

# Notes on Yellow Paper

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# Notes on Yellow Paper

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## **The Warrior Child**

## **Of Iron Men**

Angry blood in my veins,  
Do you know the cause?  
To prove that more to me is there,  
Than vein of metal base.

Though iron courses in my blood,  
I'll prove with iron fist,  
That I am more than iron and mud,  
I'm man, and soul, and Christ.

Roar of spirit and spit of breath,  
And fight of great full strife,  
That gods of sex and gods of death,  
Are less of worth this life.

I will stand in melting fires,  
To be molded of a God,  
Less Romanic, this Vulcanic,  
And more of righteous love.

**His World**

## Polluted

Polluted –

caffeine, nicotine, Jim Beam

Mind racing

Heart pumping

And none of it to a sensible beat

And everything just a little bit blurred.

A little bit nauseous,

A little dizzy,

A little lost in drum beats

screaming talk

fake talk

senseless talk

and flesh...

Dancing flesh

arms and legs

– short skirt legs –

and midriffs, naked and inviting.

Thought flesh

what tight clothes cover

nipples, asses,

hard, supple body

all that might be bent and pressed and licked and seen,

And sex.

Touched flesh

passing bumping

conversation hand fondling

(pretending to pay attention, hoping to get lucky)

dance grinding

pre-sex flowing

sweat and drooling

sweet, sweet sin.

All in a mass,  
a wanting, hormone mass  
a multi-drugged-up mass  
a chemical, biological mess  
a stew of aching DNA  
an orgy  
Mind silencing and heart fully dead.

## Time Grows Old

Time grows old with a furrowed brow  
Of fallen crowns and falling down  
And down into the depths of humanity.

From glory days and storied ways  
And gossiped innocence  
Chivalry prancing on virginity and violence  
Over green fields.

Happy banners casting torn shadows  
From the dust of towers tall and torn down  
Kings into the ground and books  
And looking down on the depths of humanity

Sunk, with general corpses, into the mud  
Of masses, humanity passes  
From the peaks of mount regality.

Time wears a beard of flowing white  
Over the darkening face of humanity  
The down cast sovereignty to black  
In a tattered mass, and looking back.

Looking back on to right  
And righteous, hardened ways  
Mansions and the house of God  
On the greener fields of gentile days

Shaking at the growing black  
Mob ruled mock regality  
And darkening face of humanity.

Time keeps a sharp sickle in his grim cloak  
The shining old blade in glory's fires  
Sword of honor on faring Caesar's pyre  
For the rising depths of humanity.

Grand dragons and swords behind a cross  
Bayonets to the furnace barbecue  
Führer kaiser ascendant from the grave

High history, Ha!

From high on black smoke Old Time may laugh at humanity  
And burn in Hell.

## His Doubt

## **The Tragic Hero**

A tragic thing, the penis:  
That we should waste and reproduce,  
and think with but one organ.

No wonder the male mind is “in the gutter”  
– we piss it.

Like a laptop’s dongle that dangles dangerously fragile,  
It hangs in open air in opposition to taboo.

Adam clothed it and so lost paradise;  
(What paradise ‘twould be to hang unfettered, free.)  
Others disrobe it and so get pubic lice.

Such fuss, this funny little, naughty little, (not so little) thing  
– so industrious, yet so shamed.

## Cynic Love

Jilted, jaded romantic,  
Disillusioned of ideals,  
Black bras grabbing at your tits,  
As you discover sex appeal,  
... In a ruin of innocence.

You're cigarettes and cynic love,  
In midriff, tank-top tight;  
Your bar room eyes, and painted lips,  
In a leather-clad, pool hall night,  
... To break my virgin fence.

But as you're reaching for my pants,  
I'm reaching for a soul,  
To wrap around this naked life,  
As I fill you whole;  
... In our desperate dance.

Or will I wake up jaded too,  
Wrapped in a bed of sin?  
Lost of the soul I sought or had,  
And your empty loving win?  
... Or do we have the chance?  
... Beyond this life or lust?

## His Death

## Suspense

Do you feel death at your door,  
At your heart,  
Paced,  
Electrically paced,  
Knock,  
Knock knock,  
Ka-thump  
Rap  
Beat  
Death  
Nearer  
Tap  
Beat  
And the shrouded figure palling over your mind in grim, sickle-sharp  
shadow  
Knock  
Knock  
Beat  
Tur'n shroud  
upon the door knob  
And hope at the gate.

## Any Way Out

How do you kill yourself  
Without committing suicide  
Or the other way around?  
Whatever way I'd keep a life  
Without throwing away my soul.

## **His Rise**

## To Mountains

...Mountains exist.  
That is my proof of God.  
That is my proof of heaven.  
That is my proof of me.

From Olympia to Horeb,  
Man has put God on mountains.  
From Matterhorn to Everest,  
God has returned the favor.

Lo, Mountains exist.

Thus,  
    I climb.

“Because it’s there” George Mallory said.

And the challenge and the beauty  
and the pain and the cold  
and the height and the view  
and the rock and the ice  
and the pines and the sprightly marmot –

I breathe on them.

**His World**

## **The Weather-Plains**

Out across the weather-plains,  
The gray flats and the rolls,  
Dark horizon calls.

Deep beyond the weather-plains,  
Rilled with backlit gold,  
Bright horizon becks the soul.

Gazing over the weather-plains,  
Broke with every-blues,  
The break of world glimpses view.

## **Is Poetry**

There is a silent poetry,  
Or shl-shl-shl-shlooshing  
Whispering  
Unwriteable-sound poetry,

To the way this water white turbulence tumbles,  
Sloshing over these rocks  
Like infinite nymph voices in unspeakable tongues,  
Profoundly babbling.

And cold, clanking metal under-foot  
Is poetry,  
In a loud and brazen way.

Wind waft, wet face  
Cold flesh, heart pace  
Weather-whipped-pious persona is poetry  
Of a cold, lone breath soul.  
(Or, part of a poetry whole.)  
Really, all is poetry  
In a poetic world.

## His Doubt

## Heavenly Fate

If you say “our fate is written in the stars,”  
I will say “just one,  
And that One will consume our world in fire and darkness  
As his Father made us matter.”

A light to the gentle world,  
One sun, conceived, not made  
Hung, and burnt with hell of a billion billion atom bombs,  
Eternal atom bombs,  
To light our days,  
Until His fire and happy darkness take us.

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,  
Once more blown across the universe  
We matter.

## **The Thinking Man**

## **A Thought**

I think, therefore I am,  
and yet humanity...

Lies

Beneath this skull and nucleus  
Or incodes – electro, chemical

Acid

On the brain, and nerve cells, born.

Shocking, flash into the mind,

Gap, gaping, crossed so stormy  
– brutally

To the stem, and base

And human

Mortal.

Coil charged, magnetic

Elemental, iron or other primitive Adam,

Thinking out the heart of a sun.

## **A Million Pieces of Poetry**

A million pieces of poetry scattered on the floor  
‘Mongst worn clothes and beer bottles drunk on longer nights.  
Evenings spent in writing fury (and daytimes spent in sleep).  
To content a ragged scribbler of thoughts he would not keep.

Empty words of deep emotion sapped upon the sheets,  
Unthought, unstructured, ranting rhymes of more excited hours,  
Scrawls on napkins during a noon-time brunch, after waking late,  
And double-meant verses rewritten twice (two times more insincere).

Changes of style for changes of mind,  
Forms and expressions on whim,  
Poetry like a person,  
Never quite understood.