

MECCA DAMM IT

by Ken Lifshitz

1969

Belt snake American super flexible highway waving on the incredible earth more under the bus waving between one wind and earth.

Static scratched sweetness glows around a shabby radio. Beating out eternal rock and roll on that heavy eternal beat while the bus swallows another and another and another piece of the American super flexible highway.

'Thick lead sleep crowding out blurry slabs of my vision. Pushing against tired hours on cups of coffee and wanting to witness my own end just in case and the constant possibility that it is really me who is the leader.

“Jacko-- are you staying up for a while?”

“Tired? Who me? Who? Me?”

“Tired? What,

NO. 17; When—you--are-- tired, sleep--,-

Is that hard?--no.

Then I ask me to go to sleep.

Write it moron!

Write it 100 time's so you can remember when you're tie--erd slee--eep.

Face me! why--te--ness!

Cool morning sun made the grass softer, made the brown of her legs glisten just a little bit. Made--my too young self know that I was in love a mute poet. My young lady beautiful as the the day and corny laughing love is how much I needed to say it so terribly much and I--

Lonely thoughts ever crept up into her bed on bleak nervous nights.

Only, lies passing cinematic crude lies

in a worn felt movie theater with no-body on the screen

at all. (that scum leering at me).

No, Poetry soft brown lips and quiet eyes to scream

and shout and shout it and it would have made me laugh I

know and dance like a fool and hit myself and laugh so hard it hurt.

Couldn't.

If a metal voice in long

hall

Only echoes

That hard lie

and ringuzz (you)ringuzz

That you all must fight hard to

earn one moment a chance to die and die!

Turned on again slowly warming to the dry suck
of tires and, now cold wind bent into a howl, dead
foul and sticky mouths preserved in dry discomfort.
for when I am tough as leather and cool as ice,
or maybe just a museum.

And still glued to my seat -.matching this cosmic cinerama
focused into the simple and finally the revelation that
it is the highway after all and that it is only black and
white just like before.

There could be and auto wreck here,

All legs and bloody bleed all over with lights
flashing in those puddles and the siren comes
and just when it's going to burst my head it stops
"Do you have any sort of identification with you"
My teeth moron, I got the only set like this around
My two friends look stupid not like the movies at all
It's like when the rocking horse breaks it looks
funny that's why it looks funny -O god -----
I look funny too, and I laugh and cough up blood
and throat.

'Do you have any identification with you"

No, you can't move them"

"Please step back people"

"Be calm now the ambulance is coming, don't get
Hysterical"

I really didn't feel like getting hysterical, I
just felt like laughing--- or sleeping- with a calm
sleep after all these lights and senses and hard
noises, and easy sleep, at last I earned it.

But there wasn't.

And we went on once to Boston, where we were going all the time.

And you know what's exciting in Boston!--

Boston clam chowder with whole clams and I damn sure do
think that's exciting-don't you?

Ever been to Boston--Hugh asked me

I smiled and had to say no--and you're a liar if you say otherwise.

The rolling stones courtesy of the radio bring you Hey--You--, Get off of your clouwowed

I smiled and had to say Okay brother--

"but it's a nice ride isn't it"

"Yeh-- not much traffic this time of night--good weather too- --beautiful weather
-though it's supposed to rain tomorrow"

"Is it?"

"But you know those weathermen--it sure doesn't look like it tonight though does it."

"No, it's a beautiful night. What time do you suppose we'll get to Boston."

"Oh about 2"