

---

America: a Myth

---

J. M. Beach

Parke Press  
2001

O I see flashing that this America is only you and me,  
Its power, weapons, testimony, are you and me,  
Its crimes, lies, thefts, defections, are you and me...  
Past, present, future, are you and me.

I dare not shirk any part of myself,  
Not any part of America good or bad...

These States, what are they except myself?

*-Walt Whitman; "By Blue Ontario's Shore"*

---

America: a Myth

---

J. M. Beach

Parke Press  
2001

Originally Written in 1998.

© J. M. Beach  
March 1, 2000  
All Rights Reserved

Revised  
July 1, 2001

*Layout & Design, Editing, Printing, & Binding by:*  
Eric Wayne Dickey

**Parke Press**  
1514 Terrace Green Place  
Corvallis, Oregon 97330  
eric\_dickey@yahoo.com

first one hundred printed  
August 1, 2001

---

# America: a Myth

## a Prophecy, a History, a Cry for Change

---

	<i>contents</i>	<i>page</i>
Act I.	Requiem: A Prophecy	7
Act II.	Revelation: A History	16
Act III.	Revival: A Cry for Change	36
	<i>About the Author</i>	41

## An Indictment of America: The Sin is Ours

A second generation is ground down by civil wars,  
and Rome is falling, ruined by the might of Rome...  
this city we, this doomed and godless generation, shall destroy...  
the sin is ours...

Perhaps you are asking, or the best of you,  
how we can free ourselves from this harsh fate?

-Horace; Epodes XVI

This poem is a myth in a world hostile to mythological thinking. What it speaks is both true and not true in the sense that this poem's truths are wrapped up in the eyes of a poet longing for widespread and lasting social change. It is a poem of possibility. What that means is up to you.

This poem is a warning to the Imperial Empire of America - a warning built out of the Beat Generation protests, the civil rights protests, the anti-war and SDS movements, and the aftermath that this monumental youth confrontation had with the powers-that-be across this nation and this world. It is a poem of a dying movement as the protest and unrest of the mid-part of the 20th century had seemingly disappeared for several decades into a flaming hell of apathy, pessimism, drugs, self-loathing, ignorance, materialism, and shame.

We as human beings and human societies are just *passing through* in this life. Suffering comes from too much attachment to the things we make and the circumstances we bear in our space between the breath of life and death. We must make the most of what we have right here and right now: if we are to have dreams of heaven then let us act on those dreams and fashion our world accordingly.

What does not exist  
We must create:  
America,  
A poem in our eyes.

---

J.M. Beach  
July 29, 2001

Who am I?  
You know me,  
Dream of my dreams,  
I am America.  
I am America seeking the stars.  
America—  
Hoping, praying  
Fighting, dreaming,  
Knowing  
There are stains  
On the beauty of my democracy,  
I want to be clean.  
I want to grovel  
No longer in the mire.  
I want to reach always  
After stars.  
Who am I?...  
I am my one sole self,  
America seeking the stars.

-Langston Hughes; "America"

*For my forefathers:*

Blake, Whitman, & Ginsberg

---

Act I.  
Requiem: a Prophecy

---

The hero surviving his own murder,  
his own suicide, his own  
addiction, surviving his own  
poetry, surviving his own  
disappearance from the scene—  
returned in new faces, shining  
through the tears of new eyes.

*-Allen Ginsberg: "Kansas City to Saint Louis"*

## Prologue

The failed silence flows freely through  
the dead  
decrepit air of America.  
Arise  
in mid air, float—  
fly to sublime heights of protest,  
Piss on the perverse notion that America is Right  
when we are dead.  
Dead wrong.  
Lying in our weakness—  
drunk,  
dreamless,  
no longer shouting at our sins,  
but happy here in hellish flames  
of sacrilege and flags:  
Content with the manacles of our choosing,  
placed gently—slowly chained—  
finding ourselves imprisoned within a  
mind of pain.

## I

Beatnik<sup>1</sup> bomb shells once echoed in response—  
Hydrogen Death was creeping,<sup>2</sup>  
Moloch's<sup>3</sup> blood lusting cried conformity.  
They were right to dissent—  
destroy themselves;  
in madness transcend their merciless tormentor.  
Trying to drive away,  
from sea to sea  
in search of heartland lost.  
Ultimate destinations unknown,  
running from America to America:  
a generation Lost in America.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Derogatory name used to stereotype "Beat" generation poets and hangers-on.

<sup>2</sup> The advent of the Nuclear bomb and the threat of Nuclear annihilation.

<sup>3</sup> In the Old Testament of the Bible, Moloch was a Canaanite god whose followers sacrificed their children to appease this god's thirst for blood. Allen Ginsberg used the image a Moloch as a recurring theme within his poetry (see "Howl").

<sup>4</sup> See Jack Kerouac's On the Road.

## II

Now out of touch—  
 forgetting—  
     pretending—  
 Producing co-opted oppressors,  
 haunting vacant eyes:  
     visionless minds.

Silence,  
     senseless maddening death—  
     unaware: Burroughs' nightmare.<sup>5</sup>

Deprived of life,  
     excess looks for death,  
     smoking our veins in distortions of hope.

Numbing dope;  
     searching for nothing in silence—  
     empty head;

Smiling at a stupid life of  
     powdered memories:  
     drug induced truth.

Self mutilating mirrors—  
     haunting pleasure,  
     hoping pain recedes subconsciously into dust,

Forgetting our own affinity  
     with dust;  
     with finality.

Consequences come  
     un-looked for,  
     seldom with the promised reckoning deserved.

Silence rebukes,  
     failed tributes hollow with dust—  
     weak lips unable to speak

Seek words to contain the chaos.  
     A whisper creeps from unknown corners  
     weeping at our loss.

<sup>5</sup> William S. Burroughs once told of a nightmare of his: being dead and yet realizing it. It was a metaphor for the stagnant, stereotypical life of White, Middle American values.

## III

Jazz junkies drunk,  
     danced naked on a stage,  
     unafraid of square eyes' outrage.<sup>6</sup>

Leering hatred has not gone,  
     loathing fear inside—  
     strong.

Evaporated memories,  
     ancient demons and angels  
     hazy black and white:

Lost through the translation  
     of the fight: technicolor nightmares,  
     decadence and decay.

We're in trouble,  
     deep deep  
     terrible trouble.<sup>7</sup>

Trouble that breaths  
     quiet in the night,  
     refusing to be seen in the morning light.

Invisible silence  
     of saints and sinners alike,  
     pervading nightmare of our own creation.

<sup>6</sup> Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, and friends would sometimes get on stage and read their poetry naked to challenge their audiences.

<sup>7</sup> A line from Amiri Baraka's (LeRoi Jones) "Wise."

## IV

Run from the demons dark:  
     forget all troubles,  
         deny the pain,  
 Only through repression  
     will we be whole again,  
         or will we?  
 Fractured essence,  
     duality of spirit torn apart,  
         each labeled and boxed within our heart—  
 Never to be whole?  
     Design forgotten  
         in moneyed memories of glory and gods:  
 Lust and power  
     reigns from the heavens.  
         Over our heads, a guillotine.  
 Innate fear  
     holds our torn hearts—  
         prisoners of hate.  
 A callus muscle tough,  
     hardened through neglect  
         with bloody bile.  
 Repressions come to haunt,  
     looming in the periphery  
         of our tunneled minds  
 Blurred with fright.  
     Numbing forgetfulness  
         safely prevents the night  
 From touching us.  
     Forgiveness in ignorance,  
         shameful innocence lost.

## V

Where do we go from here Jack?<sup>8</sup>  
     do we drink to death,  
         gouging out our eyes?  
 Dancing horrors,  
     tripping over whores  
         and broken bottles—  
 A frenzied pace:  
     hysteria and depression  
         creating holes of self-hating bitterness.  
 It's easier not to remember,  
     forgetting our failure,  
         fumbling in our drunkenness  
 Seeking new altars to desecrate—  
     new idols to destroy  
         in righteous rage.  
 But sickness claims our minds  
     Syringes, stabbing crosses  
         crucify weak flesh—  
 Naked,  
     cold, weak  
         shivering worry and regret:  
 Insecure.  
     waiting  
         broken.  
 Bones lying mute in empty tombs  
     amidst the shattered violence  
         of idols and faith.  
 Forgetting breathes through;  
     sweet silence formed  
         into being—  
 Re-born through rusty blood,  
     numbing old nail wounds quiet;  
         in weak rage tired,

<sup>8</sup> This question is addressed to Jack Kerouac and his generation of "runners-away."

Cowering,  
    despairing corners of brick  
        and rigid stones to sleep;  
Lying exposed  
    to elemental misery,  
        abject—destroyed.

## VI

Spiritual poverty,  
    corrupted and confused;  
        in wild desperation  
Cry out,  
    from the deserts of the mind  
        shout pillars of fire to rekindle the eye.  
Fragments bent to form  
    temporary shelter,  
        storms on the horizon  
Cruel reminders of painful desire:  
    lost faith.  
        brazen shadows echo symbols into the winds;  
Out of the ashes of sacrifice  
    rise phantoms of memory  
        screaming redemption.  
Revealed,  
    the heavens shine starry light.  
        The caverns of the mind  
slowly open to reflected glory:  
    whispers of the dead  
        gently spill into breath  
Warning,  
    revealing,  
        prophesying  
Old heresies,  
    dreams,  
        visions:  
            lost in the wreckage of a world gone mad.

---

## Act II.

# Revelation: a History

---

On the brink of the waters of life and truth, we are  
miserably dying ... America... a poem in our eyes.

*-Ralph Waldo Emerson; "The Poet"*

## Prologue

How do I begin  
to tell this tale,  
in hope that it will end  
in hope  
and not despair.

What we once began—  
slowly fading into dreams—  
seems so long removed:  
our faith forgotten;  
hiding naked in our fall unknowing.

Can we again create our fate;  
old dreams brought forth  
manifest in tangible faith?  
we are all that is and will be—  
here—right now living history...

If we remember—  
create again our past—  
will the future fall into our hands  
a gift of God revealed:  
finally and for all times freely told and understood?

I speak of things that were;  
that are;  
that could be;  
praying that you see the face of God  
in your own face, with mirrored perfection.

I speak of hate;  
despair;  
painful loss  
all of which avoidable we fall fast into,  
and in our folly find ourselves Satanic fools.

I speak to spark a flame  
dormant in our mind's dark tomb, waiting  
for world recognition in one faith living  
many hearts, and hopes across the skies  
united in our one Soul searching.

To know one God revealed  
in our many faces living;  
a vital faith composed of colorful flesh,  
painting the good earth our heaven  
in communal life; creating our own holy scriptures  
free.  
America holds vaporous this idea of flame  
in hope, hovering the nether world of old faith  
in products of God within; fermented through history's bane  
brought forth our experiment upon this earthly  
stage  
to see what Democracy could be  
(breathing in dreams of blissful Anarchy)!

## I

In the beginning was the WORD,  
and the WORD became flesh,  
and the WORD dwelt inside flesh and bone  
as spirit—as Soul.  
Our father of eternal essence  
kissed our mother Earth in passion,  
breathing Life immortally into time:  
union of blood and spirit whole.  
Time twisting ever forward—forever—  
streams and rivers flowing,  
source and destination  
feeding eternally the Fountain of God.  
Through ages bards and poets sang and praised  
the WORD through history:  
epic cries of Soul searching, knowing gift of time,  
tending faith in visions of eternity.  
Ultimate origins transcribed  
through various tongues of fire,  
bound on pages and minds,  
preserving documents of flesh through time.  
As the WORD filtered through mortal years,  
flesh grew proud and strong,  
growing attached to weak eyes and frail hands,  
usurping eternal visions for golden bowls of pain  
and pleasure.  
Slowly Soul and flesh divided,  
dwindling being down—a state of war:  
mind and matter raising armies of incitement  
feeding fleshly desire mortal lusts.  
Corrupted fell flesh and blood,  
locking Soul in prisons of doubt,  
forgetting faith,  
loosing self knowledge in dreams of conquest and greed.  
Priests purged externally the WORD into religion:  
Secrets and sorcery sprung from dark woods,  
teasing doubt into mystery,  
loosing eternity in mortal blindness.  
Thus flesh was locked upon a mighty wheel  
turning circles of pain and pleasure:

forward-backward in eternal corruption,  
damned to cyclical yearnings feeding mortal attachments.

\*\*\*

But incarnate, through every turn of the wheel round,  
the WORD brings saviors of song,  
singing eternity through visions of redemption,  
giving faith and freedom and hope.  
The Great I Am of Socrates  
was Jesus in Blake through Emerson  
into Whitman: I AM as they were:  
we are All that Was and Is and Will Be...and so are You.  
I sing the song of America,  
once bright with promise free—  
Where Whitman spoke eternal WORD,  
birthing a Vision out of history.  
But the wheel turns strong,  
grinding forgetfulness into tragedy:  
dawn and doom cry in anger at America,  
slowly falling into ruin.  
Rippling into oblivion,  
the flood of eternity consumes her petty crimes:  
this nation begins to crumble  
into the dust of time.  
I sing strong with mortal chords  
into the winds of change,  
repent inward searching know,  
feel your Soul grow restless deep.  
Delve into your deep,  
reconcile spirit and flesh  
through faith and visions of eternal Life,  
feel your Soul grow restless deep.  
Hear this prophet's song!  
A voice in a wilderness of pain and apathy,  
preaching resurrection and Life.  
hear the WORD flow through this tragic song—  
now is redemption reminding again the world!

## II

Whitman was the Son of God:  
born out of Mammon and Babylon,<sup>9</sup>  
brought forth from cities of gold  
into the desert.  
Whitman is America,  
our patriarchal Poet,  
our standard,  
our emblem.  
He brought the Great I AM—  
the WORD—  
down from the mountain of history  
into the vast dream desert to be America.  
He saw the sacred Law of Being  
burning in the bush,  
but not consumed:  
Eternal Fire of Life.  
Whitman breathed the WORD  
into time:  
flesh and bone—  
the finite house of God.  
Whitman was the WORD incarnate;  
giving speech to tongues  
of huddled masses  
yearning to breath free.  
The WORD become liberty:  
a land was promised to all the sons and daughters of Hope—  
an Edenic desert paradise:  
a kingdom come.  
an Altar to the One;  
empty of sacrificial blood  
would be America:  
a promise transfixed in faith.  
America floating between  
Heaven and Earth—  
Transfigured children of Hope  
enthroned in air.

<sup>9</sup>Mammon and Babylon are Biblical symbols for greed, corruption and decadence.

Whitman called all men and women  
to supplicate to no one,  
to bow down to no one,  
but the flaming Soul within our breast.

A gift of Life:  
free to be eternal,  
loose from manacles and mind,  
loose from threat of time.

The Holy Spirit locked within  
a cage of blood and bone—  
Whitman leapt alive into air  
singing the Song of Spirit free.

The Son of America  
sang the Song of Life—  
eternal Song of bards  
set free into sublimity.

Eternal Song—  
the Seed of God—  
impregnated our mother Earth;  
immaculate conception under Star of Heaven:  
America the Beautiful in truth transcribed  
through living flame!

\*\*\*

Blessed union of Earth and Spirit  
bore a child of blood and water,  
in screams of pain and torn flesh:  
out of torture,  
out of death,  
out of the ashes of history,  
a child is born .

Rising phoenix strong from death—  
transfigured glowing dove—  
land born of Spirit and Flesh:  
Idea,  
Philosophy,  
Poem,  
America!

A Being brought forth from chaos  
and fire  
into the mind of men and women:  
Freedom,  
Equality,  
Justice,  
Peace!

A Dream brought forth from Whitman's rib—  
Flesh of his Flesh,  
Bone of his Bone:  
Lover,  
Companion,  
Friend,  
Wife!

A Land within the Mind of men and women—  
a spirit plane divine—  
eternal Soul free of flesh and blood:  
Nirvana,  
Heaven,  
Paradise,  
America!

### III

But as ages crept down the crooked ladder of time,  
    air of Spirit began to stagnate—  
        floating heavy—  
            bearing down upon the future:  
Manacles forged in hidden caverns,  
    deep within Mammon's Palace of Pride—  
        Moloch hammered out of iron and gold  
            Religion and Government.

Out of broken bones,  
    dried flesh grown hard,  
        clotted blood, mixed Moloch a brazen paint  
            pasting creeds and deeds into idols.

Out of the depths of Babylon  
    comes a towering stone shrine  
        of stars and stripes,  
            and Pillars,  
            and Tanks,  
            and Fear.

The Holy WORD  
    locked within tablets of stone,  
        broken before golden altars of LAW;  
            crushed to dust.

The children of America  
    dance around their shattered Spirit  
        crying out in blood lust—  
            an altar to sacrifice their Soul.

Machinations hidden deep  
    within the caverns of flesh and bone  
        dream walls and weapons into existence,  
            creating sacrificial altar strong.

A golden temple rises from the rock,  
    a priesthood rises from the sand,  
        blood lust and patriotism on their lips,  
            seeking sacrifices to appease their gods.

The children of America bow low,  
    worshiping graven images of lust and greed,  
        lulling Spirit to death-sleep:  
            mortal chains binding Soul into despair.

\*\*\*

A rumble of machines;  
    blackness of smoke and factories  
        stains once pure air,  
            raping Mother's womb: Earth defiled.

Lines upon lines of fiery furnaces  
    manufacture from the deep within:  
        copper crosses—  
            a crown of iron thorns.

Out of this depth of darkness  
    ejaculates a golden road;  
        beaten into torn Earth,  
            Mother's tears bleed silence.

Golden road leads multitudes  
    toward temple doors;  
        marchers strong trample Earth  
            in hopes of judgment and damnation.

Sons and daughters  
    bound and brought—  
        innocent blood to shed—  
            stand waiting for their execution.

To keep Spirit locked within,  
    Sons and daughters of America crucified  
        on copper crosses  
            for the unknown sin.

Forgetfulness and hate  
    pour from eager crowds—  
        blood of the young cries out,  
            slowly seeping back to bruised Mother,  
                waiting for the resurrection.

\*\*\*

Beat-nick warrior of the WORD:  
     Ginsberg in his blindness searched  
         the world for Light,  
             stumbling out of desert cities drunk,  
 Clouds rolled down from high,  
     a pillar of fire roars within the temple furnace,  
         licking greedily sins  
             committed in the name of God.

Golden cup of blood  
     held the high priest;  
         spilled down his throat,  
             increasing his curse'd god's appetite for blood.

Golden nails;  
     from Mammon's 30 silver cities  
         brought forth  
             to crucify the living WORD.

Holy hands and feet  
     melt into a rigid cross of stone—  
         locked in humbled grace:  
             pitiable figure crucified with crown of iron thorns.

Vital essence of America  
     falls lifeless into shrines;  
         placed in geometric order  
             around the temple courtyard:  
                 The Faith,  
                 The Vision,  
                 The Poem,  
                 America dies...

Its body bronzed in stony supplication—  
     lifeless falls its statue on the temple mount—  
         While strong, priests  
             bleach America white  
                 trying to hide bloody deeds.

## IV

Ashes to ashes,  
     blood to bone,  
         fallen under desert floors—  
             hell inside dark hearts—  
 Waiting, Waiting for a prophet  
     to rise from desert hills,  
         walk into the wicked land America,  
             shout her whoredom to the winds.

\*\*\*

Raven screams a black song into the air,  
     a brook splashes forth from ancient rock,  
         a mad women screams and curses  
             bearing a blessed son.

Isaiah,  
     Muhammad,  
         Buddha,  
             a prophet foretold has come!  
 Ginsberg humble of desert folk  
     come to baptize and revolt:  
         a voice in the wilderness echoing  
             the WORD of Whitman through wolfish howls.

Crying out in painful loss—  
     alone in misery, cold,  
         howling at the winds of fate,  
             screaming resurrection to the dead.

Protesting temple sacrifice  
     in righteous rage,  
         smashing Mammon's idols,  
             liberating Moloch's sacrificial victims free.

Singing life and love  
     into vacant eyes of manufactured masses,  
         singing peace into voices angry for war,  
             singing freedom into a Soul lying in material death.

Moving through the waste of America,  
trying to live vital truth,  
hiding in self awareness  
under cover of hallucinating madness.

Preaching protest fire to children;  
disgruntled youths unsatisfied  
with waiting numbness  
as their parents prayed to lifeless gods.

Whitman's WORD whispered holy ghosts  
let loose in shadow lands—  
Ginsberg prayed transfigurations  
into minds of darkness fixed.

The children of America began to awake  
out of death-dream material fantasies;  
searching broken Mother land  
for traces of the past.

Eastern winds blew into ears  
to speak of sacred souls;  
of Atman and eternity  
through love and equality.

The rhythm of feet marched peace  
into the temple square,  
while fire consumed outer-walls  
in hatred barking dogs and clubs.

Clashes in the night  
between the damned and demon hounds,  
temple guards with batons and brutal grins  
tore flesh and children with delight.

Flowers frail,  
confronted the altar of stars and stripes,  
while priests belched forth acid hate  
trying again to purge the courtyard clean.

An innocent children's crusade  
to reclaim the holy land,  
sparked bitterness into old fear:  
priests decreeing holy world war.

Reluctant knights in camouflage  
armed with crosses and a wave,  
march across the bitter globe  
to stain their hands with blood.

Wars and weapons reign down:  
furious arrows of ignorance strike  
children dying for freedom unknown—  
turmoil festering into suicidal screams.

Where,  
 where WORD,  
 where spirit,  
 where vibrant song of Life?  
 Where,  
 where faith,  
 where God,  
 where sun?  
 Who staves off this present darkness  
 descending down upon our earth?  
 \*\*\*  
 Silence,  
 deadly silence sweeps over the land,  
 howls of outrage beating weak hearts  
 slowly break.  
 Tears fall from the heavens  
 to wash away guilt,  
 but heaven's tears—priest poisoned—  
 spit acid memories of pain.  
 Mechanical rivers  
 feed mad rain down,  
 driving into earth,  
 burning holes in Mother's womb black.  
 Misery,  
 lacerating hearts hard,  
 eyes to blindness,  
 Soul to utter despair.  
 Silence,  
 deadly silence sweeps over the land,  
 outraged hearts empty of feeling,  
 cold wind blows stone dreams of death and apathy.  
 \*\*\*



Moloch rises from darkness deep,  
 loosing Leviathan with many heads  
 to gore nations with razor teeth,  
 dripping blood lust into wars.  
 Mountains fueled with bile,  
 belching fire into sea—  
 pestilence seeps into fertile fields,  
 mutating nature demon spawn.  
 Mammon sits enthroned  
 on temple heights secure,  
 pulling golden puppet strings,  
 planning ritual suicide.  
 Waiting content,  
 dragon lair sealed tight,  
 golden halls of greed  
 governing seeds molding useless.  
 The people outside temple gates  
 busy themselves with dream-death,  
 building empty cities;  
 hollow shell of America stands ruins.  
 The people scurry here and there  
 estranged from each other and themselves,  
 forgetting fathers and promised lands:  
 Whitman erased into time.  
 Ginsberg rejected as mad,  
 retreats back to dream desert Earth,  
 screaming against the winds of fate,  
 dying unmarked under sacred rocks.  
 Apathy injected into the veins of dying youth,  
 smoking oblivion rolled tight between fingers,  
 vacant stares tripping hallucinations,  
 fighting off far away visions with dream-death.  
 \*\*\*

## VI

America—corrupted idol—  
dully gleams into rust—lifeless,  
slowly inward falling,  
caving under its own golden bulk.

The wind blows empty,  
horrors dance under moonlight,  
knives of science scalpel tender hearts  
into bitter madness.

A wasteland beckons heavy future:  
ancient desert scatters faith into rocks,  
promised land falls through chasms of greed,  
forgotten miracles locked with the Soul  
down deep in dungeons of the mind.

Hark,  
Hark,  
children do you know my song,  
feel you the cavern creeping deep within?  
Is this madness wreckage here  
the end...  
is this the end beginning,  
foretold in ages lost would come?  
Is this the end of  
seeing visions brilliant?  
once reflected glory through blind eyes  
transforming empty deserts into paradise... now  
forever lost?  
Is this the end  
of promises and faith;  
of equality freedom shining  
no more on mortal lands?  
Is Whitman's ghost and God  
locked too deep within battered hearts  
under hatred, lust, and greed,  
suffocating into nothingness?  
Is this the end  
or is there Life enough to fight,  
Light enough to see,  
Soul enough to be again our promised selves  
reborn?

## VII

Sometimes starrng into starry skies  
  deep within a stirring,  
    ancient rhythms beating song,  
      breathing forgotten feeling into words.

Remember,  
  Remember sacred vital verses  
    tattooed upon your Soul:  
      badge of being sown deep in eternity.

Hear,  
  Hear the wind blow phantom fire,  
    igniting dormant weeds to flame,  
      raging inferno within waiting to burn bright.

See,  
  See the sun pour living Light  
    strong into your life,  
      vital resurrecting orb to guide your sight.

Smell,  
  Smell the flower scent  
    of sweating passion,  
      dripping energetic pulses free.

Taste,  
  Taste the kiss of morning,  
    tongue receiving loving gifts  
      of WORD reincarnated.

Feel,  
  Feel flesh corrupt fall away  
    taking transfigured light,  
      clothing your spirit in holy robes of Life.

Know,  
  Know  
    However long it takes to breath free,  
    The Eternal Song—  
    The WORD of life—  
    Sings strong within your being,  
    Know the Song will never leave,  
    Listen to your Soul and see:  
    Eternity within you emanates,  
      The world around deceives.

Take into your self, seeing  
Visions sublime, hope, faith.  
Close your eyes, feel your Soul...  
A Union of completed human beings.

\*\*\*

But until we all are free,  
America  
will never be  
America to me!

What does not exist  
We must Create!  
America,  
A poem in our eyes...

---

## Act III.

# Revival: a Cry for Change

---

For I would hear that curse again.  
Ha, what an awful whisper rises up!  
'Tis scarce like sound: it tingles through the frame  
As lighting tingles, hovering ere it strike.

*-Percy Bysche Shelley; "Prometheus Unbound"*

## A Whisper

Whitman heard the people singing the song of America,  
But Allen couldn't hear that song.  
Metamorphosed ghosts had risen from their places of rest  
To give Animal knowledge:  
The haunting Howl of pain.  
Beatnik bar flies drunk with the pleasure of pain  
Cried at the moon,  
Asking - praying for Protest.

My father's father felt it was enough to be a reality  
(A concrete truth to tie around the neck),  
But when we drown the dreamers they float away.  
I speak of Flower Power long lost in a haze of blood,  
Batons,  
And Buddhist chants.  
Can you feel the meditation,  
Or are you too preoccupied with other things?

"Don't ever grow old," said Allen's father to me through the box in my  
living room -  
But we all grow old -  
Even our nightmares age as young boys and girls blossom in the sun  
And rain.  
How sad it is to fade as we have done,  
Are doing,  
Will do—  
Until IT IS FINISHED.

Ask me why we should protest past our prime.  
Ask me why we should beat our brains and watch our blood  
flow freely out;  
A crimson tide of wine and bread.  
Don't ask me why,  
Ask them,  
Those people over there,  
Under the stone slabs of concrete darkness -  
Lying in the shade of times gone by.

We do not sing Whitman's song any more;  
That song we sung is lost.  
We do not Howl anymore;  
The painful pleasure of protest  
Has blown away in our morphine dreams.  
Allen Ginsberg is Dead!  
But what does that mean?  
Nobody cares anymore about a prophet's picture of  
immortality.

He does not exist anymore and soon –  
Neither will we.  
Howls have dropped Silence into the air  
And we breathe it gladly;  
Forgetting where the meaning lies-  
Lying to forget the meaning-  
While meaning to forget the lies...  
And now we die.

Whitman and Ginsberg,  
In a hallucinogenic cloud of fate,  
Battle the gods for supremacy  
Over bodies slowly decomposing in the timeless mud from whence  
they came.  
Hear the Silence of our generation –  
It is as quiet as a tomb.  
Curse the Silence of our generation –  
Cry out in anger once again!

The Death song has begun to whisper in my ear,  
The beat is drumming,  
The Death drum beating in my veins.  
Can you hear past the Silence in your empty soul?  
Can you hear the marchers march again –  
Beyond the trampled flag we burned and seared into our skin.  
There is a sound that Silence makes when atoms crash together  
in a fury of fire: Atomic bodies energizing in fields born of the  
chaotic forces of Life.

Feel the sticky, soiled blood of sublime ideals wounded –  
Weak and wet with perspiration:  
A resurrection in the wind!  
Allen Ginsberg died a superficial,  
One-dimensional Death.  
Whitman rises to speak again –  
Ginsberg Howling in my ear.

I see a vision viewed before.  
I hear the echo of a scream.  
I dream the dream of other phantom-nightmare singers.  
I read the words of resurrected passions bleeding  
through the page.

Can you hear the sound I hear?  
A faint Whisper,  
The Whisper of our age.

## About Parke Press

Founded in the Summer of 1999 in Talent, Oregon, Parke Press provides writers a cost effective medium to showcase their work. Simply by formatting their work into a book, Parke Press helps writers conceptualize the direction of their art. During the publication process, authors discover continuity and cohesion in their work. Fortunately, the author is not the only benefactor: The final product strives for quality in design and accessibility for the reader.

Other Parke Press titles include:

*Dead Things, People* by Eric Wayne Dickey

*The Ken Day Poetry Sampler*, by Ken Day

*The I-5 Anthology: M.Spring, C.Gray, & E.W.Dickey*

*People Day 2001 Anthology*, ed. Mark Moore

If interested in acquiring the above titles or choosing from the other dozen Parke Press books, please inquire via e-mail to [eric\\_dickey@yahoo.com](mailto:eric_dickey@yahoo.com). If poets, writers, or artists are interested in having a book, my doors are open.

Thank you for your continued support.

EWD

The fonts of this book are  
Times New Roman, IceAge D,  
and CASTELLAR