

SECOND APRIL

**bob
kaufman**



SECOND APRIL

*"Be ye not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed
by the renewing of your mind." Romans 12*

O man in inner basement core of me, maroon obliteration smelling futures of green anticipated comings, pasts denied, now time to thwart time, time to frieze illusionary motion on far imagined walls, stopped bleeding moondial clocks, booming out dead hours—gone . . . gone . . . gone . . . gone . . . on to second April, ash-smeared crowns, perfect, conically balanced, pyramid-peaked heads, shuddering, beamed on lead-held cylinders—on granite-flowered windows, on frigid triumphs, unmolded of shapes, assumed aspects, transparent lizards, shattered glaciers, infant mountains, formed once, all time given to disappearance, speculation, investigation of holes, rocks, caught freaks, in skin sandals, ten million light years dripped screaming, hot dust rotted eyes, ages in clawing eyes, insanities packed in century-long nights, pointed timeward to now. Hollow out trees, release captive satans, explode roses, sentence grass to death, stab rivers, rage down insane clouds, unchain snowy lamaistic peaks, dehydrate oceans, suck up deserts, nail sky to scattered earth, in air, we come, to second April.

O man, thee is onion-constructed in hot gabardine, is earth onion, too, cat, O poet, they watch, man, they eye a thing, from conception, Neal knew and it cost questioner's lives. The holy man is pimpy to our whore, out of America by God, stunned stallion, he, with Einstein on carbuncled feet, is it stopped, illusionary motion, do we go on, they watch last night's angels aborted, the sky shot up, death packed up her old kit bag, they watch, man, everything is even now, the president has translucent worms in his brain, Sappho, rolling drunks in coffee galleries, cock robin is posthumously guilty, chicken little was right all along, Vachel's basic savages drive Buicks now, God is a parking meter . . .

Session zero in, is diluted, they watch, diluted that's a thing, we have not now or ever been a member of diluted, the spoon is a cop, the door is closed, I hope Rimbaud bleeds all over my stolen pants, pants, that's a thing, they watch . . . two on four, the ration, now and . . . ever, Dylan had quadruple nuns, white stainless steel walls, moving out like an ordinary Puerto Rican, full of love and death, trapped in modern icons, forgetting to rage, as his day died, prosaic night fell, like it always does, they watch, we hide, sneak, make mad in corners, corners, that's a thing, a thing world watches things, world, that's a thing, my negro suit has jew stripes, my yarmaka was lost in a flash flood while i mattered with navajos about peyote.

Session double zero is bare floors, cannery row darkness, San Juan bare whores in young-boy brilliance, discovering balls in sources of pee . . . fried stink was lunch under the bed as the thick-wristed sailor projected Anglo-ness on Maria's wrinkled heaven, I read Sade . . . against the under of the mattress, a thing, that's a thing, they watch, tonight death is blonde, we are bending ice cubes, cubes, that's a thing, cubes, Mondrian dug, they killed him in California, injected natural wood settings and cal tech . . . Modigliani spurting . . . Naked Marys, fucking me out of my mind in triple quarter tones, on my wall sideways . . . a thing they watch, they know we break out, my bending night is ending, one second is value enough, I am forever busted.

Session last zero before one . . . is tin foil, super modern fiddlesticks, they watch, looking for things, I got mine at a one cent sale, I was Mickey Finned with striped tooth paste, caught freak in twisted skin and sandals, covered with angry dust, entrails of lorn . . . women hanging in my alien lips, let me embarrass me, expose self in my self, too cool for the soft blow, hard, not hard enough, they watch, dense bartenders with godhead in legal bodies, they watch, not seeing us in bubblegum wrappers, in hands of future monsters, future, that's a thing, future men with three penises seducing future women with vaginas in their armpits, future children with lavender eyes between their toes, wiping crazy fallout from the ass on their future skulls, a thing, future.

Session golden horn before one . . . is Bayou St. John, Big Sur pornography dipped in, emptied . . . a thing, dipped, dipped in poems, the black child glistened in self-conceived madness . . . dipped in contemporary multiplied generations, played musical electric chairs, dipped in in-jazz the Kansas City maniac found world three, Zulu laughter, good old Fourth of July American heroin, Sumeria, Picasso modern limericks, madness, final mausoleums . . . ah . . . leu . . . cha . . . the time is now . . . is a thing, time is . . . they watch . . .

Session zero before green . . . is head of cows in Montana, Indians pushing history on freeways, look out for green, they watch, hidden match-book covers, secret chronicles of our time . . . a thing, time, pasted on roof of mouth, time uses needles, hooked time, booming out orgasmic time, plastered on cottony mattresses, they watch, small private pelvic mushrooms.

Session semi-zero before inverted fraction . . . is a five thing and strategic incisions, one-o, two-o, three-o, four-o, five-o snips for veal cutlets, paper signing papas . . . a thing, O god, let me use your library card, I want the Oxford Book of Modern Jazz . . . I want Baudelaire's Denunciation of Moses, I want Ezra Pound's Life of George Washington, I want Starkweather's Biography of Billy Graham, let me steal James Dean's suicide note from the film division, I need the Intelligent Woman's Guide to Mongrelism, I need Greenwich Village Novels to wipe me with, I need New York Times Index to count the murders, I need to talk with fly pages, that's a thing now, fly pages . . . o fly, o so high o fly, they watch, put spaghetti in the octane, the new bomb is clean, thank God for soap.

Session quarter zero . . . is tubercular leaves, chipped nose saints, alabaster sphinx cats . . . burning warehouses, nonchalant cops, pop-bopping black leather angels, fathered fathers, good daddy doctors . . . a thing, daddies . . . they watch, belly paroles, bareskin eagles . . . numbers of highway dark things . . . impersonal billboard watches, strips, cut quilting blocks, torn gloves, long thin drinks of water in bulging supporters, supporters . . . a thing . . . support march of dollar and a halfs, support sisterhood of Christian and Bantus, it's a thing, they watch for things, we sand things, before glassthings . . . soon ash things, later everything, stupid gums bleed needlessly on hard skin apples, is the old god lying in the cave, pumping stations never close.

Session eight before nothing . . . is bales of cardinal hats, oversexed rabbis, used car sex, Boston dreams of cobwebs, sobwebs, Himalayan streetcar tracks, did the mother die of jazz . . . they . . . watch . . . of is thing, it's all of, pockets full of light years on strange borders, recording enterings and leaving, hung things, zentree mess of whoring through tree branches . . . unforgotten bites, mouths full of longhair, wait, don't break the corduroy, but look out for green, glue the limb first, she too old to lay on cold, use ladders, take bottle caps, bathing caps and caps of Caribe waves and when the Fall came, everybody fucked his girl.

licking backs of necks, fountains full of sacramental wind and Yom Kippur Good Friday drinking in wet shoes, electric spitballs of lying, Roman night of baby boy dreams, musclebound streets, all our eye, things corkscrewing raindrop pressures, sacrificed goats, queer witch doctors, inventions, frosty gray pocket of peace, linen courtyard of up and down skin piling into cores of new earths, bitch bites and fingernail communiques, God calling and ceiling guffaws, pushed back clots of unformed nothing, needle me dragged into illusion, God make me a tree.

Session nothing . . . is drunken funerals, pubic breakfasts, football player sex in Saturday milk bottles, flight and attempt to raid marble quarry, stone and, on with gold fillings, lost forever in shriveled nipple hysterically conceived combination of fingershaped genitals, auto-sculpted explosions of images of explosions exploded.

Session one . . . is hospitalgram, in-group shrieks, narcocomalts, ripped lung leaking coughed air, banana peels, sad significances, unknown fuckers, curly teeth, tea-angry gums holding defeated teeth, fingers holding hands, feet-shaped organs, turning against, inside. Terror-love, falling ceilings, and me you falling too, between legs, arms, members, we are each others' members.

Session two . . . is finally escaped dreams, they watch now, day over night into day—only nuns at night, and light itself is satire time, Tuesday wants out, chickened night, for day, one day this week, no, Jack Karowack, don't break into Mill Valley jails with your shoes on, walls rain all time, but, comic it, baby—love—cool new Indian corn every winter is our lot, and lockos, damn, wham, bamm, cool.

Session three . . . is crazy machine broken, darts not arrived yet, so love, no empty thick concave bottles sing tonight, shadows come too, in new faces, gassed cracked glasses crack, no break, wiser grown kneecaps, third eye remains basic, two birds cheated, punishment until new bathroom arrives, grass will stay, Africa-faced and new mud on the bed-o.

Session four . . . is poor busted Santa Claus, back to hot toys again. They watch, very red, look out for green, eating going on despite no food, facial limp coming back, independent lips, new thing, they watch, ones with babes, boring in judging Colas—screams are rattles to dogs, tears real popular, broken legs have new meaning too—cane on floor, cracking under footprint, horn slurring. Commemorate, question eyewitness pavement, coming is an event, stinging continues.

Session five . . . is in getting out, four times is five, we hope not . . . psychodramatics of long thin stuff calling caterwauling, hoarse whistles in deepness of breathy ears, tongueing old children, flood survivors, deep in jungles, elevating up in flood reactions and objectively conceived esteem, caution, too, is new thing they watch . . . more of more is now good, yesterday is tomorrow, thin circles over eyes, trust no longer trusts us, paper is now thick and assy like brown, wrong is good is sad is glad is mad.

Session six . . . is cancered doctors, rejected volunteers, too young, two lungs, too far away for searching, eyes ransacked first, naturalized after-births, no problems, fear blows too, strips of mother hate, we get in tonight, problem out now, silver is not spoons only, dress event now, god getting married, funny fun in cassocks, and hoods too, spitballs spiked on ribs are attractive abstracts eating poets, they watch, God eats crying, smooth nine month grave faces, bent, me, you, man, thirsting.

(over)

Session seven . . . they watch, we shout, they catch, pushing, blueing, swinging, digging, He won't say, they wash windows, we break them and windows breaking us, fresh lobes to come drunker, they watch, look out for green, we drink drunker fumes, look out for green, smoke god damn soppy wet on the floor toilet paper.

Session eight . . . is Hindu baby in tiger suit, they don't know, see draggy khaki, folded three inside canvas, three pounds of color, three toes flattened, that's a thing now, numbers . . . five cheats, three's goo-o, eight cannot be trusted, ten's the queer count, colors, all. They see, . . . numbers, we party, leader died, we commemorate, new on old they see us, multiplication, that's a thing, we be three free, see, be, they see our stained noses, we count up doubled-up hairs, folding near middle, they confer, locking us in our noses, we smuggle, giggle . . . struggle, they guard, they guard God, throwing strips of foreskin, that's a thing, t.b., t.v., t.d., v.d., p.d., . . . cowboy boots, big busses, signs oleomarginality, stereoriginality . . . hi-finalities, they can't fall us, already we in blank a book, crank a crook, indeed do a deed, turning a key, door faced, mousing in, we stay, they manage, we brain out.

Session nine . . . they watch outside suicide, death you is our woman now, look out for green . . . that's a thing, they watch things, reports we can't smash wheat, they make bread, stale crusty bitey bread, we cause, they catch, the bridge, they don't see it, hidden in magazines . . . concealed in blendozines, bleedozines, killograms, echopium, good, good fish, crocker-faced . . . look out for green, catch a color, look out for numbers, they bite numbers, we bite them . . . they question us, we answer them, spit, black, blue, inside a spiral, a whirl, cross around . . . only one conversation, the world ends, the unworld begins, they watch, we urinate, going . . . now the tiptoe we hear, we all rolling, they unfill the pie, fling oatmeal to the air, breakfast is a new thing, he's new, bleeding hand, prints on a white wall, that's a thing.

Session ten . . . burning burns on burned hand, that's a thing, a thing, down to ten thousand wounds . . . they watch, we swap watches, we chew time, they chew us, chewing, that's a thing, a new thing, chewing, everybody chew somebody; everybody chew a dog, cats exempt, numbers too . . . they watch, a dusty window, hell my eyes, bell my tongue, we are attacking our hair, it waves to neighbors in skies, kinky relatives, wrapped in comets, a thing, comets . . . aluminum cheats, deflects, cities deflected, they watch, we cross breed eyelids, gas helps, it gets us, they get us, we get no getting, we erase ourselves, we smear our board, we are gone, they watch, we cook old chaplinesque shoestrings, they watch, we have never, have we, never ever, never.

Session eleven . . . they conceal our eyeteeth in garter belts, we assume presumptions, report proportions, we tear at his wounds, see, the boy bleeds, but look out for green, they watch, we steal a desert, drown a car, kidnap a mountain, anti-social a girl, they watch, we tar roofs to sit under sun on, a thing, suns, the sun is hot blooded, we o, so cold, cold blood monkeys never kill, not even for food, they bred it out, they bread it out, they bread it . . . new catchy tune, love a chunk of bread, love a hunk of bread, love a funk of dead, head . . . o, me, we, they, trapped in a polka dot . . . caught in porcelain pot, clomping on the floor of ice, that's a thing, floors, ground falling out, indoors, we know they watch, look out for green, they pan out, we go to the great rain forest.

Session twelve . . . a mom pop. on the part they don't see, poor pores sucking in bad air . . . a thing, air, the air, distended air, hard air, air of twin birds on looney peaks . . . air too is a thing, not a goose, they watch,

funky circuses parading elephants across airy clouds of air, they watch, we take chances, we give chances . . . they watch, we are raffled off, out, a thing, out, close out, far out, in, out and out, and new is out, too, the first father, on the ship, out in air, cheating at cards of air, all we are is, all we are is, air we are in a hole in space, we put it in, they watch . . . we take it out, the taste of dust on breast is odored air on pricking tongues sticking air and mounds of hair stuck on light, grainless blocks of wood, staggering down the night, they watch the air, we disappear, into a quick dab for clean, splintering, too, now.

Session thirteen . . . is a metal thing, foot-stomach thing, bent prong fork, turning up, on, in, they watch metal, pictures of metal, up through lower holes through stratospheric sex, and metallic jazz, but look out for green, a thing, look, they watch, look, look into the face of a road, see brightly striped freaks paved into dividing lines, a thing, lines, they watch lines, long lines of watchers watching lines, they dig straight, they . . . unbended lines sinking to bottom of earth, we printing many suicide notes on moon-shaped traffic lights, they panel room shaped metal caves with old skin trophies, we wave dramatic underwear from bent flag poles, they watch, build things, inside trees, clean restrooms in pregnant redwood bellies.

Session fourteen . . . is a roach and happy guts, shorn hair of minor criminals, on floors of prefabricated gas chambers, we mad on Aztec planted turnips, read poems off each others' ass by narrow daylight in New Tex hotel rooms, they watch, we unzip fly, why, gasping into our own interiors, hoping to drag air to strange tomb-like bellies . . . they watch tombs, we throw soggy peanut shells under skidding wheels, we witness God's divorce, the bitch leaves, we cry jazz historical tears, they watch, we lock door on bankrupt, God give us new, we ate fire last time, be cool, God.

Session fifteen . . . is explosive drops of water, on masks, on faces, on, nothing, sounds of life strangled in our stomachs, whimpering in our heads, dramatic little realities, through stained glass, rouged Virgin Marys signal a left turn on, a thing on is, they watch On, we overwhelm with mad babies raving down slippery parallellic bars, we go to On museum to see ancient Ons, screaming into Ludwig's cupped ear for a well built death mask, or a four bar get high, or a promise of remembrance in sexy cures, they, watch, on corners, in opinionated, finny, gaudy wombs, power driven, they watch, we wrap each fume in separate paper for the trip we are constantly making, Oh, the god bus has a busted wheel, wheel's a thing they watch, whirling wheels, wailing wheels, steel wheels, cardboard wheels, real wheels, they watch, we crazy and go glowing in pointed spinning soft flames, disappearing into heads of candles, they watch.

We watch them going on watching us going on going, wrapped in pink barley leaves, almost, the time is not near, but, nearer we are to time, and time nearer to ticks. Burning in torch surrender to auto-fantasy, we illuminate the hidden December, seen, flamelit in the on core of the second April, come for the skeleton of time.

Kissed at wintertide, alone in a lemming world,
Green bitches, harlequin men, shadowed babes,
Dumped on the galvez greens, burned with grass.



CITY LIGHTS BOOKS

261 COLUMBUS AVENUE, SAN FRANCISCO 11

In the abominable combustion of **SECOND APRIL**, a strange new voice bursts upon the poetic scene. Owing little to other Beat writers, **BOB KAUFMAN** has his own great sound, and censors may pause to consider the possibility of **SECOND APRIL** someday being recognized as another of those important illuminations that transfigured American poetry in the 1950's. **SECOND APRIL** is an autobiographical journey springing out of the blind conjunction of such events as Christ's April crucifixion, death and resurrection by A-bomb, and the author's own birth.

35¢