IN 1935 WHEN THINGS GOT TOUGH

“The nature of the enemy is
the ritual they sell…….”
Carol Berge

The door is open
braced
by a bare wall.
Morning message
sunlit issued.
Dirt
condensed window
broke open inch high
wide and deep.
The white wall
bears perfect
witness: 10 inch
circumference.
A DOOR IS OPEN.

An immense stairway, infinite
and accessible.
One placid and breathless
contact of pavement.

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THEY SANG AND DANCED A LOT.

Footlight Parade
  beneath the kicking legs
of Deus Ex Machina beauties.
  Women of the pretense postcard
behind an impenetrable country
  where nothing from the outside
can get in, nothing
  that can penetrate
into the heart of that peace: its
beautiful airy night and starless
sky.
Not even the childish idiots who
  buy it all
who inquire about the hill next door
  while
the sudsing alliances cascade
  over the kitchen sink.
Then, Oh boy, that bounce
  which explodes consciousness
  to kingdom-come.
And gone, the spiral-hearted sweethearts, the
  banana fringe
  calling for sale, to buy
the best the big-nosed eye has got; to
  better the soul with
  clean image.
Leave it to the neighborly nexus
  to suck it all back, to begin
the bargain from scratch. The Gross Naturale
  figuring the percentage, fingering
  the count with ritual.

The circle grows larger
  out into the street, sidewalks
of inexhaustible content which hold in it
  infinite rays of light and swallow
all the multiplicities there are
  in the world.
Men of the sidewalk moved by mistake, a Mecca
rough-tough
doing the fantasy, rat-a-tat tyrants
specializing in the push and shove
mugging the market
with brass knuckle metaphysics.
The wind picks their face.
They lurch into the winestink
of fellow travellers, addictive
tellers to the time-toting scheme
of have-nots; someone
whose mercy is a window stump, scarcity
psychosis
dribbling from the mouth.
MISSION STATION, THE TRUE CHURCH.
BEHOLD, JESUS
COMING QUICKLY.

And the passersby who run for it, the
next door neuters, the motorcycle
minions, the spare change idolaters, the
punks for peace, the downtown leeches
who stand on corners and leer; the ones
who have no names.
They all grab for space, from
the nearest dirty sidewalk away
from splashdown.

It splatters
and sends them all reeling.
Except these men moved by mistake
continue on, suddenly turn, settle
their position Northeast corner and
shed their movement.

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A DOOR IS OPEN

THERE IS NO VOICE.
THERE IS NO IMAGE
THERE IS NO VISION

ALLEN KATZMAN