

With Mr. J. R. Morton

For our nerves
this drink, a beating
on our nerves
no shakedown our heads
but of our nerves

I wish I was a dancer
and cd. move
in feet/undo my body

swing it out it
bangs my bubbs and belly
slide my toes in pebbles so
my nerves
wd. be taken up one by
one stretched out
tight thin to threads
and I wd. be free
inside my legs. My head
not snapped by a King Porter stomp
or played like
Jelly Roll
bends.

Ah daddy I wanna be drunk many days.
On a stage in front of beautiful eyes
I wd. remove my rags,
my dress drop
to work the curtain,
to dance out softly
(over their heads) barefoot on wood
softly
toes like vaseline
knee dips as I strip out my—
I desire to be taken to the top of the Liberty Bell and blown

by winds from Sweden
softly and my toes would do it if I
were a dancer.

A poem for tea heads

I sit in Lees. At 11:40 PM with
Jimmy the pusher. He teaches me
Ju Ju.

Hot on the table before us
shrimp foo yong, rice and mushroom
chow yuke.

Up the street under the wheels
of a strange car is his stash—The ritual.
We make it. And have made it.
for months now together after midnight.
Soon I know the fuzz will inter-
rupt will arrest Jimmy and
I shall be placed on probation.

The poem
does not lie to us. We lie under its
law, alive in the glamour of this hour
able to enter into the sacred places
of his dark people, who carry secrets
glassed in their eyes and hide words
under the roofs of their mouth.

6.16.58

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"I'm only asking . . . that I shall be shot with him," said Claretta Petacci, his mistress.

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innate qualifications reside for involved solutions, that the situations behind the scenes can be restored, less the aggravation of insurgent intercedence & probably immolation? "Out of the ashes, I shall rise," cried the Phoenix, desperate Bird Lives.



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