

8-12-80

The Role of the Artist Today

The rebel needed a pseudonym only in France,  
to protect him from the assassins.

But they wanted him there and swore up and down

they respected the soul and felt that it was necessary  
To record the day to day experiences as traumatic diuretic.

A poet writes with his eyes, and they gave him the Lourve  
And the rebels deficiency in French kept the comments of

the children and the noises of the street from his conscious  
People stood strong and believed and were right or were wrong  
in an ingrained way and spoke their minds silently.

This recognition was all that he needed to face the dignitaries,  
he agreed with them at all times and they opened the doors

Of their houses to the hypothesis, as the new fad dropped

the synthetical proof of existence, and the followers of the  
Rebel were allowed their lives as valid as of yesterday.

The rest die dreamless sleeps, and buy the formula of the controller  
Not knowing what has been sold to them. They die and walk in mutually  
Gratifying sleep satisfying each other like a hungry litter before  
Feeding time. The directive comes down from the banks and commodity  
Exchanges, the masters locked in self-gratification viewing  
The entertainment provided by the litter.