

## The Angels Say Keep Going

to bitch too much of everything,  
that's weak,  
or to accept too much of anything,  
that's weak;  
we grow weak, we live weak, we die weak;  
strong men are myths. they don't exist;  
I am the strongest man I know  
and I know that I am weak,  
where does that leave the rest?  
I've finally met certain creative men  
whose works had a minor appeal to me,  
but when I have listened to them  
and looked at them across the room  
I knew that I had been fooled by fools,  
therefore I was weak.  
well, to be weak and to know you are weak,  
there's a certain holiness there,  
and that's what we need:  
holiness, a feeling of holiness,  
for this only means a feeling that is  
sanctioned and direct  
and we have all too few of  
these.

we must be our own gods forever;  
it's a difficult work,  
but it's a work that must begin  
or we will hate these walls  
simply because we are within  
them.  
we must be our own gods and our own  
angels and our own devils;  
my devils are working well,  
they are in first-class condition,  
and my angels are beginning to fly about  
too;  
it's my gods that need working on,  
they are timorous and very pale and uncertain;  
maybe they must be this way,  
we'll see.

we would like all our things powerful  
we would like all our things to be of grace and  
sense and in good condition;  
too often we fall apart upon a drop of rain;  
maybe that's necessary,  
we'll see.

or maybe we'll never see --  
I have hope.

my hands tell me so.  
this small circling  
from shoulder to shoulder  
from neck to belly,  
it wanders and whirls inside.  
I would most love to please myself.  
tonight my angels all sit about  
and we counsel each  
other ...  
all we need do is exist and continue --  
that is the answer and the answer is that  
simple.  
my devils and my gods are asleep  
this moment.

### Vacancy

sun-stroked women  
without men  
on a Santa Monica monday;  
the men are working or in jail  
or insane;  
one girl floats in a rubber suit,  
placid and waiting ...  
houses slide off the edges of cliffs  
and down into the sea.  
the bars are empty  
the lobster eating houses are empty;  
it's a recession, they say,  
the good days are  
over ...  
you can't tell an unemployed man  
from an artist any more,  
they all look alike  
and the women look the same,  
only a little more desperate,  
strips of cloth about the butt and the  
vagina, awaiting better  
moments ...  
we stop at a hippy hole  
in Topanga Canyon ...  
young boys with red and blue bandannas  
about their hair,  
smooth-skinned, as supple as ladies,  
so soft-eyed you almost like them,  
they shoot pool. lounge  
and wait, they wait, wait;  
the whole area of the canyon and the beach  
is listless  
useless  
demented ...  
VACANCY, it says, PEOPLE WANTED.