

## Angkor Wat

Angkor—on top of the terrace  
in a stone nook in the rain  
Avalokitesvara faces everywhere  
high in their stoniness  
in white rainmist

Slithering hitherward paranoia  
Banyans trailing  
high muscled tree crawled  
over the roof its big  
long snaky toes spread  
down the lintel's red  
cradle-root  
elephantine bigness

Buddha I take my refuge  
bowing in the black bower  
before the openhanded lotus-man  
sat crosslegged  
and riding in the rain in the  
anxious motorcycle putting  
in the wetness my shirt  
covered with green plastic  
apron shivering  
and throat choking  
with upsurge  
of stroke fear  
cancer Bubonic  
heart failure  
bitter stomach juices  
a wart growing on my rib  
Objection! This can't be  
Me!

What happens to me when I get high  
The echo of Sitaram, Sitaram Hindu  
fears—eat no meat or vomit  
the body—warnings in dream bearded  
Das Thakur—obsessed

with meat, smoking, ganja  
sex, cannibal spies, Propagation  
of this Skin, thin  
vegetable soups, they was  
all Chinese eating pigs, was seven  
slanteyes watching me drink tea  
till I saluted the Buddha-baby in  
the cloth flowered pram  
sucking its chubby plum  
Music from Walt Disney hearts and roses  
sweet violins—  
yellow skins landing on the green  
vegetable planet—  
seven children with identical haircuts  
very polite, saluting  
clasped hand bow—  
the Fear ordering peas in the French  
restaurant, with whole garlic  
bread cheese and coffee hot

and  
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b  
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a to finish the bill on the table

pink

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k of the rain on the roof tin  
below my shuttered window  
in the neon light a Hotel  
clean tiled room

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e  
r a fan and canopied mosquito net

All well in this solitude, plenty money  
for a long ride thru the forest in a  
rainy afternoon with  
long hair wet beard  
glasses clouding—and that  
nausea—passing out  
of the Churning of the Ocean

asuras with teeth fangs  
and fat eared Devas  
with military mustaches

hanging on to the great Chain Snake  
muscle sandstone railing  
length of the moat-bridge to  
the South Gate, Avalokitesvara's huge  
many faces in opposite directions  
in high space  
thru which ran new black road  
at the knees of greater trees, one

needed a haircut, root-hair sprouting  
on branches—thru the forested  
Castle grounds to pathways fallen  
sandstone headless statues  
Damp black bas-relief Dancing Shiva  
or angel lady

The huge snake roots, the vaster  
serpent arms fallen  
octopus over the roof  
in a square courtyard—curved  
roofcombs looked Dragon-back-stone-scaled  
As frail as stone is, this harder wooden  
life crushing them

with the cricket-glare and parrot  
squad walking across the roof  
—last nite full moon in misted heaven  
and slow girl dance bent elbow and inspring  
fingers snaking it thru the middle—

I am afraid where I am  
“I am inert” ... “I’m just doing my  
Professional duty” ... “I’m scheming  
murders” ... “I’m chasing a story”  
I’m not going to eat meat anymore  
I’m taking refuge in the Buddha Dharma Sangha  
Hare Krishna Hare Krishna  
Krishna Krishna Hare Hare  
Hare Rama Hare Rama  
Rama Rama Hare Hare

who how satisfying in the ocean night  
as the exit of laughing gas,  
or the thrice-real moment of hashish  
or the “ordering men about, playing god,  
without drugs”

american husbands in sportshirts with clear,  
bright eyes and legs spread in  
the velocipedomotor bripping  
on holiday from US Army Saigon  
streets hotels I hitched  
get polite when you’s a hiker  
“I going to take *both* sides”

You have no right being a Hitler repeating that  
Abhaya mudra reassurance  
Palm out flat, patting the airhide  
of earth—

Nothing but a false Buddha afraid of  
my own annihilation, Leroi Moi—  
afraid to fail you yet terror those Men

their tiger pictures and uniforms  
dream to see that Kerouac tiger too—  
Helikopter to— Sh, spies with telescopes  
for seeing the bullets that shoot—

Leroi I been done you wrong  
I'm just an old Uncle Tom in disguise all along  
afraid of physical tanks.  
and those buzzing headphones in my skull.  
and many a butterfly committed suicide  
its wings to the motheaten flame—  
Agh! I vomited in fear of the forest of ganja meats—  
Eternal Death silliness—Cowards die many times  
Not even afraid to be a Coward—Ashamed only by  
metal voices declaring war on Darkness

I seen plenty corpses but not them living wound-flowers  
healing split open “mouths” as you see the  
War Correspondent who wanted to Bash China  
Even I wound up with his Titoist anxieties

Whatever happened to Jeannie Frigididia  
Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy  
radio 20 years behind Cambodia  
Sounds like love is so sweet springtime  
all in my head going down worried  
about changing 100 Reales of meat  
Whatever you think happened to  
Jeannie Frigididia?  
Whatyathink happen to the Frigididy girl?  
You think she'll be in the Ille Frigididy news?  
Is the Frigididy Universe gonna be awakened?  
Is Leary my laughter?

Plus ça change tonight from 6 P.M.  
wet handed by meat sex  
drank tea, drank carrot-potato thin soup  
bread cheese coffee peas pies coffee  
pineapple soda  
walked on the rainy. run out of ink

market

To write a letter to President Norodom Sihanouk  
to live in the flower-jazz palace at Phnom Penh  
Kingly neutrality enter China for U.P  
from Hong Kong  
write to Eisenhower, politely inquiring  
get China off the hook  
war of races not Marxism in

Viet Nam Pres. Diem's Queer picture  
—a spy in the chinese soup  
on the restaurant bench—I being also a  
spy for the Left Consuling

“Geez that's a great job yr doing fellers  
keep it up”

I wish I could fly o'er the leaves of the jungle and not  
get killed see the bamboo stakes  
piercing the foot of the beefy Marine?  
or the bodies Viet Cong piled on the tank  
Vietnamese bosses at Ap Bac battle lost whodunit?  
President's messages back and forth in French and Charming  
Ike give OK retreat from pregnant belly  
of S.E. Asia,  
Antichinese riots Indonesia—out of the papers—  
not seen *Newsweek* a week or the *Times*

Monsoon riding thru the forest gate faces  
Creepers silence on Ta-Phrom temple halls  
narrow stone walk under sleeping trees—  
rain on Ta-Keo pyramid—perfect faces  
smiling ladies' fiery headdresses in Thommanom  
till passing the soda stand in forest arbor  
ganja cigarette rolled in Terrasse Supérieur  
rooftower by Ikon  
of Buddha touching Earth  
the burnt out incense sticks in the tipped can  
I straightened and shoes off bowed

As I rode thru the forest Hari Hindoo and Lord of Mercy  
struggled like Asur-Devas  
with my mind-snake drifting  
motorized under the trees—that  
long road with a dip and slow strange  
rise into the arch of the four-headed  
Smile—gate to the old park  
of Khmer palaces—ancient morphine  
in a room—Garuda bebeaked and wing-sphinxed—

The many Sphinx-heads with ears on the towers  
Looking around the country seventeen, cheek on eye,  
Bewildered in a hurry in the rain to make  
this City conquered by Chams (upriver  
burning the wooden city) of  
Stone to last in forest  
Even that permanence warped cleaned  
in the Alice in Wonderland giant garden  
of Ta-Phrom—followed

by the young guardian with a caterpillar  
like green frond in his hair  
—he shrank back a second when I went to  
touch his crown

And I'm following them naked to the waist  
chinese smooth limbed workmen or darker  
Cambodian cyclist Prisoners cutting the grass  
by the Grand Hotel's

cool waiting room with bar and USIS handout  
news-casts only Journals except  
for the State Paper reprinting the Prince  
King's questionless speech to  
Journalists itching with neon—

So many grounds to cover the terrors of the day  
All got to do with snakes and only one shy  
tail, I saw disappearing behind a

rock, slow banded worm—the smiles  
of Avalokitesvara with his big mouth like  
Cambodian Pork Chops—the boys  
and why do I not even faintly desire those  
black silk girls in the alley of this  
clean new tourist city?—  
Ah those Deva faces on the walls of Thommanom!  
Clean eyebrows and smiles of Lady Yore  
Ever Naomi in my ear—a sad case of refusing to  
grow up give birth to die—

I am Coward in every direction—Coughing  
in the motorcycle trailer seat but  
the beautiful forest hath its rain to  
drown my noises—

Home to the Needle, further violation  
or is this vegetable smoke and vein warmth  
futile in the light of my friends Pronouncements  
Maybe Gary'll have the answer! Maybe Jack have  
the Answer? Will the Army answer me,

or will a clang of bells herald the God Creeley  
To whom I sent postcards of the cold stonebrows—  
in the green—on the spot

“Blind white mossed gray carved  
blocks of stone noses smiling  
thin lips  
green mossy fronds of giant  
trees, the white drift smoke  
sky

The millions of familiar  
raindrops dripping in  
floor rock crevasses  
on the broken crown of the  
gray lotus  
The stone benches on the roof  
Snake balustrades  
Buddha's faces on the



many towers, the forest snakes  
waiting in the tall trunks of  
    wooden trees  
Oh the beautiful pour of the rain noises  
waiting below the money cyclopede  
Motor driver covered with blue plastic  
    Angkor  
where I dreamed of trembling to  
write—here again after the  
hot sun, sleeping and dreaming  
2 days ago—back in the wished  
for rain past  
    rain on my elbows

Buddha save me, what am  
    I doing here  
again dreamed of this  
    This awful stone monument  
    being in the streams  
    of change or the Clouds  
    in the sky—  
Kneeled to the statue on  
    Porch  
Saranam Gochamee Catchme quick  
    forced with incense—have to  
    go down to the  
    velocycle  
    thru the bat-tower  
    again, or out  
    in the rain!”

As might be read for poesy by Olson  
At least moves from perception to obsession  
    according to waves of Me-ness  
Still clinging to the Earthen straw  
    My eye

Confused with this blue sky cloud drift  
    “illusion” over the treetops

dwelling in my mind “frightened aging nagging flesh”  
To step *out* of—? Who, Me?

Just a lot of words and propaganda  
I been spreading getting scared  
of my own bullshit  
Except when faced with my confusion  
words meat / death  
mind-soup  
eaten last night, greedily fried macaroni  
with rare beef—all the children  
scream at my long awkward hair,

On the bed as I ached and strained my  
sphincter opened hoped  
to get next time befucked by  
a Cambodian sweet policeman  
from the bicycle first day  
who had Lord Buddha’s lips as on  
the towers—all alike many boys—the Monks  
of Lolei, smoking and eating beef,  
touched my toes and my beard pulled  
by the shaven kid in yellow

Nandi the bull waiting her owner in the Sun  
The house crumbling and Vishnu’s arms  
broken, heads off the seated  
statues  
bat families hanging upside down in the  
door beams’ cracks—Chinese families

overrunning the earth like greeneyed children of  
Science-fiction—Shall I blow  
them up, Professor?—and

O Leaf of Buddha! when we get to  
the green planets will we fight  
the strange snaky races of—  
Cancer Overpopulation

It's a pyramid of faces—Sphinx-Avalokitesvara  
all mixed up, I hope Buddha's been there,  
*Then* we'll know if his mind appeared  
in all the directions of Space—

The Pope died a saint to be dissolved in  
his Christ  
Philip Lamantia prophesied truly, all but  
Mao Tze Tung loved Pope John

Except those newspaper Catholics in Saigon  
He didn't change their plans yet—  
A walk, past the Saigon Market, where  
There's a few brass Buddhas for  
shop sale in the North Wing

Crostr the big traffic circle between the Shell  
gas signs, where at nite the troop  
Cops got in buses to go to Hué  
Where telephones spoke blisters  
to the gas students—  
gathered in front of City Hall to redress  
their grievances—

Surabaya Johnnie not seen Bodrabadur Temple  
in Java next time round this part  
of the world

All the wire services eating sweet and  
sour pork and fresh cold lichee white-meat  
in sugarwater—  
Discussing the manly truth Gee Fellers—  
Even the fat whitehaired belly boy from  
Time and his Kewpiedoll wife  
Could've been seen in the movies dancing  
the rainy night at the border  
Chinese cha-cha, Hysteria  
That UP kid flown down from Vientiane  
Laos fugitive Hepatitis

Scared of the Yellow Men, or the slow  
Alcohol red face of the Logistics  
Analyst—"I got the Eichmann syndrome"  
said he newsweekly—reporters who  
never committed suicide like  
Hemingway had to, faced  
with the fat newsman with  
Seven children from  
Buddenbrooks

They were living in Greece while Pound  
was taking a vow of silence

"I knew too much"

but it was all a mistake,

I fled the Mekong delta, fled the 12,000  
Military speaking hot dog guts on the  
downtown aircooled streets,  
fled the Catinat Hotel, flushed my shit  
down the bathroom—

jumped in the cab suddenly, afraid  
after left Xaloi temple like a  
Negro disintegrated in New Orleans,  
afraid to publish that or they bomb  
my typesetter's woodsy Balcony  
in Louisiana—

Everywhere it's the fear I got in my own  
intestines—Kenyatta Prime Minister  
peacefully with his fly-whisk

and maybe the Mo Mo's underground  
Mao-Mao—everywhere is my own Rhodesia  
for Mysterious Choose Up Sides and Die  
like a "Man"

I never wanted to be a "human" being and  
this is what I got—a himalayan  
striped umbrella I don't use  
in the jungle rain—my eyes  
Lid-heavy—my mind skips

back to the overweight knapsack I carry  
all these years' scribbles bound in  
Ganges towels—

Down, to drink

Iced coffee with sweet evaporated milk  
Chinese coffee in small glasses, but  
Manger les Tripes No No—not eat  
that mouthful of snake-apple

“give up desire for children”

give up—this Prophecy—

Everything drifted away in the dream  
even the stone buildings of Low Library,  
even the great dome of Columbia,  
even the great cities of Khmer—weak  
dancers at the portals of Angkor—  
where I saw the praying young  
head shaved peasant kneel at  
the foot of the stairs on a purple  
straw mat,

The cries of the boy dancers to the  
deliberate slow walking drum's  
triple beat—Faunlike  
conscious asian steps on the  
stonewalk—My cries of Sex  
in bed echoed in their  
lap-head grass eyes—  
Motorcyclists crying together  
entering the inner gates to  
the huge temple left behind by other  
Hindu dreamers—Kingdom  
Come or Kingdom Yore—

reassurance from Buddha's  
two arms, palms out  
stept up to 13th Century  
Sukothai feminacy  
step forward—

I've read the 1910 Guidebook about them  
giant trees strangling the heavy palace

one altar full of little black bugs I never saw  
before,  
Broken or stray Lingams left over from another  
Imperial History, Goon squads with Moats,  
Kingly reservoirs dried up, must've  
been a big city full of wooden poles right  
near here, bamboo thatchments  
Chinese babies screaming at the bearded  
Han traveler—Palms together  
Salute I don't care I don't know



*Buddha footprint repetition*

Make that a dozen eggs—split em easy.  
Make that pig—tied up on the running board  
between iron spokes, with a sharp  
wood stick set between his legs to  
carry him squeaking hoarsely protesting  
being man-handled to  
get his throat cut for chinese  
hordes—yes they eat

So much pork they'll make a butcher shop  
restaurant of the whole white folks universe

which should be owned by Negroes but is  
really haircut like Jews or  
Indian Mounties in  
Northern Canada

They been “throwing up radioactive dolphins  
in their icy bays—”?

There was a great ice-floe up north I  
saw holes in the sea crust, weir  
cold green brine slurping up, or mist  
on my fingernail—

I sat in a hammock and waited—a  
big hole appeared in the English  
Channel

To let the human beings thru, hordes  
from Italy into White Anglia  
England achange—Stonehenge who  
went back that far to worship the  
Sun?

Lady Mort’s wormy intestines,  
always passed the basement in the Louvre  
with that Knight-at-Arms on a stone  
black table carried by hooded monks  
big as huge children getting  
stoned, tired—

It can can’t go on forever. I’m in the  
Jet Set, according to my memory,  
dissociated in Space from  
Bangkok to Calcutta 2 hours  
from Bangkok to Saigon the  
old elegance of the hitch thumb  
in Texas past the valley  
town and the green river—

Coughing in the airplane and my ears hurt  
a headache on the local slow  
airboat—over the great  
water, carrying the 10 tiny

Buddhas of the negligent  
Mahant of Bodh Gaya—

Jumping in and out of space—soon  
faster than light I'll go back to the  
Graham Avenue past, and stare out the  
window happily at Paul R——  
passing down the 1942 Broadway—  
the gothic church, the alleys and  
Synagogues of Mea Shearim,

Jerusalem's hated Walls—  
I couldn't get over to the Holy Side and weep  
where I was supposed to by History  
Laws got confused stamped  
in my passport, lost in the refugee  
Station at Calcutta. It  
winds in and out of space and time the  
physical traveler—  
Returning home at last, years later as  
prophesied, "Is this the way that  
I'm supposed to feel?"

with my nightmare underwear downtown  
in the gray haunted midnight street  
foggy Vancouver was winter  
then now Summer I'll see  
Thru the clear air the great Northern Mountains  
and aspire that lonely visible  
Space-peak before entering the

Moils of New Frisco San York Orleans  
Castro Bomb Shade Protest Shelter  
Better write a letter warning against  
the  
Aswan Nile not seen  
Peking's Jewelry feet not Come true  
Surely I'll live to take tea in a back yard  
in Kyoto and be calm!



“Make me ready—but not yet”  
No I am not “ready” to die when that Choke  
comes I’m afraid I’ll scream and  
embarrass everybody—go out  
like a coward yellow fear I done left no  
Louis babies behind me Rebuke in  
Those 70 year eyes and I speak of Murder  
blessing him?—Alas  
to be kinder except I *was* kind to the  
Man on park bench after the Nite Club

who “schemed murders” as an  
analyst for air forces.

They need conscience-stricken analysts, I’m  
a conscious-stricken panelist on this  
university show.

Forward March, guessing  
which bullet which airplane which nausea  
be the dreadful doomy last  
begun while I’m still  
conscious—I’ll go down and get a cold coffee at  
Midnight

*Siemréap, Cambodia, June 10, 1963*