



CARROL'S GHOST
WALKING IN SNOW

-- Gregory Corso

Each Small Death Begets Rebirth

movement ceases
lovers swell in low tight tones
quiet knowing seeps between blue places
and uncertain blue expands to turquoise
we feel white sand and
we are the breeze moving palm leaves —
a small stir
the beginning throb of rhythm
a small drum tapped with finger taps
and we begin to stir
 to undulate
 to twitch our feet and fingers
in the beginning of a dance
odors of sweetness flow
sweet with the small pains
origin sings within our loins
 we become
 we begin
 we exist
and now you know

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The Apprentice

I rebelled
against the sorcerer
and endowed with a life
of my own, I raced the sun

Arcane
defiant, secure
in my ancient power
I, the winged phalli, flew

Once
I paid the price
in lack of pleasure
Now, I demand my own reward