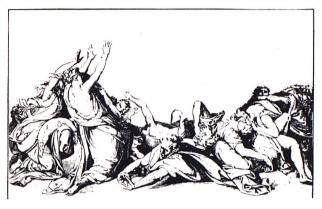
## THE WORMWOOD REVIEW



## Prelude To Greatness

## -- for Allen Ginsberg

Yea though pursued by the Alumni Association Allen doth know greatness from space rates. Verily I say he spake to the Senate in A foreign language, knowing full well It believeth our people hath deemed Our language a mandate from them.

He treats the city police like downtown boys Afraid of midtown but wanting to live Near a cousin's grocery and get their kids Pads on a goy street in New Lots; this is Tactical Objectivism, a genius denied to Sudras born in the borough Manhattan.

He came out of the valley of the shadow Of WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA, still eating At Orange Julius and Julius Orlovsky with him. He prays for Cuba, knowing that no Spanish Catholic kibbutz can save it, With his other hand supporting more Underground literature than the U.S. Literary welfare agency and all its angels.

He had a vision in Kansas and more, He told Kansas and seeds of sunflowers Bloomed in Landon's hair and Landon And LIFE both came to life and ripples Spread to Rangoon and even Saskatoon.

Allen checked out the burning ghats Looking for kosher Hindus but found Pharisees and Boston Brahmins at pastrami And the Episcopalians of Calcutta Fled to Kathmandu and Love.

Who corrects poems from POETRY CHICAGO Or New Mexico Commune to put them in tune? Or would use Franklin's watch to measure The orgasm, the subway, U Thant or any Other act of God and then have it checked By Tiffany?

O faithful, it is Allen Ginsberg, A prophet who keeps a production control Diary on the Voice of God.

-- John Montgomery

Los Angeles, CA

I, Tiresias

My sons can't fool me. I know what they're up to.

The ten year old makes book, pushes some, and has done time. Number Two is plotting the overthrow of the local liquor store. While their front, their cover is The Kid, just turned four, who smokes cigars.

They can't fool me.