

Jay Farrar "Big Sur"

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Settling down with warm-glow wood stove and
kerosene
peace you're looking for, peace you'll find
in the tangled mad cliff-sides and crashing dark of big
sur
Rapturous ring of silence pacific fury flashing on the
rocks, the sea shroud towers
the innocence of health and stillness in the wild of big
sur

This whole surface of the world as we know it now
will be covered with the silt of a billion years in time
And I see as much as doors will allow
A long way from the Beat generation
Here comes the nightly moth who is nightly dead in Big
Sur

Best thing to do is not be false the rocks of the valley
have no howl of complaint
And I'm just a sick clown and so is everybody else in
Big Sur

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