

7-22-80

The Gallery

A high voltage priestess discovering  
High focused mortality dying in  
A junkyard of baby bottles,  
A sham humanitarian paying dues for  
Diplomatic daddy and guilt ridden dreams of  
Slaves, frightening the worshippers with  
Recognition of slaves; still getting  
High and not telling why,  
An intelligent Tavistock formula  
Matrixed computerlike sensation, cinematic  
Collage replay directionless except for the  
Direction of the programmed directionlessness.

Dr. OM says nothing and travels a landscape  
Proud he does it better than anyone else,  
Sort of dry lutes and timbrels, dusty like the  
Day they left the Parthenon gleaming abandoned,  
And gynecological problems, gynecological problems,  
Over and over again like the mouse in a maze,  
Amazed the frustrating walls don't smash  
Existence into nonexistence due to excess heartaches.

All crying about the mechanical  
man, the reductionist science that kills  
All dreams ingrained so deep that God equals  
A drugged organ thumping somewhere