

Last Year At Marienbad

A surrealistic eye peers in
on a static frieze
of svelte silent figurines
beside a summer breeze,
who startle into trance
at the flicker of an eye
with the harsh intensity
of a bitter wintry sky --

The captive eye follows
up the wandering granite stair
to find them
wearing withered wreaths
in their metallic hair

Like cold, dead ashes
they descend and
like stringless puppets find
in an artificial fireplace
their dank rococco minds

La Dolce Vita

Is this the second coming?
the gilded Christ floating overhead
as on roofs of Rome
sunburst breasts
and jutting thighs
point aimlessly at outraged skies.

In the streets below
seven scenes unfold
Italy sits in the cafes
like a daguerreotype,
our Dante-esque hero
in a journalistic daze
of unrelated episodes is
trapped by a ceaseless round
of hangovers with waxwork characters
who have lost the power of choosing
and fluctuate
between sex and Christ

an impersonal art
the photo-vultures hover near
the dead intellectual
who sought to rediscover
out of his alienation
a human image
a voice of innocence
"the Sweet Life."

Homage To Algren

Same old jazz
summer in New York on a red rimmed stool
watching some loony astronaut
shoot the moon

damp comfort tears
in a slaughterhouse of sad sacks
who sink their fevered histories
into my frozen ear
yet what of me?

in my pocket a thin lousy dime of courage
and not a cent of faith

So at $\frac{1}{4}$ past sex and $\frac{1}{2}$ past hope
I up to 42 Street
to dig the freaks
lizz and queers, winos and chenangos
hoods with the monkey, the rough trade,
marks, sharpies, jostlers, hustlers,
punks, meatheads, hot-rodders of God
hooked to the past
and hot!
this August day an abstract sweat
on the bloody, funky hog-calling elect
and me
and me

I come up with a fast hustle
4 nails, a hammer, a folding cross,
as all the poets gathered love and hunger thin
my pitch ran like this --

Loneliness is the greatest sin

-- G. Ridley

Van Nuys, California