

Poem To TAMARA #4 & Poem To SPAIN #1

Ha! NIGHT OF LAUGHTER TONIGHT

I Love LIFE

I Love YOU

LoveLoveLove

YOU LIFE

NOT JUST LOVE LIKE PEOPLE SAY "I LOVE YOU" AND KISS AND LIE TO
EACH OTHER AND THEMSELVES

BUT REAL LOVE

JOY'S LOVE

I Love YOU BECAUSE

I Love LIFE BECAUSE

IT'S MAGNIFICENT IT'S PURE, APART FROM

WORDS, FUCK WORDS - I MUCH PREFER JOY

WHAT IS THE WORD FOR JOYOUS LAUGHTER?

HOW DO YOU SPELL THE SOUND OF LAUGHTER?

WORDS - ECCH! YOU (THE CRITIC) SAY: "LESTER

BANDS - A BAD IMITATION OF e.e. CUMMINGS!"

THE BOOK CRITIC SAYS. "JACK KEROUAC - A BAD IMITATION OF THOMAS WOLFE"

AND I SAY SAY LET ALL THAT ROT ITS STINKING CARCASS
IN HELL

AND I KEEP SPLATTERING WORDS ACROSS THE PAGE
LIKE RAIN

IN SPAIN

SPAIN IS ME TONIGHT

I've BEEN READING AND LISTENING TO SPAIN

IT'S ALL A JOY

Spewshel

LAND LAUGHTER OF THE CHILD

SPAIN

MOUNTAINS EXPLODING PURPLE AGAINST BRILLIANT ANDALUSIAN

SKY

ENDLESS PLAINS, WITH JOY SWIRLING AND FALLING ALL OVER
ITSELF LIKE A MAD FOUNTAIN, THE BURRO ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE, ME
THERE, EVERYWHERE, BOUNDING DOWN THE SLOPES, THE CLOUDS RAGGED
OVERHEAD

SIMPLICITY IS IGNORANCE.

WHO GIVES A DAMN?

I DON'T DEFEND IGNORANCE (YES, I DO), BUT WHY
SHOULDN'T THE SPANISH PEASANT BE IGNORANT OF THE COMPLEXITY OF
AMERICAN LIFE?

WHY SAVE THE WORLD WHEN YOU DON'T LIVE IN IT?

WHY SAVE "CIVILIZATION" OF CITIES, WAR, SOOT, GRIME, MECHANIZATION,
THIS AND THAT AND THE OTHER INANITY (INSANITY) WHEN YOU LIVE IN HEAVEN,
ON THE HILLS OF BEAUTIFUL SPAIN, FAR REMOVED FROM IT?

WHY FIGHT THE ROCK AND ROLLERS WHEN YOU CAN SIT
AND LISTEN TO SPANISH MUSIC?

OPENMOUTHED JOY SHOUTS AT BLUE SKY WHICH LAUGHS
BACK IN LOST PURITY OF FREEDOM — ALL PASSION, BEAUTY — IN JOY,
IN TEARS — ONE MOTHER OF THE ANGELIC IBERIAN UNIVERSE. —

— THESE DREAMS MAKE ME REALIZE THERE'S SOMETHING BETTER THAN THIS
ENVIRONMENT, THAN DIRTY DISHES IN THE SINK AND INDESCRIBABLE AMERICAN

FILTH. — YEARS FROM NOW, DARLING, IN SPAIN, THERE WE WILL FORGET.