

Dormitory

sun flickers. daylight beats hard at the pane,
grinning at my sleep-drenched eyes and calling
my name in yellow tones.
the flickering sun sings to me. loudly, for I lie
deep in seaweed waves, lulled by the blue-green tides.
but I will not rise to the golden-glowing,
green-struck, bell-ringing day and turn back
into my dreams to find the naked trees
that rose like steam from a crack in the pavement
and curled around the yearning air.
daylight shrieks. I must go to the window
to touch the wind outside my billious walls.
I see checkboard girls in flesh-colored dresses
rolling down the hill, giggling, gurgling,
full of coffee and round, stinging oranges.
the lean boys watch them, hiding behind their glasses,
wary, wondering, waiting, wanting, wanting...
but the girls laugh into their mailboxes
and count the postage on nonexistent letters.
inside the room, I hear the goddess groan
and I know I do not belong to this morning
which has become too beautiful and too sane.
I hear the goddess groan and I see her
inert, gross, gasping,
snoring like a huntress, eyes dripping and blind.
her perfume retches at my throat.
she wraps the blood-stained sheets around her
obscenely
and loves me with whimpering, drooling words.
she clings to me and caresses my thoughts
with fat fingers.
across the hall, a toilet balconies discontentedly.
I am unharmed.
today I will not face the morning
but will seek my dreams apart from the sun
which shows everything too well.

December 19, 1966

LAMENT

Every once in a

while

There comes a great

Man.

He comes slowly,

softly,

stumblingly;

But he comes.

The world is torn, torn and shredded;

Radiation seeds the earth;

Mankind sorely is beheaded;

The painted bombs, they smile in mirth.

But every so

often

There walks a good

Man.

He walks crudely,

crazily,

even cruelly;

But it is enough:

He walks.

He tried to make a black a white;

He tried to talk of peace;

For this they killed him 'fore the night

To make his efforts cease.

Sometimes I

think

The world will

Never survive itself;

But there will always be

a great man,

a good man:

Who comes.

LAMENT (continued)

But a taper has gone over him
His shadow has become so very dim.
Of all the things he could have done -
He's taken leave, he's left, he's run.

Master! Master! O why? O why?
Why is it now you have to die?
Why choose this time to leave your lands -
And leave them, yet, in unsure hands?

Should we kill the one who dealt the blow -
Drag his corpse before the mob?
It won't bring back the man, you know,
For whom the nations sob.

Master! Master! I cry; I cry;
Master, you were too young to die!

You alone might have freed, yes; freed us.
Now you are dead, you cannot need us.

Yes! Once in a long,
long,
time
There walks a good,
great man.

One who leads an unfamiliar way.
He leads it faltering,
falling,
falling;
But he leads it.

Every once in a
while
There comes a great
Man.

He comes tremblingly,
timidly,
troubledly;
But he comes.