

GAGAKU

back here  
nowhere else to go  
oregon was pretty  
took care of itself  
south idaho stunk  
almost died there  
in a bug storm  
now there's nowhere else  
to go but here  
the women are not calling me  
and I am  
not calling them

here I see demons  
banging brass colored  
cymbals  
they are dressed in black  
they move in a circle  
humping their backs and then  
straightening their backs  
serpentlike with grace  
they move in circle  
both clockwise and  
counterclockwise  
simultaneously

-- Steve Richmond

Santa Monica CA

THE DEATHLY BRAVO

they always applaud each work  
and four or five voices respond  
with the same ringing  
"BRAVO! BRAVO!"  
as if they had heard a fresh  
and vital creative  
breakthrough.

where has the audience gone  
that used to select and  
discriminate?

now the thought in the minds of  
the audience is:  
we understand music  
we know  
therefore we  
respond.

and afterwards  
at the wheels of their autos  
they come out of the underground  
parking lot  
with more rudeness and crassness  
than any boxing match crowd  
than any horse race crowd  
cutting off other cars ...  
swerving  
bludgeoning ...

the March to the Gallows, indeed  
Pictures at an Exhibition, of course  
the Bolero, yes  
The Afternoon of a Fawn ...

honking  
zooming toward the freeways  
BRAVO west L.A.  
BRAVO Westwood Village  
BRAVO the Hollywood Hills  
BRAVO Beverly Hills.  
Pathétique, indeed.

#### A 56 YEAR OLD POEM

I went with the two ladies  
down to Venice  
to look for antique furniture.  
I parked in back of the store  
and went in with them.  
\$125 for a clock, \$700 for 6 chairs.  
I stopped looking.

the ladies moved about  
looking at everything.  
the ladies had class.  
I waved goodbye to one of the ladies  
and walked out.

it was a Sunday and the bar  
wasn't much better,  
everybody was nervous and young  
and blonde and pale.