

Blurry Cars Torn From Morning

Sickness creases air in
so many unpleasant
folds. Broke
smokestack. Blurry
cars torn from morning.
Impossibly dark maps
of the gone world.
When will we see
crashes of light?
Reach beyond arm's
length.
When will we hear the
poets chime?!
Embrace ecstatic. Rise
above burned sky
seizure of *drunken
dumbshow*.
Shut up your facade
America. Rave your
Muslim smile. Chant
your Agnostic
Humanistic flags.
Untie your Armies'
boots. Braille your
Buddhist waves. Ignite
your inner-workings.
Cosmic Christ your
sewers' stench.
Peace-pipe forgotten
reservations with holy
buffalo-visions of Earth.
Paint masterpieces of
Judaic Mysticism;
Hindu shrines of brave
compassionate
voyage. Into America.
Laugh your heart
freely. Air looms of
peace.
Evacuate tollbooths.
Excavate sacred rights.
Re-live your
Forefathers creed!
Liquidate disturbances.
Make highways High &
freeways Free. Invoke
new dynamic shrouds.
Erect tomorrows'
libraries to your
unborn.

Deny red glare rockets
to rise. Kiss your
comely vacancy - The
space where for too
long (the) sword has
pierced (the) stone.

“Well, while I’m here I’ll do the work — and what’s the work? To ease the pain of living.
Everything else, drunken dumbshow.”

Allen Ginsberg