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Prelude To Greatness

-- for Allen Ginsberg

Yea though pursued by the Alumni Association
Allen doth know greatness from space rates.
Verily I say he spake to the Senate in
A foreign language, knowing full well
It believeth our people hath deemed
Our language a mandate from them.

He treats the city police like downtown boys
Afraid of midtown but wanting to live
Near a cousin's grocery and get their kids
Pads on a goy street in New Lots; this is
Tactical Objectivism, a genius denied to
Sudras born in the borough Manhattan.

He came out of the valley of the shadow
Of WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA, still eating
At Orange Julius and Julius Orlovsky with him.
He prays for Cuba, knowing that no
Spanish Catholic kibbutz can save it,

With his other hand supporting more
Underground literature than the U.S.
Literary welfare agency and all its angels.

He had a vision in Kansas and more,
He told Kansas and seeds of sunflowers
Bloomed in Landon's hair and Landon
And LIFE both came to life and ripples
Spread to Rangoon and even Saskatoon.

Allen checked out the burning ghats
Looking for kosher Hindus but found
Pharisees and Boston Brahmins at pastrami
And the Episcopalians of Calcutta
Fled to Kathmandu and Love.

Who corrects poems from POETRY CHICAGO
Or New Mexico Commune to put them in tune?
Or would use Franklin's watch to measure
The orgasm, the subway, U Thant or any
Other act of God and then have it checked
By Tiffany?

O faithful, it is Allen Ginsberg,
A prophet who keeps a production control
Diary on the Voice of God.

-- John Montgomery

Los Angeles, CA

I, Tiresias

My sons can't fool me.
I know what they're up to.

The ten year old makes book,
pushes some, and has done time.
Number Two is plotting the overthrow
of the local liquor store.
While their front, their cover
is The Kid, just turned four,
who smokes cigars.

They can't fool me.