

## Doors

### "Poems From The Village Reading"

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IN THAT YEAR...

In that year we had a great visitation of energy.  
Back in those days everything  
was simpler & more confused.  
One summer night, going  
To the pier, I ran into  
2 young girls. The  
blonde was called Freedom,  
the dark one, Enterprise.  
We talked, & they told  
me this story.

& THE COOL FLUTTERING

& the cool fluttering rotten wind  
& a child's hand-print on  
picture window  
& the guncocked held  
on the shoulder.  
& fire in the night  
waiting, in a darkened house  
for the cruel insane breed  
from town to arrive  
& come poking thru smoke  
& the fuel & ashes for milk  
& the evil leer on their faces  
barking w/ triumph  
Who will not stop them?  
The hollow tree, where  
we three slept & dreamed  
in the movement of  
whirling shadows & grass  
Tired rustle of leaves  
An oldman stirs the dancers  
w/ his old dance  
darkening  
drift shadows lean on the  
meat of forest  
to allow breathing

Gently they stir  
Gently rise  
The dead are new-born  
awakening  
w/ ravaged limbs  
& wet souls  
Gently they sigh  
in rapt funeral amazement  
Who called these dead to dance?  
Was it the young woman  
learning to play the "Ghost  
Song" on her baby grand  
Was it the wilderness children?  
Was it the Ghost-God himself,  
stuttering, cheering,  
chatting blindly/  
I called you up to  
anoint the earth.  
I called you to announce  
sadness falling like  
burned skin  
I called you to wish  
you well, to glory in  
self like, a new monster  
& now I call on you  
to pray:

#### LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF MY COCK

Lament for my cock  
Sore & crucified  
I seek to know you  
acquiring soulful wisdom  
you can open walls of  
mystery  
strip-show

How to get death  
On the morning  
show

T.V. death  
which the child absorbs

death-well  
mystery  
which makes  
me write

Slow train  
The death of my cock

gives life

Guitar player  
Ancient wise satyr  
Sing your ode  
to my cock  
caress its lament  
stiffen & guide  
us

Lost cells  
The knowledge of cancer  
To speak to the heart  
& give the great gift  
words

power

trance

This stable friend  
& the beasts of his zoo  
wild, haired chicks  
each color connects  
to create the boat  
which rocks the race

could any hell be more  
horrible than now  
& real

"I pressed her thigh  
& death smiled"

death, old friend  
death & my cock  
are the world

I can forgive  
my injuries  
in the name of  
wisdom

luxury

romance

Sentence upon sentence.  
Words are healing.

Words got me the wound

& will get me well

If you believe it.

All join now in lament  
for the death of my cock  
a tongue of knowledge  
in the feathered night

boys get crazy in the head  
& suffer  
I sacrifice my cock  
on the altar  
of silence

#### A WAKE

A wake  
Shake dream from you hair  
My pretty child, my sweet one  
Choose the day, & the sign  
of your day,  
1st thing you see.

A burnt tree, like a giant  
primeval bird, a leaf,  
dry & bitter, crackling tales  
in its warm waves.  
Sidewalk gods will do for you.  
The forest of the neighborhood,  
The empty lost museum, &  
The mesa, & the Mt.'s pregnant  
Monument above the newstand  
where the children hide  
When school ends

#### CURSES & INVOCATIONS

Weird bait-headed mongrels  
I keep expecting one of you  
to rise  
large buxom obese queens  
garden hogs & cunt  
Veterans  
quaint cabbage saints  
Shit horders & individualists  
drag-strip officials  
Tight-lipped losers  
& lustful fuck salesmen  
My militant dandies  
all strange order of monsters

hot on the trail of the  
wood vine  
We welcome you to our  
Procession

#### THE CROSSROADS

Meeting you at your parent's gate  
We will tell you what to do  
What you have to do  
to survive

Leave the rotten towns  
of your father  
Leave the poisoned wells  
& bloodstained streets  
Enter now the sweet forest

#### I WALKED THRU...

I walked thru the panther's living room  
And our summer together ended  
Too soon  
Stronger than farther  
Strangled by night  
Rest in my sun burst  
Relax in her secret wilderness  
This is the sea of doubts  
which threads harps  
unwithered  
& unstrung  
Its the brother, not the past  
who turns sunlight into glass  
It's the valley  
It's me

Testimony from  
a strange witness

#### THE FLOWERING

The flowering  
of god-like people  
in the muted air  
would seem  
strange  
to an intruder  
of certain size

but this is all we have left  
to guide us

Now that He is gone

## THE WILD WHORE LAUGHS

The Wild whore laughs  
like an ancient spinster  
Crone, we see you, come again  
in the mind  
I lie like fever  
Dancing your nubile hush  
willing to be possessed  
untold stories  
dare injuns rise  
Trampled, like red-skins  
sacred fore-skin  
Cancer began w/ the knife's  
cruel blow & the damaged  
rod has risen again  
in the East  
like a star  
on fire

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