

## THE LAST JUDGMENT

Medieval sculptors knew,  
Better than marxists, what to do  
With the exploiting upper classes:  
You carve them naked into stone,  
With fiends that strip them to the bone  
While shoving skewers up their asses.  
Torture them richly and with skill.  
And let them pay the bill.

*Raymond Oliver*

## IDLING WITH OBSERVATION & SONG

\* \* \*

Just now I saw the sign  
on the necklace of a crazy Zodiac  
Lil announced

And what  
did it tell you the poet asked  
leafing through the Slingers  
extragalactic notebook

Las Vegas is a vast decoy

How do you interpret it? The poet idled

A mirage it is not  
It's real, like a hunter's duck

Then we're in Luck, the Horse observed  
Only the duck is faithful to that deception  
and when he is shot down  
his temperature plunges  
to meet that of his fabricated brother  
wherever that is  
in the water of a glacial pool  
in the gamebag of a metropolitan fool  
or in the wagon of a suburban ghoul  
*yet he may rise again*, when the oven's hot

to the mouth of his sporting consumer  
and find his way  
digested by the drafty stomach  
and ignored a little later by the daffy brain  
as he winds his way by porcelain bowl  
to iron pipe and concrete main  
while the eye that shot him  
jogs through a page of Field & Stream

*And*

if you multiply that bit enough  
you end up down in a trough of shit  
so yes  
when the handle floats by you'll *pull* it!

Desperate the Poet whispered  
Vicious and Desperate . . .

Men and Horses Lil smiled  
share a similitude supported by foolishness  
you both wear blinders  
though only your race wears them openly  
I've seen them on the road  
where they come and go in the same direction  
and when you are made of wood I've heard  
you have men in your belly  
and in your arched and idealized neck  
and when from these parts they spill  
to take what they could not take by storm  
do you share the feast more than a fake duck?  
Claude

when they take you apart  
to fuel their fires and brace their hulls  
and start, each one, to his disastrous home?

Uh, I'm not that sure I get your question Lil  
the horse exhaled but  
are you speaking of a need for Horsepower?  
Yes I suppose I am, *in Horses*  
and then she turned to the poet

Now that we stepped  
out of our coach  
and beneath this tree recline  
with our jug, can you sing  
an *ordinary* song  
after the wailing of that Firecar passes

Hows that?  
Hows what?  
What meanst thou?

Well like  
your mother would like  
to hear

Ah yes, That Test  
reflected the poet through the slits  
of his psychic blind . . .  
are you a relative Lil  
of the famous Cocaine Lil?  
                    The Chicago Lady  
whose story opens with the quatrain.

Did you ever hear about Cocaine Lil?  
She lived in Cocaine town on Cocaine hill,  
She had a cocaine dog and a cocaine cat,  
They fought all night with the cocaine rat.

Those lines are on the mirror  
if she was a woman  
then she is my sister!

A marvelous reflection Lil  
then how about a song  
my mother sung to me when  
I was small and in her arms  
it is her song but mine as I remember it

I wanted you to make one up  
but let us hear the one she sang  
when you were just a pup

CO-KANG! the poet began  
was a Girl from the mountain  
raised on air and light  
Erythras dressed in leaves  
resembling tea Erythra  
in her hair and she was vulgar  
and strong as salt  
and intuition came to her  
like the red deer to a lick

to blow the bare words  
of insinuation into human nature  
the only nature to her

Cocaine was a mountain thing  
dressed in red bright calico  
like her knowledge in her nose  
she was a lioness intense  
to the switching of the Inner Trail  
which leads by hidden passage  
to the absolute Outside  
yes dressed in red bright calico  
the sunne comes up on the girl from Cuzco

Bright Erythra the girl in calico  
when the sunne comes up on Cuzco  
she snaps her fingers in thin air  
and they produce the numbers  
never produced before  $C_{19} H_{21}$  then  
five times more for the fugitive  $NO_4$   
five times more to lock it ON  
the awful shyness of the  $NO_4$

Then a man is what he thinks she said  
it matters zero what he eats, yes  
with what he blows his nose  
is what he knows, ah yes, there  
where the blood docks I will be

And then my child she sings a Lofting song  
for the great birds who fly across her lenses  
while down the road she goes  
Such is the nature of this dope  
that upon these eastward glancing slopes  
the leaf is grown and it's no mystery  
how on this terrace of the globe  
the limousine was born, right here  
where the Moon's leaf was forbidden  
by the Royal Inca who  
first knew outer space covered with blood and wax  
and rode along the cordillera in smooth cars  
put upon the backs of the slaves

Or however they were called by those Braves  
Nor could, my child, that which exists

possibly be more *Here* and less *There*  
no matter how our local knaves  
have turned the function of dope around  
The thing that can be thot and that  
for the sake of which the thot exists  
is the same

is yet sound  
and in it the Power of Reality rides  
behind the oneway vision of the darkened glass  
Surrounded so by envy There appeared  
At sunrise on the first of April  
Suddenly as Monco Capac at the Lake Titicaca  
a man in cream-colors  
a funnel fixed in his brain  
Saying It is all one to me where I begin  
For I shall come back again there

Out from the tilting city arrayed  
in the cinerama of his adrenalin  
and displayed by his bioluminescence  
rode his Highness Mescaleen  
an old old man but fresh as you my dear  
the night you sprung from my body  
covered with blood and wax and  
laughing out an ode to space endlessly

And they met. Remembering the reddish disk  
of which we have merely heard the melting occurred  
and that may be jamd but not disclosed  
“There lives a fonne that fuckt an earthly mother.”  
She whispered as they passed  
And I can feel it He replied  
and by this simple change their passing  
conveyed, apparently in the flash  
of the meridian sunne upon her laquered nail’s  
convexion, a scoop of crystal like a giant AND  
MORE than enough it was always said  
to satisfy the habits of Bobby Blue Bland  
PLUS the latterday frenzies of Duane Allman

Bella Donna was a broad. She  
who turned the coffeepot upsidedown in Tulsa  
who maintains the madness of mumbling  
She rose like a shade between them  
as they turned about to reconsider

and in turning  
they were so into what they could see  
they couldnt see what they were into  
and she rose from the ground  
from the million roots of the shade  
interrupting the indifferent flow of the sunne  
but not as the scarce planets  
who keep it for a while clasped in their penumbras  
until the parsed rays flow from the point of the cone  
and the whole system can see what's going on  
in the third orbit  
where a clock hangs on the wall of a mirroring room  
with its hands up tight against high noon

My Darlings! Come Back!  
Bella Donna addressed them  
Can't you see youre the separate rails  
of a single track?  
I got a crystal called Atropine  
I keep it here in  
the veins of my vine  
and she rose from the ground  
Yes, child, she climbed off the ground  
and the dream came

And the Bella Donna whispered to their surprise  
My principle will prop open your disguise  
so we can all have a look thru that brocade, Mescalteen  
You'll see it more, but we'll see it Whole  
right thru those pakistani threads there  
right in there underneath all that hair  
Because there's not even a quarterinch a Inca here,  
And as for you, my Dear Girl  
I can only recommend it to your brain  
you know what I mean, Cocaine  
I'll kiss your ass with a drop of rain  
for *any word*  
that drops from your nose to your mouth  
without a gettin itchy, to leave the plain truth behind  
So if you dont Mind  
you can take your big visions off my road  
and whatch out for that toad!

And thus she had the drop on their eyes  
and they were rigid along their vectors  
and they saw thru each other the Correctors  
with eyes that were mined in Kimberley  
and cut and polished in Amsterdam . . .