DREAM TRIP

So I am in Morocco with Paul Bowles
I have just arrived
and he gives me a set of Arab clothes
We go to a ‘hanging gardens’
and he passes me his kif pipe
and when I awake there is only
a squishy waitress
in a fatima veil
Everyone gone from the dance floor
and I am without clothes ‘lost
in the Zambesi’
of her smile"
Many miles later
I find my long underwear
hung to dry on a wooden rack
A tree grows from the crotch
and It is Spring
between her breasts

lawrenceferlinghetti

from PAPA DREAM BOOK (1961)