

well, this is just another Ezra Pound poem
except to say
I could never read or understand the CANTOS
but I'll bet I carried them around more than
almost anybody, and all the young boys
are trying to check them out at the library
tonight.

tarot

the world has a rose in its mouth
the world has a tongue in its mouth
the world has blood in its mouth
the world has me in its mouth
and I taste like
vanilla, apricots and
dogshit.
when I met Gregory Corso
he read the tarot cards for me
and some good cards were pulled,
then he said, "now, this last card is very
important; it will really be
you," and he had many rings on his fingers
and he wore a medallion
and a bright red shirt
and he was high on wine and pills
and the world had a rose in its mouth
the world had a tongue in its mouth
the world had blood in its mouth
and me in its mouth
and Gregory held the cards to me
and I pulled one and it said --
THE EMPEROR.
I liked Gregory very much, a
very fine sort.
and then he gave a tarot reading for Jon
Webb
and one for Louise Webb
and one for this professor
but they weren't as lucky
and we drank and talked the remainder of the
night and then they left
and I slept on Jon and Louise's couch
and the next day I met Corso
and we drank in a bar on skid row across
from the train station
as two bums had a fistfight in the center of
the bar
and the bartender was a 280 pound woman
with the word LOVE

tattooed above her right wrist
as the world spit out the rose
and one of the bums fell to the floor
losing the fight
and as the other kicked him in the ribs
I bought Gregory another
drink. I liked him very much, a very
fine sort.

Eleven

now I've been to the tracks for 32 years
and I've seen some strange things
but the other day
it's the first race
they're putting them into the gate
I'm 3 or 4 away from the betting window
I want to bet five win
when the announcer says, "The flag's up!"
I am about to say, "Eleven,"
and this arm comes up from below me with a five
in its hand and the voice says,
"Eleven," and I grab the arm by the wrist
and look down and here's some guy on his hands and
knees, he's crawled up under me and
I hold his wrist and tell him,
"just wait a god damned minute!"
and then I say, "Eleven,"
and I get my ticket just as the buzzer rings
shutting off the machines
and I go out to watch the race.
the Eleven runs up to fourth around the final curve
then falls back.
I lost my five dollars
and I saved him five,
but I wondered what could look so good about a
fifteen to one shot
reading up off of an eight to one morning line.
this man actually crawled on his knees,
his hands and knees and came up under me
with a loser.
I almost hit him
but I got my ticket
and I saw the cop running up to ask this man
what he was doing
and then I went out to see the Eleven come up to
4th., then fall
back. I still don't understand
it. it was a bad bet.