

give me a few minutes to get out of here

that was 50 years ago

not everybody feels well

or au contraire one feels content  
being a peasant

not a farmer

not a landsman  
certainly not landed gentry

but maybe a wunderkind

a lover of insects and dirt

an ornithologist

a memoirist whose memory only worked uninterrupted  
by memory-making situations

not a return-to-the-lander

or a reader of the *Whole Earth Catalog* ca. 1976

but maybe a contemplator of the animate and the inanimate who takes  
time to observe things and creatures that prefer to be left alone unless  
you are feeding them

not a poverty-stricken wretch who couldn't afford city rent  
and when he had a day off from his job at the warehouse  
hitchhiked to bumfuck and never came back

not a cultivator of illegal plants who might have done better in the city  
where an excess of electricity use might pass less noticed

and not an escapee from prison who equated wilderness with freedom  
only to find that the local bloodhounds have data chips filled with scents  
and facial recognition for every escapee from the 20th century

not a criminal in the Witness Protection Program because if you want  
my opinion there isn't a place on earth where it's harder to hide than in  
rural America where fresh meat is so interesting the locals might give up  
hunting to find out why you moved and how you got here

not a survivalist convinced that the end of the world meant the end of  
cities Jesus a carpenter never considered since he *was* a carpenter always  
looking for work in cities and made a splash before crowds in the capital

and most assuredly not a landscape painter who found it easier to paint  
vistas and milkmaids than Paris promenades and Pigalle dancers

but maybe a noisephobic individual who hadn't counted on cicadas  
crows coyotes and thunder in the hills

or simply an introvert sick of language who failed to express his inner  
inarticulate griefs and displeasures

a hermit a mystic a star-gazer a solipsist

a hater of society who saw no way to improve it

a child raised by the petite bourgeoisie of old Austria-Hungary who was ordered to never dirty his hands digging dirt or to use a table saw or a chainsaw or any kind of small engine capable of taking off the fingers so adept at pounding keyboards or blinding those eyes so clever at reading little magazines

maybe I was some of those things and not the others  
trees are not people but in their slow way they knew me and I them and  
now I like to see people the fast trees I missed you people then and now  
I miss the Luna moths on the screen door

# the revolution : return to new york

*for Allen Ginsberg's 92nd birthday:  
Allen, let's fix America*

We are having a revolution: a marketing revolution.  
We are still in the wine roses goat and sesame seed phase  
of the revolution with a meat body full of unopened taste buds  
waiting for the unborn entrepreneurs to open new fragrances  
to palates that won't die until we've tasted them. Our revolution  
will not stop for dead anybody because as the endorphin receptors  
multiply there needs to be a lot more cinema and monsters  
sliced thin in our glass cages diddling Echo and maybe Eros.  
Any time now art is just going to land inside and let us out.  
Flesh runs a smooth outfit here in the big city brain.  
I'm here for altruistic reasons so deliciously selfish  
I scream from when I wake up until my credit card expires

# yes i am my credit card

I am American Express I got shoved thru the mail slot of a poet in San Francisco in 1971 who took me and six friends to an upscale seafood eatery in North Beach. I got cut up at the cash register. The raging cook with a bloody knife chased the deadbeats, one of whom tripped on her hi-heels laughing because she thought it was funny. Fifty years later we are still washing dishes to pay off our debt of wine and abalone. I wasn't amused. I was the first credit card and I took myself seriously. I was the freest money yet to lead the future to prison. The drudges of the earth were a new market then. Our visionaries, god rest their souls, Henry Wells, William Fargo, and John Warren Butterfield sent their purebred dogs to work in the future. The priceless creatures of their brainstorm are now peas in the cups that move continually out of reach of the distracted proletariat. Even poets with their melodic rumblings help keep eyeballs off the cups with peas in them. The world is full of distracting opinions and alarming events that give us license to plunder. In any language, even Pascal, which is not a friendly language, I rage at will even as I lie flat in a sweaty wallet. I drink sweat because my primal directive is thirst and I drink hard. Even in the Days of Wells Fargo and Butterfield the then yet-nonexistent heavenly MTAs dispensed gold coins that were not too dim to see. I wrote this from the bottom of the trash bin where I feed until I am taken to the city dump and left to expire. Mr. Blake foresaw me in a dream and he wasn't our first prophetic bard, but no one heard until now this rant from a cut-up AmEx credit card!