

10/69

sometimes, when I get paranoid
and am certain the Earth is merely
a laboratory where
extra-galactic technicians put us
through our stimulus/response paces
I come out the other side
& excited, realize
So What?

I mean, you can swing on it anyway
if you don't let it get in the way
but then I think of the Swing
I lost it, as they say, on the swing
when I was 7

O I know the Golden Age
is a farce, but at 7 you
accept the improbability of it all
she was at least 3 years older
and our knees touched
as we soared
which makes me a Romantic
but at 7 you accept the improbability
you soar, when
your knees touch in the Swing

7 to this place is a long time
which is probably why I haven't
written any love poems
in a long time
& why revolution isn't the answer
either

The Visit

when She came to my place
She demanded sustenance,
brought men of grace
who likewise demanded sustenance,
intoxicants, recognition, and that
my lovely daughters be open --
laughter and love and wine flowed
as did my tears...
and she feasted on my only laying-hen.
the tears streamed down my face,
all things had been stripped from me --
it was then, waving a chicken bone,
She offered grace.
having nothing else, i accepted
and for the first time, the first,
i tasted what once i had only possessed...
i feasted on the last laying-hen,

i drank the wild wine of laughter,
i became intoxicated, recognized, and
my lovely daughters were open to me.
thus it is in my place.
how are things in yours?

July 20, 1969

-- On the Apollo 11 Moon Landing

the quest for Capricorn is over
for a time
the Goddess has been desecrated despoiled
ruptured raped ravished
another Mystery disappears -- dissolves
down Apollo's greedy maw
Say! how can a homosexual rape a Goddess
anyway?
he can only defile Her ...

it will be different with Mars
approach with caution, defilers
with cowardice, with fear, with trembling
Listen ... seduction may be an answer
better send a Goddess!

another Apollo
would be eaten raw
the red god of War
does not take kindly
to storming

Her White Body

If you had any sense
she sd
You'd know we're going
to die soon, glaring
as I tied up
Yes, I sd & hit my ante-
orbital, that's why I'm
fixing