

# Poetry

Centerfold, outer side

Guerrilla

[**Web Archive note:** This centerfold insert is a two-sided 15 x 22 inch poster, of which this page can be considered the back side. The other side of the poster is rendered at <https://www.fifthestate.org/archive/69-december-26-1968-january-8-1969/poetry-2/> .]

## The Consumer Society Must Die a Violent Death

### SPEECH & INVOICE

Victor Coleman

from: 'James Crawford' for the Six Nations

to: Sir Frederick Haldimand, January 3, 1782

Father, we send you herewith many scalps  
that you may see that we are not idle friends.

Father, we wish you to send these scalps over the water to the Great King  
that he may regard them & be refreshed; that he may see our faithfulness in destroying his enemies & be convinced that his presents have not been made to an ungrateful people.

Father, attend to this for it is a matter of much weight

The Great King's enemies are many

& grow fast in number.

They were formerly like young panthers

who could neither scratch nor bite

we could safely play with them

& feared nothing they could do to us;

but now their bodies are becoming big

as elk & strong as buffalo.

They have great & sharp claws now

& have driven us out of our country

for taking part in your quarrel.

ART MATTERS LITTLE TO US, WE PROFOUNDLY HOPE THAT

# REVOLUTION

WARS, AND COLONIAL INSURRECTION WILL ANNIHILATE THIS WESTERN CIVILIZATION WHOSE VERMIN YOU DEFEND EVEN IN THE ORIENT... WE ASSERT THAT WE HAVE FOUND TREASON AND WHATEVER ELSE CAN HARM THE SECURITY OF THE STATE MORE RECONCILABLE WITH

# POETRY

THAN THE SALE OF LARGE QUANTITIES OF LARD TO A NATION OF PIGS AND DOGS.

Language  
1964

Volume One  
Number 1

## GUERRILLA



San Jose & William Miller  
1964

THE FIRST OF THE GREAT REVOLUTIONS OF THE WESTERN WORLD WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE MIDDLE AGES. IT WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE MIDDLE AGES THAT BROUGHT ABOUT THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE AND THE RISE OF THE FEUDAL SYSTEM. IT WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE MIDDLE AGES THAT BROUGHT ABOUT THE END OF THE DARK AGES AND THE BEGINNING OF THE MODERN WORLD.

THE SECOND OF THE GREAT REVOLUTIONS OF THE WESTERN WORLD WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE RENAISSANCE. IT WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE RENAISSANCE THAT BROUGHT ABOUT THE END OF THE MIDDLE AGES AND THE BEGINNING OF THE MODERN WORLD.

THE THIRD OF THE GREAT REVOLUTIONS OF THE WESTERN WORLD WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE ENLIGHTENMENT. IT WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE ENLIGHTENMENT THAT BROUGHT ABOUT THE END OF THE RENAISSANCE AND THE BEGINNING OF THE MODERN WORLD.

THE FOURTH OF THE GREAT REVOLUTIONS OF THE WESTERN WORLD WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. IT WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION THAT BROUGHT ABOUT THE END OF THE ENLIGHTENMENT AND THE BEGINNING OF THE MODERN WORLD.

THE FIFTH OF THE GREAT REVOLUTIONS OF THE WESTERN WORLD WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION. IT WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION THAT BROUGHT ABOUT THE END OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND THE BEGINNING OF THE MODERN WORLD.

THE SIXTH OF THE GREAT REVOLUTIONS OF THE WESTERN WORLD WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE SCIENTIFIC REVOLUTION. IT WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE SCIENTIFIC REVOLUTION THAT BROUGHT ABOUT THE END OF THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION AND THE BEGINNING OF THE MODERN WORLD.

THE SEVENTH OF THE GREAT REVOLUTIONS OF THE WESTERN WORLD WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE MODERN REVOLUTION. IT WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE MODERN REVOLUTION THAT BROUGHT ABOUT THE END OF THE SCIENTIFIC REVOLUTION AND THE BEGINNING OF THE MODERN WORLD.

THE EIGHTH OF THE GREAT REVOLUTIONS OF THE WESTERN WORLD WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE FUTURE. IT WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE FUTURE THAT BROUGHT ABOUT THE END OF THE MODERN REVOLUTION AND THE BEGINNING OF THE MODERN WORLD.

THE NINTH OF THE GREAT REVOLUTIONS OF THE WESTERN WORLD WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE PAST. IT WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE PAST THAT BROUGHT ABOUT THE END OF THE FUTURE REVOLUTION AND THE BEGINNING OF THE MODERN WORLD.

THE TENTH OF THE GREAT REVOLUTIONS OF THE WESTERN WORLD WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE PRESENT. IT WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE PRESENT THAT BROUGHT ABOUT THE END OF THE PAST REVOLUTION AND THE BEGINNING OF THE MODERN WORLD.

THE ELEVENTH OF THE GREAT REVOLUTIONS OF THE WESTERN WORLD WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE FUTURE. IT WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE FUTURE THAT BROUGHT ABOUT THE END OF THE PRESENT REVOLUTION AND THE BEGINNING OF THE MODERN WORLD.

THE TWELFTH OF THE GREAT REVOLUTIONS OF THE WESTERN WORLD WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE FUTURE. IT WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE FUTURE THAT BROUGHT ABOUT THE END OF THE FUTURE REVOLUTION AND THE BEGINNING OF THE MODERN WORLD.

THE THIRTEENTH OF THE GREAT REVOLUTIONS OF THE WESTERN WORLD WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE FUTURE. IT WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE FUTURE THAT BROUGHT ABOUT THE END OF THE FUTURE REVOLUTION AND THE BEGINNING OF THE MODERN WORLD.

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THE EIGHTEENTH OF THE GREAT REVOLUTIONS OF THE WESTERN WORLD WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE FUTURE. IT WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE FUTURE THAT BROUGHT ABOUT THE END OF THE FUTURE REVOLUTION AND THE BEGINNING OF THE MODERN WORLD.

THE NINETEENTH OF THE GREAT REVOLUTIONS OF THE WESTERN WORLD WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE FUTURE. IT WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE FUTURE THAT BROUGHT ABOUT THE END OF THE FUTURE REVOLUTION AND THE BEGINNING OF THE MODERN WORLD.

THE TWENTIETH OF THE GREAT REVOLUTIONS OF THE WESTERN WORLD WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE FUTURE. IT WAS THE REVOLUTION OF THE FUTURE THAT BROUGHT ABOUT THE END OF THE FUTURE REVOLUTION AND THE BEGINNING OF THE MODERN WORLD.

.  
We expect the Great King will give us another country  
that our children may live after us & be his friends.

.  
Say this for me to the Great King.

.  
Father, we have only to say further  
that your traders exact more for their goods—  
our hunting is lessened by the war  
so that we have fewer skins to offer them  
which ruins us.  
Think of some remedy.

.  
We are poor  
& you have plenty of everything.  
We know you will send us powder  
& guns & knives & hatchets  
but we also want shirts & blankets.  
I do not doubt that your Excellency  
will think it proper to give  
some further encouragement to those honest people.  
The high prices they complain of  
are a necessary effect of the war.  
Whatever presents may be sent for them will be  
distributed through my hands with prudence & fidelity.

.  
I send herewith to your Excellency under the care of James Boyd eight pecks of scalps, cured, dried, hooped &  
painted with all the Indian triumphal marking  
of which the following is invoice & explanation:

1. 43 scalps of Congress soldiers  
killed in different skirmishes  
stretched on black hoops of 4 inch diameter  
the inside of the skin is painted red with a small black dot  
to note these men were killed with bullets  
Also 62 of farmers  
killed in their homes  
with red hoops the skin painted brown  
and marked with a hoe  
a black circle all around  
their being surprised in the night  
& in the center a black hatchet  
significant of the weapon with which they were slain

.  
2. 98 of farmers  
killed in their homes  
hoops red  
figure of a hoe to mark their profession  
great white circle & sun  
for they were surprised in daylight—  
a small red foot

shows they stood on their defense  
died fighting for their families.

.

3. 97 of farmers  
killed in their fields  
hoops green  
a large white circle  
with a little round mark for the sun  
for daylight  
black bullet marks on some  
hatchets on others.

.

4. 102 of farmers  
mixed of the several marks above  
only 18 with a little yellow flame  
to mark their being prisoners  
who were burned alive after scalping—  
their nails had been pulled out at the roots  
& other torments—one of these  
we supposed to be a rebel clergyman  
his hand being fixed to the hoop of his scalp.

.

5. 88 of women  
hair long & braided in the Indian fashion  
to show they were mothers  
hoops blue  
skin yellow  
ground with little tadpoles  
to represent the tears of grief  
a black scalping knife  
or hatchet at the bottom  
17 others hair very grey  
black hoops  
plain brown colour  
no mark but the short club  
or cassette to show they were  
knocked down dead or had their brains beat out.

.

6. 103 of boys of various ages  
small green hoops  
whitish ground on the skin  
red tears in the middle  
a black bullet mark  
knife, hatchet or club.

.

7. 211 of girls big & little  
small yellow hoops  
white ground  
tears  
hatchet

club.  
scalping knife, etc.

.  
8 This package is a mixture of all the varieties  
mentioned above to the number of 122 with a box of birchbark containing  
29 little infants' scalps various sizes  
small white hoops

## **RES-ARE/S**

Tam-UZ Fiofori.

WE ARE ERASERS  
NOT U.S. RUBBER  
AND AS US  
DURABLE SECOND RUBBER-MEN  
WITH FIXED-SAP WE COME-IN  
TO ERASE INK-BLOT/S SMEARED  
WITH/IN HISTORY AS SEAL/S  
TO RAISE RE-RAISE ERASE  
RE-RAISE RE-ERASE AS WE ARE  
RAISE/D BOUNCING OFF  
SPONGE-BATS FLICK/ING AND  
FLIP/PING OUR BACK-HAND/  
SHOTS TRAVELLING THE SPACE  
WAYS FROM PLANET TO PLANET  
TRACING NEW HISTORIES TO  
ERASE  
WE  
COME-IN-MOVE-IN/TO  
MEET AND FORCE YOU/R  
NEXT PLAY BOUNCE/IN  
WITH SAP/PING-PONG  
ENERGY BACK TO  
YOU.

## **[untitled]**

“CHE”

THIS APPARATUS WILL FIRE THE BURNING BOTTLES A HUNDRED METERS OR MORE WITH A FAIRLY HIGH DEGREE OF ACCURACY. THIS IS AN IDEAL WEAPON FOR ENCIRCLEMENTS WHEN THE ENEMY HAS MANY WOODEN OR INFLAMMABLE MATERIAL CONSTRUCTIONS; ALSO FOR FIRING AGAINST TANKS IN HILLY COUNTRY.

## **NEW MEXICO POEM**

Diane di Prima

NEW MEXICO-I

Even the sunsets here havent won me over

Havent convinced me  
Simply, this isnt to me familiar land  
Pink ears of jackrabbits high among the sagebrush  
Dont tell me any different

.  
I suppose we all learn; there is in Herodotus  
the tale of Greek soldiers settling near Thebes  
each given a woman, and land, one woman  
so like another, one field...  
But they at least moved from glitter into gold:  
As we step backwards even the clay becomes coarser  
my thoughts echo big against the high, flat valley  
they roll back, bigger than life, to devour my dreams  
II—CORN DANCE, TAOS PUEBLO  
Red people in blankets wait for returning woodchucks.  
(I know it, though they dont say it)

and beavers  
and chipmunks, and possums, and otters, gophers, white people  
poison the prairie dogs, if a dog find a dead one & eat it  
he dies—what kind of game  
is that?

.  
Red people in blankets stand on their high flat roofs  
outlined against the sky  
they chant—they sing and pray and it could be  
Morocco except the houses arent white  
the women sell jewelry, giggling, the little boys  
catch fish with their bare hands, in the sacred river  
III—THE JOURNEY

The city I want to visit is made of porcelain  
The dead are gathered there, they are at their best:  
Bob Thompson  
in his checked jacket & little hat, his grin  
full of cocaine, spinning down the street; Frank drunk  
spitting out tales of Roussel, of Mayakovsky  
brief anecdotes over bacon and eggs on a roll,  
his keenness against the wind; Fred in pointed shoes  
drinking an egg cream, his leotard over his shoulder  
in a little bag, waving amphetamine hands at the sky

.  
The porcelain city glitters, I feel my friends  
hastening to join it & to join me there:  
Bob Creeley tearing through Buffalo streets seeking entry  
John Wieners holding still, mumbling and waiting  
tears under his eyelids; I walk in that brittle city  
still sleepy and arrogant and desperatly in love...

IV—EVENING, TAOS VALLEY

How did we come here? my bones  
keep asking me.  
They see themselves lying bleached on the sand floor of the valley

they dont like it  
dont like it at all

.  
the moon like a bleached skull  
sits behind an abandoned house  
the house is melting, it is becoming  
part of the field

.  
Which ones are weeds? the garden  
teeters on the edge of success  
We live in a mud cave, with a stone floor  
a rather luxurious cave, with running water.  
V—FAREWELL, NEW MEXICO  
One thing they never mention in Western movies or those  
ballads they're always writing about wide open spaces:  
Sagebrush has a smell  
And there are hills, distinctly flesh-colored, lying down  
in front of the purple ones.  
O wondrous wide open spaces!  
O dust on the roads!  
O Rio Grande Gorge!  
Green Taos valley full of thunderstorms and mosquitoes  
Mountain with two peaks, sacred to Taos indians  
Great ceremonial lake, fought over in congress  
O Taos Indians, with your braids wrapped in leather  
may you keep your sacred lake and whatever else  
you would like to keep  
may you drink with brother buffalo on its edge  
when no one at all remembers the US congress

.  
As for me I have just changed from the D to the A train  
in a dark tunnel you Indians wouldn't believe  
a metal tube is shrieking as it carries me to an island  
with four million people on it, eating supper.  
The newspaper tells me that there is a war in Newark.  
My hope is small but constant: black men shall tear down  
the thing they cannot name.  
They will make room again for the great sea birds  
the woods  
will spring up thicker than even you remember

.  
Where you are, it is two hours earlier  
the breeze is cold, the sun is very hot  
the horses are standing around, wishing for trees  
It is possible I shall see you dance again  
on your hills, in your beads, if the gods are very kind.

## ALARIC

Caryl P. Haskins, *Of Men and Societies*, ch. 3

Alaric (c. 370–410), chief of the Visigoths from 395 to his death, conqueror of Rome,  
(E.A.Thompson in Encyclopedia Britannica)

Alaric al a rik, Gothic king and conqueror:  
(unsigned article in Encyclopedia Americana)

He is not mentioned at all in Heichelman & Yeo's HISTORY OF THE ROMAN PEOPLE (intended & heavily promoted as a college text, Prentice Hall 1962) nor in the very good OXFORD COMPANION TO CLASSICAL LITERATURE. Starr, A HISTORY OF THE ANCIENT WORLD has (Thank God! I know the man.) the sense to mention the sack though all he says about it is that "the event shocked the empire." Scramuzza and MacKendrick, THE ANCIENT WORLD (my favorite text, Holt 1958) give it a pretty good paragraph, indicating something of the importance of the event, both as event and as symptom, but they should have referred the student to Gibbon's great setpiece on the sack (DECLINE & FALL' ch. XXXI), the ultimate source of their paragraph. Rostovtzeff, ROME (reprint of vol 2 of his SOCIAL & ECONOMIC HISTORY OF THE ANCIENT WORLD' Oxford 1930) doesn't mention the sack at all. Rostovtzeff's is the most widely used, at least at the better colleges, and influential textbook of Roman history.

Two reasons for the cover up: fear that it's gonna happen "here" as it must and 'cause, since we won over the indians, it's important to believe that winners are the good guys, so:

However rugged or self reliant the individual Iroquois or Algonquin, Australian Bushman or Zulu—however superior in many features his sensory and mental organization—his loosely knit society has been destroyed or absorbed by the closely knit units of some dominant people wherever there has been serious competition.

## SIRVENTES

Sam Abrams

the accident of the gun  
of  
arrival at the tip of africa  
50 yrs too soon  
cause some hittite  
someone in hittite territory  
learned how  
to make iron swords  
to use the horse in  
such a way  
single inventions made  
as it happens here or there or  
rather one invention  
on the coast of asia minor by semite  
or greek  
accident of geography  
epistimology &  
dont let em tell you  
science does work is  
even beautiful  
that mess of  
colonial fucking administrators  
drunk failed-at-home deserter



shipwreck a parliament  
also not in the library  
cetshwayo's  
beautiful people  
dancing in long lines free feet beat on earth  
a few more guns already the principles of fire control  
a few more  
guns would have done the job

The king of the Goths who no longer dissembled his appetite for plunder & revenge, appeared in arms under the walls of the capital; and the trembling senate, without any hopes of relief, prepared by a desperate resistance to delay the ruin of the country. But they were unable to guard against the secret conspiracy of their slaves and domestics, who either from birth or interest were attached to the cause of the enemy. At the hour of midnight the Salarian gate was silently opened, and the inhabitants were awakened by the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet. Eleven hundred and sixty-three years after the foundation of Rome, the Imperial City, which had subdued and civilised so considerable a part of mankind, was delivered to the licentious fury of the tribes of Germany and Scythia.

August 24, 410 A.D.

## [untitled]

Marcelle Schwab

This is the teaching: Destroy, destroy, destroy. Destroy within yourself, destroy all around you. Make room for your soul and for other souls. Destroy, because all creation proceeds from destruction...For all building up is done with debris, and nothing in the world is new but shapes. But the shapes must be perpetually destroyed...Break every cup from which you drink.

## for east harlem summer '67

Victor Hernandez Cruz

August 5, 1967  
to wreck the store you buy your wears in  
to feel & see the glass bouncing off the ground  
to see & feel those things  
later defining points  
bad & points good this  
shit & that idea  
the idea of familiar streets friends of yours  
ripped someone out his cage someone some punks  
the papers said some punks some friends of mine  
with scars from 1959 with holes in the veins  
from 1963 with sons & daughters with mothers  
save in the projects some old men lifting their  
arms for the first time in years grand pops i  
say i saw grand pops you punks  
trying to burn down gas stations why you  
should be shame  
of yourself  
trying to overturn innocent parked cars

why you should hide your face  
smashing bottles against the precinct walls  
why you would jail yourself  
throwing gasoline bombs  
why you should pray for now on  
knocking the ground off its legs like that  
breaking the A&P & taking milk & oven golden  
sliced bread Hunts Tomato Sauce Coca Cola  
bottles you later threw at your friendly police  
you were drunk the papers said drunk teen-agers  
who had no jobs winos who ran up a block one  
punk had a bow&arrow two punks with rifles  
sitting by garbage cans ready to be aimed & fired  
at the friendly police a girl punk going in  
front of the cops & yelling telling them to  
kiss her ass you dumb you racist gringo you  
worst then devils you think you bad with those  
big guns the girl punk with a sore throat was  
carried away by friends the night exploding.  
the papers said you were drunk BUT WE KNOW WE WERE HIGH.

## **YOU TURN A CORNER AND**

for roberto and adalaida fernandez retamar  
Margaret Randall (from *The Vessels*)  
i too remember the place  
when the place was not a corner, not easily  
angles  
or something more abstract  
that  
making it knowable, come  
follow me you have seen it the eye going out  
along the top of a wall  
a garden you know on the other side  
perfectly combed  
or not, a place to sit down in.  
.  
that is how you count backwards, put  
yourself again in that place  
able to take in your fingers, separate,  
your parents are going to cape town  
now  
they have no reason not to  
no reason  
to say  
on a matter of principle  
i will make sacrifice, when it isn't,  
not even that.  
.

if born in the clean of things it's the scum  
that draws, attracts,  
always come to the tongue and so you go  
to bronx or the lower east side  
sit on the stoop  
stain  
the same hand and the hand remains  
the same  
a balance  
ice in your mouth, warm blood  
between your legs.

.  
it's a good place that does not  
charge too much, tells no tales  
behind you  
you are gone into godhead and powered grace  
what is not yours  
you're sold  
under the counter or through the mail  
nothing  
is felt, the pain  
killed before it comes,  
every pore protected.

.  
but sudden the place becomes the corner  
is joined  
of itself is met  
on a wild death, the terrible cries don't stop  
in your ears  
in your mouth you taste the words  
alive  
in you  
wanting to change them make them more plain  
hide them from breath they blow  
on the water all the new nets  
that sing.

.  
i am gone now but that place  
is cut in me  
crazy the words that loose their days and nights  
change  
before me along the same wall in the garden, yes,  
you remember  
she who taught me this  
when i knew i was going to die  
i said  
i will learn to die well and when i lived  
now i will know how to live,  
my hands that are

.

my brothers.

## [untitled]

Robert Kelly

A place to stand. No verb, no need for that. All these days (a season  
is a year) rejected any  
place to stand that wasn't flesh. My flesh. All days  
I have spent to keep doors open. Know less than all  
more than enough  
(Hamilton a spook  
down to his throw-back hair, ochre macaroon, Washington's black son  
thin pale man eating our money  
West Indigo blue eye, glint blue of the gleet  
of silver, greasy as a quarter—young, chemcraft kits detect:  
bogus coin, of bog, the Irish  
got here in good time (where's here?),  
issued in JFK & me  
who will both survive (long pause, all gold)  
as lyricists. Chrysea, phorminx  
gold ribs of a woman's  
vault to get the sound, spray the sound on the merciless air. Low Mao  
has fallen, from old forms, Marx the 60 cycle hum, in the helectric  
himself, can't get it out  
without you turn (the whole set off)  
And turn again  
faithful Castro, Langobard of Libertad, be gentle to makers who would suck  
your sugarcane. No man in power  
hungers power. No god  
aspires to be god. Go to confession & confess  
I worked for liberty, let  
them give it to me up the ass  
what church will take a girl like me, she said  
& from the gold vault of the western sky, did thunder down silver  
absolutions  
on the ground: o lick me up, I sing in your pregnancy, I see  
(it was the tape going round that spoke)  
the baby in your womb all red & wet  
(It was the Bank in the matrix of the Union, the inter  
est on the national debt  
it was that halfbreed villain Hamilton. every  
experiment  
turns fascist fast. Flash) Nothing degenerates like success  
Good scientists bad alchemists)  
it was a boy, I saw the cock  
nestled in phylogeny, drearing its way down  
the history books. It was Rhoda went to Israel, patriot of the rain,  
shot. Arabs with her tits,  
hips over Jordan, wet out of Nazareth.

No man in power. The girls. get down to it. Honey  
dont go in today. tell you boss go  
suck Castro's sugarcane. no man in power. no man in power.  
you cant verb a thing  
without a place to stand. That's what I gave, no liberty but to do  
the work you are. where you are. to verb & go on verbing. No  
man in power. the big black cock. gets it up for peace). fifty  
states on a dead man's chest. Bay of Pigs  
between her legs. he could not  
conquer. any night. Invade. Invade. Better to be dead,  
unread, than not to say truth. Truth is  
what you make.  
The moral. imagination of a simplistic man. is even enough.  
Hamilton be damned. Money be damned. I saw the whole  
creation travailing for me, me & Kennedy (martyrs!  
I am with you in your tombs) a place to stand.  
Chrysea phorminx  
gold sinews of a woman's strength  
I sing on. on. on.  
Bank or no bank, it would not have mattered, the people  
had no choice. no interest. what mattered to em  
nothing mattered. no ground,  
no place to stand. You cannot rent. an opinion  
you cannot repay  
A fact. Usura was part & parcel of money,  
still is & once you own  
(use) anything, the use is interest.  
Earth pays her price  
for our tillage. (pay as you go & git). Experiment  
becomes. fascism. There are enough interruptions  
for everyman.  
this is me, the American.  
The old square harp shaped like an open door. The old song  
shaped like a dollar bill & by jesus it does sing  
green in the evening. I have spent my day. opening the door.  
golden lyre. who can believe your honey  
tongue in my head. they shot  
him through the throat, did that matter,  
they pinned the crime  
on somebody standing by with no mouth. did that matter?  
we will stand  
on the corners of music . we will fight  
by the rivers of freedom  
we will hear the . song to the end.

# fifth Estate

Guerrilla  
Poetry  
Centerfold, outer side

<https://www.fiftheestate.org/archive/69-december-26-1968-january-8-1969/poetry>  
Fifth Estate #69, December 26, 1968-January 8, 1969

**[fiftheestate.anarchistlibraries.net](https://www.fiftheestate.org)**