

Angkor Wat

Angkor—on top of the terrace
in a stone nook in the rain
Avalokitesvara faces everywhere
high in their stoniness
in white rainmist

Slithering hitherward paranoia
Banyans trailing
high muscled tree crawled
over the roof its big
long snaky toes spread
down the lintel's red
cradle-root
elephantine bigness

Buddha I take my refuge
bowing in the black bower
before the openhanded lotus-man
sat crosslegged
and riding in the rain in the
anxious motorcycle putting
in the wetness my shirt
covered with green plastic
apron shivering
and throat choking
with upsurge
of stroke fear
cancer Bubonic
heart failure
bitter stomach juices
a wart growing on my rib
Objection! This can't be
Me!

What happens to me when I get high
The echo of Sitaram, Sitaram Hindu
fears—eat no meat or vomit
the body—warnings in dream bearded
Das Thakur—obsessed

with meat, smoking, ganja
sex, cannibal spies, Propagation
of this Skin, thin
vegetable soups, they was
all Chinese eating pigs, was seven
slanteyes watching me drink tea
till I saluted the Buddha-baby in
the cloth flowered pram
sucking its chubby plum
Music from Walt Disney hearts and roses
sweet violins—
yellow skins landing on the green
vegetable planet—
seven children with identical haircuts
very polite, saluting
clasped hand bow—
the Fear ordering peas in the French
restaurant, with whole garlic
bread cheese and coffee hot

and
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b
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a to finish the bill on the table

pink

p
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k of the rain on the roof tin
below my shuttered window
in the neon light a Hotel
clean tiled room

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e
r a fan and canopied mosquito net

All well in this solitude, plenty money
for a long ride thru the forest in a
rainy afternoon with
long hair wet beard
glasses clouding—and that
nausea—passing out
of the Churning of the Ocean

asuras with teeth fangs
and fat eared Devas
with military mustaches

hanging on to the great Chain Snake
muscle sandstone railing
length of the moat-bridge to
the South Gate, Avalokitesvara's huge
many faces in opposite directions
in high space
thru which ran new black road
at the knees of greater trees, one

needed a haircut, root-hair sprouting
on branches—thru the forested
Castle grounds to pathways fallen
sandstone headless statues
Damp black bas-relief Dancing Shiva
or angel lady

The huge snake roots, the vaster
serpent arms fallen
octopus over the roof
in a square courtyard—curved
roofcombs looked Dragon-back-stone-scaled
As frail as stone is, this harder wooden
life crushing them

with the cricket-glare and parrot
squad walking across the roof
—last nite full moon in misted heaven
and slow girl dance bent elbow and inspring
fingers snaking it thru the middle—

I am afraid where I am
“I am inert” ... “I’m just doing my
Professional duty” ... “I’m scheming
murders” ... “I’m chasing a story”
I’m not going to eat meat anymore
I’m taking refuge in the Buddha Dharma Sangha
Hare Krishna Hare Krishna
Krishna Krishna Hare Hare
Hare Rama Hare Rama
Rama Rama Hare Hare

who how satisfying in the ocean night
as the exit of laughing gas,
or the thrice-real moment of hashish
or the “ordering men about, playing god,
without drugs”

american husbands in sportshirts with clear,
bright eyes and legs spread in
the velocipedomotor bripping
on holiday from US Army Saigon
streets hotels I hitched
get polite when you’s a hiker
“I going to take *both* sides”

You have no right being a Hitler repeating that
Abhaya mudra reassurance
Palm out flat, patting the airhide
of earth—

Nothing but a false Buddha afraid of
my own annihilation, Leroi Moi—
afraid to fail you yet terror those Men

their tiger pictures and uniforms
dream to see that Kerouac tiger too—
Helikopter to— Sh, spies with telescopes
for seeing the bullets that shoot—

Leroi I been done you wrong
I'm just an old Uncle Tom in disguise all along
afraid of physical tanks.
and those buzzing headphones in my skull.
and many a butterfly committed suicide
its wings to the motheaten flame—
Agh! I vomited in fear of the forest of ganja meats—
Eternal Death silliness—Cowards die many times
Not even afraid to be a Coward—Ashamed only by
metal voices declaring war on Darkness

I seen plenty corpses but not them living wound-flowers
healing split open “mouths” as you see the
War Correspondent who wanted to Bash China
Even I wound up with his Titoist anxieties

Whatever happened to Jeannie Frigididia
Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy
radio 20 years behind Cambodia
Sounds like love is so sweet springtime
all in my head going down worried
about changing 100 Reales of meat
Whatever you think happened to
Jeannie Frigididia?
Whatyathink happen to the Frigididy girl?
You think she'll be in the Ille Frigididy news?
Is the Frigididy Universe gonna be awakened?
Is Leary my laughter?

Plus ça change tonight from 6 P.M.
wet handed by meat sex
drank tea, drank carrot-potato thin soup
bread cheese coffee peas pies coffee
pineapple soda
walked on the rainy. run out of ink

market

To write a letter to President Norodom Sihanouk
to live in the flower-jazz palace at Phnom Penh
Kingly neutrality enter China for U.P
from Hong Kong
write to Eisenhower, politely inquiring
get China off the hook
war of races not Marxism in

Viet Nam Pres. Diem's Queer picture
—a spy in the chinese soup
on the restaurant bench—I being also a
spy for the Left Consuling

“Geez that's a great job yr doing fellers
keep it up”

I wish I could fly o'er the leaves of the jungle and not
get killed see the bamboo stakes
piercing the foot of the beefy Marine?
or the bodies Viet Cong piled on the tank
Vietnamese bosses at Ap Bac battle lost whodunit?
President's messages back and forth in French and Charming
Ike give OK retreat from pregnant belly
of S.E. Asia,
Antichinese riots Indonesia—out of the papers—
not seen *Newsweek* a week or the *Times*

Monsoon riding thru the forest gate faces
Creepers silence on Ta-Phrom temple halls
narrow stone walk under sleeping trees—
rain on Ta-Keo pyramid—perfect faces
smiling ladies' fiery headdresses in Thommanom
till passing the soda stand in forest arbor
ganja cigarette rolled in Terrasse Supérieur
rooftower by Ikon
of Buddha touching Earth
the burnt out incense sticks in the tipped can
I straightened and shoes off bowed

As I rode thru the forest Hari Hindoo and Lord of Mercy
struggled like Asur-Devas
with my mind-snake drifting
motorized under the trees—that
long road with a dip and slow strange
rise into the arch of the four-headed
Smile—gate to the old park
of Khmer palaces—ancient morphine
in a room—Garuda bebeaked and wing-sphinxed—

The many Sphinx-heads with ears on the towers
Looking around the country seventeen, cheek on eye,
Bewildered in a hurry in the rain to make
this City conquered by Chams (upriver
burning the wooden city) of
Stone to last in forest
Even that permanence warped cleaned
in the Alice in Wonderland giant garden
of Ta-Phrom—followed

by the young guardian with a caterpillar
like green frond in his hair
—he shrank back a second when I went to
touch his crown

And I'm following them naked to the waist
chinese smooth limbed workmen or darker
Cambodian cyclist Prisoners cutting the grass
by the Grand Hotel's

cool waiting room with bar and USIS handout
news-casts only Journals except
for the State Paper reprinting the Prince
King's questionless speech to
Journalists itching with neon—

So many grounds to cover the terrors of the day
All got to do with snakes and only one shy
tail, I saw disappearing behind a

rock, slow banded worm—the smiles
of Avalokitesvara with his big mouth like
Cambodian Pork Chops—the boys
and why do I not even faintly desire those
black silk girls in the alley of this
clean new tourist city?—
Ah those Deva faces on the walls of Thommanom!
Clean eyebrows and smiles of Lady Yore
Ever Naomi in my ear—a sad case of refusing to
grow up give birth to die—

I am Coward in every direction—Coughing
in the motorcycle trailer seat but
the beautiful forest hath its rain to
drown my noises—

Home to the Needle, further violation
or is this vegetable smoke and vein warmth
futile in the light of my friends Pronouncements
Maybe Gary'll have the answer! Maybe Jack have
the Answer? Will the Army answer me,

or will a clang of bells herald the God Creeley
To whom I sent postcards of the cold stonebrows—
in the green—on the spot

“Blind white mossed gray carved
blocks of stone noses smiling
thin lips
green mossy fronds of giant
trees, the white drift smoke
sky

The millions of familiar
raindrops dripping in
floor rock crevasses
on the broken crown of the
gray lotus
The stone benches on the roof
Snake balustrades
Buddha's faces on the

many towers, the forest snakes
waiting in the tall trunks of
 wooden trees
Oh the beautiful pour of the rain noises
waiting below the money cyclopede
Motor driver covered with blue plastic
 Angkor
where I dreamed of trembling to
write—here again after the
hot sun, sleeping and dreaming
2 days ago—back in the wished
for rain past
 rain on my elbows

Buddha save me, what am
 I doing here
again dreamed of this
 This awful stone monument
 being in the streams
 of change or the Clouds
 in the sky—
Kneeled to the statue on
 Porch
Saranam Gochamee Catchme quick
 forced with incense—have to
 go down to the
 velocycle
 thru the bat-tower
 again, or out
 in the rain!”

As might be read for poesy by Olson
At least moves from perception to obsession
 according to waves of Me-ness
Still clinging to the Earthen straw
 My eye

Confused with this blue sky cloud drift
 “illusion” over the treetops

dwelling in my mind “frightened aging nagging flesh”
To step *out* of—? Who, Me?

Just a lot of words and propaganda
I been spreading getting scared
of my own bullshit
Except when faced with my confusion
words meat / death
mind-soup
eaten last night, greedily fried macaroni
with rare beef—all the children
scream at my long awkward hair,

On the bed as I ached and strained my
sphincter opened hoped
to get next time befucked by
a Cambodian sweet policeman
from the bicycle first day
who had Lord Buddha’s lips as on
the towers—all alike many boys—the Monks
of Lolei, smoking and eating beef,
touched my toes and my beard pulled
by the shaven kid in yellow

Nandi the bull waiting her owner in the Sun
The house crumbling and Vishnu’s arms
broken, heads off the seated
statues
bat families hanging upside down in the
door beams’ cracks—Chinese families

overrunning the earth like greeneyed children of
Science-fiction—Shall I blow
them up, Professor?—and

O Leaf of Buddha! when we get to
the green planets will we fight
the strange snaky races of—
Cancer Overpopulation

It's a pyramid of faces—Sphinx-Avalokitesvara
all mixed up, I hope Buddha's been there,
Then we'll know if his mind appeared
in all the directions of Space—

The Pope died a saint to be dissolved in
his Christ
Philip Lamantia prophesied truly, all but
Mao Tze Tung loved Pope John

Except those newspaper Catholics in Saigon
He didn't change their plans yet—
A walk, past the Saigon Market, where
There's a few brass Buddhas for
shop sale in the North Wing

Crostr the big traffic circle between the Shell
gas signs, where at nite the troop
Cops got in buses to go to Hué
Where telephones spoke blisters
to the gas students—
gathered in front of City Hall to redress
their grievances—

Surabaya Johnnie not seen Bodrabadur Temple
in Java next time round this part
of the world

All the wire services eating sweet and
sour pork and fresh cold lichee white-meat
in sugarwater—
Discussing the manly truth Gee Fellers—
Even the fat whitehaired belly boy from
Time and his Kewpiedoll wife
Could've been seen in the movies dancing
the rainy night at the border
Chinese cha-cha, Hysteria
That UP kid flown down from Vientiane
Laos fugitive Hepatitis

Scared of the Yellow Men, or the slow
Alcohol red face of the Logistics
Analyst—"I got the Eichmann syndrome"
said he newsweekly—reporters who
never committed suicide like
Hemingway had to, faced
with the fat newsman with
Seven children from
Buddenbrooks

They were living in Greece while Pound
was taking a vow of silence

"I knew too much"

but it was all a mistake,

I fled the Mekong delta, fled the 12,000
Military speaking hot dog guts on the
downtown aircooled streets,
fled the Catinat Hotel, flushed my shit
down the bathroom—

jumped in the cab suddenly, afraid
after left Xaloi temple like a

Negro disintegrated in New Orleans,
afraid to publish that or they bomb
my typesetter's woodsy Balcony
in Louisiana—

Everywhere it's the fear I got in my own
intestines—Kenyatta Prime Minister
peacefully with his fly-whisk

and maybe the Mo Mo's underground
Mao-Mao—everywhere is my own Rhodesia
for Mysterious Choose Up Sides and Die
like a "Man"

I never wanted to be a "human" being and
this is what I got—a himalayan
striped umbrella I don't use
in the jungle rain—my eyes
Lid-heavy—my mind skips

back to the overweight knapsack I carry
all these years' scribbles bound in
Ganges towels—

Down, to drink

Iced coffee with sweet evaporated milk
Chinese coffee in small glasses, but
Manger les Tripes No No—not eat
that mouthful of snake-apple

“give up desire for children”

give up—this Prophecy—

Everything drifted away in the dream
even the stone buildings of Low Library,
even the great dome of Columbia,
even the great cities of Khmer—weak
dancers at the portals of Angkor—
where I saw the praying young
head shaved peasant kneel at
the foot of the stairs on a purple
straw mat,

The cries of the boy dancers to the
deliberate slow walking drum's
triple beat—Faunlike
conscious asian steps on the
stonewalk—My cries of Sex
in bed echoed in their
lap-head grass eyes—
Motorcyclists crying together
entering the inner gates to
the huge temple left behind by other
Hindu dreamers—Kingdom
Come or Kingdom Yore—

reassurance from Buddha's
two arms, palms out
stept up to 13th Century
Sukothai feminacy
step forward—

I've read the 1910 Guidebook about them
giant trees strangling the heavy palace

one altar full of little black bugs I never saw
before,
Broken or stray Lingams left over from another
Imperial History, Goon squads with Moats,
Kingly reservoirs dried up, must've
been a big city full of wooden poles right
near here, bamboo thatchments
Chinese babies screaming at the bearded
Han traveler—Palms together
Salute I don't care I don't know



Buddha footprint repetition

Make that a dozen eggs—split em easy.
Make that pig—tied up on the running board
between iron spokes, with a sharp
wood stick set between his legs to
carry him squeaking hoarsely protesting
being man-handled to
get his throat cut for chinese
hordes—yes they eat

So much pork they'll make a butcher shop
restaurant of the whole white folks universe

which should be owned by Negroes but is
really haircut like Jews or
Indian Mounties in
Northern Canada

They been “throwing up radioactive dolphins
in their icy bays—”?

There was a great ice-floe up north I
saw holes in the sea crust, weir
cold green brine slurping up, or mist
on my fingernail—

I sat in a hammock and waited—a
big hole appeared in the English
Channel

To let the human beings thru, hordes
from Italy into White Anglia
England achange—Stonehenge who
went back that far to worship the
Sun?

Lady Mort’s wormy intestines,
always passed the basement in the Louvre
with that Knight-at-Arms on a stone
black table carried by hooded monks
big as huge children getting
stoned, tired—

It can can’t go on forever. I’m in the
Jet Set, according to my memory,
dissociated in Space from
Bangkok to Calcutta 2 hours
from Bangkok to Saigon the
old elegance of the hitch thumb
in Texas past the valley
town and the green river—

Coughing in the airplane and my ears hurt
a headache on the local slow
airboat—over the great
water, carrying the 10 tiny

Buddhas of the negligent
Mahant of Bodh Gaya—

Jumping in and out of space—soon
faster than light I'll go back to the
Graham Avenue past, and stare out the
window happily at Paul R——
passing down the 1942 Broadway—
the gothic church, the alleys and
Synagogues of Mea Shearim,

Jerusalem's hated Walls—
I couldn't get over to the Holy Side and weep
where I was supposed to by History
Laws got confused stamped
in my passport, lost in the refugee
Station at Calcutta. It
winds in and out of space and time the
physical traveler—
Returning home at last, years later as
prophesied, "Is this the way that
I'm supposed to feel?"

with my nightmare underwear downtown
in the gray haunted midnight street
foggy Vancouver was winter
then now Summer I'll see
Thru the clear air the great Northern Mountains
and aspire that lonely visible
Space-peak before entering the

Moils of New Frisco San York Orleans
Castro Bomb Shade Protest Shelter
Better write a letter warning against
the
Aswan Nile not seen
Peking's Jewelry feet not Come true
Surely I'll live to take tea in a back yard
in Kyoto and be calm!

“Make me ready—but not yet”
No I am not “ready” to die when that Choke
comes I’m afraid I’ll scream and
embarrass everybody—go out
like a coward yellow fear I done left no
Louis babies behind me Rebuke in
Those 70 year eyes and I speak of Murder
blessing him?—Alas
to be kinder except I *was* kind to the
Man on park bench after the Nite Club

who “schemed murders” as an
analyst for air forces.

They need conscience-stricken analysts, I’m
a conscious-stricken panelist on this
university show.

Forward March, guessing
which bullet which airplane which nausea
be the dreadful doomy last
begun while I’m still
conscious—I’ll go down and get a cold coffee at
Midnight

Siemréap, Cambodia, June 10, 1963