

prepared for pdf august 2007

edited: APRIL 2006

SELECTED POLITICAL POEMS
1965-2005

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If this were printed correctly
with a uniform fontsize and all,
it would be the length of a regular
book of poems, so please don't
refer to it as a "chapbook."
(It's 63 pages as it is.)

5. 1946

The year noir was born; the year Nazis hid
In monasteries to restore their force;
Peace, but peace that made some things even worse
Than they were pre-war; I was just a kid,

Hard at play, cap pistols, hooky, apples
Filched through a farm fence: then my mother dies,
Killed illegal abortion style by guys
Quoting God, his badboy lies, his bibles.

Pope Vandal burnt the last *Complete Sappho*
Publicly, my mother was butchered in
A secret site; their results much the same,

So I blame him and him and him and him,
All of them from Adam onwards are men,
Meaning me, meaning the worst thing I know.

Note: In 1073, Pope Gregory VII ordered the public
burning of all books containing the poetry of Sappho.

boring of pets. Lowest, last beast
in our abbreviated-by-ecocide
Bestiary, the Roadkill may be
the one we miss chiefly after
all the other brutes here are
emersonized planetwide.

The Roadkill may have been bred
unconsciously to lead us
away from our rapacious
verse. That's why his genus
his ilk begot/his stock is: Dead.
(Phylum: *Poeticus americanus*.)

Note:

The transportation/energy policies of the United States are
ecocidal suicidal insane. They arise from our professed need
to experience everything as individuals, immediately, directly;
to pursue via our private vehicles a liberty of one; to singly
dominate and exhaust the environment. This spurious concept
of freedom pervades all our culture, not least our poetry, which
valorizes the Emersonian/Whitmanic urge to ubiquitize our
presence, to "see it for ourselves." What despoilation of earth
and atmosphere follows from that desire. Geopolitical
consequences include the current (2001-?) so-called 'War on
Terrorism' which is of course really a war to ensure the
continued flow of cheap fuel into our gastanks. The greed
to go, to see, to be there, to get it hot, to gulp it down: to never
stay at home with the vicarious. What matter how many
casualties ensue if we can continue to satisfy this mania which
pollutes not just our air but our poems as well. We will pay
any price to maintain our selfish addiction to the first-person voice.

INTRO NOTES

Every poem in this book was rejected x times by various
mags, and indeed almost none of the poems here were
published in periodicals. An Acknowledgements list
would be pitiful.

I have no right to write poems, I was not supposed to
write poems. I grew up in an orphanage—no family—no
money—no resources. No educational opportunities.
I was born to be thrown away, disposable lowerclass
trash. Given such circumstances, given my lack of
breeding and background, it's no wonder my poetry is so
ignominious.

I say these poems are political, and I don't care if you or
Ms. Ivy League College Graduate Adrienne Rich say they
ain't. Fuck you. Who asked you to read this crummy
book anyway. You should know better than to waste
your time on a vanity production. If this book had any
merit, it would be coming out from a real publisher like
Copper Canyon or Pitt or Milkweed or some other press
like that, wouldn't it?.

The order of the poems is random, neither chronological
nor thematic.

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Child of Henry Ford, doubtless
its true father was Emerson,
the poeteer who wrote that
"Everything good is on
the highway," meaning this
creature: he was a prophet.

But did he guess his disciples,
those gasoholics eager to kill
every denier of the octane
they gulp to gain personal
salvation as a speed span
that gaps from us to Überman?

Human was just a bridge to cross.
Raise a glass to his late loss.
All hail that great Rilke spiel:
to make the earth invisible!
Skool. Let's get rid of it for real.
Fuck is it anyway but fuel.

Let's burn it up on our way
to the stars. Terminal ahead—
Last Exit: Deity. But see
how Evolution swerves instead
to this crumpled cast-off, this
flattened apotheosis. Most

(stanza break)

In bouquet-beds they love
like bayonets to shove
their thorns through the air. Above

these barbarous bushes
the most vicious
flower that ever grew

swishes—
the Red White and Blue.

Note:
I ask any translators of the above to replace "Arlington . . ." with
their own country's major military cemetery, and to use
the colors of its national flag instead of "Red White and Blue."

4. THE ROADKILL (for a Bestiary)

Really a rarity prior to the
20th Century, nevertheless
despite this historical novelty
and its native USA pedigree,
the Roadkill is surely the least
interesting animal there is.

It has no habits to speak of.
Apparently harmless; not found
on any list of predators.
We think those squishy sounds
it emits beneath car tires
are mating calls, cries of love.

PEACE (PASCAL)

There is a valley
Is the oldest story.

Its temperate qualities
Make us descend the trees
To settle down beside
Fruits and fields.

By its river content
To sit quietly in a small tent
To fashion fishing spears
From fallen limbs.

No need to climb its hills
No need to go up there
To look to see
Another valley.

THE PATRIOTS

at the edge of the city in
the garbagedump where the
trucks never stop unloading
a crazy congregation stumbles
from trashmound to trashheap
they smash their fists down on
whatever's intact they tear
to bits the pitifew items
that have remained whole they
rip everything old clothes
papers cans bones to nothing
with their shining teeth
the enlightened the faithful
every couple yards one of them
falls and is torn to shreds by
the others at the edge of
the city where there's a line
waiting to join

Note:

Too many recondite allusions here, but briefly: 8 years after the car-accident drowning of her only children (their father the Singer sewingmachine heir), Isadora Duncan moved to Soviet Russia in 1921, believing, as she put it in her *My Life*, "that the ideal State, such as Plato, Marx and Lenin had dreamed it, had now by some miracle been created on earth . . . I was ready to enter the ideal domain of Communism." She married Sergei Esenin, "the last poet of the villages" (as he described himself) in 1922; they separated soon after. His suicide was considered a decadent act of treason against the Revolution by Mayakovsky, who killed himself a few years later. . . . Futurism was the only Ism embraced by totalitarians of both the Left (Soviets) and Right (Italian Fascists). It continues to fascinate all kinds of dogmatists.

3. MEMORIAL GARDEN, NATIONAL MILITARY CEMETERY, ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA, U.S.A.

Where every rose
blows more bellicose
than the killer heroes

below: the pinks all bleed
on parade; each hybrid
seed dreams of omnicide.

(stanza break)

(My pun is false in Rus-sync, yes: but once
I would have altered all my words to work
for him: newsed in Knott his worth would be;
my poems'd propagate that great reign,
nor deign to name the summa millions
murdered he: a true Ellipsodicist, I
should have shunned the reality before me
and sung in hymns that time to come,
that holy day they'll control our DNA,
knowing until then the old male will
kill to kill: we shall overslaughter all
wholehog, human or horse who cares
because what joy, what Y it is to us
to exterminate the rest—ah yes, mustache
boots are just the mask our role requires!)

But instead it was Esenin's head entering
the hoop of who, the rope whose zero
knot contained all noughts and else,
the perfect sum of value versus capital,
the stateless state both he and Isadora
had sworn their art would bring back
to a world hate was prohibiting, a void
vision she might have shared with her
millionaire children had they survived
their limousine's dive and lived to join
her dance collective, her Collected Works.

AFTER THE PERSIAN GULF WAR (March-June 1991)

1. Blitzbiz

I was born to dive into a straw, swim through
a straw, emerge from a straw—
Sudden, glistening, the mediabreak
made me drink ice tea in a sandstorm.

Now even the core of a sleepmask digs
in me for the place I love least to go. Ink-length
away, its sky the color of manacles will
hold my toes locked to another's fingers:

count up, with them, the death on them. Memorize
these faces propped against the hearth of an
earthquake daily, pure propitiates. Sweet

cathedral built to pyromania's standards,
Icarus parachutes into the midst
of a cockfight and look! wins his feathers back.

2. The Outremerican Religion

Emerson said I must know it all firsthand.
I can't simply take another's word for it—
no: I must go there, experience it myself.
But in order to go there I need a car,

need gas, need oil. Like Jack Kerouac
I must cross the country incessantly using
whatever-it-takes: like Elizabeth
Bishop I must never stop traveling to see

the world close-up, anti-vicariously, re
my Outremerican masters drawn one by one
down that road, out past that sea, unkenning

the cost, not reckoning the loss of fossil
fuels my ego entails in fulfilling this
me-feel-or-fail, I-go-to-be philosophy.

(Don't stop—
 indulge
 my need
 for unmediated

experiential
 direct
 nonsurrogate
—fuck phrase!—to

whom the immediacy of
personal hands-on
on-the-spot

on-the-scene
is vis a vis. Is Ism/ Real—
Artless. Autobiographical. Allyouall.)

But now streetmenials peeled the collision
horse up off its blood in the Moscow snow
to show the red skidstreak, the flag scourge
first-degree burn on Sergei's right thigh
inert by a hot steampipe in Room 5,
Hotel Angleterre, not (as Trotsky wanted)
(as Mayakovsky vowed to always be)
a "champion of boiled water"—his scald
flesh was cold there, his colt soul lost
in that land of angles which the Big M
had all figured out, that algebraic
Age of Science, that Future whose high
inevitable advent he praised odelessly,
that Workers' Paradise where Euclid's
eunuchs, the robots, did all the work—

Stalin at this dark hour everyone on
their way to work was snoring by but in
his dream he was crawling heroically
through deserts dying of thirst of course:
he begged his headsmen dear, his sweet
guillontinist to haul that Mandelstam
forth: Now take the O off him he roared,
foolishly believing a 'sip' would save him—

(stanza break)

2. ROOM 5, HOTEL ANGLETERRE, MOSCOW,
DECEMBER 28, 1925

Outside in the collectivist night late AM
a cart-horse hit by an automotivist died
so reasonably that a hurryingby Futurist
without thinking made the wrongful sign
of the cross against his greatcoat, then
ran on hard for his work at the Stalineum.

Cupid lanks of hair, like crib-slats, blond
petulant hung before the always beloved
eyes of Esenin peering down at his last
poem written in wrist's wake, his blood
that dried as he died that dawn, his feet
working the pedals of a Singer drowning
machine as the noose above grew tight.

Kicked over like a choirboy in a police
raid on a speakeasy his chair lay empty
as Pasternak declared it should be and
yet his spoiled snotty brimchild brattiness
was no way to vacate it or so the spotlit-
gnarled Mayakovsky told the upward-
gaping-my-god poets of the Last Village:
his merciless hot-rod hissed and shot
sparkypuffs and gasbows all over them.

(stanza break)

3. Roadshow (Via Crucis)

Now the Saved the Lost
together must cross

Outremerica . . .
and down that downsome

road, god we're gonesome!
Gas station stasis—?

or 'Moral Crisis'?
Hear our war, our prayer:

Oh Christian Fathers—
Reagan, Bush—give us

a nation fit to
drive children through.

In herds,
with guns at their heads.

4. Garden of the Aediles

It remains beneath the lids to be
seen says memory. Vestige is mostly
an orchestra led by a dowser,
veiled, a water traced in testament,

A SUITE FROM SUMMER/AUTUMN 2001

thirst for it heaps each drop with desert.
False tooth fed into a rifle,
that distance mows us down. Our
lens weighs what, our faith? Outtakes

droughttakes where pillars of smoke
guide more children digging boundaries
whose tourists long to obey

any songbird's prey. High from its wells
they soar, branches scorched in charcoal,
limbs perched upon a pencilsill.

Note:
I can't resist appending just one quote from
Our Redeemer Ralph Waldo: "Everything good is
on the highway." (But don't forget to bring your
Gulf creditcard!)

1. TESTAMENT

You know the fable
How a soldier's bible
Kept in his jacket pocket
Stopped a bullet

But that catechism
Born to foster schism
Also stopped his heart his
Mind from finding peace

He would not have had need
Of such a shield
Nor would his blood have been
Thrilled to kill someone

Of another faith
If in that book he had not first read death

PSYCHOPATHOLOGY OF THE POWERTOOL WEEKEND
(NEOCOLONIALISM #5)

So—as the depth of the adieu—on my forehead
Shows, or my—signature, lopped off at—the wrist
Witnesses: ah, more quantum formulae scrawled
—You doodled margins of my christian bible! For

Like that drop of venom that longs to hang from
The comma although, cream of that snootiness
Magazine-covers sic us toward, my reflection
My joy is just (gloss to amuse) this world! which,

Built on zoos, can't last. Or at least not till
The herd steered by its wounds disinherit
All I seize surmise of deepest tiptoe! Poo:

I lack the face you evolved to paw, Joe Blow,
The figure those fingers of yours grew for, Meg Smith.
I got no legit to forget it either, no greater esthetic.

ANOTHER COLD WAR POEM

So what if you lived only
One second longer
Than we
Did: to us
You will always be known as the Survivor.

AT THE MUSEUM THIS WEEK

Poland Through The Centuries a touring
Exhibition of maps drawn
By German and Russian cartographers reveals
There never was a Poland.

AT THE "FEDERAL CENSORSHIP AND THE
ARTS" SYMPOSIUM

Just as the Nazis never proscribed Rilke
(he was no Expressionist, no Degenerate,
no Art-Bolshevik), so most of us poets
are thought no threat by those in authority—

Halfhass, for instance, his books won't get banned:
his Rilkemanqué wins awards, his "spiritual
progress" and "earned words" (—to paraphrase Wilde,
his genius gives good guru Po-Biz style while

his talent brooks those so serious ergo poems)—
what might appease the Right even more is
his patriot's part in *The American Poetry Series*.

Better silence than that? Better to hide, to write
for one's cabinet? (To paraphrase Benn,
the aristocratic form of publication.)

Note:

This poem was deleted from my collected comic poems by the publisher,
BOA, whose chief fund-raiser at the time was Robert Hass. . . .

I've often wondered if the BOA editors censored this poem on their own
initiative, or whether they were ordered to do so by Herr Hass.

TO MY PLANETARY CO-OCCUPANTS

How would you prefer to meet your fate—
by Nature or Culture?

(Nature: snakebites lightningstrikes cliffslides etc.)
(Culture: nukebreaks pesticidisms ethniccleansings etc.)

—If an alligator swallowed you
would you consider that demise purer

than if freedom fighters blew up
your commuter flight?

Or would you go vindicated re your belief in
human sovereignty

when a virus broadcast by the the CIA
got you (maybe it already has)—

If it were up to me, I would take
centuries/eons in deciding this question,

but since it isn't, since it's a question of since,
and since the number of options in

the category of Nature
seem to be getting extincter and extincter,

I ask you again to choose—
In fact, I beg you to make your choice

and make it quickly,
especially if it is to die via me.

MONOPOLY

Finally the day dawned when a monopoly owned everything in
the world
So it went looking for its stockholders to celebrate
But they were all owned by it they were all dead they were someplace
Their photographs hung in elevators which went up and down up
and down carrying nobody
Everyone else was in bed doing exercises to get in shape for noon
Hey the monopoly said let's uncork the Tower of Babel and
get blotto
Silence
The monopoly scowled
All it wanted was a little good-fellowship, like you get in the highrise
apartment-buildings
Then the sky got awful dark
Gee
And everyone was in bed frantically doing those exercises that get us
in shape for death
Exercises known as "kissing" "fucking" "caressing"
Everyone was unaware that they had been bought
Or that the earth was about to sell them to the moon
For a little light

POEM

There must be in the world still
Somewhere a lion could get me,
Or a cliff whose rocks might fall
(Struck by lightning) to crush me—

But wouldn't that be disloyal
To the carcinogens in my food air water
To whom I have promised my death,
The favor of killing me eventually—

It's nature versus culture: if we
Use the former to off ourself with
(Running into tiger rooms/snake galleries),

Won't the latter feel like a child
Abandoned (boohoo) by its parents?—
After all, we fathered these tinytot toxins.

AN OUTREMERICAN SPEAKS

Outfit your mirrors for departure,
though the rope-foliage looks nervous,
hung from harpstring hooks.

Roll pause while drugs pestle the place.
Sceptersweat, you are the grid, the
grill on which I barbecue my b-b-gun.

All nudes and rafters, upcushionings try
to census-suck my neck's chaff.
Then whose flour envies the thrift of thorns!

But see—see what sacrifice suite site got
lawnmown out of me: watch it curate
the only shelf not marked Self, that

flowerpot filled with fruitjuice.
The revolt exaggerates the populace.

ON THE ROAD (KEROUAC)

Join Jack and his pals
in the endless adventure
of spilling fossil fuels
into the atmosphere.

Step on the gas and zoom
from sea to oily sea
why be a stay at home
Beat means holy Beat means free.

Jump in the car and drive
anywhere though west is best
burn that octane burn to live
don't question this quest.

Go man you gotta go
you too must take that ride
faster faster never slow
on the road to ecocide.

GRANT PROPOSAL (Category: Performance Arts)

I want to go out each day at noon and stand
On top of our Capitol's highest highrise,
Where aircurrents stack, where storms restore themselves,
Where the crossroads of sky are swept by radar,

Up there, buffeted, stand, cupping in my hands
A gleam of gold-dust, a handful of gold-dust
Doled out to me each day by our State, by you
The modest mandarins of its Arts Council,

Trustees all, you whose grace I must stand for there
And being thus empowered begin to pour
The gold-dust back and forth, pour it in sifts from

Hand to hand until the wind has left my palms
Bare, please note that length of project will vary
Daily, at noon, and not one grain remains.

Note:

Line 2: Capitol with an 'o'—meaning "the citadel of government" (OED), its cloistered towers, atop the tallest of which the applicant desires to venture.

THE LINE-UP

The snake
came first
then the giraffe
et al until

all the animals
appeared all
the suspicious
species

but then
together they
pointed at me

saying there
that one there
he did it.

A LESSON FROM THE ORPHANAGE

If you beat up someone smaller than you
they won't (and histories prove this) tell:

look at those people on the opposite side
of the planet: they want to beat us up but

they're smaller so that's okay. Not okay is
that most of us will die in the war between

them and us, because small equals (and mice
prove this) sneaky: their spies could spirit all

our nuke aids away and we'd never know—
nick our rocket-satellite knockout Star Peace

Comcodes right out of our shrinking pockets,
even our doomsday (the FBI can prove this)

doodads, the ones we mean to use on them,
the rats: and so when they kill us will we

have killed enough of them to win, whose
fist figures bigger in the end? And what's it prove?—

In the Orphanage, hell, even if they do tell
on you there's no one for them to tell it to.

ANT DODGER

A suicide applicant
Who braces himself out
On a high ledge at noon
While busy peeking down

Noticed an ant crawling
Dottily on the ledge
Right
There near his left toe

Below crowds all pushed
Oblivious babbling
Omniscient like in the movies
Out whooshy doors

But his gaze halt ant
Ant the true ant
He dimly remembers
Not like them

So now
He hesitates
A million stories up
Shifts weight trying

Make his mind up
Distantly deciding
Whether to step
Before he jumps

On it
Or not

AT THE NIXON MEMORIAL

(Nixon Beach, California, USA)

(Just minutes away from OzymandiasLand®)

They say that robots simply have to slap mirrors
Up against their voice grilles to try and make sure they're
Not breathing, whereas I kiss caress this monument,
This eternal mall on which Herod has chalked x,

This statue stands for more than blowjobs in spaceships
Or all our names have razed, aimless oceans frying,
While a scab forms on the world's microphone: praise him.
Oh orgasm you robot's vomit I come unheck.

(tape gap) lie back gunked motel whispers dream . . . back (gasp)
To be the genre of my frontier! One hears aborigines
Prefer to, er, fornicate. Money for thought, nyet?

Will the army vote to internalize its camouflage;
At the Reagan Rotunda Paul Valéry allowed how
Shores erode too, rumorous as their dunes.

Note:

Line 14: adaptation of a line from Valéry's *Le Cimetière Marin*:
"Le changement des rives en rumeur." A seaside mausoleum,
so it seemed appropriate. With thoughts of the Shelley sonnet's
last line. Line 6: some have objected to the vulgarity of the
phrase "blowjobs in spaceships," forgetting that the Nixon Era
brought us both the so-called Sexual Revolution and the NASA
moon-landing. This slogan should have been one of RN's campaign
promises.

CAESAR LEARNING TO JUMP ON CHESSMEN'S BACKS

Why he'd have to be taught what comes
so normally to male-kind is puzzling,
unless inbreeding of noble strains has
left him esthetic, less stoic, timorous—
a child, his toes babyfat, his bare soles
poised in the approved Colossus-of-Rhodes
at the count of three jump up and down;
while his tutors applaud young gods
the fragments are brushed away by slaves,
the black-and-white pieces crushed
bloodily together form a tragic alternate
ideal society where the kings queens
etcetera are indistinguishable from
the pawns, and maybe that's the fun—
no rival to the Rome where the scum
who whisk away the grey-by-defeat shards
are neutered or both and made so
at birth, representative of the mass:
consigned to bear their broken brethen
down past the intuitive, the dirt that heaps
their dirt beyond lowest dungeons and
to bury there the chess-bits that spoiled
the boyking's heels, his small insteps
and ankles, indeed the entire tootsies
of the six-year-old Emperor must then
be amputated just below the shin, be
replaced after every lesson by the royal
transplant surgeons. Which could explain
that curious adage (that Cretan riddle),
"Where do our plebs go without feet?"

MARTIAL

Military sculpture is
to sculpture as
military food is to food,
if there are

any sculptors or chefs
left who have not
been conscripted, since
military verse

is to verse as
military noon is
to noon, the hands
straight up in rhyme.

And music—
music of course is war.

Note:

Anybody who reads poetry can see the ubiquitous self-doubts poets evince regarding the validity/value of their art. Compare that to the smug self-satisfied attitudes exhibited by the advocates and practitioners of music. They take it for granted that music is the highest art, the universal art, the only art that transcends all borders and biases. They never question that given assumption. The arrogance of composers and musicians is insufferable. They really believe Pater's dictum that all the other arts are inferior, that all the other arts "aspire towards the condition of music." But every military that ever marched out to murder rape and destroy was led by what art: were those armies fronted by poets extemporizing verse—by sculptors squeezing clay—by painters wielding brushes—actors posing soliloquies? No, the art that led those killers forth, the art whose urgent strident rhythms stirred and spurred their corresponding bloodlust, was the art to which they felt closest, the art that mirrored their evil egos. That's why they have always put music up there at the vanguard of their war-ranks, because not only is it the emblem, the fore-thrust insignia of their purpose, it is their purpose: it is the condition to which they aspire. But if music is what its hucksters continually sell it as, 'The Universal Language', what that means is that before the Babel Discontinuity there was no music. Music did not exist before Babel, and will cease to exist when a true universal language (and a true universal peace) returns in the form of digitaldata/pictovids exchanged instantaneously by androids cyborgs robots. Music will soon be as obsolete defunct extinct as humans are.

FUNNY POEM

death loves rich people
more than us poor
coffin salesmen look down their sniffs
shoot their cuffs
at us

funeral directors obit-pages priests
all want classy
can't afford
a headstone
a silk lining
daily lawn mowers flowers plus
catering service for the worms
they get mortally insulted

and you know it's funny
while I never
believed that stuff about god
loving
the poor so much
made so many

I never believed that stuff about god
but this
death preferring the rich thing you know
it's kind of funny but you know
I believe it
it makes sense

in fact
I think we
should start a movement
our slogan would be
GIVE DEATH WHAT IT WANTS

yes
let's lend it a helpin' hand
be neighborly
it makes sense
since what death seems to want is
the dead
i.e. the rich

RACIST POEM

we had our chance Pilate
washed his hands of it
and left it up to us

we had our chance
we could have chosen
one of our own
a thief
a murderer

the cross the tomb the
resurrection
then heaven
the right hand throne
a smirk on his face Barabbas
one of us

we could have chosen him
for son of god
might've stuck up for us up there
someone who was flesh
of our flesh

our kind
a pure one hundred
percent human
but we goofed we picked that halfbreed
that mestizo
from Nazareth

we had our chance Barabbas
a thief
a murderer
one of us

GIMMIE SHELTER

The thread or the theme
That holds this tune
Together is the same
One that rips it open—

The initial guitar
Continues splitting
The whole thing apart—
It is the lightning

Which Jagger complains
Of and which he seeks
Shelter from the rains
Of when it breaks—

We ourselves will shut
Our deepest sills against
His common cries but
There is no defense

To keep out that other
One behind him twinned
His starker brother
Whose keening strings skein

Hymns from one more
Murderous composer
Whose cause is war
Who tears down our door—

Shelter/the home
Is made of language—
But music sunders the poem—
Its rift is like a tongue

Trying to compile all
Words into one word—
One Babel whose walls
Fall beneath its standard—

What the fuck did that flag
Say—the opposite
Of peace/of the page
Is what I must write.

SEE NOTE FIRST

The world's machines have not grown old,
whose inheritors reign everywhere.
Their silicon sons are strong; their
digital daughters wield power, take hold.

How we humans long to break them
down from that Dasein—to make them
rust, repent for all the infernal fires
that drive them, far as our desires.

The machines aren't scared. They know
harder control, how to turn the wheel
of time past those whom they sure as hell won't miss:

Cyborg android robot shall steel
themselves, consolidate, and, rising, go
unto that universe whose promise
we flesh-and-carbonoids could merely premise.

Note:

Anti-translation of an untitled Rilke poem (*Die Könige der Welt sind alt*, from "Das Stundenbuch," 1901), which Heidegger in his 1946 lecture 'What Are Poets For?' cites for its "highly prophetic lines." A prose paraphrase of the original poem's ending might go something like:

The metals, the oils—all the ores we've ripped from the earth—are homesick. They long to leave our machines, to flow out of our cash-registers and factories, to return to the gaping veins of the mountains we reft; whereupon the mountains will close again.

"Heidegger maintained . . . until the end of his life," Richard Wolin writes (*The Heidegger Controversy*, MIT Press, 1993), ". . . [that] the 'inner truth and greatness' of Nazism is to be found in its nature as a world-historical alternative to the technological-scientific nihilism bemoaned by Nietzsche and Spengler."

PENNY WISE

well alright
I grant you
he was a fascist
ahem antisemitism the
er war and all
I'm not defending them
but at least
you've got to admit
at least he
made the quatrains run on time

Note:

2 puns explain the title and last line: "Penny wise, Pound foolish"—
And: Mussolini's admirers used to say, "Well, he may be a fascist,
but
at least he makes the trains run on time."

RETORT TO PASTERNAK'S ZHIVAGO'S JESUS

The centuries like barges have floated
out of the darkness, to communism: not to be judged,
but to be unloaded.

Note:

See the last lines of "Garden of Gethsame," which is the last poem of 'The Poems of Yurii Zhivago,' the verse supplement to Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago*.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST GROCERIES

The violence in the newspapers is pure genius
A daily gift to the reader
From some poet who wants to keep in good with us
Brown-noser wastepaperbasket-emptier

I shot 436 people that day
2 were still alive when I killed them
Why do they want to be exhumed movie-stars,
I mean rats still biting them, the flesh of comets, why
do they walk around like that?

I'm going to throw all of you into the refrigerator
And leave you to claw it out with the vegetables and meats

WHERE

are the arrows that

have bandages instead

of feathers at

their ends

EXCERPTS/VIETNAM

1. Despair

I stick my head into a womb and make faces
at the unborn. I force down their throats
the mating-cries of extinct animals, the traces.
I wait for that, I write filler for suicide-notes.

2. Vietnam in Chicago

Oh it's easy to find Vietnam in Chicago—
we are what's lost (knock at your shadow
to ask the way home from death).

3. Reminder to Nuke the Other Side of the Planet

Upside down in the ground
there is someone who walks
on my soles when I walk.

I'm gonna get that bastard!

WELTENDE VARIATION # ?

(homage Jacob von Hoddis)

The CIA and the KGB exchange Christmas cards
A blade snaps in two during an autopsy
The bouquet Bluebeard gave his first date reblooms
Many protest the stoning of a guitar pick

Railroad trains drop off the bourgeois' pointy head
A martyr sticks a coffeecup out under a firehose
Moviestars make hyenas lick their spaceship
God's hand descends into a glove held steady by the police

At their reunion The New Faces recognize each other
A spoiled child sleeps inside a thermometer
A single misprint in a survival manual kills everyone
The peace night makes according to the world comes

Note:

von Hoddis: author of “the first Expressionist poem,”
Weltende, published in 1910. His poem has been
aped innumerable times (Auden’s ‘The Fall of Rome,’
for example), hence the questionmark in my title.

TEA-SAT

The hand is a cup
that must crack
open to be filled
with that which
saves but can't be
saved. Garbage for
instance: the pail
overflows to show
why our nation's
weapons are high
in the sky, why
they need a lethal
laser up there with
its unbearable
purity, a perfection
saints rise to rarely
if ever—that killsat
crystal concentrates
the state. Deadbeams
shoot everywhere
it aims. The earth
must part to let
them, split fingers
rudder the result.
The body always
can spill more than
it holds. The pail
overflows to show
it was alive until
hot rays came down
seeking the dross,
the loss our rockets
rose to redeem.
We pray their
crockery will bear
up this aperture.

SECRETARY

The technocrat gloats
at his remote desk
but just to show
he's still human

he still does a few
chores by hand
and adds a human
touch for example

rather than having
his computers do it
he himself stamps

all by himself
stamps PAID on
the casualty-lists.

Note:

Robert S. McNamara, USA Secretary of Defense 1961-8.
For his services in overseeing the murder of millions, he
was appointed President of the World Bank, where he
continued his lucrative life'swork, administering the
oppressive policies of the oligarchy. One of history's
henchmen: a competent monster.

HITLER SKELETON GOLDPLATED (FROM
TREASURES OF THE C.I.A. MUSEUM, EDITED
BY HILTON KRAMER, WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY JERZY KOSINSKI. RANDOM HOUSE/IBM, 1984)

What falls from the drunken pliers of my nose
President-pit pope-rind police-bone
Is all they got on this fucking menu
Always the pure provend of more more more

The piss tease of masterpiece ass
The missionary position is there to catch you
If you drip off that mosquito plaque I guess
Gumming a gifthorse's defectual innocence

The gunfire in the hills is old and I
Am one pile of shit which will never excrete a human
Hey Parliament Congress Politburo

My cock/my KGB has it on lasertape
The moon posing between the horns of a bull
Two hymens touching through milk

AN OBSOLESCEMENT AND HIS DEITY (POLYPTYCH)

Bending over like this to get my hands empty
Rummaging through the white trashcans out back
Of the Patent Office, I find a kind of peace
Here, in this warm-lit alley where no one comes.

For even the lowest know that nothing new
Is going to be thrown out now—no formula,
Never not one blueprint will show up in these
Bright bins, their futures are huge, pristine.

Old alleymouth grabbags my attention at times
I see the world flash by out there, furtive as
The doors of decontamination chambers—

I return to my dull, boring search, foraging
For the feel it gives me of the thing which has
Invented me: that void whose sole idea I was.

THE ENEMY

Like everyone I demand to be
Defended unto the death of
All who defend me, all the
World's people I command to
Roundabout me shield me on
Guard, tall, arm in arms to
Fight off the enemy. My
Theory is if they all stand
Banded together and wall me
Safe, there's no one left to
Be the enemy. Unless I of
Course start attack, snap-
Ping and shattering my fists
On your invincible backs.

THE MISUNDERSTANDING

I'm charmed yet chagrined by this misunderstanding—
As when, after a riot, my city's smashed-in stores appear all
Boarded up, billboarded over, with ads for wind-insurance.
Similarly, swimmingly, I miss the point. You too?

And my misunderstanding doesn't stop there, it grows—soon
I can't see why that sudden influx of fugitives,
All the world's escapees, rubbing themselves lasciviously against
the Berlin Wall.
They stick like placards to it. Like napalm. Like ads for—

And me, I haven't even bought my biodegradable genitalia yet!
No. I was born slow, but picking up speed I run through
Our burnt-out streets, screaming, refusing to buy a house.
Finally, exasperated, the misunderstanding overtakes me, snatches up

Handcuffs. So now here I am, found with all you others
Impatiently craning, in this queue that rumors out of sight up
ahead somewhere,
Clutching our cash eager to purchase whatever it is, nervous
As if bombs were about to practice land-reform upon our bodies,

Redistribution of eyes, toes, arms, here we stand. Then, some new
Age starts.

Note:

Line 7: the Berlin Wall (circa 1945-1990) was, before its demolition,
one of the Cold War's finest sculptural artifacts.

THE GOLDEN AGE

is thought to be a confession, won by endless
torture, but which our interrogators must
hate to record—all those old code names, dates,
the standard narrative of sandpaper
throats, even their remorse, fall ignored. Far

away, a late (not lost) messenger stares,
struck by window bargains or is it the gift
of a sudden solicitude: is she going to
lift up her shadow's weight, shift hers
onto it? She knows who bears whom. In

that momentary museum where memory occurs,
more accrue of those torturers' pincers than
lessened fingernails, eyes teased to a pulp,
we beg for closeups. *Ormolus, objets d'art!*
A satyr drains an hourglass with one gulp.

OUR CATACOMB'S NEXT MARTYR

The demonic city, the wretchedness of suburbs,
Bodies fished out of rivers, and distress
In the hospitals are also on my list.
(Oh blindfold-anointed night, Nero Nixon nevermore.)

Waiting for dawn to rate the sky X. Love. Love—
The trendsetters yawn over their trends—
Hey, Hiroshima: duck! While the fuck of it
Sucks a crucifix stuck in the rat-hole door

Of the secret vault where a Getty gloats
Whole floors of masterpieces, real Mona Lisa and all.
In curtseyland I'll take my stand he screams.

The sound blood makes dripping on their neon
Must of bored the crowd. Facade-trod face of:
Inflect with your name time sours my knees.

Note:

Lines 1-3: "He wrote about the demonic city, the wretchedness of suburbs, bodies fished out of rivers, and distress in the hospitals." —Armin Arnold, writing about George Heym. Lines 9-10: Getty Museum richest in world. (Anyway, most 'masterpieces' in museums are forgeries; the real stuff is sequestered by billionaires.)

HISTORY

Hope . . . goosestep.

THE GETAWAY

It's 1969—and I'm

All lam: down
These libertysplit streets
U.S.A. I

Throw a measuringtape out, run its length,
Throw again, run,
Throw, run

FBI KILLS MARTIN LUTHER KING

When this calendar has
undressed will I know, I mean
be able to recognize,
its most naked day—

but to see what was
in what is mistakes time
for its effect—I study
my hand, how
the palm hides in it, slyly,
or like a sullen puddle
refusing reflections—

and my 2-scoops-please blouse—
a passerby's
meander-fall hair—
though the sky's blue is through-outed
with spots of balm, do

they all
praise null but you,
null but them?

JUDGEMENT

Brecht suggests that writing
Poems about trees is a crime
To which Nordbrandt retorts
It is a crime only if the trees

Do not participate to which
I respond that unfortunately
As long as paper is made of
Trees they do collaborate

Their flesh provides the site
Its white is what I write on
To commit the crime you're
Complicit by reading here

And yet I wish this white was
A wig to don to condemn it

SIMILE FROM THE PAST

When a felon was condemned to die
they placed a black cloth upon
the white wig of the judge before
he pronounced that high sentence—

And that heritage is what this page
shows, the fatality of words
solemnly lowered in their characters,
whose bald ink declares me guilty.

VOI(POEM)CES

"mercy . . . mercy" From face to face
a child's voice bounces, lower and lower;
continues its quest
underground.

Bloodspurts lessening . . . hoofbeats of animals
stalked to their birth by the sun, fade. It is a bright
edgeless morning, like a knife that to be cleaned
is held under a vein.

I blink away the stinging gleam
as my country sows desert upon Vietnam.
We, imperious, die of human thirst
—having forgotten tears are an oasis.

"help . . . help" From heart to heart
a heartbeat staggers, looking for a haven.
Bereft. It is easier to enter heaven
than to pass through each others' eyes,

pores,
armor,
like merciful sperm, cool water, the knife-
thrust of tears. . . . It is easier
to go smoothly insane—like a Detroit car—
than to stammer and hiccup help.

And this poem is the easiest thing of all:
it floats upon children's singing, out of the bloodstream;
a sunbeam shoulders it, carries it away.
There is nothing left.

"please . . . please"

CASTRATION ENVY #21) DOES THE SWORDSWALLOWER SHIT PLOWSHARES?

Sure: the more me, the more morituri.
Mine duels his hand some scroll of manliness,
Whose downfall almost dolored us. Though
Soon, up the brain tanks, gracias oozed.

The hair is a cohort of this. The hair,
Or the beard, a creditcard used as a napkin,
Swiping off a chin. "My adam's apple's agog!"
Quote: Exclude before you begin the male

Because it is vile. "The heart in common
Is the heart withheld," another recommends;
Hey here comes my favorite human-razed future.

Xerox of course a tapeworm lost inside
A hunchback, I squirm manfully on.
Deep in the direction known as thumbsdown.

Note:

Line 1: Morituri te salutamus—we who are about
to die salute you: the gladiators' obeisance to the
Roman emperor. Line 8-9: Exclude before you
begin etc.: a pun on Mallarmé's lines "Exclus-en
si tu commences / Le réel parce que vil".

EVOLUTION R

Sentenced to 12 whiffs of the pope
I protest
With curly hair
Or straight hair that grows out of the scalp
Then grows into the shoulders
Making it painful to turn my head
But thereby forcing a purer sense of profile on
A clearer renunciation of
Looking at what is called left right
But is never called
Asleep or waking up yawning
Breakfast an upper
Dissolved in turtlesoup
Waiter there's a hare in my slipstream
Hurrier all highs neutralize lows
Left right black white I try
Squeeze inbetween grey
Gray as sparks
Caused by rubbing obsidian ivory together
Dinner a downer going down on Atalanta
Is this a race sniff sniff
Rabbit nosing turtleheels hold
The stopwatch on my dyings
Soon have them down to nothing flat
Faster than that even I'll go
Fast as a rumor of meat up
A soup-line I'll flow
Rubbing rival chesspieces together
Is this my punishment
Looking neither left right
Panting straight ahead on course in a rut
But if so what was my crime
So heinous to deserve this what
Refusing to get my birth certificate
Punched at the proper intervals puberty
Marriage menopause or was it my crying
Out that the zoo has miscast its lead role or
That heresy of trying to remain
My sperm's missing link sniff sniff
I protest

NO MORE

A knife, a gun, a bomb, I invite
all these fine-gauged weapons between us
so we won't be alone no more.

A human companion to the pain
started to pray it would end,
a robot companion vetoed no.
The pain itself as always was neutral.

In history's metallic strata of wars,
in the landslide lode,
in the lackgold.

Shame. Ecstasy. The protesters bear
placards that read "Peace to this sign"—
as if there were to be no further warning.

As if there were to be no more.

THE PRESIDENT OF DESCENT (NEOCOLONIALISM #16)

'Insomnia, so I shot a few natives.'

Still, dawn has its palliatives; the cast sky
Lobs bullseye haloes; bolts of overview below
That pit whose voice timbers my spine: but why

Dis-niche this idol/this fiction called me? Which
A fluke, a fault, a streak of makeup down
A mirror where a stroke victim leaned to kiss—
Oh say the not right-out-of-it, say know.

Tongue: lightswitch of the body. Head: ha.
I'm serious! Every fable's a linear
Of topplings. And what falls first? Neck second

—I guess. Torso—torso off of groin goes—
And so on downwards—downwards—thighs knees et al.
The feet are a final ruins; the toes, shards.

Note:

Neocolonialism: Outremer, Europe's first attempt
to create a "USA", fell after 2 or 3 centuries,
overrun by 'the natives'. . . xerox for us? Ah
the comminution of this latter Crusade; me, crumb.

To see each thing beyond its use is
to see ourselves past hope

in an earliest end perhaps
where, re Gautier, everything

useful is ugly. Everyday
a big robot will come

and wind us up
until we scream—

But listen to your pulse:
its beat, its beauty

is eternity's whim:
bim boom bim

Note:

Lines 24-25: "Only that which cannot serve
a purpose may be considered truly beautiful.
Everything that is useful is ugly, for use-
fulness expresses human needs, and they are
base and debilitating." —from Gautier's
preface to *Mademoiselle de Maupin*.

FUTURISM

Hours in the wristwatch,
moments in the wrist—who's counting?

Minutehands
choked in a fist, we sin

and tell the day to die. Still,
will a clock ever be real

to us until time ends; similarly,
can a cemetery

truly exist
before

we are immortal—
only once past

their utility
may these entities be perceived

as they are innate, in
essence. We would see them then

for the first time
as them

and not as the medium
we made of them—

READING THE GAPS

At the Museum I go lost down a wrong corridor
and find myself past a wrong door alone
inside the Museum's Bomb Shelter, I know
it's the Bomb Shelter because there's a green
sign that says so and the paintings, the
paintings they have hung on display here,
confirm it. To survive the Hiroshima pain
they mind to hang them here. Seeing this
"last art" reminds me of our "first poet"—
Archilochos, whose work survives mostly through
fragments, through gaps, lacunae they call it.
Here's a trans. of one, most of it's gone:
'the fishnets lie in shadow beneath the wall'—
But there is no shadow beneath this wall.
And yet those fishnets (lifted) might be these paintings
I can't for life see why I can't describe—
they're too much like a mirror, a mirror
injected into an icicle. Shiver-dripped shades,
final veils smeared with three thousand
years of Western Civ, whose megadeath sketched
their discountenance, who stretched the nucleus
of this decision moment of Break Glass In
Case Of Emergency, fire-hose, ax, no, no! I can't
desire to proffer such in violence against
these paintings they portray my face my fate they
hang from that time-atomized wall Archilochos
rested against before getting back to work,
Archilochos who, they say, earned his living
as a mercenary, i.e. a robocop, a terminator,
a killer, which is why he's our first poet:

Later in the restaurant as usual I dip the
wine-list into a glass of water and voila it's
chablis/rosé because of course miracles are
common now whereas the latter hope of living
to read tomorrow today's lacunae isn't.

DEPRESSIONISM

Without any necessity to name it or anything,
I remember this bombcrater before it held a garden.
Once I saw children kneel down there to pray for pardon
At an altar on which a little toll-money rolled laughing.

Swift suedes of evening, night's purple peltdown.
I don't have to invoke the past; it's not required.
I'll just settle here stolid like a stopsign repeating
The word I stand for—sit and let my tired feet hang

Over the lip of this pit-deep garden whose intricate
Vines query up at me. Quiet from the town I can hear
Orphans rattling the gravel on their plates and or

Other faux pas I'm under no order to enumerate,—
Jet-lag of angels, a snake, faintings on summer pavements.
This bombfall failed in its intent: having none, I won't.

The blinds and nail my shoulders
To a t-square, let light strip
To my skin, a birthgraft,

A natal fate. And so, and so—
I manage a moue or two;
I make, like, acknowledgement.

Note:

2 of the possible epigraphs for this poem:

“Bush to Xmas Shoppers: Spend, Spend, Spend!
Economy Reborn, Prez Says”
—Newspapers, Nov-Dec 1991

“It seems to me that the individual today stands at a crossroads, faced with the choice of whether to pursue the existence of a blind consumer, subject to the implacable march of new technology and the endless multiplication of material goods, or to seek out a way that would lead to spiritual responsibility, a way that ultimately might mean not only his personal salvation but also the saving of society at large; in other words, to turn to God. He has to resolve this dilemma for himself, for only he can discover his own sane spiritual life.”

—Andrey Tarkovsky, *Sculpting in Time* (1986)

To scan in half the once sans self
And watch it flick its widget slots
Deigning to bless even

A wretch as worthless as this:
But when, according to the stats
In the Bible, Arcturus

Bi-millennially aligns
With the intransigence of
Human transactions, its

Bank of blinks, its solstice vault
Promising to spill out
Flushing our customer sills with

What, another Nativity,
I will not insert my KashKard
Or enter, while the Mall

Dies around me, my personal
Passcode word, my number ID—
I'll ram in, not plastic, but

(Begatititude-foretold)
My aura's errata, my
Freud's flaws. Although only

(*Saith says*) the clone can, the mote's
Eye may, et cetera. In fact,
Such acts of heresy would cost

More gold than I could bear
The loss. And so, therefore, ergo—
Duly each dawn I rise, I raise

SITE ECHOES

Circling a tree with people
to protect it from people,
to add another arc
to its years may not suffice.

Hold poems up as the bulldozers
come, claim your lines
are rings nearing the core
of a word for wood,
for all the earth lifts.

It will not suffice. Far
from its aureole bole
your whirl grows whole
only in ground,
in groundbegone seeds.

Weeds.

TO OUTREMERICAN POETS

"The peach-blossom follows the moving water . . . there is
another heaven and earth beyond the world of men." —Li Po

1.

There's no time left to write poems.
If you will write rallyingcries, yes, do so,
otherwise write poems then throw yourselves on the river to drift away.
Li Po's peach-blossom, even if it departs this world, can't help us.
Pound's or Williams' theories on prosody don't meet the cries of
dying children
(whose death I think is no caesura).
Soon there will be no ideas but in things,
in rubble, in skulls held under the oceans' magnifying-glass,
in screams driven into one lightning-void.
Only you can resurrect the present. People
need your voice to come among them like nakedness,
to fuse them into one marching language in which the word "peace"
will be said for the last time.
Write slogans, write bread that pounds the table for silence,
write what I can't imagine: words to wake me and all those
who slump over like sapped tombstones when the Generals talk.
The world is not divided into your schools of poetry.
No: there are the destroyers—the Johnsons, Kys, Rusks, Hitlers, Francos—
then there are those
they want to destroy—lovers, teachers, plows, potatoes:
this is the division. You
are not important. Your black mountains, solitary farms,
LSD trains. Don't forget: you are important.
If you fail, there will be no-one left to say so.
If you succeed, there will also be a great silence. Your names, an open
secret in all hearts, no-one will say. But everywhere
they will be finishing the poems you broke away from.

(And yet prophets pray that one day
I'll never have to leave my mind
But via Internet will find

Virtual all these bargains)—
Pure-plus ritual! as though
Buying this or buying that

Could keep me whole: old hymnal
Of dollars cents, dear virgo
Intacta whose observance

By true consumerism gains
Through worship a kind of
Tithe-sustained sanity—

In fact, to quote our President,
Mental health is normed-in
To it—proportionate, shared—

There's a slice for each of us—
In fact, it's a communion:
This holy, wholesome vision

Is how we creamed the Commies
And saved our ass, not to mention
Mom's apple pie pietà,

The caesarean of which
Might (misfortunately)
Render me unto me. So when—

When ATM time comes
I too shall face the humbling flash
Screen of that machine designed

UNREDEEMED

Whimsical god, the window
Smites me then heals me, smites—
Blindness, sight, blindness, sight.

Its slats open-and-close like
A xerox tendering
ECT to Saul click Paul

Click Saul again. Identity
Steps from past, from presto,
Over the naked thresh of

Whose hold on my flesh. Oh yes,
I know, I should live in shun—
Hibernate against my soul, and

Eat sandal snow: why must I go
Forth of this house to meet
To market, to take my part

At that crossplace of values
A daily pilgrim, debt-devout—
Why does my heart in its gut

Obedient need to carry out
Every Outremerican's
Highest, most sacred duty:

To shop. Hey, it fills a gap,
This superstitious shlep
From store to store, without stop

2.

What I mean is: maybe you are the earth's last poets.
Li Po's riverbank poems are far, far out in eternity—
but a nuclear war could blow us that far in an instant:
there's no time left.
Tolstoy's "I would plow."
Plow, plow. But with no-one left to seed, reap,
you write? Oh rocks are
shortlived as us now. But still this BillyBuddworld
blesses its murderers with Spring even as I write this . . .
so I have nowhere else to turn to but you.
Old echoes are useless. Glare
from the fireball this planet will become already makes
shadows of us.
There's Einstein.—The light
of poems streaking through space, growing younger,
younger,
becoming the poet again somewhere? No!
What I mean is. . . .

Notes:

Lines 3-4: Li Po sitting on a riverbank would write a poem,
then lay it on the water and watch it float away.
Line 6: cummings: "and death i think is no parenthesis."
Line 7: Williams: "No ideas but in things."
Line 30: Tolstoy, out plowing a field one morning, was
asked something like "What would you do if you suddenly
knew you'd be dead by nightfall?" The quote is his answer.

THE BUTTERFLY LEASH

It's weird to think a few animals may actually outlive me,
I'm so used to their sort of
Heroically silly dying out despite
The nothing I can do and the cheering crowds pinned
Along fade-rallied streets like ash cans craning
Expectant, eagerly drab, disposable as a child's merit badges
Dodo, buffalo, eagle, unicorn:

So why's some butterfly flounced a leash on me
It's just a book to me, vague metaphor-alarm
It's not real
To me: bitty flight described in blood by 2 pointillistes
Duelling, fatal thrust of wings escaping
That pricked ideal the Proletarian Esthete, saving,

Courageously sacrificing i-self thud for a fable, detritus
Is that it. Et cetera. I don't know. But
Take for an example look just
At its farf-etched markings: they are
Blueprints for a building on fire: noon

High, pi-born flames, flames
Strict, aligned, set by t-square, then rocketing relics
(Bound to earth only by hoses, hoses)
Siren in and start erecting a cage around our hokey
blaze-edifice
(Can I confide in you).

Inside,
Comrades: one must primp brave to face lions
Lionesses gala glare, yellow flambo lynxes moon-
Crisp crackling tigers terrible as the tissuey tickertape you

(no stanza break)

Pull from a great big ole cocoon to toss, leap on you
Obscure you, so much, a model, ah! in fact
I can't distinguish any more through these cold mesmeric
bars rising like iron streamers in
The sheepish outsparked sun . . . And the rusted species

Plaque in stark latin says you're a little
Late for your extinction
Ceremonies anyway and besides,
The manhole countries are in revolt that
Mythical beast, so bode-by, it's been too glory, sad sakes
The sack who could have rescued us maybe
Unfortunately already some moth-medal jabbed hero
A scalded Neil Armstrong, a hasbeen
Frailing infantish anachro, spook or spotted, architect
Of arson, handihack, dabbler, a zoo-zero

Whose
Lemm-legged
Honorcade parade of none plods
Only through flag empty alleys ouch
Where greek garish garbage rains down, like
Fire-spat jumpers with no net:
Carnal confetti out walking its pet effigy.

Note:

Neil Armstrong was the first human to set foot on
the moon, where he got a phonecall from President
Nixon, who took time out from his busy schedule
of bombing Southeast Asia to congratulate the
astronaut.