

P O E M

Here, in this electric, Artaud & friends pass  
like zombies in a 1950s late show  
in other words arising from the swamps like  
the 1950s in this electric.

We put on our sunglasses.  
It doesnt help.  
Soon the cockroaches are breeding in it  
in this electric  
and Walt Whitman, very pale despite his sensitive skin, stands at the door.  
On the highway prehistoric monsters crawl past.  
The lightening reveals them as tho deliberately.  
Whitman is on the other side of the screen staring.  
He's dead.

& Artaud refuses to notice him as he passes with his coterie.  
We wave & give the V sign.  
The electric responds with more beasts & lightening flashes.  
Whitman opens the door and stands on the threshold staring.  
He's dead, get him out, someone says.

I cant, this electric, I shove but he doesnt budge.  
All we can hear is the rain.

You can, someone says, handing me this electric.  
Here, we appreciate the sacrifice.  
I look at this electric in my hand and realize I will be the sun soon  
and the sun comes out,  
the rain stops, no more beasts but automobiles Sunday driving,  
Artaud & friends long gone, Whitman a pleasant breeze in the open door.  
Everything is all right, someone says.  
I can hear them say it  
all the way up here . . .  
this electric.