MARILYN MONROE, TODAY THOU HAST PASSED
THE DARK BARRIER
— diving in a swirl of golden hair.
I hope you have entered a sacred paradise for full
warm bodies, full lips, full hips, and laughing eyes!
AHH GHROOOR. ROOOHR. NOH THAT OHH!
OOOH
Farewell perfect mammal.
Fare thee well from thy silken couch and dark day!
AHH GRHHROOOR! AHH ROOOOH. GARR
nah ooth eze farewell. Moor droon fahra rahoor
rahoor, rahoor. Thee ahh-oh oh thahrr
noh grooh rahrr.

(August 6, 1962)

HAHR ROH NORR THAR RAH GRAHG
ahh thee doohr. Ah wee no thap kran moor
coffee, the fogs arise, drift, frah, nooh too oh
broo noor grahh. Nooh weep be my skroll thah
thy oh neen ooh marr dahoww tha neet
drips teerz ah me zahd. Thee, oh, my Dahoor
breth. AIEOOO AIEEEEE YEEORR
GRAHHH!!
RAGOOOR! GARR! GRAHHH
Blissfulness hidden by no veils and not there.
But here, ragooooor, oh my bleesh.
THAH OHH OOOOH ME
my ooh mee ole tree meed.
SILENCE THE EYES! BECALM THE SENSES!

Drive drooor from the fresh repugnance, thou whole, thou feeling creature. Live not for others but affect thyself from thy enhanced interior — believing what thou carry. Thy trillionic multitude of grahh, vhooshes, and silences. Oh you are heavier and dimmer than you knew and more solid and full of pleasure.


Gahr thy roooh gaharr eem thah noolt eeeze be me aiee grahorr im lowvell thee thy lips and hair are stunning field byorr ayohh mah ahn teerz.

Ghroo ahn the green-blakh trees are tall ahn brooding in the dark gray-pink wet mist of night. All is flashes of silver upon damp black by scrool in theer.

THEE, THEE, THEE

mahk floooors pore reeer, thah noose eem rakd.

GAHARRRRR GAYRR RRAH MEEN LOOVEEE.

And all physicality is poesy to demanding flesh.

______________________________

Ring tailed cat.
Close Arcturus.

Heavenly visions of gentle rats with pink noses.
I LOVE TO THINK OF THE RED PURPLE ROSE
IN THE DARKNESS COOLED BY THE NIGHT.
We are served by machines making satins
of sounds.
Each blot of sound is a bud or a stahr.
Body eats bouquets of the ear's vista.
Gahhhrrr boody eers noze eyes deem thou.
NOH. NAH-OHH
hrooor. VOOOR-NAH ! GAHROOOOOO ME.
Nah droooool search. NAH THEE !
The machines are too dull when we
are lion-poems that move & breathe.
WHAN WE GROOOOOOOOOOOOOOR
hann dree myketoth sharoo sreee thah noh deeeeeemed ez.
Whan eeeethooze hroohh.

WHAHN WE NROH HEEER AHN THEE
thah thow me. Deep stock roohr im furnooze meat
ahn grahoooor een seelanze viola sreee shareeee.
AH THEE LOVE TOW THOU
oor roon deerp hor note ah me myorr.
Plahn. Plahn. Thooreeee dooorthone.
Pluhn. Pluhn. Thooreeeeee nrosh tooo
oor tow. Thri thrash hah ! Meebresh mebreth hyaai.
Oooothoon droobresh metheeee. Here
down deep-over and above
thy heart's ache !
Plahn. Plahn drooouoo. Dowr mreethreeee.
Where the unspoken voice speaks before the teerze deerp.
Thy message my be.

(written during
Schubert's Amadeus Quartet)