

**D-PRESS CHAPBOOKS**

**XITRO**



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XITRO

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 ap pears with a necklace of 69 flavored heads atomic fudge spinach nicotine cosmic grout Pythagorean lotus jade shuttle fissigemination 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 diagrams 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