

tries to play pool but scratches on the eight  
to play volleyball and always lands on his  
gut to woo an ugly rich girl and she  
marries a queer.

so here is my poem:

joe you are a bore  
joe you eat shit  
joe you are a loser and i don't feel compassion  
joe when you move next week it will leave  
absolutely no ellipsis in my life  
joe the only good thing i can say about you is  
that you once introduced me to a girl with  
truly himalayan tits.

christmas at sunset beach: a sequel

starved for seasonal pyrotechnics, the young  
assassins (who would have preferred to detonate  
a berkeley or a white house) have blown the oil  
refinery to kingdom will not come.

the sky hangs black above the chanukah bush.  
a weather satellite caroms in its obscure  
orbit towards el bethlehem, where, in an  
aluminum kibbutz, a child is born with one eye.

nobody raises an eye from the ed sullivan show.  
the mormon tabernacle choir is chanting  
god save the king. and i, i am getting  
it through my thick skull that jazz is dead

with coltrane, religion with pope john,  
contemplation with the mahareshi, the  
corrida with arruza, america with  
malcolm x, and maternity with the mothers

of invention. love died last week at  
a love-in, baseball with mickey mantle,  
poetry the early morning that i polished up  
my elegy for coltrane and the girl with braces

that i didn't want to bang. my friends and i are  
clever as devils and write a lot of poems --  
ornamental, bright, symmetrical as christmas  
trees -- but poetry is dead.

we go through the paces now, hoping  
it is just a temporary imbalance of the  
endocrines and that a year from now we'll  
be embarrassed by these meanderings.

meanwhile, it should be a great year for nostalgia.  
(who, for instance, wrote the lone ranger???)

### Star Trek

She must in early adolescence have had  
bad skin because her face is slightly scarred.  
Otherwise she is a flower, a bruised  
and unforgetting flower, apprehensive

of being plucked. and scared to death  
of withering on the vine. Tonight she is  
no flower, she is a bird without a song,  
a bird whose song civilization has muted.

This afternoon she thought she was  
a courtesan at Akbar's palace, learned  
in the arts, esteemed alike by warriors  
and wives and poets. At any rate

she'd like to be a whore of some degree  
but vestiges of pedigree have kept  
her a virgin. Tomorrow morning she will  
put on blinders and a college sweatshirt.

This once the prudes are right -- deflowering  
will be the death of her, anti-climax  
of twenty years of preliminary play,  
a sofa agony, Star Trek on the telly.

### # 37

it is the third movement of my second  
piano concerto (the only one that i  
have yet begun) and in it acquiesces  
the fleugelhorns of the ghetto and

a white boy in a sailboat doing no one  
harm. in development i take  
the keys to the kingdom, the key  
to the city, and the ring of the nibelung