

Doors, The

"An American Prayer"

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Hour For Magic

Do you know the warm progress under the stars?
Do you know we exist?
Have you forgotten the keys to the Kingdom?
Have you been borne yet & are you alive?
Let's reinvent the gods, all the myths of the ages
Celebrate symbols from deep elder forests
[Have you forgotten the lessons of the ancient war]

We need great golden copulations

The fathers are cackling in trees of the forest
Our mother is dead in the sea

Do you know we are being led to
slaughters by placid admirals
And that fat slow generals are getting
obscene on young blood

Do you know we are ruled by T.V.
The moon is a dry blood beast
Guerrilla bands are rolling numbers
in the next block of green vine
amassing for warfare on innocent herdsman who are
just dying

O great creator of being
Grant us one more hour to perform our art
and perfect our lives

The moths & atheists are doubly divine & dying
We live, we die & death not ends it
Journey we more into the Nightmare
Cling to life our passion'd flower
Cling to cunts & cocks of despair
We got our final vision by clap
Columbus' groin got filled w/green death

(I touched her thigh & death smiled)

We have assembled inside this ancient & insane
theatre
To propagate our lust for life & flee the swarming
wisdom
of the streets
The barns are stormed
The windows kept & only one of all the rest
To dance & save us with the divine mockery of words
Music inflames temperament

(When the true King's murderers are allowed to roam
free
a 1000 Magicians arise in the land)

Where are the feasts we were promised
Where is the wine The New Wine (dying on the vine)

resident mockery give us an hour for magic
We of the purple glove
We of the starling flight & velvet hour
We of arabic pleasures's breed
We of sundome & the night

Give us creed To believe Ð° night of Lust
Give us trust in The Night

Give of color hundred hues
a rich Mandala for me & for you

& for your silky pillowed house
a head, wisdom & a bed
Troubled decree
Resident mockery has claimed thee

We used to believe
in the good old days
We still receive
In little ways

The Things of Kindness
& unsporting brow
Forget & allow

Freedom Exists
Did you know freedom exists in school book
Did you know madmen are running our prisons
within a jail, within a gaol
within a white free protestant Maelstrom

We're perched headlong
on the edge of boredom

We're reaching for death
on the end of a candle
We're trying for something
that's already found us

We can invent Kingdoms of our own
Grand purple thrones, those chairs of lust
& love we must, in beds of rust

Steel doors lock in prisoner's screams
& muzak, AM, rocks their dreams
No black men's pride to hoist the beams
While mocking angels sift what seems

To be a collage of magazine dust
Scratched on foreheads of wall of trust
This is just jail for those who must
Get up in the morning and fight for such

Unusable standards
While weeping maidens
Show-off penury and pout
Ravings for a mad stuff

Wow, I'm sick of doubt
Live in the light of certain South

Cruel bindings
The servants have the power
dog-men & their mean women
pulling poor blankets over
our sailors
(And where were you in our lean hour)
Milking your moustache?
Or grinding a flower?
I'm sick of dour faces
Staring at me from the T.V. Tower.
I want roses in my garden bower; dig?
Royal babies, rubies
must now replace aborted

Strangers in the mud
These mutants, blood-meal
for the plant that's plowed

They are waiting to take us into the severed garden

A Feast Of Friends
Do you know how pale & wanton thrilling
comes death on a stranger hour
unannounced, unplanned for

like a scaring over-friendly guest you've
brought to bed.
Death makes angels of us all
& gives us wings
where we had shoulders
smooth as raven's
claws.

No more money, no more fancy dress.
This other Kingdom seems by far the best
until its other jaw reveals incest
& loose obedience to a vegetable law.

I will not go,
Prefer a Feast of Friends
To the Giant Family.

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