

JACK MICHELINE'S



LOS ANGELES - SAN FRANCISCO  
EXPRESS



A wall of money corrodes my land  
A wall without hope  
Like one pigeon  
Alone in the grass.  
No sky  
or tree  
A yellow kite  
Flying in the sky  
Can change this fact  
Where are the poets in my land  
Each one is murdered  
One by one  
by the tongues of silence  
the true ones are murdered  
Not one lifts a voice against it  
Slow death eats at the silence  
A wall of death in my land.

LOVE POEM IN ARCADIA WITH A HUNDRED HORSES RUNNING  
DOWN THE STRETCH

She stood there waiting  
The hordes were coming in to play the horses  
Suede jacket, yellow blouse, brown slacks, her tight ass  
Her tongue smiling  
Erika and Jack  
watching the horses' asses moving down the stretch  
The horses' thighs and legs walking around the ring  
and stalls

The faces  
hungry, angry, frenzied, crazy mob  
Wanting to enter her right there at the track  
walking back and forth like crazy people  
dreamers all  
The names of horses: Blue Balls, Summer Sun, Mr. Bright  
And underneath all the madness  
each one wanting to love  
Money has no meaning  
This quest for gamblers' dollars  
The thousands of lost frightened souls betting on  
horses' asses  
we collect \$13.60 on First Mate  
Erika and Jack  
Rum & Coke  
Lost frightened  
two souls in the world  
Love  
Money  
Madness  
America  
Senseless



To meet a woman at the racetrack  
The search for money  
Love lets laugh  
and after the races  
in the sunrise  
We held hands  
Spoke words  
Thought fire  
Someone trying to sell his watch  
Anger is the world too  
Anger for being born aware  
The eyes of frightened multitudes  
The moon is full  
Sail with me sensitive soul  
Small thin hands  
her red hair  
Red bush cunt in the evening  
Shy battler of forests  
wanting to be tamed  
by a red haired princess  
I smell her cunt  
it tastes good  
This strange beautiful creature beside me  
Entering her sweetness  
O birdcall  
Steak & onions  
White flesh  
heat of loins  
Sweat  
Hair  
O loneliness  
O love  
I cry for thee  
A hundred horses' asses going down the stretch  
A hundred jockeys riding in the sun  
A hundred losing tickets on the ground  
A hundred old ladies on buses with longshots  
A hundred days in jail  
O hell  
O fire  
O multitudes  
O love  
O sweetness  
O thin legs stretching in the night  
wipe the sadness from my eyes  
I enter you  
I plunge  
I awake the darkness of this world  
Magician  
Madman  
Dreamer  
Poet



My Princess  
Cunt of longing  
I come  
O rainbows  
O waterfalls  
I give and wipe a little madness from your land  
My land still rocks like the chopping seas  
My land Gorillas on parade  
I came from dark  
From poets' streets  
My dagger of unreality  
I am frightened  
I think I've had it  
I am getting old  
I am a coward  
A runner  
A poet  
A priest without cloth  
Nothing matters  
but flame and heat  
and passion of the moment  
A hundred wild birds call in the sky  
A hundred wild voices in the night  
A hundred jockeys on the moon  
A hundred wild asses riding down the stretch  
your bare back curves and arches to the night light  
Freckles shining in smooth skin  
Together we are one  
our limbs entwined  
Rocking the seas  
The funny moon and stars  
We kiss and murder loneliness  
Entering the unknown  
O love!  
This my poem to you

January 3, 1969

MANHATTAN KANSAS

The wind swirls and rises / blows across the plains  
The sun beats down on the hot earth  
Corn  
Wheat  
Motorcycles  
Gasoline  
Go to the blue hills  
See the dead cottonwoods  
rise out of the water  
take off your clothes  
and take a dip in the old reservoir



look at the moon  
and laugh your balls off  
out there in the Blue Hills  
the milky way sings a song  
and Old Macbeth rises  
from his Scottish Castle across the shore  
walk through town  
some cat with a hot rod  
pulls out a confederate flag  
and yells vote for Wallace  
he's probably the guy  
who threw shit in the kid's face  
at the anti-war demonstration  
Go out to the Blue Hills  
7 Miles out of Manhattan Kansas  
and look at the sky  
Man creates war  
and makes the machines that harvest the wheat  
take your lover by the hand  
and do a dance on her thigh bone  
under a tree  
or in the grass  
and the milky way will smile down from the night sky  
Out there by the old reservoir  
Love is Boss  
and Kansas whispers  
Corn  
Wheat  
Motorcycles  
Gasoline

Manhattan, Kansas  
July 16, 1968

#### AUNT TILLY'S RAG

Aunt Tilly  
driving in a fog  
laughing with Chinamen  
your thighs driving in the dark night  
moon rags in your eyes frying fish  
flag of American Tilly in the wind  
Aunt Tilly chopping nuts for Passover seders  
Vegetarian  
Organic Chili  
Tilly of Los Angeles  
Chicago  
Boston  
Rome  
Madagascar  
forever Tilly's



Lily of Aunt Tilly  
dead the husbands of Tilly  
Max  
Benny  
Walter  
George  
Charlie all gone  
Tartars shining Russian boots  
rings of Aunt Tilly  
shining ass of Aunt Tilly  
Aunt Tilly's son down to sea weed  
Tilly's coat to Good Will  
Tilly everywhere on the buses  
Tilly of Larchmont  
    Shaker Heights  
    Beverly Hills  
    Fairlane  
    Woodlawn  
    Westchester  
stinking rich Tilly  
Tilly you're a dilly  
Tilly your ass with flowers  
red rag of Spanish Tilly  
monkeys wacking off on Tilly  
my aunt Tilly  
Marguerite  
Josephine  
Maximilian Tilly  
Mexican Tilly in Los Gatos  
Tilly my ass hurts  
Gone Tilly  
Gone Tilly  
Tilly I'm an American Poet  
When you die you'll laugh Tilly  
when blue coats buy industry  
stocks and bonds Tilly  
boxes of rags Tilly  
Indian Joe's Tilly  
Wilken's Tilly  
Karl's Tilly  
your nose is green  
your nose Tilly  
old age & friendship clubs Tilly  
4 marriages  
7 Bar Mitzvahs  
3 abortions  
Rachmaninoff's Tilly  
hats  
rouge  
lipstick  
lingerie  
gloves  
panties  
garters  
slips



pajamas  
hot water bottles  
alarm clocks  
aspirin Tilly  
bagels  
lox  
salmon  
cream cheese  
halvah  
Kreplach  
Oregano  
dog food  
rents  
mortgages  
down payments  
welfare  
foodstamps  
Kiamesia Lake  
Monticello  
Bronx chairs in the sunlight  
five million American Tilly's  
streets of Tilly  
accordians  
chopmeat  
horse radish  
dominoes  
remember Tilly  
nobody remembers Tilly  
your daughter Rose with Norse and Bukowski  
jerking Jack off in the movies Tilly  
O Tilly your boy friends are gone  
Harry Ledpecker  
Simon Finkel  
Mendy Wiess  
Apples Malone  
Rabbi Hirschman  
who left the rag upstairs  
Fridays in the Ritz Movie  
& dancehalls  
& weddings  
& funerals  
& bedrooms  
& dreams  
O Tilly of Venice  
    Brighton  
    Beverly Fairfax  
    Boyle Heights  
    Brooklyn  
    Chicago  
    East side  
    Delancey Street rags

O!  
French  
German  
Spanish  
Rumanian



Bessarabian  
Russian  
American Tilly's  
O rag in the sunlight  
wet bloody rag of life  
in your world no more rags  
in your world no more life  
in your world your rags are blue  
Tilly

#### ILLUMINATION

Chicago  
Rock Island  
Missouri  
Kansas Speedway  
Cleveland Oklahoma, Texas Panhandle  
America Engines Flying  
Ain't waiting for some Messiah to come down  
Tell me I'm a poet  
Mediocrity seeks the same bullshit  
Art is Dead  
And All censorship is against Humanity  
Let the Kids rise up and make it better  
Seems there is nothing but power  
Chicago  
Rock Island  
Sacramento  
L. A.  
Cleveland  
Columbus  
Indiana, San Francisco  
Sold my blood on a Frisco line  
with a guy who done 7 years  
For Armed Robbery  
Robbed of his birth right of Individuality  
The Arts ain't for us poor whites  
Ain't for the Real Cats  
Sorry to say I've had it  
Had it up to my Neck  
Walked the Miracle Mile didn't have a fucking dime  
Just want to get drunk and Sing Songs

-- Jack Micheline

San Francisco, Calif.