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 obscured 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 destructed poppies holding the amigos together in the gymnasium: All friends of Aknahtone, 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,
and 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...

(t heir 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;
to give attitude
to your love-slanderings of the oddball president
and the body
illumined by the world of Zairhu contained
within a fuck's vast armada,
   gunned by a harp on fire with one string.
Was that what you meant?
last night
as I hid in my shoe
   (I could not extend my love so brief
   a distance)
undistinguishable from the eye-doll and gallery--
Though now we touch far apart through the absinthe margins
of Detroit,
on the Matter-hill,
antennae
lounging beside the platinum oak--

Lust
without provocation
become the place of lust
contrived the breeding of rivers in the space of a fish;
and white objects appeared;
the ant-lions were gazing at a bone
and the planarians skipped like balls under
the aerodynamic rock;
the mind could no longer protect its beautiful thing;
and when the hunter sang his coat as a jewel
in the forest lit by the shapes of animals,
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.

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. 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...........

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 gilt 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.