

D-PRESS CHAPBOOKS

XITRO



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for Allen Ginsberg, 1926-1997

I

I'm sitting in Tsultrim's kitchen Pagosa
Springs looking at a picture you took of her at
a table in your kitchen Manhattan clear
autumn day thinking how long it's been since
you sat in my kitchen Fairbanks in thin winter
light

I'm one of your many colorful children
spawned from Howl breath spontaneous
exuberant misconduct passing original
uncensored yelp around Miss Jacobi's Latin
class yes I know the pluperfect of amare
amaveram amaveras amaverat amaveramus
amaveratis amaverant my mind eager for
peyote solidities green tree cemetery dawn
wine drunkenness over rooftops I am a candle
you are the sun

Wanting to plug in and dig the symbiotic
intersubjective meta-aleatoric patramorphosis

my first peckertrack poems written to you
making them into paper airplanes and
sending them airmail from open Derby Street
parlor window

Looking for North Beach with my surfer
buddies Stinson Beach Bolinas Bodega Bay
where is this North Beach further north?
looking south finding Monterey Jazz Festival
seeing you or a lookalike reading in a
candlelit art gallery Beatniks that's what these
must be Art Ball and me on Dexedrine and
Glick Stite writing copy for Ralph Gleason
wide-eyed taking it in licking it up sniffing it
out poking about

II

A difficult labor Berkeley Poetry Conference
two weeks dinosaurs grazing in pastures of
hemp micro-orgasms under an airtight lid
færy-dæmon foxfire dynamos bunraku
hooded puppeteers all poets Beat Black
Mountain and Reed strutting their stuff playing
it fast and loose sector Xn relative to Yn a trig
question here a Geminian martyrdom there
two synthetic a priori approximations but the
real you the King of the May recently
rearrived with Planet News even if forcibly

expelled from Myakovski's bedroom with a broomstick up your butt

I filled vials with violets and grass I made baggies of marigolds and grass I loaded a triangular-shaped bottle with grass and delivered these to various heads announcing "An Inaugural Party for Allen" You were selected President of the Poets by Charles Olsen's decree and the oligarchical consent of Snyder-Duncan-Dorn starchamber poetry politics dada I underestimated by a hundred how many would attend this bash and in a spot I put out my stash and passed my Stetson

Extracting some bills from your coin purse you started the collection wisely sending Peter Orlovsky with me to the liquor store no telling what scam a mustachioed poet might contrive to pick up some quick cash The wild eyes! The holy yells! when we return you seated in the posture of Milarepa a joint in one hand a glass of wine in one with one you sign your name for the 100 thousandth time with one hand you pat my infant daughter's head Kirsten dead now two years from Aids so young grim pedophile death what is the age of consent?

Always encouraging the young Richard Kretch reads a diatribe seated on an antique commode while Lew Welsh swings from the chandelier it is Creely's remark that everyone should know where the firemen and police are located that clears the place I add up the cost and the cost of the cost = nothing was stolen nothing was broken save for the chandelier

III

All day all night readings to shut down the Wobbly Hall I ask you about your costume acrylic shirt Van Heusen Classic Collection 35% cotton you say washes and dries overnight traveling bodhiseed mala some one gave you Salvation Army kaki trousers and women's tennis shoes I question "Men's shoes women's feet woman's shoes men's feet?" you shrug A wake for the Labor Hall and the end of an era the party rolls on Kali appears with a necklace of 69 flavored heads atomic fudge spinach nicotine cosmic grout Pythagorean lotus jade shuttle fissigeneration chainshot aleatory fruit us entangled in a mass of bodies leaped on and dazed I hand you a book from the shelf entitled The Black Box which you sign with the dementia of a

crazed Benzedrine addict a black line forming
an ever increasing square

You Paul X and I hail a cab and ride up Grant
Avenue to Gary Snyders pad and you
comment that I'm a real clown because I'm
wearing a suit and my Stetson with a feather
which I take as a compliment even though I'm
excluded from the party you and Paul have
planned me throwing up in an alley to the
whail of Pony Pondexter's tenor sax ride Pony
ride I remember you in the cab bebop skat
reading neon signs and billboards Star Fun
Club Glass Shop Pet Talk Full Service Quality
without Compromise first word best word
poetry in action

We meet in front of Moe's Bookstore Berkeley
and go for coffee meeting Robert and Bobbie
Creeley and Ed Dorn at Robbie's Cafeteria I
can't help flirting unabashedly with Bobbie
checking out her miniskirt me asking you
whether it's better to be a bad poet or a good
business man and in exasperation you saying
to be a good something but to shut up and let
Ed talk a gunslinging wordsmith lucky of me
to get out alive Creeley saying there'll never be
another conference in Berkeley Berkeley is
too bizarre

A Human Be In the next best thing Turn On
Tune In Drop Out Cheri and I meeting you at
Harold Adler's apartment after your Public
Television reading of Wichita Vortex Sutra
and you congratulate me for my illustrated
poems in the Berkeley Barb cutting my thumb
on jagged door latch and holding my hand
and applying a Band-Aid 0 Jewish mother
chicken soup nurse telling me we're not our
skin you exem plify muse power

IV

Fairbanks Alaska Allen Ginsberg arriving on
the wrong plane from Ayers Rock Central
Australia summer there minus 10 when you
land wait ing for you with an airforce parka
and white rubber bunny boots our breath
making cartoon balloons

Where does this road lead? I am so excited to
be your driver we can drive north only as far
as Circle but south as far as Cape Hope "Quit
fooling around; my time is short; where can
we drive around here?" A few miles from
Fairbanks is Fox giving you my tour guide
spiel 1901 Captain Barnette sets up a trading
post at the juncture of the Chena and Tanana

Rivers Felix Pedro disco gold near Fox site of
Red Dog Saloon and the Ice Worm Saga--
Wild and wide are my borders/Stern as death
is my sway/From my ruthless throne I have
ruled for a million years a day/Hugging my
mighty treasure/ Waiting for man to Come--
Robert Service verse miners call this place
Fairbanks after an admired Senator from
Indiana Charles Fairbanks later a vice-
president under Teddy Roosevelt census in
1912 is 3500 present population 84000
Barnette became the most hated man in town
when his bank failed

You have on your maroon Tibetan wool scarf
your glasses and balding head peaking out
we meet a bush pilot in the Red still a funky
bar and make plans to fly to an arctic village
called Arctic Village spaced out we have to go
back for your scarf and on the way I ask you
for a mantra to help with cold driving in my
VW bus without heat taking out the battery
and draining the oil every night to get it
started an un butchered leg of moose frozen
in the back taxi-deepfreeze to transport
transmission of Padmasambhava's heart
mantra my first mantra 0 root poet you had
been sitting with Choyam Trungpa Rinpoche
and Tsultrim Devi at Naropa and founding the

Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics
Feeling like you were in another world at the
village a full ceremony and feast having
trouble integrating beaver tail into one taste a
young brave recognizing you and having a
copy of Howl left by a Peace Corps worker
reminding you of being asked by an abo
youth in Aus tralia about Dylan and The
Beatles small world

Meanwhile I'm on the astral plane pasting up
the Polar Star Lit Supplement hearing you
intoning Blakean melody Caribou Blues with
harmonium— your mantra "Hum Bom! Whom
Bomb! We Bomb Them" you've invaded the
airwaves US over Cambodia you over the
campus at College "How big is the president's
prick?"

Setting up the SUB ballroom for your reading
I have STUD ACT Student Activities which
you admire Words for my perfect teacher on
my tee-shirt we do up a bowl of grass soaked
in hash oil left brain right brain splits and I
walk into the sea of abyss ceiling tiles tilt and I
see hierarchies of judges stacked in tiers my
tears and fears of molestation you calm me in
meditation until I come down sensitive to my
having been forcibly sodomized Berkeley

backroom balling and Alameda County Jail
solitary confinement terror attack

There's a lot of cunt and ass out there does
love hurt? yes it hurts gobs of swarming
semen from throbbing organs against aghast
esophagus sweet burning drippings in eyes in
ears on breasts across continents O City of
Fuck I seize your rising scrapers and winding
subways the dweller in the body shines with
neon forever rapturous illumination rapturous
flesh rapturous parking meters rapturous
rapturous homage to your sweet street
crossings nose and eyes come to me toes
and thighs roll with me in asphalt pleasure
tongue clit cock to die is to come to come is to
die

Ah kind Allen helping me to undo my
homophobia revealing the problem to be
aggression start with the self be calm and the
answer is on the zafu working back to the
Beloved

Your insatiable curiosity leads you me and
young Theo grown with kids of his own now to
the musk ox farm musk oxen a kind of sheep
with long hair called quivit softer than silk
stronger than wool the care taker shows

some prehistoric bones and a researcher
shows her di agrams to teach native Alaskans
how to knit mittens and shawls for Manhattan
Fifth Avenue boutiques

Time for your reading the house packed just
like the first time I watched you read at
Dwinelle Hall in Berkeley when I was a
freshman now I'm a senior many years later
and a long way from Cal I mention recently
hearing Ciardi say that Kerouac was an
immature writer who wrote psychoanalyst
couch ramblings you said not to worry about
Jack his spirit survives his legacy is sound
Ciardi just jealous and insecure

And then it's time to say goodbye the last time
I see your flesh in the sad airport cafe so
many times I think of you Allen Allen take this
Athabaskan beadwork my favorite "No you
keep it if it means so much to you" but I want
you to have it because it does mean so much
to me goodbye Allen hello Heaven goodbye
hello Nirvana

goodbye Elysium hello goodbye you crazy
kind misunderstood lacklove honeybreasted
semen soaked long-haired commie Jew
dopesmoking gentle little wierdo freak you

stopped a war freed the youth fed them with
your mind skillful means and compassionate
wise heart bodhisattva so many smiles and
tears life life life you sang love and life lord of
song god of flowers peace and gladness

V

I manifest now as Vajrasattva as you enter
the Bardo Realms visualizing the 42 Peaceful
Dieties the Assembly of the Rig'dzin and the
58 Wrathful Dieties sing Father Death Blues—
Genius Death my art is done/ Lover Death my
body's gone/ Father Death I'm going home/
Father breath farewell

Your dance is the dance of the babe in the
womb/ your dance is the dance of the corpse
in the grave/ your dance is the dance of the
spirit veiled/ your mind dances within all

Your phonecall comes a mes sage on my
answering machine at Tara Mandala hoping
to contact Tsultrim for one last chat but she's
in Nepal and by the time I've faxed her and
gotten back you've gone gently into that...into
that...

Now you're with Carl Solomon and he can

teach you to be dead don't hang out too long
in the god realms you know that rich diet is
bad for your heart let your queer shoulder rest
good graybeard you made a difference
golden sunflower visionary holy rolling your
way through this world in the active-present
amo amas amat amamus amatis amant