, over & over again.

We're coming in.  
All right, search the place.  
You won't find anything.

Seeing all perspectives at once.

When everything freezes  
& kind of turns back  
in on itself.

#### FEAST GREEN BEAST...

feast green beast, spurred on by  
sex, seasoned in silence, w/held  
from slumber, silent in the deep pale  
night beast languid a cool a cunt  
a forest flower awoken now breathe  
utter a word of reproach for fair  
swifty flyers agon of night  
The dream car the outlaw star  
now he sits reclines in a terrible mansion  
made more monstrous by the dark stroke  
of slumber

The car is purple foil beast dead in the  
night. Neon is its sign his rich home  
soft luxuriant car death gave grace  
shaken to the soil He stood in a strange  
centre by the meeting pt. of worlds  
This crossroads of desert flies the  
corpse of sand batteries the ignition  
What did happen! He screams at camera  
Here she lie bleeding, blue wounds  
just to tell us in our floppy hats  
it's over. The cops are rubber animals  
w/ surgeons cold pride, w/out their  
glamour. The ambulance attendants  
are sudden amateurs, good-natured in  
this foreign chore. The cliffs no longer  
contain faces. "I know what jail is  
like" & "I know about time."

So we played the carnival. Car. Carne.  
Feast of meat. Celebration of blood.

O lucky ones who enjoy the dumb show

The reptile farm. The snake farm.  
Woman & Monkey. The sign. The sign.

Search for the Tree. The place. The sink  
Big Dismal

Goes in 2 ways. Spirit & Meat. (sex)  
You cannot join what can't be joined  
You cannot travel 2 roads  
(He road off in all directions)

Hand Grenade

VERY BRAVE

Very brave  
all the rage  
to tempt loneliness  
upon Front page  
gold head lines  
w/ Ali Khan & all the rest  
Onassis, Blues  
BB Albert Collins  
gin & tonic  
give him a high martin i  
get him down  
the prancing clown  
will bring the empire

swooping swirling  
Tunneling Thundering Tumbling  
hell, O, down

(That's as down as I can  
get right now, on a  
Mainstream, & I am pretty  
high, far gone)

Thank god I have the  
Sweet warm promise of  
a woman there to keep  
me warm

So this is where my fine warm  
poetry (pottery) has got  
me,  
led me  
back to Madness  
& the men who made  
me

YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW...

You think I don't know that!

your poetry is so obsessed  
I like my madmen cold

The abandoned Hotel  
flowers dirt on its walls  
The labyrinth of bowels  
Moves slowly in grim waste  
Children play here, wait  
& sway here, tiring to her  
swoon arched summer  
and languid by the bow  
Sits Esther, made up  
like a queen, port in  
a storm, striking fire-bells  
in her drawers, chalking  
the black street w/ wild lies

THE BLUES

O how could this be done to me  
great dancer's Witness  
God, you are a satyr in disguise  
Thus cruelly & uselessly to  
Rend my life awry  
I'll lie here stolen, in cold wind

in the road, until peace freezes  
over,  
& hallows me.  
Rude ghost bastard.  
Ah! Who comes now.

#### AN AFTERNOON OF SUMMER

an afternoon of summer  
dread  
I'm afraid to meet all  
the rest of my brothers  
in distress  
Couldn't we get in one  
big Movie  
Blow it all on one  
Grand Floozie  
& end it all  
YAH  
YEAH  
an autograph sends respects  
to her Twin

everyone wants a Christ  
& no one will give it to him  
Mohammed, the enchanter  
Keeper of Harems

Buddha, in kindergardened  
under his tree, w/  
not a moon-glow  
mindless Thought for you  
& me

(This does not mean I want  
or wish to be prey to people  
God forbid)

& look at the steeple  
a mindless wit am I  
dickless, looking at the sky

#### A HOLE IN THE CLOUDS

a hole in the clouds  
where a mind hides  
Pagodas -- temples

in child's raw hope

animal in a tunnel

defined by the light  
around him

These evil subsidies  
these shrouds  
surround

IF IT'S NO PROBLEM

If it's no problem, why mention it.  
Everything spoken means that,  
it's opposite, & everything else.  
I'm alive, I'm dying.

THE END OF THE RAINBOW

The end of the rainbow

put all my screaming phantasies  
into one giant  
Box-trap

image of self-image-propagation  
image of elation

Ungulation  
limit 1st tree

image of Utopia  
a slaughter of phantoms

innocent -- guilty

The Human World  
bounded by words  
& dust

sweet soft & velvet  
dust

medium trust

HEAVEN OR HELL...

Heaven or Hell the circus  
of your actions

To Play  
(chance is god here)  
at Carnival

assuage the guilt  
The deep fear

The separate loneliness

open Sinygog  
open sesame

The Party of new connections  
mind made free  
Love cannot save you  
from your own fate

Art cannot soothe  
Words cannot tame  
The Night

SCOUR THE MIND...

Scour the mind w/ diamond  
brushes. Cleanse into Mandalas.  
Memory keeps us wicked & warm.  
The Time temple. Who'll go 1st?  
Cloaked figures huddled by walls.  
A head moves clocklike slowly.  
I'm coming. Wait for me.

LESSONS ON BECOMING

Lessons on becoming  
a revolutionary  
an actor  
(prophet!)  
or a poet

There's still good friends  
to assist & relieve you  
Mercenary whim  
for her or for him

First become a  
Visionary-Scientist  
radiocal biochemical  
aviationary sky-diver  
Then contact your local pub-  
lic accountant (he'll tell you  
how to spread the seeds of doubt)

MAIDS ARE BICKERING...

Maids are bickering in the hall



The day is warm  
Last night's perfume  
I lie alone in this  
cool room

My mind is calm & swirling  
like the marble pages of an  
old book

I'm a cold clean skeleton  
scarecrow on a hill  
in April  
Wind eases the arches  
of my boney Kingdom  
Wind whistles thru my mind  
& soul  
My life is an open book  
or a T.V. confession

#### HURRICANE & ECLIPSE

I wish a storm would  
come & blow this shit  
away. Or a bomb to  
burn the Town & scour  
the sea. I wish clean  
death would come to me.

#### IF ONLY I

If only I  
could feel  
The sound  
of the sparrows  
& feel child hood  
pulling me  
back again

If only I could feel  
me pulling back  
again  
& feel embraced  
by reality  
again  
I would die  
Gladly die

#### IT HAS BEEN SAID...

It has been said that  
on birth we are trying

to find a proper womb  
for the growth of our  
Buddha nature, & that  
on dying we find a  
womb in the tomb of the  
earth. This is my  
father's greatest  
fear. It shouldn't be.  
Instead, he should  
be trying to find me  
a better tomb.

#### THE END OF THE DREAM

The end of the dream  
will be when it  
matters

all things lie  
Buddha will forgive me  
Buddha will

#### AUGMENT OF RE-BIRTH

-- The cycle begins anew a luring lulling sick-sad  
maddening haunting  
ego-familiar strain calls the wayward wanderer home  
again a music mosaic  
made of all image tune preceding the whistle or warm  
woman's cry  
that calls the child home from play

#### THANK YOU, O LORD

Thank you, O Lord For the white blind light  
A city rises from the sea  
I had a splitting headache from which the future's  
made

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