

Hold Your Shield, Front Guard

by Jackelope Random

Now it's time to commence into the world
Really try to win that girl
See if you can just get by
Busking trying to do or die
To live the dream or the old lie
Wishing the trains would still run
The sunflowers would burning come
Down the long lost vagrant tracks
The canneries not looking back
And I find myself feeling fair
Though I'm going god knows where
I turn and see a smokestack there
Find that I'm in Adair
Walking miles and unaware
So I sit down on some rocky chair
A fragment of an old bunk house
And try not to mind the flitting grouse
Wondering who will be my spouse
Casting nets like Jesus to a metaphor sea
Admittedly as weak as me
But I need the hike,
Like we still like Ike
To tell us about the Military Industrial Complex
Though he never told us what came next
How to break out of that mold
Turn the shit back into gold
The real alchemical feat,
Or how to hem a skirt,
Or how to sweep women off their feet

And retire to Gettysburg
To paint pretty pictures until our death
No, we need now some strong stance
As we draw in our breaths
And try to find some kind
Of line inside our withering minds
A straight way to the gate of the divine
Reconnected, never mind the niche
That says it's all keen, so eat a peach
And we might as well careen
On a bender, blender, our machines
Hearts of a newer part
Where are we now?
And where is art?

(This is the key theme of my piece:
So I'll sum it quick, and let it cease,
So you can return to your bland times
And I can compose other hurt rhymes
You'll find in bad taste
With cum and cunt and whore misplaced
And turned, in the next trick,
To the loser with the smallest dick
All for a laugh
And if you front me enough
To get her hooked on all that stuff,
My friend, I'll give you half.)

Well, when last we left our hero
He was back at basic zero
Ripped up and out and fart apart
And no one gave a single fart
Not that you might catch the drift
And if you, why it's a gift
To see that while the culture's dumbing

Some people still know when a word is cumming
So they tore down the academies
And made a mockery in the Louvre
And fashioned fragments
Into separate planets
But what did these Waste Lands prove?

That we can take a bit of this
And yet a bit of that
Or as some aging rocker said
There's more than one way to skin the cat.
But when can we feel the burn
That makes us always ever yearn
To re-fashion and make it new
And then, in making something true,
Really let this thing come true?
I said that I would be brief—
I am, as a plotting widow's grief
While eyeing her own son
The next hand job to be done
To send him so far away
In a mental hospital to stay
Where we've left the soul
That once infested Rock and Roll,
Jazz, and Blues,
And even sometimes the Daily News.
But how can we recover that sprite
That makes the summer seem so light
And helps guide the winter time aright?
All these questions and more
Pour in through the door
And I find them stained to my kitchen floor
Masturbating at three a.m.
And when the sun rises? What then?
Should I continue to gratify

My ego without knowing why
And take my cock hard in hand
And squirt the juice into a can
Where I pretend to Burroughs be
Or Kerouac, or Bukowsky
Or any other pretentious prick!
I'd rather let Ignatz throw the brick!

And here is my idle theme
But it's a nightmare and no dream
And it will not yield!
We must destroy no more
But pick up the shield
And sure, re-forged again and again
The same old common refrains
But by our vary style by new
And to our own selves be true
And finally dance, like puppets:
We should be Vaudeville,
A thousand thrill,
Create to kill—
We Literary Muppets.

