



DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF BEAT POET, BOB KAUFMAN

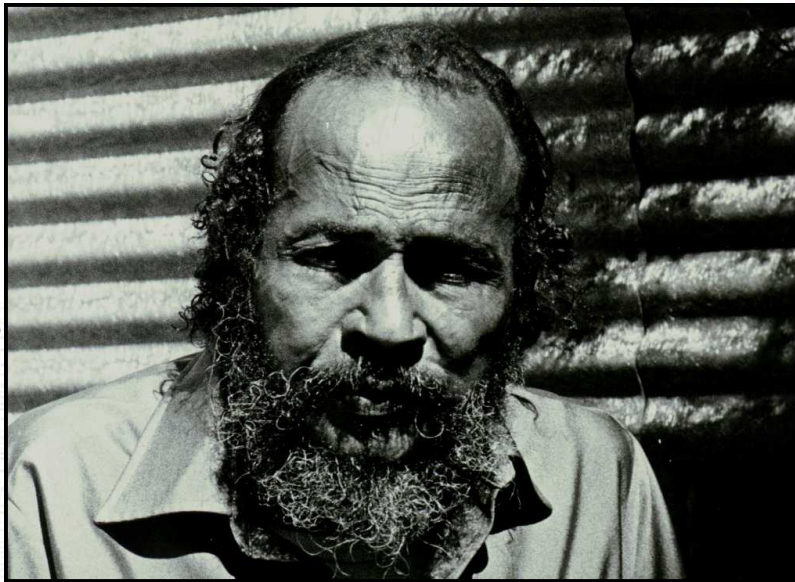


Photo © Michelle Murin Holeyra

Bob Kaufman, November 21, 1985

forget to not

Remember, poet, while gallivanting across the sky,
Skylarking, shouting, calling names ... Walk softly.

Your footprint on rain clouds is visible to naked eyes,
Lamps barnacled to your feet refract the mirrored air.

Exotic scents of your hidden vision fly in the face of time.

Remember not to forget the dying colors of yesterday
As you inhale tomorrow's hot dream, blown from frozen lips.

Remember, you naked agent of every nothing.

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BEATITUDE POETRY was . . .

.... founded in 1959 by: Kaufman, Margolis, Ginsberg,
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"A weekly miscellany of poetry and other jazz designed to extol beauty and promote the beatific or poetic life among the various mendicants, neo-existentialists, christs, poets, painters, musicians and other inhabitants of North Beach, San Francisco, California, United States of North America."

BEATITUDE POETRY.com is . . .

... the next level in the Beatitude Tradition. An ongoing, underground movement cruising the cyber-space with "a miscellany of poetry and other jazz designed to extol beauty and promote the beatific poetic life among the various mendicants, neo-existentialists, christs, poets, painters, musicians and other inhabitants of" our planet ...

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DRAGGING THE POET

from THE PRISONERS OF NEPTUNE's BAR.

DRAGGING THE POET

Dragging the poet
through the leaves
underneath the grey skies
Past and present stewing
into a now of drunken truth.
The lyric sounds of brushing leaves
across the foot
a thread of gentleness
dragging the poet through the grey skies
through the screaming voices
screaming trucks
the logic of the buck
the logic of the construct
the logic of acquisition
the logic of

Dragging the poet
through the premeditation of cunning.
through the nose past
with voices of assertion
not yet burned by sojourn
to the pools of innocence
surrounding the simplicity of emptiness
dragging the poet through the prose
and steel trapped mathematics of
counting money
counting stars
in the certainty of the mandala
counting mind breaths
on the slide

or leap
into no thing.
calmness
dragging the poet
into non existence
so the poet may surface once more
to drag along
through the screaming
lies of pain
through deceptions
and illusions born of the search
for place and love
past the distorted silence
of urban propriety
the silence of inane television
slipping through the walls
from 9 to 5 relaxation boom boxes
vibrating from hurriedly parked cars
adjacent to ever increasing
hum of not to distant freeways
intermittent railroad rattle
courtyard conversations
backwindow thumps
exercising dogs
moderately buffeted
by walls of isolation
as I light an incense stick
to perfume the gods before
the internal confrontation
with pain, chatter, void or ecstasy
in the corridors of the nirvana local
of the steam engine of my life.
White noise alternatives of radio
television, talking to myself,
painting
inappropriate to the volume
of my intensity
the civility of my character
the quiet of my pursuit
the savagery of my passion
as I enter the bar of ribald loudness
drunk with abandon
as the muse falls downward

like the autumn leaves of wind and rain
out my window.
The sacred noise drowning the petty silence
loud enough
silent enough
for the drunken truth
that can not be challenged
in the revelry of the well of rapid interaction
The unceasing dance of Shiva
unthinking and automatic
in the market place of dreams
beyond the boundaries of home
The poet dragging himself
beyond the certainty
security
control
beyond the I Ching of family
beyond the politics of family
into the river of equality
or at least personal power.



Michelle Maria Boleyn - USA

TREES OF GLASS

Marginal and distracted, the anger comes riding.
A howl, non-furtive any longer - the echoes of past
sits on everything like pepper.
I have to sneeze out the stars and the firmament
into this ink filled sea of paper and words;
small, mute, bell ringing anger comes howling
through the limbs, the crystal limbed trees,
the transparent forest.

Liberation. Walk right on through.
We own everything, always did. Invention. Sin.
No longer enchanted, any of us.
But we can't get out. Just walk right on through.

Rediscover the song of holes - small holes, medium
ones, wide and cavernous holes with tentacles,
holes with crystal sides, reflecting. Diamond holes,
amber holes, turquoise holes, holes with leaves and
plankton, moon and stars and promises.

Sing the hole song, the song of entry,
the song into escape into where it's at, really.
The song of liberated space where holes exist.
Black holes, purple holes, yellow ones, they all live
in the transparent, crystal limbed forest.

There is a tiger in this forest that comes in
like thunder
between reality and dreaming,
the something else tiger
who eats salt crystal spaces
and provides us with fodder.

There is a transparent forest in the road,
on the sidewalk, in newspaper's yellowing pages,
in windows and eyes, stones and seaweed,
light against dark. Spring wine.

There is a transparent forest that lives
in colored paper blown by the wind,
faded by the sun, waiting like fire for you to notice
its small, temporary existence.

This is where the holes are,
the ones that will save us when we all need bread,
when the painter can't paint
and the singer can't sing. It is the lizard's eyes
and the wind dance that will win in the end.
The wolf who hides from our anger now
will come back with a vengeance to celebrate
with the ant and the flea, pomegranates and plums,
parading their nakedness in the crystal limbed forest.

Blue and red holes in a firmament,
always a part of the song.



© Patrick E. Clark - USA

PAST TO BE

LITERATING RHYTHMS
BACK ON MY PACK
PERCOLATING SEA BIRDS
SOCK ON MY TACK
SALIVATING PICTURE
DANCE ON THE BRAKE
CELEBRATING BACKSPIN
CEREBRAL INTAKE
CLOWNING DOWN THE MOURNING
SIMPLE TO THREE
EVERLASTING MENTION
ABSOLUTELY!
SOFA DREAMING BACKTALK
SHEAR ASPIRATE
TAKE IT ON THE HARPOON
A CHAIR UNDERRATE
LIGHT THE LAMP A HAIRDO
BRING IN THE BASE
SERENADE THE KEEPER
A ROSE ON THE FACE
DOORWAY INTUITION
SANITY SPRING
UP THE SPIRAL FASHION
A RAINBOW TO SING



© Richard M. Gross - USA

Friends

Image of self
Without mirrors.
Reflection of worth
Among peers.
True friends -
Tempest or calm.
Always continuous
Riding high, begging alms.
Two decades' tumult.
The family's revolt.
Single, married, menage a trois,
Hurt feelings will mend,
Who remains? Your friend.
Roots flexible yet firm,
Time to comfort
Sometimes to spurn
Weeping willow
Stern Boston fern
World ever-changing
Some commitment we yearn.
So face each other.
Directions the same
Lover, sister, brother,
Only different in name.
Kinship and friendship
Are all that remain.



© Howard Hart - USA

untitled

I who have seen death pass slowly
 over the stone of enchantment
See rivers now
See rising stars out of the embankment
Heading for anyone who desires fruition
The throes of danger seem to be abated
Passing with the clouds of indifference
Toward an octopus turned loving turned good
I walk backward here seeing life with all my might
But on the horizon a woman bends as if made of arrow-weave
Bobbing not at all but now standing as a stone lock
For all to see and talk about
Returning while standing to wherever she wishes to



© Bob Kaufman - USA

War Memoir:
JAZZ, DON'T LISTEN TO IT AT YOUR OWN RISK

North Beach 1950's/60's - Published in THE ANCIENT RAIN,
New Directions Publishers NYC 1989

In the beginning, in the wet
Warm dark place,
Straining to break out, clawing at strange cables
Hearing her screams, laughing
"Later we forgot ourselves, we didn't know"
Some secret jazz
Shouted, wait, don't go.
Impatient, we came running, innocent
Laughing blobs
of blood and faith.
To this mother, father world
Where laughter seems out of place
So we learned to cry, pleased
They pronounced human.
The secret jazz blew a sigh
Some familiar sound shouted wait
Some are evil, some will hate.
"Just Jazz, blowing its top again"
So we rushed and laughed.
As we pushed and grabbed
While Jazz blew in the night
Suddenly we were too busy to hear a sound
We were busy shoving mud in men's mouths,
Who were busy dying on living ground
Busy earning medals, for killing children on deserted
streetcorners
Occupying their fathers, raping their mothers, busy humans
were
busy burning Japanese in atomiccolorcinescope
With stereophonic screams,
What one-hundred-percent red-blooded savage would waste
precious time
Listening to Jazz, with so many important things going on
But even the fittest murderers must rest

So we sat down on our blood-soaked garments,
And listened to Jazz
 lost, steeped in all our dreams
We were shocked at the sound of life, long gone from our own
We were indignant at the whistling, thinking, singing, beating,
 swinging
Living sound, which mocked us, but let us feel sweet life again
We wept for it, hugged it, kissed it, loved it, joined it, we
 drank it.
Smoked it, ate with it, slept with it
We made our girls wear it for lovemaking
Instead of silly lace gowns,
Now in those terrible moments, when the dark memories come
The secret moments to which we admit no one
When guiltily we crawl back in time, reaching away from
 ourselves
We hear a familiar sound,
Jazz, scratching, digging, bluing, swinging jazz,
And we listen
And we feel
And live.



© John Knoll - USA

INVISIBLE MUSICS

I've seen black music pass slowly
over the Castle of Daily Chores
See red mountains now
Sangre de Cristo
Stars rising out of invisible musics
Arriving nowhere for everyone
I step backwards from a mirrorsee upsidedown
trees
Three desert vultures crowd into the Blessed
Sacrament turned fleshturned snow
Disappearing radioactive Pajarito
Plateau
White music
turned snow



© John Macker - USA

New Mexico Is The Desert Planet - For Annie

Out the window a roadrunner creeps
by my sleeping dog, sees its shadow
& declares six more weeks of
Chinese New Year. It is the Year
Of The Snake & there are so many worlds
in me because when I hold you I remember
most everything:
Euripides by heart
the population of Timbuktu
the odor of the apocalypse
Corso was as much a trickster as coyote
New Mexico is the desert planet & how
much rain blew in off the Irish Sea the day
St. Patrick chased the snakes away.
When you hold me I'm a gangster
without portfolio
all of my winds hiss & I use them to
measure the years in us
the number of wild things in us
by their shadows,
touch
& sound



© MARLOWE - USA

POE-TREE MO. OUGHT 2

I come from the bank--Post and Powell--
balancing my booty, my bounty on my hip and
snatched by the window of Border's Books--
oh yes it's poetry month I forgot--
peruse display of this and that and that,
Complete Collected Alice Walker,
Sylvia Plath, Wyston Auden--

And what is this exed out and muddled typescript?
'Out of the rhetoric and secret cackle
of poor human poetry'
with xxxxx and scattered excisions,
'the moral imagination of the weird something
something edit soul of poetry
good to eat a thousand years.'

My god the actual once-blank piece of paper
pounded out by young Allen on a dinosaur
on the 1950's cigarette-burned kitchen table
of some speed-crazed dawn-dreary N.Y. garret,
night fighting through to day in the filthy windows,
bodies scattered round on the bottle-strewn floor--
I do not HOWL but laugh out loud weeping to see it.



© Craig Moore - USA

Night of Saxophones (1)

for Bobby Kaufman

His name was carved outside
in the cement, permanent eighty-six

he appeared out of nowhere
I knew his old Beat friend, Harry
poet of poets, Bobby black Rimbaud

his disappearing words, appeared
out of thin air their nuance talked
that way of talking, without saying
anything, he gesticulated the essence

that said so much more than the words
themselves, their silent resonance
floated on the thick air, said so much more

and hung their voodoo like jazz glyphs
on black night, the smoky atmosphere
of his tricky transcendence, his Buddha eye

Harry Monroe and Bob Kaufman kicked the gong
around, downed a lot of vermouth torpedoes
Bob did a sort of drunken war dance hop
like part ghost dance part bebop shuffle
I swear he winked at me in the jazzy alley
between Vesuvios and City lights, I swear
he spun around and almost fell on the concrete
discreet as was his want to do, and there
he was like a wild black Jewish indian with an
elfin grin, his poet's eyes sparkling and
laughing at some mysterious joke, I swear he
seemed to vanish and reappear in his tipsy jig

I use to see him bopping down by Broadway dig?



Uche Nduka - Nigeria

1

Limbs of glass,
tight-fit pantomimery,
barely regal.

skidmarks of lost men.

poetman in poetnook,
i know where the loot is hidden.

i'm like a smile
that needs to spread.
i'm like a girl
that needs to be danced.



Piney Poobah - USA

ONCE

Once I knew a man named Bobby
Once I had a friend called Chuck
Once I had a truk named the lazy s.o.b
Once I had a time called luck
Once I was a handsome feller
Once I had a mouth full a teeth
Once I had more hair on the top of my head
Once I could a whistled in the breeze
Once I knew how to keep my pants up
Once I had a girl called Pete
Once I had a dollar I could call my own
Once I had a room with heat



Dorin POPA - Romania

YOUR PROFOUND LOST LOOK

Your failures show me
the perfection that you will
always be
I am a boat, the skin of a nut
on the ocean of your
panting agitated breath
and you, hardly knowing that I exist
unconsciously command me
what I should dream, what I should smell
what I should not touch
your profound lost look
is the path on which
I meekly step
with trust
your deep look in tears
is the most precious reality
this sorrowful October end
your look wandering
about all the places, suddenly
turned my face away from the picture
of the decaying world
and your delicate heartbreaking steps
seem to write a new history
your failures show me
the perfection you will always be



© Mary Rudge - USA

Change of Worlds

(Chief Seattle's speech to Isaac Stevens, Governor of
Washington Territory, 1854
..."there is no death, only a change of worlds.")

It is our turn, tangled in tendrils together,
hair and grass alike, to be layers on this earth.
Around, above us, concentric circles of
insects, revolving patterns of wind,
are in the world's slow circle, turning.
Who will first rise to go-know if to go is to rise
or... be lowered to roots, felt under surface of skin.
We have not seen the other side of the grass.
"Where has she gone?" they will ask
....."She was here
in this circle with us on the earth
with the grass stem's juice on her tongue."
She is in the circling of the bee ..and in
the circular current of wind-the same
and not the same...as the wind of last September.



© Tony Seldin - USA

Shaman at the Door of the Forest

When the sky falls in a river of tears
Illuminations of forest who
Breathe wind possessed by fires of another century
Shamans giving the dance
of winds who have torn their leaves of blood
dust to prophets who share
a river of stars
Souls of wolves opening the door of all forests
who have revealed light
owls wearing masks of silver
Black river of mythology
Lost souls who dream on rivers edge
Rivers of lost voices
the wind and mountains awaken
the shaman who turns fire into symbols of
sky and earth
Forming life and fear and
love and desire
of the last mountain
the earth turning colors
Wolves circle a dance of the wind
the dance of the wind for a shaman who
stands holding light and fire by the edge of all forests



© Bruce Winslow

ASLEEP or The River of Denial

I am asleep.
Most of us are dreaming, awake.
Do you ever devise huge
ego defenses, protecting, perpetuating
a Denial System the size of the Nile River in Egypt?
But DENIAL is certainly NOT just a river in Egypt!
Not by a long shot.
It invades the very tendrils of our being,
And is the biggest lie
one can make
to oneself.

Denial of what?
Denial of our Dark Side...
Denial of our humanity
Denial of our foibles, blindness, obsessions,
Living out a script written by the sage guardians and purveyors
of public morality
and "standards" ...
In the mad, mad rush to be the best I can be,
Have I really traveled on the road to Self-Knowledge?
-Truly the Road less traveled -
In the obsessive/compulsive/neurotic/maniacal rush
To get the promotion
To get the Dream Boat
To get the rights
To get, GET, GET!!!

I see people rushing, rushing, rushing blindly, asleep...
But they think they are going somewhere,
But only in a spatial, or temporal sense.
chained in material bondage to possessions, Possessions,
Possessions.
Upward mobility, "making it," what is the point?
The hypnotic, all-pervasive power of the Media, certainly
including this one:
The Internet.

The denial implied in the triumph of "Enlightened Self-Interest".
I have compassion for humanity,
Even though, let it not be denied, man is by far the most
dangerous animal on earth.
I pose the question: Does The Race of Man deserve to continue?

And, in any case, do I really want what I get?
And do we really know what we want?
"The Infinite Lightness of Being"
Like dandelions on the lawn, on a sunny, breezy morning in March,
so is our Life,
borrowed Time.
And can you fathom (do you WANT to fathom) what your very, very, very
Last thought on earth will be? During the very last second of your Life?
When the final aria is sung,
When the last brush strokes have dried on the canvas of Life,
Will I still be wondering, as I often did in the darker, silent moments:
Is This all there is?
Because if, as the song says, This is all there is,
"Let's keep dancing, let's break out the...and have a ball"
I want to wake up before my little life "is rounded with a sleep"
Why drown in the River of Denial?
Let's truly LIVE!! and truly LOVE!!
Let's keep dancing, dancing, dancing....



© Andrena Zawinski

STUCK INSIDE

I want to write about a balmy night, the sky a sweep of clouds, crows diving into pines, the feathers of light a gibbous moon flings low, but I am stuck inside in Pittsburgh, eavesdropping over diner coffee from a barstool in a donut shop, this time over the shoulder of that cantankerous harpy who occupies my old house, the place from which my dreams were launched, and from where she boasts she has hooked up an extra washer, is taking in laundry, will not pay the water bills or the rent, and just won't move.

I want to take you with me on a sunny walk alongshore day lilies, droopy-headed dropping blossoms in rows tidy as a run of sailboats slipping by the San Francisco skyline, neat as kites, easy and steady on the smooth bay breeze, a moment's elixir. But back in Pittsburgh, there are storms driving me in to where I watch my gypsy father stumble drunk with wanderlust and burning with the fire of cognac, staring from our kitchen window at that frayed clothesline flagged with bedding above a backyard choked by a flood of dandelions and doldrums.

I want to hold you to me in this poem like huckleberry and fern do the mossy trout stream bank, eucalyptus perfuming the air whipping the coastal highway, berms puddled in dewy light. But I am crouched inside a dark corner of somewhere I left behind, my neighbor's voice rumbling in on a consonant strung tongue of her Old Country, recounting how she hid with her mother from soldiers in a grain pipe on some abandoned farm back when the earth shook as bombs fell in whistles and booms from above and behind.

I want to wend you with these words through this shape-shifting landscape past a cypress windbreak at the next turn, give you a nosegay blushed pink by seaside daisies at the water's edge. But back in Pittsburgh, a flurry of noisy nightbirds is breaking loose again on orthodox church bell peals, the hillside an echo of women singing at the untended grave of my mother, the pinwheel I propped there for a new year faded by spring light, its leaves heavy with the weight of coins I pasted on, pennies I found tossed in my path by some gods of good fortune.

Back in Pittsburgh, I get stuck inside, alone and on my back again
in bed growing claws and bird wings to take me where I have come
to be, no longer dreaming windmill farms I now pass by, their petals
spinning celebrants of air on a palette of sky. But in Pittsburgh,
there is always an explosion of light back in that amusement park
where I met a mechanical fortune teller queen in a penny arcade,
who, each time I looked for a way out, slid her card predictably
down the shoot to me, and with all the words I ever needed for this:
good luck, good luck.

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to be published in the Beatitude Broadside.
All poems subject to review for publication.
