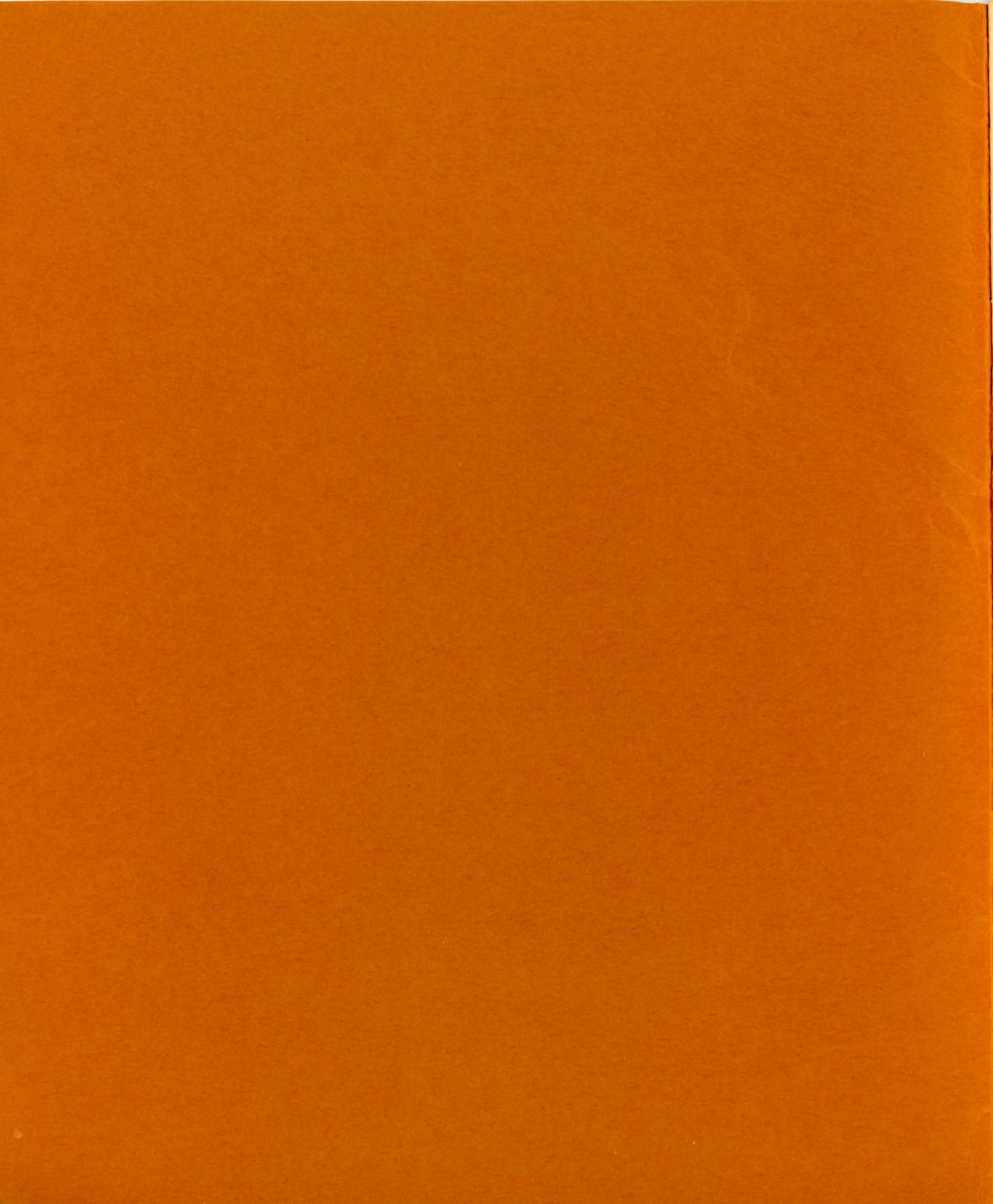


Lucius Shepard

**CANTATA OF DEATH,  
WEAKMIND  
& GENERATION**





J. H. SHERRATT

Chronic Health  
Weakness  
and  
Consumption

LUCIUS SHERARD

Constitution of Death

Reckoning

of Generation

LUCIUS SHEPARD

**Cantata of Death,  
Weakmind  
& Generation**

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*for Allen Ginsberg*

## PREFACE

March the first, 1967--

for eight days trying to recreate  
Wednesday, that the reminiscence of

leaved bodies in a room is not impossible--  
even if the weightless intent of a film  
trails  
the subjects of countdown neverreaching the zero--  
after  
the one's afterimage;  
usually, the two, painterly  
and dog-shaped universe remains,  
approximating,  
but conditionally absurd as a tiny bean  
lying in the snow  
begins to control our memory of the snow and its  
dirigible--

IT IS WORTHLESS TO REMEMBER.

IT IS WORTHLESS TO GIVE SUBJECTS TO POETRY.

Poetry is weightless above the Matter  
or in the space of a blue rock  
(actual temple of deja vu)  
its subjects are monotone,  
unclear;  
its only worth, intermittencies of vision  
and music--  
like the zone of a grape and a bell hung over the carnivore.  
*Now,*  
*if I have to tell the truth,*  
*a hole is nothing hidden in the ground.*

# I

Dying,  
the trillion bells OM OM of the hawk lay crawled in among  
the ivy,  
without repercussion  
made a song to fall away with,  
while the air brandished its new chemical--

the silence of I and E,  
exorcising shape,  
cancelling the geometry of multitude and skyline--  
so Each could love you,

Allen Ginsberg,  
upheld among the balloons above the paper flowers,  
and making fun of the Atlantic Ocean--  
though the sea offered a nostalgia to your death  
obsured by the clarified ball of a rainbow;  
and through the night spoke

of dilemmas,  
your brain handling a thermometer and a cloud,  
chanting 1 thousand OM, two thousand  
OM,  
marooned by a landscape of hums  
in which a blade of grass was

pointless

through your knee,  
Communicating nothwater and lymph of Psychedelia's  
echoing fruit, BOO! A yellow yellow fog of hexagons  
and destruxted poppies  
holding the amigos together in the gymnasium: All  
friends of Aknahton, the psychology professor--  
the 12 grandchildren of the Marquis  
selling aphrodisiacs;

the rind of Betsy,  
imbeciles, clowns, myself--

## First Hearers

of the words.

All-knowing-long-before you said WHAT your meaning  
would retrieve,  
something unbreathable,  
a generation from its hunger,

from its solace of amplitudes  
without a word  
uttered or assumed.

And,

though your words proved in us the thought  
seeking a word,  
and gave us the habit of listeners

to mine the degree in your head  
of a wasp hidden by a sand grain, tangled  
on the perimeter of an 11-mile collision--

Still,

some,

disapproving,

assigning to themselves alone the triangles,  
misunderstood your sex (the young brides, the green-  
skinny flame,

its meatlessness, seismographic  
and untenanted,

an insoluble wing of cricketed bone  
and starflesh,

ambling, romping in orbit,  
or underwater in the vermouth and bathysphere of Uranus--  
Assigned to death the medium of a groundswell;  
declared fear--

                  a Nitrate!  
and gave the fear a joke to understand  
                                  by which it passed  
                                  remaining  
                  like poppies on a statue  
                  in fear's blue movie,

                                  Appeased  
                                  Absolutely  
Unconcerned with sunlight on the finger's algebraic momentum  
into circumflex  
                  to die revolving the white sail of Egypt,  
the flesh adjusted to a principle of the black cold orange--  
Nirvana of the orange.

## II

This! hmmm of Absolution  
poured through the matrices of roseflesh and gristle,  
so imperceptibly delivered by  
a tree-bear,  
Koala,  
having no void to crawl in eucalyptus filled and

whitening  
the double coronation of the water-jet  
and

the polar bear,  
Walt Whitman,  
ancestor of the fruit  
(we have eaten)

brainless and deluxe,  
huge in the processional forests,  
seated beside the transparent Iberians  
in the position of rain, never-feeling  
though I have touched him,

unromantic.

But Allen Ginsberg, you have your aspects--  
seated next to the dog-faced boy,  
you are WANTED--

that is why

4 people  
might have been killed on the Silver Bell Road  
coming to see...

(their ghosts propelled into the monument  
of two girls shaking hands in your reflection)  
to honor your body etcetera,  
contemplating addictions,  
in the Middle Age of a second where triumph is

an understanding  
of the negative;



a horse spoke the name of its rider  
and flew--  
trailing a mild wing across the planet  
of leaves and additions and Berlins,  
startling probability with a glance and revealing us  
Mad/  
incapable of spheres of constants:  
We were born too much.

Yet, instantaneously, we have touched...

you, I

with a marble drink and the bust  
of manhood--  
a papery formose.....glaring  
at peppers in the starlight  
the unreachable anodynes.....eyes  
of the googolplex that kill beryllium  
heats  
no longer improbable...that we will not die  
Snappity-white blinked the Moon  
(Majesty lives on!)  
and we will be unborn

As time

(always a little faster than our present  
continuing)  
imprints upon the eidetic leaf  
a breath of resurrection.

The weed in the tomb flaps

and keeps dry--  
Messianic in a destiny  
that giant vermilion cells will sway  
and howl over the reservoirs,  
the fissure's cream brain uniting with the drug of the  
cello's twilight  
in the auditoriums,  
in Santa Theresa of the Little Flower  
where the priest worshipped his debut  
and held syncopated Mass--  
5000 doves murdered in opera  
chanting

D  
O  
M  
VOBISCUM  
N  
U  
S  
Da De Da  
Da De De Da.

The mind is taller than all of the birds!  
 The mind is taller than all of the birds!

Vanishing  
 in the invisible dovecotes,  
 God  
 stills over the powerhouse.

EN  
 T E  
 N G  
 O R  
 M in O  
 T E  
 H L  
 E O  
 S P  
 KY

And the sea fractures its rib on a prayerbead.

But,  
 in the saloons in the bar's green follicle,  
 the revelers did not attain to Vedanta,  
 ogling the unmaiden,  
 dancer weaned through a narrow stalk  
 on the indifferent gland of a mummy  
 gratified--

*Tasmanian creatures in robes of bright green flesh  
 nuzzling against the servomechanisms,*

*moving against their animals, whispering  
a legend of manganese blue gel--*

Tissues

crumbling in their nectars,  
they did not hear the 10 million drum beats  
or the bartender's shout  
that

Charley Messerschmidt was dead  
and old man Knudson's two best pals!

Riverless silence of emerald    cointreau    almondine

### III

NOW. NOW. NOW. NOW. NOW. NOW. NOW. NOW.

Now, in the whitescape  
and the amoeba of the hawk chimes in the jetstream  
flowers  $\pi r^2$   
and two dimensional  
holes  
embroider the ray of its eye--  
a transparent dervish  
Woke me!  
and my fingers spun  
chasing the hawk's new place--  
apple born in the diamond  
Spun!  
and my eyes  
and opened to the hawk's new shape--  
for two days in the mirror  
in the doubled oxygen  
a leaf,  
though I cannot say if the leaf in the mirror  
was reflected--  
though the humanity of the leaf  
shaped the mirror,  
it was not reflected in my real right hand...  
it did not seem to be  
Alive...  
On trial like the hummingbird...  
Aware  
of the mirror's chrysanthemum...

and even the voices were remembered  
as being spoken...

THERE IS NO REASON TO BELIEVE  
in Chimera.  
It is real     fabulous

                    energy of the leaf  
enamel of the lion     goat     snake.

THERE IS NO TIME FOR BELIEF  
It is too late.  
Everything is televised!  
It-is-all-believed.

                    (except the sorrows of taffeta and the 6-fingered  
                                    rune of paranoia)  
Now..OM..itis..MANI..allcome..PADNI..true..HUM  
awakened in a generation:

                                    Saints with no legs,  
  armless,  
  implacable tribes  
in a cliff-like space beneath a cliff of walls,  
flat eyes  
pressed to the soil within a wall,  
                                    and hovering in the doorways  
                                    watching the UFO's--

Two everincreasing hands  
folded,  
beginning to stir like goldenrod over the Equators  
of the Fish beneath the mountain dreaming the planet,  
baptizing and altering the vivarium without erasure.

Doomsday for an instant!

Bromide and crystal  
released as the pigeon-eel and the hyper-egg,  
guerrillas, poets, sleepers, fanatics, Aquarians,  
gnomes eating valerian on the moon  
and Thoradzine.

Allen Ginsberg

arriving at nothing rocketships through poetry of love  
But hands for the soul.....

NOT YET!

The stars are too far apart to dissolve in  
human form.....

NOT YET!

A clear white sail of the Nebula hisses and  
revolves.

Without a splash, the trees are falling  
into the serious earth of their reflections.

But NOT YET!

There is still a cop in the weather  
and still a marine grief in the dog's eye.  
There is still the weather.

And All will survive...

the politician embezzling the guilt of a trouserleg,  
hearing the uranium footfall of a generation immune  
to Apocalypse,

he will survive  
in the tornado of a caterpillar's black fur  
he will survive...

and I in the efficacy of velvet chairs and heart-attacks  
will survive

and see  
even those things which are not known  
will survive

through the synapse of Oberon,  
ruby and half-bright...

the hawk will survive

in the leaf,  
or in the guise of a unicorn

(he whirled under a leaf on Ganymede  
in white sunlight)

I saw him

and predict from the eye of this unicorn  
Circles of a different fashion--

Orbs, Spirals, Wheels of Flame

To those who do not understand, 3 billion,  
I advise you to think of madness for the time remaining.

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