



Latin Lyrics
of

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CHILLING OUT WITH THE ECLOGUES

I smoke and contemplate
autumn.

I am still
reading Virgil.

The leaves turn to gold—

So much for Caesar
and so much for...
"Damn, Silenus

How do you expect me to rhyme *ease*
with bees in my beard?"

AGAPE

I love you, Jesus,
but I also fear
you, you, you
who are three.

I love and fear

your love.
I am confused
by this love.

Before your time
life was simple.
Right was measured
by a strong right arm.

FULL MOON

Which switch?
The witch switch?
You turn on
the witch switch,
and what happens?

Archaic
Old
Provincial
Yes, and
Yes, closed—Yoga
Concise
Long Poems

in Latin it means,
that's strange, DNA
Enzymes

I am transported to a place of clarity
and movement.
She smiles, and I am transfigured.

BY THE NUMBERS

for Beryl

"Numerologically, " you say
"*Jell-O* is a 9."

I feel displaced
and circle your room
asking your opinion
giving you gifts

Easy to get caught up in it
thinking there is something
I can do

"I can understand," you say
"your love and hate."

AUGUSTUS TURNS IN HIS TOMB

bottom of the 13th
Willie faces the left-hander
2 for 5
homerun for the 9th
 Overcast has blown away
in the next room
a sewing machine whrrrs
draining the power
 Static
fast ball hit into right
for a base
 The mood shifts
LeFever is up

Why is the spectacular held
in San Francisco
when the riots are in L.A.?

CLOTHO, LACHESIS & ATROPOS

These three goddesses
determine fortune and mortal life.

At the Skyline Cafe, my dad and I

discuss Beatnik ethics. It's 1959.

Hermes out of orbit, I fume
albeit I see a chance of traveling light.

The Fates warp their loom
to throw a weft of experience.

FLYING WHITE

Rising with sun,
arguing with darkness,

I set my hand to move
willynilly through a repertory
of cyclic gestures, assembling
lines which wittily approximate
a sea a tree a hill a face.

This is the best day to be alive
because if I'm dead, I'm dead,
and even if I'm dying while I'm alive,
Creation is receding to it's center
to make room for me.

Glory! Glory! Glory!

INSTRUCTIONS TO MY APPRENTICE

Plow art
is never done,
and rest,

Rest is more
than time away from work,
more than that.

Hoe the row, queer the wheel.
Queerer still, the elf light—
candle of the warrior.

Were you there
when the rat came out
of the toilet?

A memo:
include the weeping
and the hilarious colors.

IN FIRST LIGHT

Crows fly up, and I divine
your name in their flight.
The world's new and true and lovely,
nothing else to be.

CALENDAR OF THE MOON

Moon of soft dreams
Moon of sweetness and smoke
Moon of wax and tar
Moon of scaffolds
Moon of the charnel grounds

Well-hung moon
Full-bosomed moon
Moon of a face I sometimes hate
Moon, Moon of a face I adore
Moon turning to flame
Moon turning in pain
Moon that goes as far as I go

Bandaged moon bruised and bloodied
Tangletooth moon with a mouth of cotton
Babylonian moon hiding in a cloud rack
Old man moon sitting in a chair

Moon covered with lost socks
Moon with astronauts in her mustache

Moon cruising in her black Mercury convertible
Moon dancing in a diaphanous gown
Moon peeping in at me through my window

Cryptic moon
Perfumed moon
Drunken moon

Moon of the raven who sat on the flagpole
when a bolt of lightning struck
Moon of the humpies jumping in the stream while
I'm doing the venison jerk to the stove rag band

Moon on a hill in a tree in the heart
Moon in a place I've made
Moon just beyond my hand
Moon, will you be free after work?
But, no, you have to work a double shift

CLEO ON HER HANDS AND KNEES

I hunt in rubble
for a way beyond
novelty

to fulfill the promise
of organism
and will.

I've heard it said,
Time flies like an arrow;
fruit flies like a banana.

A WAY SHE WALKS

Fire is water falling upward,
says sage Heraclitus.

An old man stutters when he talks.
A girl in pink flutters when she walks.

What is the limit she'll permit?

Fire is water
falling upwards.

OMNI-SPATIAL MATRIX

Fire dances in the hearth.
Clouds swirl across the sky.
Water leaps on sand.
Land rises and falls.

The sky, the clouds, my breath,
the scent of rabbit ear sage.
A La La Ho!
A feast of space.

ASTRAY

It begins with the sun going down.
Venus flings off her gown.

Who is drowned
emerges from the sea of drunken illusion.

Astray, I am an atom
whirling.

PLEIADES

Orion chased them.
Sterope fell into a faint.

Vulcan set a net to catch
Venus in her embrace of Mars.

Sappho saw the seven sisters set.
She knew love makes a poet into a boar.

You say, "All's fair,"
and I, "Boars have wings."

SYNTHESIS

for Bev

O Mother Earth, O Father Sky
We bring you gifts, our step is light
Goddess of the Hearth
God of Sacred Ecstasy
Lord of the Dance
Goddess of Time
God of the Flowers

We give praise with costume & prop
With synthesizer, drum & tambourine
Clap your hands, slap your thighs
Stamp your feet

Let the Divine take possession
Be seized by the Strong Force
Tension release, catharsis reach

Fire leaps about the hearth
Clouds swirl across the sky
Water stalks the sand
Land rises and falls
Beast, plant, galaxy, atom
Dance is older than Love

A BOOK ENTITLED

when you die we will plant you
beneath the magic mushrooms

they will grow lush and perfect

on a night with a full moon
you will hear them cry out
to be gathered

eebee
eebee
ooooo

eebee
eebee
ooooo

Listen!
Prepare the Jell-O!
Light the sofa!

TALE

an ancient tale
of a river
that fell in love
with a maiden

my soul stretches as a river
and your image is reflected
deeply, quietly

blue eyes and bright face
kind, calm
a fresh flower on a spring day

when the image is lost
my soul
floods with despair

I VOTED FOR IKE WHEN I WAS EIGHT

The *Incredible Bureau* does not discriminate
between polished shoes and Greek statues,

and I didn't always talk with a stutter,
and I didn't always live in a gutter.

TAKES ON A BLUE SET

I want a metaphysic so loose
the most incredible accident could occur
and it wouldn't cause a ripple

In the meantime, I search for the omphallus
and the continuation of culture
Is Great Pan dead?

You're forty feet tall—
put me in your pocket
and take me with you